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# GRAND

# Wholesale News

Vol. XXII.—No. 23.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1880.

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



### THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

A letter from *Portage La Prairie* says:—"Our little town, which was dead a month ago, is alive again, and the railroad which was to pass eight miles west is now coming to the Portage. Sir Charles Tupper came like a Good Samaritan to this place when it was giving its last kick, and we gave him a grand banquet. Lots that were selling at \$40 have gone up to \$150; the round house is to be built here, and it is believed this place will go ahead of Winnipeg."

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## TEMPERATURE.

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

November 28th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.
Max. 16°	Min. 8°	Mean 12°	Max. 26°	Min. 16°	Mean 21°
16°	4°	10°	35°	25°	30°
15°	7°	12°	35°	17°	25°
14°	12°	13°	39°	24°	29°
13°	13°	17°	37°	22°	29°
15°	7°	16°	35°	17°	26°
33°	15°	24°	47°	35°	41°

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ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Good Samaritan—The Proposed Tunnel Across the English Channel—Sketches of the Late Arctic Expedition—Incidents of the Week—The Late Lucretia Mott—Keenward Philip—Inauguration of the Statue of Titian—View of the Grand Canal, near Calé—Expulsion of the Capucins from Marseilles—Besieged.

LETTER-PRESS.—To Our Subscribers—The Week—Better Times—Lincoln's Dream—Eudymion—History of the Week—The Gleaner—Varieties—Absent Friends—Autumn Berries—Miss Bethune's Romance—Artistic—Literary—Musical and Dramatic—Hearth and Home—White Wings (concluded)—Our Chess Column.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, December 4, 1880.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Our readers are aware that our terms are cash, and that we have the right to exact from each subscriber \$4.50, when his subscription is not paid in advance. The end of the year is approaching and a large number have not yet fulfilled their obligations toward us. But we are willing to afford them another opportunity, and if they will pay up without further delay and save us the expense of sending out a collector, we will accept the \$4.00. We make this proposition with the view of avoiding any further inconvenience, and subscribers will give us credit for this timely notice.

We have done everything in our power to make the paper worthy of public patronage, but it must be remembered that our expenses are three times those of any other paper. The NEWS is an illustrated journal—the only one of its class in the Dominion, and our subscribers cannot fail to understand that we must necessarily depend on them for adequate support in the shape of prompt and regular payment.

## THE WEEK.

At last we are enabled to inform our readers of the formal surrender of Dulcigno. From week to week, in editorial paragraphs, we have kept them advised of the various phases of events on the Northwestern coast of Albania, many of which wore the look of comedy. The cession, however, restores the situation. The Powers, and especially England, are to be congratulated on their patience in dealing with the dilatoriness of the Porte, and gaining by dignified pressure what they might easily have secured by force.

We hope the rumor is true that the Minister of Agriculture has submitted a scheme to the Imperial Government in behalf of assisting emigration from distressed districts in Ireland to lands in the Northwest, the Imperial Government to meet the cost of removal across the ocean, and the Dominion Government to furnish homesteads and to aid at the outset with cattle, implements and seed. Here is philanthropy that smacks of statesmanship. No wonder the New York Herald hails the announcement as one especially creditable to Canadians.

We cannot make out the origin of the troubles by which the Jews are surrounded in Germany. No explanation is given in the despatches for the deplorable events which have recently taken place. The

hostility against them in Roumania is deep-seated and founded mainly on commercial reasons, which the late Russo-Turkish war served to aggravate. The Roumanian Jews have had the aegis of the Berlin Treaty thrown around them, but this has scarcely availed, and a movement is on foot for a large emigration from Roumania to America to escape religious persecution and social ostracism.

THE situation in Ireland is still deepening in gloom. Scenes of violence are frequent and on the increase, and the Government are being urged by their supporters to resort to stronger coercive measures. Parliament is summoned for the 6th January, but in the interval, if the circumstances demand it, the Government will be expected to act. It is suggested that a bill be passed making intimidation to cause a breach of contract a penal offence for which prisoners should be tried without jury. The alleged justification for the last clause is that juries cannot be trusted to perceive such intimidations to be any worse than larceny or embezzlement, since this intimidation notoriously exists in a large part of Ireland.

THE incidents of the week, which we illustrate in this present number, have mainly reference to the sudden and early opening of the winter season, and, unfortunately, they present quite a chapter of disasters. The shipping has greatly suffered on the upper lakes and canals, as well as in the St. Lawrence below Montreal. At Sorel a number of vessels have turned in for shelter, notably the steamers *Peruvian*, of the Allan Line, and the *Dominion*, of the Dominion Line, which have been luckier than the ill-fated steamer *Ottawa*, wrecked at Batiscan. Awaiting shipment by outgoing steamers at Levis, were a number of cattle, which were kept in open pens exposed to the severity of the weather, during four days. These were rescued, but others perished and we give a sketch of the dead bodies of a man and a boy floating on blocks of ice down the river at Lachine. A narrow escape from drowning occurred at the Moira river, last week. MARTHA CAHILL, a girl 12 years of age, descended the west bank of the river for the purpose of getting water, and finding no water hole close to the shore, ventured out about 25 feet toward the middle of the stream, when she slipped and fell into the water. She was observed by Master HARRY JOHNSON, trying to hold on to the edge of the ice, and he at once proceeded to her assistance. As the ice was very thin, the boy was at first afraid to venture, but on hearing the girl cry in a pitiful tone "Pull me out," he rushed forward and grasped her by the hand, but was obliged to seize hold of both arms before he could rescue her. As the current is very swift at this point of the river and the girl was immersed in the water up to her neck, it is a great wonder that she was not carried down the stream under the ice. Her escape was a very narrow one. A more agreeable picture is that of the reception of the French Credit Foncier Delegates at St. Eustache, by M. GLOBENSKY, the Seigneur. What added to the enjoyment of the event was the fact that it enabled the distinguished guests to have a taste of our Canadian winters, and the pleasure of a sleigh drive.

## THE BETTER TIMES.

We presume that there is not now a pessimist in all the land who will deny that we have entered upon a career of real prosperity, after the great depression which brooded over us like a pall from 1873 till 1879. It may suit the purpose of narrow partisan journals to blind their eyes to facts that must be patent to everybody, as, on the other hand, equally partisan organs will have it that we are indebted for the new era of revival to the wisdom of the fiscal policy of the Government. Without stopping to discuss the causes, we may congratulate our-

selves upon the effects, and these are such as afford encouragement to every sincere well-wisher of this country.

What are these effects? They lie all about us, and meet us at every turn. There are the vigorous movement in shipping; the rise in railway receipts; the increase of exports; the opening of new articles of transmission to Europe; the increment in manufactures; the comparative ease of collections; the lowering of interest; the expansion of savings bank deposits; the increase in the Post-office deliveries; the spread of safe investment; the good show of bank returns, and the full circulation of money among the working classes. All these are signs that he who runs may read and they point to a healthy financial and commercial condition.

There is ground for belief that our people have been taught such a lesson by the long crisis through which they have just passed, as will stand them in good stead for many years to come. The fever of speculation has pretty well died away. The insidious system of credits has been probed to the bottom and found disastrously wanting. Over importations, one of the most prolific sources of misfortune, will not be attempted in the future, for the excellent reason that the country is now well able to provide for itself and has, indeed, become almost self-sustaining. The intrinsic worth of money has in a measure been learned, through the stern novitiate of need for so many years, and the value of a paid income, however small, will be known and appreciated. Saving has been raised to the dignity of a virtue, even among those who once took a foolish glory in spending, and if it must be that one pocket is drained at an entertainment, care will previously be taken to confide a fair portion of its contents to another pocket, where it shall remain inviolate. These lessons of thrift are worth all the pinch and annoyance they have cost, and it is to be hoped that they will continue bearing fruit throughout this generation.

In facing the cheerful outlook for the future, we must not lose sight of the immense impulse which our great public works are destined to give the country. The contract for the Pacific Railway comes just in the nick of time. How much it will do in the way of giving employment to thousands of empty hands, and opening homes to millions of the destitute of Europe, is almost beyond calculation. We are of those who have unbounded faith in the destiny of Canada, and for us the great Northwest is verily a Land of Promise. It is the railway that will build up the Northwest.

The flow of European capital into the hands of our middle classes is another circumstance not to be overlooked. We opine that sufficient attention has not been given to the French Credit Foncier, and that our English press has not yet awakened to the breadth of its possibilities. We can trust Ontario to take care of herself, and sustain her reputation as the Empire Province. Quebec requires to be stirred in almost every respect, and this Credit Foncier is one of the most potent engines that will do it. If these great works are taken up by the people, without the admixture of political differences, there is no doubt that they will propel this country forward, within the next decade, in a proportion that will astonish even the most sanguine.

## THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

The Submarine Tunnel, intending to connect England and the Continent by means of a railway under-running the Straits of Dover, has long been before the public, but owing to the comparative inaccessibility at the places where the preliminary experiments have been carried on, it has not received adequate attention.

The three views which we engrave, show the three points, Sangatte, St. Margaret's Bay, and Abbot's Cliff, where geologists and engineers have been at work in order to solve the problem of the practicability of this grand undertaking. Sangatte is a village lying some six miles west of Calais, upon a sandy beach at high water, at the foot of Cape Blanc Nez. There a shaft has been sunk to about 150 yards; it is

now being enlarged to a diameter of six feet, brick-lined; this is complete down to about eighty yards below high water mark. The water, which in the original shaft ran in to almost unlimited quantities, has now been reduced to two litres per minute. When this shaft has reached a depth of 140 yards, a heading will be run under the bed of the Channel for two miles so as to test the permeability of the chalk to water. The works, now under the direction of Mr. Ludovic Breton, are carried on in the shed shown on the right of the church.

At St. Margaret's Bay, a picturesque little cove about a mile east of the South Foreland lighthouses, no work has been done since Sir John Hawkshaw sank an experimental shaft at the foot of Ness Point. The only record left is a pump much resorted to by the neighbourhood.

A spot on the east side of the line connecting Folkestone and Dover, close to the Abbot's Cliff Tunnel, has been selected as a favourable point for carrying out the very important experiment of testing the practicability of driving a heading under the sea, or, in other words, of constructing the Submarine Tunnel. There the grey chalk, a most compact, homogeneous, and water-tight mass, lies unbroken. Through this chalk from Abbot's Cliff to Dover, a distance of three miles, it is proposed to drive a tunnel. Powerful machinery has been fixed and drives an atmospheric drill, seven feet in diameter, designed by Colonel Beaumont and Captain English, of the Royal Engineers; this has just begun cutting through the grey chalk which overlies the gault. A shaft, ninety feet deep, has been sunk, at the bottom of which the drill has been set to work in order to drive a heading to Dover under the line of railway, the heading at Dover to be 500 feet deep from the face of the ground. This heading is, like that at Sangatte, for the purpose of testing whether the grey chalk is sufficiently non-porous to keep back the water. Should the experiment prove successful, the Channel Tunnel will then be commenced simultaneously on the French and English shores. A grant of 6,000L. has been made for the purpose by the South-Eastern Railway Company upon the motion of the chairman, Sir E. W. Watkin, M. P.

## VICTOR HUGO AT HOME.

The hotel of Victor Hugo is at the bottom of the Avenue d'Eylau. It is small, the salon is on the ground floor, hung from top to bottom with stuffs of harmonious tone. On Thursday evening that house, whose intimacy is so charming, that artist's nest, is open to the good friends and to some of those on whom the master lets fall a little of his kindness, as a title of glory and of pride. Before the great fireplace, hidden under the hangings like all the rest of the apartment, stands the poet, in a dress-coat; a white foulard, tied carelessly, replaces the horrible white cravat which is *à la rigueur* in our evening costume. Age has given an incomparable sweetness to the face of the grand old man; you feel that in the hand which he offers you with so much cordiality there is a little of his heart. It is not the commonplace welcome of the master of the house overwhelmed with visits, but rather a few charming words which put you at your ease and lessen distances; the respect with which you feel yourself penetrated on entering is immediately mitigated by a more intimate sentiment which the poet encourages by a benevolent look. Hugo has reached that noble apotheosis of privileged old age when it spreads around it as it were a radiation of kindness to which there responds a sympathy so great and so respectful that it has the emotion of tenderness. The gallant poet kisses the finger-tips of the ladies as do the heroes of his pieces clad in silk and velvet; the young daughters of his most intimate friends contribute to this salon the grace of their eighteen years, and it is a sweet sight to see that youth blooming forth under the eye of the master, which soars over a life so long and so great that its beginnings already belong to history, while the present has already passed down to posterity. The dining-room, separated from the salon by a small ante-chamber, is also very homely; in the middle is the square table on which the twelve candles of a brass lustre shed a soft light; on the walls some old pictures; a profusion of shifting colours all around. The master places himself at the head of the table after having kissed the hand of the lady to whom he has offered his arm; he will do the same at the end of the meal after having led her back to the salon. The dinner passes in unpretentious chat; the guests bring to the poet the echoes of the great town, the gossip of the boulevard, the event of the day, the scandal of the morrow. Victor Hugo, like all men of superior intelligence, has the gift of knowing how to listen, and it is that which gives so great a charm to his hospitable house; if the new comer is not a fool, he feels at once that it would be absurd to seek effects and round off his phrases in this *milieu bon enfant*. After dinner, the poet installs himself in the big arm-chair to the right of the fireplace, and conversation begins more freely between the master of the house and that guest whom he has signed to sit beside him.

THE Luxor obelisk had a narrow escape of being knocked off its pedestal and smashed lately. One of the gigantic masses which have been reared, or stepped, to use the nautical phrase, was blown down recently, and fell upon the railings round the "Needle." The obelisk was within a few inches only of the huge spar.

KENWARD PHILP

OF THE "CHINESE LETTER FORGERY."

Kenward Philp, whose portrait from a photograph we print herewith, is one of the best known of the younger journalists of New York.

Before coming to America in 1835, he had already entered actively upon the duties of his profession, contributing to a monthly magazine and filling the post of London correspondent of more than one provincial paper.

From the Daily News he went into the service of the New York Herald, where he was for some time the preferred descriptive writer on the staff, attending races and regattas, going up in balloons and winning encomiums from the elder Bennett and Mr. Frederick Hudson, then in charge of the paper.

During his fifteen years' sojourn in this country, Mr. Philp has written thirty-seven complete novels of from fifty to two hundred columns each, contributing at one period no fewer than three "instalments" a week to the story papers.

A great deal has been said during the Chinese letter trial concerning Mr. Philp's penchant for practical joking. An attaché of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper met the subject of this sketch a few days since, and questioned him concerning it.

"Oh, that's all in the sweet long ago," said Mr. Philp. "I have had my day as a joker. I'm married."

"What do you think will be the result of the trial?" he was asked.

"I am sure I don't know," he replied, "and I am getting so that I don't much care. But kindly mention one thing in any little notice you may write about me. That is, that nobody has shown the smallest incentive to, or consideration for, such a crime as I am charged with. If, in addition to doing an ordinary newspaper man's work for an ordinary newspaper man's salary, I have got to throw in an

occasional forgery, I think I shall get out of the business."

Whether Mr. Philp is in fact the author of the celebrated "Chinese Letter" is yet to be known.

GENERAL BROOK.

Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, the illustrious British commander who captured General Hull's army at Detroit, in the war of 1812, fell at the head of the troops in the battle of Queenstown, November 13th of that year, and at this late day Robert Walcot, a centenarian, of 913 Morris street, who has been brought to his bed through weight of years and infirmities, claims, under oath, to have fired the fatal bullet.

A violent storm had been raging for forty-eight hours, in the midst of which a march was made from Fort Niagara to Lewiston. Here Walcot was selected as one of the forty artillerymen to accompany Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, who was in immediate charge of the invading troops and who took the first boat across the river in the darkness of the early morning.

In the meantime General Brock whose headquarters were at Fort George, seven miles from the scene of battle, was hastening to the spot. "Our troops," says Walcot, "were waiting the attack. I could see General Brock as he approached, leading the charge, and by his side rode another general officer. Brock was a fine-looking man, and I understood, very well liked. Up to this time I had not fired a shot at the enemy, although I was considered an excellent marksman.

"It was some time after I fired before the attack of the English was made. They fought but a few moments and then retreated. My captain met me coming into line after shooting Brock and he ordered me under arrest, and then pointing to the gun told me to take charge of it. I attempted to inform him what I had done, but he would not listen. When the fighting had ceased I was sorry for my part in the affair. The main body of the English, from Fort George, coming up, routed us in every direction. A large number of our militia could be seen on the American shore, but they refused to come to our assistance. The English were infuriated because of the death of Brock, and showed no mercy. With several others I reached the river and swam across. While swimming three of our party were shot dead, and I was wounded in the back of the neck. When able for service I was promoted to a captaincy. I was in service at Sackett's Harbour until the close of the war."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

HALLECK'S FRENCH OPERA COMPANY.—This company closed a short season here on Saturday night, when the Chimes of Normandy was played by request and put on the boards in tolerably good style.

THE LATE LUCRETIA MOTT.

Mrs. Lucretia Mott, the well-known philanthropist, reformer and preacher, died at her residence in Cheltenham Township, Montgomery County, Pa., on November 11th, having attained the ripe age of eighty-seven years. She was born on the quaint little island of Nantucket, among a population of Quaker sailors and fishermen. Her father was Thomas Coffin, one of a famous race of sea captains, descended from the stock of the English Admiral Coffin, and her mother, Anna Folger, came of a line which included the family of that Boston tallow-chandler whose son was Benjamin Franklin.

She has always regularly attended the religious meetings of the Friends, and has been an unflinching speaker at all sorts of gatherings in the interest of peace, temperance, the Indians, the coloured people, women's progress, etc., etc., and seldom has been permitted to remain silent.

QUEEN'S HALL.

FISK UNIVERSITY JUBILEE SINGERS.—We had heard a great deal about the Jubilee Singers, therefore were led to expect a great musical treat on Friday evening, and are glad to say that our expectations were fully realized. The first piece on the programme "Steal Away to Jesus" was the finest, indeed words would seem inadequate to give a proper idea of the exquisite rendering of the piece, the almost imperceptible piano passages and magnificent harmony were beyond description. Those who heard the singers again on Sunday evening at Mr. Bray's church in the same piece were even better pleased with its second rendering.

manager of which did not think his hotel too good to receive them, though it had at times been patronized by H. R. H. Princess Louise, the daughter of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and than which they have not seen a finer hotel or better accommodation in Europe or America.

CLASSICAL CONCERT.

A grand classical concert will be held in Wesley Church (Congregational) during Christmas week, the music will be of a high order. Mrs. Leach; soprano, and Mr. W. Walter Denyer, baritone, have consented to sing, and others are promised. With this talent we anticipate a success for the concert.

If I were asked by a young journalist to furnish him with a list of books for a library that would be eminently of service to him in the daily pursuit of his vocation, the following would be about the library of reference that I should suggest. The Bible, Cruden's Concordance thereto, Shakspeare, with the Cowden Clarke Concordance; Burke's Peerage, Blackstone's Commentaries, De Lolme on the Constitution, Junius, Edmund Burke's Works (and as many of the Bohn's Edition of Anything as he can get hold of), Murray's home and foreign guide books (old editions can be picked up for a song at the bookstalls), Chamber's Book of Days as aforesaid, Chaucer, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Southgate's "Many Thoughts of Many Minds," Buckle's Miscellanies and Commonplace Books, Montaigne, Rabelais, Paterson's Book of Roads, Cobbett's English Grammar, Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery; Hone's Table Book, Year Book, and Every Day Book; Paley's Natural Theology, Wood's Natural History, and the Newgate Calendar. You see that I have omitted both Lemprière's Classical Dictionary and Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. I did so omit these two books of reference purposely. Try to get up, either in your head or your commonplace book, a Lemprière and a Haydn of your own.

It is stated in a letter from Rome that the Count de Chambord has presented a petition to the Pope praying for the beatification (the preliminary degree of canonization) of Louis XVI., and that Leo XIII. has referred it to the Congregation of the Rites.

MR. ERNEST GYE is travelling over the continent to search of fresh voices wherewith to charm us in the grand season at the other house. Mr. Gye is said to have found some treasures in Paris, and to be going through some other cities, Italian and Austria, to find more.

THE splendid example of Florence Nightingale is about to be followed by ladies of high degree. Two of them are princesses, and they intend to accompany the Russian army to Central Asia with well appointed ambulances to succour the sick, and should there be hostilities, the wounded too. All honour to them.

WHEN Mr. Irving proposed to adapt for the stage one of Mr. Tennyson's plays, the laureate proudly replied that he never went to the theatre. His practice of staying away, however, is likely, nevertheless, to be broken through. He is coming to London for the season of 1881, and if the finds town sufferable will probably be present at the production of his own little tragedy.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AMBROISE THOMAS' "Francoise de Rimini" will soon be produced at the Paris Grand Opera.

THE performance of Wagner's "Percival," at Bayreuth, is definitely postponed till 1882.

MLLE. MINNIE HARK is at Prague, where she is singing in "Mignon" with extraordinary effect.

SARDOT'S new comedy is a satire bearing on the divorce question as treated in the recent pamphlet of M. Alexandre Dumas. Its title is "Divorcées."

AN operetta is being arranged, called "Les Femmes d'Orenbach," which is to be a potpourri of all his favourite airs, and to include the principal heroines, from "Eurydice" to "Madame Favart."

THE Rev. Robert Collyer was present one evening recently at the Union Square Theatre, and was so pleased with "Daniel Rochat" that he wrote a letter to Manager Palmer, expressive of his admiration of the play and its performance.

IN London comic opera continues to thrive at the expense of the grave and grand. No less than five of the metropolitan theatres are at the present time devoted, and with no small measure of success, to this class of entertainment.

ROSSINI'S comic opera, "Le Comte Ory," has been produced in Paris. It was highly successful. Though for intrinsic merit this work will not bear comparison with "Guillaume Tell" or "Il Barbiere." In finish and elegance of style it is perhaps superior to either.

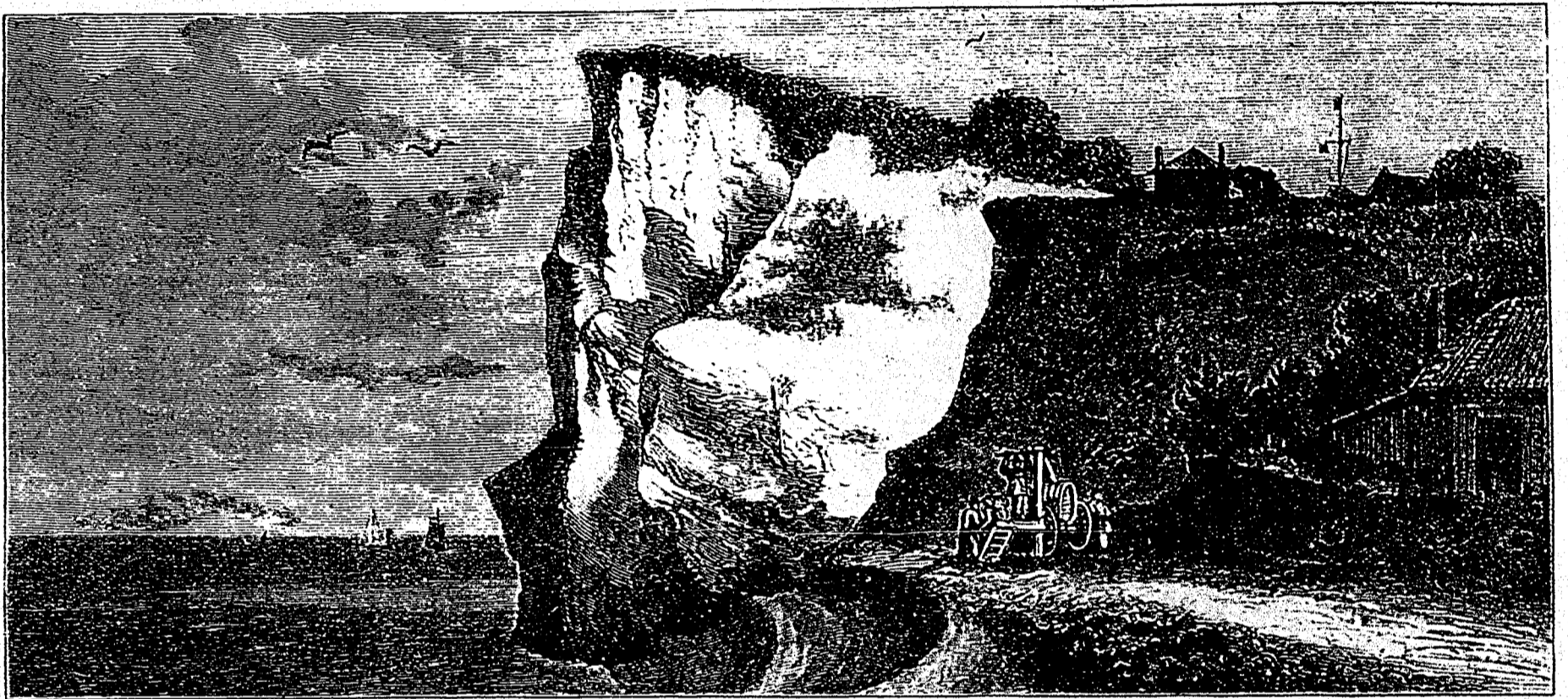
MLLE. MARIE VANZANDT has made a successful first appearance in Paris as "Mignon." She was enthusiastically received, and sang charmingly. Her delivery of the recitatives written by the composer for Madame Nilsson was pathetic in the extreme. The American colony in Paris take great pride in their young country woman.

Ladies, Delicate and Feeble.

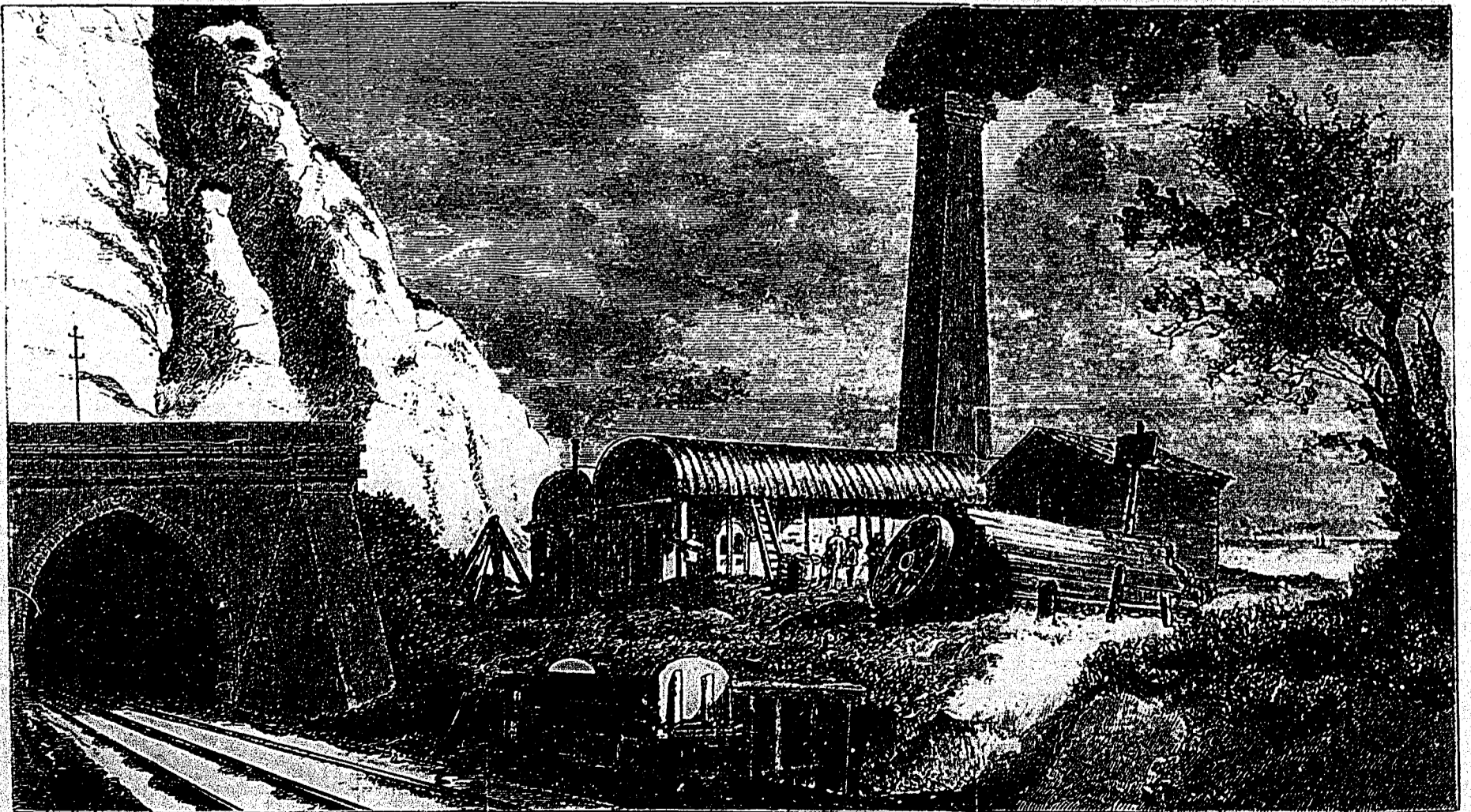
Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvellous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this! See "Truths."



SANGATTE, FRENCH COAST.

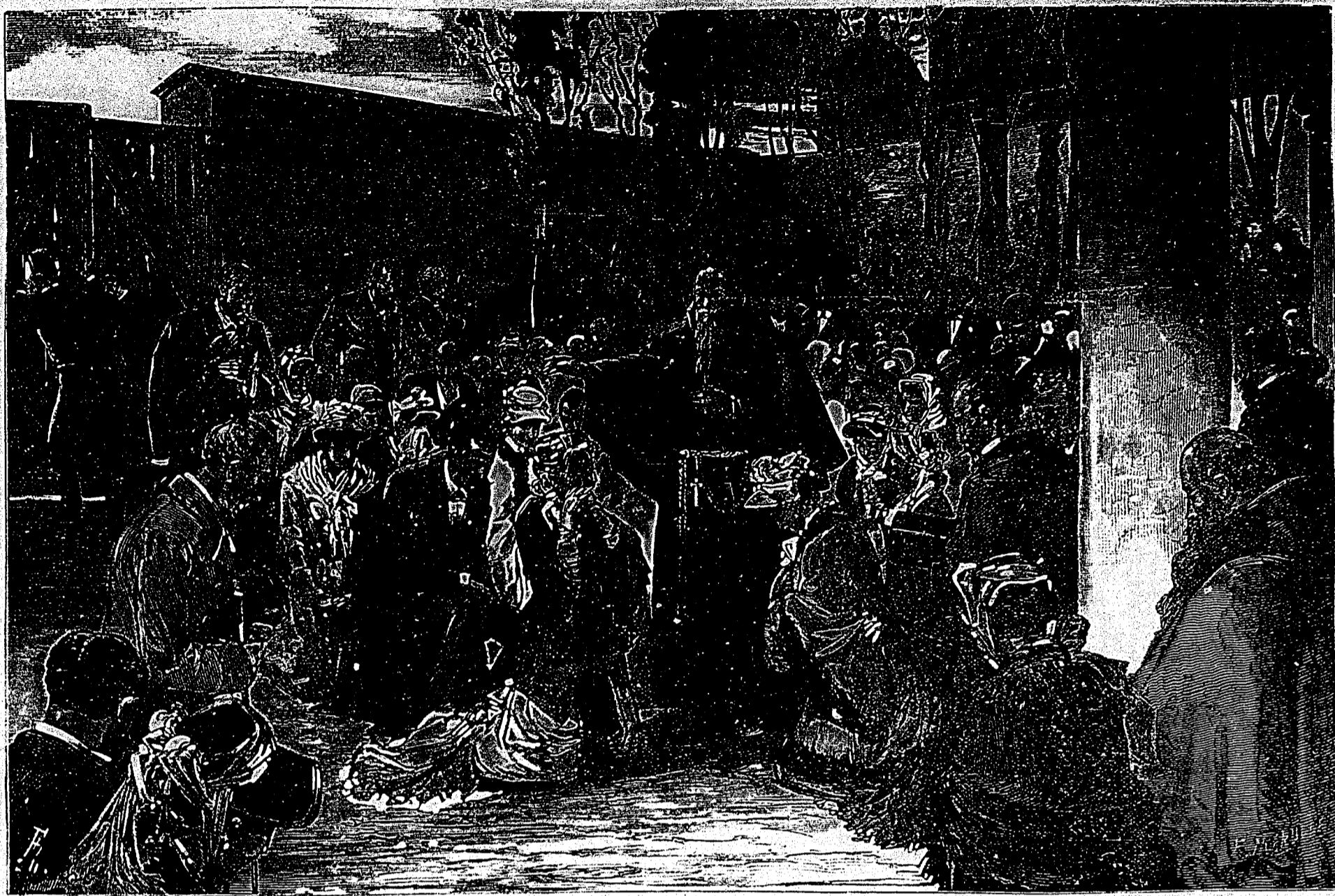


NESS POINT, ST. MARGARET'S BAY, ENGLISH COAST.

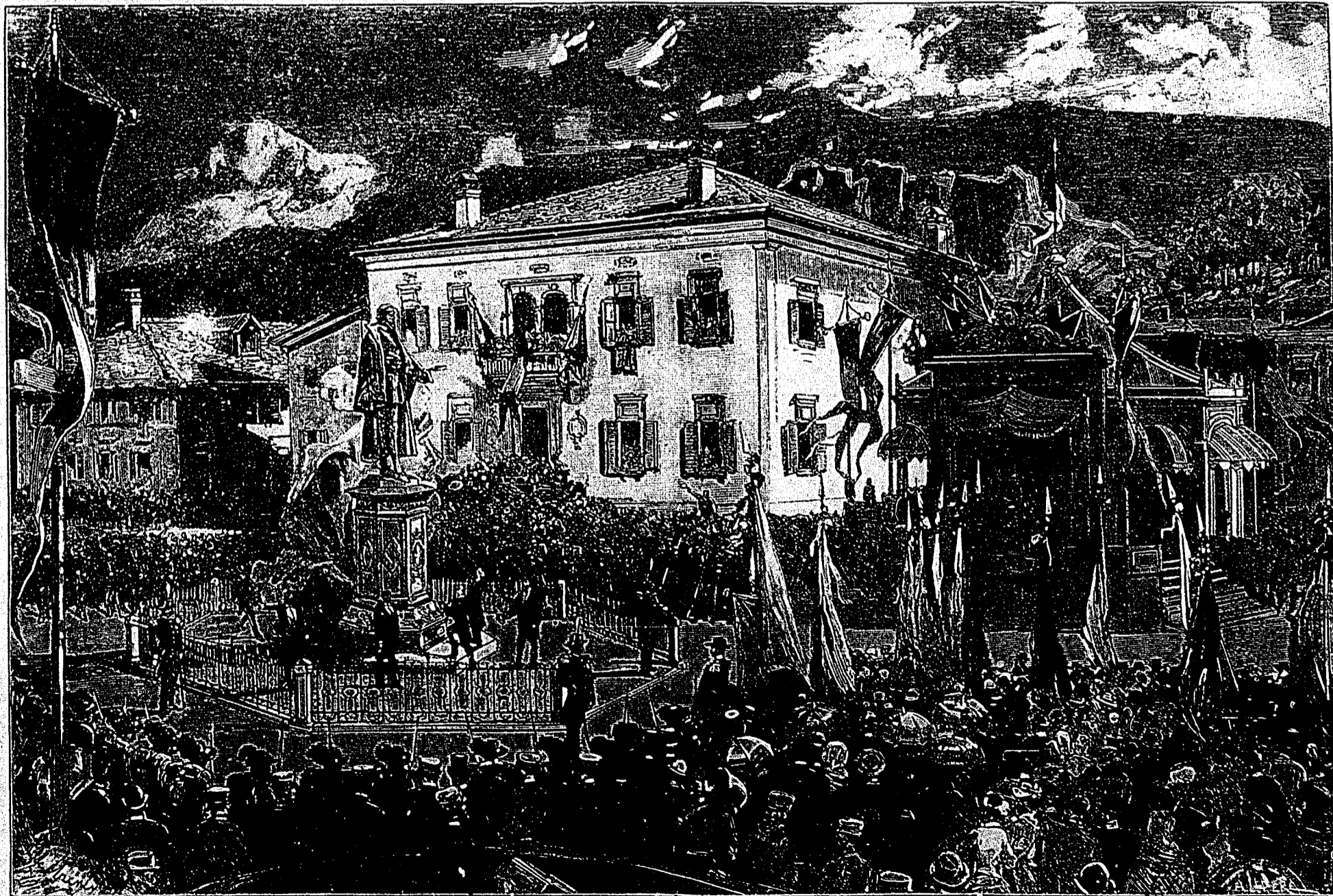


THE ABBOT'S CLIFF TUNNEL, ENGLISH COAST.

THE PROPOSED TUNNEL ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



EXPULSION OF THE CAPUCINS FROM MARSEILLES.



INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF TITIAN, AT PIEVE DI CADORE, ITALY.

AUTUMN BERRIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTELLE."

The rose is dead, but we do not weep her; We watch the deeper colour that glows...

We birds sing on in the city's centre, Or London garden, as when the rays Of the high sun through the streets would enter...

Sometimes we drop a little gray feather Into the throngs of the crowded street; And sing our songs as we fly together...

Our lessons are lighter; we learn to cover The fledglings rooking on yonder bough; We teach them to sway, to twitter, to hover...

For, O, the autumn berries are peeping, Looking for us as we look for them; The russet leaves hold them safe in their keeping...

I saw our portraits, once when bitter And brooding winter clung as a shroud To the snowy earth, and the delicate twitter...

White hand, weak hand, we wished you were stronger, Throwing us crumbs on the window-ledge; And we pecked, and prayed that a little longer...

Still, though the sunshine makes way for embers, Through the wind's sigh we can hear the charm Of all that is past, and my heart remembers...

E. M. H.

MISS BETHUNE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"Quick, quick, she has a new bonnet on!" cried Harriette (pronounced Harr-yett) Clinton, with excitement.

Her sister Louisa was just brushing her hair the wrong way to make it fluffy in front, so that she could not instantly comply with Harriette's injunction; but the moment her hands were free she flew across the room.

"Ah, she's gone now!" exclaimed the first speaker, not without a tinge of gratification in her tone.

"O, of course, directly I come," returned Louisa crossly; and she craned her neck from the window, without succeeding in more than catching a glimpse of a victoria just disappearing round the corner of the square.

"Well, she might have asked one of us to go with her," said she, "not that I should have been able to go."

"O, she is a selfish creature," returned her sister; "and I'm sure I wish we had not asked her for to-night."

In the victoria sat Miss Bethune, a neighbour of the Clintons. She was starting for a lawn-tennis party in the Horticultural Gardens, after which she intended, time permitting, to look in at two or three "at homes."

Who is Miss Bethune? She is a lady of excellent family and comfortable fortune. Her father, a baronet, dying whilst she was still a child, had left her, with her brother and sister, to the care of his widow. For a year this lady, a woman of a highly-cultivated understanding and a keen appreciation of the pleasures of fashion and society, had fulfilled her duties in a manner that left nothing to be desired.

(for his father had laid the foundation of the family) these were inestimable advantages.

A meantime our heroine, whose Christian name was Hester, and her brother and sister fared indifferently. Mr. Maule and Lady Bethune started on a tour, intending to gratify the artistic tastes which had first brought them together by visiting the celebrated galleries of Europe. They agreed that it would be best to leave the children at home.

Hester was happy. She cherished an intense admiration for her brother John. His coolness in moments of peril, his readiness in ingenious expedients, had given her an absolute faith in him.

Presently Mr. Maule and Lady Bethune returned from their tour. They had visited all the art galleries of Europe, and the romance of their married life was over. The wife, it is true, still loved her husband devotedly; but she began to see that he felt he had made a sacrifice.

In this unkindly atmosphere the Bethunes grew up. Little Sir John was soon packed off to school where the charges were moderate, and Hester was committed to the care of a foreign governess—an inferior person.

Poor Hester! She began already to look back on a golden past. Mr. Maule was nervous and could not bear children, and Lady Bethune's attentions to them were confined to the quelling of the smallest disturbance.

In these changed circumstances Hester developed a reserved temperament which never left her. She became accustomed to think for herself. Much secret attention she devoted to her small sister—washing her, kissing her when she was in bed, and consoling her when she fell downstairs.

When Hester was about seventeen her mother died. Her idolatry for her second husband had continued to the end, and she had enjoyed no happiness so great as that of saving money for him.

Within the year Mr. Maule married again; this time a wife who was by many years his junior. Mrs. Maule began by being very charming to the Misses Bethune; but she secretly thought that they were very much in the way.

Now Mrs. Maule did not share her husband's notions with regard to money. One of a large family, she had been accustomed to very little before her marriage, and her private resolve had been to spend liberally now.

mention this. Nevertheless, in a few months the Misses Bethune left the house. Sir John had placed his house at their disposal, and they gladly went to reside there, still maintaining amicable relations with the Maules.

At their old home Hester and her sister led a peaceful and contented existence for several years. She lived in entire seclusion. Jane was extremely delicate, and Hester's education had rendered her painfully shy and averse to society.

At last Sir John wrote to say that he was about to be married, and would return home shortly. The sisters took fright. Their brother's long absence had caused a reserve to grow up between him and them.

Hester's grief was deep. From her childhood her little sister had been the darling upon whom she had lavished her affection. Her heart was naturally a warm and tender one, and this was the one outlet which had been afforded for its love.

She paid a visit to her brother and his wife, and then resolved to settle in London. Being a person of very refined tastes, the choice and fitting up of her house afforded her agreeable occupation.

During her travels she had picked up several choice articles, with which she now proceeded to adorn a charming house, in the same square as that of the Clintons, of which she had taken a lease.

Nor was she long in forming a circle of acquaintances. Friends of the family called upon her, and made her known to friends of theirs. Families from her part of the country called upon her when they came to town.

At the time when this story opens, Miss Bethune had been settled in London for some years. She was thirty-eight years of age.

The early habit of relying upon herself, in addition to the companionship of a person so much her junior both in age and disposition as Jane, had, however, given her an exaggerated idea of her own antiquity. She considered herself already an elderly woman, and entirely beyond the pale of juvenile prospects and diversions.

In return for this the Clinton girls always spoke of her as one of their best friends, and took great care always to be charming when they were at her house. But nevertheless they found it impossible to overlook her many shortcomings.

CHAPTER II.

"Have you seen my handkerchief?" inquired Louisa, in a hurried manner, of her sister.

They had just finished dressing for a dinner-party which Mrs. Clinton was giving that night, and at which Miss Bethune was expected.

"No," replied Harriette unconcernedly. She had everything, and was just powdering her face in front of the glass.

"I can't think where it can be; I had it a minute ago," continued Louisa, pushing carelessly against her in the anxiety of her search, and causing her to put a great deal too much powder on her nose.

"I believe that Sarsnet has hidden it!" exclaimed the seeker, in a moment, with considerable heat. She was hastening round the room, spreading disorder wherever she went.

Sarsnet was the young ladies' maid; and if everything was not in its place, they always affirmed that she had stolen it or hidden it to spite them.

At length the missing handkerchief was found under a pin-cushion, which some heedless person had placed upon it. Louisa hastened downstairs. There was as yet but one arrival in the drawing-room. This was a young man named John Bengough, a distant connection of the Clinton family, who had lately come over from Australia.

About his invitation there had been considerable discussion; for both the young ladies assured their parents that, from what they had already seen of him, he was a young man of gauche manners, and not one of whom they could in any sense be proud.

He was a young man about the middle height, with broad shoulders, a fresh complexion, an incipient beard most offensive to the exquisites of his college, and spectacles.

Miss Bethune being the guest whom they knew best, the Clintons had arranged that their doubtful friend should be her neighbour.

During soup-time that lady was occupied by conversation with her other neighbour, an old acquaintance with whom she had not recently exchanged ideas.

After a slight skirmish with a young lady on his left, Bengough sat awaiting an opportunity to speak to her. At length there was a pause in her dialogue with her old friend.

Have you seen Irving in Hamlet?" asked the Australian hastily, lest the opportunity should escape.

"Yes," she replied, smiling pleasantly; "and I suppose you have too! Tell me what you think of him; as a lady I reserve my opinion till I have heard yours."

"Well," replied Bengough frankly, "I don't like him at all; and yet I have heard that he is the only conscientious actor on the stage. I object extremely to his pronunciation."

"There I am inclined to agree with you," answered Hester; "still, I think you are rather hard on him. His Hamlet is intelligent, though very likely not quite the one you and I would wish to see."

This coupling of his name with hers pleased Bengough. He was aware that his coat was not quite what might have been desired, and had experienced a misgiving that his manners and discourse were not exactly those of London; and this consciousness had raised a defiant mood in him, but at these words it was softened.

Miss Bethune and Mr. Bengough now found plenty to say to each other. The lady had a knack of interesting people in the conversation which they held with her. It consisted in asking them about themselves. It is a subject upon which all have something to say—many a good deal, and that extremely agreeable to their own ears.

In reply to her artfully couched inquiries, John Bengough readily gave her much information concerning his history and prospects. He had had rather a rough life hitherto, as appeared; had lived in one of the less civilized parts of Australia, and had had experience of manual labour. During this time, however, he had managed to keep up a connection between himself and the classics; and he had now come to England, on the death of his parents, in the hope of obtaining a fellowship at Cambridge.

Hester heard all this with interest. She appreciated the naïveté with which her neighbour impressed upon her some details of his history, careful lest she should overlook any item rounding to his credit.

"And now you are spending the vacation in town to see something of London life?"

"Well, I do not expect to see very much of that," said Bengough; "for beyond the Clintons I know no one. The fact is, I intended to have spent the time in 'doing' England; but unfortunately I found my finances wouldn't stand it," he added, smiling.

Miss Bethune sympathized with him. There was no trusting to financial appearances, as she well knew. But as for making acquaintances in

London, that was an easy business, particularly for a young man. She ended by proposing that, if he had nothing better to do, he should come and see her some day. She was at home on Thursday. Bengough was delighted. He accepted, his face radiant with pleasure.

When the gentlemen joined the ladies he came straight to Miss Bethune, and remained with her the rest of the evening. When she played he turned the leaves for her, a thing which his anxiety to be exactly at the right moment caused him to do it with very little adroitness.

Afterwards they had more conversation; Miss Bethune introduced him to a young lady who was a friend of hers, and who was seated near, and the three chatted very agreeably. When it was time to go the Clinton girls took an effusive farewell of Hester, less, indeed, on account of any particular feelings which the occasion excited than because there were those present whom they wished to show how well their effusive farewells became them.

Bengough walked home in the highest spirits, delighted with Miss Bethune and with himself, and full of visions of successes in society.

CHAPTER III.

"Well, I think everything went off very well last night," said Mrs. Clinton to her daughters the next morning at breakfast. There was considerable satisfaction in her voice.

It was Sunday, the dinner-party having been given on a Saturday in order that a member of Parliament, whose acquaintance was felt to be creditable, might be present.

"On the whole, yes," replied Louisa, after a moment's meditation; "the eating was delicious. I still regret extremely that I did not take twice of those sweetbreads."

"Don't say they were good," exclaimed her sister, "for I did not taste them. I had fully intended to when writing the *menu*; but that hired waiter handed everything with such indecent haste, that, in the excitement of talking, I let them pass."

"John Bengough was the blot on the evening; why can't he get boots with pointed toes?"

"His talk was I can't tell you how trite, too," said Harriette. "I overheard him speaking of Irving in *Hamlet*, comparing the Academy and Grosvenor Gallery, and other such painful solecisms. It quite made me blush."

Miss Bethune seemed to find plenty to say to him.

"O, it is a forlorn hope, I suppose; old maids are always like that; they cannot afford to be disagreeable to any one."

And breakfast being late, the young ladies hastened upstairs to get their hats and *schus* for church; prayer-books they did not require, being of those who knew the service by heart.

That very day John Bengough called on Miss Bethune. She was in her room when he arrived, and he had to wait a few minutes in the drawing-room. He examined the room with great admiration. Bengough had never been accustomed to think of these things before; but he now began to experience a vague pleasure from the harmonious colouring of the crotonne, the old china and wall-paper, and the subdued fragrance of some genista. When Hester entered the room she seemed entirely in keeping with all this delicate refinement. Her gently modulated voice and her soft drab draperies belonged to the same category of things.

Bengough had just come from making his duty-call on the Clintons. It being an early hour, he had found them all unprepared for visitors. The whole family had been digesting their early dinner in easy postures in the drawing-room, and there had been a general scrimmage when he was announced, for all the crocheted antimacassars were either rucked up in wisps or else on the floor, and Louisa had taken off her shoes. When it had been discovered that the disturber was only their relation, the shock to their digestions had reacted on their tempers, which had remained during the rest of the interview in the condition associated with packing up in haste or riding in a close carriage with one's back to the horses.

During his conversation with Miss Bethune John involuntarily contrasted these two visits.

"How pretty your room is!" said he almost immediately.

"Do you like it?" answered she with modesty; "well, that is a compliment of a peculiarly gratifying nature to me."

"I think it is the prettiest room I ever was in," exclaimed John enthusiastically.

"You know one of the things I plume myself on is a knack of picking up pretty things at reasonable prices. I must show you a bargain I made the other day, and which is still filling me with self-satisfaction."

The bargain was a piece of Venetian glass. They went across the room to examine it, and Hester entered upon a humorous description of the manner by which it had come into her hands. As she began at her first sight of it in the back shop of a *brocanteur* in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, and narrated circumstantially the various steps which had led to her at last securing it, the description occupied a few minutes. Bengough's attention had time to wander, for his interest in the Venetian glass was not quite such as its exquisite workmanship might have warranted. Miss Bethune had a lively sensibility, and quickly suspected this. Nevertheless, she was surprised when on raising her gaze she beheld her visitor's eyes, which were not generally of a particularly speaking

order, fixed upon herself with an undeniable expression of the frankest admiration.

She was disconcerted, and turned aside, finishing her story in a few words.

Mr. Bengough's visit was a long one, but Miss Bethune did not find it fatiguing, for she was one of those who would as soon listen to a man's experiences and hopes, as to his rendering of the recent scandal, or quotations from the anti-criticisms in the newspapers.

At last Bengough took his departure. Miss Bethune had mentioned an intention of attending evening service at St. James', and it struck her visitor with astonishment as he was walking home that he had not yet heard Mr. Hester's preach. It was an intention he had so long cherished. He dined hastily, and started in the direction of Paddington. But Hester was a devout listener in church, and when she chanced on one occasion to raise her eyes to the gallery she did not remark that a gaze which had long been levelled in her direction was withdrawn with the speed of an unquiet conscience, a sight which might have suggested certain reflections to her mind.

(To be Continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

**GOOD ADVICE.**—If misfortunes have befallen you by your own misconduct, live, and be wiser for the future. If they have befallen you by the fault of others, live; you have wherewith to reproach yourself. If your character be unjustly attacked, live; time will remove the aspersion. If you have spiteful enemies, live, and disappoint their malevolence. If you have kind and faithful friends, live, to bless and protect them. If you have a hope for immortality, live, and prepare to enjoy it.

**HEALTH.**—Such is the power of health that, without its co-operation, every other comfort is torpid and lifeless as the power of vegetation without the sun. And yet this bliss is commonly thrown away in thoughtless negligence, or in foolish experiments on our own strength; we let it perish without remembering its value, or waste it to show how much we have to spare; it is sometimes given up to the management of levity and chance, and sometimes sold for the applause of jollity and looseness.

**MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY.**—You never know how long you and your children will have each other. At best, they will not be little children always. Make the life which you live together as happy and as full of yourself as possible. If you can do but little, put plenty of love and sunshine into that little. It is worth a great deal to have them grow up with the habit of being happy. If this habit comes—not because every wish is gratified, not because they are always busy at some cheerful or helpful work, never fear that they will grow up querulous and selfish. Children so trained are not apt to fall into fashionable listlessness, or to give themselves up to idle grief if disappointment and sorrow come into their maturer lives.

**HOW TO BE NOBODY.**—It is easy to be nobody, and we will tell you how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now, just a little beer or some other drink. In the meantime, play dominoes, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful books. If you read anything, let it be the cheap novels of the day; thus go on keeping your stomach full, and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you will be nobody, unless you should turn out a drunkard, or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. There are any number of young men hanging about bar-parlours, just ready to graduate and be nobodies.

**FRIENDSHIP.**—Friendship has its duties. You owe your friend sympathy in his sorrows and in his joys. You owe him confidence and the information about yourself which confidence implies. Yet that information is to be given with a certain reserve, so that you do not seem to force your affairs upon him, or to make him responsible for you. Of crises in which he need not aid you, or would be pained by his inability, it is often wise to say nothing. There is a fine subtle instinct which guides in such matters. However near your friend brings you to him, you are to respect his individuality. Information that is purely personal you must wait for. If he does not volunteer it, be satisfied that he has his reasons. Do not seek—above all, do not claim—it as a right of your friendship. Be generous, not exacting.

**NATURAL LANGUAGE OF THE HANDS.**—The hand has a great share in expressing our thoughts and feelings; raising the hand towards heaven, with the palms united, expresses devotion and supplication; wringing them, grief; throwing them towards heaven, admiration; dejected hands, despair and amazement; folding them, idleness; holding the fingers intermingled, musing and thoughtfulness; holding them forth together, yielding and submission; lifting them and the eyes to heaven, solemn appeal; waving the hand from us, prohibition; extending the right hand to any one, peace, piety and safety; scratching the head, care and perplexing thought; laying the right hand on the heart, affection and solemn affirmation; holding up the thumb, approbation; placing the right forefinger on the lips perpendicularly, bidding silence.

**RIGHT AND WRONG.**—Knowledge is a power which never needs arresting, but only guiding in right directions. Instruction in the principles of right and wrong can alone give this much-needed guidance. The great need of such teaching for the young is visible everywhere. It seems as if the idea prevailed that, while every other species of instruction needed systematic and assiduous effort, this would come of itself. It is shifted about between parent and teachers, between the school, the home, and the church, and no one knows exactly where the responsibility ought to fall. Thus no regular plan is laid for teaching the young the grounds of honesty, purity, and truth, the functions of conscience, the basis of right living, the laws which should govern the every-day duties of life. When we reflect how strong is the hold of passion, desire, and interest, and how firm must be the principles that can control them, it would seem that the full comprehension of these principles must be the most important study that can occupy the mind of youth. Every other branch of instruction belongs to some special part of life, and may or may not come into special requisition; but this concerns every portion, it comes into use each hour, it influences every choice, and determines the character of every action. Surely then it deserves more, and not less, attention than other things.

**FEMALE INFLUENCE.**—Female influence is deeply felt on all religious and social charities. On these subjects, female susceptibilities are lively. Many men, involved in business, leave these things to their wives. They are willing to give, but cannot spend the time nor attention to inquire into the proper objects of charity, or canvass their claims. They trust this in the hands of their wives. The poor, therefore, look up to female charity for the bread of life, to hearts that are formed to feel. The charities which lay a claim to our contributions are of two kinds, systematic and occasional. Systematic charities, for the relief of the extreme poor, are provided by law, and every man, under that arrangement, willingly pays his assessment to the collector. But, besides these, there are objects of want in every community, whose claims cannot be innocently resisted by those who have abundance of gold and silver in stewardship. There are many industrious poor, who are too virtuous to steal, who respect themselves too much to resort to public charity, and who are too modest to beg. These are sometimes sick and in distress, when the hand of charity would prove to be an excellent oil in their wounds. But they must be sought out. And if those who are formed by nature for sympathy do not go after them, by whom will they be found? To find out and supply these occasional wants is commonly the honoured care of female activity and sympathy.

WOMEN.

SCHOPENHAUER'S OPINIONS OF THE SEX.

The mere aspect of women proves that she is destined neither for the great labours of intelligence nor for the great material undertakings. She pays her debt to life not by action, but by suffering; she ought, therefore, to obey man, and to be his patient companion, restoring serenity to his mind.

That which makes women particularly apt to care for and rear us in our first infancy is that they always remain themselves childish, futile, and of narrow mind. They are only big babies all their lives, a sort of big intermediary between the child and man. Look at a young girl dancing and singing to an infant and playing with it all day long; and try to imagine whether a man with the best will in the world could do the same.

In the young girl, nature seems to have intended a sort of *comp de theatre*. She ornaments her for a few years with an extraordinary beauty, grace, and perfection at the expense of all the rest of her life. The object is that during these few years she may take strong possession of a man and make him undertake the heavy charge of looking after her for ever. Thus nature has armed women like every other creature with weapons and instruments necessary to assure her existence, and, acting with her habitual frugality, has given these merely for use during the requisite time. Just as the female ant loses her wings when they are no longer useful to her, so woman loses her beauty soon after her conquest is made. For this reason, too, young girls are generally very contemptuous of household duties, feeling that their true vocation at that time of life is to make themselves liked.

In their heart of hearts women imagine that men are only made to earn money and women to spend it. If they are prevented from doing this during the lifetime of a husband they make up for it after his death.

The lion has his teeth and his claws; the elephant and the bear have their defences; the bull has his horns; the cattle-fish its ink. Nature has given woman for her defence and protection dissimulation, as she has given man reason and the strength of his limbs. Hence the falsity, the treason, the ingratitude of women, who perjure themselves so readily in courts of justice that it has often been a question whether they ought to be allowed to take an oath. From time to time women who want for nothing are caught pilfering in the shops.

Men are only indifferent one to another; women are by nature enemies. The reason is that

the rivalry, which among men is limited to the members of each profession, among women embraces the whole species, as they have but one single business in life.

Women have neither the sentiment nor the intelligence of music any more than of poetry or the plastic arts. All their tastes in this direction is mere apeishness—a pure pretext and affectation stimulated by their desire to please.

Women are and will remain in their ensemble the most accomplished and the most incurable Philistines, thanks to our social organization, which is absurd to an extreme degree, and which makes them share the title and situation of man, no matter how elevated he may be. Thus they excite and stimulate the less honourable part of his ambition, and as a natural consequence their domination and the tone they give corrupt modern society. The ancients took this view of them, and the Eastern peoples preserve it to our day. Both have better understood the part suitable to woman, and her proper place. Our gallantry of the old-fashioned French style and our stupid veneration have only served to make her as impertinent as the sacred apes of Benares, who may take any liberty with impunity by virtue of the false position they hold. What may be called the European woman is a sort of being that ought not to exist. Those who help in the house and look after the house ought to be the only women in the world.

ARTISTIC.

A MONUMENT to Hector Berlioz in his native place, La Cote St. André, near Grenoble, is to be erected. Berlioz died in March, 1869.

CHARLES KEENE, who is called the true successor to Leech, is about to publish a volume of his contributions to *Punch*, containing four hundred of his favourite productions.

EDINBURGH has voted a sum of £1,200 for the execution of thirty statues, representing the heroes of Sir Walter Scott's novels. These are destined to fill the thirty niches on the monument erected to the great novelist in Edinburgh which have hitherto remained empty.

CHAPU is the artist elected to the last vacant seat in the fine art division of the Institute. His works are well known—"Fame," forming a portion of the Henri Regnault monument, and, above all, "Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices," rendered popular by Barbide's bronze reductions.

MADRID has added to its artistic literary institutions a Water-Colour Society, under the honorary presidency of Senor Pradilla and the management of Senor Manresa. Water-colour art, which may be said to have been commenced by Fortuny, has become a favourite study with the new school of Spanish artists.

LITERARY.

MRS. FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT, is so ill that she writes while lying on her back. She is writing a new novel.

PROFESSOR DAVID SWING has sued the *Chicago Times* for damages, under the copyright law, for publishing a sermon of his before it was delivered.

A reaction, says the *Athenaeum*, is said to be setting in in America against the very shabby race of books which the competition of the "torpedoes" produces.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON is, it is said, still erect, and moves about with tolerable celerity; yet there is considerable of the automaton in his carriage and a "mild favour of decay" in his impressive features.

It is said the professional English novelists of name and fame are being injured in the "announcements of literature" by the large number of amateur writers who are springing up and who desire no pay for their writings.

THE *Boston Herald* says that Wendell Phillips and Robert C. Winthrop are now the only two Bostonians left, who can really be called orators, and each of these has touched seventy. There are a good many people in Boston who make what are called speeches, but few of them have anything to say.

THE Council of the Victoria Philosophical Institute of London, England, report a large accession of Indian and Colonial members this year, amongst whom are several prelates: the *Standard* and *Globe* note that the new number of its quarterly journal, just issued to members and associates, contains papers by Professor Stokes, F.R.S., of Cambridge; Professor Hughes, of the same University; Professor Nicholson, M.D., F.R.A.S., of St. Andrew's University; and Dr. Rassam, with maps of the scene of the latter's last researches at Nineveh and Babylon.

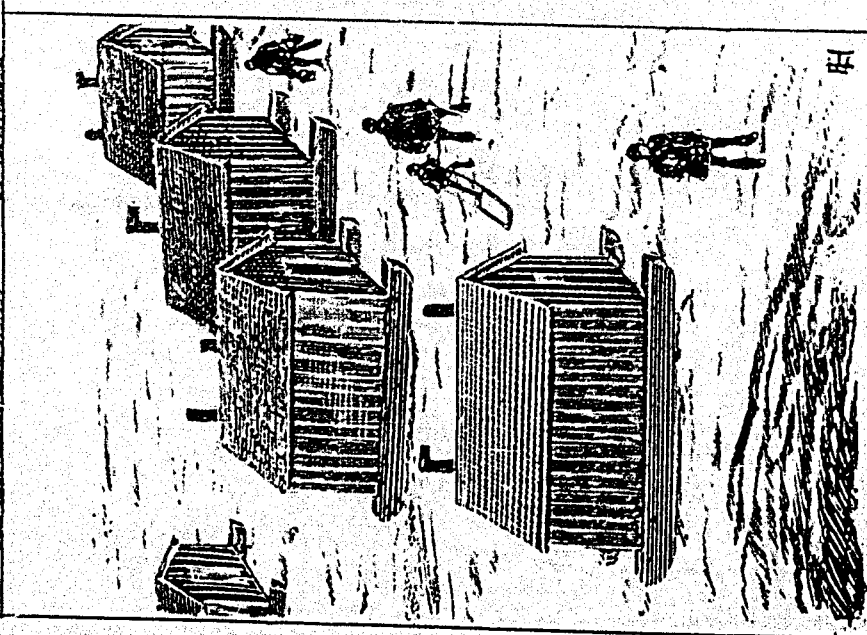
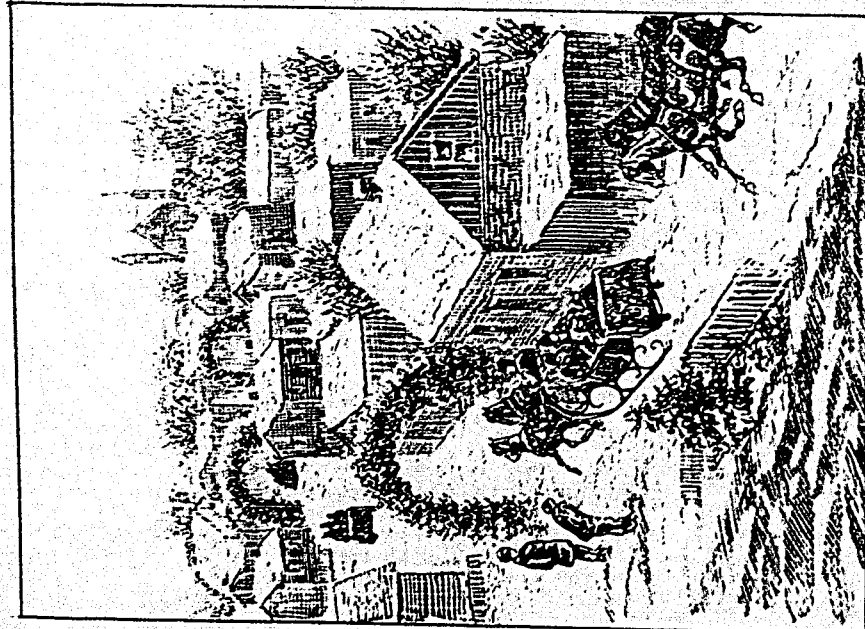
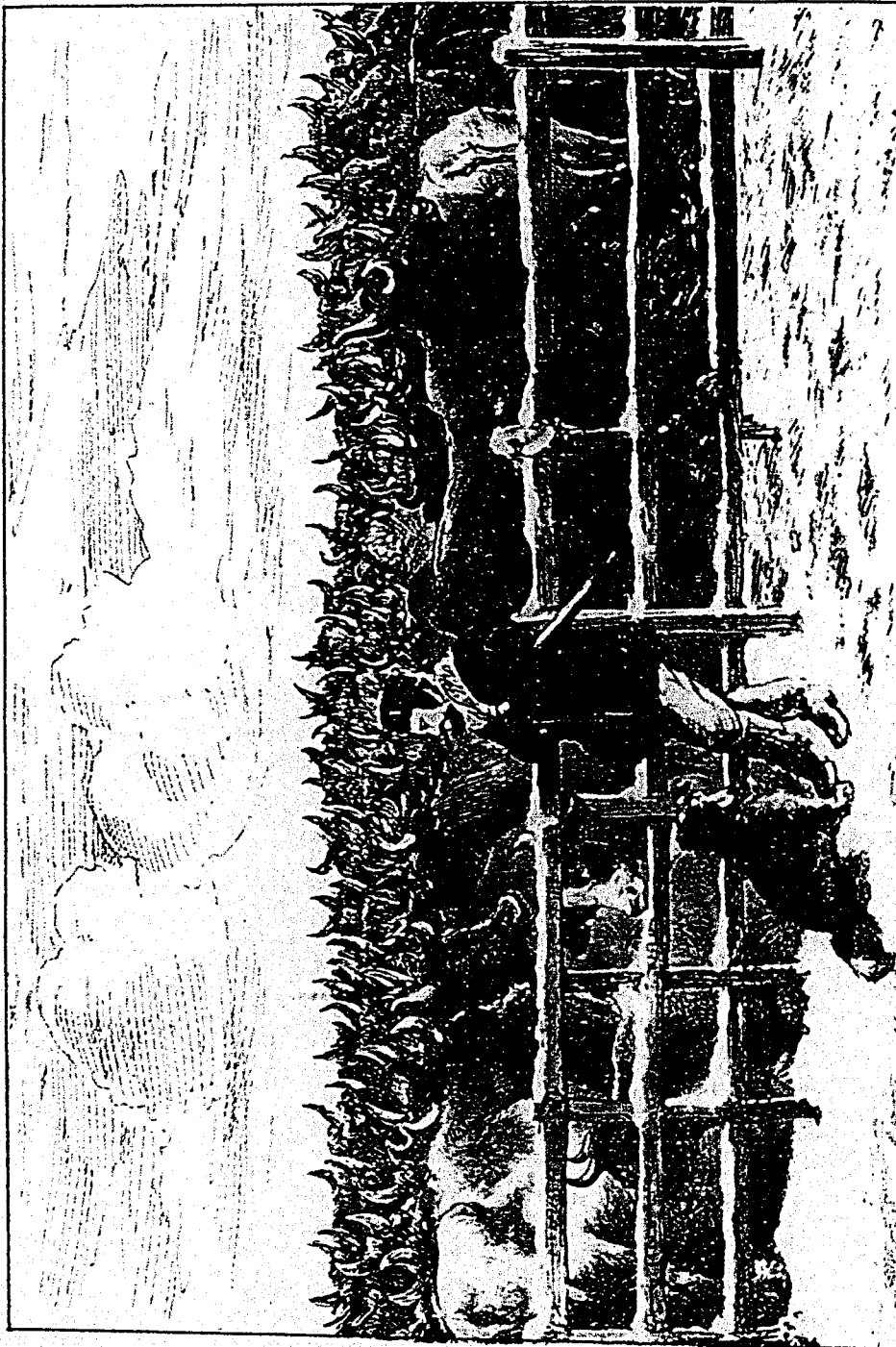
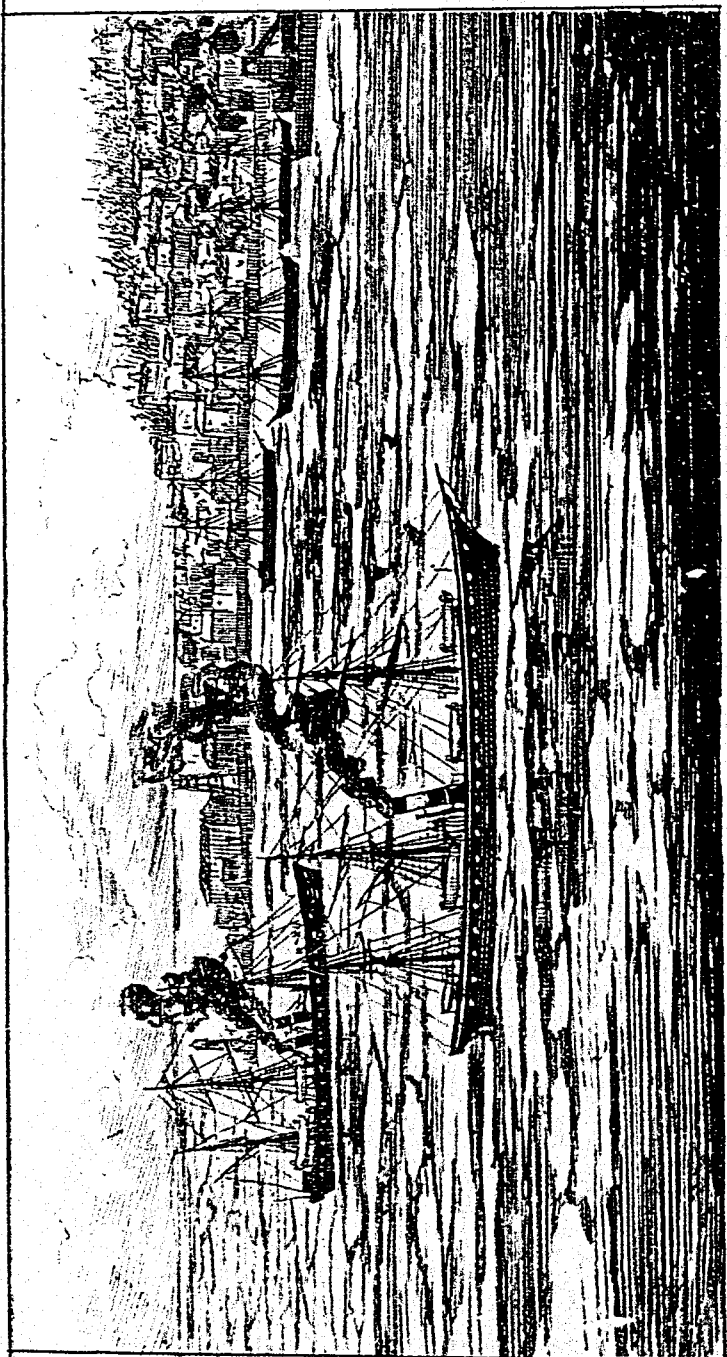
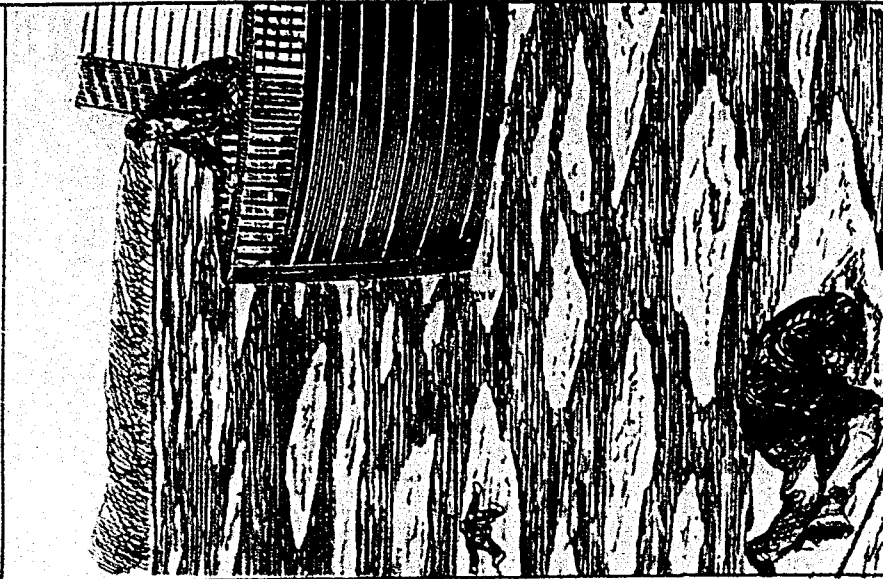
WE BELIEVE

That if every one would use Hop Bitters freely, there would be much less sickness and misery in the world; and people are fast finding this out, whole families keeping well at a trifling cost by its use. We advise all to try it.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.





1. FRENCH DELEGATES AT ST. EUSTACHE. — 2. ICEBOUND VESSELS AT SOREL. — 3. NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING. — 4. TOMMY GOD FISHING CABINS, NEAR QUEBEC. — 5. AWAITING SHIPMENT. — 6. FROZEN TO DEATH.

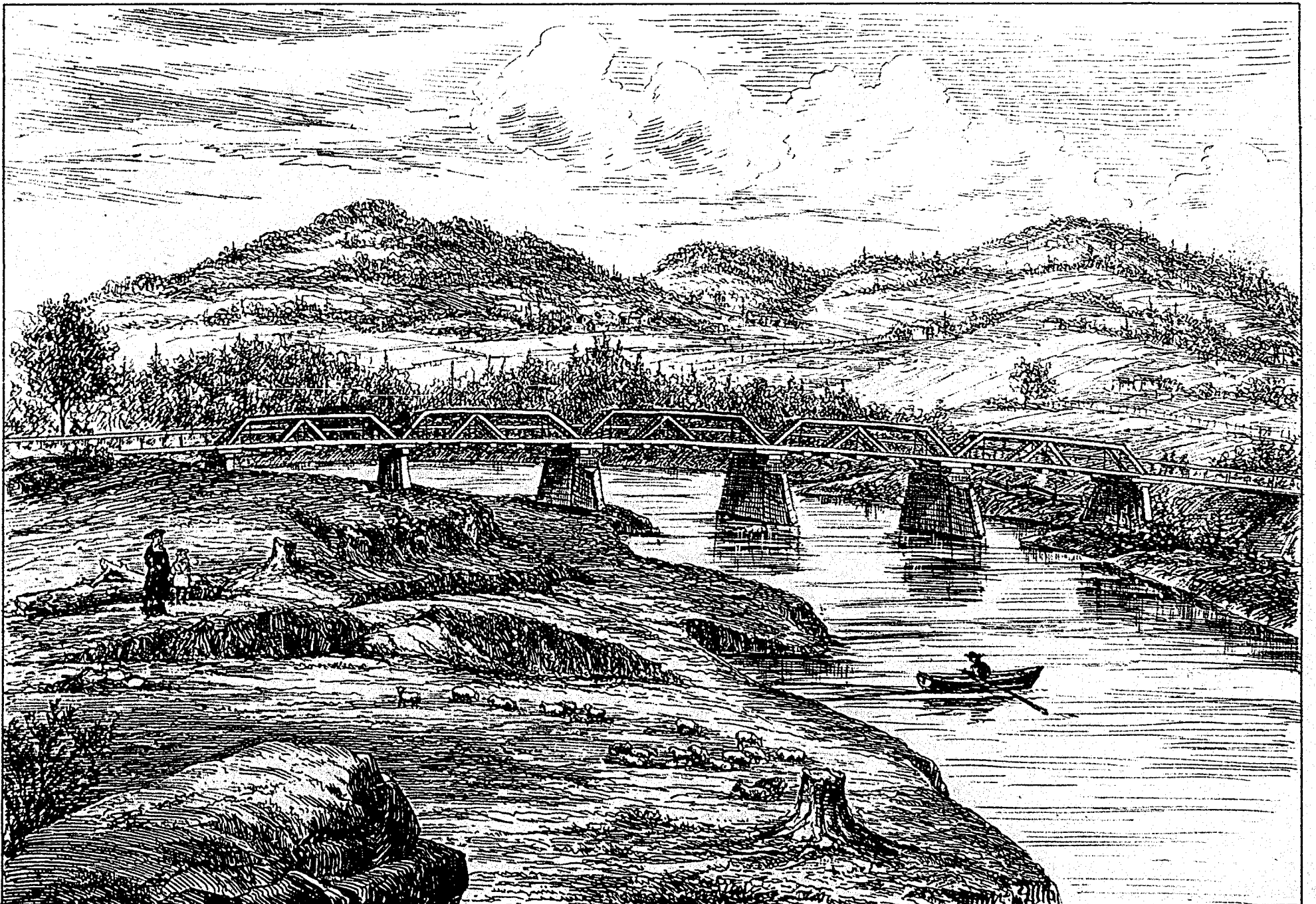
INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.



THE LATE LUCRETIA MOTT.



KENWARD PHILP,  
THE ALLEGED FORGER OF THE GARFIELD CHINESE LETTER.



VIEW OF THE GRAND CANAL, NEAR GALT.

# WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "A Daughter of Heth," "In Silk Attire," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," "Kilmenny," "The Monarch of Mincing Lane," "Madcap Violet," "The Three Feathers," "The Marriage of Moira Fergus, and The Maid of Killeena," "MacLeod of Dare," "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart," etc.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### "A GOOD ONE FOR THE LAST."

"Ah, well, well," said the Laird, somewhat sadly, to his hostess, "I suppose we may now consider that we have started on our last day's sailing in the *White Dove*?"

"I suppose so," said she; and this was before breakfast, so she may have been inclined to be a bit sentimental too.

"I'm thinking," said he, "that some of us may hereafter look back on this sailing as the longest and grandest holiday of their life, and will recall the name of the *White Dove* with a certain amount of affection. I, for one, feel that I can scarcely justify myself for withdrawing so long from the duties that society demands from every man; and no doubt there will be much to set right when one goes back to Strathgovan. But perhaps one has been able to do something even in one's idleness."

He paused here and remained silent for a moment or two.

"What a fine thing," he continued, "it must be for a doctor to watch the return of health to a patient's face—to watch the colour coming back, and the eyes looking happy again, and the spirits rising; and to think that maybe he has helped. And if he happens to know the patient, and to be as anxious about her as if she were his own child, do not ye think he must be a proud man when he sees the results of what he has done for her, and when he hears her begin to laugh again?"

Despite the Laird's profound ingenuity, we knew very well who that doctor was. And we had learned something about the affection which this mythical physician had acquired for this imaginary patient.

"What a sensitive bit crature she is!" said he, suddenly, as if he were now talking of some quite different person. "Have ye seen the difference the last few days have made on her face—have ye not observed it?"

"Yes, indeed I have."

"Ye would imagine that her face was just singing a song from the morning till the night. I have never seen any one with such expressive eyes as that bit lass has; and—and it is fairly a pleasure to any one to look at the happiness of them."

"Which she owes to you, sir."

"To me!" said the Laird. "Dear me! not to me. It was a fortunate circumstance that I was with ye on board the yacht, that is all. What I did no man who had the chance could have refused to do. No, no; if the lass owes any gratification to anybody or anything, it is to the Semple case."

"What?"

"Just so, ma'am," said the Laird, composedly. "I will confess to ye that a long holiday spent in sailing had not that attraction for me it might have had for others, though I think I have come to enjoy it now with the best of ye; but I thought, when ye pressed me to come, that it would be a grand opportunity to get your husband to take up the Semple case, and master it thoroughly, and put its merits in a just manner before the public. That he does not appear to be as much interested in it as I had reason to expect is a misfortune—perhaps he will grow to see the importance of the principles involved in it in time; but I have ceased to force it on his attention. In the meanwhile we have had a fine, long holiday, which has at least given me leisure to consider many schemes for the advantage of my brother parashioners. Aye; and where is Miss Mary, though?"

"She and Angus have been up for hours, I believe," said his hostess. "I heard them on deck before we started, anyway."

"I would not disturb them," said the Laird, with much consideration. "They have plenty to talk about, all their life opening up before them—like a road through a garden, as one might say. And whatever befalls them hereafter, I suppose they will always remember the present time as the most beautiful of their existence—the wonder of it, the newness, the hope. It is a strange thing that. Ye know, ma'am, that our garden at Denny-mains, if I may say so, is far from insignificant. It has been greatly commended by experienced landscape gardeners. Well, now, that garden, when it is just at its fullest of summer colour, with all its dahlias and hollyhocks and whatnot—I say ye can not get half as much delight from the whole show as ye get from the first glint o' a primrose, as ye are walking through a wood, on a bleak March day, and not expecting to see anything of the kind. Does not that make your heart jump?"

Here the Laird had to make way for Master Fred and the breakfast tray.

"There is not a bairn about Strathgovan," he continued, with a laugh, "knows better than myself where to find the first primroses and bluebells and the red dead-nettle, you know, and so on. Would ye believe it, that poor crature,

Johnny Guthrie, was for cutting down the hedge in the Coulter-burn Road, and putting up a stone dyke!" Here the Laird's face grew more and more stern, and he spoke with unnecessary vehemence. "I make bold to say that the man who would cut down a hawthorn hedge where the children go to gather their bits o' flowers, and would put in its place a stone wall for no reason on the face of the earth, I say that man is an ass—an intolerable and pernicious ass!"

But this fierceness instantly vanished, for here was Mary Avon come in to bid him good-morning. And he rose and took both her hands in his, and regarded the upturned, smiling face and the speaking eyes.

"Ay, ay, lass," said he, with great satisfaction and approval, "ye have got the roses into your cheeks at last. That is the morning air—the 'roses weel wi' dew.' It is a fine habit that, of early rising. Dear me! what a shilpit bit thing ye were when I first saw ye about three months ago! And now I dare say ye are just as hungry as a hawk with walking up and down the deck in the sea-air—we will not keep ye waiting a moment."

The Laird got her a chair, next his own, of course; and then rang Master Fred's bell violently.

"How's her head, skipper?" said Queen T., when the young doctor made his appearance—he had roses, too, in his cheeks, freshened by the morning air.

"Well," said he, frankly, as he sat down, "I think it would be judicious to have breakfast over as soon as possible, and get the things stowed away. We are flying up the Sound of Raasay like a witch on a broom, and there will be a roaring sea when we get beyond the shelter of Skye."

"We have been in roaring seas before," said she, confidently.

"We met a schooner coming into Portree Harbour this morning," said he, with a dry smile. "She left yesterday afternoon just before we got in. They were at it all night, but had to run back at last. They said they had got quite enough of it."

This was a little more serious, but the women were not to be daunted. They had come to believe in the *White Dove* being capable of anything, especially when a certain aid to John of Skye was on board. For the rest, the news was that the day was lovely, the wind fair for Stornoway, and the yacht flying northward like an arrow.

There was a certain solemnity, nevertheless, or perhaps only an unusual elaborateness, about our preparations before going on deck. Gun-cases were wedged in in front of canvases, so that Miss Avon's sketches should not go rolling on to the floor; all such outlying skirmishers as candle-sticks, aneroids, draught-boards, and the like were moved to the rear of compact masses of rugs; and then the women were ordered to array themselves in their water-proofs. Water-proofs!—and the sun flooding through the skylight. But they obeyed.

Certainly there did not seem to be any great need for water-proofs when we got above, and had the women placed in a secure corner of the companionway. It was a brilliant, breezy, blue-skied morning, with the decks as yet quite white and dry, and with the long mountainous line of Skye shining in the sun. The yacht was flying along at a famous pace before a fresh and steady breeze; already we could make out, far away on the northern horizon, a pale, low, faint blue line, which we knew to be the hills of Southern Lewis. Of course one had to observe that the vast expanse of sea lying between us and that far line was of a stormy black; moreover, the men had got on their oil-skins, though not a drop of spray was coming on board.

As we spun along, however, before the freshening wind, the crashes of the waves at the bows became somewhat more heavy, and occasionally some jets of white foam would spring up into the sunlight. When it was suggested to Captain John that he might set the gaff-topsail, he very respectfully and shyly shook his head. For one thing, it was rather strange that on this wide expanse of sea not a solitary vessel was visible.

Further and further northward. And now one has to look out for the white water springing over the bows, and there is a general ducking of heads when the crash forward gives warning. The decks are beginning to glisten now, and Miss Avon has received one sharp admonition to be more careful, which has somewhat damped and disarranged her hair. And so the *White Dove* still flies to the north—like an arrow—like a witch on a broom—like a hare, only that none of these things would groan so much in getting into the deep troughs of the sea; and not even a witch on a broom could perform such capers in the way of tumbling and tossing, and pitching and rolling.

However, all this was mere child's play. We

knew very well when we should really "got it"; and we got it. Once out of the shelter of the Skye coast, we found a considerable heavy sea swinging along the Minch, and the wind was still freshening up, inasmuch that Captain John had to take the mizzen and fore sail off her. How splendidly those mountain masses of waves came heaving along—apparently quite black until they came near, and then we could see the sunlight shining green through the breaking crest; then there was a shock at the bows that caused the yacht to shiver from stem to stern; then a high springing into the air, followed by a heavy rattle and rush on the decks. The scuppers were of no use at all; there was a foot and a half of hissing and seething salt-water all along the lee bulwarks, and when the gangway was lifted to let it out, the next rolling wave only spouted an equal quantity up on deck, soaking Dr. Angus Sutherland to the shoulder. Then a heavier sea than usual struck her, carrying off the cover of the fore-hatch and sending it spinning aft; while, at the same moment, a voice from the fore-castle informed Captain John in an injured tone that this last invader had swamped the men's berths. What could he do but have the main tack hauled up to lighten the pressure of the wind! The waters of the Minch, when once they rise, are not to be stilled by a bottle of salad-oil.

We had never before seen the ordinarily buoyant *White Dove* take in such masses of water over her bows; but we soon got accustomed to the seething lake of water along the lee scuppers, and allowed it to subside or increase as it liked. And the women were now seated a step lower on the companionway, so that the rags of the waves flew by them without touching them; and there was a good deal of laughing and jesting going on at the clinging and stumbling of any unfortunate person who had to make his way along the deck. As for our indefatigable doctor, his face had been running wet with salt-water for hours; twice he had slipped and gone headlong to leeward; and now, with a rope double twisted round the tiller, he was steering, his teeth set hard.

"Well, Mary," shrieked Queen Titania into her companion's ear, "we are having a good one for the last!"

"Is he going up the mast?" cried the girl, in great alarm.

"I say we are having a good one for the last!"

"Oh yes!" was the shout in reply; "she is indeed going fast."

But about mid-day we passed within a few miles to the east of the Shiant Islands, and here the sea was somewhat moderated, so we tumbled below for a snack of lunch. The women wanted to devote the time to dressing their hair, and adorning themselves anew; but Purser Sutherland objected to this altogether. He compelled them to eat and drink while that was possible; and several toasts were proposed—briefly, but with much enthusiasm. Then we scrambled on deck again. We found that John had hoisted his foresail again, but he had let the mizzen alone.

Northward and ever northward—and we are all alone on this wide, wide sea. But that pale line of coast at the horizon is beginning to resolve itself into definite form—into long, low headlands, some of which are dark in shadow, others shining in the sun. And then the cloud-like mountains beyond; can these be the far Suainabhal and Mealsabhal and the other giants that look down on Loch Roag and the western shores! They seem to belong to a world beyond the sea.

Northward and ever northward; and there is less water coming over now, and less groaning and plunging, so that one can hear one's self speak. And what is this wagging on the part of the doctor that we shall do the sixty miles between Portree and Stornoway within the six hours! John of Skye shakes his head; but he has the main tack hauled down.

Then, as the day wears on, behold! a small white object in that line of blue. The cry goes abroad: it is Stornoway light!

"Come, now, John!" the doctor calls aloud; "within the six hours, for a glass of whiskey and a lucky sixpence!"

"We not at Stornoway light yet," answered the prudent John of Skye, who is no gambler. But, all the same, he called two of the men aft to set the mizzen again; and as for himself, he threw off his oil-skins, and appeared in his proud uniform once more. This looked like business.

Well, it was not within the six hours, but it was within the six hours and a half, that we sailed past Stornoway light-house and its outstanding perch; and past a floating target with a red flag, for artillery practice; and past a bark which had been driven ashore two days before, and now stuck there with her back broken. And this was a wonderful sight—after the lone, wide seas—to see such a mass of ships of all sorts and sizes crowded in here for fear of the weather. We read their names in the strange foreign type as we passed—"Die Heimath," "George Washington," "Friedrich der Grosse," and the like—and we saw the yellow-haired Norsemen pulling between their vessels in their odd-looking double-bowed boats. And was not John of Skye a proud man that day, as he stood by the tiller in his splendour of blue and brass buttons, knowing that he had brought the *White Dove* across the wild waters of the Minch, when not one of these foreigners would put his nose outside the harbour?

The evening light was shining over the quiet town, and the shadowed castle and the fir-tip-

ped circle of hills, when the *White Dove* rattled out her anchor-chain and came to rest. And as this was our last night on board, there was a good deal of packing and other trouble. It was nearly ten o'clock when we came together again.

The Laird was in excellent spirits that night, and was more than ordinarily facetious; but his hostess refused to be comforted. A thousand Homesches could not have called up a smile. For she had grown to love this scrambling life on board; and she had acquired a great affection for the yacht itself; and now she looked round this old and familiar saloon in which we had spent so many snug and merry evenings together, and she knew she was looking at it for the last time.

At length, however, the Laird bethought himself of arousing her from her sentimental sadness, and set to work to joke her out of it. He told her she was behaving like a school-girl come to the end of her holiday. Well, she only further behaved like a school-girl by letting her lips begin to tremble; and then she stealthily withdrew to her own cabin, and doubtless had a good cry there. There was no help for it, however; the child had to give up its plaything at last.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### ADIEU!

Next morning, also: why should this tender melancholy still dwell in the soft and mournful eyes? The sunlight was shining cheerfully on the sweep of wooded hill, on the gray castle, on the scattered town, and on the busy quays. Busy was scarcely the word; there was a wild excitement abroad, for a vast take of herring had just been brought in. There, close in by the quays, were the splendidly-built luggers, with their masts right at their bows, and standing up in them their stalwart crews, bronzed, heavy-bearded, with oil-skin caps, and boots up to their thighs. Then, on the quays above, the picturesquely costumed women busy at the salting; and agents eagerly chaffering with the men; and empty barrels coming down in unknown quantities. Bustle, life, excitement pervaded the whole town; but our tender-hearted hostess, as we got ashore, seemed to pay no heed to it. As she bade good-bye to the men, shaking hands with each, there were tears in her eyes. If she had wished to cast a glance in the direction of the *White Dove*, she could scarcely have seen the now still and motionless craft.

But by-and-by, when we had left our heavier luggage at the inn, and when we set out to drive across the island to visit some friends of ours who live on the western side, she grew somewhat more cheerful. Here and there a whiff of the fragrant peat smoke caught us as we passed, bringing back recollections of other days. Then she had one or two strangers to inform and instruct; and she was glad that Mary Avon had a bright day for her drive across the Lewis.

"But what a desolate place it must be on a wet day," that young person remarked, as she looked away across the undulating moors, vast and lonely, and silent.

Now, at all events, the drive was pleasant enough, for the sunlight brought out the soft ruddy browns of the bog-land, and ever and again the blue and white surface of a small loch flashed back the daylight from amid that desolation. Then occasionally the road crossed a brawling stream, and the sound of it was grateful enough in the oppressive silence. In due course of time we reached Garra-na-hina.

Our stay at the comfortable little hostelry was but brief, for the boat to be sent by our friends had not arrived, and it was proposed that in the meantime we should walk along the coast to show our companions the famous stones of Callernish. By this time Queen Titania had quite recovered her spirits, and eagerly assented, saying how pleasant a walk would be after our long confinement on shipboard.

It was indeed a pleasant walk, through a bright and cheerful piece of country. And as we went along we sometimes turned to look around us—at the waters of the Black River, a winding line of silver through the yellow and brown of the morass; and at the placid blue waters of Loch Roag, with the orange line of sea-weed round the rocks; and at the far blue bulk of Suainabhal. We did not walk very fast; and indeed we had not got anywhere near the Callernish stones, when the sharp eye of our young doctor caught sight of two new objects that had come into this shining picture. The first was a large brown boat, rowed by four fishermen; the second was a long and shapely boat like the pinnace of a yacht—also pulled by four men in blue jerseys and scarlet caps. There was no one in the stern of the big boat; but in the stern of the gig were three figures, as far as we could make out.

Now no sooner had our attention been called to the two boats which had just come round the point of an island out there, than our good Queen Titania became greatly excited, and would have us all go out to the top of a small headland and frantically wave our handkerchiefs there. Then we perceived that the second boat instantly changed its course, and was being steered for the point on which we stood. We descended to the shore and went out on to some rocks, Queen Titania becoming quite hysterical.

"Oh, how kind of her! how kind of her!" she cried.

For it now appeared that these three figures in the stern of the white pinnace were the figures of a young lady, who was obviously steering,

and of two small boys, one on each side of her, and both dressed as young sailors. And the steers-woman—she had something of a sailor-look about her too; for she was dressed in navy blue, and she wore a straw hat with a blue ribbon and letters of gold. But you would scarcely have looked at the smart straw hat when you saw the bright and laughing face, and the beautiful eyes that seemed to speak to you long before she could get to shore. And then the boat was run into a small creek; and the young lady stepped lightly out—she certainly was young-looking, by-the-way, to be the mother of those two small sailors—and she quickly and eagerly and gladly caught Queen Titania with both her hands.

"Oh, indeed, I beg your pardon," said she—and her speech was exceedingly pleasant to hear—"but I did not think you could be so soon over from Stornoway."

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—It appears that, now all our voyaging is over, and we are about to retire into privacy again, I am expected, as on a previous occasion, to come forward and address to you a kind of epilogue, just as they do on the stage. This seems to me a sort of strange performance at the end of a yachting cruise, for what if a handful of salt-water were to come over the bows, and put out my trumpety foot-lights? However, what must be, as married women know; and so I would first of all say a word to the many kind people who were so very good to us in these distant places in the north. You may think it strange to associate such things as fresh vegetables, or a basket of flowers, or a chicken, or a bottle of milk, or even a bunch of white heather, with sentiment; but people who have been sailing in the West Highlands do not think so—indeed, they know which is the most obliging and friendly and hospitable place in the whole world. And then a word to the reader. If I might hope that it is the same reader who has been with us in other climes in other years—who may have driven with us along the devious English lanes: and crossed the Atlantic, and seen the big canons of the Rocky Mountains; and lived with us among those dear old people in the Black Forest; and walked with us on Mickleham Downs in the starlight—why, then, he may forgive us for taking him on such a tremendous long holiday in these Scotch lochs. But we hope that if ever he goes into these wilds for himself, he will get as good a skipper as John of Skye, and have as pleasant and true a friend on board as the Laird of Denny-mains. Perhaps, I may add, just to explain everything, that we are all invited to Denny-mains to spend Christmas; and something is going to happen there; and the Laird says that so far from objecting to a ceremony in the Episcopal church, he will himself be present and give away the bride. It is even hinted that Mr. Tom Galbraith may come from Edinburgh, as a great compliment; and then no doubt we shall all be introduced to him. And so—good-by!—good-by!—and another message—from the heart—to all the kind people who befriended us in those places far away!—T.]

THE END.

A VISIT TO SOME CANADIAN FISHING STATIONS.

BY CLARE.

When careless passers-by glance at the unromantic cod-fish exposed in all his flattened and prosaic unloveliness in grocers' precincts, how little do they imagine what a variety of processes he has passed through, since gambolling in the Atlantic with his finny brethren. Yet quite a chequered career has been his to reduce him from his plump, oily freshness to the correct attenuation, necessary for exportation. This summer while "doing" the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Bay of Chaleur, some very pleasant days were spent by us, at several of the fishing-stations of Messrs. le Boutillier, and Messrs. Robin. These two firms, rivals albeit firmest of friends, have establishments, side by side, in several places for the capturing, drying and exporting of cod-fish, principally. The fish are caught, and partly prepared, at the stations in the Lower St. Lawrence, in the Gulf, and New Brunswick, and shipped to Brazil, West Indies and Great Britain, from Paspébiac the head station of both firms. The most interesting part of the work to an outsider, is that of the lower stations. One of the most picturesque of these, is that at Bonaventure Island, a fraction of Canada devoted, almost exclusively, to the piscatorial business. This island is occupied by an establishment of the Messrs. le Boutillier, (the Robin firm having one at Percé immediately opposite.) The fishermen's cottages cluster around the larger house occupied by members of the firm, and near the water's edge are the buildings used for the reception of the fish as it comes from the boats. The vicinity of these buildings is far from pleasing to the olfactory nerves, but to learn, one must pass through all sorts of experiences. Let us suppose we are standing on one of the cliffs at the northeast of the island—a moment as to the view. Far as the eye can reach, water to right and left, broken only at the right by Percé rock, pink in the setting sun, with millions of mowing seabirds, wheeling ceaselessly around its broad flat top, theirs by right of ages of occupation; opposite, Percé village, nestling, darkened already, early evening though it is, by the grand solitary mountain behind. Look, there come the boats; let us go and see what luck the fishermen have had since we watched the little red-

sailed fleet dance away at sunrise this morning. We hurry down the steep, pebbly path, and arrive in time to watch the men throw the fish from the boats, up through the shed windows, which have sliding planks within, down which the fish "tobogan" as one of our number said, into the men's hands who stand ready to receive them. Quick as thought their heads are cut off, the bodies passed on to others, whose province it is with a swift turn of the wrist, to remove the entrails with a grooved knife. The heads are stripped of the tongues, which are esteemed a delicacy; while the livers are put in unsavoury masses by themselves. So much for the most unpleasant part of the programme. Next day we see all the "catch" well washed and salted, laid flattened out, skin down on long tables called "flakes" in the open air to dry. Here they remain for a shorter or longer period according to the weather. A sudden unexpected shower causes a most amusing scene at any of these places. At the first alarm, all hands rush to the rescue, to turn the drying fish "skin up," before any moisture is absorbed; and we have seen the fattest and most unpromising-looking, manifest wonderful adroitness acquired by long experience of these occasions, turning over the fish ten or twenty in a second.

When the fish is ready it is carted in wheelbarrows, without any sides, to the boats and conveyed to the schooners which land it at Paspébiac or Paspéjack as the "unwashed" of those regions term it—for exportation. Paspébiac, a place unattractive in itself is rendered picturesque by the presence of the red-shuttered, red-roofed, white-walled buildings of the two fishing firms. All the "rooms," as the great sheds where the business is transacted are called, are kept in the most perfect order and cleanliness. To enter one of the strong-sheds and see the immense piles of prepared fish, towering on all sides covered with spotless canvas, one would imagine that all the world, keeping strictest Lenten diet for months to come, could scarcely consume the part of this year's catch before one. The fishing-season proper, terminates on the 15th August, on which day accounts are settled with the men, a second season entered upon by some afterwards. The beach at Paspébiac is a gay scene about this time. It was our good fortune to witness the arrival of a ship-load of men, who had spent the summer fishing at the Labrador stations. They came off in boatfuls, sun-burnt, healthy, boisterous, full of glee at a good summer's work completed, and money forthcoming; some making as much as sixty pounds by their season's work. Sadly wanting in gallantry proved the inmates of one boat holding about forty-five men, who climbed up the wharf and sprang ashore, without so much as a glance, at the solitary female who had been their companion in exile, and who meekly, and with great difficulty, reached terra-firma alone and unaided. The managers and clerks of the firms, however, do not resemble the humbler employés in this respect, as the fair inhabitants of Paspébiac and New Carlisle, its sister village, can testify. New Carlisle is a thriving and pretty little place, three miles further up the bay, whose handsome dwellings, trim gardens, pure, bracing air, and extensive sea-view would tempt many a paterfamilias to invest in building-lots for summer residences were it but better known. One day last summer a merry party of about twenty ladies and gentlemen, brought together by the kind invitation of the manager of the Robin firm, started for a sail to Caraquet, there to spend a couple of days. The schooner *Two Brothers*, brilliant with many flags, left us since yesterday's launching,—for to-day's is her first trip—proves the fallacy of the old superstition, that Friday is an unlucky day to start on any expedition. The wind is propitious, but gentle, so no sea-sickness damps our jollity, and our kind entertainer has spared no pains, and left nothing undone, for our comfort, that the thoughtfulness of a thorough gentleman, can suggest. Only two things are forbidden to be indulged in—Pinafore and Jersey French—the besetting sins of several of our number. Caraquet is reached in about two hours, and the rest of the day is passed in viewing the lions of the oyster-abode. The "r" is hardly sufficiently in force yet, it being very early in September, and the dredging has scarcely commenced.

Next day it was purposed to visit Tracadie, the only lazaretto in America, distant some said ten, some fifteen, some even thirty miles. These conflicting statements it was resolved to put to the test the following morning. But alas! for the futility of human plans; that morning rose in mist and drizzling rain, the Tracadie excursion was abandoned and the distance of that place from Caraquet, must remain forever shrouded in mystery to the writer. A treacherous break in the afternoon's rain, led the majority of the party to venture forth in boats, to visit the church and convent, about two miles distant. After having been courteously shown the interior of both we sallied forth to return, to find the elements doing their best, (or worst), to punish us for our temerity. A draggled and soaked crew of beings, presented themselves at the doors, whence they had issued in all the pride of well-dressed humanity, two short hours before, to meet the condolences, and self-gratulations of those wiser ones, who had refrained from going, but could not restrain themselves, now, from uttering Madame de Staël's "Jo l'avais bien dit!"

The nondescript costumes of an hour later would have furnished ideas to the most experienced frequenters of masquerades. Next day farewell to Caraquet, with thanks to our genial

host at Messrs. Robin's house, our abode while there. The winds are averse this time, and we have a long day of it returning, but not too long, evidently, for none seem anxious to finish the voyage. All goes merrily as possible; one or two faces grow pale, as the wind freshens, but the demon of sea-sickness is exorcised by wise advice being taken, and the cabin sofas relinquished for the breezy deck. Some gold-topped bottles, that have several times made their appearance during our trip, for the last time are brought, and for the last time we are to "quaff the sparkling bowl" together. One of our number is called upon to furnish a toast for the occasion,—and it must be in rhyme, impromptu.

Unhappy youth! Equal to the occasion he proves, however; perhaps the champagne inspires him in advance, perhaps the absorption of phosphorus from the late plentiful fish diet has strengthened his brain. Be that as it may he speedily produces the following:

"May our schooner, the *Two Brothers*,  
Be outvalled by no others,  
May she weather many a stiff  
North-easter yet,  
And though we soon must sever  
To meet again perhaps never,  
Let us ne'er forget our trip to Caraquet."

This is well received on the whole by the company, although one member led away by the excitement of the moment, ventures to murmur at the fifth line, "not even hardly ever!" The indignation felt at this offence, was covered by the applause tendered to the laureate of the occasion.

But the last tack is made. Paspébiac with its gable-fronted, red-roofed buildings crowding the level beach, and long spit of sand, stretching far into the blue, calm bay, beloved of navigators, for its freedom from treacherous rock and shifting shoal since old Jacques Cartier planted the fleur-de-lis and cross upon its shores, three hundred years and more ago,—Paspébiac is once again in view. It is a scene viewed thus for the last time, a few days later, as waving good-byes to the fast-receding shore from the deck of the *City of St. John*, we regret sincerely to leave the fish-territory where we have found such kind and genial hearts, and made such true and courteous friends.

LINCOLN'S DREAM.

On the afternoon of the day on which President Lincoln was shot, there was a Cabinet Council at which he presided. Mr. Stanton, being at the time Commander-in-Chief of the northern troops that were concentrated about Washington, arrived rather late. Indeed, they were waiting for him, and on his entering the room the President broke off in something he was saying, and remarked, "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton then noticed with surprise that the President sat with an air of dignity in his chair, instead of loling about in the most ungainly attitudes, as his invariable custom was; and that instead of telling irrelevant and questionable stories, he was grave and calm, and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton, on leaving the council with the Attorney-General, said to him, "That is the most satisfactory Cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day. What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!" The Attorney-General replied, "We all saw it before you came in. While we were waiting for you, he said, with his chin down on his breast, 'Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon.'" To which the Attorney-General had observed, "Something good, sir, I hope?" when the President answered very gravely, "I don't know—I don't know. But it will happen, and shortly, too." As they were all impressed by his manner, the Attorney-General took him up again. "Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?" "No," answered the President, "but I have had a dream. And I have now had the same dream three times. Once on the night preceding the battle of Bull Run. Once on the night preceding such another" (naming a battle also not favourable to the North). His chin sank on his breast again, and he sat reflecting. "Might one ask the nature of the dream, sir?" said the Attorney-General. "Well," replied the President, without lifting his head or changing his attitude, "I am on a great broad rolling river—and I am in a boat—and I drift! and I drift!—but this is not business"—suddenly raising his face and looking round the table as Mr. Stanton entered—"let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton and the Attorney-General said, as they walked on together, it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this, and they agreed to do this. He was shot that night.

The best places to find quail in the Ohio valley are along the lines of the various railroads. The birds are attracted there by the large amount of grain which sifts through the cars. They become used to the sound of the passing trains, and often run out of the way instead of flying.

DR. PERRY has written to the choir-master of St. Vedast, expressing his sympathy with Mr. Dale, making observations on the legality of the vestments for wearing, which he understands Mr. Dale to be condemned, and counselling that the Crown should be petitioned for the exercise of the Royal prerogative.

MISS GARDNER, who has achieved distinction by having evicted a good many of her tenants in Ireland, lives in a house defended by iron bars, chains, and by several policemen. She has been shot at through a window of the building, and she carries a revolver in the pocket of her shooting-jacket. Her only companion is a lady named Miss Pringle.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

BY A. MACFIE.

Absence makes my heart grow fonder  
As on the past I vainly ponder,  
As memory from day to day  
Recalls my friends who are far away;  
The friends away beyond the sea,  
Whose faces I may never see,  
For whom my love grows daily stronger—  
Absence makes my heart grow fonder.

Al! how their accents as of yore  
Still linger at my chamber door:  
Their footsteps oft I vain would hear,  
Imagination keeps them near;  
And tho' they're many leagues away,  
Their image haunts me day by day.  
Why does my love grow daily stronger—  
Absence makes my heart grow fonder.

I hope, and shall my hope be vain?  
Oh! will they ne'er come back again?  
I love, and hope, and sigh, and wait,  
Unheeded both by time and fate,  
Yet daily plead to Him above  
To hasten hither those I love:  
And with my prayer ascends the plea,  
I love my friends across the sea;  
By thought and tongue I thus unfold  
A love as pure as any gold,  
A love that's daily growing stronger—  
Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Oh, Neptune! ruler of the sea,  
In mercy can't thou not decree  
A favoured breeze to gently blow—  
A favoured tide to gently flow—  
That my loved one's bark may glide  
Homeward by the wind and tide?  
Why in suspense, why keep me longer?  
Can my love grow any stronger?  
Hear my prayer and guide them home,  
Never more abroad to roam.  
Why lonely doom me thus to ponder?—  
Absence makes my heart grow fonder.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 22.—Riots have occurred at Scutari.—Bismarck is seriously indisposed.—The temperature was 25° below zero at Winnipeg yesterday.—The Greek army in Epirus has moved nearer the frontier.—A Constantinople despatch says it is rumoured that Dervish Pasha entered Dulcigno yesterday.—Cape Town despatches bring news of the revolt of the Basuto tribes hitherto friendly to the British.—A riot occurred yesterday at Ballina, in connection with the arrest of a Land Leaguer by the police.—Chief-Justice Coleridge, of the Common Pleas, is mentioned as likely to succeed the late Chief Justice Cockburn.—In answer to Laycock's challenge, Hanlan offers to row in six weeks for £200 and a £1,000 bet, but this not suiting the Australian, the match has fallen through.

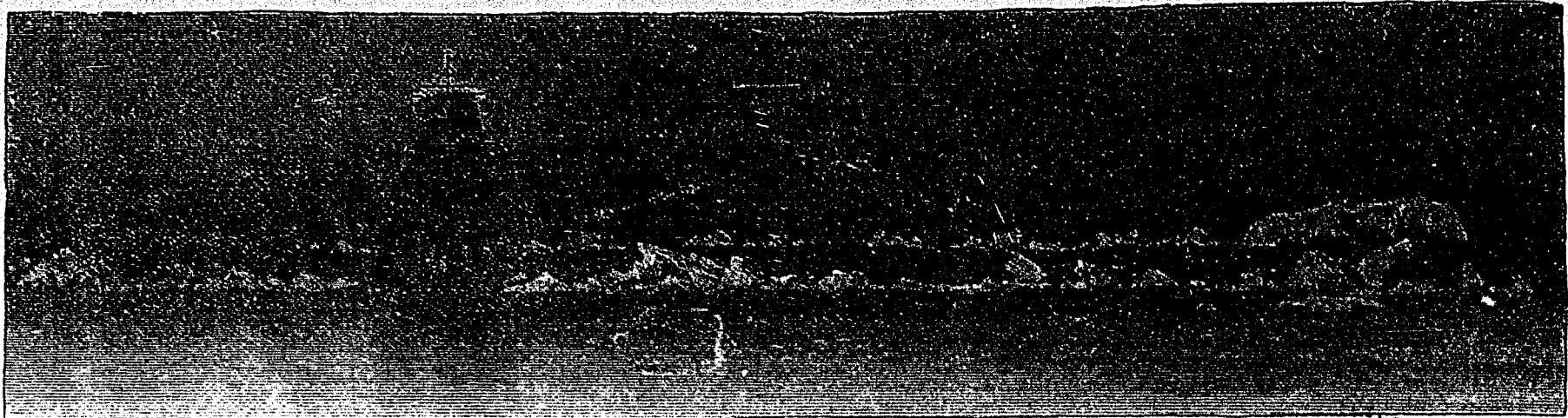
TUESDAY, Nov. 23.—Lancashire weavers are agitating for a promised advance in wages.—There are prospects of an immediate war between Egypt and Abyssinia.—Hanlan is visiting Paris. He leaves for home by human steamer on the 2nd proximo.—Over 7,000,000 bushels of grain are said to be locked in by ice on the canals in New York State.—Land Leaguers arrested at Ballina on Monday were sentenced to three months' imprisonment.—The rumour of Dervish Pasha having entered Dulcigno proves to have been premature. Latest news from Constantinople says he has occupied the heights above the town and is hourly expected to enter Dulcigno.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 24.—Prince Melikoff has gone to Livadia.—Mails will be transmitted through the St. Gothard tunnel this winter.—Healy, Parnell's secretary, has been elected to represent Wexford in the Imperial Parliament.—Much suffering is reported in Minnesota and other North-Western States on account of the fuel famine.—Two hundred and fifty lives were lost by a collision between a Greek and a French steamer near Spezia yesterday.—A Constantinople despatch says, Dulcigno was occupied by the Montenegrins yesterday, under the protection of the allied fleets.—The Castlebar garrison is to be increased, and a permanent military force stationed at Claremorris to facilitate the rapid distribution of troops through the West of Ireland.—The Premier of Cape Colony says the Government has no intention of applying for Imperial troops. The Colonial forces have gained further successes over the Basutos.

THURSDAY, Nov. 25.—Chicago is threatened with a coal famine.—The Imperial Parliament meets early in January.—An Athens despatch says a Ministerial crisis is imminent.—An extensive aggressive movement is being prepared by the Albanians.—Gen. De Cissey's action for libel against his traducers was commenced yesterday.—The Turkish and Montenegrin Envoys have arranged for the Montenegrins to enter Dulcigno to-day.

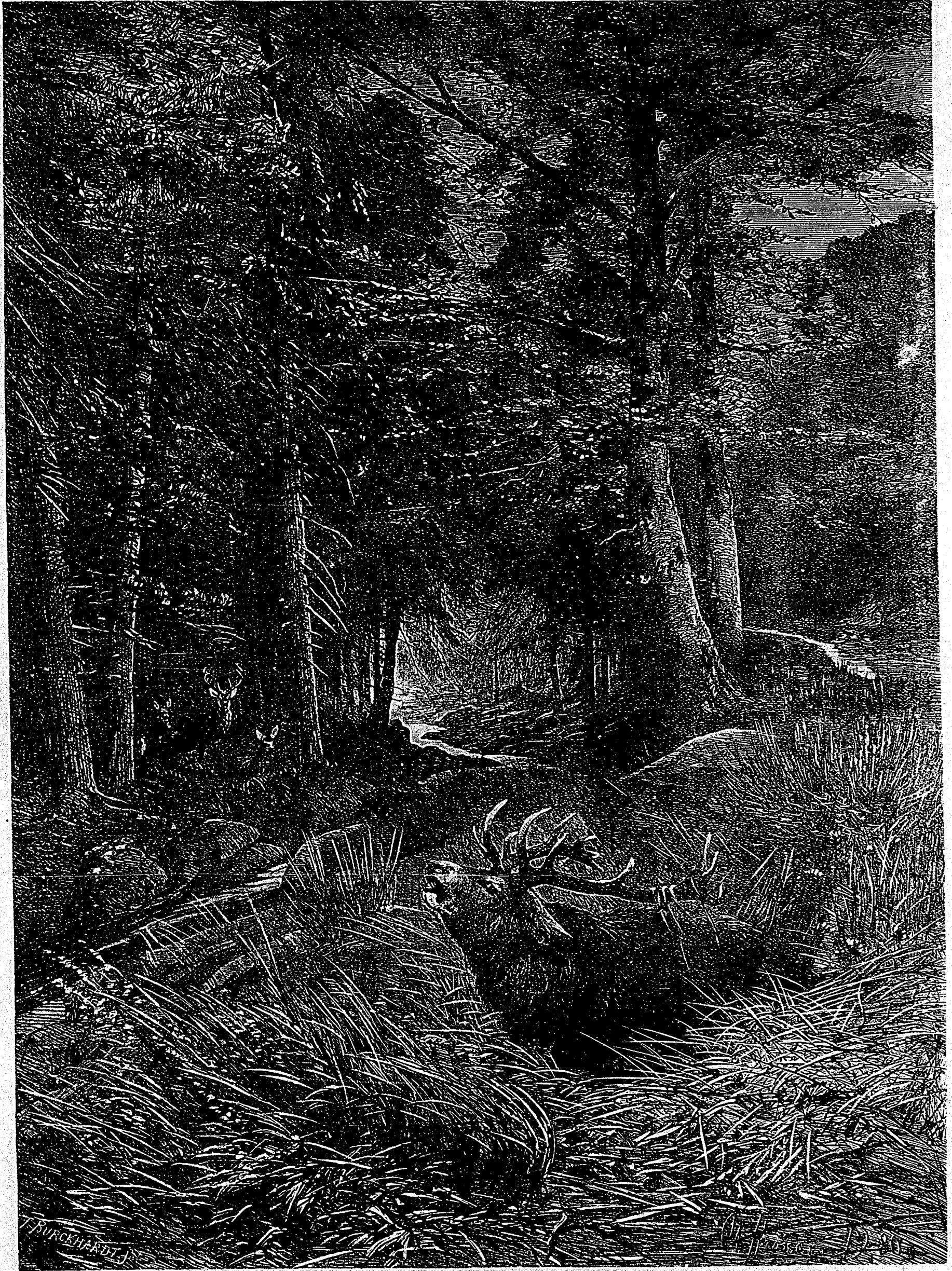
FRIDAY, Nov. 26.—Navigation on the Danube River is closed.—The Boycott harvesters are en route for home.—The ship *Canbyck*, from Quebec, is ashore at Roseneath Point, on the Clyde.—Lord Coleridge has been appointed Lord Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench.—Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking at Brecon yesterday, said he saw signs of a Conservative reaction.—The remains of Chief-Justice Cockburn were interred at Kensal Green Cemetery yesterday.—The latest news from the steamship *Ottawa* is that the crew are en route for Quebec, where they will be paid off.—The large vessel reported ashore at Anticosti turns out to be the bark *Bristolian*. Captain Clements, which eluded from Quebec on the 18th instant with a timber cargo, by Messrs. J. Bursall & Co., for Port Glasgow. Four of the crew have died, and the remainder, including the captain and mate, are badly frozen, and utterly destitute. The light-keeper at North-west Point, Anticosti, telegraphs for assistance; and also reports the brig *Pamlico*, of Quebec, Captain Stone, from Quebec, November 15th, with a lumber cargo for Montevideo, ashore at L'Anse aux Fraises, crew saved; and the schooner *Wasp*, of Gaspe, ashore at Ellis Bay; crew and passengers saved.

SATURDAY, Nov. 27.—The Pope has recovered from his recent illness.—An outbreak is reported at New Calabar, attended by horrible butchery.—The King of Greece has assumed a warlike attitude on the boundary question.—It is most likely that a match will be arranged between Hanlan and Laycock.—Cape Town despatches say the Basutos have been driven from their strongholds.—Italy is demanding of the Porte redress for ill-treatment of Italian fishermen at Mytilene.—Father Gavazzi was among the passenger-singers on board the *Algeria*, which reached New York on Sunday.—At a loud meeting at Sligo yesterday, it was discovered that preparations had been made to blow up the speakers, of whom Mr. Davitt was one.—All hope of saving the SS. *Ottawa* has been given up, and on Saturday the workmen were taken off and the vessel abandoned.



1. Nearing the Ice-Pack. 2. Smith Point, where the Northwest Passage Ship sank. 3. Group of Portraits: Toweeniah; Tooktoocheer; Ahlangyah; Ogzeuckjnock. 4. The Mate with his "Jib Pieces." 5. Monument at Starvation Cove. 6. Winter-Quarters at Camp Daly.

SKETCHES OF THE LATE ARCTIC EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF RELICS OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.



BESIEGED.

## THE MAIDEN OF OTAHEITE.

(FOUNDED ON A POEM BY VICTOR HUGO.)

"And wilt thou fly me? Must thy fickle sail  
Soon waft thee hence before the favouring gale?  
From my quick senses I would fain conceal  
The nameless trifles which the tenth reveal;  
My jealous eyes confirm my boding heart—  
I cannot doubt that thou wilt soon depart!"

"This very eve, while roaming o'er the wet  
And shell-strewn beach, where we so oft have met,  
(Thou dost remember well the Giant Cave—  
There we would sit, and hear old Ocean rave)  
I saw thy ship, at anchor in the bay,  
Clean, bright and trim, as for some holiday;  
I watched thy sailors folding many a tent,  
I heard their shouts, with songs and laughter blent,  
I guessed the cause of all their glee, and crept  
Within our cave, where bitterly I wept!"

"Why quit our isle! Around thine island home  
Doth Ocean more magnificently foam?  
Are the blue skies more exquisitely clear,  
Is there less sorrow in thy clime than here?  
Are the flowers fairer, or the trees more grand,  
Do brighter shells and pebbles deck the strand,  
Or, if by sickness thou should'st stricken be,  
Will far-off friends more fondly wait on thee?  
Hast thou forgotten when the kephyr bore  
Thy weary vessel to our welcome shore?  
I gazed upon thee, as upon some star,  
And thou did'st call me to the woods afar:  
'Twas the first time I saw thy smiling eyes,  
And yet I came, obedient to thy cries.  
Then, I was beautiful—but beauty's flower  
Fades, droops, and withers in one stormy hour,  
And so with me—salt bitter tears, in truth,  
Have marred my comeliness. O stranger youth!  
But, if thou stayest, I will bloom again,  
As flowers revive in sunshine after rain."

"Stay, then, sweet stranger—bid me not farewell—  
Tales of thy tender mother thou shalt tell,  
And sing the ballads of thy native land,  
That thou hast taught me half to understand.  
To thee I yield myself—to thee who art  
My being's breath, the life-blood of my heart—  
Who fill'st all my days—whose form of light  
Haunts my rapt soul in visions of the night—  
Whose very life is so involved with mine,  
That my last hour must be the same as thine!"

"Alas! Thou goest; on thy natal hills,  
Perchance, some virgin for thy coming thrills;  
'Tis well; still deign, O master, deign to take  
Thy slave along with thee; for thy dear sake  
E'en to thy bride I will submissive prove,  
If thy delight be centred in her love.  
Far from my birthplace, and my parents old,  
Whose fond affection never can be told;  
Far from the woods, where, reared by no alarms,  
When thou did'st call, I sank into thy arms;  
Far from my flowers and palm-trees I may sigh,  
But here, by thee deserted, I shall die.  
If ever thou did'st love me in the past,  
Hear now my prayer—it is the first and last—  
Frown not upon me—thou wast wont to smile—  
Fly not without me to thy cherished isle,  
Lest my sad ghost, when death hath stilled my heart,  
Should hover round thee, whereso'er thou art!"

Day dawned, and reddened the receding sails  
Of a great ship, far distant out at sea.  
Her playmates sought the maiden in her tent,  
But never more beneath the forest boughs,  
Or on the shore of ocean was she seen.  
The gentle girl no longer wept—but still  
She was not with the stranger, out at sea!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

## ENDYMION.

There was published last Friday at eleven o'clock, in England, the United States, and Canada, Lord Beaconsfield's latest contribution to the literature of the age. Ever since the time when it was first whispered that His Lordship was again writing a novel there has been the most intense curiosity to learn the nature of its contents. The publishers to whom the work was sold have, however, guarded it with the utmost caution, and nearly everything that has appeared before this has been based on conjecture. The *Globe* is, it is believed, the second journal in the world which is able to speak of the contents of "Endymion" from an actual—and extremely hurried—perusal of its pages. The work appears to be a comprehensive history of the inner life of Cabinet making and Cabinet breaking during the period succeeding the death of George Canning. The opening scene is laid in St. James street, London, on an August evening. The writer dashes brilliantly into his subject commencing with a dialogue between two leading men of the day. The reader is left to find out further on that the August evening in question occurred five years after the death of Lord Castlereagh. It was just at the time when the Duke of Wellington had been sent for to form a Ministry, after Mr. Canning's death had been announced. The conversation, details in what appears at first sight to be a hard, cynical style, but which is really full of delicate hits, the process of forming the Cabinet, the why and wherefore of this man's preference and the other's rejection. The author goes on through one phase after another of political life until 1842, recounting in his last chapters the disorders in England, the food riots in Scotland, and the proceedings of the Corn-Law League, the disasters in Ireland, and the terribly demoralizing effect of the Afghanistans troubles. The characters to whom the reader is introduced first are Sidney Wilton and William Pitt Ferrars, who speculate upon the result of the expected formation of the new Ministry by the Duke of Wellington. Ferrars mildly taunts his friend with having had very few revelations during his term of office under the late semi-Whig Ministry. Replying to this Sidney owns his qualms with which he was beset on leaving the Tories for Canning, whom he believed exactly the man for a transitory age. He is reminded that Canning's foreign policy was Liberal, like the Duke's, and the same as Castlereagh's. The succeeding chapters show W. Pitt Ferrars to be the son of a private secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury. He had made himself a useful member of Parliament,

too, while Pitt and Grenville flourished, but he never got near the Cabinet which he had desired to enter. He married a viscountess, and had destined his son, the younger Ferrars, to achieve what his father could not. Young Ferrars comes back from college crowned with honours, writes Greek plays, a treatise on Aristotle, and so forth. "Zenobia," the Queen of London Society, makes him an especial favourite in the grand salons in which she holds sway. By his father's influence he becomes a Lord of the Treasury by Castlereagh's appointment, and afterwards Under Secretary of State. Meantime Sidney Wilton disappears from public life to supervise the education of young Prince Florestan. The younger (W. Pitt) Ferrars marries a Miss Carey, the beauty of the season, whose fan had dropped at his feet from the old ventilator in the ceiling of St. Stephen's Chapel—a romantic incident that led to her first acquaintance with the Under Secretary. With the Duke's accession to power came Mr. Ferrars' preferment to the Privy Council, and amid the splendour of one of his father's dinners young Endymion is introduced along with his sister Myra. The manner in which the history of this pair is interwoven with the political history of the score of years that follow is very ingenious. As the author proceeds he abandons the cynical tone in which the first chapters are pitched, and wanders through the chapters in the plainest of English. In every line of the history it is shown what tremendous power can be wielded over a man's destiny by a clever devoted woman who loves him. Endymion and Myra are twins of thirteen summers when introduced to Lord Pomeroy, Lady Zenobia, and the *connoisseurs* of the host's most excellent wine. Proud of the name Endymion was his mother that day. It was a family name, and the first Carey that bore it had been a courtier of Charles the First. Mrs. Ferrars was as ambitious for social distinction as was her husband for political power. Their mansion was one of the abodes of the blessed in this world.

The battles of the Whigs and Tories are detailed. Queen Zenobia's elation at preventing the intrusion of the newly-invented illuminating coal gas in Grosvenor square is brought out finely. The exodus of Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, and Charles Grant from the Duke's Cabinet, and the election of O'Connell; the Catholic Emancipation and such events; the death of the elder Ferris in 1827, and that of George the Fourth, followed by the Duke of Wellington's defeat, after the dissolution of Parliament, brings the reader to the period when Endymion's father goes out of office, but is certain of a seat. He meets "Sergius" during the turmoil, and this Baron, who had attended the Congress of Vienna, though representing a fallen party, tells him the story of the Liberal Reformers and of the success which was to attend their efforts in Europe. The "hand-writing on the wall" it may be called for W. Pitt Ferrars. Europe was honeycombed with secret societies, and whether the Baron was right or not in that, he was a prophet in his other remarks. Following this the passage of the Reform bill is chronicled. Lord Grey resigned, and Lord Lyndhurst was sent for, and at the latter's advice Lord Wellington was asked to return to office. Then Ferrars came nearly being a Cabinet Minister. But disappointment after disappointment fell to his lot. Steered in debt, and despairing of an official appointment, Mr. Ferrars saw a crash coming, and met it like a man. Along with his wife and family he sought a home among the Berkshire Hills, and here Endymion and Myra, the twins, have their education completed. This man, who really had some claims upon the Government when the Whig party again succumbed and Wellington returned to power, three years after went to London. He entered the Carlton Club, which he had helped to found, and, to his surprise, was almost unknown. He saw scarcely a face he knew. Then came more bitter lessons of failure. He could get nothing more than a junior clerkship for his son Endymion. All that is selfish and ungrateful in politics is summed up very adroitly in detailing Ferrars' visit to the Duke. The suppliant returned to his Berkshire home broken-hearted, but with his secret sorrow well kept. Endymion's education has been in progress, and by some strange, subtle genius his sister Myra seems to have become his guiding star, nay more, the ruling oracle of his life. She appears devoted to him, as only women can be who have an absorbing passion and its fire proves unquenchable. The author's picture of Endymion's "footing" dinner at the Blue Posts, and his departmental life, with the miscellaneous group of civil servants into which he is thrown, is extremely amusing.

St. Barbe is the most marked of the clerks he there meets, and St. Barbe proves what may be called a nineteenth century Sir Walter Raleigh, going from one adventure to another until he achieves distinction at last. The Rodneys, with whom Endymion lodges, and Mr. Rodney, who takes special care of him, are woven into a family picture of most pleasant type, the only blemish being a little humble patronage by Mr. Rodney, who tells with pride of his interest in young Ferrars, whose father might have been Prime Minister.

Endymion's disappointments are many, and it is little wonder that, following Nigel Penruddock's vein of thought, he sees most to love in the Church. Greatest of all is his trial during the Christmas holidays when he goes home to find his mother a wreck and to be present at her death. His mother dead, he returns to London.

Nigel Penruddock falls in love with Myra, and here the strong points of her character come to the surface. She tells that she lives only for her brother—that some subtle instinct compels her to do so, and that her destiny is one with that of her brother. Nigel Penruddock contrives to give young Endymion many liberal ideas during their friendship, and then the young man goes back to London. The father of Myra tells her that a decorous marriage with young Penruddock would save them from ruin, and the lady still declines to move from destiny's line. Endymion is called home, and his father's suicide broken to him. The father could not face his troubles out, but Myra goes on with a heart Joan of Arc might have envied. She has her brother's destiny to watch over. A Lord Neuchatel wants a lady of good birth, accomplished and poor, to be companion for his daughter Adriana. Myra is chosen from a hundred others, and is installed in the family of high degree. She fills the duties admirably, and really loves her companion. Lord Roehampton is believed to be in love with Adriana, but, to the surprise of every one, proposes to and marries Myra. Now, this grand woman is in a position to help her brother Endymion. He has been getting along with his debating club. His introduction to Lord Montfort, Lady Berengaria, and others has stood him service. He finds his sister's influence first in his promotion to be secretary to his father's old friend Sidney Wilton, now a Cabinet Minister under the Whig regime. His altered circumstances suit him excellently. Being of good stature and well made, like his father, Endymion, now commences to cut a figure in society and to appear as a public character. By this time the troublous period of 1837 is reached. Count Ferrol, the Austrian Ambassador, and Prince Florestan, the exiled Prince, now reappear on the social scene. If Endymion has been in love at all, he must have kept his lips sealed, unless in the passage with Imogene at Rodney's, where his sister breaks in upon the pair and carries him away. Imogene marries Lord Beaconsfield.

There also comes into the narrative of the liberal movement Job Thornbury, a manufacturer, who has most pronounced Liberal sentiments, and Enoch Craggs. The latter might easily be mistaken for Mr. John Bright. Among other things he points out that the only thing there is for the workingmen is co-operation. He directs the attention of Endymion to Paisley and other places where Radicals flourish, and warns him that Paisley will barst. Thornbury is less Radical, but determines upon the reform that must come to England.

Thus the narrative goes on. Now the reader is told how Nigel explains to Endymion that there is but one Church Catholic and Apostolic, and holds that should all act upon its principles there would be no need for any other form of government again.

The siege and capture of Acre and Sir Robert Peel's changes in the Corn Law are explained. The manner in which the latter was carried by a majority of one is described, and the Government is made out to be so near its end that Endymion receives his marching orders from his chief, Sidney Wilton. Then comes the explanation of the grand invention, a dissolution of Parliament, which gives the Ministry one hundred days of power to which they were not morally entitled. With that approaches the crisis in Endymion's career. He must go into Parliament, Lady Roehampton tells him; but how? He is rich and has plenty of friends, and a friend of experience and ability, too. While he ruminates a letter is handed to him from an unknown—a fair unknown enclosing him £20,000 in consols! His way to election becomes as clear as is the matter dark concerning the donor of the consols. Lady Roehampton urges him on. It is his crisis in life. He commences to feel a desire for power, and his pulse beats with a vigour that thrills every nerve in his being. He must go to Parliament, and he does go, taking his seat behind the Treasury Benches. He makes his first speech, forgets the well-learned first sentence the moment he stands upon his feet, and goes on to a successful issue.

Now, for the first time, the scene changes to the continent, and Endymion goes abroad. He meets Adriana Neuchatel in Paris. Lady Roehampton wants him to marry Adriana, but she has too much money, and he has not forgotten his first love. His sister, still urgent, tells him Adriana loves him. In his patience, he meets an editor who asks for Mr. Wilton and gets a curt answer. The author here moralizes amusingly upon the impolicy of giving editors curt answers, and he pathetically advises them to remember that even private secretaries have private feelings that make them irritable at times. He also speaks regretfully of the sanctity of the House of Commons, whose purlieus "Our Own Reporter" has laid bare. By this time, 1842, with its rioting at home and its foreign policy abroad signalized by such disasters as the Afghanistan disaster, is reached, and the end of the book draws near. Lord Roehampton becomes Secretary of State and young Ferrars his secretary. Meantime Count Florestan has left England for his own country in southern Europe to head an army and make a bold stroke for liberty. He has left unmistakable evidence that he is in love with Lady Roehampton secretly. He goes to his task. Lady Montfort, one of the principal factors in the assistance Endymion receives, will hardly be taken for the Imogene of the Rodneys, secretly in love with Endymion, but the fact develops more and more as the end is near. Roehampton works for his country and his party. He is called a great

worker. One night his wife found him at work, and likely to go on working till the morning. He never felt better, but yet when she comes again she finds in the chair that which makes her a widow. "Died in harness," is the verdict of public opinion. "King" Florestan it is now. He has succeeded in regaining the throne of his fathers, and rests for a very short time upon his sword. Sidney Wilton has become Premier of England, and Endymion his Secretary of State. Lady Montfort also finds herself a widow. Nigel Penruddock becomes a Roman Catholic and a Bishop of the newly-restored Papal Hierarchy in England. Adriana afterwards marries Mr. Wildershare. The news rings all over England that Florestan, the newly-made King, has sent a proposal of marriage to an English countess, and Lady Roehampton is borne away to be a Queen with the King she loves. Endymion finds out that he loves the Lady Montfort, and at length tells her so, and marries her. King Florestan and his bride visit England in state, and here the author shows that Myra and Endymion, underlying all their rank, are brother and sister still, for while the crowds are assembled to do her honour, she steals away *incog.* for the old house at Gaydene, and the brother and sister have one more look through the old familiar places. They shed tears in the nursery, where their joys and sorrows were so often shared, and "Endymion" is finished.

In the brief sketch furnished above are outlined some of the characters whose prominence strikes the eye. There are many worthy of notice whose position incidental to the tale is secondary.

## THE KEY TO THE CHARACTERS.

A special despatch to the *New York World*, no doubt sent by Mr. Louis Jennings, an Anglo-American journalist now residing in England, gives this interesting key to Lord Beaconsfield's characters:

You will be receiving "Endymion" in a day or two, and I may as well, therefore, send your readers at once the recognized key to passages depicted or sketched in its pages, as they are deciphered in the clubs of the capital to-day. The action of the novel begins with the throes of the Reform movement at the time when George Canning is on his deathbed and the Iron Duke is the hope of Conservative England. Sidney Wilton, who represents Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea—the well-known brother of the twelfth Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, opens the novel, emerging from White's Club, and coming at once into conversation with a friend, Mr. Ferrars, an imaginary character, made to do duty as the father of Endymion Ferrars. Under the last name, the Earl of Beaconsfield has clearly undertaken to describe certain features of the career of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli. Endymion Ferrars has a twin sister, Myra, another fragment of the brain, who strikes the key-note of her brother's character and career when she says to him:—"Power, and power alone, should be your absorbing object, and all the accidents and incidents of life should only be considered with reference to that main result." The boy himself, when he is first introduced as a disdainful lad, seven years old, in a velvet jacket with silver buttons, announces that after going to Eton, he is to go to Christ Church, and then into Parliament.

Queen Hortense comes into the novel early under the rather severe name of Agrippina, and the Emperor Napoleon III., her son, as Prince Florestan, with "his graceful bow that always won a heart." He sets forth from England in a yacht, and conquers his kingdom, after writing a pretty little note to Lady Palmerston, who figures in the book with her lord as Lord and Lady Roehampton.

Lord Beaconsfield makes nothing of anachronisms in this curious production. He paints the Eglinton Tournament, and makes Prince Bismarck figure in it as the Count of Ferrol. Baron Lionel Rothschild appears as Baron Neuchatel. Poole, the tailor, figures as Vigo. Cardinal Manning plays a part as Penruddock, a prophet ordained in Mayfair, who regaled Lord John Russell with well-bred horror. "Soapy Sam" Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, appears under the pseudonym of Dr. Comely, Lord Strangford is introduced, first as Mr. and then as Lord Waldershare. Milner Gibson appears as Mr. Jarrocks, and Lord Melbourne as Lord Montfort.

One of the best pen pictures in the book is that of Richard Cobden as Job Thornbury, whose thin, clear voice was only less clear than his statements. Neither this, be it remembered, nor any other portrait in the book, can be regarded as a full length, and the times, places, and persons are so tossed and tumbled together that the Earl can confidently deny any given likeness to be the likeness of the person who sat for it in his mind. But the names I have sent you may be relied on, and your readers will see this for themselves.

In the United States there are 532,550 Freemasons in good standing.

BROADWAY, New York, is now illuminated by numerous electric lights.

ABSTINENT DRINKING in France has now reached such a pitch as to cause in many cases a regular disease, known as "chronic abstinence."

The latest London bulletins make it probable that the marriage of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts will take place this month.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks. Sindsat, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 299.

THE FIFTY MOVE LAW.

The following sensible letter on the fifty move question we gladly insert at the request of the writer.

Toronto, November 24th, 1880.

J. W. SHAW, Esq., Montreal.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in complying with your request, for my views as to the rightfulness of the decision of the Conductor of the H. C. C. Correspondence Tourney on the fifty move question.

After carefully perusing the law in "Praxis" and the notes and observations on the subject, together with the letters which have appeared in the Spectator and the Quebec Chronicle, I have decided to base my opinions on the law itself.

I find the only clause at all applicable to the case is the one which reads as follows:

"When one player considers that one side can force the game, or that neither can win it, he has the right of submitting the case to the umpire or bystanders, who shall decide whether the game is one for the fifty move counting."

The whole question, in my opinion, depends entirely upon the meaning of this clause.

Dr. Ryall and our friend, the Editor of the Globe Column understand it to mean—that the umpire shall consider whether the position is one that can be forced in fifty moves, and if so, he has no other alternative but to allow the fifty move limit to take effect. Now, if this construction of the clause is correct, the decision of the Conductor is also correct, inasmuch as it is in accordance with the law governing the Tourney; and, in fact, I do not see how he could give any other decision in the face of the directions to the umpire in the 19th rule of the regulations for playing.

I take an entirely different view of the meaning of this clause. I maintain that it gives the umpire the power to decide whether the fifty move shall take effect without regard to the fact that the game can be forced in fifty moves, and as a matter of course, I cannot concur in the decision arrived at by the worthy Doctor.

I will endeavour to give my reasons in support of this opinion as clearly and as briefly as possible. As an example, say, White has two rooks against Black's one, with an equal number of pawns, unmoved, and Black's only rook is pinned. It is White's turn to move, and Black demands the application of the fifty move law, on the ground that White is in a position to force the game (by taking rook). If Dr. Ryall is right in his contention, the umpire would have no option but to allow the demand made by Black. Fancy a player having a King and Queen against his King making the demand. It seems ridiculous, but still the umpire has no choice under Dr. Ryall's meaning of the law. While, if on the other hand, my view is sustained, the umpire would have the right to decide (in spite of the fact that the game can be forced in fifty moves) whether the position is one for the fifty move counting.

If Stanton intended that all games that could be forced should come under the operation of the fifty move law, surely it would have been easy enough for him to say so in as many words, and the matter would have been placed beyond dispute. I cannot find in either the law, or the notes and observations, a single reference to positions of the nature I have referred to, as coming under the operation of the fifty move limit.

As an evidence that my contentions are correct, suppose we refer to some of the great masters where one side has obtained a signal advantage, and proceeds to force the game. Can Dr. Ryall point to a single one where the application for the fifty move limit has been granted? Did he ever hear of a case where a player who had lost his Queen for a minor piece through a blunder, asked for the application of the law? The course generally pursued, so far as I can learn, has been for the blunderer to resign. I have only heard of one case prior to the one under discussion, where a demand has been made for the fifty move counting. The facts were as follows:

One side, say White, made the demand, to which Black demurred, on the ground that he (Black) had not exhausted every means of winning in his power, and the umpire sustained Black's demurrer.

This clearly shows me that the fifty move law was never intended to affect cases where one player had lost his Queen for a minor piece.

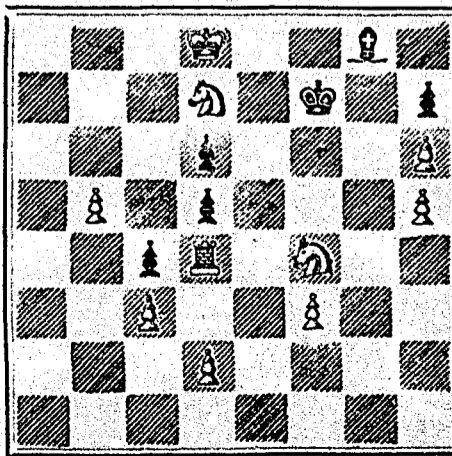
I think it should apply to the following cases only: to the cases enumerated in the first three paragraphs of the 14th clause of the rules for playing; to cases where after a protracted struggle there is no visible line of play by which the game can be won; to cases where one player persists in the same line of attack without producing any effect on the game; and to cases where the weaker side thinks he sees a way in which the game can be forced, while his opponent hesitates to pursue that course, thinking it unbound, and proceeds to play waiting moves in the hope that the weaker side will make a mistake.

I do not know that I can say anything more on the subject, that has not been touched upon before, in fact, I have already been trespassing on ideas other than my own. It is a fortunate circumstance that this question has come up in the present instance, because, whether the decision be right or wrong, no harm will result from it, as I apprehend you will have no difficulty in complying with the worthy Conductor's decision, and still win your game.

Yours very truly, W. A. LITTLEJOHN.

PROBLEM No. 303

By J. Thorsby. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 303.

White. 1. Q to KR6 2. Mates acc. Black. 1. Any move

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 301.

WHITE. 1. P to K4 2. R mates BLACK. 1. P moves

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 302.

White. K at KR6 Q at K4 R at K Kt5 B at K B4 Bat Q Kt5 Kt at Q5 Black. K at KB2 R at Q B3 B at Ksq Kt at K Kt3 White to play and mate in two moves.

THE GLEANER.

ROMAN Catholicism does not prosper in the city of London. The latest statistics indicate a steady decline in interest and numbers.

ROWELL'S latest walking feats occupied but thirty lines or so, daily, in the London Times, under the heading "Sporting Intelligence."

THE monument which marks the site of Temple Bar was unveiled on the 8th inst., in presence of Prince Leopold and the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London.

EGYPT has been visited with a curious fever of late that came with the high Nile, and will, no doubt, depart with it. It is mild in character, but has attacked about fifty per cent. of the whole population.

IT is announced at the Census Bureau at Washington that the final result, as far as the population is concerned, will be reached by the middle of December.

PHILADELPHIA rejoices in a line of cheap coaches. They carry only eight persons each, are as easy as rocking-chairs, and the fare is five cents, with six tickets for twenty-five cents.

WHEN a widow marries again the wedding-ring of her first marriage remains, as a rule, on the finger, and the ring of the second marriage is worn above it.

THERE is to be a new daily paper in London consecrated to the Liberal interest. It is understood that Dr. Wallace, late editor of the Edinburgh Scotsman, has accepted the editorship.

MR. ALFRED TENNYSON is about to publish a new volume of ballad and other rhymed poems. It is to contain various "English Idylls" and verses in dialect after the manner of "The Northern Farmer."

THE Chicago Times has ordered several typesetting machines from Belgium. The invention is said to work successfully, and a branch manufacturing establishment is to be founded in Chicago.

GARFIELD is one of the youngest men who ever became President. On Nov. 19th he was only forty-nine years old. He is also one of the few men who ever became President, and brought his mother to the White House.

MRS. LINCOLN, widow of the lamented President Lincoln, is described as looking old and worn. Her hair is almost white and her form has become heavy, and she displays little interest in what goes on about her.

1881.

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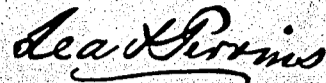
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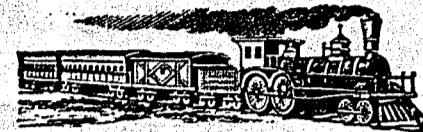
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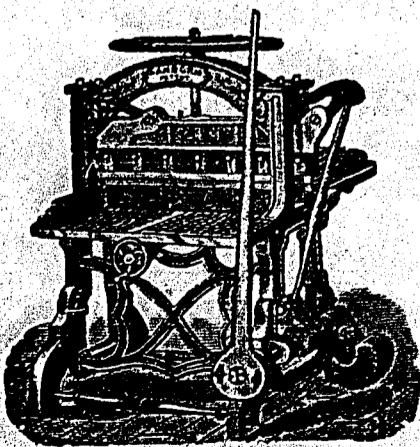
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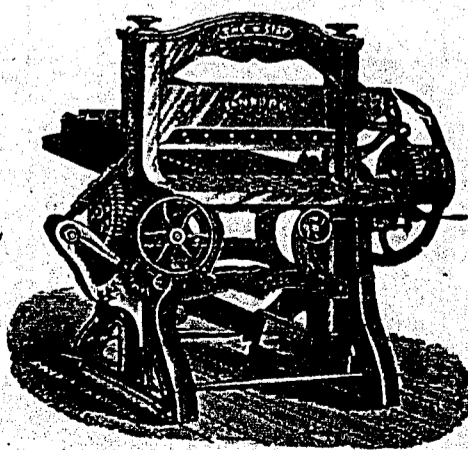
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