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# AMERICAN Whistleblasted News

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GOING FROM HOME.

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

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### WANTED.

The call for Nos. 2 and 4 of the News was so great that we have nearly run out of our supply. Any of our subscribers or readers who may have these numbers, and are willing to part with them, would oblige us by sending them to us, if in a good state of preservation. We shall gladly pay the price of the numbers.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 9th, 1878.

### ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

This is a subject to which the public attention is perforce more and more drawn, according as the population of our cities increases, and the lust of money-getting breeds the different phases of dishonesty. The evil of food adulteration is only incipient in Canada, but it is making rapid strides, and nothing else but earnest action of the proper Department, under the Special Act, with the hearty co-operation of the public, can be relied upon to stem the evil. This year's report of the Commissioner of Inland Revenue on this particular subject shows the need of early and continuous efforts on the part of all concerned. Of 188 samples subject to analysis, one half, or 247 were found to be adulterated. Milk especially continues to be largely adulterated, and the experience now acquired in connection with the adulteration of this important article of food is now sufficient to justify the issue of specified instructions to the officers, as to what should be considered an adulteration within the meaning of the Act, and the Commissioner submits that in cases coming within these rules proceedings should be taken against the vendors, either by the officers of the Department or by the parties defrauded, who should be supplied with the particulars of the adulteration. The reports of the analysts continue to show that a very large proportion of the condiments submitted are adulterated and to a very considerable extent. This is especially the case with ground cloves, ginger, mustard and pepper. Coffee appears to be very largely adulterated. Of forty-four samples only ten were found pure. Tea is also found to be adulterated, though to a less extent. Of fifty-nine samples forty-four were pure. Forty-nine samples of butter were examined during the year, and of these twenty-three were adulterated.

But it is especially in the vital article of milk that we ought to insist for absolute purity. In Toronto, out of eleven samples of milk, four were reported watered; five out of the remaining seven were deficient in cream. A specimen of that supplied to the Toronto General Hospital was found adulterated 15 to 20 per cent. In Montreal, the samples of adulterated milk are deserving of special notice, as they were obtained from locked tins consigned to a city milk dealer, on board the market boat. These were found to be adulterated both by skimming and watering, to as great an extent as any obtained from retail dealers. Two of these samples were "night milk," skimmed and watered, and one of "morning milk" watered and mixed with "over-night milk." Indeed, the whole report of Dr. BAKER EDWARDS, Public Analyst for the Montreal Division, is so startling that, containing as it does the names of our principal vendors,

it ought to be brought to the notice of every resident of the city. In this report Milk "Companies" and "Dairies" of sounding titles, are set down as furnishing samples "adulterated with from 10 to 15 per cent. of water," or "cream removed; water added, say 25 per cent." The cases are extremely few where a thoroughly favourable report is given. In view of these facts, it would be well if the public were instructed how and when they may apply to the Collector of Inland Revenue to obtain an analysis of any article of food, especially milk and butter, whose purity they may have reason to suspect. It is clear that even the poorest resident should have the utmost facility in this respect.

### THE AMERICAN SILVER BILL.

This particular phase of American finance is of vital importance to us in Canada, and we have, in consequence, given it full consideration, according as the Bland Silver Bill was passed through its several stages. It was very materially altered in the Senate by the CHAFFEE and ALLISON amendments, which struck out the glaring clause of unlimited coinage, but even thus it could not meet with the approbation of the President, who returned it to Congress without his signature. The fact that the Bill was carried over the veto by a two-thirds majority in both Houses, does not invalidate the arguments which the President urged against it, and these are of such importance that our readers ought to be made acquainted with them. Mr. HAYES holds, as indeed he held in his annual message, that neither the interests of the Government nor people of the United States would be promoted by disparaging silver as one of the two precious metals which formed the coinage of the world, and that legislation which looks to maintaining the volume of intrinsic money to as full a measure of both metals as their relative commercial value permits, would be neither just nor expedient. He states further that it was his earnest desire to concur with Congress in the adoption of such a measure to increase the silver coinage of the country as would not impair the obligation of contracts, public or private, or injuriously affect public credits. But, in his opinion, the Bland Silver Bill did not meet these requirements, and his reasons are of that elementary quality which carries conviction. The Bill provides for the coinage of a silver dollar of 412½ grains each, of standard silver, to be a legal tender to its nominal value for all debts and dues public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract. It is well known that the market value of that number of grains of standard silver during the past year has been from 90c to 92c as compared with the standard gold dollar. Thus the silver dollar authorized by this Bill is from 8 to 10 per cent. less than it purports to be worth, and it is made a legal tender for debts contracted when the law did not recognize such coins as lawful money. The right to pay duties in silver, or in certificates of silver deposits, will, when they are issued in sufficient amount to circulate, put an end to the receipt of revenue in gold, and thus compel the payment of silver, for both principal and interest of the public debt. \$1,145,493,470 of bonded debt now outstanding was issued prior to February, 1873, when the silver dollar was unknown in circulation in the country, and was only a convenient form of silver bullion for exportation. \$183,440,350 of bonded debt has been issued since February, 1873, when gold alone was the coin for which bonds were sold, and gold alone the coin in which both parties to the contract understood the bonds would be paid. Those bonds flowed into the markets of the world; they were paid for in gold when the silver had greatly depreciated, and when no one would have bought them if it had been understood that they would be paid in silver. Two hundred and twenty-five millions of those bonds have been sold during his administration for gold coin, and the United

States have received the benefit of those sales by the reduction of the rate of interest to four per cent. During the progress of those sales a doubt was suggested as to the coin in which the payment of those bonds would be made. The public announcement was thereupon authorized that it would not be anticipated by any further legislation of Congress, or by any action of any department of the Government, which would sanction or tolerate the redemption of the principal of those bonds or the payment of interest thereon except in coin enacted by the Government in exchange for the same. In view of that fact, it will be generally regarded as a grave breach of public faith to undertake to pay those bonds—principal or interest—in silver coin worth in the market less than the coin received for them. The capital defect of the measure is that it contains no provisions protecting from its operation pre-existing debts in case the coinage which it creates shall continue to be of less value than that which was the sole legal tender when they were contracted. It is proposed instead for the purpose of taking advantage of the depreciation of silver in payment of debts in coin, to make a legal tender of a silver dollar of less commercial value than the dollar of gold or paper, which is lawful money of the country. Such a measure will, in the judgment of mankind, be an act of bad faith. As to all debts heretofore contracted, the silver dollar should be made a legal tender only at its market value. The standard of value should not be changed without the consent of both parties to the contract. National premises should be kept with unflinching fidelity. Mr. HAYES concludes: "It is my firm conviction that, if the country is to be benefited by a silver coinage, it can only be done by the issue of silver dollars of full value, which will defraud no man, and currency worth less than it purports to be worth, will, in the end, defraud not only creditors, but all who are engaged in legitimate business, and none, more assuredly, than those who are dependent on their daily labour for their daily bread."

### THE IRON WEALTH OF QUEBEC.

This is rather a hard subject, but we shall treat it briefly and clearly, so that whoever reads our article may understand it. It is admitted that the Province of Quebec, among the several Provinces of the Dominion, has vast mineral resources. It is also known that these have been comparatively little worked, in consequence of inadequate machinery and lack of capital. But of late, owing to the palpable fact that our chief wealth—the forests—is rapidly disappearing, the public mind has turned more fixedly to our mines. The introduction of scientific appliances has likewise stimulated energy in this direction. The discovery of phosphate lands at the two extremities of the Province—the Upper Ottawa and Chicoutimi—is the latest welcome fact in the same connection, but to-day we confine ourselves to the iron products of the Province. What we have to say is based almost wholly upon two papers lately submitted to the Legislature. The first is from M. Prevost, a distinguished French metallurgist, who gives information respecting the manufacture of malleable iron by means of the carbonic acid collected at the mouths of blast furnaces. The gas is collected at the mouth of the blast furnace, and thence carried through a sheet iron tube of ten to twelve inches diameter to the furnace where it is to be ignited and used for changing cast metal into malleable iron. Before being used for this purpose, however, the gas must be purified by washing in a stream of water. This process, which has been in operation for eight years in France, where the inventor still enjoys the profits of his patent, gives the most satisfactory results. In the foundry there are two furnaces, one used for converting the metal by puddling, and the other for the purpose of re-heating the cylinders before

passing them through the rollers. Both are fed by the gas from the same blast furnace. These operations are, therefore, carried on without costing a single cent for coal. In a word, the quantity of coal consumed for the production of malleable iron is reduced to the very quantity required for the production of cast metal in the blast furnaces; that is to say, about 120 or 110 bushels per ton produced. In reading the geological reports of Canada, Mr. Prevost found that the Moisie forges, for instance, used 350 bushels to produce iron in its purely crude state, still leaving a considerable sum necessary to complete the rolling of the iron. The greater number of the forges in the United States are worked in about the same proportions. The new system here communicated effects a saving on the latter of 300 bushels of coal per ton of cast metal. Moreover, one furnace produces three and a half to four tons per twenty-four hours, while the other hardly gives three and a quarter tons in the same time and with the same amount of labour. Under these conditions it is easy to ascertain the cost of a ton of iron to be from \$33 to \$34. This is about the price of iron in the English market.

The second paper is from M. PIER, another French metallurgist, who professes to have a process of his own to separate the titanium from iron ore. We know nothing of M. PIER nor of his process, except that it is questioned by Canadian metallurgists, but inasmuch as he is a gentleman and a man of science, we deem it right that the official account of his experiments should be set before the public. He took five hundred pounds of white St. Urbain ore after the first smelting and put it into a cupola furnace to be roasted. By the addition of his process they were rendered malleable and steel-grained. Then, having been told that it would be desirable to operate it once, by his process, on the ore to ascertain its results, he roasted the St. Urbain ore by the usual method with out a previous roasting. The result was a product "so extraordinary in quality that no comparison can be made between it and any metal of a first smelting ever offered in the Canadian or United States markets." The ore he obtained, instead of a white indistinct metal, was a grey malleable metal, which was filed, hammered when cold, and when of forge heat without peeling or scaling off, submitted to the forge, it had acquired new qualities on being plunged into a cooler, then subjected to fresh test and hammered on the anvil. Given the postulate that the production of iron under economic conditions must prove a source of immense wealth to Canada, M. PIER holds that his process enables this country not only to put to profit the mines and high furnaces at St. Urbain, but also to establish the iron trade of Canada, the working on an extensive scale of the titanic ores profusely spread throughout the Laurentian Range. These metals will then rival in the Canadian and English markets, those from Sweden of first quality, smelted with wood. They will be fit for leaving the furnace, for the casting of stoves, ornaments, and mechanical articles of every kind. The refining of this, or its transformation into malleable iron will have a sufficiently large margin seeing that it sells at \$12 to \$15 in the Montreal market, and Canadian iron will always be of superior quality by any process which adds nothing to the cost. The refining and puddling will also produce iron which will be equal in strength of tension and resistance to that of wrought iron. Rails made of this iron will never be liable to split or scale off, like those used now-a-days, and will have the advantage over steel rails of not breaking. It is moreover known, practically, that iron rails of superior quality are preferred to steel rails, because they are less liable to break, and many accidents are thereby avoided. To sum up, St. Urbain, for instance, is destined to produce, through economical processes, the best metal,—the best iron—out of its titanic ore. The net cost of a ton of brown

malleable metal, fit for use when it issues from the furnace, cannot exceed the price of \$20 or \$21, if the alterations found to be useful and economical are made to the high furnaces, and the production is carried on without stoppage to the utmost of their capacity throughout the twenty-four hours.

We learn that the physicians of the city of Quebec are taking measures to secure payment from their clients. We do not wonder at it, and wish them every success. The members of this noble profession are perhaps the most ill-paid of men, notwithstanding that they expend time, labour, talent, and even their own health, by day, and especially by night, in the relief of suffering humanity. Lawyers take good care to have their fees given in advance: no notarial act is delivered until paid for, but doctors rely on credit, and in the majority of cases their reliance is disappointed. People have the habit of paying everybody else before the doctor, totally oblivious of the fact that he, like other men, must support his family, pay his butcher's and baker's bills, and, if possible, lay something aside for the future. We hope the physicians of Quebec will devise some scheme of self-protection, which may be carried out successfully by the profession everywhere.

It is all very well to make explanations and reservations, but be the cause what it will, and let the responsibility rest where it belongs, the disagreeable fact remains that, to the Federal deficit of last year, another deficit has been added this year. The total has reached nearly three and a half millions, and from the downward tendency of the revenue till March of this year, there is every reason to fear that the deficiency will rise to the figure of five millions next year. This is a very unsatisfactory state of things, and the effect which it will have upon the foreign money market will be prejudicial to us in the extreme. But what makes matters worse is that no remedy is provided. We are told that the finances must right themselves somehow, which is an unstatesmanly proposition. Even as it is, the deficits of these three years will be a drawback to Canada for at least a decade.

The Irish Catholic Societies of Montreal have taken a wise step, which will go far in the direction of conciliation. At a late meeting of their delegates, it was resolved that, as a mark of supreme respect for the memory of Pius IX., and as a testimony of heartfelt love and veneration for their deeply lamented Pontiff and Father, they will this year forego the joyous celebration of their national feast by a public procession. We trust that the good example here given will be generally imitated, and that thus the apprehensions of violence which the community is experiencing will be effectively allayed. Whoever conceived and carried out the resolutions cited above deserves the public thanks.

The British War Secretary says it is of paramount importance that Quebec should have such an armament of modern rifled guns as will forbid the passage of the St. Lawrence to any ship of war which might escape the vigilance of the British cruisers in the Gulf. We should think so. Lieut.-General Sir Selwyn Smythe and Lieut.-Col. Strange have only done their duty, as soldiers and as patriots, in impressing this matter upon the memories of heads of the War Office.

At the second annual meeting of the Dominion Artillery Association it was decided to send a team to England next year to compete for prizes offered for that branch of the service. It is proposed to select the men for this purpose from those who have attended the Military College at Kingston, and who are better acquainted with artillery practice than those belonging to different brigades throughout the country, and whose facilities for ac-

quiring information in the handling of artillery is limited.

We learn with pleasure that the Montreal Telegraph Company are preparing posts for the construction of the line along the coast from Matane to Fox River, and that its completion may be looked for early next summer. This long-desired link will be a great boon to the residents along its route and to vessels from sea navigating the St. Lawrence. It will also put all parts of the Dominion in direct telegraphic communication with Fox River.

THE FREE LANCE.

A memorial to Vennor. I propose a miniature gold model of a snow-plough, to be attached to his watch chain. The inscription shall be the single word: FEBRUARY!

The conversation turned upon the precarious finances of the Province of Quebec and the tax of fifty cents per ton imposed on the phosphates of the upper Ottawa. Said one:

"No wonder the Province is in a starving condition."  
"Why so?"  
"Because it is laying a tax on its own appetite."

An exquisite echo from Beaver Hall. Aristocratic mother says to her well-grown son:  
"Well, Leonard, I think you are getting old enough now to be less polite to the servants."

There are two parties in England. One sings:  
"We don't want to fight,  
But, by jingo, if we do,  
We've got the ships, we've got the men,  
And we've got the money, too!"

The other shouts out a parody like this:  
"We don't want to fight,  
But, by jingo, if we do,  
We'll have two shillings' income tax,  
And a decent good licking, too!"

An ancient bachelor on Place d'Armes was about to discharge his old and faithful house-keeper.

"Why do you do this thing?" asked a friend.  
"Well, there is a limit to human patience. Every evening for the past eight years I have asked Mary for a foot bath, and never got it."

A joke in the stately Times is about as hard to find as a pin in a hay stack. Yet there is one which is worth preserving in this column. Speaking of Mr. Hardy's, Secretary for War, late dressing of Mr. Gladstone, the "Thunderer" says: "He is always impassioned, even when treating the most innocent of themes. Were he to repeat the multiplication table in the House, he would be in a whirlwind of excitement by the time he had reached the crushing accusation that ten times ten make a hundred."

If the address of McGill University to Lord Dufferin, and His Excellency's reply, at the late Academic meeting, had been in Latin, there is no doubt that both would have been published in the original. The query arises, why, being in Greek, only translations were printed. The reason given is the scarcity of Greek type in the city. *Meatball's* *sermons*, and certainly not very complimentary. But the correspondent of a well-known country paper gives another reason. He says that if the Greek text had been published, every seeliot in the Dominion would have set himself to pick flaws, thereby causing a disagreeable controversy. I hear that this is a gratuitous assumption, inasmuch as such scholars as Lord Dufferin and Professor Cornish are above criticism in this respect. What I myself should dearly like to see, however, would be a bit of McGill undergraduate Greek prose. I should undertake to "set" that with my own hands, publish it, and punch the head of any fellow who would attack it on the score of solecisms.

A LEARNED genius, with little Latin and less French, undertook to say, in a recent issue of the *Witness* that the late "Joly incident" (it was very pretty, indeed, all around) was owing to ignorance of English on the part of the Speaker of the House. Instead of taking the words "brute force" in the Latin sense of *brutia fulmen*, for instance, he took them in the French sense of *brute*, and of course got angry. There is much more of the same strength. It now turns out that Mr. Joly spoke in French, and that his words were *force brutale*!

And thus a history is written.

A delicious French bit. M. and Mme. X. are known for their devotion to each other. Being asked once what they regarded as the greatest act of selfishness that could be committed in married life.  
"It is to die the first," they both exclaimed together.

GRAVE Ministerial crisis in Quebec.

At the meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association at Ottawa, it was announced that the Government has recognized and will meet the wants of the Association in the matter of the expenses of the Wimbledon team. The teams for the current year have been selected as follows: Ontario, 1; Quebec, 5; New Brunswick, 12; and Nova Scotia, 2.

CANADIAN SPORTS.

SNOW-SHOEING.

EMERALD CLUB.—The fourth annual meeting of the Emerald Snow-Shoe Club was held on the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds on last Saturday afternoon, the 23rd ult. The programme was as follows:—

- 1st. Two miles (open)—Won by Lefebvre.
- 2nd. Half mile (open)—Won by H. Downes.
- 3rd. Two miles (open)—Geo. Starke.
- 4th. 100 yards (open)—Robert Summerhayes.
- 5th. Not run.
- 6th. Quarter mile (open)—Won by Cairns.
- 7th. Half a mile, for the Band in uniform. This was well contested, and won by Lynch.
- 8th. Quarter mile (for the boys)—Won by Rudolph Boyle.
- 9th. Half mile (Club) green, in costume—Won by P. McKenna.
- 10th. Two miles (Club) was eventually won by Joseph Boyle after a spirited contest.

CURLING.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S MEDAL.—The curling match for the Governor-General's medal, between Quebec and Montreal, took place on the 25th ult., at the Vice-Royal Rink. The following is the full score:—

MONTREAL—NO. 1.

W. M. McGibbon, David Brown,  
D. Wilson, W. Wilson, skip—17.

QUEBEC—NO. 1.

E. Pope, J. McKay,  
Alex. Brodie, W. Brodie, skip—14.

MONTREAL—NO. 2.

W. Rattray, P. Nicholson,  
A. Murray, H. Hutchinson, skip—18.

QUEBEC—NO. 2.

P. Johnston, W. Toffield,  
H. H. Sewell, W. Barbour, skip—28.  
Quebec thus winning by 7.

ANNUAL FRIENDLY.—The concluding competitions in the annual friendly match, between the Montreal Calabonian Curling Club and Montreal Curling Club, was indefinitely postponed, on Saturday last, owing to the extreme mildness of the weather.

ICE-BOATING.

TORONTO RACES.—The race by the ice-boats rendered necessary by a contestation over the result of the race on Saturday came off on the bay on the 25th, at nine o'clock. There was a fair south wind, which was as good as could be wished for navigation of the bay, and the boats made good time. Seven boats started, and the four winning boats were: "Seagull," \$14; "The Witch," \$10; "Snowbird," \$6; and "Fetich," \$3. The distance was about twenty miles, and the winning boat made it in a little over forty minutes.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

NOTES.

No. 15.—On looking over a list of Justices of the Peace for Montreal, published in an almanac for 1844, I found that out of the 100 names there recorded, only 12 survive; these I copy in the order in which I found them, viz:

- C. S. Cherrier. William Lunn.
- J. B. Meilleur. J. L. Beaudry.
- Pierre Beaubien. Pierre Lamothé.
- Damase Masson. John Ostell.
- John Dyer. James Ferrier.
- J. A. Labadie. J. C. Boulanger.

What a commentary on the shortness of life, as by that list 88 out of the 100 have passed away in little over 30 years. E. M.

QUERIES.

No. 14.—What year were the English sparrows introduced into this city? E. M.

No. 15.—Some lines, attributed to Tennyson, appear on the title page of Capt. Butler's book, "The Great Lone Land." It is a few years since I saw the work, and my recollections of it are somewhat indistinct, but the lines ran nearly as follows:

"A full bod river winding slow  
By hills upon an endless plain."  
"And some one pacing there alone  
Who paced forever in a glimmering land,  
Lit by a low large moon."

The above conveys my impression of the words, but you may probably remember them, or, if not, will likely have the volume at hand. As I have never met them in Tennyson, would you kindly inform me in which of the Laureate's poems they occur? I applied to the \_\_\_\_\_ and another journal for information in the matter, but received no satisfaction. J. H. G.

Troquois, Ont.

The epigraph, with a few emendations which we have made, is such as appears on the title page of Capt. Butler's book. With regard to the authenticity of the authorship, if our correspondent, J. H. G., will look into Tennyson's poems published in 1832, and, of course, included in his collected works, he will find the lines cited above in "The Palace of Art." He will find also that Butler transposed the first two lines which follow the three latter in the poet's text. We hope to hear from J. H. G. again.

ED. NOTES AND QUERIES.

REPLIES.

No. 9.—No. 13, under head of "Notes and Queries," in a late issue, asks—"Can any Kingstonian give me the signification of the old Indian name Catarauqui, if it has any?"

The writer has generally heard it said that Catarauqui means *great waters*; and Gananoque, which is some 20 miles this side, *great rocks*. The writer can easily understand why such may be the real signification, for the former is at the foot of Lake Ontario, the beginning of the River St. Lawrence and of the Rideau river, and the latter at the entrance to the "Thousand Islands," or, *Thousand Rocks*, as they might have been aptly called.

KINGSTONIAN.

Montreal.

FRENCH ESPRIT.—"Vous avez beau dire; je n'ai trouvé mille pout en France et esprit dont vous parlez," said an old Prussian general to Princess Metternich, who is noted for her love of France. "What, no esprit?" retorted the princess. "Give what you will to French people, and I wager they will make of it something pretty, elegant and witty." "Well, princess," said the general, with scornful complacency, "here is a white hair I find on my uniform. I give it you *carte blanche*; send it to Paris, where, for my part, I found only among the men *de l'esprit de coiffeur*, and among the women *de la gèbe de cuisinière*." Princess Metternich forwarded the white hair to a Paris jeweller, ordering him to make with it some striking piece of jewellery. To the order she added this postscript, "*C'est pour faire une niche à un Prussien*." A week afterward she received an *étoile*, which she presented to the general, saying ironically, "Pray to God that your hair may not break." It contained a massive gold necklet, with a *medaillon*, on which were enamelled the arms of Prussia; to the *medaillon* were suspended by the white hair two smaller lockets in black enamel, on which were inscribed, in tricolor letters formed with rubies, sapphires, and diamonds, these words, "Lorraine-Alsace."

FASHION NOTES.

COMBINE broadened silk with your black suit for spring, as velvet is too heavy. Silk slippers of the material of the dress are most worn for evening, but kid slippers and boots are also worn.

BLUE, gray, buff and white linens will be used for the dresses of boys of three years in the summer; also piques and checked gingham.

The most dressy black cashmeres worn by young ladies are cut-away coats with silk vests, either black, white, cardinal red, or moss green.

NARROW ribbons broadened through the middle and fringed out on both sides will be greatly used for trimming all spring and summer dresses.

For the summer thick guizes are manufactured of silk and even of thread. Dresses of these materials will be trimmed with a large number of narrow bias folds of silk in a shade to match or a different colour.

It must not be supposed that the present fashion, so complicated in appearance, offers no facilities to economy. Thanks to combinations, a new dress can be made of two old ones—only fashion imposes the use of figured material for the upper part of the toilette, and plain material for the under part.

WRAPPINGS to match the dress—that is to say, made of the same material as the latter—will be, in the minority. Mantellets of every shape will be most worn, especially for wrappings to match the dress. These mantellets will be square in the back, with ends in front, or else in the shape of a scarf with rounded ends.

The princess dress will be the one most in vogue during the season of reunions. But spring and summer dresses will be made with a separate waist, consequently with an overskirt rather than a pousoise, with skirt to match, or else composed of a combination to simulate the shape of an overskirt. The perfectly flat style is gradually disappearing.

JEWELLERY for the summer will be of bliggen silver, sometimes gilded. This work, which will be extremely fashionable, is of great delicacy. This jewellery will be worn during the day (the necklace even with high-necked dresses), as stones are suitable only for the evening. The complete set is composed of a necklace, bracelets, ear-rings and brooch.

BLACK lace points or shawls are no longer worn. They are nevertheless an expensive article that is possessed by many ladies; the shawl use has been devised for them, as follows: Turn the shawl with the point at the top, and of this point, which is folded on the outside, form a hood trimmed with bows of ribbon. On the neck and shoulders lay folds and pleats to shape the shawl on the bust, giving it the form of a stylish mantel.

PERSONAL.

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR LETELLIER has been laid up with bronchitis.

DR. HOPPER, the well-known Toronto physician, was buried on Saturday.

REV. MR. CARR, Rector of Kingston, York County, N.B., died last week of diphtheria.

MR. VAIL, ex-Minister of Militia, has been very sick, but is now somewhat better.

LADY MACDONALD narrowly escaped being seriously injured by a snow-slide from a roof on Sparks street, Ottawa, last week.

EDWARD BINNEY, formerly Collector of Customs at Halifax, died on the 23rd ult., aged 66 years. He was an uncle of the Bishop of Nova Scotia, and was well known as a large contributor to public and private charities.

It took nearly five hundred penny postage stamps to supply the demand on Valentine Day, and even this number would have been swelled but for the fact that the young men with rivals, delivered the little effusions personally, so there would not be the slightest possibility of the lady thinking it came from the other fellow.



MOUNT ARARAT.



BULL FIGHT AT MADRID DURING THE ROYAL MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES. ENTRANCE OF THE TOREADORS INTO THE ARENA.

**THE LATE WILLIAM WORKMAN.**

The late Mr. William Workman which descended from an English family which settled in Ireland in the time of Cromwell. His lineal ancestor, the Rev. William Workman, is mentioned in "Neale's History of the Puritans" as having been lecturer at St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester, in the time of Charles the First, and is described as a man of great piety, wisdom and moderation. Having come under the displeasure of Archbishop Haund for expressing opinions at variance with those of that prelate, he was deposed and forced to open a private school in order to support his family. But persecution still followed him, and he died of a broken heart. It is not surprising that the sons of such a man should have been found in the ranks of the Parliamentary army. One of them, another William, who commanded a company, was among those who met the charge of Prince Rupert on the field of Naseby. In the year 1648 he went, with Cromwell, to Ireland, where, on his retirement from military life, he received a grant of land as a reward for his services. But his troubles were not yet over, and, after a career of strange vicissitudes, he fell a victim, with many others, to the appalling privations of the siege of Derry. Of his two sons, one settled at Monymore, in the County of Antrim, where, for more than a century, successive generations of Workmans were destined to see the light. Joseph Workman, the father of Mr. William Workman, was the last of the family who occupied the ancient homestead. He left it to come to this continent, and, having spent three years in the United States, returned to Ireland and settled near the town of Lisburn, where his nine children were born. He was, however, destined again to cross the Atlantic, he and his family ultimately making Canada their home. Benjamin, the eldest son, arrived in Montreal in 1819, where for twenty years he conducted a school at which some of Canada's most distinguished men were pupils. He also founded a newspaper, the *Courant*, which he published for five years. Mr. William Workman did not come to Canada until 1829, arriving in Montreal on the 7th of May in that year. In 1825 he received an appointment on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, which he held for three years. On his arrival in Montreal, he went with his parents, and saw them settled on a farm near New Glasgow. Returning to Montreal on the 24th June, he joined his brother Benjamin, and became sub-editor of the *Canadian Courant*. Shortly afterwards he took a

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY,  
No. 294.

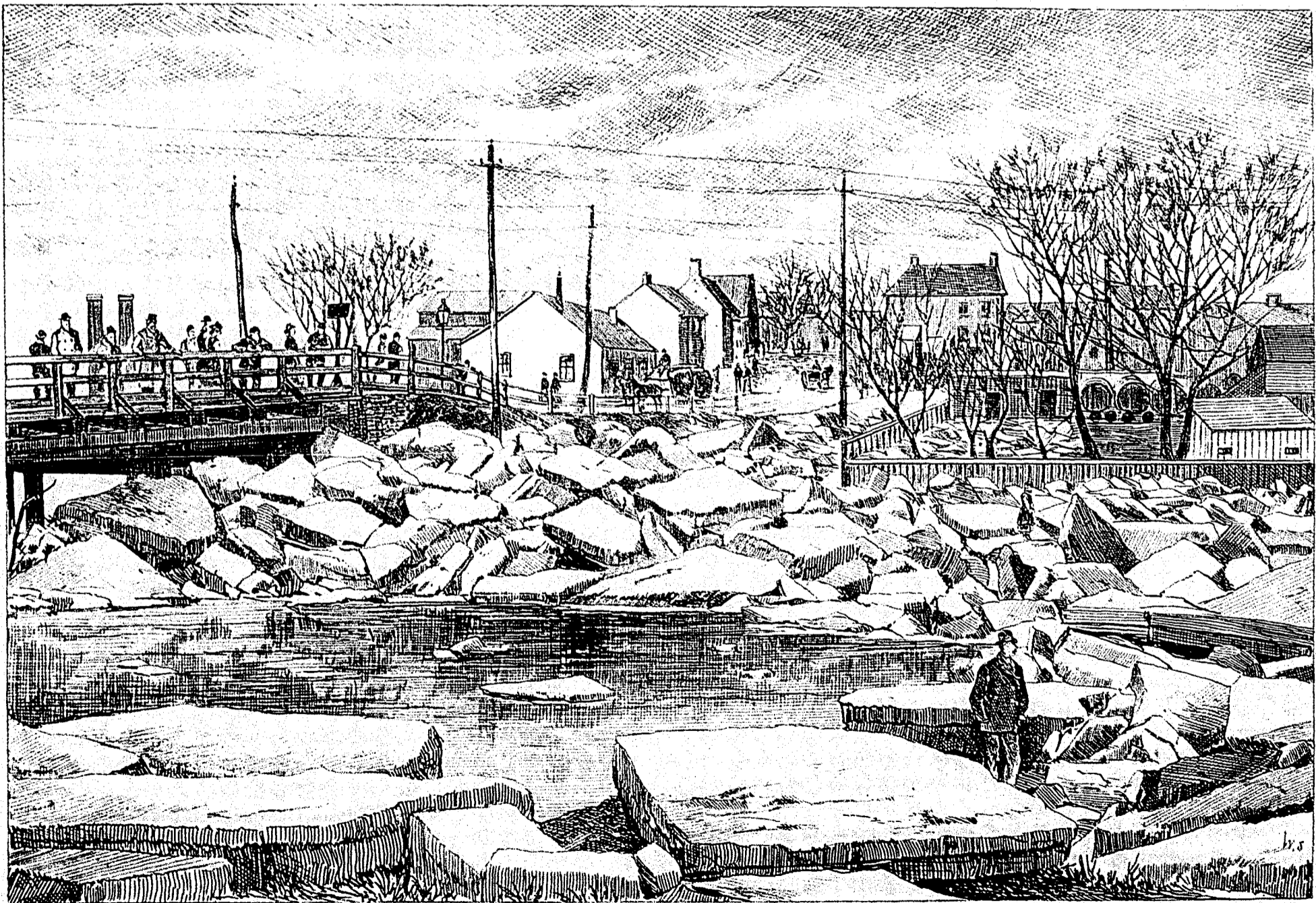


THE LATE WILLIAM WORKMAN.

position in the house of J. H. M. Frothingham. After some time he engaged in business, and in 1836 his capacity and energy had gained him a partnership in the extensive hardware establishment which still bears his name. He continued a member of the firm for nearly thirty years, and to him it owed not a little of its prosperity and reputation. During those years he declined to serve in public life. He was twice elected Alderman, and once Mayor, but declined on each occasion to act. In 1846, after a year's exertion, he succeeded in establishing the City and District Savings Bank, and became its first President. In 1857 the Directors of this Bank made him a presentation of plate, accompanied by a resolution of thanks, which was passed at a special meeting held on the 31st January, 1857.

In 1876, Mr. Workman retired from the directorate of the Bank altogether, and upon that occasion a resolution was adopted requesting that Mr. Workman would sit for his portrait that it might be placed in the Board room.

In 1849, Mr. Workman became President of the City Bank, at a time when the stock stood at forty-six, and when the bank was in bad credit. He remained at the head of that institution for twenty-four years when he resigned, and Sir Francis Hincks was appointed. Nor did the integrity and ability, which won him such commanding places in commerce and finance, fail to procure for him the recognition of his fellow-citizens in other walks of life. His public spirit, his enterprise, his wide charity and freedom from any trammels of bigotry, were universally acknowledged, and his aid and influence were sought for many objects of public and social interest. He was President of the St. Patrick's Society when it was composed of Protestants and Catholics alike. He was one of the organizers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which he was for many years the President. He held the same post of honour with regard to the Protestant House of Industry and Refuge, the Montreal Dispensary and the Western Hospital. It was his lot, moreover, as the Chief Magistrate of Canada's chief city, to welcome and entertain the son of our beloved Queen, to whom no subject in the Empire was more loyal than he was. But that was only an incident, though a happy one, of his Mayoralty. In 1863 and the two following years, during which he held that office, he discharged the duties with the same assiduity and ability which he brought to bear on everything to which he put his hand. Nor were his fellow-citizens unappreciative of his services. Twice he was honoured with a public



TORONTO.—ICE-JAM ON THE DON.

banquet, in which no creed or nationality was unrepresented, and on his retirement from office he was presented with a magnificent diamond ring, accompanied by an address, alike creditable to the givers and the receiver. But grateful as are all such testimonies of esteem and affection, there is something in the consciousness of duty well performed, according to one's gifts and light, which far transcends them all. And this consciousness was Mr. Workman's. Mr. Workman was born on the 21st May, 1806, and was consequently in his seventeenth year.

## A Romance of Chivalry.

On a bright cold day in April, 1719, a travelling carriage with three postillions dashed, full of the importance which always attends a fashionable, well-built vehicle, into the famous but not progressive town of Innsbruck. The carriage contained four persons, said to be going to Loretto on pilgrimage—the Comte and Comtesse de Cernes, with the brother and sister of the comtesse; and as the aristocratic party alighted at their hotel, they created some sensation among those who clustered round the porch in the clear sharp twilight. The comtesse and her sister were very much enveloped in furs, and wore travelling masks, which effectually screened their faces from the vulgar gaze, and diverted the curiosity of the homely Tyrolese to the undisguised figures of the comte and comtesse's brother. The former was the statelier of the two, but the latter was universally pronounced to be *ein herrlicher Mensch*. There was a certain sprightly grace in his movements which yet did not detract from the dignity essential in those days to a gentleman, and which would have saved him from being addressed with too great familiarity. The news soon circulated among the loungers that the fresh arrivals were Flemings, and that the pleasant blue eyes of the comte and his brother-in-law—though certainly not the sprightly grace of the latter—accorded with these floating accounts of their origin.

The pretty Tyrolese hostess, whose face was so charmingly set off by the trim smartness of her velvet bodice and scarlet petticoat, together with various silver chains, gleefully returned to her parlour and her burly, good-tempered husband, after attending the ladies to their apartments. She had seen the Comtesse de Cernes without her furs and travelling mask, dressed in lilac camlet turned up with silk; so handsome, so gracious, so talkative, that the hostess thought she must be French; for the hostess had seen plenty of French people before now, besides Flemings. The comtesse was dark-haired and dark-eyed; her sister, who had also divested herself of her mask, did not equal her in appearance. Every one at the inn was glad that the amiable party from Flanders were going to rest there four days.

Their supper was ordered in a private room, where the host and hostess waited on them in person, and consequently had the best of it with the loungers afterward. The two gentlemen were in good spirits, and the hostess thought their talk none the less amusing for being in a language which she did not understand. Their laughing looks and easy action conveyed to her mind a sufficient sense of fun to make her fair face shine placidly in sympathy. Altogether they were the liveliest Flemings she had ever seen, and their good humour seemed to be shared by the three postillions, two of whom were Walloons and one Italian, who were making themselves popular among the habitués of the inn.

"Well, this is a pleasant little town of yours, *mes amis*," said the vivacious Walloon outsider, who contrasted strikingly with his great, tall, quietly smiling companion. "One could die of *ennui* here as well as at Liege."

"No, you could not," returned a long, square poetic Tyrolese, who spent most of his evenings at the inn, but never drank; notwithstanding which peculiarity he and the host were warm friends. "We mountain-folks are not dull; our hills and our torrents permit of no dullness."

"Very well perhaps for you who are born to it, to hang by your eyelids on rocky ledges, or balance yourselves over what are called in verses the silver threads of waterfalls, in pursuit of an undoubtedly clever and pretty little animal; but all that would be dull work to us. And then you have not a *noblesse*. What should we do without ours? There would be no one to whom one could be postillion."

"We are our own *noblesse*," said the spare, poetic Tyrolese.

"And you cannot say, Claude," observed the tall Walloon, "that Innsbruck is without *noblesse* at the present moment; nay more, it contains royalty in the shape of two captive princesses!"

"One of them the grand-daughter of the hero who saved this Empire from the Turks, for which the Emperor now keeps her in durance."

"Take care, Monsieur," said the host (he pronounced "Monsieur" execrably); "we are all the Kaiser's loyal subjects here in Tyrol."

"Pardon, *mein Wirth*," replied Claude, who pronounced German as badly as the host did French. "You know we men who run about the world laugh at everything, and too often let our tongues run faster than our feet."

"And after all," observed the Italian, "it is doing the young princess no bad turn to prevent her marrying a prince out of place, who is not likely to recover his situation."

The Flemings spent the few days of their so-

journal at Innsbruck in visiting the churches and seeing what was to be seen in the town. The Comtesse de Cernes' brother was the busiest of the party. On the morning after his arrival he met in a church porch a rather impish-looking boy in the dress of a "long-haired page," and the two held a brief colloquy. To this stylish page, in whom the rather shapeless Slavonic type of countenance was widened out by smiles of assurance, the gentleman from Flanders delivered a letter, together with a wonderful snuff-box, cut out of a single turquoise, "for his mistress to look at." On the three remaining days likewise the two met in different spots; the boy restored the snuff-box, and brought some letters written in a fashionable pointed hand, in return for those with which the Fleming had intrusted him.

The party were to set out on their southward way at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 28th of April. The evening of the 27th was overshadowed by clouds, driven by a sharp north-east wind. Notwithstanding the aspects of the weather, the brother of the Comtesse de Cernes, standing in the midst of his little party in their private room, donned his cocked-hat and surtout.

"Well, Wogan," said the comte, "if practice makes perfect, you are a professor in the art of effecting escapes. After having burst your way out of Newgate, and been valued at five hundred English guineas (much below your worth of course), and cooled yourself for some hours on the roof of a London house, and reached France safely after all, you ought to be able to abstract a young lady from the careless custody of Heister and his sentinels."

"I shall be ashamed if I fail, after wringing from Prince Sobieski his consent to the attempt, and after his giving me the Grand Vizier's snuff-box; but I always find that doing things for other people is more difficult than doing them for one's self."

"I should say she was a clever girl," remarked the comte, "and her page is a clever page."

"I wonder if Jannetton is ready?" said the comtesse, retiring into the bedroom occupied by the ladies, whence she soon emerged with her sister, who wore her paletot, and was smiling sufficiently to show two rows of exquisitely white teeth. The comtesse, on the contrary, seemed somewhat affected. "Adieu, Jannetton, *mais au revoir*. There will be no danger to you, and the Archduchess will take care that you join me in Italy."

Jannetton vowed she had no fears; and went forth into the deepening twilight, being shortly afterwards followed by the gentleman in cocked-hat and surtout. Curiosity did not now dog the Flemish pilgrims, as it had done while they were altogether novelties, and the adventurers slipped out unobserved. Meanwhile the "long-haired page" was busy at one of the side-doors of the castle, where he was often wont to converse with the sentinel on duty.

"I don't envy you your trade, Martin," he said, standing within the porch, to the hapless soldier pacing up and down in the keen wind. "Glory is one thing and comfort another; but after all, very often no one hears of the glory, whereas the comfort is a tangible benefit. With the wind in the northeast and a snow-storm beginning, I at least would rather be comfortable than glorious."

"A man who has seen campaigns thinks but little of a snow-storm, Herr Konska."

"But they generally put you into winter quarters," said Konska, not wishing the sentinel to pique himself on his hardihood.

"No matter; a soldier learns what hardship is. I wish you could see a shot-and-shell storm instead of a snow-storm, or a forest of bayonets poked into your face by those demons of Irish in the French service."

"Well, I say it is a shame not to treat you men better who have braved all that. See here; there is not even a sentry-box where you can nurse your freezing feet. Ugh!" And Konska withdrew, presumably to warmer regions, while the soldier preserved a heroic appearance as he paced shivering on his narrow beat. But a few minutes later Konska, stealing back to the door, saw that his martial friend was no longer at his post. The impish page pointed for a moment in ecstasy to a tavern temptingly visible from the sentry's beat. Then he darted back in delight from when he came.

When the snow-clouds were gathering over Innsbruck, and before the Flemish chevalier had put on his surtout, two ladies conversed in low tones in a chamber of the castle, of which General Heister was then the commandant. Only one lady was visible; rather elderly, very stately, and somewhat careworn in appearance. But that the other speaker was of gentle sex and rank might be presumed from the tone of a voice which issued from the closed curtains of the bed. It might even be the voice of a young girl.

"I hope you will not get into trouble, mamma," said the mysterious occupier of the bed.

"Hardly, if you wrote a proper letter on the subject of your departure, as the Chevalier Wogan advises. You must cover my complicity by begging my pardon."

"I am afraid you must write it yourself, mamma, as I am *hors de combat*."

"That would not be to the purpose, my dear child; the General would know my hand writing. I will push a table up to you; no one will disturb us now till your substitute comes." She carried a light table, furnished with ink-stand and *papeterie* to the side of the bed, and made an aperture in the curtains, whence emerged the rosy bright-eyed face of a girl—

who certainly did not look the invalid she otherwise appeared to be—and a white hand with an aristocratic network of blue veins.

"Will that do, mamma?" she asked, after covering a page with writing equally elegant and difficult to read, "Have I apologized and stated my reasons for going, eloquently enough? Oh, how I hope that I shall some day be a queen in my own capital, and that you and papa will come to live there!"

The mamma sighed, as swift imagination presented to her mind all the obstacles to so glorious a consummation; but she expressed herself well satisfied with the letter, which she placed on the toilet table. "I shall leave you now," she said; "you will find me in my room when you wish to bid me farewell." She spoke with a certain stately sadness as she left the apartment. The next person who entered it was the Comtesse de Cernes' sister in her paletot, with a hood drawn forward over her face. She only said: "*Que votre Altesse me pardonne*" (Pardon me, your Highness.)

Instantly the curtains divided once more, and the whole radiant vision of the mysterious invalid, clad in a dressing-gown richly trimmed with French lace, and showing a face sparkling with animation, sprang forth laughing: "You are the substitute?"

"Yes, your Highness!"

"I am sure I thank you very heartily, as well as Madame Misset and the Chevalier Wogan, and all the kind and loyal friends who are taking so much trouble for my consort and for me. The Archduchess will take good care of you, Jannetton."

Jannetton again showed her teeth in a courtly smile as she courtesied deeply. She was already persuaded that she would be well cared for, in reward for the mysterious services she had come to render the captive lady. She disencumbered herself of her paletot, and looked amazingly like a very neat French waiting-maid until she had bedizened herself in the young lady's beautifully worked dressing-gown. Then she speedily disappeared behind the curtains of the bed; while the invalid, wrapping herself in the paletot, rushed into the next room to embrace with tears and smiles her anxious mamma, who said but little, and was now only eager to hurry her away. There too she took possession of her page, and a small box which was to accompany her flight down the dark staircase. "Your Highness will find all safe," said the solemn page, who was careful to suppress outersigns of his innate roguishness in the presence of his mistress.

"The sentinel will not know me?" said the young lady.

"I am sure that he will not. Even if by chance he should look out from the window of the tavern where he is now ensconced, it is not very likely that he would know your Highness."

The black clouds which obscured the blueness of the April night had broken forth into a lashing storm of hail and wind before the young girl and page sallied forth into the darkness. She could hardly keep her footing in the wet deserted streets; her hood was blown back, and her fair hair became dangerously visible; her paletot was splashed with the mud thrown up by her tread, and battered with hail; still she laughed at all difficulties, for a hero's blood flowed in her veins, and now and then steadied herself by a touch on the page's shoulder as they floundered on. At the corner of a street they suddenly came upon a dark figure, whose first appearance as it crossed her path caused the fugitive to start back in some alarm. But it was only the Comtesse de Cernes' brother; and the young lady's mind was relieved when with a swift grace he bent for a moment over her hand with the words: "My Princess, soon to be my sovereign, accept the homage, even in a dark street and a hail-storm, of your loyal servant, Charles Wogan."

"Oh, my protector and good angel! is it indeed you?" replied the young lady. "Be assured that I would gladly go through many dark streets and hail-storms to join my consort!"

And certainly this was a generous expression to use concerning a consort whom she had never seen. She and the Flemish chevalier were apparently old friends, and he had soon conducted her to the inn, which the page Konska, however, was not to enter with his mistress; he was to wait in a sheltered archway until the Comte de Cernes' travelling carriage should pick him up on its way out of Innsbruck in the darkness of early morning. With a grimace he departed for this covert, while his mistress was hurried into the warm atmosphere of the Comtesse de Cernes' bedroom, where that would-be Loretto pilgrim knelt and kissed her hand. But better even than loyal kisses were the bright wood-fire, the posset, and the dry clothes, which also awaited her in this room.

"And you are Madame Misset, the noble Irish lady of whom my good angel Wogan speaks in his letters? How can I thank you for the trouble you take for me? I regard him quite in the place of my papa. But you all seem to be as good as he is!"

"Madame," replied the lady thus addressed, with all the loyalty of eighteenth-century speech, "Your Highness knows that it is a delight to a subject to serve such a sovereign as our gracious prince; and all that I have done is at my husband's bidding."

"With such subjects, I am sure it will not be long before he regains his throne. Ah, this delightful fire! Do you know, Madame, that it is snowing and hailing outside as if it were January!"

If Madame Misset felt some concern at the thought of the impending journey—if not for her sake, at least for that of her husband, she expressed none, except on her Highness' account.

However, her Highness laughed gayly at hardship and difficulty, and was not at all depressed at having left her mother in the castle prison. Her only fear was that she should be missed from the castle before she had got clear of Innsbruck. But matters were too well arranged for so speedy a termination of the romance. By two o'clock of the windy spring morning the travelling carriage was ready, the Tyrolese landlord and landlady little suspecting, as they sped their parting guests, that the second lady who entered it in cloak and mask was no other than that sister of the Comtesse de Cernes who had arrived four days before.

"Oh, my good Papa Wogan!" exclaimed the latest addition to the party of pilgrims, as they were rolled into the darkness of that wild night, "how delighted I am to be free again, and about to join my royal consort. I owe more than I can express to all, but most to you!" Which she might well say, seeing that it was "Papa Wogan" who had selected her as the bride of this consort to whom her devotion was so great. She chattered brightly away with the natural vivacity of 18 in an adventure, rejoicing in her new-found freedom, however cold it might be; and the only clouded face in the carriage was that of the Comtesse de Cernes. She was anxious on account of the vivacious little man who had formerly been postillion, and who was now riding far behind the carriage with his tall companion, to keep at bay possible couriers, who might soon be hurrying to the border fortresses with news that a prisoner had escaped the vigilance of General Heister at the Castle of Innsbruck. The two gentlemen in the carriage assured her that no harm would happen to two such dashing cavaliers; but perhaps the comtesse thought that to those who are safe it is easy to talk of safety. Not that any of the party were really safe, but the cheerfulness of the young lady, whose passport was shown at all the towns as made out for the sister of the Comtesse de Cernes, seemed to preclude the idea of peril to her companions. At Venice the mind of the Comtesse was finally set at ease by the re-appearance of the outriders, telling a funny unscrupulous sort of story about having fallen in on the road with a courier from Innsbruck, to whom they made themselves very agreeable, and whom they finally left hopelessly tipsy at an inn near Trent.

"It was very wrong of you, Messieurs," said the escaped fugitive, "to make him drink so much; you ought to have tied him up somewhere. But I thank you very much for all the dangers you incurred for my sake, and I assure all of you, my good friends, that your king and queen will not forget you."

There were no telegrams in those days; but before a week was over all Europe, or rather all political and fashionable Europe, was talking of the escape of the Princess Clementina Sobieski, granddaughter of the hero who repulsed the hordes of Turkey on the plains before Vienna, from her captivity at the Castle of Innsbruck, where she and her mother had—for political reasons connected with Great Britain—been placed by her cousin, the Emperor Charles VI. of Germany. It was told with indignation at the Courts of London and Vienna, with laughter and admiration at those of Rome, Paris and Madrid, how she had been carried off by a party of dashing Irish people, calling themselves noble Flemish pilgrims; and how she had a French maid-servant in her place in the castle, and a letter to her mother apologizing for her flight. The prime contriver of the adventure, it is said, was that Chevalier Wogan, who had been in mischief for some time past, and had made his own way with great *aplomb* out of Newgate.

At Venice, a singular readjustment of the dashing party took place; the vivacious outsider now appearing in the character of Captain Misset, the husband of Madame Misset, hitherto called Comtesse de Cernes; and the tall outsider in that of Captain O'Toole, both being of the Irish-Franco regiment of Count Dillon, as was also the gallant Major Gaydon *alias* the Comte de Cernes. The Comtesse's brother was now no longer related to her, but acknowledged himself to be that Charles Wogan who had really done much for the Chevalier, having fought for him, been taken prisoner for him, escaped for him, chosen his bride, and effected her liberation as cleverly as he had effected his own. In fact, the Italian postillion Vezzosi was the only one of this curious group who had acted at all *in propria persona*.

The 18th of May, 1719, was a gala day in Rome, when a long string of coaches and the Prince—whom a large number of British subjects, expressing their loyalty by peculiar signs of approval, considered to be rightful King of Great Britain and Ireland—went out to conduct the fugitive young lady triumphantly into the Eternal City. She now no longer had need to use the passport which franked her as the sister of the Comtesse de Cernes, being openly and joyfully welcomed as the Princess Maria Clementina Sobieski.

## LITERARY.

The *Radical Review* is dead.

SWINBURNE is dangerously ill.

BRETE HARTE has written a new old-style story for *Scribner's Monthly*.

AD THALIARCHUM.

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE IX. (1-17).

Behold how whitened high with snow Soracte stands, and now no more The labouring woods their burdens show, Stiffened by frost the rivers' hour.

Stand firm; O Thaliarchus now Dispel the cold, and on the hearth Lay the wood plentiful high and low And the more generous wine bring forth.

Wine four years old from Sabine far, And to the gods the rest confide. Who, when they once have stilled the war Of winds with fervid ocean tide,

Cypress nor ancient ash is stirred, Nor what the morrow's fate may be Seek thou to know, but jealous guard As gain each day now granted thee.

By Fortune, nor whilst hoary age Still spares thy blooming youth, disdain In pleasant dances to engage, And Love's dominion still maintain.

Arthabaskaville, Feb. 21, 1878.

SAVOIN.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SIX SIMPLE RULES OF HEALTH.—The quantity of most things is always more hurtful than the quality. Take your meals at regular hours, always; the human frame is capable of being changed from sickness to perfect health by a well-regulated system of diet. Avoid everything—however agreeable to the palate—that from experience you find to disagree with you. Abstain from dram-drinking and too much tea and coffee. Where water does not disagree, value the privilege, and continue it. Take plenty of bodily exercise out-of-doors, and have a "hobby."

DESTINY.—It is when men have nothing higher than themselves to believe genuinely in that they attach the most importance to such odds-and-ends of circumstance as the flight of a bird, or the falling of a leaf, or the blaze of a meteor, or the emphasis with which a particular word is accidentally spoken in their ears, and call such things the indication of destiny, whereas, if there be destiny at all, it must be through command of a Being who is able to see and determine the end from the beginning, and to help us much better through the heart than through the eyes.

RIGHT OR WRONG?—It is not necessary that you should ask whether a thing is right for other people. It is more important that you should ask whether it is right for you. The thing which is right for you is that which makes you more a man; and, though other things make other men more men, if to you they are hindrances and not helps then to you they are wrong. There are some pleasures which some men may take innocently and beneficially, but which their next-door neighbour cannot take without guilt and positive injury. Things are to be judged as right or wrong by their effect on the moral character and destiny of a person. If observation teaches that a given line of conduct hurts any individual, no matter how many natural laws say it is right, it is wrong for him.

PARENTAL SELF-DENIAL.—To deprive themselves of necessary adornment for the sake of over-dressing their children appears to some parents laudible self-denial. They do not consider that they are fostering their own pride, and developing in their children a spirit vain, selfish, and disrespectful. And if but a part of the time and money spent by young ladies upon their own toilettes were devoted to their parents, a decided improvement would immediately be seen in the dress of both parties. Girls sometimes think that a companion in poor and ill-fitting raiment is a good background for their own tasteful outfit, being apparently blind to the fact that many and many are the mothers whose patient self-denial is strongly brought out by the vanity and selfishness of their daughters. It may be claimed that young folks go out oftener than their parents, are noticed more, and generally expected to be better dressed; but we believe that decency and propriety in dress are a necessity to old people, for which the vivacity and coloring of youth fully make amends.

COMPANY.—What a ceremonious affair we make of entertaining company! Too many of us lose all sense of being at home the moment a stranger crosses our threshold; and he instantly feels himself to be a mere visitor—nothing more—and acts accordingly. The man who knows how to "drop in" of an evening, draw up his chair to your hearth as if it were his own, and fall into the usual evening routine of the household as if he were a member of it—how welcome he always is! The man who comes to stay under your roof for a season, and who, without being obtrusive or familiar, makes you feel that he is "at home" with you, and is content in his usual fashion of occupation—how delightful a guest he is! And the house—ah, how few of them!—into which one can go for a day or a week and feel sure that the family routine is in no wise altered, the family comfort is in no wise lessened, but, on the contrary, increased by one's presence—what joy it is to cross their threshold! What harbours of refuge they are to the weary wanderers! What sweet reminiscences they bring to the lonely and homeless!

UNMARRIED.—Why so many women unmarried? Let us point to the extravagant modes of

living—extravagance in dress, extravagance in house-furnishing, extravagance in nearly everything—that has conspicuously gained ground among the middle classes within the past forty years, and in the face of which marriage becomes a much more serious affair for men to encounter than it ought to be. There, plainly enough, lies the basis of innumerable mischiefs. For such a state of things both sexes must bear the blame. Fathers of families are seen expending all their means, and leaving daughters unprovided for, but with tastes and habits which are incompatible with their position, the result being that they are reluctantly obliged to swell the already over-swollen ranks of governesses. On the other hand, the lofty expectations erroneously entertained by many young women drive away suitors who have still to make their way in the world. Hence, for various preventible causes, the vast numbers of young unmarried women crowding public places of resort.

KEEP COOL.—Air sleeping-rooms thoroughly every morning, and, if possible, let in the sun to shine on the beds and bedclothes. Often at night, when the heat is well-nigh unbearable, a wet cloth hung in the window over the blind will cool the room as if a shower had fallen, and everyone knows how water poured on the pavement in front of the door will refresh the hot, dry air. This principle of the reduction of temperature by evaporation is capable of much practical application. In India and other tropical countries, where ice is almost unknown, the natives cool their drinking-water by suspending earthen jars filled with it in a brisk current of air, which process is said to cool it thoroughly and rapidly. So, also, when ice is unobtainable, butter may be kept firm and sweet by setting the bowl containing it in a shallow vessel of water and covering it with a napkin, the ends of which are well immersed in the water in the bottom dish. A wet handkerchief or sponge worn in the hat when exposed to the sun, as in the harvest-field, will prevent sun-stroke under the most intense heat known to our climate, and will often relieve headache arising from heat and exhaustion combined.

LOVEABLE GIRLS.—Girls without any undesirable love of liberty and craze for individualism, girls who will let themselves be guided, girls who have the filial sentiment well developed and who feel the love of a daughter for the woman who acts as their mother, girls who know that every and all day long cannot be devoted to holiday-making without the intervention of duties more or less irksome, girls who when they can gather them accept their roses with frank and girlish sincerity of pleasure, and when they are denied submit without repining to the inevitable harshness of circumstances—these are the girls whose companionship gladdens and does not oppress or distract the old, whose sweetness and ready submission to the reasonable control of authority make life so pleasant and their charge so light to those in whose care they are; these are the girls who become good wives in the future, and, in their turn, wise and understanding mothers, and who have to choose out of many where others are sought of none. The heaven of them keeps society sweet and pure; for if all Canadian girls were as recalcitrant as some are, men might bid adieu to the woman and the home according to the ideal hitherto cherished.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

PARISIAN lady of fashion to the family physician: "Doctor, I want my husband to take me to Italy for the spring. Now what is the matter with me?"

WHEN a celebrated Parliamentary "wag" married a well-to-do lady, a friend of his said, "You must have been very deeply in love." "I was very deeply in debt," he replied.

Two women can talk to each other the whole length of a pew without being heard by any man right behind or right in front of them, and yet clearly understand each other—so wonderfully expressive is a woman's mouth.

"There is no truth in men," said a lady in company: "they are like mused instruments, which sound a variety of tones."—"In other words, madam," said a wit, who chanced to be present, "you believe that all men are liars."

"Conductor, why didn't you wake me up as I asked you? How I am miles beyond my station."—"Conductor: 'I did try, but all I could get out of you was, 'All right, Maria; get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"

LADY JONES—"And so you went to Venice? Saw all the sights—St. Mark's and the lions?" Mrs. Crammer—"Oh, yes, the dear old lions! We were most fortunate the day we were there. Arrived just in time to see the noble creatures fed!"

AS Iowa justice refused to fine a man charged with the offence of kissing a pretty girl without her consent. "Nothing," he said, "but the dignity of its office prevents the court from committing the same offence. The temptation to an ordinary person would be irresistible."

A YANKEE was dining at a London friend's, where they had "Matrimony Pudding" with a very fine wine sauce for dinner. He seemed to enjoy the sauce, when the host kindly inquired, "Will you have some more of the pudding?" "No, thank'ee," was the reply; "but I will thank you for a little more of the 'intment.'"

THE five-year-old daughter of an Eighth street family, the other day, stood watching her baby-brother, who was making a great fuss over having his face washed. The little miss at length lost her patience, and, stamping her tiny foot, said: "You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know anything about it. Wait till you're big enough to get a lickin' and then you'll see—won't he, mamma?"

A LITTLE five-year-old could not quite understand why the stars did not shine one night when the rain was pouring down in torrents. She stood at the window pondering on the subject with as much gravity as Galileo when he looked at the swinging lamp in the cathedral of Pisa, and with equal success; for all at once her countenance lighted up, and she said, "Mother, I know why the stars don't shine. Heaven has pulled them all up so as to let water come through the holes."

At the dinner of the Romsey Agricultural Society a clergyman who was present told a good tale of the old tithing system. He said that his predecessors in the livings of St. Leonard and St. Lawrence received in the north aisle their tithes in kind. They received every tenth cow, calf, and pig; but how they managed to deal with them he did not know. A rather pompous, tight-laced clergyman was one day called upon to christen a child, but on asking its name the woman who brought it said, "I don't know, sir; it's your child, sir!"—"My child!" exclaimed he. "Yes, sir, it's the tenth child, sir," replied the woman.

SHE was searching over the golden leaves which the frosts of October had detached from the stiffened twigs. Her Auburn hair took on the glint of gold as the bright sun streamed down over chimney and roof and tree-top, and the tender lines around her mouth deepened as she whispered, "O golden leaves! your life is typical of—". At that moment her mother came down to the gate, sleeves rolled up, and her big red hands hiding the view of the back-yard. "Pawing over them leaves agin, are ye?" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of the sentimental maiden. "Well, now, you trot in here, and wash out the rest of them coloured clothes, or I'll paw you, I will!"—"Yes, mother dear, but those golden—" "Trot, I say! Good bar soap is the goldenest thing in the market, and a wash-board costs more money than all the yaller leaves on the street." And the gentle maiden trotted.

BURLESQUE.

GOBING AND GOBANG.—There was an interesting case before Police Judge Wilson the other day. A man bearing the singular name of Gobing was charged with committing an assault and at the same time battering an individual answering to the remarkable patronymic, Gobang. The names having such a striking similarity the Judge had some difficulty in establishing which was which, and a stupid witness in the case added considerably to the confusion.

"Now, tell me," said the Judge, "who was the aggressor in this case?" Witness: "Who's he?" Judge: "Who's who?" Witness: "A. Gessor?" Judge: "I mean the man who struck the first blow?"

Witness: "Gobing. He hit him, Gobang!" exclaiming his fists together to show how he did it. Judge: "Did Gobang hit back?"

Witness: "No, he didn't hit him in the back." Judge: "How did he hit him?"

Witness: "He hit him, Gobang!" another listie pantomime. Judge: "Well, was that all?"

Witness: "All of Gobing." Judge: "No, all of the fight." Witness: "With Gobang?"

Judge: "I'll Gobang you if you don't answer my questions properly. Now commence and tell what you know about this fight, or an officer'll Gobang you down stairs and lock you up." Witness: "Well, your honour, I stood talking with one of the men—"

Judge: "With Gobing?" Witness: "No, with Gobang; and the other fellow came up and hit—"

Judge: "Gobang?" Witness: "No, this was Gobing that came up and then it was Gobing! (fists smite together) and Gobang! (another smite) first one and then the other, and then they clinched and went down, he on top."

Judge: "Gobang?" Witness: "No, Gobing. Then the police came up, and, your honour, that is all I know about it."

Judge: "And a very remarkable story it is, too. Case dismissed, Gobing and Gobang caught." Witness: "And where shall I go, your honour?"

Judge: "Gobang!"

BILL JOHNSON'S SKATE.—Young Bill Johnson was sent by his daddy to the mill for grist. Bill put his skates under the wagon seat when the old man's back was turned, and when he reached the mill and caught a glimpse of the ice, he hopped around with a reckless delight which knew no bounds. It don't take a boy long to tie a pair of horses when an ice rink glitters before his eyes, and Bill was only occupied twenty seconds in securing the team and reaching the frozen pond. Strapping on his skates he shouted to the millers to look sharp and they would see him cut a fantastic double

X right away. But you cannot always tell of the strength of the ice from its seductive surface, and when the millers told him to go a little slow and that a boy was drowned in that pond once, Bill only laughed, and the next moment he struck out like the arms and things of the big Centennial engine. It might have been a minute, or may be it was only half one, before a boy's ears were sticking out of the ice like kitchen mops, and two dusty millers were running with a rail to help the rest of the body out of the hole indicated by the ears. It was after young Bill was toted in by the mill stove that he allowed he didn't care to skate that morning, after all, and said he guessed he would go home and tell his mother that he must have had a night sweat, his clothes were so damp.

HOW TO DISCOURAGE A MINISTER.—1.—Hear him "now and then." Drop in a little late. Do not sing; do not find the text in your Bibles. If you talk a little during the sermon, so much the better.

2. Notice carefully any slip he may make while you are awake; point out the dull portions to your children and friends; quote what is in bad taste; mark all neglects of your advice; find all the fault you can; it will come round to him.

3. Censure his efforts at usefulness; deplore his want of good sense; let him know that you won't help him, because A. B. does, because you were not first consulted, or because you did not start the plan yourself.

4. Let him know the folly and sins of his hearers. Show him how much he over-rates them, and tell him their adverse criticisms on himself.

5. Tell him when he calls what a stranger he is; how his predecessors used to drop in for an hour's chat, and how much you liked them.

6. Never attend the prayer meetings; frequent no special service. Why should you be righteous overmuch?

7. Occasionally get up a little gayety for the young folks. This will be very effectual about the communion season. "There is time to dance."

8. Require him to swell the pomp of every important occasion, unless, however, there are prudential reasons for passing him over.

9. If he is always in the pulpit, clamour for strangers; if he has public duties, and sometimes goes abroad, complain that he is never at home.

10. Keep down his income. Easy means are a sore temptation, and fullness of bread is bad for every one but the laity.

11. As he will find it hard to be always at home to receive callers, and always running among the people, and always well prepared for pulpit and platform, you will be sure to have just cause for complaint one way or the other. Tell it to every one, and then lament there is so general dissatisfaction with him.

Patient continuance in courses like these, modified according to circumstance, has been known not only to discourage, but to ruin the usefulness, and break the spirit of ministers; to send them off to other charges, and even to their graves.

HINTS TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Always be careful to omit the name of the State from your address. The publisher is supposed to know the State in which every subscriber lives. It is useful sometimes to sign your name, but if the publisher does not recognize your handwriting and enter your name correctly at once, he ought to resign and give way to some one who can.

If you have a torn or doubtful bill, that you haven't the courage even to put in the contribution box, send it along. The publisher has peculiar facilities for selling defaced currency and counterfeit bills at a premium.

If for any reason you do not receive your paper promptly, write the publisher a sharp letter. Call him a swindler or some similar pleasant epithet. It indicates true Christian forbearance on your part, and produces an agreeable effect on him.

If you enclose (by mistake) a stamp for reply, paste it carefully and firmly on the letter. The effort to remove without destroying it is sure to make the publisher s—mile.

Be particular not to prepay your letter. It affords the publisher infinite delight at a cost of only six cents to send to the Dead Letter Office for it.

If disposed to prepay at all, put on a one-cent stamp. This enables the publisher to pay five cents more on receipt of the letter, and his happiness will be incomplete without it.

Always take it for granted that the subscribers never make any mistakes, and that the publisher is responsible for all errors and delays.

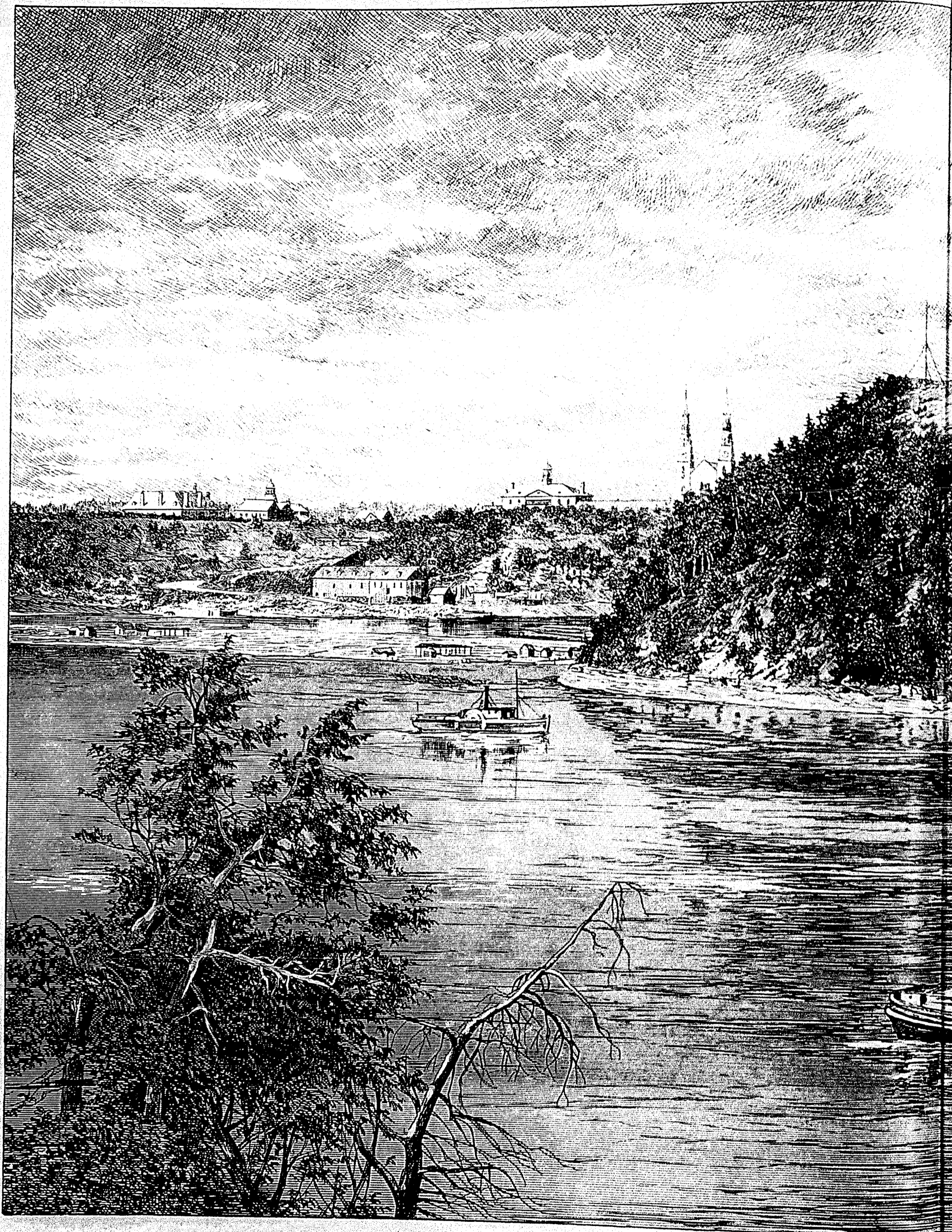
If the mail car is destroyed by fire, charge it on the publisher. If a heavy storm delays the trains, charge it on the publisher. If there is a miscarriage of any kind, charge it on the publisher. And the severer the language used, the greater his enjoyment.

A violation of any of these rules by some folks will cause a great surprise to publishers, and take away very much of their pleasantest enjoyment.

IT NEVER FAILS.

PHOSPHOZONE has never been known to fail in performing after a fair trial all that is claimed for it. The most skeptical readily acknowledge its surprising curative powers after taking a few doses, as its action is always rapid and certain. One or two or a dozen doses of Phosphozone may not cure them; but if they persevere in taking it a invariably successful result is inevitable. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste Street, Montreal.





OTTAWA.—BARRACK HILL, WITH VIEW OF



PART OF THE PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS.

## A LEGEND OF ALSACE.

BY PETER A. HENDRICK.

Among the mosses and wild flowers  
Which, like a fairy chaplet, fringe  
The base of Kenda's vine-clad hills,  
We found, one summer day, two roses—  
One white, as pure as is a soul  
Fresh from the hand of Purity—  
The other red, blushing at praise  
Of its own loveliness, as sung  
By wandering bird, or murmured by  
The ripples that babbled o'er the sand,  
That afternoon, when at the hour  
Appointed for our picnic meal,  
We clustered 'neath a willow tree,  
Among whose drooping branches twined,  
To give us shade, the wild-grapes' leaves.  
We asked, one from another, "Why  
This rose was red, the other white?"  
And each in turn, as fancy moved,  
Gave answer. One, whose mind was stored  
With pious tales and legends quaint,  
A maid, whose cheeks, like to the flowers  
Of which she spake, now white, now red,  
According to the story's drift,  
Gave evidence of her belief  
In that which she related, told  
A legend. The which is here re-told.

## THE LEGEND.

At Kintzeim, in Alsace, there stands  
A castle, ruined, desolate.  
'Twas there the roses first grew red,  
And thus it is it came to pass.  
In olden time, within the keep,  
Then rock girt, strong, impregnable,  
Now ruined, desolate, as though  
'Twere mourning still for his sad fate,  
Lived Theiry de Kornigheim.  
Young, handsome, pious, brave,  
The last of Kintzeim's race.  
Here, too, with him, his mother lived,  
And she the fairest fair of France.  
As good as she was fair, his bride  
That was to be, yet never was.  
And Happiness held peaceful sway,  
Till they who claimed the new and what  
They falsely styled, the better faith,  
Swept, like lava from a mount,  
Through fair Alsace, marking their route  
By temples burned, by plundered homes,  
By ruin, desolation, death.  
Then he, the Knight Kornigheim,  
Cheered by the tearful smiles of her  
The fairest fair of sunny France,  
With all the glittering chivalry  
Within his broad domain, rode forth  
To battle for the peoples' faith.  
Who, though he lived to conquer, fell,  
Bleeding from out his side, like Him  
Who bled for man upon the cross.  
Quick, then, his followers sorrowing,  
Bore him into his castle home.  
They laid him down without the tower,  
Where roses grow, white, pure as souls,  
And they—his mother and she for whom  
He said would live—kneel, weeping.  
Vainly they strove to stem the tide  
Of ebbing life. Like unto one  
Who seeks to mend a bursted dam,  
Yet powerless still, and knowing well  
The sweep of waves must soon engulf  
His all, his home, his babes, his wife;  
So woman's power was vain to 'bate  
The flood of orison life, which drowned  
All hope of joy to be, and sunk  
The present in a sea of woe.  
The blood, bursting from out his side,  
Bedewed the flowers that grew around.  
Then came his parting words—words sweet  
As rustlings of the angel's wings,  
Who hovered near, to bear his soul  
Unto his God, and all was over.  
Then she, his bride that was to be,  
But never now, could be on earth,  
As life and hope crushed out by death  
From her young heart, cast herself down,  
Weeping, upon the lifeless form,  
Which erst had been her hope and life,  
When lo! before her, wondering, stood  
An angel, purer than the rays  
That, from the dying sun, fall down  
Athwart the darkening hills. "Grieve not,"  
She heard in voice so sweet, it seemed  
Like unto music in a dream.  
"Grieve not! Thy lover lives in God."  
And when she, wondering, asked a sign  
That she might know 'twas not a dream,  
The angel pointed to the flowers  
O'er which her lover's heart had poured  
The orison current of his life,  
And, pointing, vanished. And, when she looked,  
Behold! the flowers which erst were white  
Were now as red as man's heart's blood.  
Lo, too, they ever after grew,  
And thus it is it came to pass  
That, of the roses, some are white  
And others red,—A sign that they  
Who die for men, shall live in God.

St. John's Coll., Jan., 1878.

## NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

## AMATEUR TALENT.

A prolonged sojourn in this "ambitious" city, and an acquaintance with its predominating characteristics, have afforded yours truly an adequate opportunity of making a few observations in regard to its variety of amateur talent. Charming as is the view of a wide and gentle slope which extends from the base of a somewhat rugged mountain ridge to the shore of an exquisitely beautiful bay—a bay which, on delightful summer evenings, has often been described by visitors as rivaling in natural loveliness the famous one at Naples—surrounded by romantic old hills which look down into flowery vales, among which the gaze wanders, in ecstasy, until it loses itself in the broad waters of the lake; abounding with charming scenery and vivified by an air of poetry, I boldly prophecy that Hamilton is destined to give birth to genius that will reflect lustre upon Canadian nationality. The city is not yet forty years old, and, figuratively speaking, the echo of the woodman's axe has scarcely yet died away. It has a population of 33,000, however, and, unlike its three elder sisters, Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto, whatever artistic taste it possesses has been developed entirely by its own people, without the fostering care of Governmental aid. The city, therefore, has nothing yet in the way of an art gallery, but a number of the wealthy citizens possess private collections of a high order. On another occa-

sion, perhaps, a few words, descriptive of the beautiful and rare works which I have had the pleasure of viewing, may not be uninteresting to some of your readers, but, just now, I intend to confine myself to the amateur musical talent of the city. Perhaps no place in the Dominion, in proportion to population, can equal Hamilton in its number of amateur musicians. These comprise organists, violinists, pianists, flute, cornet, viola, violoncello soloists, etc., many of whom enjoy more than a mere local reputation. In regard to orchestral performers, she undoubtedly leads the van, and, on numerous occasions when oratorios have been rendered in neighbouring cities, Hamilton talent has been called into requisition. Philharmonic societies have been organized from time to time, and the best soloists have been gradually coming to the front until to-day Hamilton can proudly boast of possessing the best amateur orchestral club in the Dominion. The present organization has been in existence for a year or more, and, under their competent leader, the time spent in rehearsals has not been thrown away. The club has appeared on numerous occasions at concerts in aid of various charities, and has acquitted itself in a masterly manner. It confines itself exclusively to high class music, and the rendering of some of the grand symphonies of Liszt, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Schumann, etc., has been exquisitely beautiful. The Club has also brought out some of Beethoven's and Mozart's magnificent compositions in a manner highly satisfactory to lovers of classical music.

Another organization, which has gained an international reputation, is the 13th Military Band. This band comprises thirty instruments, and has been in existence about ten years. Its paid leader is a gentleman of superior musical attainments, and one who delights in the rendition of the glorious works of the great composers. Appreciative citizens listen to the music of these two excellent organizations with profound delight. The city is visited periodically by the famous Theodore Thomas Orchestra, and his visits are now looked forward to with unbounded pleasure. It is no empty compliment to pay that gentleman to say that the present taste for music of a high order has been largely engendered by the exquisite productions with which he has favoured us.

## SACRED MUSIC

is grandly rendered by several of the church choirs, first among which must be ranked that of St. Mary's R. C. Cathedral. This choir is usually accompanied by a full orchestra, in conjunction with the powerful organ. The leading voices are Miss Egan (soprano), Mr. Power (tenor), Mr. Egan (basso), and others. The sublime music of Mozart's 3rd Mass, Requiem, etc., is produced with splendid effect. Next in point of proficiency is the choir of the Centenary Methodist Church. The leading voice here is Mrs. Caldwell (soprano). This lady possesses a truly magnificent voice, over which she has a complete control. The solos of the grand and well-known anthems are always charmingly rendered by her, and sometimes the choruses are very effective. The choir of the John Street Methodist Church has improved wonderfully since the accession of Mrs. Keltie (soprano). This lady is particularly happy in her rendition of the beautiful solos of those soul-stirring anthems, "God is the Refuge," and "Praise ye the Lord." One can not listen to such glorious music without feeling that it is the gift—

"From heaven sent,  
To cheer the soul when tired with human strife,  
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrows rent,  
And soften down the rugged path of life."

The Central Presbyterian Church choir is fortunate in the possession of Miss Barr (mezzo soprano).

The choirs of Christ's Church Cathedral, Church of Ascension, All Saint's, St. Patrick's, St. Thomas, King Street (Methodist), and Mount Zion (Methodist), are all very good, and are an excellent means of leading the respective congregations in the sacred song.

The question of the admission of organs into Presbyterian churches having been decided some time ago in this city, the musical service of the Sabbath is now led by the swelling tones of the organ in all the leading churches of that denomination.

## THE LOCAL CONCERTS

which frequently take place in the Music Hall, in aid of various benevolent societies, are usually very enjoyable. The participants are usually selected from the excellent talent above enumerated. The programme comprises solos, duets, trios, quartets and choruses, vocal and instrumental. The concerts are well patronized, and the citizens listen with pleasure to these musical entertainments. A few weeks ago the beautiful oratorio of "Queen Esther" was produced in a very creditable manner, considering the limited number of rehearsals. Some of the beautiful solos were exquisitely rendered, but the choruses were not quite so satisfactory.

What may be spoken of as the greatest effort ever attempted by the musical talent of Hamilton, is the production of the sublime oratorio of the "Creation," which will take place shortly. This great work has boldly been undertaken by Prof. Robinson, leader of the 13th Band. This gentleman is thoroughly familiar with the musical talent of the city, and is a conductor of acknowledged ability. His interpretation of descriptive music has already given eminent satisfaction. He wisely decided not to be in too

great a hurry, and his army of performers are spending months in studious rehearsals. It is, indeed, a bold undertaking, but the work is in good hands, and there can be no doubt that the rendition of this great oratorio will be a complete success. All lovers of fine music are awaiting the event with restless interest, believing that their fondest expectations will be realized.

Besides the array of talent which occasionally appears in public, there are, of course, hundreds of fair young ladies whose musical accomplishments are seldom heard outside of the drawing-room of their own homes. Many of them are far beyond mediocrity, and some are capable of grandly rendering some of the most difficult passages of the great composers. I recently had the pleasure of hearing a young lady play a selection from one of Meyerbeer's sublime works, and was charmed by her exquisite rendition of the beautiful passage. It appeared to me to equal the brilliancy of Herr Von Bulow, but perhaps I must not omit to mention that this lady had studied in Munich.

If my observations have not misled me, the ruling artistic characteristic of Hamilton is musical. Music everywhere floats out upon the air, filling the heart with gladness, and, through the exquisite melody the soul catches glimpses of the celestial happiness which it longs for.

W. F. McMAHON.

## REVIEWS AND CRITICISM.

The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending February 23d and March 2d have the following noteworthy contents: A French Critic on Goethe, by Matthew Arnold, *Quarterly Review*; Natural Religion, part IX., *Macmillan*; An Oxford Lecture, by John Ruskin, *Nineteenth Century*; March of an English Generation Through Life, *Quarterly*; French Home Life, *Blackwood*; Macleod of Dare, by William Black, and Within the Precincts, by Mrs. Oliphant, both from advanced sheets; The Great Fourfold Waterfall, *Fraser*; Doctor Lavardin, a sketch, *Macmillan*; Shakespeare in France, *Nineteenth Century*; Erica, translated from the German of Frau von Ingersleben; Pleasant People, *Saturday Review*; Antoine César Becquerel, *Nature*; The Cruelty of Pecuniary Crime, *Spectator*; Walking in Winter, *Pall Mall Gazette*; The Emotions due to Christmas Bills, *Spectator*; and the usual select poetry and miscellany. The back numbers containing the first instalments of "Erica," and a story by Miss Thackeray, are still sent gratis to new subscribers for 1878.

The March-April number of the *North American Review* is issued, and contains the following articles: "The Army of the United States, with Letters from Generals Hancock and Sherman," by Gen. James A. Garfield; "English and American Universities Compared," by Chas. W. Eliot, LL.D., President of Harvard University; "Stonewall Jackson and the Valley Campaign," by Gen. Richard Taylor; "The Death Struggle of the Republican Party," by Hon. George W. Julian; "The Position of the Jews in America," by Rabbi Gustav Gottheil; "The Alliance of the South and the West," by Senator John T. Morgan; "Contemporary Literature," and a symposium on "The Doctrine of Eternal Punishment," by Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College; Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V.G., Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., Rev. William R. Williams, D.D., and Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, D.D. We shall return to some of the articles in this fine review.

The March-April number of the *International Review* (A. S. Barnes & Co., publishers, New York and Chicago) opens with the Confederate Reminiscences of Alexander H. Stephens, who here furnishes to the public many facts of great interest. He combats the recently published statements of Gen. Richard Taylor. In his second article Hon. David A. Wells presents a valuable review of the Elements of National Wealth, including the annual incomes and savings of the principal nations of the world. Will T. Prichard, F.R.S., F.A., S.L., long a resident of Mexico, treats the Mexican Question under the title of the "Mexico of the Mexicans," commenting on the policy of the United States. A fascinating account of the public and private lives of some famed and learned women of Bologna is given by Madame Villari of Italy, wife of Prof. Villari, who was Minister of Public Instruction under Victor Emmanuel. This is Madame Villari's first appearance in an American periodical. The all-absorbing topic of the Method of Electing the President, past and future, is ably discussed from the judicial and political stand-points by Judge Thomas M. Cooley of Michigan and Hon. Abram S. Hewitt of New York. Other articles are by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood on Modern Love; Gen. de Peyster (of New York) on New York and its History; Prof. A. P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D., of Harvard College, on The Relation of Morality to Religion, including the modern symposium; Baron F. Von Holtzendorff, the well-known German jurist, on Imperial Federalism in Germany. Silver in Art is appropriately described by E. C. Taylor of New York. The department of Contemporary Literature embraces recent important English, German, French and American books by eminent foreign and American reviewers. The *Review* may be had of all newsdealers by single copy or by the year. As we did with the former, we shall notice some of the articles of this review in another issue.

## THE GOSPEL OF MERIT.

Where there is so much rivalry as in the manufacture of family medicines, he who would succeed must give positive and convincing proof of merit. This is an age of inquiry. People take nothing for granted. They must know the "whys" and "wherefores" before acknowledging the superiority of one article over another. Among the few preparations that have stood the test, those manufactured by R. V. Pierce, M.D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., have for many years been foremost. The truth of any statement made concerning them can be easily ascertained, for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are now prescribed by many physicians in curing obstinate cases of Catarrh and incipient Consumption. The Discovery has no equal in curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchial and Nervous Affections. It allays all irritation of the mucous membrane, aids digestion, and when used with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets readily overcomes *torpid liver* and Constipation, while the Favorite Prescription has no rival in the field of prepared medicine in curing diseases peculiar to females. If you wish to "know thyself," procure a copy of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," an illustrated book of nearly 1000 pages, adapted to the wants of everybody. Price \$1.50, postage prepaid. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## ROUND THE WORLD.

OBITUARY.—Dr. Alexander Duff, the Scottish missionary—Father Angelo Secchi, the famous astronomer.—Earl Bathurst, aged 87.

ITALY.—The Pope has expressed a desire that pilgrims should abstain from referring to political matters in their addresses to him.

UNITED STATES.—The Silver bill was passed on the 28th ult. over the President's veto by both Houses of Congress, by over a two-thirds majority; in the Senate by 46 to 19; in the House by 196 to 73.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Lord Lyons is to represent England at the Conference—Mr. Francis Clare Ford, formerly British *Chargé d'Affaires* at Darmstadt, and Her Majesty's agent at the Halifax Fishery Commission, has been appointed Minister to the Argentine Republic.

GERMANY.—It is considered the Tobacco Tax bill is certain of defeat in the German Parliament, and that Herr Camphausen's resignation of the Finance Ministry will follow. The National Liberals have broken off negotiations with Prince Bismarck, and the entrance of Herr Bennigsen into the Ministry, at present, is declared impossible.

ITALY.—Cardinal Simeoni has been re-appointed and confirmed as Pontifical Secretary of State.—It is believed the new Pope will not be so liberal as expected, and that Leo XIII. will be found to have considerably altered the views of Cardinal Pecci. The entire personnel of the Pontifical Court is to be changed, and all diplomatic negotiations left in suspense at the death of Pius IX. are to be resumed on an entirely new basis.

## HUMOROUS.

GOVERNOR BISHOP, of Ohio, wears a steel-pen coat on dress occasions. That's the write costume.

A VASSAR College girl objects to continuing the present fashions, because they interfere with the exercise of sliding down the banisters.

THE ladies are all opposed to the telephone. They don't care to have a young fellow whispering in their ears with his mouth twenty miles away.

THE English language is inadequate to express the forlorn feelings of the boy who thinks he has stolen a dime novel and finds it to be a cook-book.

THE man of genius may by a single effort, rise to the very summit of Fame; but we defy him to go darning this winter and collect more than fifteen cents.

"MY lord," began a pompous young barrister, "it is written in the book of Nature—" "On what page, sir—on what page?" interrupted the Judge, with pen in hand.

THE best thing ever said of ghosts was said by Coleridge, when asked by a lady if he believed in them. "No madam; I have seen too many to believe in them."

IT was at a provincial concert about a month ago, when they announced, "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs," a little boy at the back of the hall said, "Then sing us a new 'un."

IS there a woman in all this broad, sunny land of ours who doesn't believe that carving-knives are created and kept sharp and nice for the sole purpose of splitting kindling wood and opening fruit cans?

WORTH says that not one woman in ten knows how to sit down on a dress. He means her own, of course. Any woman can sit down on another's in a stage or horse car, and do it scientifically the first time.

THE most enterprising piano manufacturers in this country have already prepared their circulars announcing that they were awarded the "first grand prize" at the Paris Exposition for the best and sweetest toned instrument.

"HURRAH! hurrah!" cried a young lawyer who succeeded to his father's practice. "I've settled that old lawsuit at last." "Settled it!" exclaimed the astonished parent; "why, we've supported the family on that for the last ten years."

"Do you know," remarked a rather fast Newark youth the other day, to a stuttering friend to whom he was slightly indebted, "do you know that I intend to marry and settle down?" "I do—don't know anything about it," was the reply, "but I think you had better remain single and set-settle up."

EVEN a newspaper man finds it hard sometimes to believe everything he sees in print. At any rate that's the way it affected us the other day when a nine year-old boy appealed to our generosity by laying before us a card setting forth, in unshrinking double-pica, that he was a poor widow and the mother of five children. There's no fancy in this—pure, unadulterated truth.

A TRAVELLER in western Iowa, while riding along, came to a large sign which implored him to "Look out for the locomotive." He accordingly rode down the track for a better view, and while he was obligingly "looking out" for it, it came along. He saw it, but he had to sit in the ditch and wait until a freight train of thirty-seven cars passed by, before he could get back to the other piece of his horse.

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# BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

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

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

"All friends here!"

Leonard sprang to the door and threw it open. In the door-way stood—good Heavens!—was it Herr Raumer himself, wrapped in his long cloak, a military cloak which fell to his heels, and was thrown over his left shoulder? a figure the same height as the spy, and having a black felt hat pulled forward over his face.

"The spy's cloak," said Wassielewski quietly, and without the least symptom of alarm or discomposure. "And his hat. But I killed him."

The figure cautiously removed the hat. The action disclosed a head covered with short thick and stubby red hair, a face whose expression was one of cunning, impudence, and anxiety all combined; such a face as you may meet on the tramp along country roads, one that glances upwards at you as you pass the owner supine in the shade, or that you may see sitting outside a village beer-shop, or where the more adventurous class of tramps, vagrants, and gipsies most resort. Not the thin hatched face with receding forehead and protruding lips which belong to the lowest class of London habitual criminals, the face of a class whose children will be *crooks*, the face which is the result of many generations of neglect, overcrowding, and vice. There was the face of a strong and healthy man, and yet the face of a study regime. And in removing the hat, the fellow looked round with assurance and nodded cheerfully to Wassielewski.

"His cloak," said Wassielewski, pointing to the garment, "and his hat. But it was I who killed him."

"Right you are, guv'nor," responded our new visitor cheerfully. "His cloak it is. Likewise, his hat it is. And I see you a killing of him. But don't you be frightened, mate. All friends here!"

He turned his impudent face to us, as if we were a pair of accomplices.

"About the putting of that chap," he jerked his finger over his shoulder, "out of the way—I don't want to say nothing disagreeable. There's lots as ought to be put out of the way, only there's the seraggie after it—ah! I do hope, guv'nor, as you won't be seraggied. Bless you, there's a many gets off, only the papers don't say nothing about it. And don't you frighten yourselves, young gents both. I've got a word to say as'll please all parties, give me time to say it. Lord help you, I feel like a pal a'ready to this old guv'nor here—and do you think I'd split upon a pal? Gar!" he made a gesture indicative of contempt for those who split on pals—"and if you could oblige me with a drop of something to drink and a bite of supper, and praps a mouthful of baccy, I could say that word in a more friendly way. Lord! let's all be friends."

He sat down at the table, and throwing off the cloak disclosed the uniform of a convict.

"Things are getting mighty pleasant," said Leonard. "Pray, are there any more of you outside? Who is going to turn up next?"

"No one, noble Cap'n. No one—I'm by myself, and I wish to remain as such. There ain't no more of us—and we don't want no more. As you see, a convict I am and a convict I've been for the best part of a twelvemonths, working in that blamed dockyard of yours. Is that rum in the decanter?"—the Captain's spirit case, in fact, stood on the sideboard, with a ham placed there for his supper, and not removed. "Give me a drop, my noble Cap'n; I haven't tasted rum for—not too much water—Lord! it's delicious," he gasped, as he drank off half a tumbler full, which Leonard gave him. "Another glass? And is that ham? I've really got something important to tell—jest a morsel of that ham. There's no ham to be got in quod. Ham and rum—Moses! what a chance!"

We gave him the ham and a plate, and consumed our impotence while he sat down and made a supper. He devoured hurriedly, and yet took a long time, because he devoured an immense quantity. Either Nature had gifted him with a profound appetite, or the diet of the hulks was meagre. In either case, I never saw a man put away such an enormous quantity of provisions at one time. He wolfed the meat as if he had never tasted meat before, and drank as much rum and water as Leonard would give him. It was like a horrible nightmare to see that man calmly devouring his food while we waited his completion, as if a homicide was a matter that could wait to be talked about till things of greater importance such as supper were first discussed. But his appearance served one cause. It helped to calm one's nerves after the first shock of Wassielewski's story. The old man sat silent and steady, looking at the stranger with a little curiosity. He finished at length, and then, taking one of the Captain's pipes, without asking leave, filled it with tobacco, lit it, and began to smoke and to talk in an easy companionable way.

"Yes," he said complacently, "I'm a con-

vict. One-and-twenty years I've got. And if I'm caught it will be a life sentence. I desay—with a flogging. I've had nearly a year, and might have got out six months ago, but it was a pity not to let the chaplain have a chance. Pro-fesh! burglar. Cracker of cribs. That's what I am. Bagger of swag. That is my calling—it bath bin." I think he persuaded himself that he was quoting from the poets, because he repeated the line. "That is my calling, it bath bin. I was lagged last summer for a little business in the country, and came down here with a few other gentlemen also in misfortune to work out the one-and-twenty years."

"One-and-twenty years! What do they think of it, them beaks with the wigs? One-and-twenty years! It drops out as glib as—as—this here rum and water. Home they goes to their port wine and their sherry wine, and off we goes to the skilly and water. One-and-twenty years! Why don't they take and hang a man at once? Well—see here, now, there ain't a crib, not one solitary crib you can pint to in this blessed world that I can't crack. And so I've cracked even that convict crib that they thought to make—so precious tight. Cracked it, I did, like—like—egg—and here I am. First, aboard a bulk. That's poor work, because you've got to swim ashore when you do get out, and when you are ashore what's a man worth in wet clothes? Besides, I can't swim. If everybody knew what was comin' in the future, everybody 'ud learn to swim. As long as I was aboard the bulk I was sad. Seemed as if a fellow hadn't got a chance. When we come ashore, I began to pick up my spirits, looked all about, and I made up my little plan at wunst, after a month or two—picking up a nail here and a nail there, and havin' the use of my fingers, as one may say, and not being altogether a blooming idiot—why—here I am."

"Yes," said Leonard, "you certainly are here. But, as we don't care about the society of burglars and escaped convicts, perhaps you will go on to say what you have to say, and relieve us of your company."

"Quite right, my noble lord," replied the burglarious professor cheerfully. "Quite right, and just what I should have expected of such an out-and-out, tip-top swell as you. It ain't the society you're accustomed to, is it? And yet you can't, I should say, as a general rule, be fond of entertainin' slaughterers and killers, can you? Now, what I've got to say is just this here. I see the whole light from the beginning to the end. Where was I? Curled up in the shade I was, behind a tree, wishing that there moon—here he used a strong adjective which, with other strong adjectives, I suppress, even though their absence detracts from the fidelity of the story and the splendour of the style—" would hide his face behind a cloud. Then a fellow might ha' had a chance. There is a 'ouse in this town, which I know of, where I'd a bin taken in and kept secret and comfortable for a bit, perhaps—naturally I wanted to get to that 'ouse. A moonlight night and the month of June, without a atom of red dark. Ah! give me a good December night; as black as your hat; and a sweet crib to crack in the country, with only a woman or two in the place. Dear me! Well gents both, as I was a lying there, wishin', as I said, I see a brace of men get over the gate and make for the middle of the field."

"Three men," said Wassielewski, "and a lady. Two were spirits."

"Now don't you interrupt, mate. I know nothing about spirits. I see to myself, 'What's hup?' I see. 'Cause something was bound to be up when two gets into a field a midnight and stand face to face in the moonlight. 'It can't be,' I see. 'That they're looking after Stepney Bob—that's me, gents both, 'cos he ain't missed yet, and won't be missed before five o'clock in the morning. So I concluded to keep quiet and see. Next moment, one of 'em clucks his hat and cloak—this hat and this cloak—on the grass, and then I see the two knives flash in the moonlight, and the fight began. One was a tall thin man with long white hair—that was you, mate—and 'tother was a tall stout man with short white hair. That's the dead 'un—him as owned this cloak and this hat."

"I have seen 'em fight at the Whitechapel Theatre—one, two, three, give and take, while the music plays—and I don't suppose there's a proper way of getting through a long evening than the gallery of that 'ouse when there's a good fightin' piece on. But such a fight as this here I never see before on no boards what-so-ever. For one, he began to cuss and swear, and danced about flourishing his knife, making lunges—like that—the gentleman illustrated his narrative with a supper knife—and never managed to hit the 'tother at all. Reg'lar wild he looked. Couldn't fight for rage. Lor! put such a chap as that before Ben Caunt, and where'd he be in a pig's whisper? Never done no mischief with his knife. The 'tother, this here old cove—there now, it was a real treat to see him. The moon was in his face so as I should have thought it blinded him; but he

took no notice; only looked his man straight in the eyes—that's the trick that does it—never said ne'er a word, and kept on parryin' them lunges quiet and beautiful—like this—more illustration with the knife.

"A matter of six minutes it might have lasted, that fight, or perhaps ten, because you don't count the time when you're lookin' at a fight. And then all of a sudden like, I see this same old cove put out his fist with the knife in it—and the 'tother falls back upon the grass. That was all, wasn't it, mate? He got up once on his arm, but he fell back again. And he was dead, wasn't he, mate?"

He stopped to take breath and another pull of the rum and water.

"Another dollop o' that cold ham on the sideboard, little gunner, would be very grateful, it would, indeed, after the patter. Thank ye kindly. Now I'm better."

He actually devoured another plateful of ham before he would go on again.

"Well, what I come for to say is this here. After the 'tother 'un rolled over I see the old cove here walk up and down the meadow slow, as if he was thinkin' what to do next. 'Why don't he bolt?' I see. 'Why don't he clear his pockets?'"

"I was walking to the gate with Roman Pulaski," explained Wassielewski.

"No—not a bit—never went near his pockets. He goes on walkin' up and walkin' down, mutterin' with his lips. Presently he makes for the palin's. Instantly began to crawl through the grass. When he got over the rails and walked away I was free to look after the 'tother. Quite dead he was, dead as a doornail."

"The Lord delivered him into my hands," said Wassielewski.

"And then I saw what a blessed Providential Go it was for me," the convict went on. "First I picked up his cloak, this most beautiful cloak, which you see goes right down to my heels, and covers up the uniform lovely. Then I picked up this here hat, which is a tile as good as new, and fits me like as if it was made for my head and not for his'n. A better tile I never swagged. Then I remembered that, if I had a little money, it wouldn't be a bad thing. So I searched his pockets. There was a purse and there was a lot of letters and papers. I left the letters and I opened the purse. Twelve golden sovereigns and some notes—for I won't deceive you, gents, both. What d'ye think I did? I see to myself, 'If they bring it in murder agin the old 'un, they shan't bring it in robbery too, 'cos robbery is one thing and murder's another. These two things ought never to be combined.' I ought to know, 'cos I've cracked cribs since I was big enough to walk, and might ha' murdered dozens of innocent and outdand women, as-leep in their beds. But I never did. No, never. So I takes all the sovereigns in the purse, and in his waistcoat pocket I leaves three or four shillin's, and I leaves all the rest, the flimsies, a lovely gold watch, a sweet chain, and a diamond ring. It went to my 'art not to have 'em, but I thought of this jolly old game rooster, and I left 'em."

"Chivalry," said Leonard, "is always a pleasant thing to meet with, even—go on, most excellent burglar."

"The knife was in him, and his own knife was in his hand. What do you think I done next? I takes the knife out of the wound, and sticks it in his hand, 'stead of his own, and I've brought along his own, and here it is."

He laid the knife upon the table—it was a long pointed knife, like a stiletto—of foreign shape and make. I did not ask Wassielewski if it was his, but gave it to Leonard. "One more thing," this philanthropist went on, "one more thing I done. There were marks of feet, and the grass was trampled. So I dragged him away, and laid him under the trees at the side of the field. They'll never think of looking in the middle and findin' marks of a fight. After all that, I shouldn't wonder—I rally shouldn't—if they brought in a Pillar D.C. But my advice to you, a game old cove as deserves to get off and die in the sheets, a laughin' at 'em all, is this, whatever the world, you up and leg it, and then bring in a *chit*. You ain't the sort to get off in a hurry; you walked so precious slow down the street that I had time to do all that and catch you up before ever you got out o' sight. I dodged yet all the way here, and sneaked in after you. 'Cos, I see, I'd like to let him sleep comfortable if I could; see I."

After all, one could not but feel grateful to this enthusiastic lover of a fight, in spite of the horrible circumstances of the case, and the tragedy which had just taken place. Somehow its outlines looked less horrible told by this gaol-bird than when Wassielewski related the story.

"And now I'll go," he said, getting up, and wrapping his cloak about him. "I can tramp it up to London, and hide all the day somewhere. No one won't suspect Stepney Bob beneath this millinery cloak and this out-and-out tile. Once back in Whitechapel, I know a place or two where they won't nab me for a spell. I don't think, and praps I'll step it altogether. And then you'll, may be, hear of me cracking cribs for the Americans. Good night, gents both. Good night, matey. Don't ye be down on your luck. But take my advice and leg it."

"Stay," said Leonard. "It's a delicate thing interfering with your arrangements, and on actions might be misunderstood, but if I mi-

advise—"

"Go on, guv'nor."

"I would suggest that if you are not missed you will not be suspected, and a first-class traveller to London by the mail train of one-thirty, disguised, as you say, in that excellent cloak,

would have a better chance of reaching Whitechapel safely than a tramp."

Stepney Bob was struck with the suggestion. "That's true," he said, thoughtfully. "The train 'ud be in by four, and I shan't be missed till five. And in case o' accidents, I suppose"—he looked hard at Wassielewski—"I suppose that there ain't no one here who'd be so generous and so werry thoughtful as to step half a mile out o' the town and take a pair o' shears, and nip the strong adjectived telegraph wires. Now, that 'ud be a job worth braggin' about. Come now, they'd make a song out o' that job, I'd bet a trille, and you'd be sang up and down the streets; all Whitechapel should ring with it, and the Dials too, and Ratcliff Highway. Think o' that, mate."

No one volunteered to cut the telegraph wires, and after a little more rum and water Stepney Bob decided on going, and disappeared after a cautious inspection of the street.

"It would read sweetly in the paper, wouldn't it," said Leonard, "how Captain Coplestone and Ladislas Pulaski spent the night in assisting the escape of a convicted burglar, known in the profession as Stepney Bob—however."

"And what will you do, Wassielewski?"

"I shall do nothing. My work is over. I shall start for Poland—to-morrow. Ladislas Pulaski, if you marry and have children, teach them always that they are Poles. I was wrong in trying to get you with us. I see now that I was wrong. You will never fight for Poland. Another life is yours. God bless it for you—for the dear memory of your mother."

He laid his hand upon my head, rested it there for a few moments, and then went away, walking slowly and heavily, as if wearied with the weight of his life's work.

"Bear up, Laddy," said Leonard. "Come—be a man—poor old Wassielewski is not responsible for his actions. Go to bed, and to-morrow we will act."

"I feel somehow as if the blood of that man was on my head, Leonard. It is through me that he was detected."

"Some people would say that the finger of Fate was in it, Laddy—I say that it is a fitting end to a life of spying, watching, and informing. I wish all secret service agents could be got rid of in a similar way. At any time we must wait for to-morrow—I must think what we had better do."

"I cannot go upstairs, Leonard. I feel as if that dead body were lying in my room, waiting for me. Do not leave me to-night."

I could not bear to be alone. My nerves were like cords tingling and vibrating. I was in the presence of death and the other world. My brain was reeling.

Leonard carried me upstairs, I think, and laid me on the bed, when presently, while he sat beside me, as if I was a sick girl, I fell into a deep sleep and dreamed that Wassielewski and I were trudging together along a road which I knew to be in Poland; and that before us stood our home—a stately mansion, and on the steps were Roman and Claudia Pulaski, holding out arms of welcome. And as I looked, Wassielewski suddenly left me, and I was alone. But he had joined the other two, and now all three were standing together waiting for me. Whenever, now, I dream of the past or of that fatal day, it is to see those three waiting still for me to join them. *(To be continued.)*

## ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE New Brunswick Legislature met last week.

SEALS are very plentiful in the Gulf this season.

THE gold quartz excitement is on the increase at Caribou.

TROUT from 15 to 18 pounds in weight are being caught in the mountain lakes near Quebec.

NOVA SCOTIA has a deficit of nearly \$148,000 for the past financial year.

THE Irish societies of Quebec will celebrate the centennial of Robert Emmet by a grand torchlight procession.

QUEBEC physicians are forming a mutual protection association—a "black book" being one of the prominent features.

THE lake is open to near the Penitentiary at Kingston, and, most remarkable, a small sloop has been engaged in the fishing trade all winter, and up to the present.

THE Shellburne, N.S., election for the Local House has resulted in the return of Mr. White, Opposition candidate, by 99 majority over his opponent, Mr. Robertson.

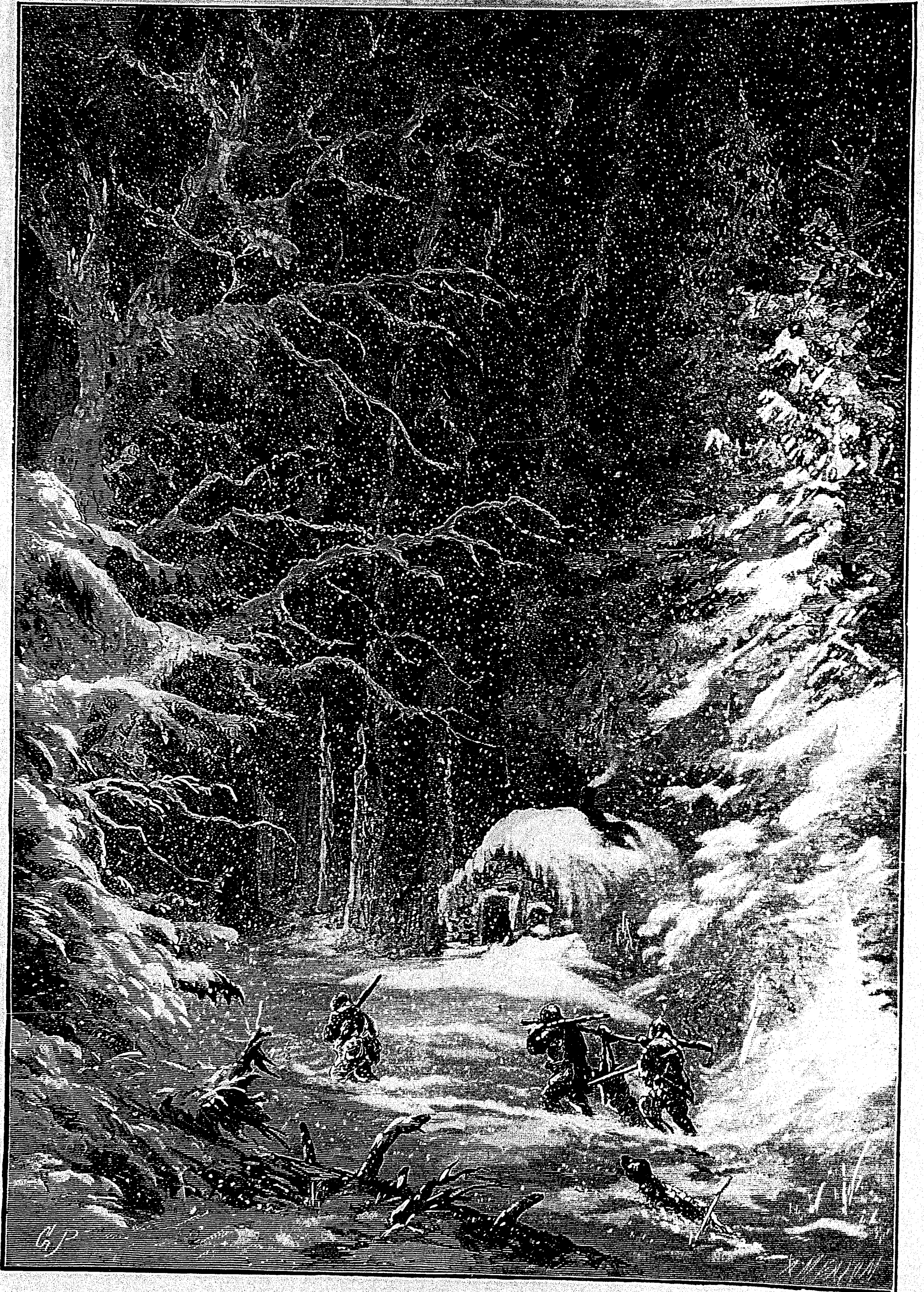
MONTREAL merchants are moving towards getting the Grand Trunk to extend the same privileges, as regards reduced fares, to country merchants buying their spring stocks, as were allowed last fall.

SEVERAL of the Montreal financial institutions which have not already transferred books open in Ontario, are making arrangements to have them opened, owing to the proposed tax on such transfers now under consideration by the Quebec Legislature.

THE loss by the floods at Belleville is estimated at \$20,000. Nearly all the barns and stables on the river bank, and a number of boat-houses and pleasure boats have been destroyed, and the river is blocked with ice for half a mile from its mouth.

## NOTICE TO LADIES.

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



WINTER IN THE NORTH.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

VALERIE'S CONFESSION.

(TO A FRIEND.)

They declare that I'm gracefully pretty,
The very best waltzer that whirls;
They say I am sparkling and witty,

How, how can I help it, if Nature,
Whose mysteries baffle our ken
Hath made me the tenderest creature

Can I help it, brought from all regions,
As diverse in features of gait,
Rash lovers besiege me in legions,

The first, we shall call him "Sweet William".....
He's a lad scarcely witty or wise—
The gloom of the sorrows of "Illum"

My second, a florid Adonis
Of forty-five, if a day,
Drives me out in his puzzon with ponies,

Next, a widower, polished and youthful,
Far famed for his learning and pelf;
Can I doubt that his passion is truthful,

Could they hearken his love-whisper, dulcet
As April's soft tide on the strand,
Whose white curves are loata to repulse it,

My fourth—would to heaven I could paint him
As next the High altar he stands—
A Saint John..... all the people besaint him!

Behold this long list of my lovers
With a soldier and sailor complete;
Both swear that their hearts were not rovers

LATER.

As the foam-flakes, when steadfastly blowing,
The west-winds sweep reckless and free,
Are borne where the deep billows, flowing,

For he came—the true hero—one morning,
And my soul with quick thrills of delight
Leaped upward, renewed, and reborn in

PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

ADJOURNMENT—LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OPPOSITION—MISCELLANEOUS.

Eight men and one small boy occupy the galleries of the House this morning, and if they only knew it they would enjoy my chagrin at being still here and at work when, according to my grandiloquent prophecy, dressed up with a flowery or rather a gloomy picture of the closed and shrouded House, I should have been far away.

The Opposition have been consistent in one course this session with regard to the two leading Government measures, namely, the Railway Bill and Tax Bill, both of which they have opposed at every stage, taking a division wherever practicable, in order to place on record their solemn protest against them.

The abolition of the Legislative Council will be another election cry, but I fancy they will have the wind taken out of their sails by the Government, who, unless I am very much mistaken, will use it for themselves, in which case the doom of the Legislative Council is sealed, as, though their fate is in their own hands, they cannot withstand public opinion which is most certainly opposed to them.

While writing of the Legislative Council, a little information about its manner of passing the time might be interesting. At the opening of the session they put on their new clothes, and looked fine in the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor. After that, as they are nearly all

very ancient, they inquire how many of them have died since last they met, and then they adjourn for a week, partly out of respect to the deceased and partly because they have nothing to do. After the week, they meet every day, receive any quantity of petitions sometimes, and that is indeed a gala day they get a Bill; then they look terribly important over it, and in nine cases out of ten pass it without a word. The members adjourn very early to their gallery in the House of Assembly, and then drop off one by one to pastures new. Towards the end of the session their importance increases, members of the Assembly run after them to get their Bills looked after in the Upper House; then they are in their glory. How they legislate! They amend Bills in the most delightfully innocent manner, knowing well that unless the amendments are harmless (as they generally are) they will be certainly thrown out by the Assembly. Then when the principal Government measure comes before them, then is the time to see them. Out come the Sunday coats, and, sleek as pigeons, they sit and coo at one another and pass the Bill triumphantly without dividing, and generally without opposition.

This session the spirit of discord, searching, as usual, for "mischief still for idle hands to do," has entered the sacred precinct, attracted, doubtless, by the flaming colour of the apartment, and taken up his abode within the bosoms of two members, who form Her Majesty's loyal Opposition in the Legislative Council. The full complement of members is 24, and one seat being vacant, leaves a division of 21 to 2, so the result of this Opposition would be somewhat amusing were it not tiresome, because they have the power of retarding the business in their House, and by doing so keep the members here for some days. For instance, were no opposition offered, we might prorogue to-morrow, but now we must wait till Tuesday.

The Quebec charter has been before the House once more, and was referred to the Private Bills Committee; but, owing to the determined opposition offered by the citizens' committee, the members, fearing it would retard the session for another week, threw it out, so Quebec is left with a large deficit and without power to raise money to pay off their indebtedness.

The measure for the incorporation of the Terrebonne and St. Therese Railway has been before the House three or four times this week, on an attempt to have it taken up and considered, but each time it was opposed by the Montreal members, more especially by Mr. Taillon, who raised every technical point possible, and succeeded on every occasion, so it is now finally postponed till next session.

The License Bill has bravely passed through committee, and has now gone to the Upper House, where it will be pondered over for about ten minutes and passed.

Never since Confederation has there been a session when so many points of order have been raised and rulings given by the Speaker. To say that the rulings were always correct, would not be true; but, considering his experience and abilities, Speaker Beaubien has managed to acquit himself very fairly.

The "slaughter of the innocents" has commenced, and is continuing till this evening. When they come to look for themselves they will be all dead corpses.

I was present at the dinner given to Mr. Joly. It was a magnificent affair, and can be looked on in no other way than as a perfect ovation, especially at the grand entry of ladies to the galleries, where they were received by the gentlemen all standing and warmly clapped. The speeches made were scholarly and pretty, but in no way politically important.

The members are packing up, the floor of the House is littered with Bills and Blue Books, and time tables are at a premium. The House of Assembly has finished all its work, and there will be scarcely a corporal's guard of members here on Monday. Everything is waiting on the Legislative Council, so in the meantime the House is amusing itself as best it can.

KRISS KRINGLE.

FROM OTTAWA.

The Finance Minister delivered his Budget speech on Friday evening last. He informed the House that the total value of trade had diminished not less than fifty millions of dollars, notwithstanding a growth of population and an extension in the area of territory under cultivation, which would, under ordinary circumstances, represent an increase of some thirty or forty millions.

The revenue from Customs had decreased by a little more than three millions of dollars, while the total value of imports had been reduced by one-third. The hon. gentleman very properly spoke of the present depression as being the inevitable reaction of a previous period of inflation, and ordinary persons would imagine that the reduction in the amount of imports was a natural and healthy remedy for such a disease; it was therefore curious to find the Finance Minister a few minutes later, referring in terms of congratulation to an increase in the revenue returns during the past seven months of nearly a million of dollars. This increase of revenue can only have been caused by additional imports, and I fancy few business men will be found to admit that there is anything in the present position of the country to warrant an increase in that direction.

The hon. gentleman said he did not intend to propose any new taxes to cover the deficit, first, because there were signs of improvement;

secondly, because the receipts of 1877 were below the average; thirdly, because the deposits to the sinking fund account had to some extent counteracted the deficit; fourthly, because some works entailing extra expenditure were approaching completion; and lastly, because the country would soon have an opportunity of giving its verdict on the Government policy.

The hon. gentleman reminds one of the oft quoted Judge whose decisions were generally good, but his reasons for such decisions invariably bad—he might very well have summed up his reasons in one sentence, viz., that it would be too risky to go to the country at the next general election in the face of increased taxation.

Hon. Mr. Tupper criticized very severely the statement of the Finance Minister, whom he accused of destroying all the growing industries of Canada. He advocated high protective duties as the best means of securing reciprocity from the Americans, with a special tariff for goods coming from Great Britain or British possessions. He said that Mr. Brown had admitted to the Americans that Canada had nothing to give them in return for reciprocity.

Mr. Cartwright, in replying, reminded Dr. Tupper of a certain treaty made in Washington, and asked by whose advice that "shameful capitulation" was acceded to by which Canada was stripped of those means which might have been offered as an equivalent for reciprocity. The debate was then adjourned till Wednesday.

On Tuesday, the Hon. Peter Mitchell, who seems to be pretty combative this session, had a little skirmish with the Premier over the question of a dredge which the Hon. Peter wanted sent to the mouth of the Miramichi River. Mr. Mackenzie said that if he found one was wanted he would send it.

Hon. Mr. Mitchell.—"Then I suppose we shall not get it." (Order.)

Hon. Mr. Mackenzie.—"I did not say so." Hon. Mr. Mitchell.—"It looks like that." (Order.)

Hon. Mr. Mackenzie.—"I did not even imply that."

Hon. Mr. Mitchell.—"That at any rate was what I inferred from your remarks." (Order.)

The unfortunate reporters for the *Hansard* were again pitched into by Mr. Plumb, who complained that in many instances both his language and his meaning were distorted.

I should scarcely think that hon. members need be under any apprehension that the language used by them during the debate on the Address will be distorted, as it would puzzle the most ingenious reporter to make it worse than it was originally.

Mr. Pouliot (Temiscouata) complained of the indignities suffered by his oppressed countrymen during the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. The Government surveyors had acted in a manner scarcely less objectionable "than the Russians had acted in Bulgaria." Many of these Cossack-like contractors had even left their bills unpaid!

He further complained that no French-Canadians were employed on the Intercolonial, and demanded justice.

Now I was once, for my sins, condemned to travel on the Intercolonial from Halifax to Montreal, during which pilgrimage I had to recruit exhausted nature at some of the refreshment stations kept by Mr. Pouliot's countrymen. If therefore a tyrannical Government should refuse him the redress he demands, let him devote all his energies to getting the rest of the refreshment rooms on the line into the hands of his compatriots; he will then be amply revenged—on the stomachs of his enemies.

Hon. Mr. Mitchell, who was evidently on the "rampage," after exchanging a few passing amenities with the member for Montreal Centre in which he had rather the worst of it, moved for a "return in detail of the expenditure incurred from the Treasury of Canada for the expenses of the journey of His Excellency the Governor-General and suite to British Columbia and back in the year 1876, and the expenses of the visit to Manitoba in 1877."

Hon. Mr. Mackenzie objected to the motion. He looked upon it as an insult to the Governor-General, and should ask his friends to vote it down.

Hon. Mr. Mitchell dared the Premier to vote it down. He denied that any insult to the Governor-General was implied in the motion. He was acting from a sense of public duty. Strange rumors were abroad as to the amount charged, and the facts ought to be made known. It was in the interests of the country that the large expenditure in connection with the vice-regal office should not be perpetuated.

A very painful discussion then took place, in which Messrs. Holton, Tupper, Masson and several others took part. It was generally agreed that the motion was ill-timed and in very bad taste, although clearly within the right of a member of the House.

The honourable member for Northumberland, with the usual obstinacy of a man who feels himself to be in a false position, refused to withdraw his motion, but was ultimately induced to accept an amendment of Mr. Holton's of a less objectionable nature.

There is little doubt that a heavy expense was incurred by the trips to British Columbia and Manitoba, and it is also quite probable that some extortionate charges were made by parties over whom His Excellency could exercise no control; but however this may be, there is no question as to the fact that the attention called to the resources of Canada by the speeches made by Lord

Dufferin during his progress would more than compensate for an expenditure of five times the amount.

Mr. Piché has written a very ingenious if not ingenious letter to the Speaker in explanation of his letter to *La Minerve*. He reminds one very much of Touchstone, "Your *If* is the only peacemaker; just virtue in an *If*." ARGUS.

DOMESTIC.

SAUSAGE MEAT FRIED IN BACON.—A very taking little dish for breakfast, which is also pretty to look at, may be made as follows: Take some small balls of sausage meat no larger than the yolk of an egg, and skewer a roll of fat bacon round each. Fry lightly; take out the skewers and serve with croitons and fried parsley.

FISH CURRY.—Put the fish (of which you desire to make curry) in soak for an hour or two in salt and water. Fry in butter two sliced onions until well browned; put the butter and onions into a stew-pan. Cut into pieces the fish, and cover it with water. Mix with a little vinegar a tablespoonful of curry powder, and gently stew all together until tender. Serve like meat curry, with rice round the edge of the dish.

MILK SOUP.—Materials: Four large potatoes two leeks, two ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of crushed tapioca, one pint of milk. Put the potatoes and leeks, cut in four into a saucepan, with two quarts of boiling water and the two ounces of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and pepper to taste. Boil an hour, run through a colander, and return it to the saucepan; add the milk, sprinkle in the tapioca, and let it boil fifteen minutes.

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.—Solution of Problem No. 162 received. Correct.

J. H., Montreal.—Problem received. It shall appear in our next Column.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Solutions of Problems Nos. 160 and 161 received. Correct. We are sorry not to find on hand any more of your valuable Chess compositions.

R. T. B., Kingston, Ont.—Letter received. Have sent it to the Conductor of the proposed Correspondence Tourney.

G. B. S., Arkona, Ont.—Letter received. Will try to send you a copy of the rules of the Montreal Chess Club. We heartily wish you success in your enterprise.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young players No. 160 received. Correct.

T. S. N., Barbour's Mills, Lycoming Co., Pa., U. S.—Correct solution of Problem No. 160 received.

We are happy to say that there is every chance of the proposed Canadian Correspondence Chess Tourney being a success, so far as a sufficient number of competitors is concerned. Although the circulars have only been issued a few days, Mr. Shaw has received applications from thirteen gentlemen who are willing to enter the lists, and there is every reason to believe that the full number will be secured, as soon as answers are received from all those to whom notices have been sent. In several instances, those sending in their names have stated that they do so from a desire to promote the growth of interest in the noble game in our Dominion, and we heartily congratulate them on entertaining such a patriotic feeling. Independent of this, however, the contest will afford each competitor a fair amount of healthy excitement, as well as plenty of profitable exercise in Chess play with some of the best players in Canada.

The Chessplayers of Montreal will be pleased to read the following, which we copy from the February number of the *Westminster Papers*.

"On the 28th of January, the City of London Club celebrated Mr. Bird's return to England with a supper. Mr. Gastineau presided, and Mr. Manning occupied the vice chair. Amongst those present, besides the guest of the evening, were Messrs. Boden, Duffy, Blackburne, MacDonnell, Porter, Delannoy, H. F. Down, R. Clark, &c. After supper Mr. Gastineau in the warmest terms proposed the health of Bird, and the toast was received with a demonstrative exhibition of applause, whereto were added musical honours rendered in the most vigorous manner possible.

Mr. Bird in the course of an unaffected speech spoke of the gratification afforded to him by such a reception, and then proceeded to give a few details of his American experiences. He considered that he had experienced much kindness at the hands of many in the States, but he particularly instanced Mr. Perrin and Mr. Barnes, of these two gentlemen he evidently had the highest opinion.

Mr. Bird then went on to speak of his stay in Canada, and he grew extremely enthusiastic concerning the Chessists of that colony.

He especially expressed his appreciation of Mr. Thos. Workman, of Montreal, and mentioned that in a couple of months that gentleman would be in England."

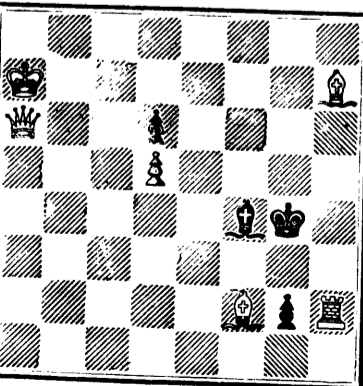
The Photo Chess Board which was to have been ready for printing some time ago, illustrated with portraits of distinguished Chessplayers and composers, has been delayed, owing to the want of four photographs to fill the spaces. The four gentlemen whose portraits are required have not yet responded, and hence the delay.

PROBLEM No. 164.

(From Land and Water.)

By MR. A. E. STUDD.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESSE IN CANADA. GAME 244TH.

Played recently in Nova Scotia by correspondence between Messrs. Wyllie and Weeks.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE—(J. W. Wyllie, Esq.) BLACK—(Dr. Weeks.)

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

Abandoned as drawn.

NOTES

- (a) The young player will see the result of White's taking the Kt at Q 4.
(b) P to B 4 here would be attacking, besides strengthening the centre.
(c) A very useful move at this point.
(d) White has now two Pawns more than his opponent, but the position of Black's Rooks is very embarrassing.
(e) P to Q R 3 appears to be a necessary move here.
(f) P to R 6 at this point would seem to necessitate very careful play on the part of Black.

CHESSE IN AUSTRALIA. GAME 245TH.

Played some time ago by correspondence between Mr. Gaultier, of Adelaide, and Mr. Holloway, of Williams Bay.

(Regular Opening.)

- WHITE—(Mr. Holloway.) BLACK—(Mr. Gaultier.)
1. P to K 4
2. P takes P
3. P to Q B 4
4. P takes P
5. P to B 4
6. Kt to Q B 3
7. P to Q R 3
8. P to R 3
9. P to K Kt 4
10. K to K 2
1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. P to B 3
4. Kt takes P
5. B to B 4
6. P to K 3
7. B to B 4
8. Q to K 3
9. B to B 5 (a)
10. B to B 7

And White resigned.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 162.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Kt 4
2. B to B 3
3. Mates accordingly.
1. K moves
2. Knight

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 163.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. E to K 6
2. B mates
1. Any move

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 163.

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at K Kt 5
B at Q R 4
B at Q B 3
Kt at Q 4
Kt at Q 7
Pawns at Q Kt 5
K B 2 and K Kt 3
White to play and mate in four moves.
K at Q Kt 2
B at Q 4
B at K 4
Pawns at K 3, K B 3
Q B 2 and Q Kt 3

ECCLESIASTICAL.

REV. MR. LAING, assistant minister of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, has accepted the call to St. Matthew's Church, Halifax.
REV. MR. CARMICHAEL, of Montreal, has definitely accepted the rectory of the Church of the Ascension at Hamilton.
REV. WM. McGUIRE has resigned the pastorate of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, Montreal, and his resignation has been accepted.
REV. H. M. COLLISON has finally resigned the pastorate of the Reformed Episcopal Church, Ottawa. It is said he has received a call to Chicago.
The coronation of Pope Leo XIII. was honoured at the Parish Church of Notre Dame on Sunday, the 24th ult., by the singing of the Te Deum and the raising of the banner, which was done at noon.

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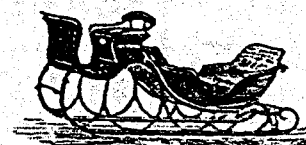
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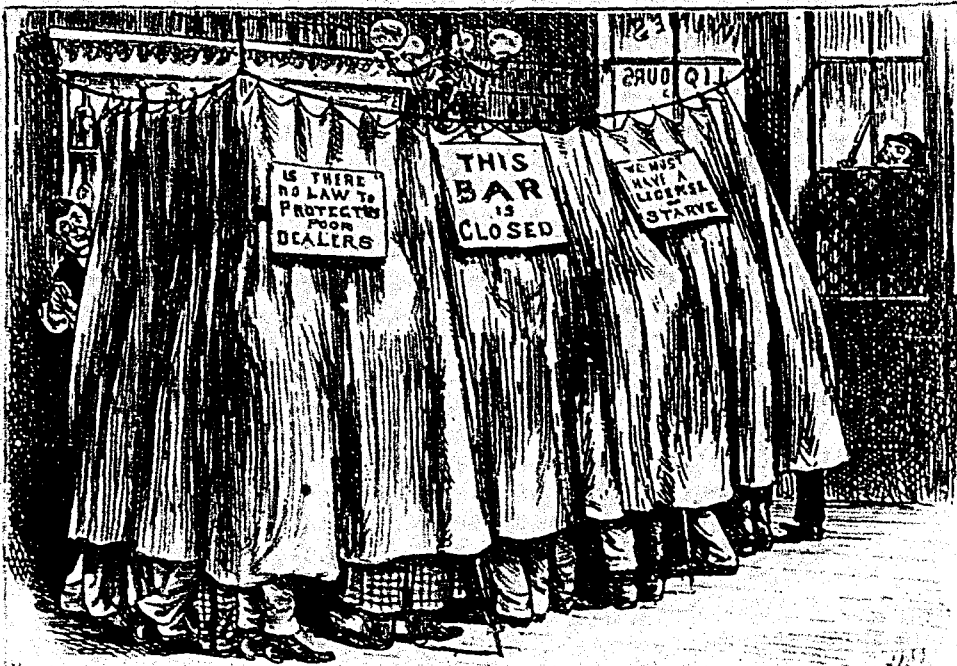
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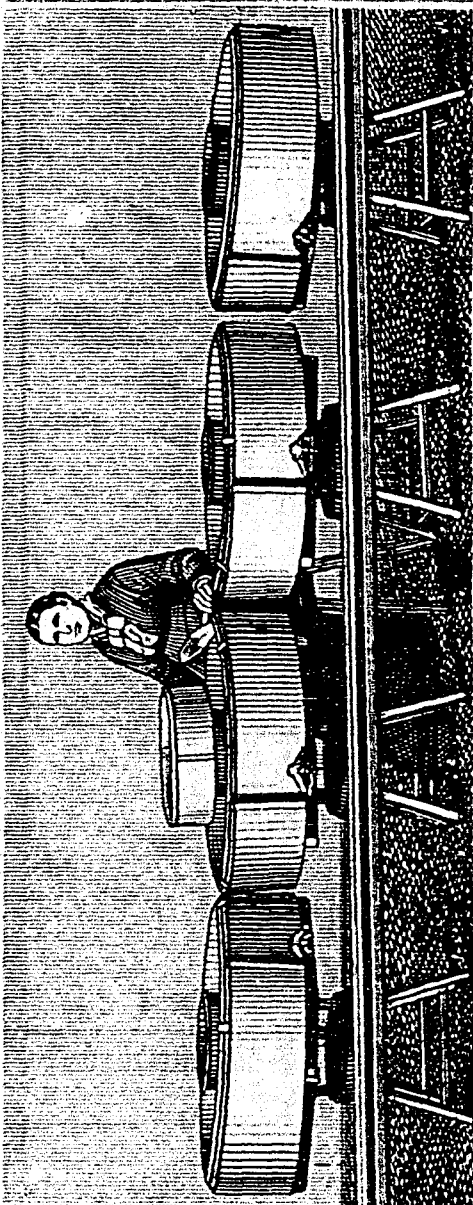
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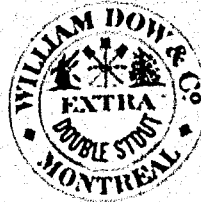
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