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THE NEXT NUMBER OF THE

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WILL CONTAIN

A spirited and seasonable cartoon. Views of Yarmouth, N.S. Races of the Toronto Yacht (lub.

Silver wedding of the King and Queen of the Belgians.

Assassination of General Menstsew, at St. Petersburgh. With other illustrations, stories, poetry, mis-

cellanea, and interesting letter-press

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

"contreal, Saturday, Sept. 21, 1878.

THE GREAT AMERICAN ISSUE.

Any vital question agitating the United States must needs be a matter of interest to us. The American adherence to Protection, for instance, has been thoroughly understood in Canada, and formed one of the main elements of discussion in the electoral campaign just concluded. But more important than even this point, because less generally appreciated in its ultimate bearings, is that of American finance. The recent elections in Maine show that New England, which, with New York, was regarded as the bulwark of Hard Money and entirely committed to the resumption of specie payments, has now palpably weakened, being very extensively leavened with the Greenback heresy. This strange and unexpected change of sentiment has been attributed to the wild raving mission of DENNIS KEARNEY and the machinations of General BUTLER. If this is true, it only proves that the evil is greater and more dangerous than was expected. This controversy between Hard Money and Soft Money has so absorbed all other issues as to have practically changed the complexion of parties. Republicans are hopelessly divided on it, and the Democrats are trying the suicidal game of making it a lover to hoist them into place and power. The Democratic platform of the great State of Ohio has fully accepted the doctrine, and, what is more remarkable, Mr. THURMAN, U. S. Senator from that State, one of the few really great Americans of the day, and a prominent candidate for the next Presidency, has come forward to defend the platform in its entirety. This Ohio plat-form demands the repeal of the Resumption Act-that is, the Act providing for a return to specie. It requires also the unlimited remonetisation of silver, that is, all that the former Bland Bill embodied. but could not carry at the last session of grew louder and more threatening. Then Congress, as we fully explained in these the troops fired into the crowd, killing columns at the time. It pleads for the and wounding several. The Magistrate, issue of irredeemable greenbacks in such two carabineers and one of the Communal amounts as Congress may determine. It stipulates that these greenbacks shall be a legal tender equally with coin. In a word, it condemns the contraction of the currency, and leaves the field open for an unbounded expansion. The probabilities now are, in face of the news from Maine and elsewhere, that the Democrats, instead of losing ground in the next Congress, will control it by an increased majority, and if such an event should happen, we may look out for a tumult in regard to the finances of the country which may lead to the gravest consequences. It is true, and indeed explicable, that the Bland Silver Bill did not result disastrously as its | what might have become a very sanguinopponents, President HAYES included, pre- ary revolt.

dicted, its influence on the late Monetarv Conference at Paris having been remarkable, but it must be remembered that the Senate had shorn the measure of its worst feature, the unlimited minting of bullion. This clause is precisely what the Democrats are determined to restore, and by a natural consequence, thereby retarding indefinitely the resumption of specie payments. On the other hand, the Republicans intend to call upon the National Banks-that is, the present depositories and circulators of greenbacks-for funds to carry on the campaign of resistance. If they do so, they will simply doom these banks to a speedier destruction, affording their adversaries an additional pretext for their hostility. Altogether, this American financial problem is full of interest to the political economist, as it is fraught with the weightiest results for the Republic.

DAVID LAZZARETTI. The age of fanaticism is not gone

Superstition is still rampant in the full blaze of the nineteenth century. The latest example, furnished by imaginative and passionate Italy, is worthy of a brief mention. DAVID LAZZARETTI is a Tuscan waggoner who fought the battles of the Independence of the Peninsula, went on a patriotic mission to France, settled in Monte Amiata, in the Province of Siena, where he underwent several trials as a swindler and a tramp, but was always acquitted by the Courts. Later, LAZZARETTI took a "new departure," became an adept of asceticism, branded his forehead with feigned stigmata, preached a certain wild freedom of religion and republicanism, took on the designation of "Saint,' gathered together a few knaves or madmen like himself, and established himself in a lofty tower, built by his votaries, whence he continued to make quite a noise in the little world around him. Up to this point he was comparatively harmless, and the authorities took only slight notice of him. But he must needs go further, and he did so. On the 17th of last August, the people of Arcidosso were informed that DAVID LAZZARETTI, at the head of a considerable procession, with the red flag of the revolution unfurled, was going to march into the town to the cry of "Viva la Republica," and proceed to the summary division of property, in accordance with a scheme communicated to him in a vision. Accordingly, on the very next day, he appeared thus escorted, his following consisting of no less than 3,000 persons. To prevent an outburst, the Chief Magistrate of Arcidosso went forward with a brigadier of carabineers, six carabineers and two Communal guards, and summoned LAZZARETTI to withdraw. This the Prophet contemptuously declined to do, and, turning to his men, exclaimed, "Disarm them! I am King Long live the Republic! Defend me." A shower of stones at the handful of troops was the response to this appeal. The Magistrate gave three warnings, according to law, but, seeing that they were laughed at, ordered the arrest of David and his chief followers. A general tumult ensued, during which the troops fired a volley in the air. The showers of stones thickened, and the cries in favour of the Republic guards were wounded. As to LAZZARETTI the first despatch stated that he had been killed, but later information is to the effect that he was only severely wounded, and that his disciples are preparing amid appropriate ceremonies to announce his resurrection. The incident has its grotesque phase, which is the first that one will naturally look at; but it has its graver aspects as well, and the principal journals of Rome very properly point out the latent element of revolutionism still existing in the rural parts, and the strange apathy of the Government which allowed the growth of this fanaticism till it broke out into

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

We are in receipt of a pamphlet entitled "Mental and Moral Science; With Some Re-marks on Hysterical Mania," by Dr. Henry Howard, Medical Attendant to the Longue Pointe Lunatic Asylum. We have read the work with interest, both on account of the sub-ject itself, and of the high authority of the writer in all matters relating to the pathology of men-tal disease, and, while we cannot always agree with its argument from the purely metaphysical standpoint, we think a brief analysis of it will be agreeable to our readers. Dr. Howard begins by discussing the apparent irreconcilability between the natural and the moral laws, and very properly insists that the knowledge of the latter s as much a science as the knowledge of the former, and that no man is capable of teaching either of these laws without a knowledge of both. Their harmonies and intimate correlation are not only necessary in the general scheme of Provi-dence, but the more one fathoms them, the more their beautiful connection and mutual depen-dence becomes apparent. This is nicely illustrated by the writer in dealing with the natural laws of belief in the supernatural, self-preserva-tion and procreation. This latter point leads him to some wholesome thoughts concerning hysteri-cal mania, about which mere naturalists hold such erroneous and disgusting views, totally mistaking the effect for the cause. He holds that hysterical mania is produced by a disordered state of certain organs, causing irritation of some part of the ganglionic system, followed by irritation of the cerebellum. This is no place to enter more explicitly into this delicate subject, This is no place to enter more explicitly into this delieate subject, but we repeat that Dr. Howard's teachings are sound in that respect. He further reiterates his views, published on former occasions and re-viewed by ns, concerning a criminal hereditary neurosis, a very sad and disquieting doctrine, which we are naturally incanable of discussing which we are naturally incapable of discussing, but which we shall have to see further confirmed before we can fully admit its ethical correctness. So convinced, however, is Dr. Howard of the truth of his theory, that we should like to hear from him more amply thereon.

A very interesting and useful work is "Cham-ber's Index to Next of Kin," a fourth edition of which has just appeared. This index contains the names of some 50,000 persons who have been advertised for in the London Gazette, the Times and numerous other London and country news-papers, as heirs at law, next of kin, legatees, or in some other capacity, to prove their claims to money and property of incalculable value. Since the last edition of this work was issued the compiler has gone carefully through the advertise-ments and information to which the names relate, and has taken out of the index a large number of notices apparently only of value to solici-tors and genealogists. In lieu of the names omitted, there have been added about 10,000 names of persons advertised for since 1871, the date of the third edition. To show the value of such an index as this, it is only necessary to mention one or two facts. From a Parliamentary return recently issued, it appears that the funds in the Court of Chancery amounted in 1876 to the prodigious sum of upwards of 70,000,000?. A large proportion of these funds consists of unclaimed money. In 1865 an Act was passed giving power to apply 1,000,000?. from the surplus interest of these very funds towards the building of the new Law Courts. Very large sums of money in the shape of unclaimed dividends of the Bank of England and army and navy prize money, also await claimants. these funds can be easily recovered by the parties these rands can be easily recovered by the parties entitled thereto, on properly authenticated proofs of identity being adduced, is evidenced by the following extract from a Report of the Commissioners on Chancery Funds. Speaking of the publication in 1855 of a list of cases wherein funds had been standing unclaimed for fifteen years and upwards, the Commissioners said : "Many persons came forward and preferred their claims, and about one-half of the stock snpposed to be unclaimed was transferred out of Court to successful claimants." It also appears from a Parliamentary Return relating to army prize money that successful claims to the amount of 1,122,040*l*. have been paid. All com-munications should be addressed to the Com-piler, E. Preston, 1 Great College Street, Westminster, S.W.

THE secident of having mislaid our copy has prevented us from giving an earlier notice of the September number of the Rose-Belford Monthly. It is perhaps the best number which has appeared 7 management, inaugurate and it is a pleasure to be able to chronicle this progress in a periodical which is one of our national institutions. The *Monthly* is the only purely literary magazine in the country, and as such deserves the unanimous encouragement of Canadian readers. It is put forth by two firms of publishers, now united, who have had experience in this species of literature, and is under the direction of one who, though still young in years, may be deemed a pioneer in the field of Canadian periodical work. Besides being a polish-ed writer, as his published works, "The St. John Fire," and "Evenings in the Library," abund-antly testify, Mr. George Stewart, jr., has spe-cial aptitudes for the conduct of such a publication as the *Monthly*. His reviews and criticisms in the department of Current Literature became a feature from the first, and if they have any failing it is the pardonable one of generosity and leniency. The serials continued in the present number are "The Haunted Hotel," of Wilkie Collins, and the "Monks of Thelema," both

having a success of curiosity outside of any other merit. Mr. Martin J. Griffin has a second in-stalment of "A Quarrel With the Nineteenth ' rather more serious and didactic than Century, was the first. Our friend is just a little provokwas the first. Our friend is just a little provok-ing, and we expect some of the illuminati to "go for him" yet. We are glad to find our foremost poet coming forward again after a long silence. We publish Mr. Reade's poem—"One of Canada's Heroines "—in another column of the present issue. We also call attention to Mr. Mercer Adam's paper on "New Aspects of the Copyright Question." He declares that the re-commendation of the Commission to substitute commendation of the Commission to substitute rights of publishing, or a licensing system, for that of Copyright, strikes him favourably. It is the only measure he can think of that will be likely to meet with approval in the United States, "and considering the common circum-stances of our position and wants, it is just the one that commends itself as fair and helpful to the colonies."

F. P. CUNLIFFE OWEN, C. B.

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers this week a portrait of Mr. P. Cunliffe-Owen, C. B., the indefatigable secretary of the Royal British Commission to whose exertions Canada is largely indebted for the success of our exhibits at the Paris Exposition. Many of our Canadians have been benefited by his advice and counsel, and invariably leave his office pleased and gratified with the warm and frank reception they have received there. We know several in-stances, too, where Mr. Owen has evinced great interest in our exhibitors, giving personal in-troductions to leading manufacturers, etc., and throughout the whole exhibition he has dis-tinguished himself by his courtesy, urbanity, and kindness to Canadians. His interest in our commercial advancement, opening of new avenues of trade too, has been very great, so that we do not hesitate to say that whenever the name of ('unliffe-Owen is mentioned in the presence of Canadian visitors to the Paris Exhibition, it will strike a chord in our memories that will vibrate

with great pleasure. The Canadian Commission too are indebted to Mr. Owen and the British Commission for their beautiful offices in Cubitt's Building, which through the exertions of Mr. Owen were also furnished by English exhibitors, free of expense to the Canadians.

It may be interesting to our readers to know the opinions of the press in England respecting

the opinions of the press in Linguard respecting this gentleman, and we give an extract from the *Hornet*, of 7th, August, 1878: "A man close on fifty years of age. In build and bulk essentially British; in appearance, Gallic, with closely-cropped hair and beard, and moustache after the latest Parisian fashion. His abaractar too montal and shurial essents to character, too, mental and physical, seems to have been derived from both nations. He is frank, resolute, and self-contained; has that dogged perseverance which Englishmen compla-cently believe belongs only to themselves; and at the same time possesses the ready tact, the power of organisation, and the personal politethe channel. When a thing has to be carried through, he is not disheartened by obvious difficulties but applies himself to the work as if he were sure of its accomplishment. He has that two-o'clock-in-the-morning carriage Napoleon was proud of, and which enables its possessor to confront any sudden or unexpected disaster. These are the qualities required in a British Commissioner to the Great International Exhibition at Paris, and these Mr. Cunliffe-Owen has in abundance.'

It is not too much to say that Mr. Cunliffe-Owen is a benefactor to the country. It would, indeed, be difficult to over estimate his services. Not only as Director of the South Kensington Museum aud its branch establishments, has he furthered the interests of art among the million at home, but as representative of England abroad he has helped to establish or intensify friendly

relations between ourselves and other countries. No one can doubt that the success of the British Section of the Paris Exhibition is due. next, perhaps, to the personal interest taken in the matter by the Prince of Wales, to the exer-tions of Mr. Cunliffe-Owen. When there was a difficulty, Mr. Cunliffe-Owen had to remove it. If a piece of red tape of more than ordinary strength had to be cut, it was he who applied the knife. When official routine, often frivo-lous and always vexatious, had to be appeased, Mr. Cunliffe-Owen became the mediator. On e ne cea upo of all others able and willing to facilitate the working of an undertaking which, at one time, appeared to be in danger of being wrecked almost before it was launched.

Mr. Cupliffe Owen, who, by-the-bye, was for five years a midshipman in the Royal Navy, as may be imagined, has earned the respect and confidence of all who come within his personal induces. Most foreign patience too here are influence. Most foreign nations, too, have re-cognised his services. He is Companion of the Bath, Commander of the Legion of Hononr, Commander of the First Class of the Vasa of Sweden, Commander of the Iron Crown of Austria and of Francis Joseph of Austria, Commander of the Order of St. Michael of Bavaria, mander of the Order of St. Michael of Bavaria, Lion of Zachringer of Baden, Jesus-Christ of Por-tugal and of Charles III. of Spain, Knight of St. Olaf of Norway, and of Leopold of Belgium. We are indebted for this sketch and for the photograph of Mr. Owen to Mr. J. Waterman, of London, Ont., who is one of our chief ex-bibitors at the Desic Whittian

SEPTEMBER 21, 1878.

THE GREAT MUNICIPAL ADDRESS TO LORD DUFFERIN.

The delegation of municipal representatives of Ontario, appointed to present Lord Dufferin the joint address of the Ontario municipalities, arrived at Quebec on the 5th. Amongst them were Alex. Robertson, Mayor of Belleville, and Charles Francis, Esq., Reeve of Trenton. Mayor Daly, of Stratford, was elected Chairman, and Mr. Biscoe, Guelph, Secretary. Seventy-four Mayors, Wardens, Reeves and Councillors had signed the address, which had been beautifully illuminated. It was presented in the afternoon on the terrace in rear of the Governor's quarters in the citadel, under brilliant auspices both as to weather and attendance. The band of "B" Battery was stationed on the parade ground in front of the building and played some fine music at intervals.

Mayor Daly, of Stratford, introduced the deputation, the members of which were severally presented to his Excellency.

The title-page of the address was framed and beautifully illuminated. The text was supported on each side by scroll work, capped by the arms of the Governor-General. At the head of the engraving was the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa and a copy of the royal arms. At the foot a beaver and maple leaves formed the centre, and supported to the right by a view of Niagara Falls and Goat Island lighthouse, and to the left a view of Lachine Rapids. The title page reads thus :---

1872.

JOINT ADDRESS

1878.

OF THE MUNICIPAL CORPORATIONS

OF ONTARIO TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DUFFERIN

> Upon his departure from Canada, 1878.

To His Excellency the Right Honorable Sir Frederick Temple, Earl of Dufferin, Vis-count and Baron Clandeboye of Clandeboye, in the County Down, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baron Dufferin and Clandeboye, of Ballyleidy and Killeleagh, in the County Down, in the Peerage of Ireland, and a Baronet-Knight of the most Illustrious Order of Saint Michael and Saint George and Knight Commander of the most Honourable Order of the Bath, Governor-Gene-ral of Canada and Vice-Admiral of the same, etc.

The address itself was engrossed on separate leaves suitable for binding, and was handsomely got up. It read as follows :-

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY :

We, the delegates from the various municipal Corporations of Ontario, loyal subjects of Her Majesty, charged with the agreeable duty of conveying to your Excellency and the Countess of Dufferin a parting memorial of the affection in which you are held by the people of Ontario, crave audience of your Excellency.

Permit us to assure you that our mission is a sad, but also a pleasing one ; sad, inasmuch as we are mindful that the ties which have linked you in affectionate union with us for the past six ears are about to be severed ; and pleasing, in that we have the opportunity ere you leave of placing in your hands the evidence that those vhom we represent are actuated by the feelings of the most respectful gratitude towards the Viceroy whose rule has been signalized by so many examples of enlightened statesmanship and executive ability. To indulge in expressions of fulsome adulation, or address you in terms capable of being construed as meaningless flattery would be but a doubtful compliment to your superior intelligence. We desire rather, in the simple but eloquent language of the heart, to tender your Excellency, on behalf of the people of Ontario, their unqualified approval of your career as Governor-General of Canada, accompa-ind with the wrement proceed for a rear nied with the warmest personal regard for your Excellency and the amiable Countess of Dufferin

While admiring the tact, firmness, and effi ciency displayed in the discharge of your important State duties, we have not failed also to appreciate the lively interest you have taken in whatever was calculated to promote the prosperity of the several Provinces or aid in the material and intellectual improvement of the people. It has been your study to become thoroughly acquainted with the character and the resources of the country, and the requirements of all classes therein, and kindness of heart which you have d in visiting the habitations of even in the most remote territories, has won for you golden opinions.

Our scientific and educational institutions. encouraged by your generous bounty, have acquired fresh vigor from the impetus which a liberal appreciation of their merit is always sure to impart, and we cannot but advert to the fact that innocent amusement, so essential to the preservation of "a sound mind in a sound body," has received your Excellency's endorsation.

We feel convinced that many real blessings to our country will be the outgrowth of your zeal

eloquence, and administrative talent. Be pleased to bear with you our sentiments of profound attachment to the Throne and person of Her Majesty the Queen, and our best wishes for the continued health and happiness of yourself and your distinguished consort.

Although about to be deprived of the advantage of your great mind in future guidance of Canada's destiny, yet we shall always feel that in your to repay whatever slight exertions it may be

Excellency our Dominion will have a friend and powerful advocate, and Britain a statesman worthy of her incomparable renown. With feelings of unfeigned regret we bid your Excellencies farewell.

(Signed)

R. Lewis, Mayor, city of London. R. Lewis, Mayor, city of London.
Alex. Robertson, Mayor, city of Belleville.
Robert Henry, Mayor, city of Brantford.
T. M. Daly, Mayor, of Stratford.
John Crotty, Mayor, of Bothwell.
A. Trerice, Warden of county of Kent.
Jno. Rae, Warden of county of Wellington.
Arthur Boyle, Warden of Haldimand.
Www. Court and Statements

Wm. Gray, Mayor of Chatham . Wm. Mack, Warden of the united counties of

tormont, Dundas and Glengarry. T. H. Parker, Mayor of Woodstock

S. S. Burgess, Warden of county of Oxford. J. W. Scott, Mayor of Listowel. David Dunn, Warden of county of Simcoe R. T. Banting, County Clerk of Simcoe.

C. J. Mattice, Mayor of Cornwall. John G. Haggerman, Warden of Northum

erland and Durham. Warden of the united Joshua Legg, Jr., Warden counties of Leeds and Greenville.

C. Livingstone, for Dresden. W. Chadwick, Mayor of Ingersoll. Paul Ross, Mayor of Walkerton.

W. R. Aylsworth, Warden of Hastings.

Geo. Howard, Mayor of Guelph. J. P. McMillan, of the Guelph Town Council.

C. Francis, Reeve of Trenton. W. R. Webster, Reeve of Front Leeds and

Lans lowne. W. D. MacNaughton, Warden of the county of Lambton.

Robert Rae, ex-Warden of Lambton.

Robert Campbell, Reeve of Watford. W. Ireland, ex-Warden of Lambton. W. Peers, ex-Warden of Oxford and Reeve of

East Oxford. G. H. Coole, ex-Warden of Oxford and Reeve

of West Oxford. Thomas Brown, ex-Warden of Oxford and

Reeve of Ingersoll. F. Cody, Deputy Reeve of West Oxford. Seneca Pitcher, Reeve of Norwich.

D. W. Millar, Councillor of Norwich, W. Nasmith, Concillor of Woodstock, T. R. Dupuis, Alderman of Kingston. R. J. Carson, Alderman of Kingston. W. K. Scott, Alderman of Kingston. E. C. Palmer, Councillor of Norwich. John N. Tuttle, Reeve of Iroquois. F. S. Stevens, Clerk of County of Haldimand. Christopher Edmundson, Warden of Brant. C. R. Heyd, Alderman of Brantford. R. Scott, Deputy, Reeve of Galt. J. Tamblyn, Deputy-Reeve of Clark. H. Golding, Councillor of North Oxford. Kilmer, Councillor of Walkerton. T. Whitehead, Councillor of Walkerton.

Hunter, Councillor of Walkerton. D. Moore, Councillor of Walkerton.

J. Barclay, Councillor of Oakville. Dennis Coffee, Councillor of Guelph

Andrew W. Robb, Deputy-Reeve of Stratford G. Stephenson, Reeve of Scarboro'

George Morgan, Councillor of Scarboro'. W. Rosebury, Councillor of Bothwell.

M. Tredway, Deputy-Reeve of Scarboro',

Jacob Currier, Clerk of Sandwich West. Fred. Biscoe, Councillor of Guelph.

Colquhoun, Councillor of Waterloo. W. W. White, Town Clerk and Treasurer o irthur.

Fred. O. Proctor, Clerk of Drayton.

George Taylor, Reeve of Gananoque; Chas E. Britten, Deputy-Reeve of Gananoque

J. A. Ramsden, Deputy-Reeve of Humber stone.

W. Buckner, Warden of Welland. Francis Roe, Reeve of Oshawa. Alex. McKellar, Warden of Middlesex. H. Grant, Inspector of Public Schools, Strat-ord; A. G. Mackay, Councillor of Stratford. John Landerkin, Reeve of Drayton.

Hugo Kranz, Mayor of Berlin,

The address was read by Mr. J. P. McMillan, of Guelph.

His Excellency in his reply spoke as follows, and was frequently and heartily applauded : ---

GENTLEMEN :--- I hardly know in what terms I am to reply to the address I have just listened to. So signal is the honour which you have conferred upon me that a whole Province, as large, as important, as flourishing as many a European kingdom, should erect into an embassy the its cities urbau and rural municipalities, and despatch them on a journey of several hundred miles to convey to a humble individual like myself an expression of the personal good-will of the constituencies they represent, is a circumstance unparalleled in the history of Canada or of any other country. (Loud applause.) To stand as I now do in the presence of so many distinguished persons, who nust have put themselves to so great personal inconvenience on my account, adds to my confusion. And yet, gentlemen, I cannot pretend not to be delighted with such a genuine demon stration of regard on the part of the large-hearted inhabitants of the great Province in whose name you have addressed me. (Loud applause.) For quite apart from the personal gratification I ex-perience, you are teaching all future administrators of your affairs a lesson which you may be sure they will gladly lay to heart, since it will show them with how rich a reward you are ready

within their power to make on your behalf. (Applause.) And when, in the history of your Dominion, could such a proof of your generosity be more opportunely shown ? A few weeks ago the heart of every man and woman in Canada was profoundly moved by the intelligence, not only that the Government of Great Britain was about to send out as England's representative to this country one of the most promising amongst the younger generation of our public men, but that the Queen herself was about to entrust to the keeping of the people of Canada one of her own daughters. (Great applause.) If you de-sired any illustration of the respect, the affection, the confidence with which you are regarded by your fellow-subjects and by your Sovereign at home, what greater proof could you require than this, or what more gratifying, more delicate, more touching recognition could have rewarded your never-failing love and devotion for the Mother Country and its ruler ? (Cheers.) But, though the Parliament and the citizens of Canada may well be proud of the confidence thus reposed in them, believe me when I tell you that, quite apart from these especial considerations, you well be congratulated on the happy choice which has been made in the person of Lord Lorne for the future Governor-General of Canada. It has been my good fortune to be connected all my life long with his family, by ties of the closest personal friendship. Himself I have known, I may say from his boyhood, and a more conscien tious, high-minded or better qualified Viceroy could not have been selected. (Great applause.) Brought up under exceptionally fortunate con ditions it is needless to say he has profited to the utmost by the advantages placed within his reach, many of which will have fitted him in an especial degree for his present post. His public school and college education, his experience in the House of Commons, his large personal acquaintance with the respresentatives of all that is most distinguished in the intellectual world of the United States, his literary and artistic taste, his foreign travel will all combine to render him intelligently sympathetic with every phase and aspect of your national life. Above all, he comes of a good Whig stock, that is to say, of a family whose prominence in history is founded upon the sacrifices they have made in the cause of constitutional liberty (Cheers.) When a couple of a man's ancestors have perished on the scaffold as martyrs to the cause of political and religious freedom, you may be sure there is little likelihood of their descen dants seeking to encroach, when acting as the representatives of the Crown, upon the privileges of Parliament or the independence of the people (Loud cheers.) As for your future Princess, it would not become me to enlarge upon her merits. She will not become me to entarge upon ner merrors. She will soon be amongst you, taking all hearts by storm by the grace, the suavity, the sweet simplicity of her manners, life, and conversation. (Tremendous applause.) Gentemen, if ever there was a lady who in her earliest youth had formed a high ideal of what a noble life should be; if ever there was a human being who tried to make the most of the opportunities within her reach, and to create for herself, in spite of every possible trammel and impediment, a useful career and occasions of benefitting her fellow creatures, it is the Princess Louise, whose unpretending exer-tions in a hundred different directions, to be of service to her country and generation, have al ready won for her an extraordinary amount of popularity at home. (Applause.) When to this add an artistic genius of the highest order and innumerable other personal gifts and accomplish-ments, all combined with manners and an address so gentle, so unpretending as to put every one who comes within reach of her influence at perfect ease, you cannot fail to understand that England is not merely sending you a Royal Princess of majestic lineage, but a good and noble woman in whom the humblest settler and mechanic in Canada will find an intelligent and sympathetic friend. (Cheers.) So that, gentlemen, I hardly know which pleases me most—the thought that the superintendence of your destinies is to be confided to persons so worthy of the trust, or that so dear a friend of mine as Lord Lorne, and a personage for whom I entertain so much respectful admiration as I do for the Princess Louise should commence their future labors in the midst of a community so indulgent, so friendly, so ready to take the will for the deed, so generous in their recogn tion of any efforts to serve them, as you have proved yourselves. And yet, alas, gentle-men, pleasant and agreeable as is the prospect for you and them, we must acknowledge there is one drawback to the picture. Lord Lorne has, as I have said, a multitude of merits. But even spots will be discovered on the sun, and unfortunately irreparable, and, as I may call it, congenital defect, attaches to this appointment Lord Lorne is not an Irishman. (Laughter.) It is not his fault. He did the best he could for himself. (Renewed laughter.) He came as near the right thing as possible by being born a Celtic Highlander. (Continued laughter.) There is no doubt, about it, the world is best administered by Irishmen. (Hear, hear.) Things never went better with us, either at home or abroad, than when Lord Palmerston ruled Great Britain-(cheers)-Lord Mayo governed India (cheers. Lord Monck directed the destinies of Canadacheers) and the Robinsons, the Kennedys, the Laffans, the Callaghans, the Gores, the Hen-nessys administered the affairs of our Australian Colonies and West Indian possessions. (Loud applause.) Have not even the French at last made the same discovery in the person of Mac-

Scotland only got her name because she was conquered by the Irish (great laughter), and if the real truth were known it is probable the house of Inverary owes most of its glory to an Irish original. (Applause.) Nay, I will go a step farther. I would even let the poor Englishman take an occasional turn at the helm (great laughter), if for no better reason, to make him aware how much better we manage the business. (Renewed laughter.) But you have not come to that yet, and though you have been a little spoiled by having been given three Irish Governors General in succession, I am sure you will find your new viceroy's personal and acquired qualifications will more than counterbalance his ethnological disadvantages. And now, gentle-men, I must bid you farewell. Never shall I forget the welcome you extended to me in every town, village and hamlet of Ontario. When your beautiful Province that I first learnt to appreciate and understand the nature and character of your destinies. (Applause.) It was there I first learnt to believe in Canada, and from that day to this my faith has never wavered. Nay, the further I extended my travels through the other Provinces, the more deeply my initial impressions were confirmed. But it was amongst your smiling happy hamlets my brightest reminiscences are intertwined. (Great applause.) And what transaction could better illustrate the mighty changes your energies have wrought than the one in which we are at this moment engaged? Stand-ing as we do upon this lofty platform, surrounded by antique and historical fortifications so closely connected with the infant fortunes of the colony, one can't help contrasting the present with others of an analogous character, which have been frequently enacted upon this very spot. Often and often have the early Governors of Canada received in Quebec deputies from the very districts from which each of you have come. But in those days the sites now accupied by your prosperous towns, the field you till, the rose-clad towers and trim lawns where your children sport in peace, were then dense wildernesses of primeval forest. Those who came from thence on any errand here were merciless savages seeking the presence of the Viceroy either to threaten war and vengeance, or at best to proffer a treacherous and uncertain peace. How little could Montmagny, or Tracy, or Vau-dreuil, or Frontenac, have ever imagined on such occasions that for the lank, dusky forms of the Iroquois or Ottawa emissaries, would one day be substituted the beaming countenances and burly proportions of English-speaking Mayors, Aldermen and Reeves. (Applause.) And now, gentlemen, again good-bye. I cannot tell you how deeply I regret that Lady Dufferin should not be present to share the gratification I have experienced by y ur presence. (Great applause.) Tell your friends at home how deeply I have been moved by this last and signal proof of their good will ; that their kindness shall never be forgot-ten, and that as long as I live it will be one of the chief ambitions of my life to render them faithful and effectual service. (Tremendous

applause.) The group was then photographed on the terace from which the finest views in the district of Quebec is obtained. Lord Dufferin invited the delegates immediately afterwards to partake of light refreshment in his dining-room, and then escorted them to the steamboat City, and entertained them with a trip down the river to Montmorency Falls and back, returning to town at 7 p. m. The delegates were accompanied by the three pipers brought with them from Ontario.

DOMESTIC.

To KEEP TOMATORS. — Tomatoes picked when just ripe and with a portion of the stems retained, and at once covered with a brine composed of a tea cup of mait dissolved in a gallon of water, can be kept nearly all the year without noticeable loss of freshness of taste.

LUNCHEON APPLES .- Peel the apples, leaving DISTORTOR ATTLES. — Ifel the apples, leaving an inch of the stalks. Put them in a saucepan, cover them with cold water, and let them simmer gently till they are tender throughout. Take them up before they are broken, put them on a dish, sprinkle powdered sugar thickly upon them, and serve hot or cold. Cream or milk may be eaten with them.

TO MAKE APPLE-SNOW .--- Take one dozen To MARE APPLE-SNOW.—Take one dozen apples, boil them over a slow fire until they are soft, then remove the skins and cores; beat the apples well with a wooden spoon until they become frothy; strain through a sieve; then beat the white of twelve eggs until you can turn the dish upside down and not spill ont; add half a pond sifted refined surgar; mix it with the apples, then beat all together until it looks like snow; place it on a cake dish, build it up as high as possible, place a sponge-cake or lady fingers around the sides like "charlotte russe."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, 1 will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.-BOW Mahon ? (Laughter and applause.) But still we Ties of every description manufactured. The must be generous, and it is right that Scotch-men should have a turn. (Laughter.) After all Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

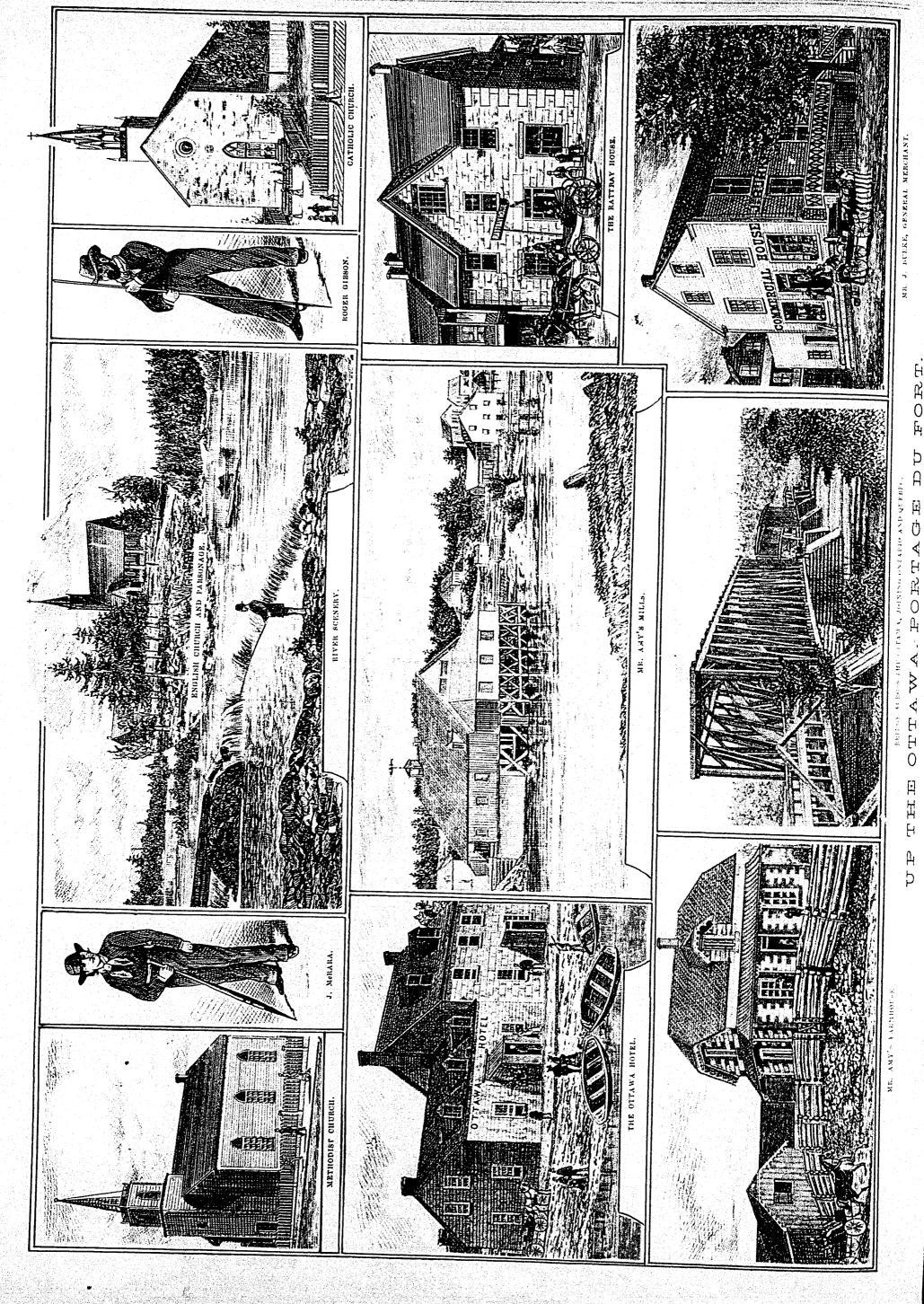
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SEPTEMBER 21, 1878.

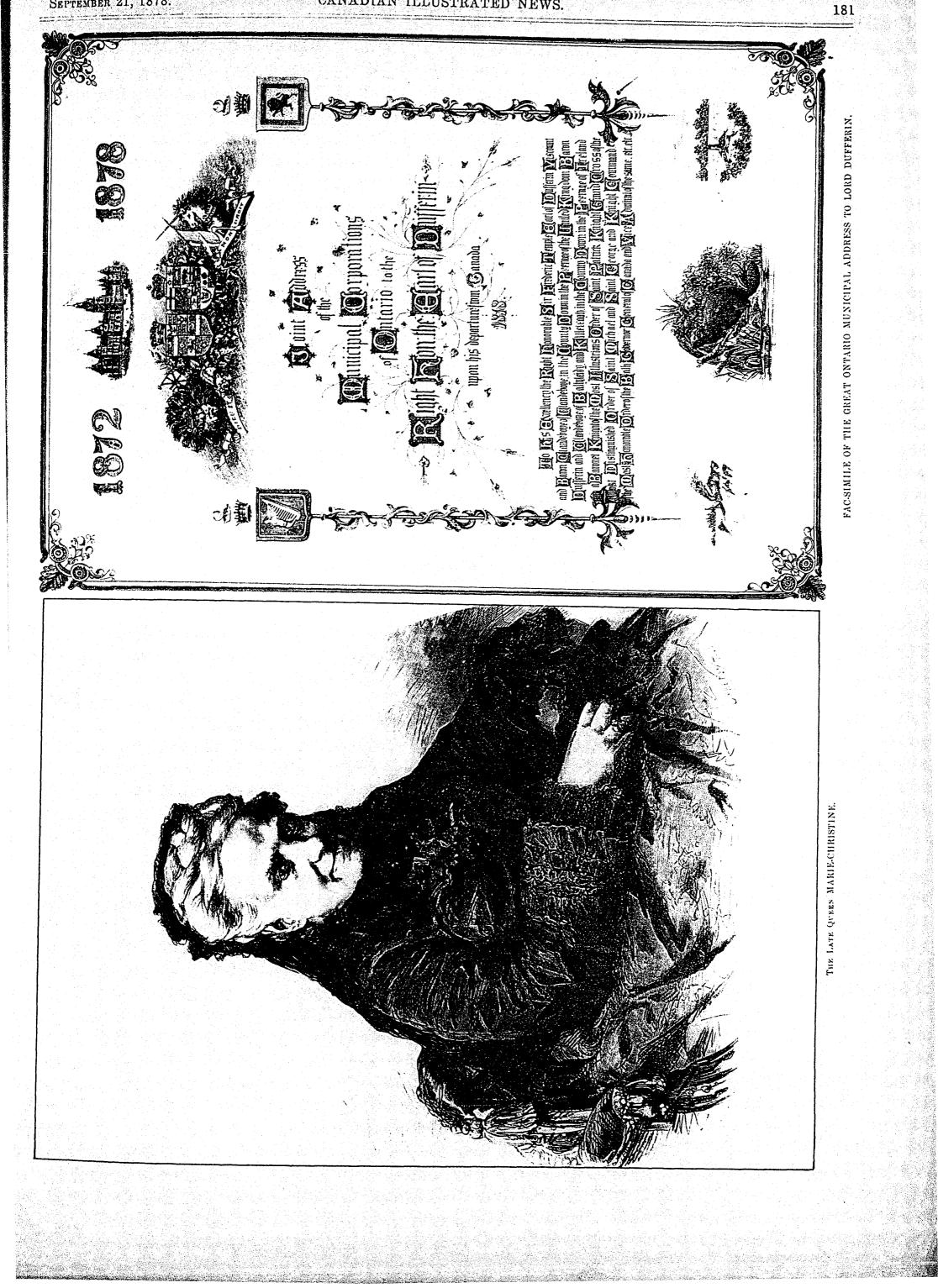
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SEPTEMBER 21, 1878.



ILFRACOMBE.

"Frightened at that! No, sir, nor not likely to be either. I never was really frightened but once in my life !" "Only frightened once in your life ! Come

then, Captain, tell us all about it ; it must have been a rare fright to last you all your life." ""Was it a ghost ?" added the brother of the last speaker.

No, Master Alfred, it was no ghost; I don't believe in ghostness myself." "Well, tell us all about it," repeated William

Sinclair. "But I thought you young gentlemen want-ed me to take you out fishing," replied the old boatman, commonly called Captain Abbott.

So we did ; but the sun is so hot now, and you said we should not catch much as the wind

was east : so we would much rather hear what frightened you, and go fishing another time

'Yes; in the evening," chimed in Alfred clair. "When the sun has gone down and Sinclair. the wind may have changed from the east by then, you know, Captain." " Very likely it may, sir; often does just b

fore sunset. Now, if you young gentlemen like to do so, I'll, row you across the harbor to Rapparee Cove, and we can sit in the shade there, and I'll mend my nets a bit, while I spin a yarn

"We'll row and you steer," exclaimed the two brothers, jumping into the boat and taking the oars. "What is it called Rapparee Cove for ?

" Can't say, sir ; unless it be that smuggling used to be carried on here ; it's a convenient place to run a boat in, you see. Some Spanish ships were lost on the rocks here years ago, and many a gold doubloon found its way into Ilfracombe from them. Mind your oar, Mr. Alfred, here we are. Now I'll make the boat fast and or so, to my thinking, as need be. What do you say, sir?' said Abbott, appealing to the elder brother. bring the nets-as nice a place to spend an hour

"I think it's the jolliest place I ever saw, Captain, with those beautiful cliffs at our back, and all those rocks running out into the sea. And now, Captain, for your story," said Wil-liam, throwing himself on the dry, warm sand near Abbott, and shading his eyes with his hat while Alfred seated himself on a large stone on the other side of the sailor, and commenced shying pebbles into the water.

"I've been thinking, young gentlemen, can't tell you what frightened me without to can't tell you what frightened me without tell-ing you a good bit of my early life." "All the better," said the two brothers.

"All the better. Now begin, as the story books always do, with 'Once upon a time.'"

Abbott took off his hat and wiped his face with his handkerchief several times; he was a fine looking fellow, in his blue guernsey and bare throat, and dark curly hair well streaked with

gray. "I was born at Clovelly yonder," he began "and lived there the first twelve or fourteen years of my life. You can see the furtherest point there away to the left; the prettiest place in England, to my thinking. We moved from Clovelly to Ilfracombe. My father was a car-penter, and I worked with him when I wasn't going off to sea. When I was about 18, I went to Squire Bassett as carpenter, but I still lived at home, and walked backward and forward night and morning if I didn't get by water. I was the only child they ever had, and my poor mother made a good deal of me. She had never the best of health; I remember her being very hearty, but she was a good woman and a good mother to me.

"I'm sorry for any lad who hasn't a good mother. No one can be what a mother is to a lad. The thought keeps him from many a hurt-ful thing; he wouldn't like to vex her, or he would be ashamed of her knowing, when he would not care so much about his father. I owe a good deal to my mother. I'm certain sure of that. All the comfortable things a mother does to help to keep a son's heart soft and loving to her-for we're all more or less selfish-you know. Well, my father died when I was just turned twenty, and before I was 21 I had begun to keep company with a girl that had been a time at Squire Bassett's, but afterward she came into the town here, as her aunt set up a lodging-house and she was to help her.

Visitors had begun to find out this place was pleasant to come to even then ; they would come from London, and the gentry from the country would come for a few weeks to get some fresh air and sea bathing-nothing like it is nowadays, but still there was a few. I had kept company a good bit before I liked to tell my mother (a bad sign, young gentlemen); but one day some neighbor let out to her about me and Susan walking together ; so in the evening, when I came back from work and she was getting supper ready—she always waited for me, let me be ever so late—she said, 'My boy, is Su-san Turner anything to you ?' I laughed a bit

san Turner anything to you ? I laughed a bit and leant back in my chair and said, 'What lit-tle bird told you that, ch, mother?" "Well, she got up and came behind me, and took my face in her two hands and kissed me many times. "'Jem,' she said, 'I'd like you to have a good wife, and she should be as my own daughter. I could not love any one so well as my own boy, except his wife, if she was a good wife to him; but oh, Jem, mind what you're doing, and don't do what you may repeut of, once and forever.' " "I did not like to say much, and mother

speaking in that kind way, and not flying out the matter ?"

about Susan as many mothers would when they didn't approve, kept me from being vexed with

her. "''You'll not leave me, Jem, if you do marry?" she said, 'will you ? My health's never good, you know, and I'd like this to be your home so long as I live.' Father had put a bit of moncy by, but it was all hers, and I'd never thought of leaving her, so I said, 'No, mother, I'll not leave you. I'll always be your son, even if I have a wife' wife.

" 'You'll promise me that ?' she said. "' Yes mother, I promise,' I said. ' I promise willingly.

Thank you, my boy,' she answered, and again she put her thin hands on my head and kissed me. 'God bless you, Jem ; and may he guide you in your choice, and keep you in all

your ways.' "She never said a word about me not having you see, so I could not but feel a bit vexed with n.yself for never having taken counsel with mother, or let her know what I was thinking about.

"Well, we went on, Susan and me, keeping company some three years, and then I thought it was time we should think of marrying. My work was very regular, chiefly carpentering, and my wages good. "Well, I asked Susan about our settling, but

she was quite set on having a house of her own, and that I could not promise. 'Mother will be as good as your own mother could have been,' said, 'and there's two sitting-rooms—one will be yours, Susan, and all your own things in it.' No ; she wasn't pleased, and I wasn't, and we walked home rather put out with each other, and as we came near the nursery gardens beyond the church, we met the new upholsterer, Mr. Albert Strong, smoking like a chimney, and he took off his hat in a free and easy way to Susan. I didn't like it ; and when he had gone on, says

I, 'You know that young man, Susan !' ''' Know him ! of course I do. I should think every one knows him by this time—most genteel he is, and taken such a good shop in High-street—he comes from London.'

The next time I met this Mr. Albert Strong was a Sunday afternoon, and to my surprise Susan was with him and he smoking all the She coloured up a bit, and seemed vexed time. at meeting me, for she had sent me word she could not walk, as her aunt had lodgers and wanted her in that day; and it was not a likely part of the place for me to be too. However she came forward and said aunt had let her go at last; it was a shame, such a lovely evening, to stay in the house, and Mr. Strong had escort-

ed her till she could meet me. " ' Whatever made you think of looking for me on the Torr ?" said I, feeling uncomfortable. " Do you think you're so small one can't see you? said she, laughing; and I was nigh a foot higher than Mr. Strong, so if she had been looking out for me no doubt she might have seen me from the hill ; and, perhaps, I ought not to have suspected anything. We walked on a bit together, and then somehow I thought he made a sign to Susan, and once more I felt uncomfortable, and longed to knock him down. I've often wished I had theu; but he took his leave immediately after, and I began to feel a little better.

'Very genteel he's dressed, isn't he ?' said Susan, as soon as he was out of hearing. "Genteel, is it? Oh! I didn't know,' I said

I thought his coat must have been cut out of a remnant; he couldn't button it after a good dinner, I'll be bound.'

"Such a thing as it was ! Blue cloth and brass buttons and small tails behind.

"'And his hair is brushed so very genteel," she continued ; 'and smells so sweet.'

So we went on, and she seemed as if she would only talk that way. I could not get her to be grave, or think about the house ; not that evening, nor any time we were together. She never let me begin about our settling or anything serious, if she could help it; and one day, about a month after that walk, I said I thought she had something on her mind-was her aunt good to her ?

"'Oh yes,' she said, "everybody was better to her than she deserved.'

"Well, come home with me this evening, said, 'and have tea with us and see what thee'lt say to the house; it's a long time, Susan, since thee've been to see mother." 'I can't, I can't, ' she said, 'don't ask me; not to-night, James, not to-night.' With that she burst into tears, and turning from me-we were just passing her aunt's house at the time-she waved her hand, and ran in.

That was our last walk together.

"Next morning I could not go up very early, for I had a particular job to finish, but just before dinner I ran off to her aunt's. 'Susan's not in," she said. 'Not in,' I repeated ; 'where is she gone ?

"'Oh, I suppose a bit of shopping or some-thing,' she said ; 'I can't rightly say.' So I went round home the other way, and passed Mr. So I Strong's smart shop ; the blinds were all closed, but there was a notice that a new and startling investment was expected from London on the following Saturday, which would be ready for inspection on Monday next. I went home, and had my dinner, and back to my work till about 5 o'clock ; and about 5, mother came to me in the shop and put her hand on my arm, and said, looking as kind and pitiful as ever woman did: 'Jem, dear, have you seen Susan to day ?' '''No, mother,'says 1, turning sharp ; 'what's

"Why, her aunt's come to see after her, she's not been in since morning, Jem, and—' "'And what, mother !' I said feeling scared

like. ""Her best clothes are gone, and Mrs. Hobbs has heard she was seen early to-day on the road to Lee.

""What should take Susan to Lee ?"

"Well, James Abbott,' said her aunt-who had followed my mother and was just outside the door, though I hadn't noticed her—'I'm sure if all's true, it is quite as strange to me as to you; I never was so took aback, and I hope you'll throw no blame on me for it.' "'For what, Mrs. Hobbs ?' I said ; 'what's

true ? What's the matter ? Can't you tell a fellow at once, and not go playing with him, when you've got him on the hook sure enough?" ""Well, indeed, Mrs. Abbott, I don't like tell-

ing things too suddint like,' she said ; ' but if James would rather know, no one has a better right, of course, than him. Well, then, they say that Albert Strong went to Lee this morning, too. His shop's empty, and the quarter's just up. They suspect that they have been married at Lee. Strong has been sleeping there, and walking backward and forward for a fortnight, and they say the bans must have been cried there. She came into a bit of money about a month

ago.' "'Money ! and me never to know !' I said. "Why, t'was only yesterday I asked her if she wanted any ! I'm off to Lee, mother. If he's not married her, I'll follow them, break every bone in his body, and bring her safe home to Mrs. Hobbs. If they are married, 1'll come home to you, mother. I said I'd be your son all my life.

"I was not long getting to Lee, but the clerk had gone out fishing, and the parson had ridden over to Barnstaple. So I climbed to the top of a hill and watched till the boats began returning. It had got so dark, I had to wait for the clerk to get a lantern, before we went to the church. He brought out the book, and there sure enough was the marriage: Albert Strong and Susan Turner. Mr. Wrey had married them and gone to Barnstaple after, the clerk said. I never spoke word, went out of the church, and straight home.

went about my work a week or two, and then I felt I had no stomach for it. I must have a change of some sort, and I did not see how to get it, and leave the poor mother, either. I was turning it over in my mind when a groom from Squire Bassett's rode up, and said a young gentleman in his yacht was off Watermouth Bay, and wanted a handy man to do some little work on board at once; so he, being a friend of mine, called to give me the job. Even this was differ-ent from what I had been at in Ilfracombe, so I took up my wallet, and told mother not to wait dinner for me; got a lift in a boat as the tide served, and was there in no time.

"The yacht was off Watermouth Island (you must go and see that, and the caves there too, young gentlemen, some day; a beautiful trip it is). Well, I went on board, and Mr. Hamilton himself was there, and told me at once all he wanted done. I did it to his satisfaction ; he go ing up and down and coming back every now and then, and asking me a question or two.

"'Do you know anything about working a ship?' said he. 'I've never been on board one like this, sir,' I said, 'but, of course, I am as much at home in our fishing smacks and such like craft, as on land, living always by the sea. "' 'And you're a handy man and can give hand to anything going on, I hear,' continued Mr. Hamilton. 'And a sober one too, which is

best of all.' "Yes, sir, I hope so.'

"And your name's James Abbott, I think ?"

"'Yes, sir.' "'Well, Abbott, don't leave the yacht till l and cheese there's a cold pie and some bread and cheese there; eat your dinner, and I'll come back.'

In about an hour I heard him come back l, and Squire Bassett with him. I could hear them talking all the way, and somehow felt it was about me. So I got up and stood ready. My was all done and my wallet over my work shoulder, and the two gentlemen came in, and the Squire nodded and said, 'Good day, Abbott. My triend Mr. Hamilton wants a steady, useful fellow to go with him in his yacht to the Mediterranean; he's taken rather a fancy to you, and came to inquire of me. "'The fact is, Abbott,' said Mr. Hamilton,

'I've had so much trouble with my fellows getting drunk, I've had no peace of my life; now I've a new crew. I don't want you to do much in working the vessel; but a handy man 10 01 rge (do any carpentering required, will suit me far better than the drunken valet I had to send off before I had him a month.'

"Here was just what I had been longing for ! 'And how long should we be away, sir ?" asked.

" 'Eighteen months or two years ; not more,

certainly,' said Mr. Hamilton. ""I'd like it above all things, sir, and I think I could give you satisfaction. I've my old mo-ther at home, and I must speak to her before I could give anything positive of an answer." ""Where does she live ?' said Mr. Ham

live ?' said Mr. Hamilton. "''Oh, I know,' said the Squire ; 'at least my people do ; we can call this evening, as we pass through the town, and see what Mrs. Abbott thinks of it.'

"In the evening Mr. Hamilton came; he shool hands with mother, and very pleasant he eagerly; it refreshed her. She felt fo was; he talked a good bit, and he told her it was extraordinary the difficulty there was in while big tears fell down her cheeks.

getting sober men, and, with his small crew, it would be madness to start if he couldn't depend on them. 'They're far worse than animals,' on them. 'They're far worse than and says he. 'Positively, a monkey after being once look at men !' "Well, my dear mother never made any trou-

ble about my going, never thought of herself in the matter. 'Jem,' she said, 'I'm far better pleased in my heart that you should get this situation and leave me than that you should have staid at home married to Susan; she never

was worth so much as your little finger.' "Well, we started in the Isabella. We touched at Ushant, off the coast of France, and then across the Bay of Biscay to Ferrol, then Lisbon, Cadiz, and Gibraltar, and up and down the Mediterranean, sometimes staying weeks at one place. I enjoyed all uncommon ; saw Mount Vesuvius smoking, and often watched it at night; it was splendid to see the fire rising out of the crater. However, at last the time came for us to return home ; I had written regular to my mother, and heard often from her. I wasn't sorry when Mr. Hamilton told us we were homeward bound. We had the worst storm all through the two years off Cape Finistere, but our little craft weathered it, and we reached Southampton in safety two years and one month since we left England.

As soon as Mr. Hamilton could spare me, I was anxious to be off home, and I left very early oue Thursday morning, to catch the 6 o'clock Government train to Excter. I was going along the empty streets at a sharp pace, with a good big bundle on my stick over my shoulder, when, all of a sudden, in a narrow dirty street, a man half wild rushed out of a mean-looking lodging-house, and said: 'For Heaven's sake, young man, come in here ?'

"Now, young gentlemen, when I began my tale, I was te tell you I had never been fright-

""What for ?" said I stopping short. ""He's hanged himself! I'm afraid he's dead ! For heaven's sake, come and help."

"I went in after him up the narrow stair, put my bundle down, and followed him into an empty room. The fire-place projected a good way, so that there was like a small room on each side of it, which might be left to different lodgers. Behind the door, on a large hook, a wretched man had indeed hanged himself.

"Can you cut him down ? said my poor, shivering guide. 'I had not the strength my-

self.' "' Who are you ?' I asked. "' Only a fellow lodger, nigh as hard off as then; but I came to bring the poor wife a sup of tea, and found him here; then I heard a step, I tea, and found him here; then I heard a step, I tea, and saw you coming along.'

"All this was said in a hurried whisper, as I got out my knife; but I could not reach him quite; the hook was so high, and the bit of rope so short. 'Lean on me,' said my guide; 'I could bear your weight for a moment, and you could eatch hold of the door.' "I got my knee on his back, then one foot on

his shoulder to steady myself, while my left arm grasped hold of the door, and I began cutting at the tope. I had cut half through, when my frail support tottered, and at the same moment the door swayed under me. Dropping my knife I clutched at something to recover myself; it was the dead man, and down I came to the ground

"Down I came, and straight atop of me fell the corpse. I had cut more than half through the rope, and the remaining thwarts were not enough to support him when my guide let go, and I caught hold of his coat. Young gentlemen, I was frightened then. "Straight upon me fell the dead man. I saw

his staring eyes, felt his cold face against mine. The horror of it went all through me; shivering to my inside, and I believe I half fainted. When I recovered myself we lifted him and laid him straight out behind the door, and I sat down on the stairs a bit to get heart again. ""There's no use telling the poor wife,

whispered little Pegson; 'sne can't live over the day; better not tell her. There was a distress put in yesterday ; all the poor things they had was took from them ; only her bed left, as she would not want it long; seen better days; brought up quite genteel, they was. I had brought her a cup of tea, but had no time to give it to her when I found him there. Would you, in charity, give it while I inform the police? I'm the oldest lodger, and it will be expected of

"I was too late for the 6 o'clock train, so I "I was too late for the 6 o'clock train, so I agreed to stay where I was. He was just going turned vnen Sir. do you know what brought him to that Sir, do you know what brought that to pointing to the wretched body, 'and brought them to their miserable state? I can tell you; it was nothing but drink. He drank everything; wife and child might starve, so that he could get a drop of the devil's bottle.

"Then be hurriedly left, and taking up the cup of tea, I went toward the bed. "There was a little child fast asleep, the

mother's face was hidden, and her arms stretched out over the child. At first I thought she was dead, but when I gently moved one arm, I heard the quick short breathing. I put a spoonful of tea into her mouth, and heard it swallowed; I gave a few more; then she turned over, and [saw her face. Young gentlemen, it was poor Susan---it was indeed !

"Her eyes were closed, but she took the tea eagerly ; it refreshed her. She felt for her child and her thin fingers moved in his curly hair,

September 21, 1878.

"Pegson came back, stepping gently across

to me. " ' Has she taken all ?' he said ? ' oh, 1'm glad. "And the boy asleep? Very good." "'Here,' I said, taking some money from my pocket, 'Pegson, go and get some food, some milk, a loaf of bread, a little brandy." "'No,' he said, 'she won't touch that; never

would, poor soul. She said she knew what brandy had brought him to, and she would never

wet her lips with it, were she dying ever so. 'Then what do you think best ? something for the child, and some meat for yourself, I answered. Well, young gentlemen, she recog-nized me before she died, and told me a bit of her history. 'It was drink,' she said, 'that ruined history. 'It was drink,' she said, 'that runned him. We moved about from one town to another,' she said,' and we got poorer and poorer, (h) and the poorer we got the more he drank. Oh, James, how badly I behaved to you, and you so kind! if any girl was ever sorely punished for her flirting, foolish, deceitful ways, it's me. And what I could have seen in him, I'm sure I've often wondered !'

"She could hardly draw her breath, and I was afraid of her speaking too much. 'Oh, but I've so little time,' she said, 'so little time ; and

I want to tell you all before he comes in again." "She did not know, and she could not see the ghastly thing lying in that ugly corner, as I did. I had never recognized him, I doubt if even his own mother would have known him

now. "'Oh, James,' she continued, 'I'm ashamed to ask you, but what can 1 do? I can't die in peace and think of his father having him ! and with her thin trembling hands she pushed her boy's curly head toward me. I promised I would take him and rear him as if he had been my own, and she cried and blessed me. She only said a few words after I had promised. 'I took him to church; Harry, Harry, she repeated, to • show that was his name.' I knelt down, and said, 'Our father.' (God bless you,' she said, and never spoke again. In an hour or so it was

"I got Pegson to arrange about her funeral and she was buried that same evening ; him and me followed her to the grave, with the baby in my arms. Then I made poor Pegson a present, and leaving that wretched house, went to the railway inn, near the station, where I was to start from next morning. Mother didn't know when I was coming, so she had not been fright-ened at me not arriving : I had only written I would get away as soon as Mr. Hamilton could

spare me. "I had a good bit to go by coach at the end, but we reached Ilfracombe at last, and catching hold of a boy, 1 bade him run to Mrs. Abbott, and tell her a sailor man told him to say Jame Abbott would be home that evening; so I found mother all ready on the lookout for me. She looked surprised at the child at first. 'It's poor Susan's, mother,' I said ; so she gave him a drink of milk, and then took him off with some hot water, and brought him down again, looking

quite different. "Mrs. Hobbs had died while I was away, and the few friends we had mother told about Harry. But he grew up to call her Granny and me father always, and he always said his name was Harry Abbott, and I never said nothing against it. He was the very image of his poor mother, her pretty, light curly hair and all; didn't feature or favor his father, even in a look, and that was a comfort. As he grew bigger, nothing would please him but the sea; and so, when he was about 15, and I had a letter from Mr. Hamilton to say he had come into a large property and had married, and was going to take Lady Hamil-ton (he was Sir John Hamilton now) a trip in ton (ne was Sir John Hamilton now) a trip in one of the best yachts ever built and if I had a mind he'd be glad of me to go with them—I spoke to mother, and we agreed to accept; and I offered Harry to go along with me. "So we joined the Emerald at Davenport. I thought if Harry liked it as he expected, he

should enlist on board a man-of-war afterward. We were only to be a year away. Ten months had passed, and we had left Madeira homeward bound; there had been a bit of a squall and a heavy sea running all day, and I had taken a turn of the watch, as I often did to save Harry he was growing fast, and I liked him to get the morning watch as much as possible, not to break So I had just turned in at eight bells; (that's 4 o'clock,) and was dozing off, when I was sure I heard a cry of 'Father, father !'

"Before I could leap out of my berth, came that dreadful sound, "Man overboard !"

swam for dear life toward him, but the sea was rough, and they thought on board he had struck

against something in falling. "I never saw my Harry again—never saw his curly head no more. They hanled me back on board, more dead than alive, and when I came to myself again, we were plunging along with a stiff breeze, ten knots an hour. I knew we had left Harry miles behind, all alone in his watery

grave." "Oh, Captain," said the two Sinclairs, "I

am so sorry !" They had altered their position several times as the interest increased, but now they stood up the interest increased. by him, and put a hand kindly on each shoulder. "I am so sorry," they repeated. "How long ago is it ?" said Alfred.

"Well, sir, this day twenty-four years I land-

ed in Southampton, and it's nearly eight years since Harry's death; he was nearly 16. Mother said she thought he was about 14 months old when I brought him home that night. I often when I brought him nome that hight. I often think when him and me, please the Lord, meet again, will he call me father still, or will he know that I wasn't his father. They know everything up yonder, no doubt," said Abbott, looking up at the blue sky, "and I often wonder. I never told a real lie about it to him, never. Sometimes he would ask me how long he had been at Ilfracombe, and I could tell him since he was a little more than a twelvemonth old. And where had he been before ? I could tell him that too ; and if he asked, was he born at South ampton, 1 used to say yes, for I could not tell of any other place for certain. So I did my best to tell no lie. Often he'd ask, was I very fond of his mother ? Perhaps he thought it strange I of his mother ? Perhaps he thought it strange 1 was away with Mr. Hamilton, when he was born, that made him ask that; but I could truly say, ' Yes, my lad, I was very fond;' that was truth any how; so I hope if he understands now all wasn't just as he thought, while he was with us, that he sees how I did it for the best all the while—I hope he does. "A more dutiful, good lad to me and his (iranux, as he always called her, could not have

Granny, as he always called her, could not have been, no son ever behaved better to his father than my Harry did to me never, and no father could have been prouder of his lad, nor missed him more sorely when he was taken away than me— I'm certain sure of that. Almost too pretty for a youngster he was : his eves as blue as the skies : and his face so sweet and fresh, like a basket of white hearts till he got sunburned a bit, and his hair all bright and curly, just like his poor mo-

"When we joined at Davonport, Sir John 'Why, looked at him and then at me and said, Abbott, he's not a bit like you !' and I said 'No Hamilton said, 'I'm afraid your mother was sorry to part with you,' and Harry answered, so innocent like, 'Mother's dead, my lady.'

innocent like, 'Mother's dead, my muy. "Lady Hamilton took his picture a many times. 'I want to draw a sailor boy,' she said, and Harry will do beautifully ;' so she had him in the cabin often and gave him fruit and sweet biscuits ; very kind she was. She gave me one of the pictures of him afterward, the best she had, she said, and I have it betwixt the leaves

had, sue saw, and of my Bible. "I had never read my Bible much, young gentlemen, before I lost him. I used to sit and listen while my mother read a chapter, or a bit of one, before we went to bed, out of respect, but I had never taken to it much myself; now since Harry went, I've read a deal of it, and par-ticular all the chapters about heaven. It must be a grand place. One verse says there shall be no more sea—but another talks of a sea of glass, and the beautiful fruit and leaves of gold, and gates made of pearl, and all them precious stones.

"I don't suppose myself they're the little bits of things we call gold and precious stones here, but only as we set more store by them than anything else in the world, the Lord has used them to show us how beautiful everything will be; more beautiful than ear has ever heard, or eye has ever seen, or mind can think, however clever the mind may be.

"It isn't always the cleverest that sees or hears or understands most, though, by no means. It's the innocent mind that thanks God for making everything beautiful or wonderful that gets most knowledge and most pleasure, to my think

ing. "I mind always the difference I saw in a "London and I heard clever man that came from London, and I heard knew the names of every fish, and every shell, and every stone in the Kingdom, and his little girl. They came down here one day; she had her basket and red cloak on, and was running about picking up every thing she could find, and all of a sudden she came near me. I was sitting on that rock yonder ; and lifting up the seaweed she saw one of them sea anemones ; so she called out, 'Papa, papa, oh do come here!' And he came-very fond of her he seemed-and she said, "Did you ever see anything so beautiful, papa ?" And he patted her head, and said, "Oh, that's only a'—something or other with a very long name I can't remember; it was not English he spoke, and passed on; and she stood still, with her hands clasped behind her, looking at them, ard at leat she said half shulk to ma: "Don't and at last she said, half shyly, to me: 'Don't you think it was good of God to make these things so beautiful with these bright blue spots, just like a tiny necklace of blue forget-me-nots; and if I hadn't found them there was nothing ack. The yacht had hove to, so I seized the rope they were just going to throw to him, and plunged in. The sun was rising, and it was quite light, but a heavy sea on still. I saw his curly head above the water as I leaped overheard and the seaweed to see them, besides God him-self.' And I said, 'Yes, my dear, I think it you'll think them more beantiful still.' seen, for it was her first visit to the sea-that was. "But, indeed, young gentlemen, it must be

time for you to run home, I expect, for your dinner, and I hope I haven't kept you too long."

"Oh, no, Captain, not a bit too long," said Alfred. "I've been wishing mother had heard you, for she would have written a story directly about it if she had."

"You'd better tell it her then; but it would be rare odd to see all about an old fellow like me in a book. Good day, sir, good day." "The boys sprang up the steep path leading

to the town ; but in a few moments Alfred came tearing back, catching Abbott before he pulled off in his boat.

mother; you did not tell us. Is she dead ?" he Malthusian belief in spite of his angry protest-asked slowly. By way of celebrating the event, the ras-

asked slowly. "Ay, ay, sir," said Abbott quietly. "I've been alone in the world now these five years." "I'm so sorry about Harry," said the boy, taking the rough hand in his own; "so very

orry." "Thank you kindly, Mr. Alfred. I'll be Good day, sir; there's your brother up there waiting for you. You'd better be off; it's nigh upon 2 o'clock."

THE HAMILTONIAN CLUB.

Perhaps you will find it interesting to have a few words about those few good-natured, undo-mesticated Bohemians, who have already been introduced to your notice through this column. Mr. McGuffinsby is back from Paris. The cut of his clothes is now something immense. Snuffers (don't you remember Snuffers ?) has just returned from an extended trip up the upper lakes. He has been prospecting for copper along the shores of Lake Superior, and some of his friends are willing to bet that the brass in his face will now outweigh the ore in his carpet-bag. Slicer, the sentimentalist, has been away down the St. Lawrence. Fitz Wigglers spent several weeks at Manhattan Beach and Coney Island. Heavysiege got home a few days ago after an absence of a year in some unpronounceable place in Asiatic Turkey. The Club rooms have had a deserted and woe-begone appearance of late. To tell the truth, the place has looked more lone-some and melancholy than a country schoolhouse in the holidays. But the jolly fellows had a grand reunion the other evening, and the old walls once again rang with

" A sound of revelry by night."

The wanderers must each have had a glorious holiday, but, like the prodigal of old, they were glad to return again to the haunts of their boy-hood. It was a royal night. Fitz Wiggles was particularly happy. He appeared to be elated by some secret satisfaction, and his friends con-cluded that he must be in love. As he finished the narrative of his experience down at Manhattan Beach, he took a copy of the Oil City Derric newspaper from his pocket, and laughingly exclaimed :

"Fellows, here is one of the most witty items I've seen for a long time : 'A young Oil citizen calls his sweetheart Revenge because she is sweet.

"Take care, Fitz," said Snuffers, seriously see here what the *Burlington Hawkeye* says The young married man on Southhill calls his mother-in-law Delay, because she is dan-

gerous.' " "Sweethearts are all very well, no doubt," observed McGuffinsby; "but, Fitzy, my boy, let me draw your attention to a remark which I find in the Boston *Globe*: 'A North-end man calls bit with Fact because she is a stubborn calls his wife Fact because she is a stubborn thing.

"Speaking of wives," remarked Slicer, as he placed his glass upon the table, "the *Yonkers Gazette* fellow seems to have hit the nail on the head when he says : 'A man in this town calls his wife Frailty, because Shakespeare says, "Frailty, thy name is woman."

"Those are all harmless jests," observed Snuf-fers, dryly ; "but I an of opinion there must be a vein of deep hidden hypocrisy in the character of the man referred to in the New York *Herald*. It says: 'A New York insurance agent calls his wife Honesty, because he finds it the heat policy.' best policy.'" "Villains ! all of them," exclaimed Fitz,

savagely, as the boisterousness began to subside; men who can write such things have no idea what woman's love is."

"I hardly agree with you on that point, Fitz," argued Heavysiege. "I am of opinion that all those poor fellows speak from reflections occasioned by sad experience." "Their minds have been warped by false

philosophy," said Fitz, as he rose to his feet. "They have no soul! Such men could never feel

what Othello felt, when he said-

'For know, lago. But that I love the gentle Desdemons. I would not my unboased, free condition Put into circumscription and confine For the sea's worth.'"

" Bravo, Fitz !" exclaimed some of them.

"Pure, and fair, and gentle though Desde-mona was," remarked McGuffinsby, "had Othello never met her, his great name would not have been handed down all blemished with the crime of wife-murder."

Whereupon Snuffers calmly and deliberately walked over to Fitz Wiggles, and, without the least sign of a smile upon his face, grasped the astonished Fitz by the hand and said :

"Mr. Fitz Wiggles, allow me to congratulate you. It is to me more than gratifying to know that henceforth you are one of us. Malthus was right. The population of the world is increasing too rapidly. It is only a question of time until Governments are forced to acknowledge the truth of the views set forth by that great man, and which we, his humble followers, are endeavouring to substantiate.'

"I object—I protest !" shouted the unhappy Fitz, but his voice could scarcely be heard above the noise. He was confidentially informed by Dicer that no explanations were necessary, as they all understood each other. They all in-"We want to know, Captain, about your sisted upon regarding Fitz as a convert to the the townspeople.

cals struck up that jingling chorus— Come. landlord. fill the flowing bowl, Until it doth run over, For to-night we'll merry. merry be, Aud to-morrow we'll get sober." When the singing had come to an end, Heavwiege managed to get a hearing, and went

Heavysiege managed to get a hearing, and went

on to say: "Speaking of Malthus and his views, my friends, let me relate to you an incident that came under my observation to-day. In passing down one of the streets this afternoon, I came across a feeble old blind woman, who was being led along by a bright-eyed, curly-headed, but dirty little child. My first impulse was to pity dirty little child. My first impulse was to pity the child. I stood and watched them for a time. The woman had a basket, in which she carried some small wares, and the child led her from door to door, and thus the blind woman found customers for her goods. It was the most touching scene I ever saw. It taught me two lessons,

" First, that the whole human race is dependent one upon another; and, second, that there are none so low and humble but they can be of help to a fellow being.'

W. F. MCMAHON.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

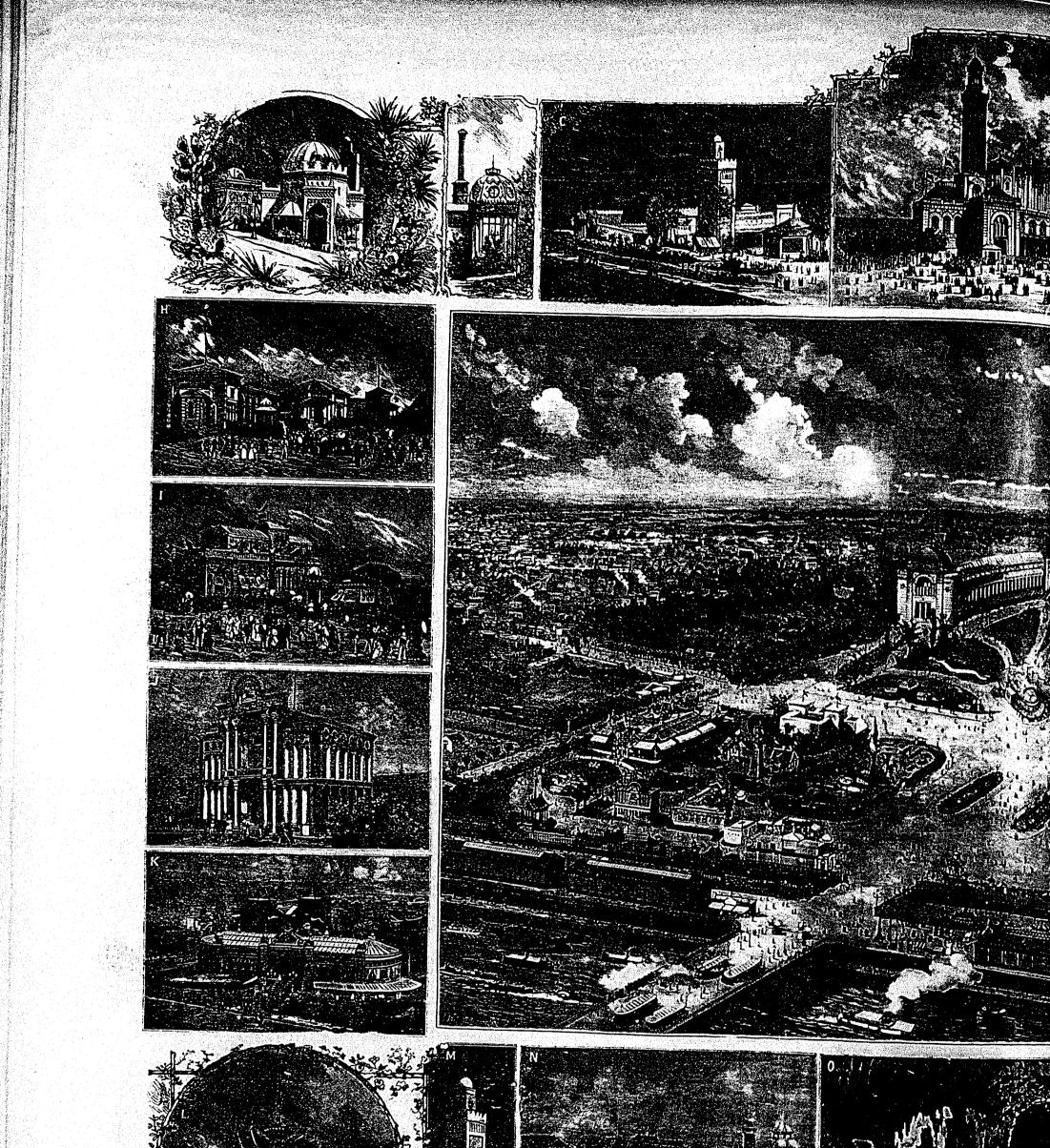
THE ADDRESS TO LORD DUFFERIN .--- A full lescription of all the circumstances attending this notable ceremony will be found on another

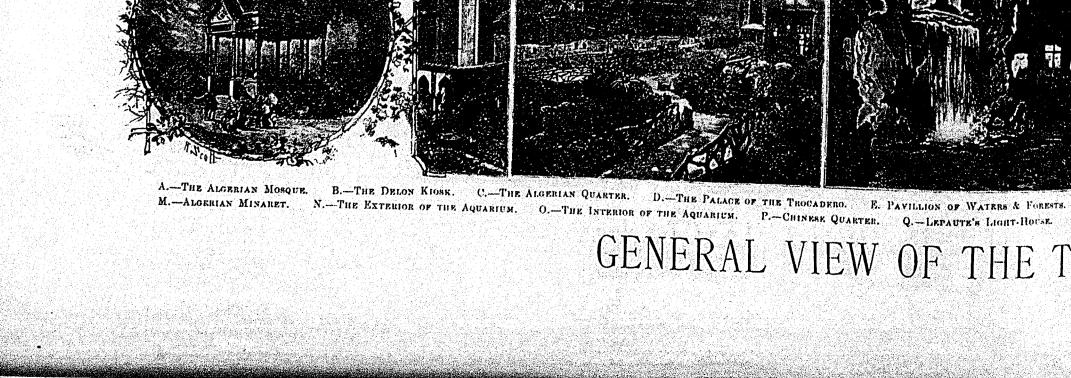
page. FRONT PAGE. - At the present time, when we hear of almost nothing else but regattas, scull-ing matches and other aquatic exhibitions, our readers will be pleased to have in one group the portraits of the principal oarsmen of America. The only prominent figure wanting is that of Courtney, which we have not been able hitherto to obtain, but which we shall publish shortly.

UP THE OTTAWA .- We particularly call attention to the letter-press connected with the illustrations under this head. Our Special Cor-respondent has written a most graphic account of the lumberer's life and adventures in the woods and waters of the Upper Ottawa, and the information which he imparts will be found valuable in more respects than one. THE LATE QUEEN MARIE CHRISTINE.—The

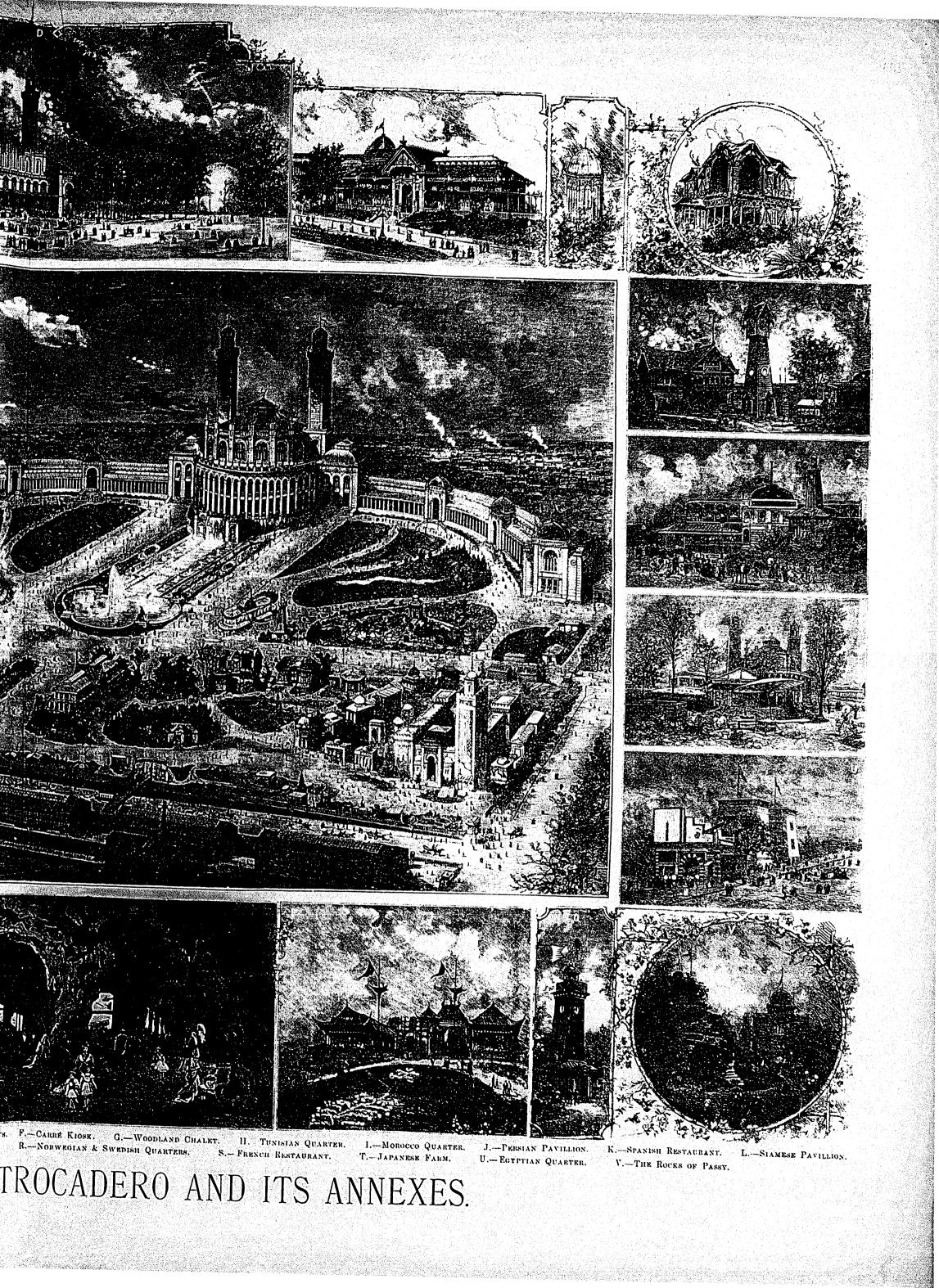
ex-Queen Marie Christine, who was formerly the wife of Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, died on Thursday week last, at Sainte-Adresse, near Havre. Marie Christine was born at Naples, April 27, 1806. Her father was Francis 1., April 27, 1600. Her nother was France 1., King of Naples, and her mother Marie Isabel, daughter of Charles IV., of Spain. On the death of Ferdinand (September 29, 1833), she became regent, and presently conceiving a violent pas-sion for Ferdinand Munoz, a private soldier, whose parents kept a tobacco shop at Tarancon, she married him secretly, December 28, 1833. she married him secretly, December 20, 1000. Obliged, finally, to leave Spain, her daughter Isabella meanwhile being declared queen, she retired with Munoz and their ten children to France, and resided at Malmaison, once the home of the ex-Empress Josephine. She subsehome of the ex-Empress Josephine. She subsequently removed to Paris, but resided part of the time at Beaumont Lodge, near Windsor, England. In 1864 Marie Christine returned once more to Madrid, and remained till 1868, when she and her daughter Isabella were driven from the country. She returned to Paris, but after a time moved to the neighbourhood of Havre, where she resided until her death. Munoz died in 1873. Marie Christine's second daughter by Ferdinand VII., was married in 1846 to the Duke of Montpensier, a son of the late King Louis Philippe. AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA.

-There was a threefold movement, the points of which are, in Herzegovina, the towns of Livno, Mostar, and Stolacz, approached by General Jovanovich from Dalmatia; in Bosnia, the Capi-Zvornik, on the Drina, which is on the Servian frontier. The troops of General Jovanovich met with slight resistance at Citluk, but took possession of Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, next day, without any more fighting. The Austrians were received by the municipality and townspeople with expressions of welcome. Liv-no and Stolacz have also been occupied; but at Ravonice, a detachment of Austrians was at-tacked by Moslem insurgents in superior force, and got the worst of it. The operations in Bosnia have been far more difficult and impor-tant. General Baron von Philippovich is the Commander-in-Chief, with General Szapary commanding his left wing, on the road from "I ago, his false friend, was responsible for that," said Fitz, "and, believe me, fellows, I am beginning to think there are too many Iagos in the world." (Commanding his left wing, on the road from Doboj towards Zvornik, and with General Tegethoff and the Duke of Wurtemberg holding minor commands. The main body of the forces advanced from Brod, on the Save, by Dorberd advanced from Brod, on the Save, by Derbend or Dervent, to the River Bosna at Doboj, and marched up the Bosna Valley, suffering temporary check at Maglai, from an ambush laid for one of the Hussar regiments, but defeating the enemy at Zepce and two or three other places, in the following days. In the meantime another army corps was moving southward from Banjaluka, where the Archduke John Salvator had established his head-quarters. Travnik was occupied and a junction was soon afterwards effected between the right-hand column and the main army. A battle was fought at Han Bela-lovac, in which the Mohammedans were defeat-ed with much loss. Tegetthoff then pushed on to join the advanced guard of the main army in storming the town of Serajevo, which was effect-ed on the 19th ult., but not without a sanguinary resistance, and terrible havoe and slaughter of





Contraction of the second s



ONE OF CANADA'S HEROINES. MADELEINE DE VERCHERES.*

BY JOHN READE. I.

" Oh ! my country, bowed in anguish 'neath a weight of bitter woe, bitter woe, Who shall save thee from the vengeance of the desolat ing foe ? Ing los ? They nave sworn a heathen oath that every Christian soul must die— God of Heaven, in mercy shield us ! Father, hear thy children's ory."

11. Thus prayed Madeleine, the daughter of an old, heroic

hine-Grecian poet, had he seen her, would have deemed her race divine; But as the golden sun transcends the beauty of the brightest star, Than all the charms of face or form her maiden heart was lovelier far.

III.

We can see her now in fancy, through the dim years gazing back To those stormy days of old, the days of valiant

Fronter When the thinly settled land was sadly wasted far and Aud before the savage for the people fled like stricken

IV. Tis the season when the forest wears its many coloure

And strange foreboding whisper answers back the

winds's caress, winds's caress, As the swaying pines repeat the murmurs of the distant waves, While the children of the Summer flutter softly to their

graves. v.

But-was that another whisper, warning her of ill to come, As she stands beside the river, near her father's fortness-home YHark ! the sound of stealthy footsteps creeps upon the throbbing ear— Maiden, fly ! the foe approaches, and no human sid is

VI.

Surely He who decked with beauty this fair earth on which we divel which we divel Never meant that men should change it by their madness into hell: He who gave the trees their glory, gave the birds their git of song. Cannot smile from out yon heavens at the sight of human wrong.

νп.

But those savage hearts no beauty wins to thoughts of tender ruth-Mother fond, or gentle maid, or smiling innocence of youth. See ! with fierce exulting yells the flying maiden they pursue

Hear her prayer, O God, and save her from that wild, vindictive crew. VIII.

Never ere that day or since was such a race by maiden rvar; never gainst such fearful odds was wished-for goal so swiftly won; Fifty foes are on her track, the bullets graze her floating

hair-But worse than vain is all their rage, for God above has heard her prayer.

Madeleine has reached the Fort; the gates are closed against the foe, But now a terror-stricken throng sends up to Heaven a wail of woe-Feeble men and fainting women, without heart, or hope, or plan-Then it was that God gave courage to a maid to not a man.

X. Then it was that Madeleine bethought her of her father's

fame ; "Never shall a soldier's daughter die the coward's death of shame; Never in the days to come, when Canada is great and

proud, Be it said a Christian maiden by a heathen's threat was cowed.

XI. "He is but a craven wretch would bid me yield in such an hour Neveryet my country's sons in peril's face were known

No, my people! God is with us : 'tis our homes that we defend-

Let the savage do his worst, we will oppose him to the end. XII.

"Women, I am but a girl, but heroes' blood is in my

veius, And I will shed it drop by drop, before I see my land in Let them tear me limb from limb, or strew my ashes to he wind

Ere I disgrace the name I bear, or leave a coward's fame behind. XIII.

"Brothers mine, though young in years, you are old euough to know That to shed your blowd is noble, fighting with your country's foe ! Be the lesson unforgotten that our noble father gave, Whether glory be its guerdon or it win us but a grave.

XIV.

'Come, my people, take your places, every one as duty calls, Death to every foe who ventures to approach these fortness walls! Let no point be unprotected, leave the rest to God on high.

high, Then we shall have done our duty, even if we have to die."

XV.

Then she raised their drooping courage, matchless maiden, Madeleiue, Aud the cry " to arms" re-schoed, till the roof-tree rang again, Cannons thundered, muskets rattled and the clank of of steel was heard, Till the baffled foe retreated, like a wolf untimely

scared. XVI.

Seven days and seven nights, with sleepless eye and bated breath. They held the Fort against the foe that lurked around them plotting death ! At last a joyous challenge came, it was the brave La Monnerie,

Monnerie, And up to Heaven arose a shout, "The foe has fled and we are free." --- Rose-Belford Monthly.

" See Parkman's '' Frontenac."



CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

marble. The barns and out-houses are of a su-

perior order and very roomy. On the estate is a marble quarry of some fifty acres. This marble is very beautiful and easily quarried. It

has not yet attracted the attention it merits,

but the probability is that it will soon be in

large demand. It is now being used in the con-struction of a church at Brockville—Mr. Amy

having given the material and Mr. Rattray having carted it to the Canada Central at a nominal rate.

In connection with the water privilege, I should have mentioned that a few years ago a

carding and cloth mill was projected but not

completed. The foundation and race-way were

built and are to-day in an excellent state of preservation. Mr. Amy is desirous of finding a purchaser for the whole property and would be

willing to accept any reasonable offer, as he finds his own business as a general merchant and postmaster fully as much as he can pro-

AS A PLEASURE RESORT

Portage-du-Fort offers many attractions for

those who desire a cessation from worldly care

and are fond of nature in a picturesque garb.

The wild stretch of the river before mentioned is full of lovely scenes, and there are countless op-

portunities for glorious rambles along the moun

tainous shore and among the numerous islands which break up the stream into a thousand gushing channels. The paths made by the voyageurs when there was no waggon-road across

the portage, and everything had to be carried on the back, wind through the most beautiful

scenery, and for real natural beauty compare

well with any of the laboriously constructed "Lover's Walks" to be found in city show

grounds. A short walk along one of these paths leads to the "Devil's Elbow," the name given a deep chasm through which the water rushes in

furious haste-the abrupt turn which the name

indicates increasing the wildness of the foam-

The proximity of such a large area of rapid, splashing water renders the air about Portage-u = Fort pleasantly fresh and exceedingly healthy. It is a poor place for doctors. The one I met had turned storekeeper and mill-

owner, and had endeavoured to get into the Local Legislature.

There are two good hotels in the village, at either of which the tourist will meet with a

genial host and comfortable accommodation. The Ottawa Hotel, kept by a Mr. J. W. Agret, is the oldest of the two. It is situated on the river shore and commands a fine view up

the bay. Mr. Agret is an old lumberman and a lover of good living. He is of Falstaffian pro-portions, and like that doughty knight is fond of a jest. Behind the hotel is a marble obelisk

TO COMMEMORATE THE VISIT

OF

LADY HEAD

Who made the tour of the

perly attend to.

crested waves.

X. UP THE OTTAWA.

FROM AYLMER TO PORTAGE-DU-FORT-A CHANCE FOR SPECULATORS-A CHARMING PLACE TO RUSTICATE IN-A BIG BRIDGE-RAFTING-THE LEGEND OF THE CALUMET.

A ride of twenty-four miles on the Union Forwarding Company's steamer leaving Aylmer at 8 o'clock a.m., brought to view the Chats Rapids which form a nicturesque termination to the Dechesne Lake. When trade was brisk and the railway to Pembroke existed only on paper the Steamboat Company conveyed freight and passengers to the next stretch of navigable water by means of a horse railway, but the traffic does not now warrant the expense. The portage to Chats Lake is about three miles long. I did not pursue my journey by steamer, but landed on the Quebec side, a short distance be-low the rapids. A small stream called "The Quio" flows into the Ottawa here and the village has consequently been christened Quio. It is a straggling, unpretentious settlement, and the little life apparent seemed as flat as the ale which mine host of a grandly named hotel doled out at the rate of five cents a gill. It is a pity, It think, that a generous glass of the good hon-est brew from malt and hops is so difficult to obtain outside the cities and large towns of the Dominion. For lack of it men are led to drink a vile liquid called "Proof" which a friend in the distiller's business says is the worst stuff the distilleries turn out. Some call it "White Whisky" and others "High Wines," but call it what you like, it is a vicious liquid suggestive of vitriol. It is now greatly drank in the rural districts, taking the place of the once universal Old Rye. The retailers have found that it is very profitable, and the consumers are deluded into the belief that because it is colourless it is superior to any other liquor made. Whenever I see the bottle going round I feel inclined to cry out "Where are the Police ! or Liquor Inspectors ?"

The navigable stretch between the Chats and Portage du-Fort is about twenty-four miles long. I made the distance by road, being and Portage - du - rort is about choing miles long. I made the distance by road, being desirous of seeing the country ou the Quebec side. It is mostly rolling, with here and there a flat section. The proposed railway to Portage-du-Fort will be by no means a difficult under-taking. A good deal of land is under cultivation, but the farmers as a rule seem to be a poor class. About half-way on the road there is a sleepy little village called Bristol. Drawing near to Portage-du-Fort the country grew more moun-tainous and, on the still evening air, the roar of rushing waters could be heard telling of our approach to one of those pictures que parts of the Ottawa which are so characteristic of the grand stream, and which are destined, I believe, to make it in the near future a favourite route for pleasure travel.

for pleasure travel. Portage-du-Fort is prettily situated at the foot of a deep bay enclosed by thickly wooded mountains. It is the terminal point of the Chats Lake navigation, the river above for eight miles being full of rapids of the wildest des-cription. The Calumet Chute, which is at the head of this stretch of wild water, is regarded as one of the most dangerous along the Ottawa or its tributaries. The "Calumet Fever" is the name given the dread some raftsmen have of

facing this part of their journey. Portage-du-Fort is in the County of Pontiac. I could not get the date of its settlement, but learned that it was surveyed and laid out as a village in 1844. The population now is about seven hundred. The first settler was Elisha Bentley, who probably located a few years before this date. A brother-in-law named Bisset joined him, and the two obtained a grant of a square mile of land on the condition that they would erect a saw-mill. This was done, and the firm cleared considerable land and went into the manufacture of potash. They did not succeed in making both ends meet and the property percending to the hunds of Thes Descendent Jump passed into the hands of Thos. Darrell, a lumberman, who had invested money in the speculation. Darrell took out a large raft of spiendid masts, but failed financially, and Messrs. Atkin-son & Usborne, who had been supplying him, stepped in and took possession. Change of ownership did not bring about a change of luck, for soon afterwards the estate passed into the hands of Barnett & Co., bankers, of London, England. An old country clergyman, the Rev. Henry Usborne, purchased the property and after a time sold it to a relative, George William Usborne, who succeeded no better than his predecessors. Finally his son-in-law, Mr. John Amy, purchased it and has held possession since.

THE AMY PROPERTY

consists of over six hundred acres of land in and about the village, with a farm close by mak-ing in all twelve hundred acres. The first menned estate includes a magnificent water privilege capable of running half-a-dozen or more large establishments. At present there is a large flour and grist mill with three run of stones

Canada, and his personal recollections were most interesting. Father Brunet has been in Canada some twenty years, and for some little time was a close personal friend of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee, of whom he relates many characteristic anecdotes.

The Wesleyans are ministered to by the Rev. Mr. Fowler, and the Presbyterians presided over by the Rev. Mr. Turnbull.

THE INTER-PROVINCIAL RRIDGE

which connects Ontario and Quebec at this point, is a modern structure one thousand feet long. The entire stream of the Ottawa is bridged at only one other point, viz., at the Chaudiere Falls. The Portage-du-Fort bridge enables connection with the Canada Central Railway at Healy's Station, seven miles south-west. It is proposed that the Q. M. O. & O. Railway shall cross in the same vicinity, the numerous islands and rocky ledges rendering the building of a build on some one of the same seven miles and some seven mile the building of a bridge an easy work. RAFTING.

In my last I devoted some space to a few de-tails respecting lumbering or the work of obtaining and preparing in marketable shape the crude wealth of our forests. I propose now to give a few particulars regarding the conveyance of the timber to market. Sometimes the sticks, which run from twenty to sixty feet long, and which run from twenty to sixty feet long, and from twelve to twenty inches square, are drawn from the forest direct to where they can be made up into cribs. This is not often the case, how-ever, now as the front limits of the available lumber region have been pretty well cleared long ago. As a rule the sticks are allowed to fleat one by one down the tributaries till they reach the Ottawa, or "Grand River" as it is sometimes called. These journeys down the smaller rivers are of the most varied character. Perhaps at the start the timber will float in a lake of magnificent proportions. If so, the sticks are enclosed in a boom-a series of sticks connected by chains-and thus they will be connected by chains—and thus they will be pulled along by means of a floating capstan which is anchored at various points. The out-let of the lake may be smooth for a time, but it will eventually develop into a wild rapid stream, probably ending in a precipitous fall or foaming cascade locally termed a "Chute." The timber has to be let loose here and men are de-tailed the next the precess cloud, sea thicks of the tailed to see that it passes along, as sticks often get jammed among rocks and speedily form the basis for an immense pile. The breaking up of these "jams" is very risky work, and many lives are annually lost by the timber suddenly giving way or by the men slipping off the sticks into the surging waters. This work is called "Driv-ing." The men wear boots with soles and heels ing." The men wear boots with soles and heels full of sharp points to enable them to get a better hold upon the slippery timber. During a drive the sticks often get badly broken at the ends, and now and then they will be broken in two as though they were but toothpicks.

HOW A CRIB IS MADE.

Arrived at the Ottawa, they are made up into cribs-that is to say sticks are brought side by side until a width of twenty-four feet is ob-tained. The sticks are kept together by six cross pieces laid two at each end, and two in the centre. These cross pieces or "traverses" are fastened to the sticks by wooden pins two inches thick. On top of the cross pieces are laid at equal distances four sticks of timber which are termed "loading sticks." The whole is made tight and solid by means of wedges which are driven between the sticks which form the crib proper. The cribs are navigated with long oars or sweeps. In parts of the river where towing is to be obtained, the cribs are joined together by "cap pieces" which are short slabs having a hole at each end. These holes fit the wooden pins before men-tioned. When thus joined the cribs form a raft. When the raft arrives at the head of a rapid down singly or two at a time according to the nature of the rapid and the "pitch" of water. From Roche Capitaine, 66 miles above Pem-broke, to the Chaudiere Falls at Ottawa, whereever the rapids are diversified by precipitous falls or chutes, the Government have built slides or artificial water-ways for the passage of cribs. As the cribs are passed through the slides they are rafted at the foot and once more proceed as one piece till the next rapid is reached. A raft will contain from eighty to one hundred and fifty cribs. One hun-dred and twenty cribs make a good sized raft. The number of men required to run a crib through the rapids varies with the place. On the Des Joachim Rapid, which I found a short but wild piece of water, seven are required ; but two take possession of the crib at the entrance to the slides. Jobbers or local raftsmen generally assist in taking the timber over these slides, receiving so much per crib. In running rapids each crib is in charge of a pilot whose word is law. He knows, or is supposed to know, the posi-tion of every rock, the depth of water at every ledge, the location and strength of every eddy. The men at the oars watch him closely and at the word of command the apparently unwieldy mass of timber is brought around or hither and thither as surely as if it were a racing craft.

EXCITING SPORT.

A trip on a crib down one of these wild stretches is about as exhilarating as any form of amusement I am acquainted with. A stranger will always meet with a quiet welcome. All he and a commodious and completely fitted saw-mill containing four gaugs. The farm-house is a neatly designed structure, built of the native wide acquaintance among the prominent men of raft there is generally a little rowing to be done

UPPER OTTAWA 1N A BARK CANOE, ON September, 1856.

bearing the following inscription :-

The Rattray House occupies an elevated site The Rattray House occupies an elevated site in the centre of Mill street. It is a fine build-ing of native marble, containing a number of unusually large and lofty rooms which are fur-nished in city style. Mr. Rattray claims that his premises are "the best in the County of Pontiac." Stages carrying the mail leave twice daily, except Sunday, at seven a.m. and seven p. m., for Healey's Station on the Canada Cen-tral, connecting with trains to and from Ottawa, Brockville and Pembroke. Mr. Rattray was for many years agent for the famous lumberman, Mr. John Egan, and the administrative tact which he displayed in that responsible position which he displayed in that responsible position shews to good advantage in his capacity as host. Attached to the hotel is a large livery, Mr. Rattray doing a considerable trade in carrying raftsmen across the portage during the period the timber is running.

Portage-du-Fort contains several well-stocked general stores, and that of which Mr. John Bourke is proprietor is a good example. Besides the store, which is very commodious, there are several large warehouses. The quantity of goods disposed of annually at these stores in the lumbering districts is really wonderful to one accustomed to the splitting up of business as carried on in the towns and cities. A well established country store will combine a dozen branches of trade, and do a considerable business in each line. A good many, too, have branch establishments scattered away up the

FOUR CHURCHES

in the village : Anglican, Roman Catholic, Methodist and Presbyterian. The first is prettily ituated on an eminence overlooking the rapids. It is of stone and was built in 1856. The incumbent, Rev. Mr. Motherwell, has also charge of Bryson, where he holds fortnightly services The Roman Catholic Church was built in

1850, during the pastorate of the Rev. Father Bourier. It is dedicated to Ste. Mélanie. Rev. Antoine Brunet, a son of *La Belle France*, is in charge. I found him a most genial companion, and Was delighted with his impartial comments

There are

* Bouvier

to get into the current. A dull roar will be

heard, but generally the rapids are just around a point and so are hid till the crib is right into them. The approach to a rapid or fall is gener-ally deceptively quiet. The water looks quiet, oily and glides along in the most innocent man ner till in a twinkling the greatest turmoil takes the place of peace and the swish-swash of the wavelets among the boulders gives place to a roar as of a giant in agony. Upon entering a rapid the oars are generally pulled in, but the men are all ready at the first sound from the pilot to run out the huge sweeps and ply them in the surging waters to clear the crib of some theatening new corporant it from being swung threatening rock or prevent it from being swung into an envious eddy or whirlpool. There is something very fascinating about this phase of the raftsman's life. I have journeyed up the Ot-In the evening after dark the men sit round the cookery fire smoking and chatting about the events of the day. I think every raftsman events and knowleapieue bic heart the tawa above the capital nearly three hundred miles and spent nearly three months along its shores, and I candidly confess that running the pipe seems to be a natural sequence. They turn in early. All is quiet on board a raft be-fore ten o clock. All are astir at daybreak. There is very little margin on lumbering operations this year. Wages are very low, but prices are even lower in proportion. A raft re-presents a very great outlay of capital. Fifty or sixty men with a number of horses have to rapids are among the pleasantest of the associa-tions connected with that chapter in a some-what varied life. Whenever I heard of a chance to enjoy a ride on a crib down a rapid, I eagerly availed myself of the opportunity. I walked eight miles to enjoy a trip down the Portage-du-Fort rapids. There are three slides on this stretch—the first is the Calumet, the second the Mountain, and the third the Portage. second the Mountain, and the third the Portage. I did not run the first, in deference to the earnest persuasions of many kind local friends who averred that it would be tempting Provi-dence for anyone to run the Calumet unless business required it. I gave way and contented myself with watching the cribs go down the dreaded channel, but though the journey was undoubtedly characterized at the finish by a pretty wild plunge, I felt that the danger had been greatly exaggerated. True, the cribs are been greatly exaggerated. True, the cribs are lost to sight for a second or two, but if one has only his wits about him and does not mind a wetting-generally very acceptable during the summer months - the exquisite pleasure of gaining a victory over the surging waters is ample repayment for all the trouble. All that is wanted is "pluck." No "chicken-hearted" mortal can enjoy the Calumet. I saw some cribs go through with "green horns" among crubs go through with "green norms" among the crews. The novices got scared and were nearly washed off the crib, while the old hands danced a horn-pipe on the loading sticks and were only moistened by the spray. I got on a crib at the foot of the Calumet and ran the rest of the rapids and slides, landing about a mile below Portage-du-Fort. This is the only way to see the greater part of the wildly romantic scenery which characterizes this part of the river. It is a succession of rapids and cascades amid countless islets of the prettiest description. There are two slides to run-the Mountain and the Portage-the former has an abrupt turn which is apt to throw the crih into the eddy from which it is sometimes no easy task to escape. The crib I was on went down right, thanks to a judicious pull at the bow at the critical moment, but the one following got into the eddy and was over half-an-hour get-ting out. We ran the cribs together in the quiet stretches, but separated at the repids and slides. The pilot of my crib was James Mc-Rara, a lithe, cheerful-minded young fellow who always looked upon the bright side of the picture. The captain of the other crib was Jerry (jibson, a much larger and stronger man, but one who seemed bent upon grumbling. He growled at the wind and the water, and swore at the crib in the most liberal fashion. It was not surprising therefore that he should get into every eddy that presented itself. My man took things coolly and philosophically and came out confortably, but poor Jerry expended his strength in "cuss words" and had to do a deal of hard rowing. In the centre of each raft is a very important

institution known as

institution known as THE COGKEEV. This consists of a large low roofed structure with open sides. In the centre is a huge frame of timber inclosing a space of about six feet square. This space is filled with sand and on this sand the fire is made. Round about the fire are pots for making tea, boiling soup, baking bread and cooking pork and beans. The bread is baked and the pork and beans cooked by being placed in a trough by the fireside and covered with sand dug from beneath the fire. No other mode of cooking equals this. The teughest beef is made deliciously tender by this toughest beef is made deliciously tender by this process. Just at the edges of the roof, sticks of timber are laid to form an outer square and on these sticks the men sit to take their meals. The amount of eating done on a raft is something terrific. The men seem to eat at every opportunity. They begin work at daylight and work on till dusk. Mr. Latour, one of the lum-bermen 1 met, amused me by remarking that the hours were pretty much the same as those enjoyed by bank clerks. The latter worked enjoyed by bank clerks. The latter worked from nine to three, and the former from three to nine! They drank great quantities of tea and eat prodigiously of bread and pork. There is generally a plentiful supply of butter and molasses on board, and occasionally the bill of fare will be varied by what is termed "a smack cance"—a stew made with pork and potatoes, and perhaps some onions. The pork and beans are invariably excellent and the bread is generally first-class. After a run down the rapids I have relished a big plate of pork and beans, a great slice of bread and a dish of plain tea as keenly as ever epicure did the most luxurious repast. The fresh air, the exercise and the excitement all tend, I suppose, to quicken digestion and stimulate the appetite.

The men sleep in cabins, shaped like a large

dog's house. Two share a cabin, one sleeping on the floor and one on a shelf above. Some

rafts have larger cabins to house four men. Each

man has a pair of blankets. The men are

generally very cleanly in their habits. Before

touching the first meal of the day they will wash

their face and hands by the raft side, and from

the constant sousings they are getting the rest of their body is in no want of a bath. The owner or representative of the owner has one of

the large-sized cabins to himself, but there is

rarely seen any attempt to fare better than the men. In one I noticed a small clock, a Bible

smokes and keenly enjoys his 'bacca. After the

dish of pork and beans has been disposed of, the

or sixty men with a number of horses have to

be supported from September till the end of July, perhaps later. The fees at the slides and

the towage amount to a considerable sum. The charge at the Des Joachim's slide is \$1.25 per

crib. It takes on an average from ten to twelve

weeks to get a raft to market after it is got fairly afloat on the Ottawa. Unless prices take an

upward turn, many a lumberman would be better off if he had left the pines standing on

THE LEGEND OF THE CALUMET.

The Chute or fall which necessitates the slides at the Calumet is calculated to inspire the

spectator with a feeling of awe. Three-fourths of the Ottawa river rush through a rocky gorge which seems not over twenty feet wide, making

at the same time a leap of about the same depth. Bodies of water like this seem grander to me than mere water-falls, for while in the latter in-

stance the water only tumbles over a cliff, in

the former it seems to be the embodiment of force-irresistible force. With a friend I sat by the Calumet for the greater part of an after-

noon, and we both experienced a feeling of fas-cination as we gazed and gazed at the foaming

of the gorge, the golden-tinted torrent would recoil in great waves as though determined to regain the heights. Ever and anon there would

occur an explosion, as it were, in the midst of the wildest waters, and the air would be filled with spray which the sunlight transformed into

a prismatic shower. Now and then great saw-logs would come down, borne lightly onward as if lucifer matches. Sometimes they would be

sent clear to the bottom and strike with a heavy thud, to be shot up straight as though

voyageurs were pursued by Indians and so closely

pushed that it was a chance between being tor-tured and scalped or running down the Calumet Chute. It was determined to attempt the Chute. As the canoe entered the swift waters,

the Holy Virgin appeared to the bowsman just a little ahead, and by her movements guided him so that the frail craft was carried safely through.

This is said to be the first and only time that human beings ever passed through this Chute aud hved. When safely out of teach of the

Indians (who of course were all drowned), the voyageurs found that one of their companions had been left behind. Some time after, one

version says several years, an expedition was sent to look for the missing man. The searchers lound him on a mountain overlooking the

Chute, but he was so overjoyed at the thought of being rescued from his lonesome and hazard-

ous position that he dropped dead before a word was exchanged. Near by the searchers

had prepared for himself, and, fastened to a tree at its head, they discovered a strip of birch

bark on which he had scratched a poeti al ac-count of his terrible experience. They buried

him there, and till within a comparatively recent period a rude cross marked his grave, but this

has fallen away and a small mound which bids fair to be soon obliterated alone remains. It is said he had been obliged to live on roots and

berries, fearing to attract the Indians if he used

firearms, and that he had thus slowly starved himself, until, with death staring him in the face, he prepared the grave which he at last so tragically filled.

BRYSON.

At the head of the Calumet Rapids the village of Bryson lies snugly ensconced at the foot of a towering mountain. Bryson is the county head-

quarters and boasts a newspaper termed the Pontiac Advance, whose editor was having a

sweet experience at the time of my visit-his

columns being almost wholly taken up with correspondence abusing himself and the two

Parliamentary candidates, Messrs. Poupore and

Parliamentary candidates, messrs. Fourpoil and Thos. Murray. To witness how bitter and un-reasonable a political discussion can become, one has to go to the rural districts. Bryson is

named after the Hon. George Bryson, who has a charming residence about eighteen miles fur-ther up the river on the banks of the Cologue.

The view of the river at Bryson is very lovely, reminding one of the most charming pictures of

Swiss scenery, and recalling to memory the famed vale of Llangollen.

the waters were making playthings of them. The legend of the Calumet is to the following effect. In the early days a band of French

his limits.

HEARTH AND HOME.

IDLENESS AND WASTE.-There are thousands vho do nothing but lounge and carouse from morning till midnight-drones in the human hive, who consume and waste the honey that honest workers wear themselves out in making, and insult the day by their dissipation and debauch. There are ten thousand idle, frivolous creatures who do nothing but consume and waste and wear what honest hands accumulate, and entice others to live as useless and worth-less lives as they do. Were every man and voman honest toilers, all would have an abundance of everything, and half of every day for recreation and culture.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT FOR CHILDREN.-Spare the rod and spoil the child" is an phorism of high authority : but it must not be forgotten that corporal panishment needs especial care in its administration. Personal castigation should not be administered for small offences, and, when employed, ought to be so used as to inflict the minimum of injury. It would be well if a rule could be made that no child should be beaten except with a cane, and the blow fall only on a part of the person not likely to be permanently affected. Perhaps we are growing somewhat too sentimental in the matter of discipline, but it is beyond question that "boxes on the ear" and reckless violence generally are perilous, and, as measures of im-provement, futile, while fraught with danger to ody and brain.

TRUTH.—Truth, then, is not always agree-able ? Indeed it is not. Truth, taking it as a whole, is not agreeable. Every man, woman, and child dislikes it. There are agreeable truths and disagreeable truths, and it is the province of discretion or sound judgment to make a selection from these, and not to employ them all indiscriminately. Speaking the truth is not al-ways a virtue. Concealing it is very often judicions. It is only when duty calls upon you to reveal the truth that it is commendable. A tale-teller may be a truth-teller; but everyone dislikes the character of a person who goes from one house to another, and inter-communicates all he sees or hears; we never stop to inquire whether he speaks the truth or not. He is perhaps all the worse for speaking the truth, for truth is particularly offensive in such cases, and never fails to set families at variance. Silence is discretion, and concealment of facts is judicious.

DON'T FORGET.-A successful business man ays there were two things that he learned when he was eighteen which were afterwards of great he was eighteen which were afterwards of great use to him—namely, never to lose anything, and never to forget anything. An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain in-structions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it—what shall I do then ?" The answer was, with the utmost emphasis, "You must not lose it." "I don't mean to do so," said the young man ; "but sup-pose that should happen ?" "But I say it must not happen ! I shall make no provision for any such occurrence. You must not lose it." "This such occurrence. You must not lose it !" This put a new train of thoughts into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such provisions against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay.

GIVE THE GIRLS A TRADE .--- If a girl has some trade, well learned, she is an independent woman. Should the practice of training girls to the different trades and professions become general, we should soon have few destitute widows eating the crusts of dependence. To lose one's husband would not be then, as it too often is at present, the very death-blow to all hopes of a comfortable living for wife and children. No woman, in these days of expensive tastes and living, can afford to be the wife of a poor man, who has not something in the form of trade or profession to fall back upon in case of need ; and as the rich man of to-day makes the poor man of to-morrow, this assertion ap-plies with equal truth to all women, no matter whatever their rank in life. But it may be urged by some in opposition that the various trades and professions are already overcrowded. This may be true at the present time, especially in large cities; but if the men who hang in idle-ness about the streets of these cities cared enough for work to seek it in the rural towns and villages, they would not seek it long and earnestly without finding it. For these idle, always-out-of-work mechanics never would have

a home of their own unless it was given them. MARRIAGE IN HASTE .--- Marriage or engagements to marry should not be entered into inconsiderately. If the old axiom that haste makes waste is true as applied to the ordinary affairs of life, it may be said that undue haste often results in unspeakable misery in matrimonial alliances. Love is proverbially blind; he is more-he is wilfully blind, and should be made to open his eyes. A little common sense mingles advantageously with everything; so far from being out of place, it is an absolute essen-tial to safety in affairs of the heart. Many a girl has had her whole happiness for life destroyed because she obstinately chose to form her estimate of the character of a suitor exclusively troyed because she obstinately chose to form her estimate of the character of a suitor exclusively by his behaviour towards her, and his proles-sions of love, rather than by his conduct in re-gard to others. It is a pretty safe rule that a wan whose life is but an exemplification of sel-

fishness will not long continue generous in his relations to his wife. Character is seldom reslight reform temporarily; it rarely lasts long. And men suffer as well as women from illassorted marriages. Many a towering ambition has been crushed, many a cupful of happiness has been converted into the dregs of bitterness, from the neglect of a young man to become thoroughly acquainted with a girl before engag-ing himself to her.

POWER OF A SWEET VOICE .- There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as it it were made up of a small a whip. a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows speaks worse than the heart reas. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and heap their last voice for those they meet elsekeep their best voice for those they meet else-where, just as they would save their best cakes where, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your guest-voice at home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea."

LITERARY.

THE publication of *The Memoirs of M. Thiers*, prepared under the supervision of his widow, will ap-pear probably in November next. The work is said to contain the most piquant and unexpected details relative to the events which have happened since 1870, and the men who participated in them.

THE Bodleian Library has acquired a great Inc. outleast Literary has acquired a great number of fragments of documents on papyri, written partly in Greek, partly in Atabic, which relate to the administration of Egypt under the Khaliphs. The Bri-tish Museum has lately bought from the source many similar documents.

A PARIS correspondent says: Mme. Greville is a comfortable-looking body of thirty-five, with the sir of forty, and is a most agreeable talker. In her varied experience she has seen a good deal of the ups and downs of life, but has now settled down, as she says, "to making her three novels yearly."

COLONEL COLOMB, R. A., who has gained re-pute for some very faithful rendering of German poems into English, has essayed Schiller's Song of the Bel. It has the merit of closely assimilating to the original metre and of faithfulness to the German words, just as we have found to be the case in his former efforts. It is published by Chapman & Hall.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

VERDI, the eminent composer, has completed a new five-act opera "Montezuma," to be first produced in Milan.

MISS ROSE EYTINGE, who recently returned from Europe, is said to have brought with her one or two new sensational plays which she intends to produce dur-ing the average ing the season.

THEODORE THOMAS is to be paid \$10,000 a year for five years by the Ciucinnati Conservatory of Music. One of his New York musical friends says he has made money enough by his concerts, but hasn't the faculty of keeping it.

The first representations of Wagner's Perci-ral will take place at Bayreuth during the summer of 1880. Only those who have faithfully subscribed their fifteen marks during 1878, 1879, and 1880 to the Patronat-verein will be admitted to these performances.

HUMOROUS.

NOTHING makes a bald-headed man so mad a fly that doesn't know when it has enough

THERE are more poor houses constructed from the "bricks in men's bats" than from any other material.

"KEEP your patients alive," said an old doc-tor to a graduating class of students; "dead men pay no bills.'

THE man who goes fishing always enjoys more solid comfort while digging the bait than he does in bringing home the fish.

WE never knew but one man whe had abso-lute faith in humanity, and he advertised for a lost umin this paper lately.

. A CAMPER-OUT who went for his health says he is heartily glad to get home so that he can recruit for another season of healthful pleasure next year.

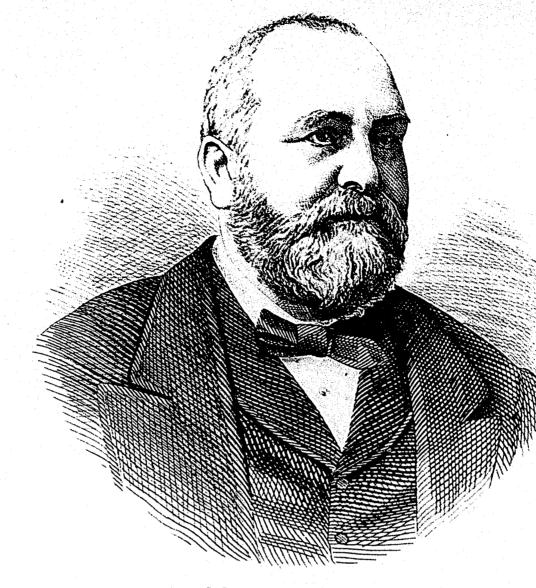
No one has been able to explain why it is that a man feels he is more likely to get up in time in the morning by keeping his watch or clock half an hour fast.

WHEN a man reaches the top of a stairway and attempts to make one more step higher, the sensation is as perplexing as if he had attempted to kick a dog that wasn't there.

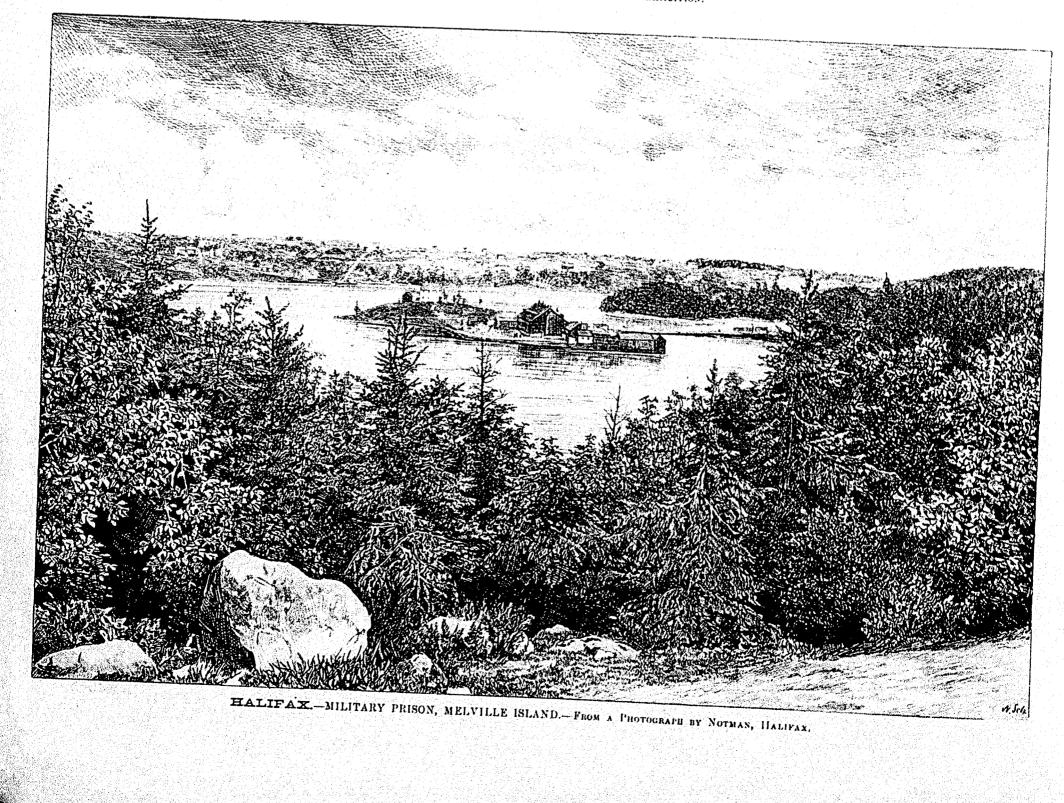
THE county-fair orator who is not informed that his effort beat anything ever attempted by Henry Clay will feel an unsatisfied tonging, no matter how promptly his pay is hauded over.

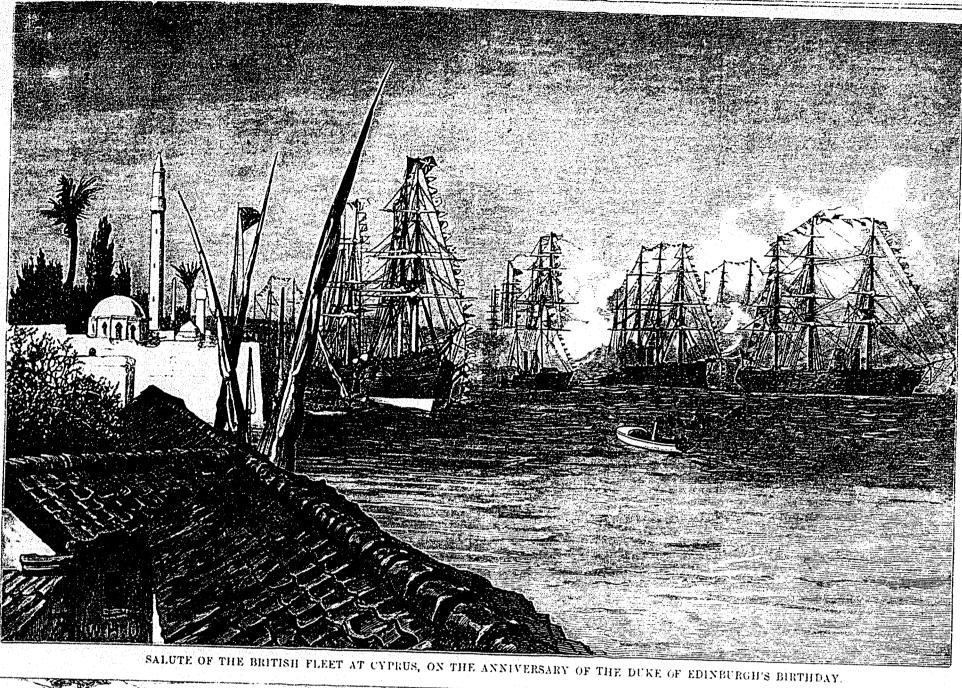
HE was an old, old man, and when he came

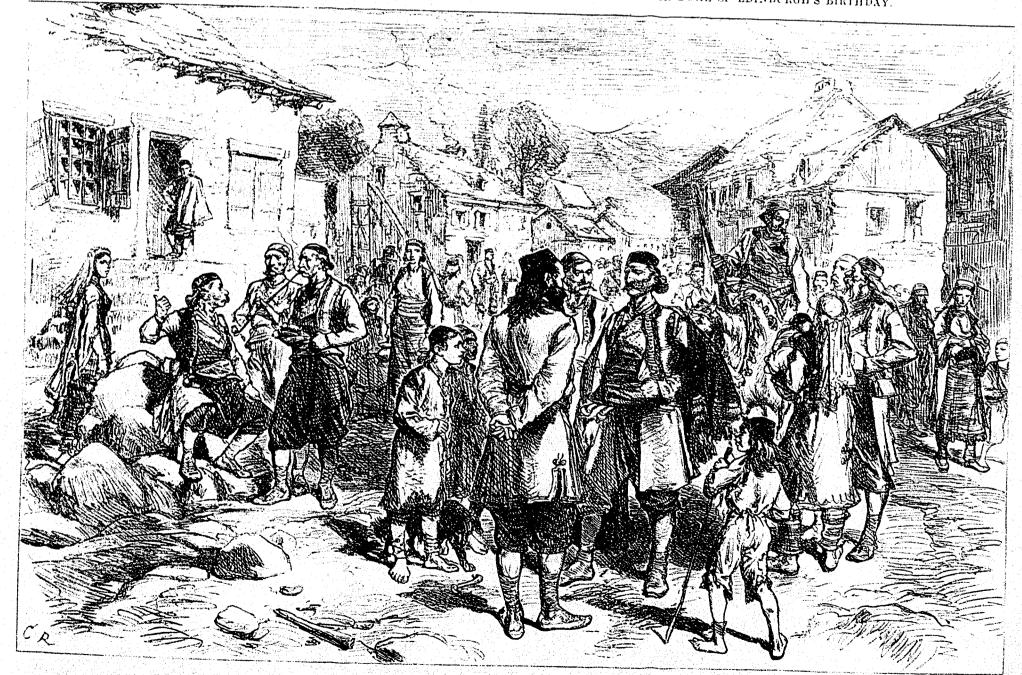
CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



L. P. CUNLIFFE OWEN, C.B., SECRETARY ROYAL COMMISSION TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION.







AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION OF GRAHOVO, HERZEGOVINA

SADLY.

Oh ! the heart that loves you best, may now be dying In some forest on a distant mountain's side : Oh ! the form that claspt your own may now be lying 'Neath the cliff or tossing wierdly with the tide.

Ab! you know not, and perhaps you even care not, As you trip the dizzy dance, borne in the arms Of some other, whom your thoughtlessness will spare From the witchery and power of your charms.

Was it chance, or was it fate, or was it heaven. That broke that golden trinket as you sped ? For that moment in a distant land was given Its giver to the kingdom of the dead.

Would you shudder for a moment if you thought it ? Would your cheek pale and the listre leave your eye ? Would your heart throb painfully, or have you taught it How to crush the true, yet heave the unmeaning sigh ?

No, you stoop a moment stunned, and then the jewel (Histens brightly with a tear-drop as you rise; Theo, thank (dod, sweetheart, your heart is not so cruel, And the dead will rest contented where he lies.

"THE FAVOURITE."

B. D.

A VACHTING CRUISE ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE. Ι.

Tired and weary as I was with the somewhat dreary monotony of a year's city life, the de-light with which 1 accepted an invitation from light with which 1 accepted an invitation from my good friend, Bob M——, to accompany him on a cruise in his yacht, may be easi imagined. A hurried telegram, "I start to-night," was quickly despatched, and the same evening I was on board the steamer "Quebec" bound for Murray Bay, whence we were to start. From the Quebec boat I changed next morning to the steamer "Union," which landed me at Murray Bay about two p.m. We were detained several days here for want of wind, but on Thursday, July 11th, we were favoured with a moderate July 11th, we were favoured with a moderate breeze from the west which suited us very well.

The yacht, a sketch of which is given else-where in this issue, is named "The Favourite." She is "dandy" rigged, *i.e.*, she carries jib, mainsail and jigger or mizzen; her length, 26 feet; tonnage, 8, with 2,000 pounds of pig-iron as ballast. The cabin is tolerably commodious, and the crew, four in number, were able to bunk very comfortably therein. The centre of the cabin was taken up by two large hampers containing our provisions, which consisted of can-ned meats and soups, suusages, pork and sea biscuit; our liquids, which I will not specify; a small spirit stove, our dishes and our shore clothes. There were also several lockers and a small compartment forward.

small compartment forward. And now a word as to the crew. First, the skipper, Bob M—, the owner of "The Favourite," a fine athlete, thorough sailor and a genial compagnon de voyage. Then young Billy N—, a happy youngster, strong, vigorous and enthusiastic. Next, myself; and lastly, our pilot, an old salt of fifty years' experience on the liver, a non wout to steer the staticitet ships now river, anon wont to steer the stateliest ships, now in his declining years content to pilot the tiniest a surveillance over the yacht when we went ashore, and to point out to us the channels, reefs and anchoring places on our route. Our route, did I say ? Parlon. We were off for ten days at least. That was certain. Practerca nihil. Whithersoever the wind directed we would go. We would make Rimouski, if possible, otherwise Tadousac and the Saguenay.

At welve a.m. on Thursday, the tide was rising, the wind, as I have said, was west, our traps were bundled on board, the anchor weighed, all sail set, "good-by" sh uted to our friends on the beach, and we were off. Off! The sensation was delightful. Off from the convention-alities of land life. Off from crowds, white shirts, newspapers, gossip, style. Off, in fact, from everything landlike, except our pipes, grub and sundry novels, wherewith to wile away a lonesome hour. Leaving old Cappe at the helm, we began to stow away our bags and baggage, and in an hour had made everything ship shape duties of which position he filled very satisfac-torily during the trip—and a capital meal of eggs—hard boiled—ham and soup was shortly served and washed down with a copious draught of lime-juice. This was the first and last time we partook of *this* beverage. We had lighted our pipes and settled comfortably in the stern sheets —clad, I may interpose, in flannel shirts, heavy trousers, long horts and nondescript cape. when trousers, long boots and nondescript cape—when the skipper and the cook were both seized with an agonizing stomach ache. We at once, rightly tered. or wrongly, attributed this malady to the unfortunate lime-juice, and unanimously resolved to have no more of it. During the afternoon the breeze fell considerably, and we anchored for the night off the Portage, six miles from Rivière du Loup. We immediately turned in for the night. Loup. We immediately turned in for the night. Our beds consisted solely of a mattrass, carpetbags and rugs doing duty as pillows, and our great coats serving as covers. "Lights out ! To sleep!" Easy enough to say so, friend Bob ! but we could not sleep. The novelty of the situa-tion, the rocking of the boat, the shining of the glorious moon through the cabin windows, the clanking of the anchor chain all precluded sleep for so many hours. When it did come, it was sweet and refreshing.

The twelfth, a day so turbulent in Montreal, broke peacefully as we rose at 4.15 a.m. The sun was just rising, and the day promised fair. The breeze was still west, so we ran before the wind and made Riviere du Loup wharf exactly at five

clock a.m. Here we lay till noon, when, with falling tide, we sailed to Cacouna, six miles from Rivière du Loup. We anchored in Cacouna Bay, opposite the St. Lawrence Hall and alongside the yacht "Guinever," of Quebec. After din-ner we donned our land clothes, and, going on shore, found the village in a great state of ex-citement over the telegrams from Montreal. We read the telegrams, and, desirous to avoid any undue excitement, went aboard again.

11.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

We did not leave Cacouna till Saturday at 2 p.m. As the tide began to fall we left with a stiff N.E. breeze for Tadousac. The sail across the river was rather exciting, as the sea was heavy. We were all thoroughly drenched, bitterly cold, and unable to smoke. The sky looked threatening, black murky clouds beginning to gather over the lofty mountains that guard the en-trance to the Saguenay. We arrived safely, however, at about 6.15, in splendid condition to enjoy our evening meal of hot soup, sausage and biscuit. There are few prettier spots than Tadousac, and the scene, as we moored in the lovely bay just at sundown, was perfectly grand. "La Mouette," the yacht of the Hon. Mr. Angers, and the "Cruiser," of Mr. Allan Gil-mour, were also anchored near us. Mine host Fennell, of the Tadousac Hotel, received us right royally on going ashore, and we enjoyed his comfortable hostlery—Æolus being unpropitious— till Tuesday, the 16th, spending the time at bil-liards, bow ling and reading. We also visited the Government salmon-breeding establishment. On Tuesday, at 11 a.m., we started in company with Pilot Schooner No. 4—which had been waiting for vessels from the Saguenay—but we soon distanced her. The wind was light south-west, and a dense fog compelled us to steer by compass. The pilot took the helm, and his calfrom the fog exactly opposite Cacouna, and tacking again into the fog, made the wharf at Rivière du Loup as nicely as if we had been able to discern every object on shore. Rainy weather and fog kept us at Rivière du Loup until Thursday, July 18th-two miserable days. We cast loose from our moorings about 7 a.m. on Thurs-day, wind east and very light. We hugged the shore to avoid currents, and passed inside the Pilgrims. The great gaunt rocks were literally alive with gulls and ducks,

"The clamour of whose young Echoed in shriller cries which rung In wild discordance round the rock."

We tried a shot or two at them, but were too far off to do any execution. A shoal of seals on a small rock were also fired at, but unsuccessfully. At 4.15 we landed at Kamouraska. All day Friday the fog was thick and there was no wind. We lounged lazily about whistling for a breeze, and at night, just as we were about to turn in, a light breeze from the east came up, and in a few minutes a small gale was blowing. The pilot aslight breeze from the cash cash ar, The pilot as-minutes a small gale was blowing. The pilot as-sured us that the wind would hold till morning, so we decided to wait. When we awoke at o'clock on Saturday morning,

"The breeze of a joyful dawn blew free,"

so after a hurried breakfast everything was made so allow a number of earliest of of the second seco

" The sea was mountains rolling," but the good boat stood it grandly. l have been sailing around this part of the St. Lawrence for four or five years and have seldom experienced a stiffer breeze or heavier sea. We of course shipped a great deal of water and were thoroughly ducked ourselves, but the sail was most invigorating and we enjoyed it immensely. At half-past six we were home again after a ten days' trip. There was nothing particularly eventful in our voyage. Nothing, some may say, to justify the publication of our log, but as a record of a pleasant cruise and of a holiday ex-cursion out of the usual beaten track, it may give some an idea of what to expect on an average yachting cruise on the Lower St. Lawrence. TEETOTUM.

THE TALISMAN.

A LOVE ROMANCE FROM THE FRENCH.

It was midhight, and a bride of rare beauty was seated within a luxurious boudoir of the gay city—the capital of France. A dainty femme de

Madame de la Tour was seated near an open wood fire, the folds of a beautiful robe de chambre, of a light, soft texture, thrown around

her. "My darling," exclaimed de la Tour, "I could not come before."

As he spoke he threw himself on his knees before her. "Our friends have just gone ?" inquired his

listener. Yes, and I am with you."

"Do not kneel, Frederick ; there is room for you on this couch," continued Madame de la Tour. "No, let me remain thus. It seems as if 1

must be dreaming, that all this happiness cannot be real; that you are not indeed mine to love and cherish. I can not remove my eyes from your dear face, dreading that you will vanish from my sight."

"Be very sure that I do not propose to vanish,"

replied Madame de la Tour. "Yesterday I was the widow of Lord Melville, and to-day I am Louise de la Tour, your wife. You see, strange

as it may seem, you do not dream." Frederic de la Tour had good reason to sup-pose that a fairy had been meddling with his affairs. Within a few months past he had enjoyed a stroke of inexplicable good fortune. He had become rich and happy beyond his fondest expectations. One afternoon while returning from his office, he was, in the Rue St. Honoré, ccosted by a lady who was driving in a mag nificent equipage.

"Monsieur ! Monsieur !" she called

The footman had lowered the steps, and motioned de la Tour to enter the carriage.

Astonished beyond measure, he obeyed. "I have received your letter, Monsieur," continued the lady, in a charming nusical voice.

"A letter from me, madame ?" responded Frederic, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes ; did you not write to me ?" "Never, madame, to my knowledge," was the

"You will kindly pardon me, monsieur," con-tinued the lady; "I have made an absurd mistake and my only excuse is that you so greatly resemble a friend of mine that I mistook you for him. Great heavens !" she cried, "what must you think of me ? and yet the resemblance is

very striking." Ere the lady had completed her explanation the carriage had been driven into the courtyard of a magnificent hotel. Frederic of course offer-

ed his hand for his companion to alight. "1 would explain further," contin

"I would explain further," continued the stranger, "I am Lady Melville." De la Tour bowed. By the beauty of the speaker he was positively dazzled, and accepted with delight an invitation to call. "My name is Frederic de la Tour " "My name is Frederic de la Tour," he said ; am only a struggling artist."

The singular meeting described had resulted, as has been seen, in the marriage of de la Tour. "Come and sit beside me," continued Ma-dame de la Tour. "I have something to say, but cannot speak while you remain kneeling. It quite a story, and must be told to you.' Frederic obeved.

"Once upon a time," continued Louise. "I knew you would tell me some fairy story," exclaimed the young husband; "but while you

speak, it is music." "Now, listen to me, my friend. Once upon a time there was a young girl born of parents who had once been rich. At the age of fifteen she was brought to Paris by her father, who she was brought to Paris by her father, who found at Lyons he was making but little money. Four years that father struggled valiantly against adversity, but finally illness seized him. To be brief, dear Frederic, he died in hospital, and soon the poor mother followed, and then the young girl was left all alone. Had there been a fairy in the story I relate she certainly would have appeared, but there was none. The girl was in Paris, without relatives, without friends was in Paris, without relatives, without friends, and crippled by debts which she could by no means pay. She sought work, but could ob-tain none. Vice extended her arms; but there are souls whose instincts are so honest they shrink from even the thought, and can remain patient even while starving. "Time passed. At length every cent was

gone, and for twenty-four hours no particle of food passed her lips. Oh, Frederic you who have never known hunger and misery cannot understand the suffering I might picture, cannot know the pain endured when forced to beg—and to implore alms the girl was compelled. At dark, one evening, she crept forth from her lodgings; the night was cold and rainy. In her desperation she accosted a young man, who halted, searched his pockets, and then threw her a coin. The stranger did not even deign to touch her hand ; the look of misery and distress offended his eye. At this instant a gendarme perceived the girl. "Come," he said, "I arrest you for hegging.

You will follow me to the lock-up.'

At these words a cry of despair was wrung from the lips of the unfortunate girl. Quickly

the young man interposed. "This young girl is an acquaintance of mine; I know her; there is no begging in the question. Come," he continued, addressing the young and trembling woman, "it is time you were at home. Do not fear; it is only a mistake on the part of this good question of the public pages" this good guardian of the public peace.' Leaning on the arm of the stranger, the girl

walked on. "Do not fear, Mademoiselle," whispered the young man, placing a purse in the hand that lay upon his. "I will accompany you until we are out of sight of this Cerberus."

"Why ! I remember the girl !" exclaimed De la Tour.

And also know the man."

"I do; it was no other than myself."

"True. As we passed under one of the street lamps I saw your face, and its every feature became impressed upon my mind. You have saved my life -perhaps even my very honorand I had reason to remember you."

To remember me ?' "Indeed, yes. You little thought that a

woman to whom you gave alms and protection, would become Lady Melville, and was your future wife." "This does indeed seem like a dream," said

de la Tour. "To you; but to me it is a reality."

"And you—so beautiful, so truly lovely, beg-ged in the open streets ?"

"Once, and once only." " I did not see your face."

"No, for it was covered by a heavy veil. On the following day--one, in fact, that I regard as among the happiest in my life--an old lady in whom I had fortunately inspired confidence and some interest, engaged me as her seamstress. My gaiety returned. From the service I have named I was raised to the position of companion and confidential friend. One day I was presented to a friend of my patroness-Lord Melville. He was a man of about sixty, tall, thin, but of

dignified bearing. "" 'Mademoiselle,' he said to me, 'I know your history ; will you marry me ?" "" 'Marry you ?" I questioned with much sur-

prise. "'Yes, I have an immense estate, which I do not wish my nephew to inherit. My health is delicate and my life lonely. If I can credit all I have been told, you are good and pure. you be Lady Melville ?' Will

"I loved you, Frederic, who knew not of my existence. I loved you, although I had seen you but once. I could not forget, and there was something in my heart and soul that told me we would meet again, that our lives would run in the self-same current; how, I knew not, and yet I felt sure. When I looked at Lord Melville, and saw the resolute expression on his face, I feared that he wished to marry me simply to

carry out his revenge. "His persuasions were redoubled. I knew his years were many, and that my fortune would he great. I thought of you, and how I could benefit you, did I but possess wealth, and at length I yielded consent—I became Lady Melville

"How strange it all seems," replied de la

Tour. "Yes, dear love, as you have said, like some fairy tale. I, a poor friendless orphan, became the heir of one of England's richest peers." "Happy Lord Melville !" exclaimed Frederic; "the hed the power to enrich you."

"the had the power to enrich you." "He was happy," replied Mme. de la Tour, "and never regretted his choice. He knew that I had seen you before our marriage."

"" You told him ?" "Yoe, all. It was not till after our marriage, Frederic, that I again saw you, and although we soon learned to read each other's hearts, our lips were silent. Lord Melville was wealthy beyond my wildest expectations. He could not spend bis income and with the twicker means his income, and with that wisdom peculiar to him he realized that while the difference in our ages rendered love impossible, gratitude would attach me to him. Three months after our marriage Lord Melville died, leaving me all he possessed, and I resolved never to marry again unless I could espouse the one man who had al-

ress I could espouse the one man who had al-ways held my heart." "And you won the love of that man ?" "Without his knowing me to be the beggar woman his kindness had protected," rejoined Louise de la Tour, extending her hand. "You remember continued the speaker, "that I refused the purse ?

"Yes, you accepted but one coin." "Only one, and at the time I was almost starving

" But it procured you food ?"

"No," replied Madame de la Tour, unclasping ruby necklace that encircled her white throat. To this necklace hung an exquisite med illion. "See, dear Frederic, I did not part with my treasure

As she spoke she touched the spring and disclosed the coin. " It is the one I gave you !" exclaimed de la

Tour. " Yes."

"And you retained it ?"

"I would sooner have parted with life. I showed it to a baker, and asked him to trust me. He did so and on the following day I was able to pay for the food his kindness permitted me to eat

"Do you remember the day I met Lady Melville

"Yes, my dear, it was the happiest of my life. I knew you, but you did not recognize me." "Surely there has been a fairy in my life," eplied de la Tour thoughtfully.

"" Why do you say so ?" "Because when you first saw me I was only a poor, struggling painter, but from the time of our meeting the tide changed and prosperity visited me

visited me."
"Would you know the name of the fairy ?"
"I twas you, Louise !" exclaimed Frederic joyfully. "You bought my picture ?"
"Many of them, and have won your love ?"
"Yes, my heart, my very soul."
Frederic de la Tour took the gold piece and pressed it to his lips. To that same bit of gold he owed happiness and fortune.

he owed happiness and fortune.

"While I am the fairy," continued Louise, "it is you, dear love, who gave me the precious talisman.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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

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

SEPTEMBER 21, 1878.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.-Letter received. Many Thanks. Student, Montreal.-The position is incorrect-E. H., Montreal.-Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 188 received. Correct.

THE DOMINION CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNEY.

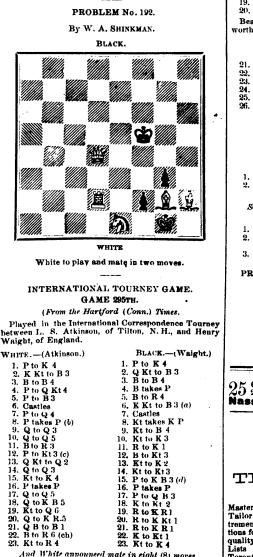
TOURNEY. The Tourney of the recent Domision Chess Associa-tion Congress has not yet been brought to a conclusion, and we regret it for one or two reasons. In the first place, the freshness of the affair has worn off, and the friends of the game are losing their interest in the contest. In the second place, the true character of a Tourney con-sists, we conceive, in the encounters being carried on in the same locality, whatever may be their nature, and their connection and order so closely preserved, as to maintain, as far as possible, the uniformity of the whole proceedings.

their connection and order so closely preserved, as to maintain, as far as possible, the uniformity of the whole proceedings. We are aware, however, that these things were im-practicalle both as regards the Tourney of last year, and that of which we are now speaking, still, it would have been better had it been otherwise. Another point to be noticed is this, that at a contest of this nature the competitors come, or ought to come, pre-pared for the work in hand, and anxiout to give it both the energy which it requires, and, also, the time necessary to ensure a fair prospect of success, but when the business of the context is protracted, in such a way as to lead to more important matters presenting themselves for consider-characterized its inception. No blame can be attached to any one in the present Tourney. The regulations proposed at the opening meeting have been carried out, and the players, there can be no doubt, have given all the facilities in their power in order to shorten the match and bring it to a close, we cannot resist saying, how-ever, that at the next Tourney such arrangements should be made as were found to answer so well for the late Paris Tourney, septically the regulation which seems to have brought the whole of the contest to a conclusion within the shortest possible time after its commencement.

We copy from Land and Water the following particu-culars connected with the Counties Chess Association Tourney, a contest which is annually looked upon with much interest by Chessplayers in England. The first prize in the Challenge Cup Tournament of the Counties Chess Association was won by Mr. Thorold in the finest possible style, for of the twelve games played by him he won all save one, and that was drawn, so that his score was 11¹/₂. The second prize was cer ried off by the Rev. C. E. Ranken, with a score of 7¹/₂. Messrs. Jenkin and F. S. Ensor were 7 each, and they thus made a tie for the third and fourth prizes. The next in order was Professor Wayte, whose total was 6 points.

A Chess Club in connection with Edinburgh Univer-sity has been lately organized. At present there are forty-three members, including three professors, and several medical men. The Club meets every Saturday evening, and the President is Mr. W. H. Shireff. —Huddersfield College Magazine.

The constitution of the Detroit Chess Association be-gins with the following preamble: "We deem the game of chess to be both moral and instructive; a discipline to the mind and a recreation for the body: a game whose influences are for good and against evil; whose liter-ature is an honour to all in the world, and whose subtle combinations are an endless source of enjoyment to all lovers of intellectual pastimes." Its officers are: Don C. Rogers, President; Lyman A. Brant, Recording Secretary, and M. H. Allardt, Treasurer. —Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, U.S.



THE	SOLUTION.	LADIES' COLLECE,
24. Q R to K 1 25. R takes Kt 26. Q to Kt 4 (ch) 27. Q to Kt 7 (ch) 28. Q takes R (cb) 29. Q to Kt 7 (ch) 30. Q to Kt 8 (ch) 31. Kt to B 5 mate	24. B to B 2 or 4 (best) 25. B takes Kt 26. K to B 2 27. K to K 1 28. K to K 2 or B 2 29. K to K 1 30. K to K 2	President of the Corporation—THE LORD BISH OF QUEBEC. Principal—Rev. J. Dinzey, S.A.C.; Lady Principa Mrn. Mines, London, Eng.; Lady Superintendent—M

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

NOTES BY S. LOYD.

(a) A very risky line of defence. 6 P to Q 3 is pre-ferable.

(b) We see no harm in the capture of this pawn, al-though a better move would have been 8 Q to B 2.

(c) A better move than it looks, not so much for the purpose of guarding B 4 as preparing to play Kt to R 4 and advance Bishop's Pawn—which line of attack Black does well to prevent. (A wag at our elbow suggests that if White had played 12 P to K R 3, and if the game had proceeded as in the text, it would have given White a beautiful three-move problem on the 21st move.) (d) This more scenes conjugate to civing the game

(d) This move seems equivalent to giving the game into White's hands. The impetuosity of our youth would have induced us to attempt to turn the attack by playing 15 P to Q 3, which might have been followed by

16. P takes P	16. Kt to K B 5		
17. P takes Kt	17. Kt takes P		
18. Q to B 2	18. B to K B 4		
and White has a most of	i White has a most difficult game to defend.		
(c) Apparently the o of Queen's Pawn.	only move to prevent the advance		

(f) These last three moves are an inexcusable waste of time.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA. GAME 296TH.

(From the Adelaide Observer.)

A CHESS BRILLIANT. The following beautiful specimen of the late Mr. S. Tyrrell's skill was the second game of a match he fought on his first figuring in Adelaide chees, and when in the zenith of his play. The match began October 26th, 1867, and ended January 28th, 1868, when the score stood—Charlick, 7; Tyrrell, 2.

WHITE.-(Mr. S. Tvrrell.) BLACK.-(Mr. H. Charlick.)

(Muzio Gambit.)			
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4		
2. P to K B 4	2, P takes P		
3. Kt to K B 3	3. P to K Kt 4		
4. B to B 4	4. P to Kt 5		
5. P to Q 4			

5. P to Q 4 The match included four Muzios, each side winning two. This method of conducting the attack—known as Koch and Ghulam Kassim's—was a favourite with Mr. Tyrrell, and he wielded it with skill and vigour although it was not usually considered so strong as Castling. The latter line of attack is now exploded owing to the latter line of attack is now exploded owing to the latter line of the Paulsen Defence—Q to K B 4—and con-sequently the text-move and McDonnell's attack, Q Kt to B 3, are likely again to come in vogue. 5. P takes Kt

	5. P takes Kt						
	6. Q takes P 6. P to Q 4 7. B takes Q P 7. Kt to K B 3						
	7. B takes Q P 7. Kt to K B 3 8. Kt to B 3 8. B to Q Kt 5						
	9. Castles 9. P to B 3						
	10. B takes K B-P (ch)						
	A dashing stroke, leading to some remarkable situ	R-					
	ations.						
	10. K takes B	- 1					
	11. Q takes P 11. R to Kt sq 12. Q to R 6 12. Q takes P (ch)						
	13. B to K 3 13. Q to K 4						
	14. B to B4 14. Q to B 4 (ch)	- 1					
	15. B to K 3 15. Q to K 2						
	16. B to Q 4 Kt to Q 2 were better						
	17. R takes Kt (ch) 17. K to K so						
	18. B takes B 18. Q to B 4 (ch)						
	18. B takes B 18. Q to B 4(ch) 19. K to R sq 19. Q to K Kt 4						
	20. R to D 8 (Ch)						
	Beautifully played. The finish is masterly and we	911					
-	worthy of the great Australian Problem Composer.						
	20. K to Q 2						
	If K to K 2, then follows B to B 6 (ch)						
ļ	21. R to Q (eh) 21. K to B 2						
ļ	22. Q to Q 6 (ch) 22. K to Kt 3						
J	23. B to Q 4 (ch) 23. K to Kt 4 24. P to B 4 (ch) 24. K takes P						
	25. P to Kt 3 (ch) 25. K to Kt 4						
	26. R takes R 26. Q takes R						
	White mates in three moves. Time, 2 hours.						
1							
	SOLUTIONS.						
	Solution of Problem No. 190.						
	WHITE BLACK.						
	1. Q to R 6 1. Anything.						
	2. Mates acc.	1					
	Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 188.						
	WHITE. BLACK,						
1	1. R takes P (ch) 1. K takes B						
	2. P to Q 8 becoming a						
I	Kt 2. K takes P 3. R to Q 4 mate						
I							
ł	PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 189.						
ł	WHITE. BLACK.						
I	Kat K7 Kat Q B 5	- 1					
I	BatKB5 Pawns at KB5 () 9	:					
I	Bat Q B 3 and Q B 3 Kt at K B 6						
l	Kiat & Bo Kiat Q B 5	- 1					
l	Pawns at K 2	- 1					
l	Q 2 and K B 3						
l	White to play and mate in two moves.						
		_					
L		- 1					
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	Nassau, N. Y.	-					
		-					
		7					
		,					
	THOMAS CREAN	,					
	THOMAS CREAN	-					
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