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Wholesale News

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MONTREAL'S NIGHT-MAYOR ON HIS GHASTLY ROUNDS.
(DEDICATED TO THE BOARD OF HEALTH.)

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 5th, 1875.

OUR PREMIUM.

We have in several previous numbers, given our readers a description of the circumstances under which we decided on issuing a superior work of art, as a premium to our subscribers. We also fully stated the conditions on which alone this Chromo could be secured. We are pleased to be able to say that our course has met with universal favor from our friends and that the press has been profuse in its appreciation of the merits of the work. We shall, therefore, take this occasion to urge upon all the patrons of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS the importance and necessity of prompt payment of dues, in order to enable us to carry out all the improvements which we contemplate making in the journal. On the 1st July, we begin a new volume, and by that date all arrears ought to be cancelled. Those who cannot send the whole amount, should send as much as they can. The sum in each case is relatively small, but the aggregate is large and an item of considerable importance to ourselves. Our friends will find the cash system working to their own advantage, and we earnestly call upon them to adopt it without delay.

RELATIVE PROGRESS.

The Consul General of the United States made an incidental utterance at a luncheon given a few days ago, on the steamship *Lake Champlain*, to the effect that in many things the progress of Canada was relatively quite as rapid as that of the United States. We may take *acte* of this admission; and it may not be uninteresting to compare it with statements in a speech made some three or four weeks before, by the Right Hon. Mr. CHILDERS, in which he described his impressions of a visit to the United States, to his constituents in England, and which was reported with great prominence in the *London Times*. He found Canada prosperous; but the progress of America since he saw it last was "amazing." By the term "America" he described the United States, as is the practice at home, and he told his hearers that in 50 years the population would in all probably be one hundred and fifty millions of people, "when we," that is Great Britain, "go down the hill of age, advancing yet as best we may." Here is rather a painful contrast. But it does not seem to have occurred to Mr. CHILDERS that the ratio of progress of a population in the mature life of a nation is not the same as that of its youth; and especially such a nation as the United States, which has

already very nearly reached the limit of its western settlement, namely, the Great American Desert; which beyond the 100th degree of West longitude, stretches from the British border, until it meets the rains of the Gulf of Mexico. It is a fact, moreover, that settlement and increase of population in the United States, if the West is excepted, have not been so rapid as in Canada. We may probably take leisure to prove this. But at present it is enough for our purpose to state that the increase of population in the United States, in the last decennial, was disappointing to such an extent as to cause the accuracy of the Census of 1870 to be questioned; and it will probably be more so when the next census is taken in 1880. Our immediate purpose, however, is not to dwell on the probable increase of population; but to notice, for the purpose of comparison, another point of Mr. CHILDERS' "amazement." We refer to Banking Capital; and here we avail ourselves of some calculations which have been made from official figures by an able financial contemporary in Toronto. On the first of March last, it appeared from United States official returns, that the total capital of the United States Banks was \$496,000,000; deposits, \$654,000,000; circulation, \$325,000,000; and discounts, \$956,000. The corresponding figures for the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario were, capital, \$59,000,000; circulation, \$23,013,000; deposits, \$74,000,000; and discounts, \$145,000,000. Making the comparison on the basis of population, the facts stand that the United States have banking capital per year, 14 per cent; Canada, 17 per cent. The United States have circulation per year, 9 per cent; Canada 6 per cent. The United States have deposits per year, 18 per cent; Canada 21 per cent. The United States have discounts per year, 27 per cent; Canada, 40 per cent. The ratio of increase in these items also shows in favor of Canada. The increase in Bank capital in the United States in six years was 18 per cent, in Canada 104 per cent; increase in circulation in the United States, 9½ per cent, in Canada, 150 per cent; increase in deposits in the United States 9½ per cent, in Canada, 124 per cent; increase in discounts in the United States 45 per cent, in Canada, 173 per cent. These figures do not show what is popularly supposed, and probably they might add to the amazement of Mr. CHILDERS; but Mr. DART seems to be aware of them. In sober seriousness, however, the progress of Canada in wealth as shown by the increase of money of the people does afford cause for wonder; and it is right, amidst the universal puffing of our neighbours that the facts should be generally known.

DOMINION LANDS.

We have received a copy of the report of Col. DENNIS, Surveyor-General of Dominion Lands, for the last calendar year. It contains some facts of interest, and shows that settlement in the Province of Manitoba is beginning to progress with rapidity, especially when the difficulties of going there are considered. Colonel DENNIS tells us that the population of Winnipeg amounted last year, to between four and five thousand souls,—being an increase of seven fold in three years. And judging by the "Homesteads" entered, allowing an average of five persons to a family, estimating the addition to Winnipeg at 1,500 last year, 8,380 souls were added to the Province of Manitoba in 1874. This is very marked progress. Col. DENNIS notices the Mennonites, and gives very much the same accounts of them as those previously published in these columns, based upon information from our own correspondents. He remarks that the Mennonites are, in an especial manner, well suited for settlers in a prairie country, because they are able to provide their own fuel and building material from earth and straw or grass, prepared in a certain way. He further reports that they intend to introduce into the Province the cultivation of silkworms and

the manufacture of silk, to which they had been accustomed in their own country.

The "Homesteads" entered in the Province of Manitoba up to the present time, number 2,537, of which 283 were entered in 1872, 878 in 1873, and 1,376 in 1874, representing 405,920 acres. It thus appears that the entries in 1874 were more than those of the two preceding years.

The "Lands Act" allowed all settlers a free grant of 160 acres, on the condition of three years' settlement, but an amendment passed during the last session of Parliament allows the settler to enter for an adjoining quarter section (160 acres) as a reserve in connection with his homestead, into the possession of which he is allowed at once to enter, and he will receive a patent for it, on the completion of his homestead entry. This, Col. DENNIS reports, has been considered a great boon by the settlers, and has been very generally taken advantage of. The entries of this class, made since the Act was amended, number 636, and represent 101,760 acres.

The total extent of Dominion Lands sold at the date of the report was 50,133 acres at the price of \$1 per acre, and the extent of land entered by Military Bounty warrant at the same date was 118,240 acres.

The receipts from Dominion Lands in Manitoba are given as follows:—Homestead Entry Fees, \$25,370; Land Sales, \$50,133; Timber Dues and Limit Bonuses, \$2,860; Sale of Maps from Winnipeg Office, \$69,60. Total \$78,422,60. The total number of patents issued was 997; of which 577 were issued in 1874; and 420 in 1873.

Col. DENNIS states: "So far settling on lands in Manitoba has been attended with serious expense to the newcomer; the time actually occupied in travelling, the amount of money requisite to pay fares and living by the way; and the high prices of labour, lumber and supplies of every kind in the Province having proved a great obstacle in the way of its development. When we see however, what has been accomplished in so short a time, in the face of all the disadvantages mentioned, it is fair to assume, that with railway communication completed through our own territory, especially west of Lake Superior, we may fairly look for a rate of progress in the settlement of that country of which a parallel will only be found in the history of some of the most favorable of the Western States."

We do not think that this is too sanguine a prediction. We are satisfied from a very careful study of the agricultural and climatic conditions of the colony, that it offers very great attractions to the settler, and we believe that, already this year, the tide of emigration has begun to set very strongly towards it, as well from the older settled provinces of Canada, as from parts of the United States, and, to some extent, from Europe. This is apart from the expected Mennonite emigration of which the prosperous settlers who have already come are only the advance guard.

These facts are not only of very great interest to the whole Dominion, but they are so in a special manner to Montreal—the natural outlet of our vast North-West Territory being by the St. Lawrence system, of which the position of our good city may be said to be the commercial key.

THE MINISTRY

The changes that have taken place in the Dominion Ministry consequent on the promotion of the Hon. D. A. MACDONALD to the post of Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Ontario are of great importance to the country. We do not deal with questions of party politics in these non-partisan columns. But it is within our scope to note and record facts which are of interest to the Dominion at large. And the accession of the Hon. EDWARD BLAKE to the MACKENZIE Government is one of these. Mr. BLAKE may be said to divide

with Mr. MACKENZIE the leadership of the party now in power. Mr. MACKENZIE stated in addressing his own constituents, on the formation of his Ministry, that, personally, he would have been willing to give place to Mr. BLAKE; and it is known that a portion of the party did, at a caucus, at one time appoint him leader. But Mr. MACKENZIE was subsequently chosen. Mr. BLAKE's own preferences may be said to have had something to do with this; and it is due to him to say that he has not been an office seeker. He is a man of more polished education than Mr. MACKENZIE; but it is doubtful if his mastery of public business and his application to it are equal to the Premier's. These are, however, questions of *status*, which simply concern the party itself. The point of more public interest is that, when Mr. BLAKE remained outside the Government, he intimated that he desired changes of an organic nature in the constitution itself, and also as tending to place less in leading strings the nationality of Canada. In these he would be warmly opposed by the GEORGE BROWN wing of the party and the important newspaper which he controls. It is in fact impossible to say what complications might spring up from an active discussion by Mr. BLAKE, as a Minister, of the views he gave utterance to in his Aurora speech. It is probable, however, that he may recognize there is a difference between the responsibility of a Minister of the Crown, and the comparative freedom from it in the abstract discussions of an independent member of Parliament. In this event the accession of Mr. BLAKE to the Government means increase of strength. It was not good for the position of the Government to have a man of Mr. BLAKE's undoubted power actively skirmishing outside. His legal acquirements will find fitting sphere in the Department of Justice. But on this point it may be said, his enemies allege, that in his parliamentary career he has made many mistakes in constitutional law. Hon. Mr. FOURNIER who takes the place of Postmaster, to make way for Mr. BLAKE, is regarded by his party as a very able lawyer; but he has not taken much part in the discussions of the House.

There will probably be some further changes. An Ottawa correspondent writes to us that the Hon. Mr. HOLTON is spoken of; and we notice also that the *Globe* makes marked allusion to him. But it is said that he will not take any place except that of Finance Minister; and the gossips do not very clearly see how that point is to be settled between him and the Hon. Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

THIRD TERM.

General Grant has at length delivered his sentiments on the Presidential Third Term. His views on this subject, as expressed in a letter to the President of the Pennsylvania Republican Convention, though written in very obscure language, are worth placing on record:—A short time subsequent to the Presidential election of 1872, the press, a portion of it hostile to the Republican party, and particularly so to the Administration, started the cry of "Caesarism" and the third term, calling lustily for me to define my position on the latter subject. I believe it to be beneath the dignity of the office, which I have been called upon to fill, to answer such a question before the subject should be presented by competent authority to make the nomination by a body of such dignity and authority as not to make a reply a fair subject of ridicule. In fact, I have been surprised that so many sensible persons in the Republican party should permit their enemy to force upon them and their party an issue which cannot add strength to the party, no matter how met, but to the body of dignity and the party of authority of a convention to make nominations for State officers of the second State in the Union, having considered this question, I deem it not improper that I should now speak. In the first place I never sought the office for the second nor even for the first nomination. To the first

I was called from life to a position created by Congress expressly for me, for supposed services rendered to the republic. The position vacated, I thought it would have been most agreeable to retain it until such time as Congress consented to my retirement with the rank and a portion of the emoluments—much needed—to a home where the balance of my days might be spent in the peace and enjoyment of domestic quiet, relieved from the cares which have oppressed me so constantly now for fourteen years. But I was made to believe that the public good called me to make the sacrifice of accepting office for the second term, the nomination being tendered me by the unanimous vote of the delegates of all States and Territories, selected by Republicans of each to represent their whole number for the purpose of making their nomination. I cannot say I was not pleased at this, and at the overwhelming endorsement which the action received at the election following, but it must be remembered that all the sacrifices except that of comfort, had been made in accepting the first term. Then, too, such a fire of personal abuse and slander has been kept up for four years, notwithstanding the conscientious performance of my duties to the best of my understanding—though I admit, in the light of subsequent events, many times subject to fair criticism—that an endorsement from the people, who alone govern the Republic, was a gratification that it is only human to have appreciated and enjoyed. Now for the third term, I do not want it more than I did the first. I would not write nor utter a word to change the will of the people in its expression, and having their choice, the question of the number of terms allowed to one executive can only come up fairly in the shape of a proposition to amend the Constitution, as the shape in which all political parties can participate, fixing the length of time or number of terms which any one person shall be eligible for the office of President if such an amendment is adopted. The people cannot be restricted in their choice by a resolution further than they are now restricted as to age, nativity, &c. It may happen in the future history of the country that to change an executive because he has been eight years in office will prove unfortunate if not disastrous. The idea that any man could elect himself President, or even re-nominate himself is preposterous. It is a reflection upon the intelligence and patriotism of the people to suppose such a thing possible. Any man can destroy his chances for office, but no one can force an election or even nomination. To recapitulate, I am not, nor have I ever been candidate for renomination. I would not accept renomination if it were tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise. I congratulate the convention on the harmony which prevailed, and the excellent ticket put in the field, and which I hope may be triumphantly elected.

Vicomte de Mauv, Minister of Agriculture, has asked for a credit of 600,000 francs to defray the expenses of the French Commission to the American Centennial at Philadelphia. General de Cissey, Minister of War, asks for credit of 51,000,000 francs to continue work on the fortifications and for the supply of war material.

The ships "Alert" and "Discovery," of the Arctic expedition, have sailed for Portsmouth. Thousands of people witnessed their departure. There was great cheering, and much enthusiasm was manifested. The Queen sent a telegraphic despatch wishing success to the expedition.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Opera Bouffe should be treated fairly. If it is indeed, there is no excuse for it. But if it is merely absurd, this very folly may have its uses. Laughter is a good thing. After a day's work, a tired man may fitly go to the opera and amuse himself with the pleasantries of comic music. But the higher grades of the species of opera

have other qualities than sheer buffonery. They have a distinct purpose of satire, political or social, and they may render essential service. The Soldene Company which was with us last week is about the best interpreter of Opera Bouffe ever heard in Montreal, and barring certain faults of taste and execution, deserved the patronage which it received. Three works of Offenbach were rendered, with the "Fille de Madame Angot," of Lecocq, and the "Chilperic," of Hervé. There is no need to say a word about the music of these popular operas. Miss Soldene is past her prime, but still retains high claims to popular appreciation. As an actress, she is very excellent, and as a vocalist quite commendable. All the stage appointments were in thorough keeping, and the result was the appreciation of large and fashionable audiences.

FEMALE AUTHORS.

A London correspondent of the Baltimore Bulletin writes as follows of women authors: "Ouida" (Miss de la Ramée) is certainly one of the most powerful, picturesque, and pathetic masters of fiction among lady writers. Who she is and what she is are mysteries. That she is not old and that she is good looking are facts. Her looks she prizes more than her talent of writing. A gentleman got an introduction to her at a ball, and asked her to dance. "Did you wish to know me because I am good looking, or because I write?" she asked. "Because you write," said the gentleman, who thereby showed little knowledge of female character. "Then I decline to dance with you," said she, and sailed off. She has lived for long at Florence. Miss Broughton is nice looking. Gentlemen, as a rule, do not like her; they disapprove of her sentiments. She is of good birth and good social position. She was a niece of the late Sheridan Lefanu, author of "Uncle Silas" and other powerful novels. Mr. Lefanu's mother was a Sheridan. A rich vein of genius ran through that family. Lady Dufferin wrote some exquisite poems. She was a granddaughter of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and her son, the present Lord Dufferin, Governor of Canada, has made a wide reputation by his pen. Mrs. Riddell, author of "George Geith," is another popular writer of fiction. She has always a complicated plot, and if readable is often dry. Miss Young, who writes "so sweetly" for young ladies, is a maiden lady of a certain age. She made her reputation by her "Heir of Redclyffe," and has written nothing since to displace that corner-stone. Mrs. Craik (Miss Muloch) will always be read. Her English is excellent, and her conceptions are always noble albeit she twaddles not a little. She lived for a few years on the banks of the Clyde, in a cottage not far from Wemyss Bay. Her father was a powerful writer, a journalist and critic. He was imprisoned for contempt of court at one time. It is understood that Miss Muloch was a good and generous daughter to a very trying relative. After his death she met her husband, then an accountant's clerk in Glasgow, and son of a Presbyterian D. D. In a railway accident Mr. Craik received severe injury, and his leg was amputated. Miss Muloch nursed him through his illness, and then they married, notwithstanding that the lady had the advantage of twelve years longer acquaintance with this sphere. The pair have no children, but adopted a few years ago a little waif. Speaking of Miss Muloch's late wifehood, her earlier days are credited with a tragical romance, or a romantic tragedy, whichever you choose. It is said that she was engaged to an officer, whose regiment was in the Crimean war; that he returned home scatheless; that she hurried down to greet him on the arrival of the steamer; that on sight of her he tried to leap from the boat to the quay, but leaping short, fell between the stone wall of the landing stage and the steamer, and was crushed to death before her eyes. If this be true, no wonder that she was white before her time, and no wonder that she chose for her bridal attire silver gray, a modest bonnet, and simple veil.

FARMER BOYS.

A great many boys mistake their calling, but all such are not fortunate enough to find it out in as good season as did this one. It is said that Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, was once in New Hampshire, making a plea, when a boy, the son of a farmer, resolved to leave the plow, and become a lawyer like Rufus Choate. He accordingly went to Boston, called on Mr. Choate, and said to him: "I heard you plead in our town, and I have a desire to become a lawyer like you. Will you teach me how?" "As well as I can," said the great lawyer. "Come and sit down." Taking down a copy of Blackstone, he said: "Read this until I come back, and I will see how you get on." The boy began. An hour passed. His back ached, his head ached, his legs ached. He knew not how to study. Every moment became a torture. He wanted air. Another hour passed, and Mr. Choate came and asked, "How do you get on?" "Get on! Why, do you have to read such stuff as this?" "Yes." "How much of it?" "All there is on these shelves, and more," looking about the great library. "How long will it take?" "Well, it has taken me more than twenty-five years." "How much do you get?" "My board and clothes." "Is that all?" "Well, that is about all that I have gained as yet." "Then," said the boy, "I will go back to the ploughing. The work is not near as hard, but pays better."

THE LAST STATION.

A BRAKEMAN'S SHADOWY JOURNEY—THE CALL THAT WAS NOT FINISHED.

He had been sick at one of the hotels for three or four weeks, and the boys on the road had dropped in daily to see how he got along, and to learn if they could render him any kindness. The brakeman was a good fellow, and one and all encouraged him in the hope that he would pull through. The doctor didn't regard the case as dangerous, but the other day the patient began sinking, and it was seen that he could not live the night out. A dozen of his friends sat in the room when night came, but his mind wandered and he did not recognize them.

It was near one of the depots, and after the great trucks and noisy drays had ceased rolling by, the bells and the short, sharp whistles of the yard locomotives sounded painfully loud. The patient had been very quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly unclosed his eyes and shouted: "Kal-a-ma-zoo!"

One of the men brushed the hair back from the cold forehead, and the brakeman closed his eyes and was quiet for a time. Then the wind whirled around the depot and banged the blinds on the window of his room, and he lifted his hand and cried out: "Jackson! Passengers going north by the Saginaw road change cars!"

The men understood. The brakeman thought he was coming east on the Michigan Central. The effort seemed to have greatly exhausted him, for he lay like one dead for the next five minutes, and a watcher felt for his pulse to see if life had not gone out. A tug going down the river sounded her whistle loud and long, and the dying brakeman opened his eyes and called out: "Ann Arbor!"

He had been over the road a thousand times, but had made his last trip. Death had drawn a spectral train over the old track, and he was brakeman, engineer, and conductor.

One of the yard engines uttered a shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare of the headlight had shown to the engineer some stranger in peril, and the brakeman called out: "Yp-slanty—change cars here for the Eel River road!"

"He's coming in fast," whispered one of the men.

"And the end of his 'run' will be the end of his life," said a second.

The dampness of death began to collect on the patient's forehead, and there was that ghastly look on the face which death always brings. The slamming of a door down the hall startled him again, and he moved his head and faintly called: "Grand Trunk Junction—passengers going east by the Grand Trunk change cars!"

He was so quiet after that that all the men gathered around the bed, believing that he was dead. His eyes closed, and the brakeman lifted his hand, moved his head and whispered: "De—"

Not "Detroit," but Death! He died with the half-uttered whisper on his lips. And the headlight on death's engine shone full in his face and covered it with such pallor as naught but death can bring.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

A writer in Blackwood's says; The subject of female education has brought out with special force of acclamation the superiority of the present day over the past in the thoroughness of instruction imparted. The slipshod teaching of girls in former days, its miserable pretence and hollowness, is an inexhaustible theme; and, indeed, there is not much to be said for it. Compare the school-books of the past with any paper on teaching addressed to the young women of the present—compare what they are expected to know, the subjects they are to be interested in, the intricacies of grammar and construction, which are to be at their finger-ends, with the ignorance or accidental picking up of knowledge which was once the woman's main chance of acquirement, and our expectations are not unreasonably raised. The pupils of the new school ought to be more companionable than their predecessors; they ought to talk better, more correctly, more elegantly; and, as their subjects of interest become more profound, as science and art open their stores to them, their vocabulary should meet the need at once more accurate, more copious, more felicitous. We put it to our world of readers—is it so? Do our young ladies talk better than their mothers? Do they express their meaning with greater nicety? nay, do they speak better grammar? Moreover, is this an aim? Are they taught to do this by the writers of their own sex, who profess to portray the girlhood of our day? Is it not an understood thing that three or four epithets are to do duty for all the definition the female mind has need of, and that solecisms, which would have shocked the ears of an earlier generation pass unreviewed? The present régime not only does not teach people to talk, it does not—to judge by appearances—even inspire the wish or prompt the attempt to clothe thought in exact wording. The best education can only help toward clear thinking; but fit words and plenty of them it ought to put at its pupil's command. Do the boasted systems of our day succeed in this? In the most carefully and elaborately trained girl of eighteen we do not look for more than the promise; but we reasonably expect promise. Taste, careful not to offend, we might calculate on, and a sensitiveness easily offended. Newly freed from the seclusion of the school-room, the great interests that agitate the intellect of the world will im-

press her with awe as well as an eager curiosity, held in check by modest grace—the natural attitude of an intelligent listener; and by the difficulty of finding fitting words to express dawning thought. This is no unreasonable ideal of youthful culture feeling its way. We approach the object of so many cares; she is not listening, but talking with rapidity and dash. What are the words that first greet our ears? Two or three hackneyed epithets, which we had supposed mere school-boy slang, and perhaps a word or a phrase which—so widely separate is the vernacular becoming from our written language—we hesitate to expose to the ordeal of print. What promise for the future is there in this? How is it to develop into the conversation of the gifted woman! She is a good girl, we have reason to believe, and we take it on trust that she knows a vast deal of history, many languages, and some science; but what is the good of it all if she has no adjectives at command but nice, jolly, horrid, awful, disgusting, and tremendous! How can she keep what she has got? how can it fructify?

A TALK WITH BOYS.

A contemporary writes that he has recently been studying the characteristics of men, and has come to the conclusion that, in many cases, their mothers did not do their full duty in "bringing them up," which, he further remarks, "carries me back to the boys." There are so many awkward, lubberly, vulgar, grown-up boors, and so few real gentlemen, that it is very fair reasoning to infer that they were not properly cared for when they were young; for a straight twig usually makes a straight tree. He says: A lad dined with me one day; he was twelve or fourteen years old. He had a pug nose, red hair and a freckled face. His coat was patched at the elbows, and his pocket-handkerchief was a cotton one and coarse at that. After he went away, the lady of the house said, "I like to entertain such company as that lad; he has such beautiful manners."

At another time, a woman left her son with me for a day, and I took him with me to dine. His face was very handsome. He had splendid eyes, a fair skin, and was finely dressed. His mother was a rich woman, and her son had every advantage that wealth bestows. When the day was over, a friend remarked, "How very much relieved you must feel!" "Why?" I asked. "Didn't that boy annoy you exceedingly? He has such disagreeable manners. He is only fit to be shut up in a pen with wild animals."

"But that boy's mother was to blame," you exclaim. Certainly, and so are many of yours. and for this very reason boys must take the making of their "palace and fortunes" in their own hands.

One gets tired talking to mothers about their duties, especially when they are more concerned about the spring jackets of their boys than their manners. Then possibly many of them say, as I heard one the other day, "Oh, Johnnie will come out all right! It will be time enough for fine manners ten years hence."

An ill fruiting tree may be grafted to bear good fruit, but one can always detect the joining of the stocks. Very much as it is with manners acquired late in life—they have a stuck on appearance. But if acquired in youth, taken in when the body, mind and heart are specially alive and open to influences, they become "bred in the bone," and the man never loses their controlling power. They become a part and portion of him, and of such a one we say, "he is a real gentleman."

Boys must learn to read and reflect more for themselves. They should take more pride in becoming the architects of their own fortunes. The most successful men of the present day are those who have made themselves such by their own individual efforts.

DOMESTIC.

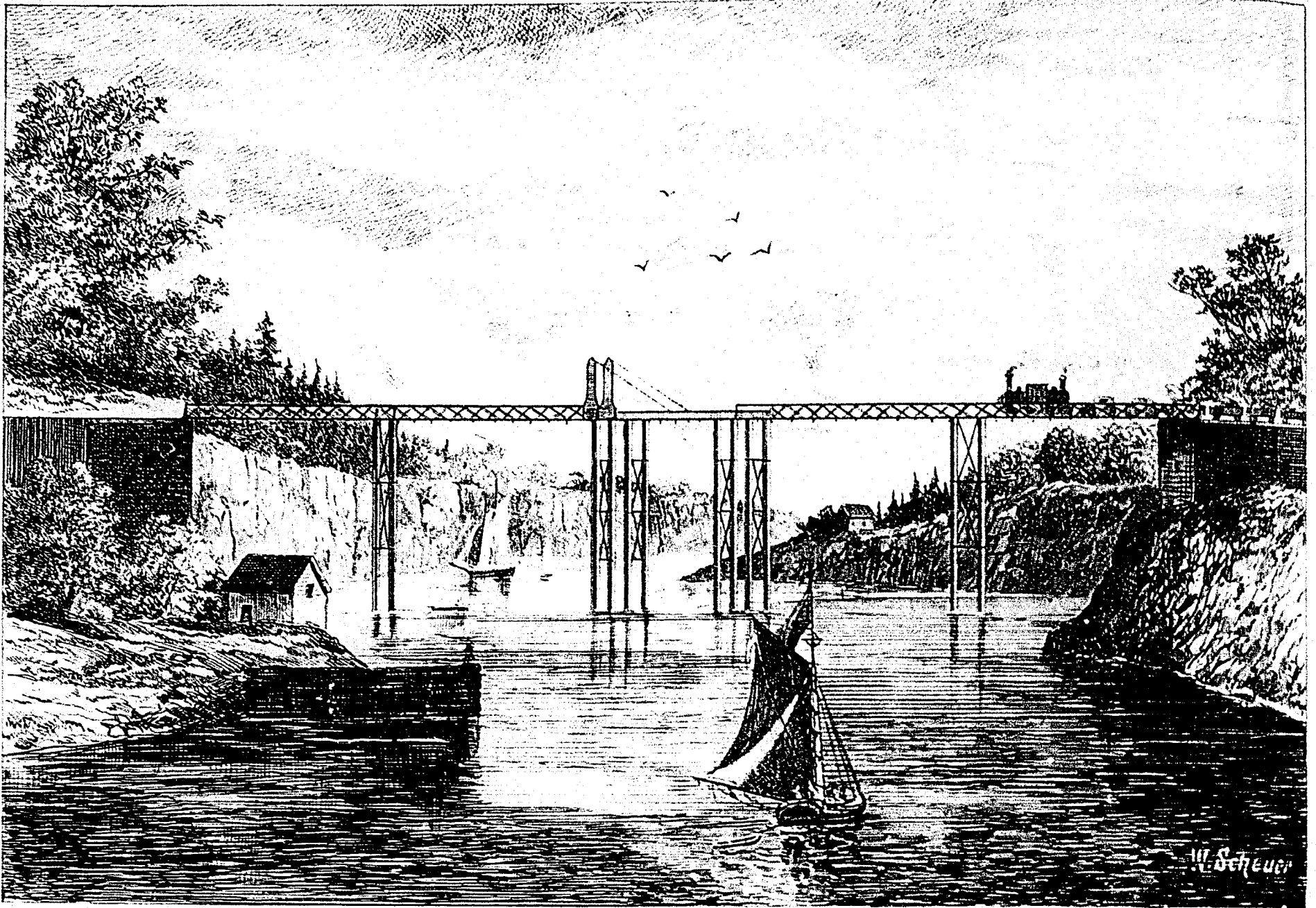
BAKED MUTTON CHOPS.—Put each chop into a piece of paper with pepper and salt, and seasoning of such herbs as are agreeable. Add a little butter; put each into another piece of paper before baking. When done sufficiently in a quick oven, serve, having the outer paper removed, the first paper being left in order to retain the heat and gravy.

TO PREVENT GREY HAIR.—To check premature greyness the head should be well brushed morning and night, with a brush hard enough to irritate the skin somewhat. The bristles should be far enough to brush through the hair, as it were, rather than over it. Oil rather than pomade should be used. Common sweet oil, scented with bergamot can be recommended.

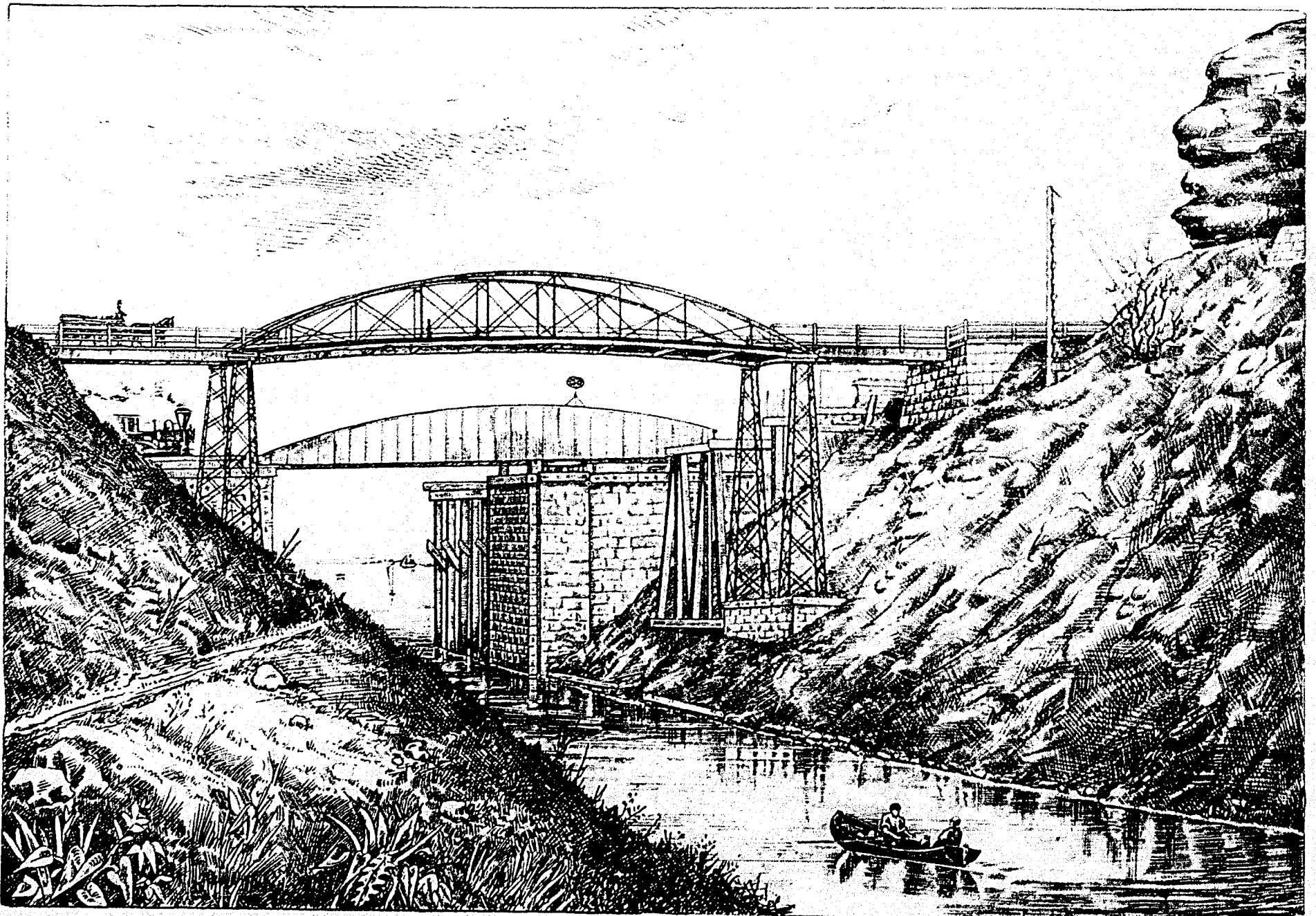
CAUTIONS IN VISITING THE SICK.—Do not visit the sick when you are fatigued, or when in a state of perspiration, or with the stomach empty—for in such conditions you are liable to take the infection. When the disease is very contagious, take the side of the patient which is near to the window. Do not enter the room the first thing in the morning before it has been aired; and when you come away take some food, change your clothing immediately and expose the latter to the air for some days.

WHITE STOCK.—Put a knuckle of veal, or two calves' feet, together with an old fowl or a rabbit and a piece of ham about half a pound, all cut up in small pieces, into a saucepan with sufficient water gradually becoming heated, then put in two carrots, a head of celery, two onions, and a bundle of parsley, together with two bay leaves, a sprig of thyme, mace, cloves, pepper and salt to taste, and leave the whole to boil slowly from three to four hours, when it should be strained and freed from fat.

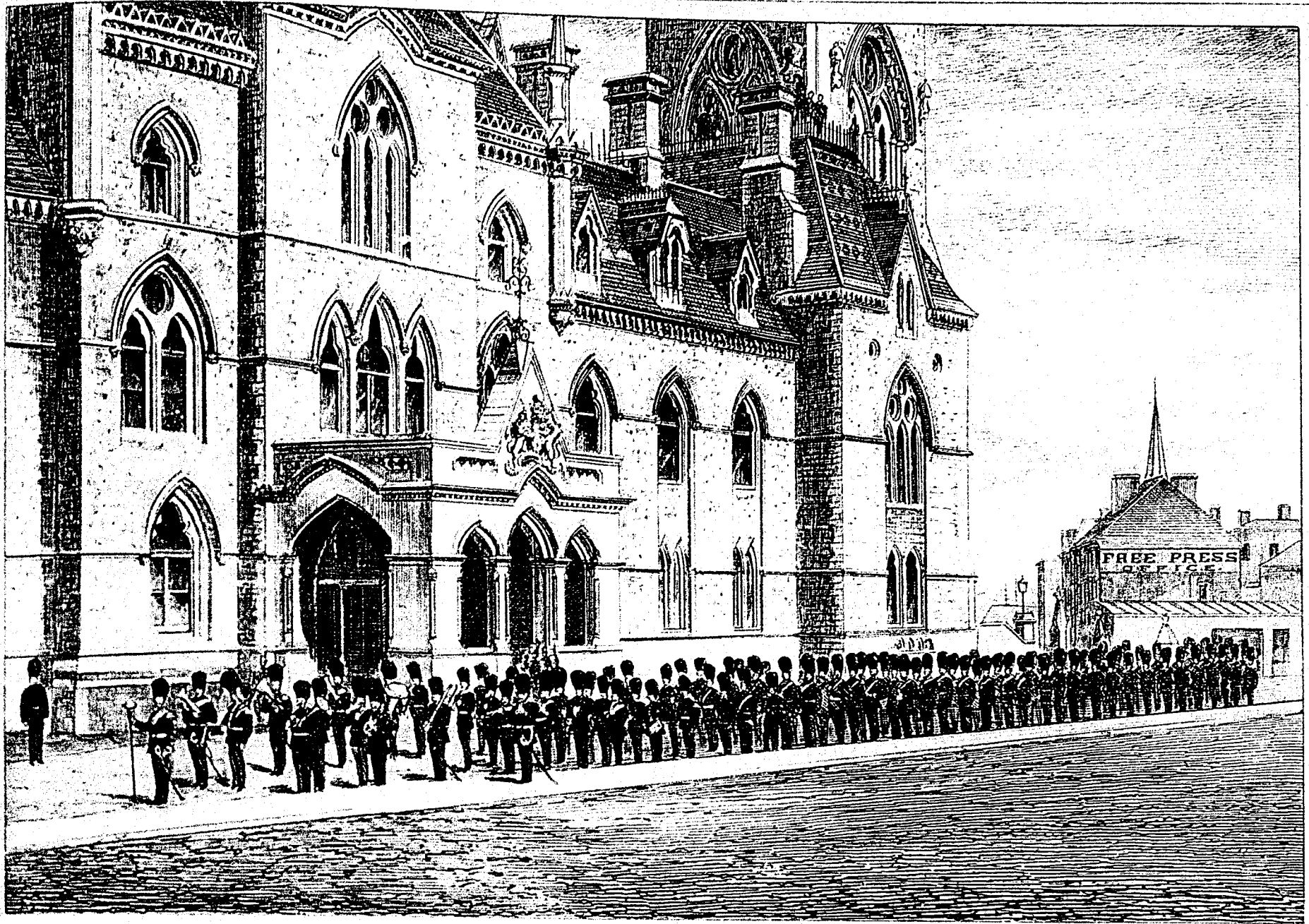
FISH STOCK.—Take a couple of pounds of any kind of fish, such as skate, plaice, flounders, small eels, or the trimmings of soles that have been filleted; pack them into a saucepan with a head of parsley, including the root, a head of celery, two blades of mace, and a few cloves, some white pepper and salt to taste, and a bay leaf. Put in as much cold water as will cover the contents of the saucepan, set it to simmer gently for a couple of hours; then strain off the liquor, and is ready.



CAPE BRETON:—MIRA RIVER BRIDGE, LOOKING DOWN STREAM.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.



HAMILTON:—NEW IRON BRIDGE OVER THE DESJARDINS CANAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAM. G. MAUKAY.



OTTAWA: - THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S FOOT GUARDS. - FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

THE FASHIONS.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

[This is an old Latin version of the well-known hymn.]

Nolo vivere semper, volo non manere
Ubi tempestates veniunt veloces.
Dies pauci, dolores et sunt multum;
Quis felix? Nemo. Oportet nunc luctari.

Nolo vivere semper in malis et peccatis,
Mihi corruptio tentationes dursae,
Gaudium enim peccatis absolutis
Lacrymis admixtum satis nunquam adest.

Nolo vivere semper, mors ergo me juvabit,
Mortuus lesus, quamobrem tristis ego!
Sepulcrum dulce! dicit mihi deus
Sanctus sis et felix; tibi sum Salvator.

Vult vivere nemo deo et absenti,
Absentico, absentibus angelis;
Hic pax nulla, fontes gaudiorum
Absunt in terra, nunquam hic videbo.

Seculorum sanctos hic videbo nunquam,
Frates, Salvatores nisi mortuos.
Mortui, nunc audio carmina sanctorum.
Facies dei meae est pax animae.

V. D.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LOUISBURG RAILWAY.

About midway between Louisburg and Cape Breton Collieries, the Mira River, or Canyon (a wide fissure through which the tide flows into a chain of lakes some 25 miles inland) crosses the line of Railway, now nearly completed by the Contractor, F. N. Gisborne, Esq., C. E., of London and Sydney, Cape Breton.

A light, elegant, though exceedingly strong lattice girder iron bridge now spans this river and on the 14th of January a 36 ton Fairlee Locomotive with trucks, crossed it without producing any visible deflection or movement in the structure.

This being the most important bridge in Cape Breton, and probably the only example in the Province of an iron structure supported upon wrought iron cylindrical screw piles, the following particulars may prove of interest.

Length of bridge over all 336 ft.; length of spans (4) each 72 ft.; length of draw bridge or lift 30 ft.; length of wrought iron screw piles 70 ft.; diameter of do. (shore piers) 2 in. each, 3 ft.; diameter of do. (centre piers) 6 in. each, 2 ft. 4 in.; depth of water with 7 knot current 22 ft.; depth of sand and gravel to rock bottom 10 ft.; height of lattice girders above water 43 ft.

The shore abutments spring from the sides of the ravine 21 ft. below rail level and are substantial structures of cut free stone.

The first pile was screwed down on the 20th of August last, and upon the 22nd of December, a period of four months only, the bridge was finished at a total outlay of \$42,000.

The designers and manufacturers, (with whom Mr. Gisborne agreed for the structure under his contract with the Cape Breton Company,) are "The Hamiltons' Windsor Iron Works Company" of Birkenhead and London, and its erection was intrusted to their Engineer, Mr. George Earl, the Cape Breton Company being represented by A. H. LeBreton, President Engineer.

Only last May was the first sod of the Louisburg railway turned and within a year 21 miles of one of the most varied and difficult lines in the Dominion will be nearly completed, including the crossing of Catalone Lake 1600 feet long with 15 ft. and 15 and 20 feet of soft mud,—swamps which have to be piled 42 feet deep, to support superstructures 25 feet high and the great Coal shipping Pier at Louisburg, 600 ft. in length, 28 ft. above tide water and with 34 ft. water alongside.

Mr. Gisborne and his able assistant engineers Messrs. Albert J. Hill and T. J. Ritchie may be congratulated upon the large amount of such varied work being accomplished within so limited a period.

NEW IRON BRIDGE OVER THE DESJARDINS CANAL.

This bridge was erected last fall to replace a bridge of the same material constructed in the United States which fell into the canal, last summer, carrying down with it in its fall two wagons, teams and drivers. The horses were drowned but the drivers escaped without fatal injuries. This is the sixth bridge that has been erected over this chasm. The first an iron suspension bridge was blown down by the wind. The next a tressel wooden bridge was taken down, having decayed and become dangerous. Afterwards the iron bridge previously referred to and the one shown in the sketch. The two first spanned the canal at the top of the heights, the two latter at a lower elevation. There have also been two drawbridges here for the G. W. Ry. one a wooden one destroyed by the memorable accident of '57 and the present one shown in the sketch having been erected after the accident. This bridge (subject of sketch) was built in Hamilton, the work being done by J. H. Killey & Co., and Burrows Stewart and Milne Engineers and Iron-Founders. It is what is called a whipple, arch truss. The arch is 124 feet to centre of tressel work columns, which columns stand 60 feet above the level of the water and are placed on strong masonry abutments; the girders forming the approaches to the centre are 40 feet long each and rest on masonry foundations, the total span being about 200 feet. The weight of the bridge including cast and wrought iron is about 80,000 lbs all the iron in its construction being tested by the builders to three times the strain ever likely to come on it. The cost of the bridge and its approaches which was defrayed by the G. W. Ry. was \$17,000.

The designer and engineer in charge of construction was J. K. Griffin of Watertown. The view is from the west.

PLANS FOR CONNECTING ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

Two gigantic projects have of late been devised to bind England and France together. We give views of both in the present number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. The first is that of the famous French engineer Dupuy de Lome. It consists of two parts. First, to build a harbor in which neither storms nor the undue ebb or flow of the tides shall have any influence on the entrance or exit of vessels. Secondly, to build a vessel in which railway carriages can be transported. The harbor A has the shape of a mussel shell with its opening so disposed that the waves break on the interior mason work, on the offside of which are three small cavities or wharves (DDD.) having the form of a ship's stern and where the vessel can be fitted to the proper height for loading. Along the dyke B is laid a railway C to the farthest end, where a semaphore lights each of three cavities or shipping wharves. By means of the drawbridge D the carriages back into the vessel, the locomotive remaining on the dyke. The vessel then takes the sea along EE. The ship is fitted to carry two trains, of 14 cars each, one on each side. There is a waiting-saloon on board, to which passengers can retire during the crossing, but they may retain their seats in the carriage if they choose and thus make the whole trip by rail. At Dover, a locomotive hooks on the train, and in a few moments, steams off to London.

The second project is that of a submarine tunnel imagined by Thomée de Gamond. This tunnel is cylinder-shaped, 9 metres wide, 7 metres high, with a slight grade at both ends. It has two parallel railway tracks, and two footpaths, and extends from Cape Gris Nez to Eastware, between Dover and Folkestone. Halfway lies the cliff of Varne where there will be a sea station. The cliff will be transformed into an island with mole, harbor and a gigantic tower. At both ends, where the submarine tunnel becomes a subterranean tunnel, there will be towers fitted up with pumps and ventilating apparatus.

OUR CARTOON.

Our front page cartoon speaks for itself on a subject which not only the people of Montreal, but every other city and town of the Dominion must feel as one of vital interest. The abnormal death rate of the metropolis of Canada is due to natural causes which sanitary and hygienic precautions could easily remove. The present administration of the city council, supported by an association of citizens, seems disposed to labor assiduously in this direction and we conjure them to do so before the hot weather sets in.

CHARGE OF CUIRASSIERS.

We publish a splendid picture representing the famous charge of the French Cuirassiers through the village of Morsbronn, on the memorable 6th of August 1870. This feat of arms saved the army of Marshal MacMahon, and enabled it to effect an orderly retreat after the battle of Woerth or Reichshoffen. The gallant colonel knew he was leading a forlorn hope, but did not flinch, and giving the Marshal a farewell embrace, rode bravely "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell." The charge of the 9th Cuirassiers at Morsbronn will be immortal in French history. The picture is by Détaille, the favorite pupil of Meissonier.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S FOOT GUARDS.

The illustration in our present issue represents the guard of honour of the Governor General's Foot Guards, given to His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin on his recent departure from Ottawa, and is taken in front of the Governor General's entrance to the Eastern Departmental Building. Several familiar faces will be recognized, particularly that of the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Ross, who, in June, 1872, raised this fine and now favorite addition to our citizen soldiery. The battalion was organized by General Order emanating from the then Minister of Militia, the late Sir George E. Cartier, and during the incumbency of Adjutant-General P. Robertson Ross. It consists of six companies, recruited partly from the gentlemen of the Civil Service, and partly from the people of the capital, and possesses a band of 29 performers, with fife and drum corps, second to none in point of perfection in the Dominion. The Guards from the first obtained a high reputation for efficiency and excellence, and have, on several occasions, drawn forth well-deserved encomiums from competent military critics, more especially from our ever popular Governor General who has always evinced an active interest in the welfare and advancement of the corps. This interest took a tangible shape on the Queen's Birthday, 1874, when his noble consort presented the battalion with a handsome stand of colours. It may be added that the Guards wear the uniform of the Coldstream Guards with the necessary alteration in lace and ornaments. The whole regiment numbers 330, and when last inspected by Major General Selby Smyth, had on parade 303 men. The officers are as follows: Colonel Commanding, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Ross; Major, Major William White; Captains: J. Pennington Macpherson, John Tilton, H. S. Weatherley, W. Horace Lee, G. M. Patrick, A. H. Todd; Lieutenants: Aumond, Mills, Dunlevie, and McLeod Stewart; Ensigns: Major, Bate, Griffin and Fleming; Adjutant: Captain John Walsh; Paymaster: Major H. A. Wicksteed; Quarter-Master: Capt. Grant, late 100th Regt.;

Surgeon: E. C. Malloch, M.D.; Assistant-Surgeon: W. R. Bell, M.D. The colonel ranks as one of the oldest, as he is also one of the most efficient and popular of all the general officers in the Volunteer service. Col. Ross, as we learn from the *Parliamentary Companion*, born in Montreal in 1821, is a son of the late David Ross, Esq., Q. C. of this city, and since 1839 has been in the service of the government of Canada. Since 1858 he has held the onerous and highly responsible position of Accountant of Contingencies and Deputy Governor for the signing and issuing of Marriage Licenses. In 1870, he organized the new Stationery Office, importing stock direct from the manufacturers, whereby an immense sum has been annually saved to the Dominion Exchequer. Colonel Ross entered the militia service as far back as 1839, in which year he entered the Montreal Rifle Battalion, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Henry Griffin, and subsequently was Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Garrison Artillery of the same city during the period the regiment was commanded by Lieut.-Colonel John Maitland. On the removal of the seat of Government from Toronto to Quebec he organized and commanded a company of the Quebec Garrison Artillery, and on the removal to Ottawa he raised an artillery company there and became Major of the Ottawa Brigade of Garrison Artillery, from which he resigned on his being gazetted to the Guards. Major White is also an officer of long standing and great efficiency, and for several years held a captaincy in the late Civil Service Rifle Regiment of Ottawa.

DISTURBANCE IN ST. ANDREWS CHURCH. HAMILTON.

For some time past, ill-feeling has existed between the pastor of St. Andrew's church and the congregation. Lately, at a meeting held in the vestry of the church, the unpleasantness was brought to a culminating point. For the last six weeks the pastor has not preached in his church, his people having openly expressed antipathy towards him, refusing to acknowledge him as their pastor. The following version of the unfortunate affair has been obtained from prominent members of the church. The unpleasantness first grew out of a memorial presented to the Presbytery by the pastor, in which he says that the managers of his church, at a meeting held in St. James Hall, some time in 1873, promised him an increase of salary which they afterwards refused. This the managers of the church positively deny. They say that at the meeting in question the pastor promised to take what was given him as they were building a new church, and he could teach Latin and Greek and thus support himself to a certain extent. Shortly afterwards, however, the pastor claimed an increase of salary, and both he and his people commenced memorializing the Presbytery on the subject till the people broke out in open rebellion, and held meetings in their church on the subject. One of these meetings was held last week, and the next morning the sexton of the church came round and said that he was authorized by the pastor to lock the church against them hereafter, and if they used their own keys to get in they did so at their peril. However, the managers dared the deed and made use of the church that evening. On arriving at the door the managers discovered two policemen at the gate, and a prominent member asked them were they there by accident or on purpose? The police replied that they had been sent there by the Chief who had been called on by the pastor for that purpose. On going into the room the pastor was present and addressed the meeting, declaring that he was supported by the Presbytery and had documents in his possession to prove it. Some one in the crowd cried out, "Read them—show them." The pastor then replied that he would not be interrupted in his speech in his own church, and walked out calling his Sunday-school teachers after him. As he was going out some one got up and said, "Mr. Pastor, I want to ask you a question;" but the pastor replied that he would answer no questions, and entered another room. This is how the case stands at present, and the managers say that they intend memorializing the Presbytery to have the pastor removed.

THE HUMAN BEARD.

Physiologists generally agree in the fact that every portion of the body bears some sympathetic relation to the brain, or its function, the mind. This would argue that if man wishes to preserve all his native purity, both of mind and body, and be god-like in all his designs and aspirations, with full capacity to appreciate and comprehend the universe of appreciable things, he must be perfect, entire and wanting in nothing. Wearing the beard was as common to the ancients as wearing the hair; and if any man were disfigured by being shorn, as a punishment, it was considered a disgrace, and his effeminate appearance humiliated him, and kept him from society until his beard had grown again.

Beards are also indications of character. Men of great precision and nicety of taste, who are somewhat aristocratic in their manner, brush their beard forward; others, more democratic, brush theirs downward. Some train the mustache one way, and some another, according to their own peculiar tastes. A person who has never shaved has a soft beard and mustache, which can be dressed to suit the taste or fastidiousness of the wearer.

It is said that the habit of shaving was introduced by a young English king, who was too young and effeminate to raise a beard; and that

the practice soon became so universal that if a preacher or school teacher wore a beard, he was a subject of ridicule.

The beard on the face of man was designed to serve important ends in his animal economy. A moment's attention to its structure and most obvious uses will make this plain.

The beard, like the hair of the head, is hollow, and the bulbous root of every hair of the beard is joined to a nerve of the face. Into the orifice of each hair constituting the beard, the connected nerve discharges a portion of its own vital fluid, which retains its fluid state fully to the surface of the skin, and by its support keeps the beard soft and healthy. When the face is closely shaven, thousands of openings are made, through which flow out as many streams of nervous fluid. It is estimated that the man who shaves three times a week, wastes thirty times the amount of vital fluid required to sustain an unshaven beard. This outflow continues after each process of shaving till the fluid spreading forms a coating, which causes the flow to cease. The waste thus made is a draft upon the entire nervous system, as much so as the cozing of blood would be a drain upon the vitality of the body.

Not only are the fountains of life thus invaded by the razor, but also the natural covering of the face is removed, subjecting the delicate termini of the facial nerves exposed to sudden transitions of temperature, often much to the detriment of health. Let a person thus shaven go out in a cold day; he experiences a painful sensitiveness to the cold of the part so uncovered, while myriads of doors are open, inviting disease to enter, and the nerves are so many telegraph wires to bear the tidings through every part of the animal frame. Is it then marvelous that living as most men do, daily or tri-weekly renewing the barbarous practice of shaving, even though there were no other injurious effects, they find the stream of life running nearly or quite to exhaustion?

That the beard of the upper lip is of service to the eyes and lungs, we have most conclusive proof. Whoever has put a dull razor to the beard on that part of the face, starts tears from the eyes, thus demonstrating the immediate nervous connection between that part of the beard and the eyes. Also, shaving the lower lip and chin has a tendency to develop and aggravate diseases of the lungs and other constitutional disturbances. A preacher of the gospel who had for years kept a clean shaven face, was troubled by loss of sight and a general prostration of health. He ceased shaving and in a few months his eyesight was restored, and he regained his usual health. We might refer to numerous instances where the eyesight and general health have been very much improved by ceasing to follow the barbarous custom of shaving.

A farmer who raised clover seed once said to us that he had found that no man who shaved could work consecutively more than two days at cleaning clover seed, while those with full beards could continue such work week after week. Persons working at needle-grinding, stone-cutting, or any dusty work, are protected by the mustache and beard from the large amount of irritating dust that was formerly inhaled by such laborers when they shaved; and according to recent statistics, the mortality formerly so large among that class of artisans, has sensibly diminished since the wearing of the beard has become more general. Consumption and disease of the air passages were not so common previous to the era of shaving; and let us hope that by ignoring the razor, man may yet recover his accustomed constitution, and that some future generations may attain, if not the age of our fathers, at least a perfect development, both in body and mind. In such manner can we approach a similarity to God's likeness, and expect a repetition of the saying: "And God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good."

HUMOROUS.

JOSE BILLINGS says he believes in the universal salvation of men, but he wants to pick the men.

A **BROOKLYN** girl said to her dressmaker the other day:—"If women are ever allowed to vote what do you suppose will be the fashion for voting dresses?"

A **CERTAIN** Western editor, who was presented with a box of collars in pay for an advertisement, is waiting in daily expectation that some one will present him with a shirt.

THE saddest thing in life is the spectacle afforded by a young person who has burnt all her hair off her forehead with a hot plate pencil, and cannot afford to buy a row of curls.

Is such a thing as this possible? He provoked me into loving him!" This at least was a pretty girl's excuse for engaging herself to a man she had always professed to hate.

A **YOUNG** man broke through the ice on a skating rink, and when he was hauled out and laid upon the ice, he faintly whispered, "I didn't care for myself, but I'm engaged, and I thought of her feelings."

Two handsome New Hampshire girls have this winter thrashed forty-eight bushels of wheat with flails, sat up with beaux every Sunday night, shot a hawk, and spelled a school down.

MARK TWAIN, as is well known, is a subject of the King of the Cannibal Islands. He says of the predecessor of the present monarch, whose history he is writing—"He was a tender husband and a most nutritious father."

A **MAN** will carry five hundred dollars in his vest pocket, but a woman needs a morocco portmanteau as large as a flat, and too heavy to carry in the pocket, to escort a fifty-cent scrip, a recipe for making jelly-cake, and two samples of dress goods down town and back, every pleasant afternoon.

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

VIRTUE.—The road to virtue is at first rugged, steep, covered with rocks and flints, bristling with thorns and thickets, and bordered by precipices and torrents. In order to advance, one must make continual efforts; one must climb and not walk, except with the greatest circumspection. But if one has the courage to overcome the first difficulties, the farther one advances, the smoother the way grows.

POLITENESS AT HOME.—Always speak with the utmost politeness and deference to your parents and friends. Some children are polite and civil everywhere else except at home; but there they are coarse and rude enough. Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, and nothing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents and superiors. It makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action a nameless but peculiar charm.

A MOTHERLY WOMAN writing in the *Christian Monitor*, declares that she fully agrees with any thoughtful woman who spares her boys the humiliation of wearing great round or angular patches, when her own skill and a generous supply of pieces make the pants look almost as well as new ones. She suggests that when pants need repairing over the knees, it is a good way to rip the seams each side of the worn part, cut it out, and insert a new piece, pressing it nicely before closing the seams again. Neither boy nor man need be ashamed to wear garments neatly patched, if it be necessary; and every girl should be taught that *mending well* is an essential part of domestic economy.

A GOOD MAN.—There is an expression in the face of a good married man, who has a good wife, that a bachelor cannot have. It is indescribable. He is a little nearer the angels than the prettiest young fellow living. You can see that his broad breast is a pillow for somebody's head, and that little fingers pull his whiskers. No one ever mistakes the good married man. It is only the erratic one who leaves you in doubt. The good one can protect all the unprotected females, and make himself generally agreeable to the ladies, and yet never leave a doubt on any mind that there is a precious little woman at home worth all the world to him.

KEEP TO ONE THING.—We earnestly entreat every young man after he has chosen his vocation to stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck, or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but may be reckoned among such as took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, conquered their prejudice against labor, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day. Whether, upon the old farm where your fathers toiled diligently, striving to bring the soil to productiveness, in the machine shop or factory, or the thousand other business places that invite honest toil and skill, let your motto ever be perseverance and industry.

SORROWING HOUSEHOLDS.—Not a hearthstone shall you find on which some shadow has not fallen, or is about to fall. Further than this, you will probably find that there are but few households which do not cherish some sorrow not known to the world; who have not some trial which is their peculiar messenger, and which they do not talk about, except among themselves; some hope that has been blasted; some expectation dashed down; some wrong, real or supposed, which some member of the household has suffered; trembling anxieties lest the other members will not succeed; trials from the peculiar temperament of somebody in the house, or some environment that touches it sharply from without; some thorn in the flesh; some physical disability that cripples our energies when we want to use them the most; some spot in the house where death has left his track, or painful listenings to hear his stealthy footsteps coming on.

WHENEVER man pays reverence to a woman, whenever man finds a woman purifying, chastening, abasing, strengthening him against temptation, shielding him from evil, ministering to his self-respect, medicating his weariness, peopling his solitude, winning him from sordid prizes, enlivening his monotonous days with mirth, or fancy, or wit, flashing heaven upon his earth and hallowing it for a spiritual fertility, there is the element of true marriage. Whenever woman pays reverence to man, rejoicing in his strength, and feeling it to be God's agent, confirming her purpose and crowning her power; whenever he reveals himself to her, just, inflexible, yet tolerant, merciful, tender and true; his feet on the earth, his head among the stars, helping her to hold her soul steadfast to the right, this is the essence of marriage. There is neither dependence or independence, but interdependence. Years cannot weaken its bonds, distance cannot sunder them, it is a love which vanquishes the grave and transfigures death itself into life.

MACAULAY'S TRIBUTE TO THE MOTHER.—Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, and fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you

have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her untrifling voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed since we laid her beside my father in the old church-yard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

THE GLEANER.

It is stated that the Sultan has bought several paintings from the two great French artists, M.M. Gérôme and Boulanger.

It may account for the progress of French wealth to learn that last year's vintage is estimated to be of the extraordinary value of eighty millions sterling.

OPPORTUNELY for Michael Angelo's centenary in the coming autumn, 36 documents throwing interesting light upon his life and work have been discovered at Rome.

BERLIN merchants are signing an address to the Emperor petitioning for an Exhibition of Industry, to be held at the German capital in 1878. The Exhibition, like that of 1847, is to include only German manufactures.

THE Shah of Persia has presented to the Corporation of Berlin a handsomely-bound copy of his "diary" as a token of his appreciation of their hospitality—a *quid pro quo* which the German mind will scarcely relish.

MR. EVELYN BELLEW, a son of the late well-known Rev. J. M. Bellew, appears on the stage as Hamlet. On the authority of the veteran actor, Walter Lacey, Mr. Bellew will introduce several new readings, which will excite the interest of Shakspearean students.

MR. DISRAELI makes it a strong point that Conservatives should open their houses and give a social *clat* to the régime. And he sets an excellent example himself, for there has never been a Prime Minister latterly who has given so many dinners.

THE South Kensington Museum has just received a valuable gift. Mr. Wynn Ellis has presented it with the well-known marble statue, *Eve at the Fountain*, by E. H. Baily, R.A., one of the most celebrated works of modern English sculpture.

In several stores in Munich several objects of art have lately been displayed which are remarkable for their brilliant silver hue. It appears that they are mere plaster models covered with a thin coat of mica powder, which perfectly replaces the ordinary metallic substances.

A FRENCH journalist is engaged on a life of the Maid of Orleans, founded on unpublished, and, it is said, very curious documents. The work will include a military history of the heroine, written from a purely strategical point of view, with regard to her quality as general of an army.

It is proposed to abolish the lectures in Latin delivered on behalf of the Gresham College in the city of London. These lectures are now delivered to only five or six students, whereas the Gresham lectures delivered in English invariably attract an audience of some three or four hundred persons.

ONE of the sayings attributed to poor Timothée Trimm, enough of which are floating about now to make the fortune of those who can manage to catch them and call them their own after a little alteration, was—"Let us respect the dwellers in the garrets; the angels, the eagles, and the poor are lodged high up!"

THE lives of Napoleon's sisters are about being published, respecting whom there are several apocryphal stories in circulation. We have the "Nieces of Mazarin," the "Daughters of the Regent," the "Aunts of Louis XVI.;" it is time to know the truth about Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline Bonaparte.

THE statue of the late Lord Canning has just been placed in the "Statesmen's Corner" of Westminster Abbey. It stands close to that of George Canning, his father, and in consequence of the plinth resting on the step of the monument of "the loyal Duke of Newcastle," is of greater altitude. Directly opposite is the statue of Lord Palmerston.

THE occupants of the Ladies' Gallery in the British House of Commons were not asked to withdraw lately when strangers were expelled. By a Parliamentary fiction ladies are not supposed to be present; but they were certainly very audible during the exclusion of the lords of the creation, and their criticisms were of a somewhat severe and personal character.

LIBERTY of conscience is not permitted in Strasburg. The Directory of the Strasburg Protestant Church has just reminded clergymen that they are to read every Sunday from the pulpit "a prayer for the German Emperor and Empire." In spite of this warning, some pastors have omitted the prayer in question. The Directory has just menaced them, in case of persistence in their refusal, with severe disciplinary penalties, and even with dismissal. This threat has been directed, above all, against two ecclesiastics who preach in the French language.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PENN MONTHLY for June contains an important paper on Law Reform. It deals with the programme of the association formed in Brussels in October of 1873, for the purpose of securing some measure of uniformity in legislation on such matters as Bills of Exchange, Foreign Judgments, Copyright, Patent Law and Trade Marks. The great annual conference of this association will be held at the Hague in the first week of September next, and, as a preparatory step, a set of circulars has been issued, showing the general purpose and scope of the association, and including a number of questions to commercial authorities, requesting their opinion as to a uniform system of laws as to Bills of Exchange. We wonder how far, if at all, Canada will be represented at this conference. Another able paper in the present number of the Philadelphia magazine treats of Industrial Education, a subject upon which we have written rather fully in the columns of this journal. The other articles are of a standard character and the literary criticism is thorough and impartial.

We have received two pamphlets from Dr. Henry Howard, Medical Superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, at St. Johns, Q., one on the Present High Pressure System of Education, and the other, on the Rules for the Management of the Insane in Lunatic Asylums. The substance of the first pamphlet which appeared in the *Canada Medical and Surgical Journal* for December 1874, we reviewed fully at the time, and we now express our pleasure at seeing the papers published in a collected and more enduring form. They ought to circulate widely among teachers and professors of every grade, being calculated to effect a large measure of reform. The second pamphlet goes over ground of which the author is thoroughly conversant both by study and experience. It contains lucid, practical and Christian directions on a variety of useful topics—such as, receiving a patient into an asylum, amusements, religion and politics, mechanical restraint, baths, clothing, bedding, visits and diet. Dr. Howard has made himself a reputation as Superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum during the past fourteen years, and we are glad to know that he will continue his services at the new Longue Pointe Asylum. The two pamphlets are published by the News Printing House, St. Johns, and are every way a credit to that enterprising and flourishing institution.

THE FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—PROMENADE COSTUME.—This costume is made of a light woollen texture of the *café au lait* shade with madras of blue squares, the skirt plain. The front of the apron is composed of three sashes of uniform coloured stuff which material is also used for the bodice. A straw hat garnished with white primroses completes the costume.

Fig. 2.—This figure represents the above costume as seen from behind.

Fig. 3.—SUGGESTIONS FOR PROMENADE COSTUMES.—Long skirts of *taffetas*, prune-colour surrounded at the base with a broad flounce; this flounce is surrounded by another of grey *surah* whose edges are shaped like rose leaves. Over this a *pelerine* which does not fall below the waist.

Fig. 4.—DRESS OF SALMON COLOURED TAFFETAS.—Dragging skirts with *pli Bulgare*, the front ornamented with three aprons superposed behind, ribbon rosettes with the ends hanging down the back.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES

WOMEN love but once—shun that once. WOMEN hate in proportion to their love. MOST women retain their virtue, but too many risk it.

Not all women lie, but some never tell the whole truth.

HATRED is at the bottom of love, as death is at the bottom of life.

You cannot impede a woman in her love; you cannot recall the arrow shot into space.

MAN'S vanity is irritated by defeat and consoled with a rupture. Woman's vanity acts in an inverse sense.

Do not love a romantic woman. She will make an ideal of you which you cannot realize, and which it will grieve you to destroy.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MAY 24.—A religious procession in Brussels was attacked by a mob.

Accounts from Osceola of bush fires are very serious. The amount of damage done can hardly be realized. The further hearing of the Lisapois election case has been postponed until July 8th.

The cricket season in Montreal commences to-day. The King of Burmah wishes to settle his little difficulty with the British and Chinese Governments amicably.

The Toronto assessors are assessing stores of grain held in trust by commission merchants. As the assessment will probably be of a higher per centage than the commission of the merchants for selling the grain, their dissatisfaction can be imagined.

East Elgin and West Simcoe election petitions have been withdrawn.

MAY 25.—Seventy-six pilgrims crossing a river in Austria, were drowned by the sinking of the ferry-boat. A despatch from Madrid says the Government troops are retreating before the Carlists, though in good order. A Bill is to be introduced into the Belgian Chambers making the intention to commit a crime punishable the same as if the crime had been committed.

A motion tantamount to a declaration of want of confidence in Mr. Disraeli's administration was rejected last night in the English House of Commons by 245 to 175.

The revival services held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in London, still continue to attract vast crowds of people in spite of the virulent and incessant criticisms of some of the newspapers.

A wonderful escape is recorded of two men belonging to the Mary and Eliza, which sprang a leak on the voyage from Savannah to Damariscotta. The men were picked up by a N.Y. bound schooner off the top of a cabin, on which frail support they had been for 91 hours without food or water.

MAY 26.—The Boston *Evening Traveller* states that the lease of the property of the Franklin Telegraph Co. to the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Co. has been cancelled.

Papers relative to the investigation of the Duchesne affair have been handed to the German ambassador by the Belgian Government.

The Pennsylvania Coal Companies have refused to treat for the purchase of the Erie Coals Lands and the directors are asked to take appropriate measures under the circumstances.

It is thought that no representation to Congress will be made in regard to the prepayment of newspaper postage from the office of publication, the arrangement seeming generally to meet with the approval of publishers and subscribers.

MAY 27.—The court to which an appeal was taken in the Tipperary election case has unanimously decided that the late John Mitchel was disqualified, and that Mr. Moore the Conservative candidate, is entitled to the seat.

The French Assembly yesterday completed the construction of the new Committee of Thirty, which, as now constituted, is composed of 20 members of the Left, 4 supporters of M. Wallon and 6 Deputies of the Right. M. Gambetta withdrew his name as a candidate.

A very disastrous explosion occurred in Dow's drug store, on Washington Street, Boston, last night, supposed to have been caused either by nitro-glycerine or the gas generator in the cellar. Twenty-two persons were more or less seriously injured, and the damage resulting from the destruction of buildings, etc., is estimated at upwards of \$100,000. Three or four dead bodies have been taken out from the debris, and as many more in a dying condition.

MAY 28.—Paul Boyton reached Cap Gris Nez safely last night.

Final arrangements were made yesterday for the organization of the French Committee of Thirty, with Mr. Laverne as President.

The United States Government have notified Canadian forwarders that lumber passing through the American Canals in Canadian bottoms cannot be bonded.

A Springfield despatch says the Catholic Church at Holyoke was burned last night, and that at least 66 persons were burned to death, besides 10 of 12 who will die.

MAY 29.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been gazetted as a Field-Marshal.

The King and Queen of Sweden are the guests of the Emperor of Germany.

A despatch from London announces the death of Lord Augustus Hervey, M.P. for West Suffolk.

The Commission appointed to investigate the affairs of the U.S. canals will commence its labors on the 2nd proximo.

The South Wales strike has ended by the workmen coming to terms on the basis of a reduction in wages of 12½ per cent.

The latest figures from Springfield give 71 dead, 22 fatally injured and burned, and 27 injured. Of the dead, 55 are women.

A disastrous fire occurred in Portland, N.B., yesterday, destroying between fifty and sixty buildings, and doing damage to the amount of \$150,000.

The Reformers of Monck have nominated J. D. Edgar and Dr. Haney to represent the County in the House of Commons and the Local Legislature respectively.

The Portuguese Cortez has notified the U.S. Government of an Act granting unconditional freedom to all the remaining Portuguese slaves, the Act to go into effect on the 22nd of March, 1876.

The Prefect of the Seine will shortly visit London, on which occasion great festivities are to be held and the chief municipal dignitaries of Europe and America are to be invited to London for the event.

VARIETIES.

THERE are now in Milan, as it is said, three hundred American girls studying singing with a view to the operatic stage.

The latest thing out in the line of celebration is a reunion on the grounds of Dr. Buillard of New Haven, a practising physician for fifty years, of about 1,000 persons at whose birth he professionally assisted.

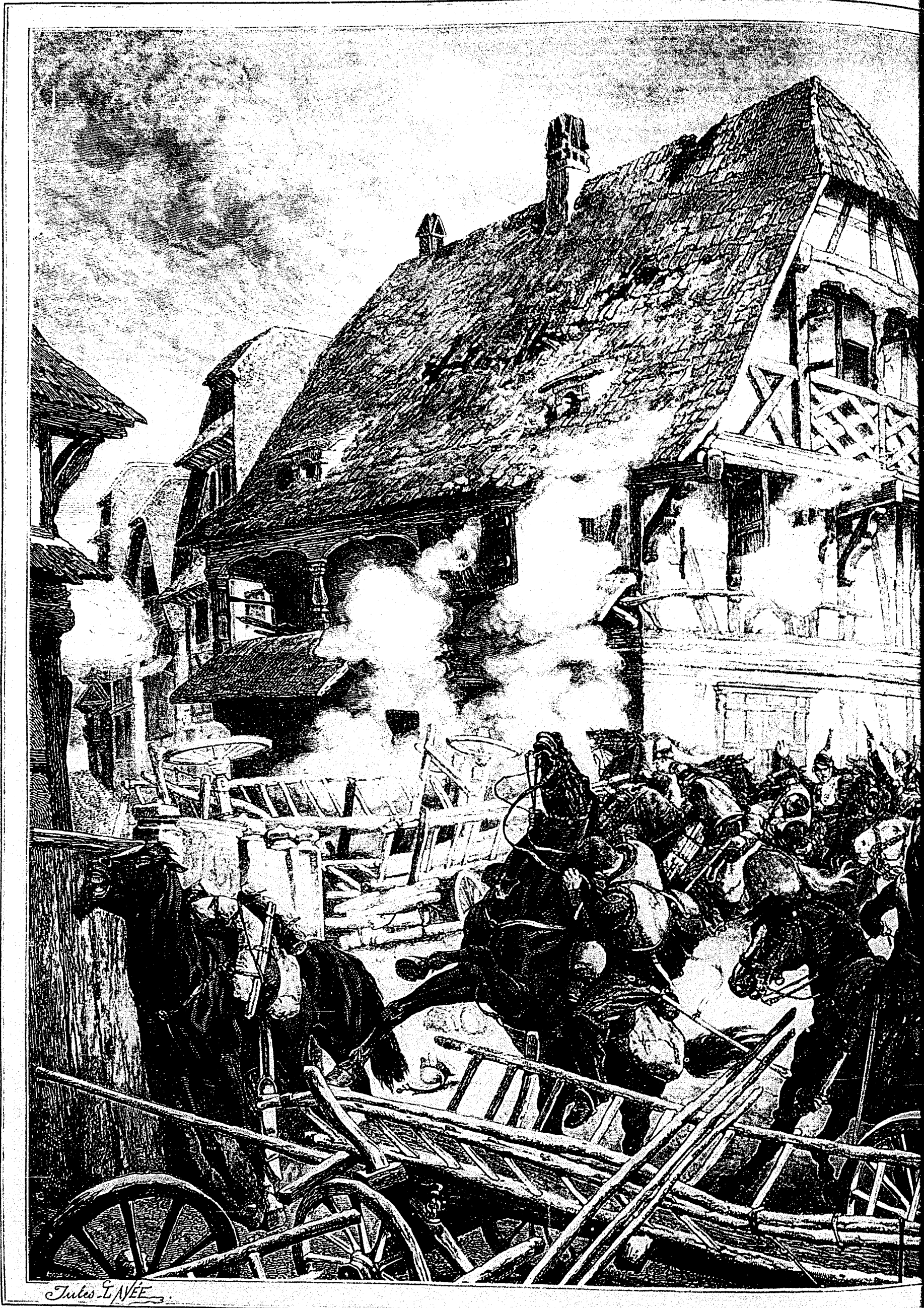
OLD Deacon Roberts was worked up to a high state of enthusiasm in a revival. He was exhorting the unconverted to flee from the wrath to come before it was too late; for, said he, "the Lord is here now, and He may not be here again for twenty years."

A MAGNIFICENTLY-BOUND copy of Mr. Sankey's hymns was sent lately to the Princess of Wales by the revivallists, with an humble address praying her Royal Highness to accept it. A richly-bound copy of the hymns was also sent to the Duchess of Sutherland.

A NATIVE of India states that an effort is being made to induce the Princess of Wales to accompany the Prince on his tour in the autumn, and that intelligent natives are making earnest representations in the proper quarters to this effect. It is said that the appearance of the Princess in public would have a salutary influence in breaking down that Indian exclusiveness which compels native ladies to pass their lives in a kind of domestic imprisonment behind the zenada or veil which separates the female apartments from the rest of the houses, and hence the anxious solicitude to induce the Princess to accompany her Royal husband.

MANY of the words which are supposed to have originated in the United States were formerly in use in England. They were carried to America by the early colonists, and have remained in use there, but have died out in England. It has been supposed that "toliquor" is an Americanism, but the correspondent of a contemporary has accidentally met with a statement by Anthony Wood that one Quin was introduced to Cromwell, who heard him sing with very great delight "liquored him with sack" &c. So too with respect to "tall talk" which is to be found in one of the works of the great Dr. Bentley.

"How shall I grow my plants compact or symmetrical in form?" is a question frequently asked by amateur florists. It is a simple matter, and is accomplished by judicious pruning and cutting. In nearly all kinds of flowering plants, excepting those grown from bulbs, also in trees and shrubs, buds are formed at the axis of the leaves along the stem or branches, while the growth proceeds from its termination. This, in perennials, if not checked, continues to grow, and usually causes a tall or unshapely form, but, by cutting off at any point, or pinching out the terminal buds, new shoots start out at the leaf-joints below the cut, or, if already started, result in a better shaped or more bushy plant or branch. Pruning or pinching should be more generally resorted to than it is; for by observing the principle of growth just alluded to, and varying the pruning to suit the plants, it is just as easy to have them, either in the house, or conservatory, or garden, of fine form as to have them otherwise, and they are so much more rewarding and agreeable to work among. Little danger exists of cutting too much; persons who resort to pruning frequently err in cutting too little. Old plants with long, leafless branches may be entirely re-shaped by severe pruning.



Jules L. VEE.

THE FAMOUS CHARGE OF THE 9TH REGT. OF CUIRASSIERS THE

FROM A PAINTING



J. Hildibrand. sc.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, JUNE 5, 1876.

UGH THE VILLAGE OF MORSBRONN, ON THE 6TH AUGUST, 1870.

BY ED. DETAILLE.

AMID THE ROSES.

I seek her midst the roses, and
My soul is sore for love.
Her image beams serenely grand
As Cynthia's form above,
Enchanted in halo. Brave my hand
To grasp thy treasure trove!

I seek her midst the roses, for
I may no longer wait
A suitor reckless at her door,
And flinch to learn my fate.
I dare not hope. I dare no more
Than humbly supplicate.

I seek her midst the roses, where
Soft pleasures, redolent
Of gracious things, enrich the air
Impregnate with their scent.
She can but choose to hear a prayer
With odour thus besprent.

I meet her midst the roses. Yes;
Hard by the mossy briars,
One bud she clasps in close caress,
So cold, though near her fires.
To live as that, nor more nor less,
Would surfeit Jove's desires.

I greet her midst the roses, while
Pierce burns the breath of May.
Why turns she to avoid my smile?
Why cast her bud away?
Just Phœbus! could a thing of guile
Deserve a darker day?

Yet, no! Amid the roses, I
Will deem her cruel-kind;
When maiden frowns disdainfully
"There wisdom to be blind."
"Twere weak to count a wilful eye
The reflex of her mind."

Thus, tremulous midst the roses, lest
My love its love should miss,
I falter forth a bold request
That she-will grant me bliss—
But once to sip her best of best,
The nectar of a kiss.

She midst her roses stands apart
In silvery panoply
Of innocence. But Cupid's dart,
Though fitted warily,
Wings not its flight. Must I depart
Shamed of my urgency?

Ye roses! 'Such request, Sir Knight,
Fond heart should never rue,
I hear her whisper, laughing light.
"Though best of best for you,
Nor coral lip, nor forehead white,
Rather this silken shoe!"

An echo from the roses rends
My bosom and the sky,
Humbly I kneel. My right hand bends.
Her lutelet to untie,
Whilst she a dainty foot extends
In gesture mockingly.

Then mid the blossoms ruby red
The Boy-God draws his shaft,
Home has the love-tipt arrow sped
On roseate odours waft.
She thrills. Her dainty heart has bled
Ere my poor lips have quaffed.

In true obedience hers, not her,
The fire-containing ice.
No cause to cringe, no fear to err;
She changes in a trice
From white to rose; confounding, 'Sir,
You give me Paradise.'

Ye swains, amid the roses find
"Twere wisdom to be true,
Your Chloe's test may seem unkind,
And hard your Chloe's shoe;
Yet when she proves your constant mind
She'll consent to you."
COMPTON READE.

ALL A GREEN WILLOW.

Perhaps few minds are more free from traditional superstitions than mine, and any confession of belief in gipsy lore would have continued invariably to raise a smile of pitying incredulity on my lips, had I not lately been an actor in as weird a fulfilment of human prophecy as I ever read of in the darkest records of a bygone age.

Fond of boating, and an enthusiastic artist, I had given myself an opportunity of satisfying both muscle and mind with the pleasures of aquatic and water-colours by occupying, during the summer months of 187-, a tiny cottage on the Surrey side of the Thames, not far from Mortlake.

Among the many acquaintances to whom circumstances had introduced me, there were two young fellows of about my own age, to whom my heart warmed with more than common friendship—men whose tastes, pursuits, and interests in life were identical with mine, but whose physical strength, rare personal attractions, and undoubted genius contributed to raise them in my eyes into heroes far above my humble mediocrity.

Like myself, both were untrammelled by the cares of marriage; both were worshippers at the shrine of art; both were lovers of the silver stream that gave our pencils ample scope for work, and our bodies healthful exercise. Like myself, they both trusted to their art for maintenance. Closer and closer, during many years of comparative poverty, of alternating hopes and fears, of success and disappointment, had the cords of affectionate sympathy bound us together. No jealousies had ever marred the perfect unity of our aspirations, or the harmony of our brotherhood. Being a little man, light of weight and lazy of habits, without that development of muscle and sinew necessary to a successful oarsman, I was always relegated to the rudder during our daily river excursions, while my two stalwart companions increased their corded muscles as stroke and bow respectively.

One sunny April afternoon we had been for an unusually long pull, and, as we eased off the Ship Inn at Mortlake, a sensation arose to our lips and palates only to be allayed by a copious draught of "old-and-bitter." So we paddled alongside, and, weary and athirst, lounged into the pretty little bay-windowed parlour, and called for much malt liquor.

The tide was nearly at its height; the golden sunshine flooded all the scene; the green reeds

whispered softly on the opposite bank; the pale leaves of the tender spring were budding fresh and joyous all around; the air was heavy with the odour of crass lilac-bushes and the fragrance of sweetbrier; laburnum waved its golden garlands in the balmy breeze. Everywhere was sunshine wooing Nature; everywhere was Nature throbbing to its kiss.

With the pipes of peace between the lips of contentment, we lounged and chatted at the open bay-window, tranquilly inhaling the united charms of tobacco and fresh air.

Lionel Seton, the elder of my companions, wearied with his day's exertions, threw his colossal frame on the sofa, and silently watched the wreaths of pale-blue smoke he puffed into the upper air. A reticent man was he, not given to many words; of an ardent affectionate nature, hasty of temper, brave and strong—a very model of a Saxon Hercules. The frankness of his bold blue eyes, his curling locks, the forest of his golden beard, his straight strong limbs and mighty shoulders made him the cynosure of every eye. There he lay, six feet of physical perfection; the corded muscles of his limbs standing out Milo-like from arm and chest and throat, the sunshine playing with his yellow hair.

No less striking in appearance, though built in quite another mould, was Cyril de Fonvielle, who with his head resting on his hands, was dreamily staring into space across the stream. In person he was as tall as Lionel, but more slightly formed. Large hazel eyes looked dreamily out from under pencilled brows; a heavy auburn moustache shaded a somewhat sensual mouth. The close wavy hair and pale clear skin gave signs of more southern blood than ours, while the exceeding delicacy of his strong white hands and shapely feet spoke to high breeding under any clime. In character the contrast between the two men was no less marked. A repose amounting almost to sadness was the prevalent expression on Cyril's face. His manner was unobtrusive almost to coldness, though in sickness or sorrow more tender care than his, more winning sympathy, never soothed a pain-fraught body, nor comforted a weary heart. He lived in Mortlake with a widowed mother, a woman of a noble character, in whose pale face past beauty and present suffering showed their trace. For she was an almost helpless cripple from a fall in earlier days; and an ever-pressing poverty had wrought no mitigation of her lot. She had a daughter too; younger than Cyril, extremely like her brother, both in person and character. Brother and sister possessed in common a dreamy poetic temperament, a keen appreciation of the beautiful, and an extraordinary power of sympathy, when circumstances called it forth. The same low broad brow and dark wavy hair, the same hazel eyes and full curved lips, characterised Adela as Cyril. There was a nameless refinement about them both, a patrician bearing, a high-bred grace, that seemed to belong to them above all others.

Presently Cyril, still gazing dreamily at the willows across the stream, with that expression in his great dark eyes that seemed to be ever looking onward and outward to some blissful possible not yet garnered to the granaries of fact, broke silence.

"Dreary, very dreary, is that opposite bank," he said. "The willows murmur ceaselessly a hushed and mournful wail; the reeds breathe low, as if in some mysterious fear; they nod and beckon from their solitude, and wave a silent longing for companionship. Dreary, very dreary, is that opposite bank."

"It has a weird aspect," I replied; "and forms a strong contrast to this side. But why cherish dismal scenes straight over yonder, when the glorious reaches right and left shimmer so brightly in the spring sunshine?"

He laughed, a little laugh more like a sigh, as he answered, "I suppose I am somewhat of a fatalist. It is because that dismal scene is straight before me, neither to right nor left, that my mind dwells on it. Those waving willows have a strange charm for me; they seem so near to all the gladness of the Surrey side, and yet so exiled from its influence. Fancies will steal over one sometimes," he added. "To me the willows opposite speak always of the grave, so silent are they in their solitude; while here with us are life and hurry and noise."

"Enough to drive one wild," I interrupted, as my view was suddenly intercepted by the apparition of a tall wild-looking gipsy woman immediately in front of the bay-window. Her black eyes gleamed through tangled masses of unbound and disordered hair, while above her head she shook castanets, not without skill, to some unintelligible refrain.

As we stood, I noticed that her figure threw a shade over Cyril's face, while the sunlight, gleaming from her castanets, danced merrily over Lionel's, and flashed on his golden beard. The noise of the music and the sheen of the bells roused the recumbent giant from his reverie, and brought him to the window to know the cause of his disturbance. Gaily he laughed, as he crossed the gipsy's palm with money, and opened his great strong hand to have his fortune told. Grayely she traced the lines, searchingly she gazed into his blue eyes, then traced the lines again. Suddenly, with a gleam of satisfaction, which made even her old withered face look bright, she flung the castanets above her aged head and sang the following refrain:

'Sunny smiles from woman's eyes
Await thee under tropic skies;
Grassy lands and yellow corn,
Stalwart sons and daughters born;
Showy fancies, golden pieces;
Wifely love that never ceases.
Springing from thy marriage morn.'

Little as Lionel believed in divination, the evident faith in her prophecy, that inspired the old gipsy's tone, made some impression on his joyous soul. Pushing Cyril forward, he anxiously watched for the same good fortune for his friend; but the gipsy's hand trembled as she gazed into Cyril's face, and the great tears gathered in her coal-black eyes. She gently smoothed his strong white hand, and bent her head in silence.

"Nay, nay, good mother," said De Fonvielle; "if love and gold are not for me, tell me, at least, what I must avoid."

Thus pressed, she gently laid aside his hand, and chanted in a wild weird tremolo:

'Fond caresses, nutbrown tresses,
Lure thee onward to thy doom;
Green reeds weeping o'er maiden
Sleeping
Wrap thee in funeral gloom.
Starry worlds above thy head,
Rushes for thy bridal bed,
Willows for thy tomb.'

Half frightened by the woman's tone, I looked up hastily at Cyril; he met my eyes, and a slight shudder ran through his frame; while the castanets fell from the old crone's hand and dropped in jangling discord on the ground. Anxious to divert attention, I offered my own hand for inspection, not without an inward mis-giving, I must confess.

Presently, with resumed composure, and the same grave faith in her own foreknowledge as at first, she chanted:

'Wedding-bells, but not thine own,
Greet thee at the hour of noon;
Lowly paces, upturned faces,
Haunt thee by the midnight moon.
At morn thy voice shall greet the bride,
At night thy fingers shall divide
Dead lovers' dead caresses.'

A feeling of awe stole over us all as the gipsy, catching up her castanets, disappeared as suddenly as she had come, and left us gazing blankly at each other.

"When you are a millionaire in the tropics," said I to Lionel, by way of making a joke of the whole thing, "you can send us paupers at home an odd thousand or two occasionally; and as to you, Cyril, who may this maiden of the nutbrown tresses be, whom you have kept dark from both of us?"

"I have never been in love in my life," said Cyril frankly, "and I have no more notion who the old woman means than you have. But it is getting late; my people expect both you fellows to dinner to-night. So let us be off."

Cyril and I moved off in one direction—Lionel to his own lodgings in another quarter, to meet us in an hour at the house of the De Fonvielles. Our road lay along the towing-path, now silent and deserted. Deepening twilight was settling down upon the river, when suddenly a woman's scream rang in our ears, followed by another and another. We dashed round the clump of willows from which the voice proceeded, and saw a fair young girl, with hair disordered and unbound, vainly struggling in the arms of a brutal bargeman, whose coarse lips sought to smother in caresses her terrified cries for help. For several moments I knew not what occurred. The bargeman furious at being balked, struck out on the instant, and sent me spinning down the bank, till I reached the water's level. When covered with mud, besmeared with blood, and dripping with water, I again put in an undignified and lugubrious appearance on the top of the bank, I found Cyril holding the fainting girl in his arms, a great gash on his temple, from which the blood flowed copiously, and the bargeman was nowhere to be seen. It is evident that he had been worsted in the fight, and had made off with all convenient speed. It was no time to ask questions. We laid the fainting woman on the grass, and bathed her temples and chafed her hands till consciousness returned. She was a lady evidently, very young and beautiful, and with masses of nutbrown hair. How came she here alone, in darkening twilight, unprotected? I shuddered as I thought of her abandoned to the tender mercies of the sturdy ruffian from whom Cyril had rescued her. Presently the little fluttering soul came back; and with a weary sigh she opened her great wandering eyes. Soon, as the past came back to her, she clung closer to Cyril; and the drops from his bleeding temple fell on her upturned brow. Directly she knew that he was wounded all care for herself seemed to vanish, and all her thought was for him. Tearing her handkerchief into strips, she dipped the pieces in the cool Thames water, and bound them round his forehead. I think we were not altogether sorry for the gathering darkness. Orthodox heroes are wont to floor their foes by one swift stunning blow, and themselves, scathless, receive beauty's gratitude on bended knee. But here was one of us with a wound of which he would bear the scar for life, and the other a soused and draggled specimen of limp humanity, not yet recovered from the mighty force of a bargeman's single blow.

The girl, as it turned out, was a little governess, living quite alone, she said. She had been giving a music lesson at Kew, and, tempted by the beauty of the day, was wandering home along the river's bank when she was insulted by the ruffian from whose embraces Cyril had delivered her. When we had escorted her to a little creeper-clad cottage where she lived, and had received permission to call again next day, we departed to our own homes, to efface the traces of our late encounter.

Arrived at his mother's house, Cyril was very silent as to the day's events; and I, having a vague dislike to the weird utterances of the gipsy, and feeling wofully small in the part I had eventually played with the bargeman, was

more than usually taciturn. Perhaps the old crone's chants influenced us all. Certainly I had never before noticed, as I did this night, the tender earnest tones in Lionel's voice whenever he spoke to Adela, or the atmosphere of gentle devotion with which he enveloped her. Accustomed to Adela's society from her childhood, I knew her and cared for her as my own sister; and from this very night I began to detect in her shyness and reserve towards the golden-haired Hercules the subtle influence of awakened love.

Cyril was silent and preoccupied. Pensive he had always been; but now a warmer, deeper light seemed to glow in his lustrous hazel eyes than heretofore. The very next day found him at the cottage of Kate Vaughan, the rescued governess. Before a week had passed she and Adela were bosom friends; and at the end of a month it seemed as if we had all known her from her babyhood. She was a pretty wayward blue-eyed child, not yet out of her teens—an orphan, poor but well-born; a spirited girl withal, sparkling and gay—her voice and face and air full of merriment. But perhaps the chiefest charm of all was her wealth of nutbrown hair.

Time flew on apace. Spring changed to summer; and other changes than that of seasons came to guide the current of our lives. Cyril, more fortunate than I or Lionel, had at length painted a picture judged worthy of acceptance by the Academy; and his fame was bruited abroad. A weird and fanciful subject he had chosen truly—a moonlight scene upon the silver Thames, rushes and weeping willows everywhere and on the flat waste land on the farther side a single female figure with bowed head. A full flood of yellow moonlight rested on her, making her thus stand out from the surrounding gloom. The sketch had a certain grandeur about it. It pleased in high places. It sold for a large sum; and Cyril was on the road to fortune.

"There's been an accident," he shouted, in a rough evil voice; "a boat came round yonder point but a short time ago, and fell foul of this here barge; and the gentleman and lady both are—"

"Where? For God's sake, tell us quickly! Are we too late to help?" I cried.

"Gone to the bottom! I never heard a sound. The gentleman was struck by the barge just on the forehead, and dropped his oars, like one stunned, afore the boat turned over, and she the lady, never spoke one word, but spread out both hands and caught him as he reeled; than they sank together, and the boat has gone down stream."

"How long ago was this?" said one of the young fellows with me.

"Nigh on an hour ago," returned the bargeman hoarsely, with a cruel smile.

Not many weeks after our meeting with the gipsy at the Ship Inn, Lionel Seton received a letter from an uncle in the Brazils, announcing the death of his only son, and offering to adopt Lionel in his boy's place, provided that his nephew came out to settle in South America and to cultivate the broad acres that were his property. To a man in Seton's position, without kindred, money, or influence at home, so brilliant a prospect admitted of no refusal; and when he found that Adela, the idol of his heart, was willing to follow wherever he led, his cup of bliss was well-nigh brimming over. Their marriage was fixed to take place the first week in October; and the newly-wedded pair were to proceed at once to their new home in the Western Hemisphere without further delay. I quite expected that Cyril and Kate would catch the reflected glow of the happiness that enveloped Adela and Lionel; but though Cyril's passion evidently grew and strengthened day by day, till all his world was centred in his little Kate, some unseen influence seemed working in his heart, which kept him from avowing it to her. And she, sweet sunny soul, was only waiting for her love's first kiss, to be his only, his forevermore. Yet were the two always side by side—his tall lithe figure contrasting with her child-like form, her sparkling eyes of the bluest blue merrily challenging his mute gaze of love. For me, I was happy in the loves of all. Mrs. de Fonvielle had ever been as a mother to me since years before I had lost my own, and it fell to my share to guide her garden-chair and anticipate her wants, while the happy quartet were inhaling draughts of passionate bliss from the light of each other's eyes.

Thus summer glided into autumn. The day of the wedding was close at hand, and the pangs of the coming separation shared with our hopes a place in the hearts of all. So bright, so joyous was the prospect in the Brazils for Lionel and Adela, that the parting lost much of its sting to us younger ones; but to Mrs. de Fonvielle, who had never yet been parted from her youngest born, I knew the blow would be a heavy one.

At last the wedding morn arrived. A quieter wedding it could not have been, but a more splendid-looking couple never stood before altars. Types of perfect man and maiden hood, stalwart Lionel and peerless Adela were married and were one.

Then, while we signed our names, I pressed a brotherly kiss upon her brow, and as my lips touched her it chimed the hour of noon. Then gaily and wildly rang out the bells, and the village children strewed the path with flowers. I walked by Mrs. de Fonvielle's bath-chair, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks; and Kate and Cyril wandered on in front.

As I guided the invalid's chair up the shrubbery-walk, I saw the two seated on a garden-bench—her hand in his, his face bent down to hers. I saw the meeting of their lips, the look of fathomless joy throned in their eyes, and I

knew that all was well. Joy, indeed, was in the hearts of all at seeing Cyril's betrothed ring on Kate's small hand, at knowing that two dear ones though left behind, would not be left alone.

The parting was over—Lionel and Adela were gone.

Their ship sailed from the Loudon Docks that very evening. I did all I could to cheer Mrs. de Fonvielle. Cyril and Kate had started for a walk to Richmond, in which I had declined to join them, feeling that in their new relationship they must prefer to go alone. It was late when they started; so the dinner hour was postponed till eight o'clock, by which time they had no doubt of returning. The autumn twilight deepened into night; an October moon rose bright and clear, and crested the rippling Thames with silvery light; the village clock chimed eight, but Kate and Cyril had not yet returned. Concealing my anxiety as best I could, I invented for Mrs. de Fonvielle's benefit every reason possible, or impossible, for their delay. I knew the friends to whose house they had gone. Doubtless there had been much to tell of the wedding and the start from England, and the new betrothal; but nine o'clock came, and still the pair did not appear. My anxiety became too intense to admit of further inaction. In a few minutes a train would pass Mortlake for Richmond. I threw on my hat and coat and tore down to the station. I arrived just in time, and from the Richmond terminus rushed in hurry and alarm to the house at which their visit was to have been paid. I was informed by the lady of the house that both Cyril and his fiancée had been there till as late as seven o'clock; that Kate, wearied out by the fatigues of the day, had suggested that Cyril should row her home; and that she, their hostess, had lent them her sons' boat for that purpose, on their promising to return it the following day.

A nameless terror froze my blood—a grim presentiment of some dread tragedy. Just then the lady's sons came in. I communicated my fears to them, and we determined to row over the same course as Cyril had taken with all possible speed; so that if perchance some accident had indeed occurred, we might either give immediate help or at any rate know the worst.

The two brothers were vigorous men and practised oars, accustomed to pull together; and I took the lines in my trembling hands, and soon aided by the ebb of the tide, we were well on our course to Mortlake. All was silent and still; the oars flashed with even strokes in the light of the autumn moon. Still no boat in sight, no trace of the missing lovers. We neared Mortlake. Suddenly, on rounding a corner about half a mile from the Ship Inn, we nearly ran foul of a barge on which loomed, gigantic in the darkness, a solitary figure of a man; as he changed his position to hail us the moonlight fell full upon his face, and I saw he was the same bargeman the strength of whose arm I had such cause to recollect.

Oh, how the gipsy's warning rang in my ears! Horror-struck, almost beyond expression, I bade the oarsmen once more hurry on; mechanically, sick with dread of what I felt was yet to come, I steered for the weeping willows opposite the Inn, and, leaping out, searched in the swaying reeds by the river side.

Yes, there they lay, white and stark and dead, circled in each other's arms; his lips just pressing hers, her wealth of nutbrown hair lying out upon the stream. A willow bough had caught them as they floated by, and lay pillowing the heads of both united in their death. Reverently I raised Cyril's handsome head from the face of beautiful betrothed; and even as I parted their lips the sounds of the midnight hour rang out on the silent night. Mingling with the toll of death I thought I heard the jangling clang of broken castanets.

GLADSTONE'S FINANCES.

Mr. Conway writes that there is a whisper in the London clubs that Mr. Gladstone has somehow become very poor, and that his retirement was to a large extent brought about by the fact that the loss of his income as Premier rendered it impossible for him to keep up that state which a party leader must, equally with a Prime Minister, maintain. Probably this rumor is based upon the immediate revolution in the statesman's domestic affairs which followed his resignation of the leadership. He has not only given up his mansion in Carlton Terrace, but has sold his large and important collections of articles of art and vertu. This collection was the result of a great deal of care and study, and is full of interest. There were some very valuable articles, which it was supposed Mr. Gladstone could not be induced to part with, and some of these have for many years filled a case in the South Kensington Museum. But in walking through the Museum I noticed that these had also disappeared, and the circumstances leave no doubt that the objects have passed out of their former owner's hands. The objects were chiefly ancient jewelled dishes, plates, and altar ornaments. The only thing new left in the Museum marked "Lent by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone," is the large bronze Waterloo medal, made by Pistrucci, which reminds one of a victory of which its owner was not the Wellington. It is an indication of the immense number of beautiful objects which the Museum always has at its disposal in excess of its wants, that twenty-four hours had not elapsed after the Gladstone case was cleared before it was refilled by objects quite as precious and beautiful. A superb porphyry vase (French, Louis XV.), mounted with gold, was lent by the Queen, and now fills the place of

her late Premier's finest dish, and near this has been placed a beautiful specimen of the work of Desire Allargt, a gold and silver vase. M. Beresford Hope contributes an exquisite fifteenth century Tryptich, and Sir Richard Wallace the "Khandjar," an enamelled and jewelled dagger made for presentation to Tipoo Sahib. In the centre of the same case rises to the height of over a yard a wonderful racing cup—a cup made for a Derby day prize in 1172—wonderfully wrought and representing "The Birth of the Horse." All the gods and graces of Olympus are gathered together to do homage to the horse, which stands winged and rampant on the cover of this elongated chalice! Hard by all these is a royal chariot or car, drawn by four horses, the whole being between four and five feet in length. This curious carriage is open, and in it, under a canopied back, sits a king, who holds a bottle of wine, and seems to be intoxicated. Three of his ministers are with him, and one is belaboring another with a stick. The driver, seated on high is flourishing his lash over the four horses. This large and antique work is of solid silver, most richly wrought and chased, and studded with several hundreds of precious stones. Who made it or when it was made no label as yet informs us. It is very certain that the visitors to the Museum have not lost by the withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone's treasures, but rather gained. Nevertheless it is painful to the people to observe these apparent signs of the breaking up and passing away of the fortunes of a time-honored leader. The precious objects once owned by him may be more than replaced, and even the same may reappear in the Museum by fac-simile reproductions, but it will be a long time before the brilliant qualities of the statesman are surpassed or resembled in the House of Commons. That body has unquestionably lost much in the popular interest because Gladstone no longer leads it, nor stimulates Disraeli to his best. Disraeli has not made one spirited speech since his old antagonist subsided.

A GONDOLA RACE.

A correspondent writing from Italy says: On the edge of the broad lagoon all the floating citizens of Venice had gathered to witness the two-mile heat between a dozen gondolas in single harness. The narrow horizon was black with boats that lined the watery course. There was no colliding, no swamping, no crossing of long oars in the hands of angry oarsmen; there was not an accident of any sort nor anything approaching it, though the crowd was great, for this was the last day of the festival. The gondolas had passed us, outward bound, and we cheered them because everybody else did. Moreover, the day was lovely. There was the faintest haze hovering over the water; the city walls were mirrored in a sea of glass. All the colors of the rainbow were blended in the picturesque and fantastic costumes of the Venetian plebeians, who were making the most of their day. There were boats full of babies—water-babies, or perhaps I had better call them wine-babies—with big black eyes like the eyes of seals, and lips like red coral. They hung over their family boats that were rocking like cradles, and dabbed their hands in the water, fishing for the long sea-grasses that waved to and fro under our keels. There were plebeian swells, sea swells, gondollers with a torrent of black hair sweeping off from their foreheads and falling in cascades over their shoulders; round their heads they wore scarlet handkerchiefs tied in a little knot at the back. There were fellows gorgeous in Turkish fez or the long, lapping Greek cap—and with such figures in such poses! Wine and fruit barges passed up and down the course driving briar bargains. There was wit in the air, and much betting on every hand; there was no end of flirting behind fans that were unfurled in lieu of parasols. The very boats seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and rubbed against each other and touched noses in the friendliest fashion. Presently we heard a gun; the gondollers had turned the buoy and were coming in on the same stretch. Everybody rose at once, and saw nothing but the head and shoulders of his neighbor in bold relief against the hazy sky. At this we all laughed and sat down again. Shots were heard in the distance, and cheers swept down to us over the water. Then a thousand handkerchiefs were suddenly shaken in the air—a long, black roller that reached from one horizon to the other, with a calm river flowing between, seemed to break suddenly into the foam. The boats of the municipality rushed down between the two lines of spectators and maddened us with expectation. A gondola followed—a long black gondola, with its slim throat stretching out of the water and its silver crest flashing in the sun. The gondolier who was propelling this victorious sea monster—it swung a little from side to side, like a serpent, and seemed to be swimming with its own graceful motion—was paddling with the utmost composure, apparently unconscious of our existence. How we did shriek and toss our hats in the air, and cry "Bravo bravissimo," when he passed us three lengths in advance of all competitors! We grew more excited when the second-best man came down; he was smiling and acknowledging the applause as if he really enjoyed it—which he no doubt did. Then the third man followed, and in his wake the whole sea broke up into gondolas and floating things of all descriptions, and so crowded into the canal as thick as sardines in a box. The gondollers who followed the three winners were not thought worthy of any attention or respect. Poor fellows! they were com-

pletely blown and in a very bad temper. The champions, in their white shirts and trousers, looked as if they had been picked out of the water. They were actually streaming with sweat. But they got 100, 60 and 30 francs prize money, and much besides contributed by the populace. Moreover, they were immediately photographed and lionized.

WAGNER AND HIS WIFE.

A writer in the Atlantic speaks as follows of the "revolutionary" composer: "The hall was filled to overflowing, and finally in marched Wagner and his wife, preceded and followed by various distinguished musicians. As he appeared the audience arose, the orchestra struck up three clanging chords, and everybody shouted Hoch! It gave one a strange thrill. The concert was at twelve, and was preceded by a 'greeting,' which was recited by Frau Jachmann Wagner, a niece of Wagner's, and an actress. She was a pretty woman, fair, fat, and forty, and an excellent speaker. As she concluded she burst into tears, and stepping down from the stage, she presented Wagner with a laurel crown and kissed him. Then the orchestra played Wagner's 'Faust Overture' most superbly, and afterwards his 'Fest March,' from the 'Tannhauser.' The applause was unbounded. Wagner ascended the stage and made a little speech, in which he expressed his pleasure to the musicians and to Sterne and then turned and addressed the audience. He spoke very rapidly, and in the childlike way that all great musicians seem to have, and as a proof of his satisfaction with the orchestra he requested them to play the 'Faust Overture' under his direction. We were all on tiptoe to know how he would direct, and indeed it was wonderful to see him. He controlled the orchestra as if it were a single instrument and he were playing on it. He didn't beat the time simply, as most conductors do, but he had all sorts of little ways to indicate what he wished. It was very difficult for them to follow him, and they had to keep their 'little eye open,' as used to say. He held them down during the first part, so as to give the uncertainty and speculativeness of Faust's character. Then as Mephistopheles came in he gradually let them loose with a terrible crescendo, and made you feel as if hell suddenly gaped at your feet. Then where Gretchen appeared all was delicious melody and sweetness. And so it went on like a succession of pictures. The effect was tremendous. I had one of the best seats in the house, and could see Wagner and his wife the whole time. He has an enormous forehead, and is the most nervous-looking man you can imagine, but has that grim setting of the mouth that betokens an iron will. When he conducts he is almost beside himself with excitement. That is one reason why he is so great as a conductor, for the orchestra catches his frenzy and each man plays under a sudden inspiration. I was as much interested in his wife as in him. You know she is Liszt's daughter. She has a very remarkable face; not at all handsome, but pale and intellectual and full of soul. She must be nearly forty, I should think. She gazed at Wagner as if she only lived and moved and had her being in him, as I suppose is the case."

CRUELTY TO CATTLE.

The Cleveland Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received a letter calling attention to the ill-treatment to which animals are subjected during transportation. The story is as old as it is disgraceful, and it is strange that when such practices as it rehearses are made known to the public some action is not taken to suppress them. It is generally known that cattle coming from the West are transported in cars which are packed so full of them that they cannot lie down at all, and here they are kept without food or water from the time they enter till they reach New York. Many die, and all are necessarily made more or less ill, so that so long as this system is tolerated it is impossible for us to have perfectly healthy beef for our markets. The cause of much of the disease which prevailed among the cattle three or four years ago was the way in which they were treated on their way to market before they left Texas. They were made to perform long journeys in such haste as to strain them and spread a sort of cattle plague wherever they went. At that time attention was called to the necessity of putting a stop to this cruelty and false economy if we did not wish to suffer its physical effects in our own bodies, and it was shown that in transportation it would pay to have cattle cars so arranged that each animal could lie down in its stall, have food and water, and not be tortured in the old stupid and infamous way. The improvement in the condition of cattle would more than compensate for the additional expense attendant upon the construction of such cars, and there were no good reasons why the change should not be made. Still it was not made, and strict legislative enactments rigidly enforced in regard to the matter seem to be the only means by which the brutality of drovers and transporters can be counteracted.

The tariff that binds together all the Fire Insurance Companies has it as a consequence to average the extreme rates of premiums, that is to say, to raise the premiums on ordinary risks and to lower them on extra hazardous ones; and ordinary risks being by far the most numerous, the conclusion to be drawn is the injustice of the tariff for the majority of insurers. The "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, No. 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal, being not a party to the tariff, writes risks in justice to the insuring public.

THE MODEL BOY.

The following description of what a boy ought to be, is published in the Cincinnati Gazette: "If I could make a model boy, I'll tell you what he should be like. He should love cold water and hate a lie. He should be frank and unsuspecting, as becomes a noble, unsuspecting nature, and yet he should be neither silly nor soft. He should have plenty of manias. He should have an appetite like a wolf, for I should wish him to be tall and strong; but he must not be a bit greedy. He should not be ashamed of loving and reverencing all that is good and holy and pure, but with nothing of the mollicoddle about him. He should have a fine, sweet temper, yet he should be, as the Yankee song says, 'An okered man in a row.'"

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It will be recollected by our Chess friends that the Canadian Chess Association in making arrangements for the Congress of 1874 adopted resolutions to the effect that two Tourneys should be held, the one for games, and the other for Problems, and that with reference to the latter, there should be prizes for each of the following; the best two move Problem, the best three move Problem, and the best four move Problem. And also a second prize for the next best in connection with each of the foregoing.

It was, also decided that two honorary prizes should be added, one for the best set (i. e. Two, Three, and Four move Problems,) and another, for the greatest curiosity in Chess; for both the latter foreign players were invited to compete. As regards the Chess Tourney, the results appeared at the end of the Congress. We are now glad to be able to furnish the results of the Problem Tourney, which we doubt not will be acceptable to our readers.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Prize Winners in the Problem Tourney, 1874. Best set of three problems in 2, 3, and 4 moves—J. A. Russell, Montreal.

Best "Curiosity."

W. A. Shinkman, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Best Problems in two Moves.

First—K. H. Ramsay, Coburg. Second—do. do.

Best Problems in three Moves.

First—J. Henderson, Montreal. Second—J. White, Stanstead.

In Four Moves.

First—Dr. J. Ryall, Hamilton. Second—W. Braithwaite, Unionville.

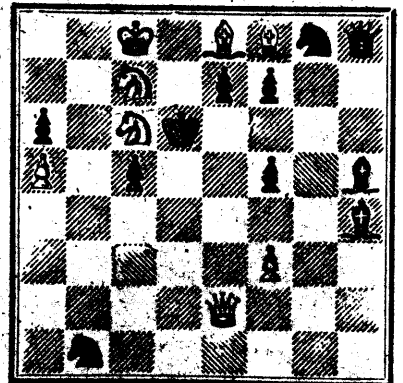
We are happy to be able to add to this notice the Three move Problem which took the first prize, and which in itself affords an excellent study in Chess independent of the interest connected with its being of Canadian origin.

PROBLEM No. 22.

Which took the first prize for best three move problem in the Problem Tourney of the Canadian Chess Congress of 1874.

By J. Henderson, [St. Liboire] Montreal.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 20.

- WHITE. 1. B takes Q P 2. Kt to Q 2nd 3. Kt Checkmates
- BLACK. Kt to Q B 5 any move

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 19.

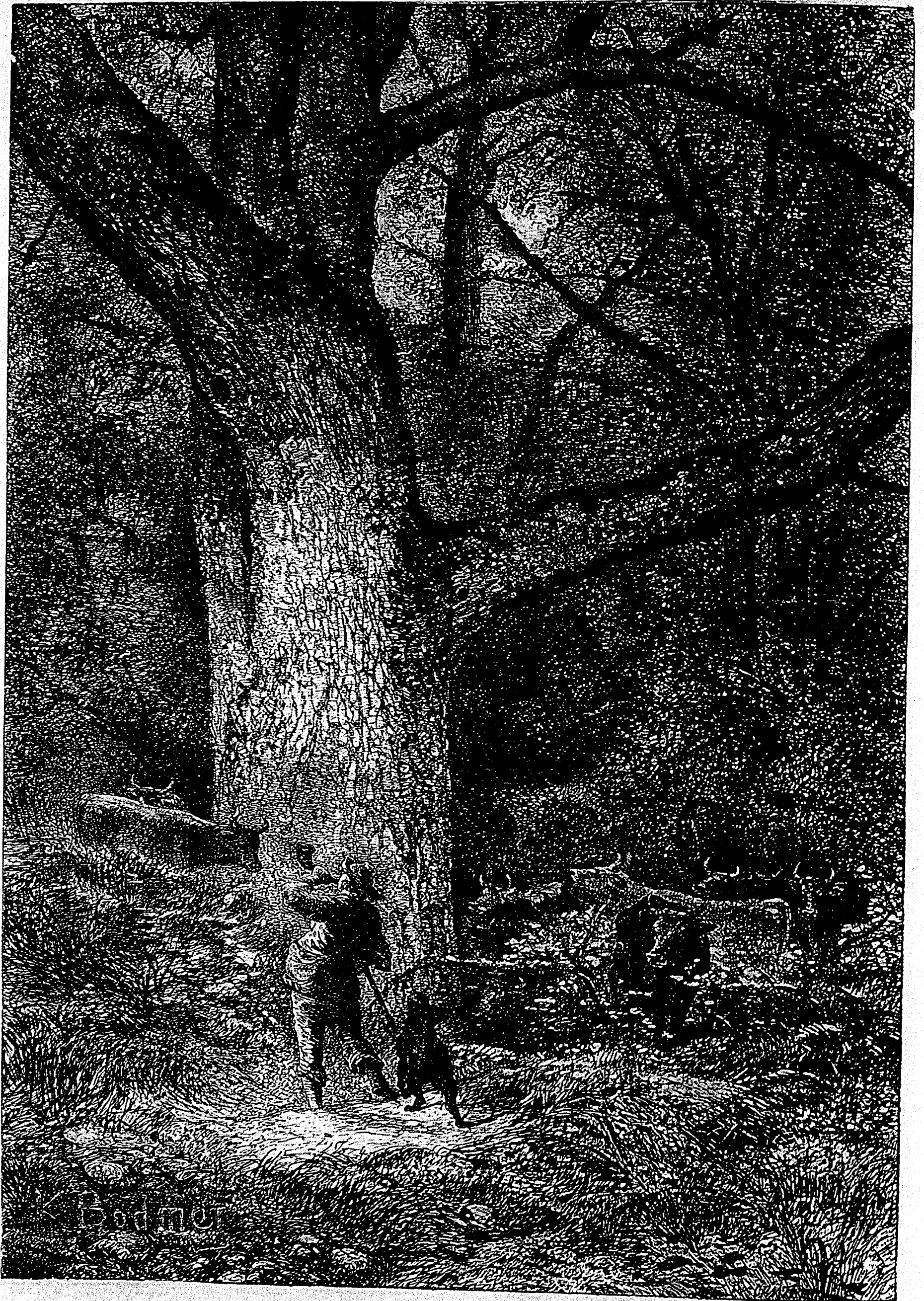
- WHITE. 1. Q takes R (check) 2. R takes Kt (check)
 - BLACK. K takes Q
- And play as Black may, the game must be drawn.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 20.

- WHITE. K at Q R sq Q at E 7th R at Q 4th B at K R 8th B at Q R 2nd Kt at K Kt 2nd Kt at Q R 6th Pawns at K Kt 3rd K B 4th and K 2nd
- BLACK. K at K 3rd Pawns at K R 2nd K R 4th Q 2nd and Q 4th

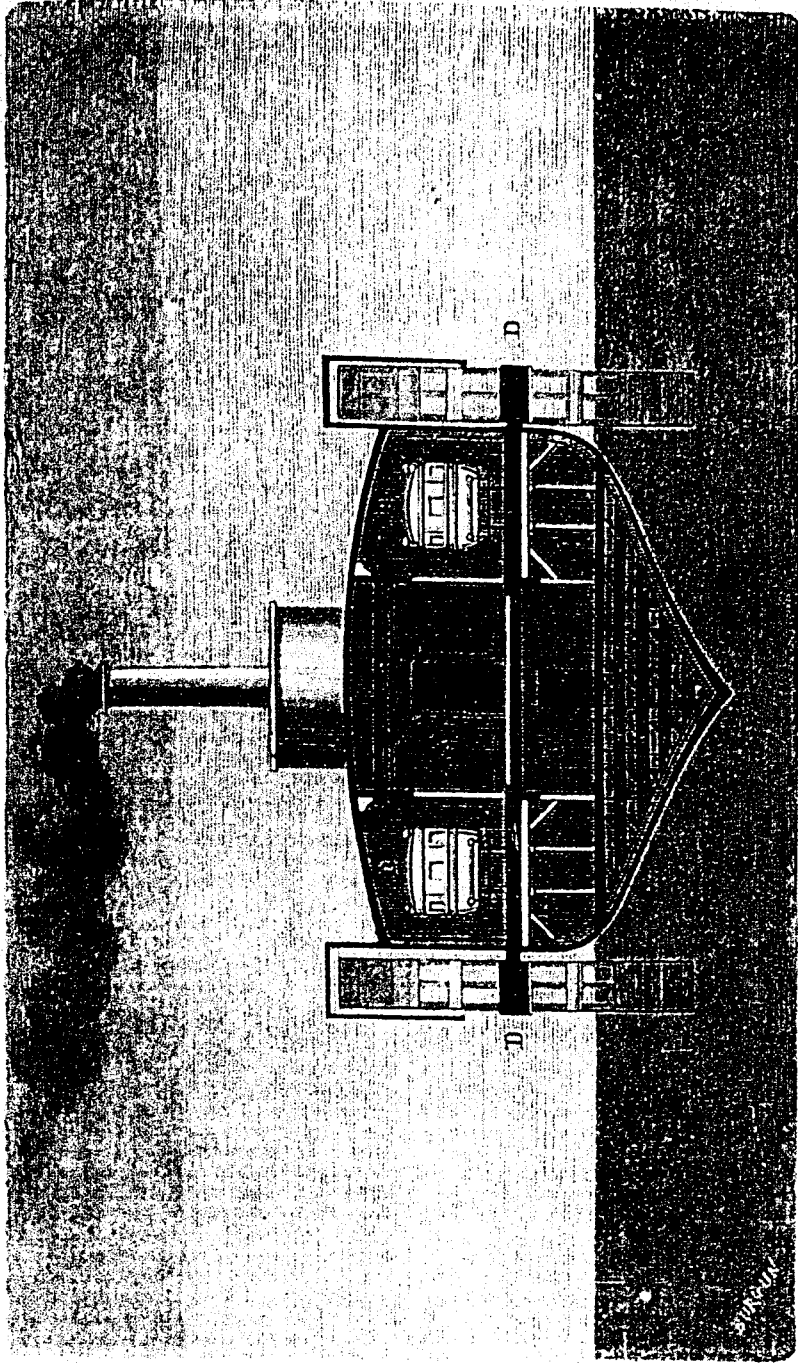
White to play, and Checkmate with the King's Pawn in five moves.



THE CALL ON THE APPROACH OF A STORM.



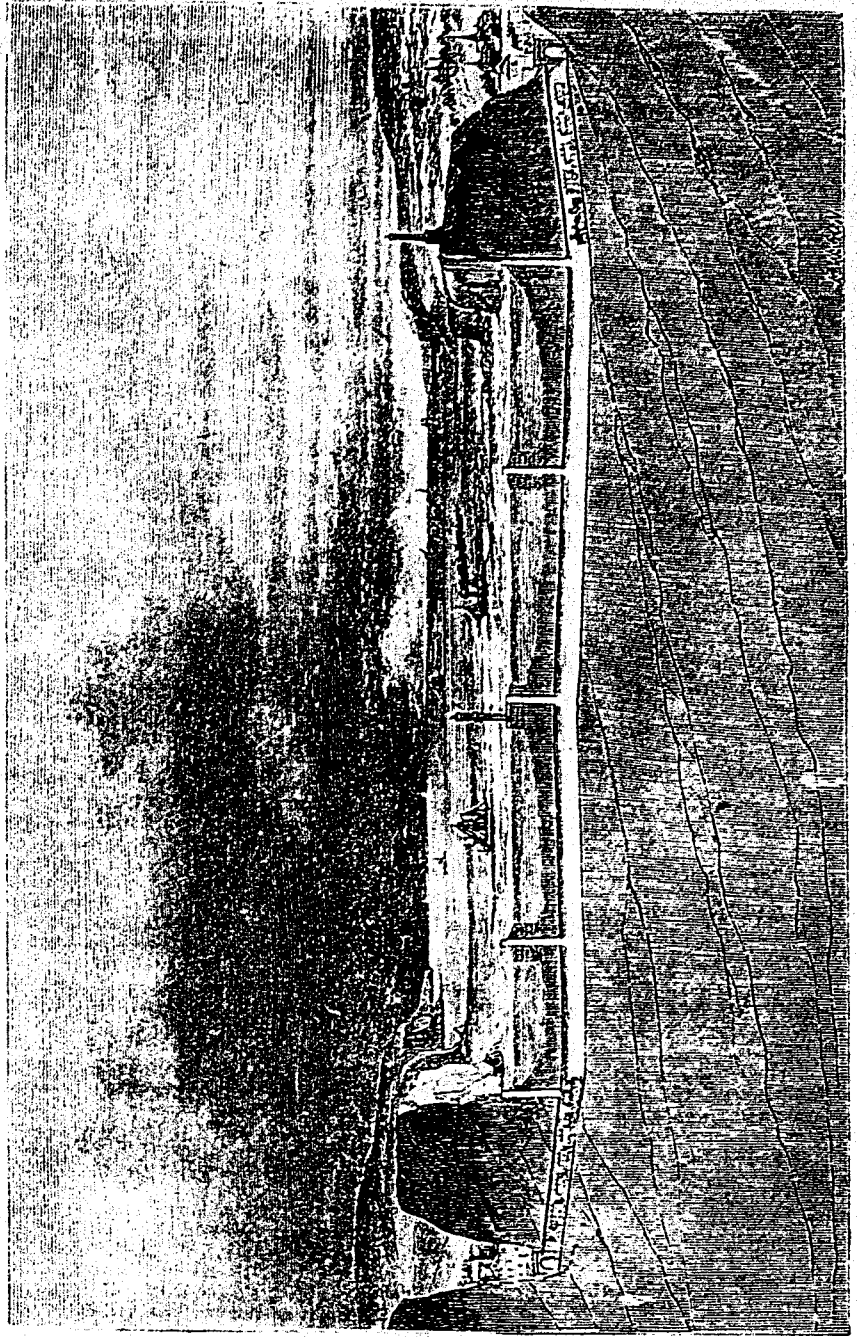
THE HARBOR AND DYKE PROJECTED BY M. DUPUY DE LOME.
 A. Basin. B. Dyke. C. Railway and Bridge. D. D. D. Shipping wharves. E. E. Outward bound channel.
 F. Drawbridge regulated by the height of the tide.



THE PROJECTED SHIP OF M. DUPUY DE LOME.
 A. Waiting Room. B. B. Railway Carriages. D. D. Paddle wheels.



THOMAS DE GANDON'S SUBMARINE TUNNEL WITH SEA STATION ON THE CLIFF OF VAINE.



THE OUTLINE OF THE PROJECTED TUNNEL.

THE TWO PLANS FOR CONNECTING CALAIS WITH DOVER.

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

OR

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

1789.

XIII.

I made these reflections as I went back to the inn. As I entered the large room Maitre Jean had just arrived; he was hanging up his great coat in the wardrobe, and called to Nicole to bring him his knitted jacket and cotton night-cap.

"What a good thing to find oneself in one's old coat and sabots! Ha! Michel, here we are again. The hammers will have to dance again. You must be all behindhand?"

"Not very Maitre Jean; we have got on well with our work. The wedges which came from the Dagsberg were all sent away yesterday evening."

"So much the better."

Dame Catherine now came in quite pleased, and asked—

"Is it all done, Jean, quite done? You will not have to go down there again?"

"No, Catherine, thank God! at the end of it I had had enough of these distinctions. Now our affair is granted; the memorial leaves the day after to-morrow. But it has not been without trouble, and had we not had Chauvel, I do not know where we should be now. What a man he is! he knows everything, he talks on every subject; it is an honour to the Baraques to have sent such a man. All the members of the other balliwicks have chosen him to carry our complaints and our grievances to Nancy, to support them against whoever should attack them. As long as the Baraques last, never again will they do themselves so much credit as now. Now Chauvel is known everywhere, and that we have sent him, that he resides at Bois-de-Chénes, and that the people in those parts had the good sense to acknowledge his ability in spite of his religion."

Maitre Jean told us all this while putting no his old frock and his sabots.

"Yes," said he, panting, "out of hundreds of deputies to the ballwick, the Third Estate has chosen fifteen to take charge of the memorial, and Chauvel is the fourth; therefore, now we have a *fete*, do you see, a gala for the friends of the Baraques, in honour of our deputy, Chauvel; it is all arranged—Letumier and Cochart have been told; I saw them at the Golden Apple in town, and I have invited them and told them to invite others. The old bottles under the fagots must come to light this time, the kitchen must blaze. Nicole must this evening fetch six pounds of good beef, three pounds of outlets, and two fine legs of mutton, from Kountz, under the market. She must say it is for Maitre Jean Leroux, of the Three Pigeons. The legs of mutton must be dressed with garlic. We must have sausages or cabbages, and we must hand down our largest ham, and a good salad, some cheese and nuts; every one must be pleased. I want the whole country round to know that the Baraques have the honour of sending the fourth deputy of the ballwick to Nancy—a man unknown to others but whom we know, whom we have chosen, and who of himself alone has done more to support the rights of the people than fifty others. But we will talk about that by-and-by. Chauvel shut the mouth of the oldest lawyers, of the sharpest advocates, and the most cunning rich ones of the province."

Maitre Jean had certainly had a glass or two on his road, for he talked by himself, stretching out his great hands, and blowing out his red cheeks, as he always used to do after a good dinner. We listened in astonishment and admiration.

Nicole laid the cloth for supper; that caused a silence; each was thinking over what he had just heard.

As I was leaving, Maitre Jean said—

"You must tell your father that he is invited by his old comrade, Jean Leroux—for we were old comrades; we drew for the militia together, in '57—do you hear Michel?"

He held me by the hand, and I replied—

"Yes, Maitre Jean, you pay us a great compliment."

"When one invites good and honest people like you, one does honour and gives pleasure to oneself—and now good night."

Then I went home. Maitre Jean, my godfather, had never before said such kind things about my father to me, and I loved him, if possible, better than I ever had done.

XIV.

When I went home I told my parents that my father and myself were invited to dine with Maitre Jean and the Baraques notables the following day. They understood what an honour it was for us, and my father was much affected by it. He talked for a length of time about his drawing for the militia in the year '57, when Jean Leroux and he walked about the town arm-in-arm with ribbons in their hats; and again at my christening, when his old comrade undertook to be godfather; he recalled the smallest details in these recollections, and exclaimed—

"Ah, the good times, the good times!"

My mother was satisfied too, but as she was angry with me, instead of showing her contentment, she went on spinning and said nothing. Nevertheless, next morning our white shirts and gala clothes were ready on the table; she had washed and dried everything and got everything ready in good time, and as at mid-day my father and I walked down the street arm-in-arm, she watched us from the door, and cried out to her neighbours—

"They are going to the great dinner of the notables, at Jean Leroux's."

My poor father, leaning on my arm, said with a smile—

"We are as fine as the day of the Elections. Since then no harm has happened to us; let us hope it may continue so, Michel. We should pay attention to what we say; one always says too much at a great dinner; we had better take care; don't you think so?"

"Yes, father; be easy; I shall say nothing."

He trembled still, just like a poor hare hunted for years from bush to bush; and how many others were at that time like him? Nearly all the old peasants who had been brought up at the feet of the seigneurs and nobles, and who knew but too well there was no justice for them.

In undertaking a thing, young men should begin in company with resolute men like Chauvel, who neither change nor give way. If the peasants had to make the revolution of '89 by themselves, and if the citizens had not begun it, we should still be in '88. How can they help it? Suffering at last destroys courage, confidence comes from success, and then again they had no instruction whatever. But this day we had to see what good wine could do. We were more than a hundred paces from the inn when we heard the shouts of laughter and the jokes of the notables who had got there before us. The tall Letumier, Cochart, Claude Huré, the wheelwright, Gauthier Courtois, the old gunner, and Maitre Jean were standing talking at the corner of the great table, covered with its white cloth, and when we went in were quite dazzled by the decanters, bottles, old painted earthenware plates, the forks and spoons newly tinned, and which glittered from one end of the room to the other.

"Ha! here is my old comrade, Jean-Pierre," cried Maitre Jean as he came to meet us.

He had on his blacksmith's jacket with hussar buttons, his wig curled and tied in a great bow at the back of his head, his shirt open, the stomach well rounded in his wide breeches, woollen stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. His great cheeks shook with satisfaction, and as he laid his hands on my father's shoulders, he said—

"Ah, my poor Jean-Pierre, how glad I am to see you!" cried he; "how everything comes back to me when I see you!"

"Yes," said my father, with tears in his eyes; "the good time of the militia, eh, Jean? I sometimes think of it; we shall see it no more."

But Letumier, his hat over his ear, and his large cinnamon-coloured coat hanging over his lean thighs, his red waistcoat and steel buttons, which tinkled like cymbals, began to shout—

"It is come back already, Jean-Pierre! We all of us won at the militia-drawing the day before yesterday. The country has won! hurrah!"

He raised his hat towards the ceiling, and the others laughed to see the row of bottles. Their hearts felt light. Each one in the circle turned aside from time to time as if to blow his nose, and counted the bottles out of a corner of his eye.

At the end of the room the kitchen door was open; we could see the great fire on the hearth and two legs of mutton turning gently on the spit, the fat falling sputtering into the dripping-pan; Dame Catherine, in a great white cap, her sleeves tucked up, coming and going, a dish or perhaps a tart in her apron; and Nicole, with a large fork, turning the meat in the saucepans, or shaking the salad-basket in the corner. The good smell came in strong; one would never have thought that Maitre Jean would have treated simple notables in such style, but this careful and laborious man disregarded expense on great occasions, and what greater occasion could he find to gain the goodwill of the country round than to entertain well those who had named him and his friend Chauvel to the ballwick? All good citizens of my time have done the same; it is the best way to preserve their class; they had the good sense to put themselves at the head of the people; and when their sons, through avarice and folly, sought to separate from them, to become, as it were, sham nobles, they worked for others who were sharper than they. This is our history in few words.

The old people assembled near the window had again begun to discuss the business of the ballwick, and every time a notable came in there was a cry of—

"Ha, Pletobé! ha, Rigaud! this way, this way; how goes it?"

Valentine, in the background, looked at me and laughed. But his enthusiasm for the king, the queen, and the authorities on high was no

bar to his love for good wine, sausages and ham—in fact the idea of such a *fete* seemed especially pleasing to him, and he occasionally turned his long nose very complacently in the direction of the kitchen.

At last, just on the stroke of twelve, Nicole came to tell me to call Chauvel, and I was going out to do so, when he quietly walked in with Margaret. All the others cried out—

"Here he is, here he is!"

He shook hands, smiling, with them all; but he was no more the same man, and the prévôt's lieutenant had no longer the power to take him by the collar; he was among the chosen fifteen for Nancy, and one could easily see it in his looks; his small eyes were brighter than ever; and his shirt-collar, white as snow, stuck up under his ears.

When Letumier, who was fond of ceremony, was preparing to make him a speech, he laughed and said—

"Maitre Letumier, the soup smells good."

And so it did. Dame Catherine entered with the great soup-tureen, which she placed with dignity on the table.

Maitre Jean called out—

"Sit down, my friends, sit down; Letumier, you shall make your speech at dessert; a hungry stomach has no ears; here, Cochart! Chauvel, there at the head of the table; Valentine! Huré! Jean-Pierre!"

At last he got us all into our places, and we began to think about enjoying ourselves. My father, Valentine, and I were opposite Maitre Jean, who helped. He took the cover off the big tureen, the savory smell of mutton-soup rose to the ceiling like a cloud, and the plates were passed round.

I had never seen such a grand dinner; I was lost in admiration, and so was my father.

Each man has a bottle by him; let him help himself to a glass.

Of course after their soup they drew the corks and filled their glasses; some wanted to drink the health of the deputies, but this was the small Alsatian wine, and Maitre Jean said—

"Wait! you must drink our healths in good wine, and not in the ordinary sort."

They thought he was right, and the bouilli with parsley sauce having been put on table, each one had his slice.

Letumier said that every man who worked in the fields ought to have half a pound of such meat and a quart of wine at every meal; the woodcutter Cochart thought he was quite right; and they began talking politics till the arrival of the fried sausages and choncroute, which changed the current of ideas of many.

Margaret and Nicole hurried round the table, replacing the empty bottles by full ones; Dame Catherine brought in the dishes, and about one, when the legs of mutton were put on table, accompanied by old Ribeaupierre wine, our satisfaction was at its height; Cochart said, as we looked at one another with a self-satisfied air—

"We are men! we have the rights of men! If any one chooses to assert the contrary let him meet me in the wood and I will give him his answer."

And the old gunner, Gauthier Courtois, cried—

"If we are not men, it is because the others always have good wine and good food for themselves; before a battle they could condescend to flatter us and promise us whatever we wished for. But after, they talked of discipline and beat us with the flat side of their swords as much as before. I say it is disgraceful to beat soldiers, and not to allow those who show courage to become officers, because they are not noble."

Letumier saw everything favourably.

"Distress is at an end," said he; "our memorials are drawn up! they will see what we want; and our good king will be compelled to say, 'These people are right, quite right; they want equal taxation and equality before the law, and it is only just.' Are we not all Frenchmen? ought we not to have the same rights when we support the same weight of taxation? That is only common sense."

He spoke very well, opening his large mouth as far as his ears, half-closing his eyes, throwing his head back, and throwing his arms about, like those who have facility in speaking; every one listened to him; and my father, after nodding two or three times, whispered to me—

"He speaks well; it is quite true, but don't say anything, Michel; it is too dangerous."

He looked every minute in the direction of the door, as if he expected to see the sergeants of police walk in.

Then Maitre Jean, having filled all the glasses with old wine, called out—

"My friends, here is the health of Chauvel, he who supported us better than any one at the ballwick; may he live long to defend the rights of the Third Estate, and may he always speak as well as he has spoken; that is my wish—to his health!"

Every one leaned over the table and drank with pleasure, laughed, and cried—

"To the health of our deputies, Maitre Jean and Chauvel!"

The windows of the large room shook again; people in the street stopped, and pressed their noses against the panes of glass, thinking—

"Those fellows trying out in there are well off!"

The notables having taken their seats, glasses were filled again, while Catherine and Nicole brought great tarts and cream, and Margaret removed the remains of the legs of mutton, hams, and salad. All eyes were directed to Chauvel to see if he was going to return thanks; he sat quietly at the top of the table, his cotton cap on the back of his chair, his cheeks pale, and his lips closed, looking as if he squinted, and held his glass in his hands, deep in thought; without doubt the Ribeaupierre wine had roused him somewhat, for instead of returning thanks and drinking the healths of the others, he said, in a distinct tone of voice—

"Yes! the first step has been taken; but we must not yet sing the song of victory; there is still much to be done before we can have our rights again. The abolition of privileges, poll-tax, subsidies, salt-tax, tolls, and *corvées* is a great deal to demand; the others will not yield easily what they hold. No! they will fight, they will defend themselves against justice, and we must make them submit. They will call to their assistance all those in office, and who live by their situations, who seek to ennoble themselves; and, my friends, that is only the first move; it is but a very small thing; I take it for granted that the Third Estate shall win this first battle; the people wills it; the people which has to support these unjust burdens will sustain its deputies."

"Yes! yes! till death!" cried Letumier, Cochart, Huré, and Maitre Jean, clenching their fists; "we shall win—we are determined to win!"

Chauvel did not stir; when they had done crying out, he went on as if no one had spoken—

"We may carry the day, through all the acts of injustice which the people resent, and which are too glaring, too conspicuous; but how shall we be the better for that, if, by-and-by, the States-General dissolved, and the money voted for the debt, the nobles should again acquire their rights and privileges? It would not be the first time, for we have had States-General before, and all that they had settled in the people's favour has long ceased to exist; what we must do, after having abolished privileges, is to put it out of all power to re-establish them; this power is in the people—in our armies; this must be our bill, not for a day, a month, a year, but always; you must hinder rogues and cheats from quietly, gently, and indirectly re-establishing what the Third Estate, backed up by the people, has overthrown! The army must be ours; and for the army to be ours, the lowest soldier must have it in his power, if endowed with courage and conduct, to rise from step till he arrives at the rank of constable or marshal, as well as the nobles. Do you understand me?"

"Chauvel's health," cried Gauthier Courtois.

But he waved his hand to stop the others from replying, and continued—

"Then the soldiers will no longer be stupid enough to support the nobility against the people; they will be with us and will remain with us; and then, listen to this it is the principal thing; that the army and the people may be deceived no longer that they may be no longer blinded to such a point as to destroy their advancement and protect those who fill the employments which they ought to have, there must be freedom of speech and freedom of writing for every one. If any one acts unjustly by you, to whom do you appeal? To your superior; your superior always decides against you; it is very plain; the employed does as he is directed; but if you could appeal to the people, if the people appointed the superior officers then they would no longer dare to be unjust; nor could do so, since you could bring your employés to reason by withdrawing your support. But instruction is necessary to the people for the understanding of these things and for this reason did instruction seem to the nobles to be so dangerous; for this reason did they preach 'happy the poor in spirit!' in the churches; for this reason have we so many laws against books and newspapers; for this reason those who seek to enlighten us are compelled to take refuge in Switzerland, Holland or England. Many have died in want; but no such men never die; they are always in the midst of the people to sustain them, but they must be read they must be understood; it is to their health I now drink!"

Then Chauvel extended his glass to us, and we all cried together—

"To the health of brave men."

Many were ignorant to whom Chauvel alluded but they called out all the same, and made such a noise, that at last Dame Catherine came to warm us that half the village was under the windows, and that one would think we were rebelling against the king. Valentine left directly, and my father looked at me to know if it was time for to escape.

"All right Catherine," said Maitre Jean; "we have said what we had to say! now there has been enough of it."

Every one was silent; they passed round baskets of nuts and apples; outside in the street we heard the plaintive tones of a hurdy-gurdy.

"Ah," said Letumier, "there's Matusalem!" and Maitre Jean called out—

"That is right; bring him in; he comes in time."

(To be continued.)

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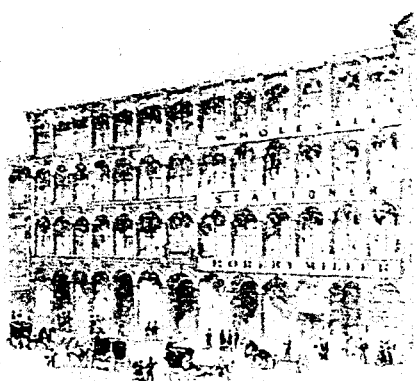
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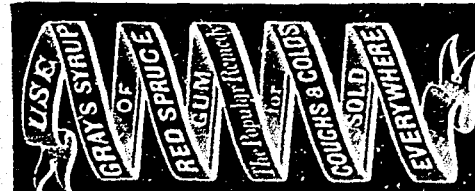
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