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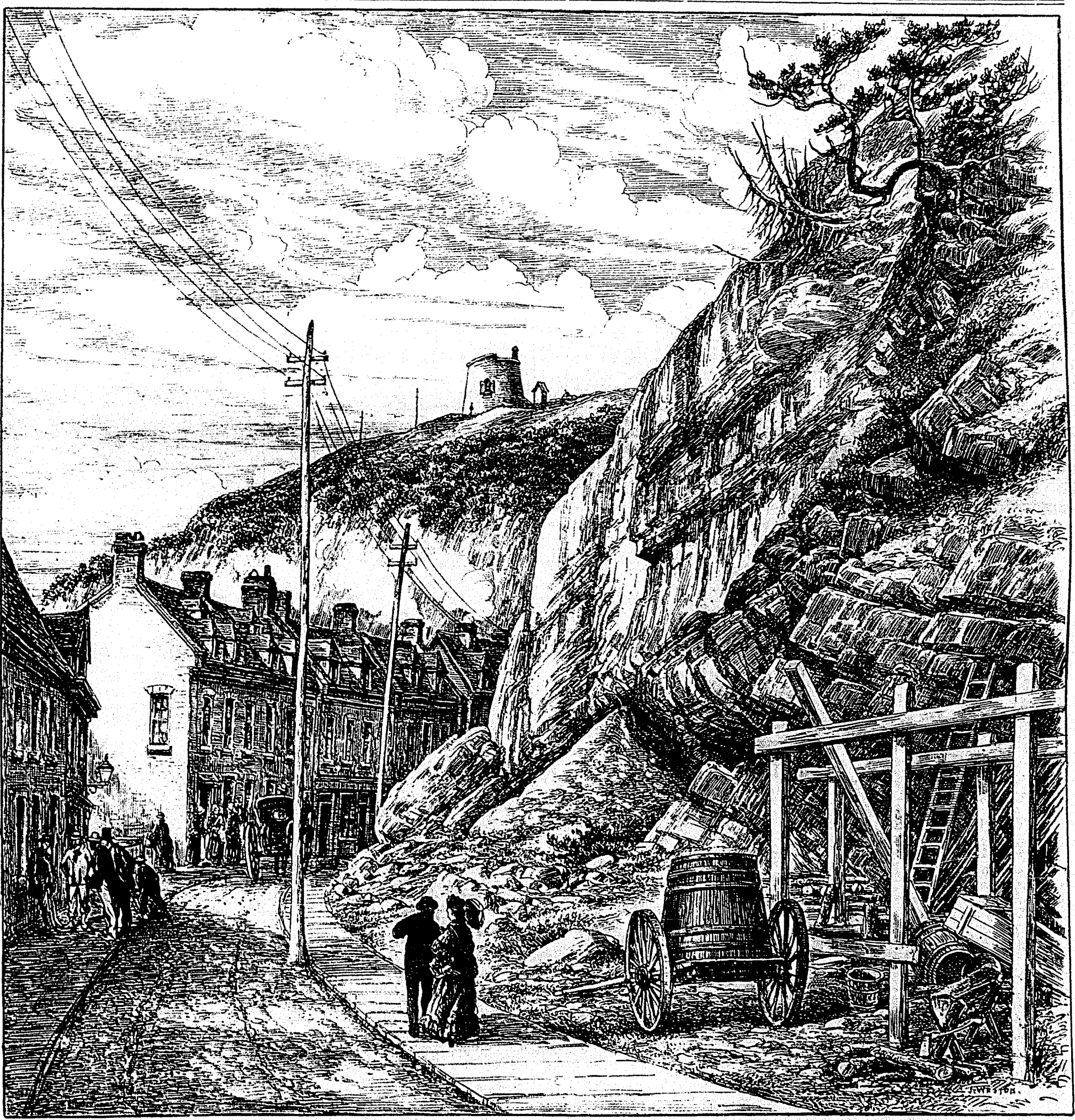
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# Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

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**OUR NEW STORY.**

In this number we continue the publication of our original serial story, entitled:—

**MY CREOLES:**

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, BY JOHN LESTERANCE, Author of "Rosalia," "The Bastonnais," &c.

This story will run through several months, and we bespeak for it the favour which was accorded to "The Bastonnais," originally published in these columns two years ago. The subject is new and interesting. The book will deal, *inter alia*, with the mysteries of Voodooism, and touch delicately upon several of those social questions which have so thoroughly agitated the North and South since the war. Begin your subscriptions with the opening of this story.

**NOTICES.**

To prevent all confusion in the delivery of papers, our readers and subscribers are requested to give notice at this office, by post-card or otherwise, of their change of residence, giving the new number along with the old number of their houses.

Subscribers removing to the country or the sea-side during the summer months, are respectfully requested to send their new addresses to our offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, and the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be duly sent to them.

**TEMPERATURE,**

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

THE WEEK ENDING			August 31st, 1879.			Corresponding week, 1878		
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.
Max. 71	59	65	64	66	70	Max. 75	67	71
Min. 50	38	44	44	46	50	Min. 35	27	31
Mean. 60	48	54	54	56	60	Mean. 55	47	51
Mon. 75	63	69	68	70	74	Tues. 73	65	69
Wed. 74	62	68	67	69	73	Thur. 76	68	72
Thur. 75	63	69	68	70	74	Frid. 79	71	75
Frid. 78	66	72	71	73	77	Sat. 78	70	74
Sat. 74	66	72	71	73	77	Sun. 83	75	79
Sun. 80	70	76	75	77	81			

**CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,**

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 6, 1879.

**LORD BEACONSFIELD'S SPEECH.**

The English mails have brought us a full report of the speech of Lord BEACONSFIELD, at the Mansion House, of which we had summaries by cable message some ten or twelve days before. This utterance of the Prime Minister of the Empire to the citizens of London, has significance in these times, and calls for more than a passing thought. The speech was not long and it was not brilliant. It was not so much so in either sense as is common in speeches on this occasion. But the issues as respects the Treaty of Berlin were put too squarely to be evaded. Lord BEACONSFIELD said there were three points; first, that the Czar had honourably fulfilled his engagements and withdrawn his troops from Turkish territory; second, that the Sultan had not yet carried out all the reforms he has promised, and that it was absurd to suppose he could so long as foreign troops remained on his territory; and third, and perhaps most important, that if any future complications or difficulties should arise, the terms of the treaty itself provided a means of adjustment by the great powers without the necessity of again going to war. These three facts may be set up against whole reams of mere verbal criticism.

There was a further point on which Lord BEACONSFIELD spoke with unwonted earnestness, and a shade of bitterness toward the Opposition leader who is himself a great landowner. One of the crises

arising out of the agricultural distress is that the land cannot support so many interests, viz., that of the proprietor who receives the rent; that of the tenant farmer who pays it; and that of the agricultural labourer who has his living to get from his work. The First Minister met this argument by saying that even if the land were cultivated by small proprietors as in France, there would still be really the same sort of claims on it; for instance if the small proprietor purchased his land the interest on that purchase money would be the representative of a rent, and it might represent a fairly high rent; and next, if he cultivated the land himself by the aid of his sons and daughters, the provision which he would have to make for their education and keep would fairly represent the wages the tenant farmer now pays for getting this work done for him. He concluded that the arrangements between landlords, tenants and labourers was not the root of the evil, and he evidently lives in hopes of happier times arriving from better harvests and better commercial conditions. From our standpoint, however, the whole of this kind of speculation seems futile. The real question is: Can old cropped land in England which requires very expensive manures to keep it up, or at all to make the earth yield her increase, compete in the two great staples of meat and wheat with the supplies which can be furnished from the vast areas of this continent which are virgin and need no manure, and which only require the minimum of labour, with no barrier between them but a very cheap and well systematised means of transport by both rail and steamship? That is the real question to be solved, and the two Commissioners, Messrs. READ and PELL, who are now about to arrive at New York, will, if they are equal to their mission, carry home the facts.

It is impossible not to perceive that the very terms of the argument used by Lord BEACONSFIELD indicate the existence of a most unhappy state of things in the Mother Country and the commencement of a class contest in the face of dire distress and depression. We should be happy if we could see any signs of the lifting of the cloud. On the contrary, all is black and heavy, and the prospects, so far as we see them, are of progressive aggravation from the yearly increasing quantity of the American competition in the two main items for the agriculturist of wheat and meat. There is not, so far, even a breath from any influential voice about raising any barriers against the influx; and we doubt exceedingly now whether, if this were desired in the landed interest, it would be endured by the manufacturing, even at the cost of a revolution. What the end will be we venture not to predict; but we see cause for great anxiety.

**THE TRUE NATIONAL SPIRIT.**

The conduct of some of our Canadian papers is inexplicable. Whenever they see a spiteful or ignorant reflection on the country in an American or other foreign journal, they pounce upon it with savage glee and republish it with sensational headlines. If they do this through party prejudice, they are very unwise; if they do it in an anti-patriotic spirit, they act despicably and show themselves unworthy of their high mission as public teachers. The proper course that we should all pursue is to resent any and every attack against our credit, our prospects or our national institutions. No matter what may be our intestine divisions, we should unite in defending our country when its policy, based upon the will of the people for the time being, is made the subject of foreign animadversion. It makes little matter what party or what set of men are in power at Ottawa, so long as they carry out, or try to carry out, the principles supported by the vast majority of the electorate at the polls. It is the duty of every honourable publicist to see that they are not thwarted by the ignorance or malevolence of outsiders. Our great aim

to-day is to foster a National Spirit, and display an energy commensurate with our immense national resources. Our large public works must necessarily be prosecuted, and in order to aid in their prosecution we must have both capital and men. Immigration becomes, therefore, a subject of vital importance at the present time, and no attacks on our institutions must be allowed to check the tide which is about to set in upon our shores. The Agricultural Department, under its able and energetic head, deputy and secretary, is wide awake to the opportunity which the condition of Great Britain at present affords us, and the Canadian press ought to take pride in seconding their efforts. We regard the movement to enter into immediate relations with the tenant farmers of England as a masterly one, and, for our part, in the past three or four weeks, we have published statistical articles showing the wisdom of looking toward that field of immigration. The steel rails for the first hundred miles of the Canada Pacific, directly west from Winnipeg, have been purchased and are already being shipped. There is no calculating the results of this opening up of such a tract of prairie, right in the heart of the Fertile Belt. The immigration that it will induce will be very large. The times are critical in Great Britain, and such men as Lord DERBY are open in their advice favourable to emigration. As we have lately shown in these columns, it is impossible for the British farmer to compete any longer with our rates of food supply on this continent, or with our low schedule of railway and steamship transportation. Not only will Canada this year largely assist in feeding Englishmen, Frenchmen and other European nations, but she is bound to find homes for thousands of these people who cannot subsist at all on the other side. And she can do this so bountifully that, whereas they are paupers, at home, they will have competence and independence of rents here. Immigration is an unmixed blessing. It has Shakespeare's double quality of mercy in that it benefits both the land that sends forth the emigrant and the country that receives him. We repeat that it is our clear duty to support this statesmanlike and patriotic movement, and sink all petty political differences in an united endeavour to promote the enlargement and advancement of our common country.

EVEN at the moment we write these lines we find influential papers publishing jeremiads at the falling off of the revenue and the consequent failure of the National Policy. It was surely very unwise to venture remarks of this nature in the face of the figures, so far as they were published or the first six months of the year, which did show that there was an increase of \$667,408, although there was a considerable decline in the months of April, May and June, following the excessive amount of duties paid in the previous months in anticipation of tariff action. We ventured to predict that July might follow the three previous months and show some decline; but in this we find ourselves favourably disappointed. July shows an increase over the corresponding months of 1878, the figures being for 1878, \$1,075,062.97, and for July of the present year, \$1,096,052.23, giving a total for the seven months of 1878, of \$6,981,109.51, and for 1879, of \$7,669,596.83.

The Inland Revenue returns show the same state of facts. After the enormous amounts paid in February and March there was a decline, as was natural, in the months following, but the returns have shown steady increase since, month by month, until the July figures of this year begin to approach those of the corresponding month of the last year, the actual figures being that the collections of July this year were \$319,730.03, while those of last year were \$428,369.42, the figures of the seven months being for 1879, \$3,466,278.74, while the corres-

ponding period of 1878 shows \$3,017,285.34. We have thus nearly half a million increase in the Inland Revenue returns of seven months; or over a million in the Customs and Inland Revenue combined. This plain and decisive fact is very satisfactory. The whole progress of the figures since March last shows elasticity and increase, and there is now no longer any doubt that the days of deficits are passed. The next five months of the year with the existing prospect of good harvest, will probably show an altogether improved condition, and there are many reasons to believe that we are at the beginning of a new era of prosperity. There are already everywhere signs of a beginning of confidence.

WE certainly do not desire to go into a discussion of Quebec party politics; but we cannot refrain from saying that the stoppage of the supplies by the Legislative Council is at least a very doubtful act, by whomsoever it may have been advised. The question of dealing with the supplies is one which so decidedly belongs to the elected branch, and does not belong to that which has not the responsibility to the people which is implied by election, is so elementary as to be beyond the pale of discussion. All the precedents, moreover, which can be pointed out in support of the action of the Council, as well in Canada as in Australia, are, at least, very dubious; and as respects the House of Lords there is really nothing which applies. There is a further point—the very existence of nominated Legislative Councils is not of undoubted security. Mr. MACKENZIE, the Dominion Opposition leader, in his speech at Galt, struck the key note of an agitation to do away altogether with the principle on which they rest; and it is doubtful wisdom on their part to act in such way as to give force to this movement. A man who cannot be called to account for his act, should be more careful than others what he does; or he will be sure to find out what the ultimate cost is. We do not wish to say one word as to this contention between the parties; or even as to the question as to whether it is desirable to force a general election in the Province of Quebec. But if we admit that it is, the Legislative Council may, in the course of events, come to find out it ought not to have been the instrument of forcing it by the dubious device of stopping the supplies.

**THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.**

THE CRISIS—SCENE IN THE COUNCIL—ON BOARD THE FRENCH FRIGATE—AT THE CITADEL.

The crisis has arrived, and as this is being written the galleries of the House are crowded with people who, though they know they will have to wait one hour and a half, yet insist on waiting to hear what steps the Government will take. The work of the week in the Assembly has been trifling, amounting to only one motion of want of confidence, which shared the fate of many previous ones—lost by a majority of three. Since then the House of Assembly has done nothing—now it remains to be seen what they will do. The course the Government will pursue will show the Province whether they are fit for their positions or not. They have but few precedents to follow, and those not to their liking, so they must make one—let us see if they have sufficient administrative ability to create one that will reflect credit on them.

Thanks to the rumours published in the Montreal papers, no sooner had the Supply Bill been sent to the Legislative Council than all interest was centred on the doings of that honourable body. They had persistently killed or amended out of existence all Government measures which had reached them save one, and that one, the Colonization Society's Bill, they passed because of the labour riots here, and had shown throughout the session that, although people talked of them as "harmless old fossils," they were not so harmless as was supposed. In fact, never since Confederation have so many bills been amended by the Council in one session as during this one; therefore, although the Government refused to believe they would go so far as to refuse the Supplies, yet it was expected they would add to them a protest that would have some effect.

It was not till after 10 o'clock on Wednesday evening that the second reading of the Supply Bill was moved in the Council by the Hon. Mr.

Starnes. At that time the galleries and the strangers' seats on the floor of the House were crowded, and when the Hon. Dr. Ross rose the silence and attention was intense. Dr. Ross did not keep his audience long in suspense, for the first thing he did was to read the resolutions which are now historical, and which simply mean that the Council refuse to vote supplies so long as the present Government remain in power.

No sooner were the motions read than the telegraph wires were put in motion, and long before Dr. Ross had finished the speech he made in support of them the news was known all over Canada. The debate was adjourned till yesterday morning and closed at two o'clock in the afternoon, when the Resolutions were carried by 15 contents to 7 non-contents.

Since then the excitement has been increasing, no one appearing to know what course the Government will pursue. Rumours of every description were, as a matter of course, perambulating freely, but those in authority were reticent.

The excitement now is not nearly so great as it was in March, 1878. The people seem to consider that there is no longer any necessity for excitement—in fact, nothing short of a tremendous earthquake would cause any surprise whatever. The good people of Quebec have become accustomed to riots and political surprises; they require something startling to arouse them now.

The House has adjourned till to-morrow morning; the Legislative Council have not yet finished their business, so nothing can be done to-day.

On Sunday, mass was celebrated with military pomp on board the *La Galissonnière*. To many it was a novelty to be present at a like ceremony; it was new to them to hear operatic music performed during the service, to witness the presenting of arms at the elevation, and to hear the bugle's shrill notes in lieu of the organ's softer tones. It was a display hardly conducive to devotion or attention. One young lady confessed to the writer that the *aspirant de marine* in command of the party taking part in the ceremony was so handsome that she could not help looking at him. "Well, he was good-looking," naively confirmed the mother, who had evidently been captivated as well. Mass over, parade took place, and a march past to the tune of the *Retraite de la Marine*, a spirited and lively air, which Quebec ladies have taken to whistle. Whew! It was now time to go on board the pretty little tender, the *La Bourdonnais*, where, *hors soufrière*, a ball was about to take place. To quote a Newport reporter, "Once more did the French officers set aside their habits of carnage." The terpsichorean entertainment in the present instance did not profess to be the counterpart of the grand affair that had previously taken place on the frigate. This was a *soubrette intime*, anglicized a private hop, and an enjoyable one it was at that. People felt more at home; there were no *toilettes fariboles*; no flounced trains two yards long to be steered clear of by the dancers; no volunteer officers looking most unmilitary in undress uniform and striving hard, yet unsuccessfully, to acquire "the way they have in the army." But there was a trinity of belles; one, of course, being the one who showed so prominently on board the *La Galissonnière*, and the two others, worthy and graceful representatives of their Quebec sisters—one married, the other single; both dark, although belonging to the fair sex; one tall and *brune*, and related to the Hon. Speaker of the Legislative Assembly; the other, *petite* and *brunette*, looking as if she had stepped out of one of Watteau's pictures, the daughter of one of Quebec's hospitable citizens, who did much to make the visit of the French officers a pleasant one; both deservedly much sought after. An additional entertainment was provided in the shape of the rendering of some humorous (not comic, save the mark!) songs by a *gaber* and an imitation of a Parisian charlatan. For the time being, many present felt as if they were listening to a singer at the Alcazar d'Été, or a cheap-jack at the Foire de St. Cloud.

On Wednesday afternoon, reception and dance at the Citadel. During an intermission, H.M.S. *Bellerophon* exploded several torpedoes, and the future Todlebens, Pallisers and Mark Antonies, Julius Cæsars, Browns of the Citadel talked platitudes about gun-cotton, dynamite, nitro-glycerine, fuses, tubes, carcasses, sinse-balls and hand-grenades, and of everything else that is now obsolete, not forgetting Greek-fire. It was all Greek to them and to their fair hearers.

On Thursday, the French ships steamed away to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," leaving behind them *souvenirs et regrets*.

NEW WEATHER THEORY.

A new weather theory is promulgated by Henry Roe, F.R.S., in a letter to the *London Times*, in which he says: I would like to place on record one or two results of careful observations I have made, extending over nearly thirty summers. The first of these results is that dry and wet periods succeed one another in alternate waves of nearly equal length. Not that this equality of duration is quite absolute, or that the wave of one period is exactly the *fac simile* of that of a corresponding period at an earlier or later time, but there is enough of regularity and uniformity about the waves to make the family likeness clearly discernible to the eye that looks for it. The periods extend over three whole years for each, and the following simple rules will enable any one to work out the several cycles of years for himself:

1. When the number representing any given year is even and exactly divisible by three, that year is the middle one of the three cold and wet summers.

2. When the number representing the year is odd and divisible by three, then that year is the middle of a triad of dry and hot summers.

Taking now a range of twenty-seven years, over which my own personal observations extend, and applying the rules just given, the wet and cold triads were 1853-55, 1859-61, 1865-67, 1871-72 and 1877-79, while the dry and hot triads were 1856-58, 1862-64, 1868-70 and 1874-76; and without claiming that no single year broke loose from this very simple order of season, I fearlessly maintain that all the markedly wet or dry summers of the past twenty-seven years fall accurately within some wet or dry period as given above; so that no very wet year falls in what should have been a dry period, nor any very dry year in what hypothetically was a wet period. This hypothesis receives considerable confirmation from an examination of the average prices of corn during the years already referred to. Ordinarily, after a dry summer the next year's averages ought to be high, and after a wet summer the reverse. Now, it is a fact that high averages prevailed from 1854 to 1856, and low from 1857 to 1859; they were up again during 1860-62, down in 1863-65, up in 1866-68, down in 1869-72, up in 1873-74, and down in 1875-77.

How far these cycles may be shown to coincide with the greater cycle of eleven or twelve years, which is observed in the maxima and minima of spots on the sun's surface, is more than I have time now to inquire; but my good neighbors at Sherborne know that for some two or three years past I have been pointing out to them, in public lectures, most of the things I have spoken of in his letter, and I have been more than borne out by the facts. So much for chronicle. Now for one word of prediction. The number 1881 is one divisible by 3, and if there is anything in my theory, that year ought to be the middle one in a triad of hot and dry summers. I am looking forward, therefore, with much confidence to a good summer in 1880, followed by two similarly good ones in 1881 and 1882, and for the sake of every interest in the country I earnestly hope my expectation may not be disappointed.

THE GLEANER.

THE daughters of the Prince of Wales are conspicuous on all occasions for simplicity and neatness in dress.

VESSELS arriving at Halifax, N.S., from Labrador, report plenty of mackerel, but no vessels to catch them. The shore fishermen use them for codfish bait.

THE weather in London is so destructive to all sorts of stone that the Albert monument in Kensington gardens is said to be in danger of absolute destruction.

THREE English cardinals may now be seen in England—Cardinal Howard, Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman, a circumstance unique in the history of the Roman Catholic Church.

A CHINESE maxim says, "We require four good things of women—that virtue dwell in her heart—that modesty play on her brow—that sweetness flow from her lips—that industry occupy her hand."

THE correspondence of the late Charles Dickens having just been completed by Miss Hogarth and Miss Dickens, those ladies have placed it in the hands of the printers, and the two volumes will be issued early in October.

THE valuable library of the Théâtre-Français, about 8,000 volumes, now stored in the attic of the theatre, will be placed in one of the rooms of the Palais-Royal, in order that the books may be more available to those who desire to examine them.

THE cathedral at Cologne is expected to be finished in 1880. The initials which are to crown the towers have been begun. The corner-stone of the cathedral was laid in 1248, and work has been done on the cathedral nearly every year since.

THE late Mr. Charles Fechter was the first, if not the only actor, to give Hamlet flaxen hair, and make him a picturesque Norseman. Apart from the unconventional get-up, his Hamlet was regarded by many people as a masterpiece, only marred by a slight foreign accent in the actor.

WHAT did Lord Beaconsfield mean when he said that it would be some time before the citizens of London would hear him again? As Lord Mayor's Day is not so very far distant, some persons have it that Lord Beaconsfield's retirement from public life is impending. Speculation is rife as to his successor, the choice resting between the Marquis of Salisbury and Earl Cairns.

MR. GLADSTONE, it is well known, is an appreciative, if not a frequent play-goer. Lately he went to the Haymarket to see Miss Neilson as Juliet. He was recognized by the audience, who greeted him with cheers, and so much is the ex-Premier esteemed, even by his political opponents, that no single counter demonstration was mingled with the cheers.

PREVIOUS to the recent election for the Pas Calais, France, an address to the electors was issued by the Républicain candidate, couched in the following terms: "To sailors! The reason that herrings are not bought so much as form-

erly is that Alsace and Lorraine, which consumed the largest portion of them, have been lost by the fault of the Empire, of which Mr. Dellise is the defender."

PARTIAL instruction may be a partial evil, but universality of knowledge, however high the standard, will never take the poor out of their sphere. Elevating the lower, without depressing the upper classes, it will be an unmixed good to both. The few will be still wiser than the many. The most ignorant will then run the greatest risk. In a general illumination, it is only the unlighted windows that are pelted and broken by the mob.

MISS RYE, a noble Englishwoman, has just made her thirty-second voyage across the Atlantic with a cargo of "wastrels," or street waifs—girls collected from the highways of London. These girls are taken to Canada and placed in respectable families, and in most every instance have obtained comfortable homes and led virtuous lives. The work has been carried on for about ten years.

THE average of mortgages upon the farming lands of France is but 5 per cent. In England it is 58. The United States have but 3,000,000 proprietary agriculturists. France, with a vastly smaller area, has 6,000,000, 5,000,000 of whom are small farmers. England has but 250,000 land holders, and 12 per cent. only of the people till the soil; the rest are engaged in manufacturing and other pursuits. One million are paupers.

THE ladies this autumn are to be changed to lizards. Not only is lizard green the fashionable colour, but a veritable "lizard toilet" has been introduced, which in the bright sunshine is very effective. The robe (bright yellow and lizard green) was the reptile's body, the train its tail, and a more life-like lizard was never seen—as it, or rather she, sunned herself in the rays of the August sun. The lizard in question was tall and slight or the effect may not have been so good. A stout lady would look too tortoise-like to call to mind the genus *lacerta*.

TRADE has already very perceptibly improved, and the prospect for the future is highly encouraging. Briefly summing up the indications, it is observed that during the past six months the deposits in the savings banks have notably increased; that the volume of business has been greater than in any corresponding period of the past six years; that prices in all departments of industry are firm and rising, and that the feeling among manufacturers and others all over the country is cheerful. Behind these is the substantial basis for the future of a most abundant harvest in the West and South.

FOOT NOTES.

MISS THOMPSON (Mrs. Butler) is now busily engaged in preparing to celebrate on canvas the heroic saving of the colours by Lieutenants Coghill and Melville.

IT is stated that the ex-Empress Eugenie has now really purchased the splendid castle of Wasserburg, Upper Styria. The front of the castle contains 122 windows, and the building is over 400 years old.

THE indications are that with the arrival in London of Mr. Welsh's successor, the United States Government will begin a movement for the abrogation of the provisions of the Treaty of Washington.

THE statement that Lady Waldegrave kept a diary in which almost every event of her life has been carefully recorded has caused a stir amongst the publishers, and if the diary does make its appearance in book form the sale will certainly be tremendous.

A VISCOUNT was fighting at Ulundi, although he did not know it. Lieutenant the Hon. John Jervis, of the 7th Hussars, but attached to the 17th Lancers, in Zululand, had then, through the death of his father, become Viscount St. Vincent.

THE following answer to a question in a paper in English history recently set in a zillah school deserves record:—Question—State all you know of the Curfew. Answer—The Curfew is an island in the Mediterranean, surnamed Rufus, because it had red hair.

THE minds of the Irish members are much perplexed about the name of the new university. The University of St. Patrick, says one; the University of Ireland, says another; the Royal Irish University, says a third. The last is believed to be fancied by the Government.

THE intended marriage between King Alfonso and the Archduchess Christina of Hapsburg will be officially announced to the Foreign Powers and to the Cortes after an interview on French territory between the King and his future bride in September. The Court mourning for the Infanta Pilar expires on October 6, and the marriage will take place at Barcelona or Burgos in November.

A NOVELTY in the umbrella line is to have each stick painted by some celebrated artist. It can be made lovely, and as costly as the purse will allow. In this way the fashionable ladies will be able to gratify their wishes and can encourage in any a genius in this especial art. It will be twice "blessed." "It bleaseth him that gives, and him that takes the umbrella."

DR. LYON PLAYFAIR was one of the speakers at the meeting held on the subject of the water supply of London, and in the course of his remarks said that, in order to show how importat-

water was, in an average man there were 98lbs. of water to 40 lbs. of flesh and bone, and he had calculated that there were 25,000 gallons of water sitting upon the forms in the meeting. Rather a queer calculation.

IT is stated that the wife of Captain Carey is seriously ill, owing to the excitement and anxiety into which she has been thrown by the refusal of the Government and the Horse Guards to give any information respecting the fate of her husband. A correspondent arriving from Zululand states that at the Cape the feeling was that Carey had been most shamefully treated, and that he was simply a scapegoat to save others.

THEY said clever things some twenty years ago, and a chronicler of the times of Palmerston gives a fair instance in the following *bon mot*:—Lord Palmerston in a moment of excessive admiration exclaimed, with undiplomatic reserve, to the Duchess of —, "Your Grace, your beauty really kills time." "Not so," sighed the Duchess, after a thoughtful pause, "on the contrary, time kills beauty, but he will be at least powerless to mow down the record of a handsome compliment."

ONE of the presents Lord Galway, M.P., received on the occasion of his wedding consisted of a silver paper-knife, the handle of which was formed by the pad of the fox killed on the 1st of May (the first May fox killed by his lordship since he became M.P.). On one side of the blade are engraved the words, "Killed May 1st, 1879," and on the reverse side, "He was at last himself caught." This joke will doubtless be enjoyed by the members of the hunt.

AN important movement is on foot respecting Scotland, about which the world will hear something more definite shortly. The movement relates to the regulation of the liquor traffic in the whiskey-drinking country north of the Tweed, and its object is to make all publicans and beer-sellers so comfortable that they may retire from business. To make a long story short, Scotland is to be permisive-billed on its own account, though the pill is to be so gilded that even the publicans won't guess they are to be done for.

THE *Italic*, writing of the Captain Carey craze, says:—"If the officer who fell had been an ordinary mortal, instead of being Prince Napoleon, none could have dreamt of blaming Captain Carey. Rather it would have been said that, in not uselessly exposing his own life and the lives of those with him, he had acted as a sensible officer. The good-natured people who sit at home by their fenders, and send others out to fight their battles, will surely admit that when one lays down one's life, it should be to some purpose."

WHAT AN OLD MAN HAS NOTICED.—I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary at times to be downright mad.

I have noticed that silks, broadcloths and jewels are often bought with other people's money.

I have noticed that whatever is right, with a few exceptions—the left eye, and the left leg, and the left side of a plum pudding.

I have noticed that the prayer of the selfish man is, "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody that owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue, is certain to see one when he shakes himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbours, to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of them all.

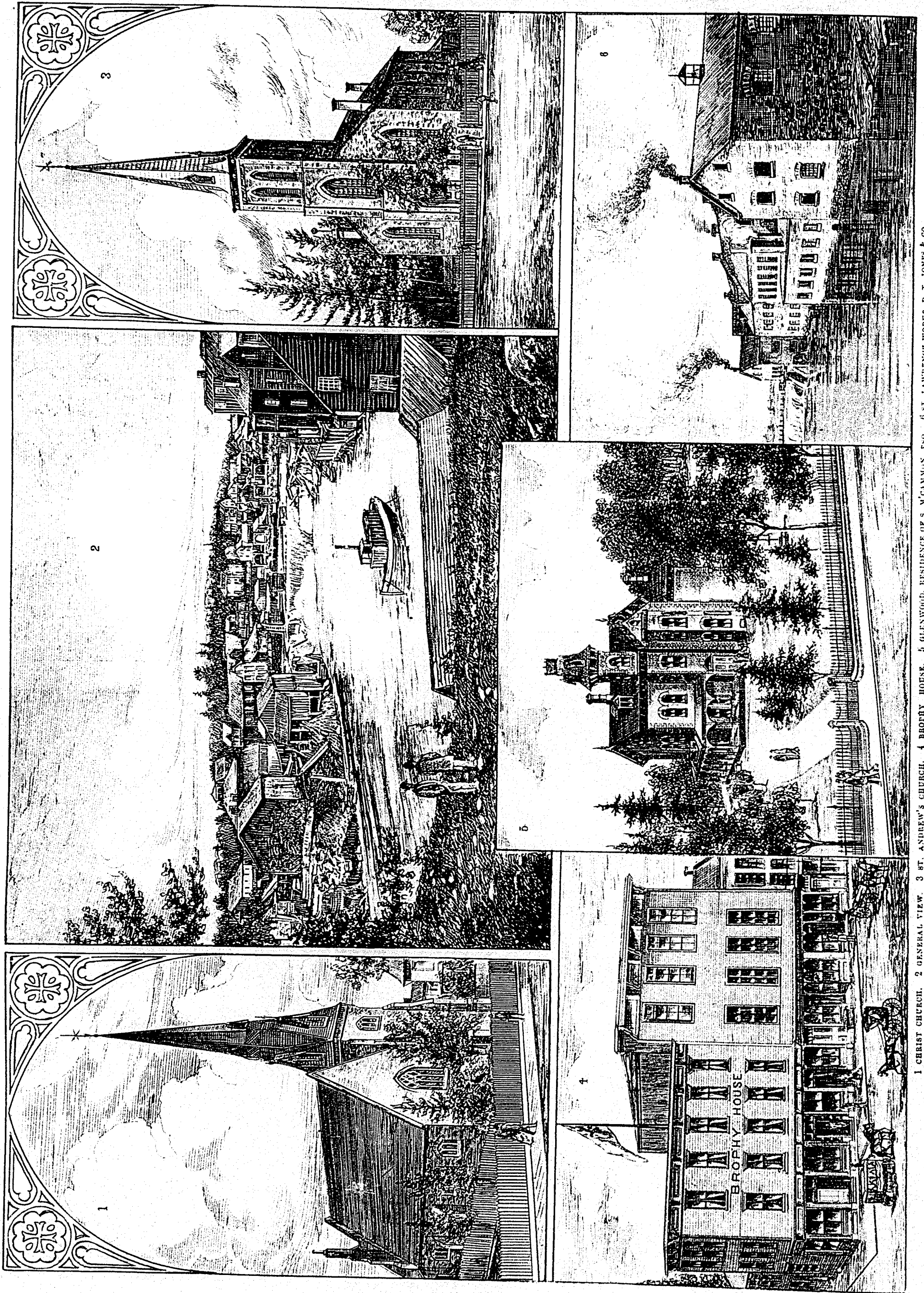
SPECIAL NOTICE.

Pimply eruptions on the face, so annoying to the young and baffling to medical skill, can be completely cured by ACNE PILLS. They contain no arsenic, potash, or any injurious drug; nor, except the disease, do they affect the system in any way, save as a tonic. Box containing 120 pills, with full directions, mailed to any part of Canada for one dollar. Address W. HEARNS, Chemist, Ottawa.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

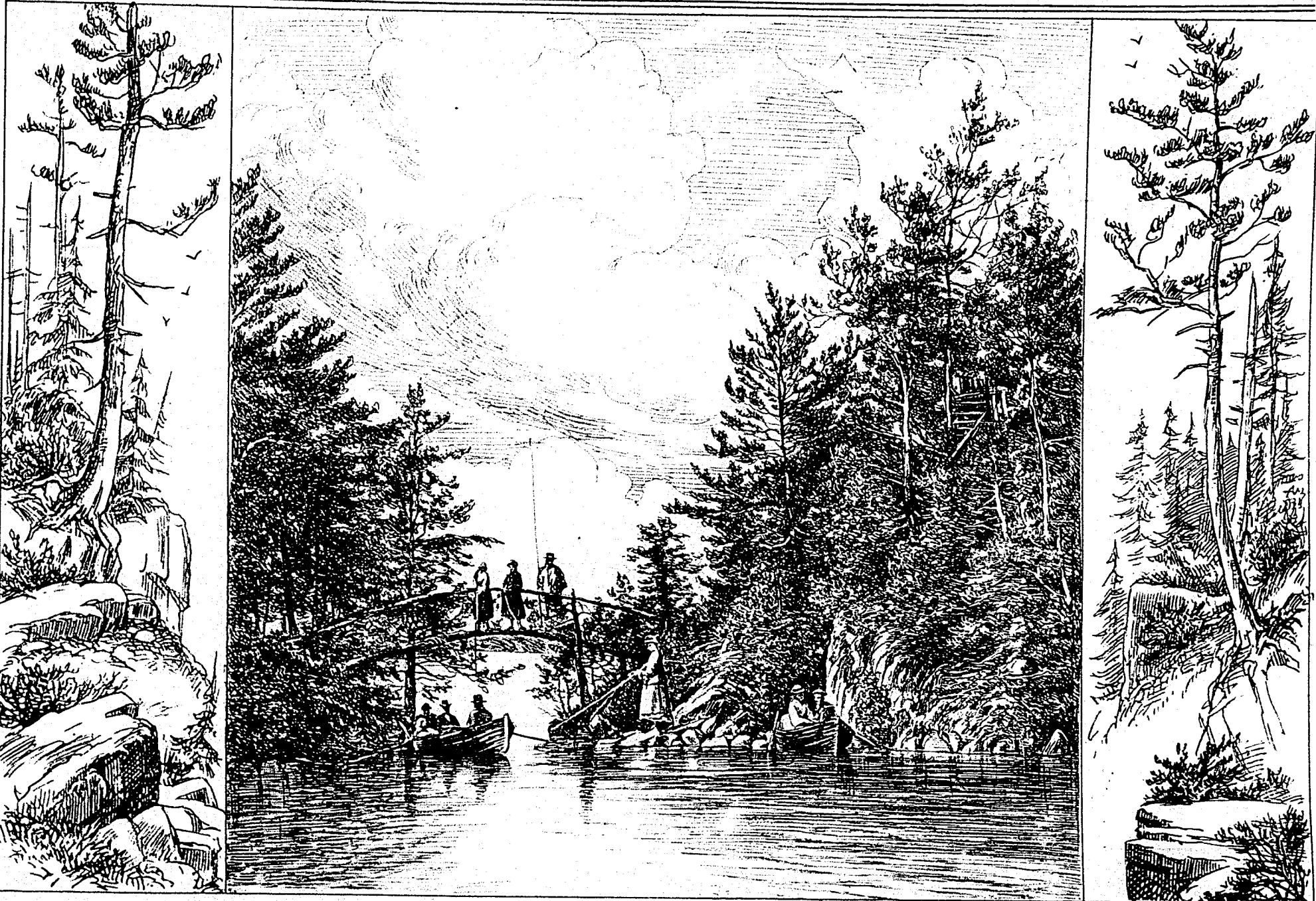




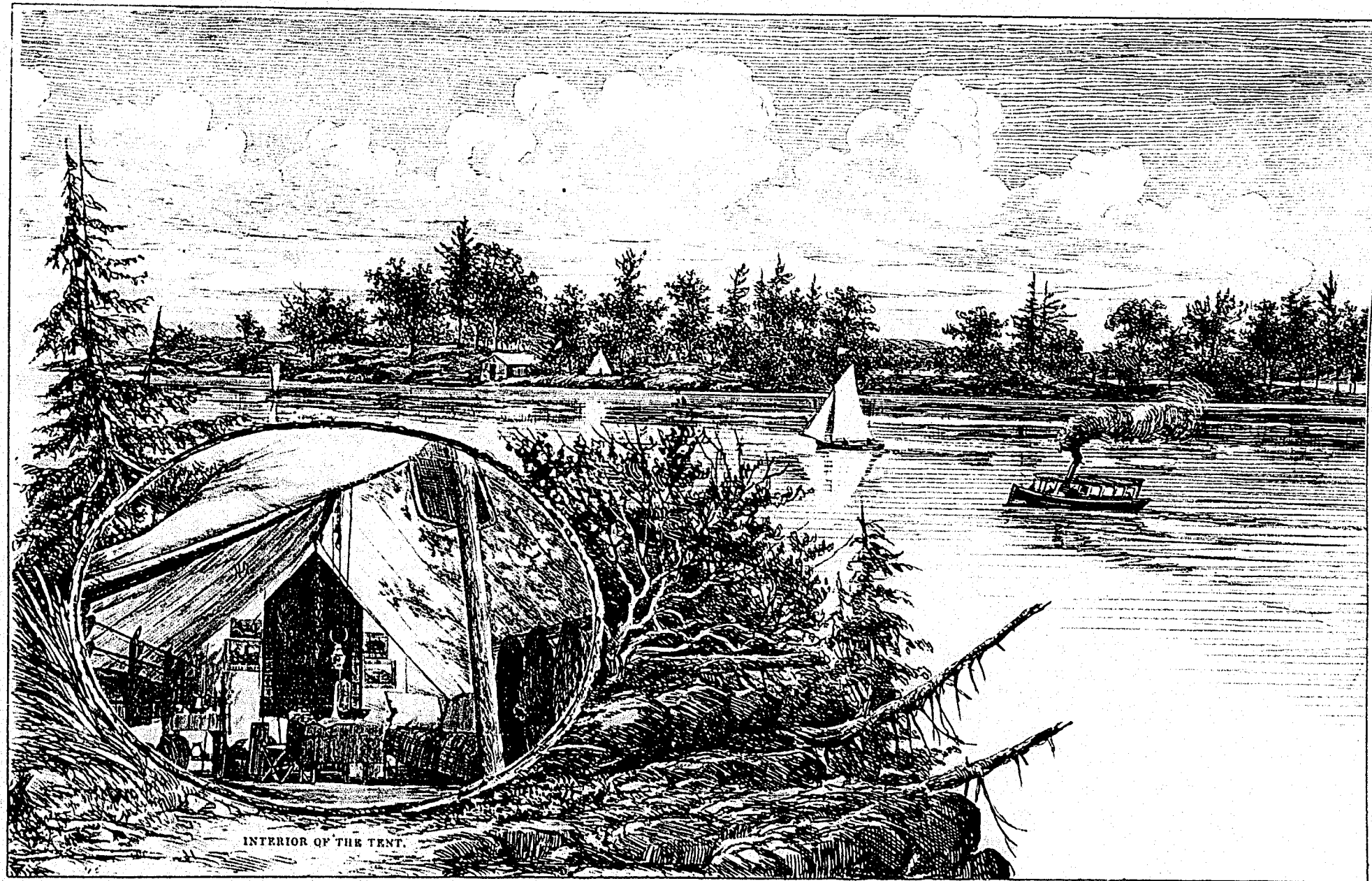
1 CHRIST CHURCH. 2 GENERAL VIEW. 3 ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH. 4 BROPHY HOUSE. 5 GLENWOOD, RESIDENCE OF S. MCCANNON, ESQ. 6 ST. LAWRENCE WORKS, D. T. JONES & CO.

GANANOQUE (ONT.) ILLUSTRATED.





RUSTIC BRIDGE, CAMP IROQUOIS.



INTERIOR OF THE TENT.

CORAL ISLAND, THOUSAND ISLANDS, NORTH-WEST VIEW ; PROPERTY OF O. WOLFE, N. Y.

GANANOQUE (ONT.) ILLUSTRATED.



## THE PRINCE'S NUPTIAL CHAMBER.

But innermost,  
A secret chamber lurked, where skill had pent  
All lovely fantasies to lull the mind.  
The entrance of it was a cloistered square—  
Roofed by the sky, and in the midst a tank—  
Of milky marble built, and laid with slabs  
Of milk-white marble; bordered round the tank  
And on the steps, and all along the frieze  
With tender inlaid work of agate-stones.  
Cool as to tread in summer-time on snows  
It was to loiter there; the sunbeams dropped  
Their gold, and, passing into porch and niche,  
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale and dim,  
As if the very day paused and grew eve  
In love and silence at that bower's gate;  
For there beyond the gate the chamber was,  
Beautiful, sweet; a wonder of the world!  
Soft light from perfumed lamps through windows fell  
Of nacre and stained stars of lucent film  
On golden cloths outspread, and silken beds,  
And heavy splendor of the purdah's fringe,  
Lifted to take only the loveliest in.  
Here, whether it was night or day none knew,  
For always streamed that softened light, more bright  
Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's;  
And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving  
Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath;  
And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day  
Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,  
Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himalay,  
And sweetmeats made of subtle daintiness,  
With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup.  
And night and day served there a chosen band  
Of nautch girls, cup-bearers, and cymballers,  
Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,  
Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy Prince,  
And when he waked, led back his thoughts to bliss  
With music whispering through the blooms, and chime  
Of amorous songs and dreamy dancers, linked  
By chime of ankle-bells and wave of arms  
And silver vina-strings; while essences  
Of musk and champak and the blue haze spread  
From burning spices soothed his soul again  
To drowse by sweet Yasodhara.

\* FROM THE LIGHT OF ASIA: The Life and Teaching of  
Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, by EDWIN ARNOLD.  
London: Trübner & Co.

## THE Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

XVI.

## GANANOQUE AND VICINITY.

A GLIMPSE OF THE THOUSAND ISLES.

Gananoque occupies a charming position in the midst of the best scenery of the "Lake of the Thousand Isles," about thirty miles west of Brockville, eighteen east of Kingston, one hundred and fifty-five from Montreal, and one hundred and seventy-eight from Toronto. The site was chosen in 1798 by Col. Joel Stone—a U. E. Loyalist—on account of the water-power afforded by the Gananoque River, or "the Creek," as it is locally known in deference to the mighty St. Lawrence. The history of Gananoque is that of scores of settlements founded at or about that date. A tract of land granted to one man who, after a time, makes over, for certain considerations, portions to a few associates who have stood by him in the pioneer struggle; held by two or three families for many years, finally to be split up into "lots" and sold "to whom it may concern." With the old Colonel the names of Macdonald and Legge are intimately associated as Gananoque pioneers. At the start, the chief industry was lumbering, and tradition says it was a flourishing business. To-day it is a very poor affair, the logs now sent down the streams being few and of inferior quality. But Gananoque long ago ceased to depend upon the produce of the forest. Starting with Col. Stone's grist and saw mills, there has grown up quite a cluster of factories, and the simple dam has been replaced by a well devised system of canals, flumes, gates, &c., whereby the water-power is utilised to the utmost. At first glance a stranger would hardly imagine that the village boasted as many manufactories as it does, the various buildings being huddled closely together and of a very unpretentious order of architecture as a rule. Were it an American town, each factory would undoubtedly occupy ample grounds, boast a very ornamental cupola, topped by a tall flag-staff, and the name and nature of the establishment would be set forth in brilliant paint and large letters upon the walls and roof. But Gananoque is particularly unambitious. Some of the best sites in the place are disfigured by disgracefully shabby structures—positive ruins, in fact. So, too, with most of the private residences. The lake shore is exceedingly picturesque, and commands some of the finest views to be found among the Thousand Isles, yet there are but two or three residences from whence a glimpse of the lovely scenes is to be had; the majority of the best houses might be in some inland rural district for all their occupants care of the glorious lake. Again, the thought of what would be the case if the American flag waved over the place asserts itself. So it is with the islands. The main shore and the islands about Gananoque far surpass the much talked of Alexandra Bay and Camp Ground in natural beauty, while it is well known that for good fishing the Americans have to come into Canadian waters; yet, while the Bay boasts several splendid hotels and every island in the vicinity is adorned with a tasteful cottage or handsome villa, the Canadian side is virtually in a "wild" state. Here and there along the shore or on an island, a farmer's frame house or a log hut is to be seen, and during the summer season a few tents, but anything like a proper appreciation of the charms of the locality has yet to be developed. There is "money in it." Every season Canadians from all points flock to the American side, simply because of the artificial attractions which the Bay and the Camp Ground offer.

Many thousands of dollars undoubtedly are thus taken out of the country. Gananoque has all the natural requisites for a charming summer resort, and the men who are plucky enough to aid Dame Nature will surely reap a rich reward.

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Gananoque is an incorporated village, and has a population of about three thousand. It is two miles and a half from the Grand Trunk station. The last quarter of a mile of this road, nearest the depot, is famous, or rather infamous, as the roughest in the Dominion. Strangers riding over it have been known to feel the sensation of sea-sickness. Some years ago a loop line to the village was projected, but the luxury is still far distant. During the season of navigation the facilities for travel by water are excellent, and the boats monopolize almost all the traffic. The Richelieu line boats touch, also the propellers; two capital boats run between the village and Kingston, and a fast little steamer makes two trips a day to the American town of Clayton, across the lake—a run of about nine miles. During the Alexandra Bay season, these boats afford opportunities to visit that resort and the Camp Ground on Wells' Island.

The leading manufacturing establishment of Gananoque is called

## THE ST. LAWRENCE WORKS,

carried on by D. F. Jones & Co. The spades, shovels, scoops, forks and hoes turned out from these works are celebrated throughout the Dominion, and wherever exhibited they have always carried off the highest awards. I happen to know that quite recently the G. T. R. Co. distributed over their line shovels made by several different firms and requested the opinion of the road foremen respecting the quality of the implements. The testimony thus obtained from entirely impartial sources was unanimously in favour of the Gananoque shovels. It could scarcely be otherwise, as the best material, the most modern machinery and only skilled workmen are to be found at the St. Lawrence Works. I witnessed the process of manufacture from the first to the last stage, and could not but admire the degree of perfection to which this branch of industry has been brought. A shovel passes through some twenty-five hands, and in every stage the aid of machinery is invoked. To witness the transformation of an oblong piece of iron and a strip of steel into a beautifully-finished shovel or spade is an exceedingly interesting study, and it can be enjoyed to perfection at Gananoque. I may mention that the spade used by the Princess Louise in planting a tree at Kingston, last spring, was manufactured at the St. Lawrence Works. These works were established in 1852; their present capacity is fifty dozen shovels or spades per day, and from five to six thousand dozen of forks or hoes per annum. Mr. D. F. Jones has for many years represented the constituency in the House of Commons.

Among the other articles manufactured at Gananoque may be mentioned springs, rivets, harrows, brooms, sythe snaths, nails, patent lubs and aimes. There are two good flour and grist mills, a woollen mill and a large machine shop.

## GLEN WOOD,

the residence of S. McCammon, Esq., at the west end of the village, is one of the few houses which command a view of the lake. It is a large, finely-built mansion, overlooking a beautifully-wooded glen, through which a tiny stream trickles down to the St. Lawrence. The grounds comprise some twenty acres.

## BROPHY'S HOTEL.

Mr. Brophy is proprietor of the two leading hotels—one called the "Provincial," being reserved for commercial trade, and that known as above, being chiefly frequented by tourists. Mr. Brophy is a veteran hotel-keeper, and is deservedly popular with the travelling public. For good food, cleanliness and general comfort, travellers say that his houses are far ahead of the average hotel met with throughout Canada.

## THE ISLANDS—CAMPING, &amp;c.

The Lake of the Thousand Islands is justly famed as the camping ground of the continent. Such a wide choice of scenery and location is nowhere else to be had. The camper has the pick of a great natural park fifty miles long and, say, nine miles wide. If he loves solitude he can take possession of an island, where he will be a free from human intrusion as ever Juan Fernandez was; or he can pitch his tent alongside of the great watery highway, and so close to the channel that he may recognize friends on board the steamers, which are constantly passing up and down. If he is economical, from fancy or by force of circumstances, he can practise that virtue to a wonderful degree. He can purchase a bark canoe for \$10, get a cotton tent made for \$2, and with a supply of biscuit, pork, tea and sugar, he can put in the summer in a jolly vagabond style, utilize all his old clothes, and return to civilization in the fall fat, rugged and brawny. He has no rent to pay, no fuel bill, no water-rate. The finest fish—the gamy, firm-fleshed black bass and the sweet-flavoured perch—are to be had for the catching at his very tent door. If he wants occasional luxuries he can paddle off to the nearest farm-house and get fresh butter, eggs or berries at mere nominal prices. Such is one form of camping. I have experienced it for short periods this summer—taking "pot luck" for a few days with casual

acquaintances—and I must say that I have never enjoyed meals with greater zest than when I have done the catching and cooking myself. The early morn among the islands is delicious—so quiet, so pure, so altogether lovely. A plunge in the clear water freshens one as nothing else can. Then a short paddle to the favourite haunts of the finny tribe, and in a brief period the tiny craft contains material for a meal fit for a gourmand. Among the islands I learned a wrinkle as to preparing fish for the pan. Instead of scaling and leaving intact the great back fins, I was taught to *skin* the fish and remove the troublesome spikey fins entire. The operation is speedy and leaves the fish in beautiful shape for cooking.

Other campers will take a couple of skiffs, a large tent and vast quantities of camping provisions, taking no stock in fishing, but sending some of the party every day to the village for beefsteak, chops, &c. I question if these really derive as much benefit from the outing as those who go in for roughing it and are satisfied with simple food.

For really luxurious camp life, the American side of the lake must be visited. I have in my mind's eye the establishment of a young New York gentleman, C. Wolfe, Esq., who has acquired the island which was the headquarters of the notorious "Bill Johnstone"—formerly known as Whiskey Island, rechristened by Mr. Wolfe "Coral Isle." It is a beautiful spot, about six miles south of Gananoque and three west of Clayton. On the west side, the lake stretches away as far as the eye can reach, and when a stiff sow-wester is blowing the outlook reminds one of the ocean, the great rollers breaking upon the rock-girt shore with tremendous force. Mr. Wolfe lives as luxuriously as if he were at a first-class hotel. His tent is floored, carpeted and completely furnished. With its easy chairs, fancy nick-nacks and fragrant bouquets, it looks more like a lady's boudoir than a camper's habitat. A large airy wooden building, intended for a boat-house when Mr. Wolfe builds a cottage, serves as kitchen and dining-room. Among other luxuries unknown to most campers is a fine cow and about fifty fowls. The establishment gives employment to three men, for, though camping alone, Mr. Wolfe is always entertaining guests, and he thinks nothing of giving a dinner to which a dozen or two sit down. And Coral Isle dinners are no simple affair—three courses, at least. I was present upon one occasion when bass chowder was the *pièce de résistance*, and I question if as good could be got in Delmonico's. The table was most elaborately decorated with flowers, while sporting trophies and weapons adorned the walls and ceiling. Such is another phase of camping.

## FISHING NOTES.

The fish frequenting the lake water are maskilonge, sturgeon, pike, pickerel, black bass, Oswego bass, rock bass, perch, chub, cat-fish, suckers, and small shad. The finest sport is had with the maskilonge and black bass. The former are caught early in the season and in the fall. The favourite lure is a spoon patented and manufactured by G. M. Skinner, at Gananoque. The fish vary from fifteen to fifty pounds in weight. Several weighing close upon the latter weight were caught last spring. The black bass affords splendid sport. To enjoy it thoroughly you need a light skiff and some one to row it. Your outfit should be a tolerably light rod, a strong, light line, a good winch; a gut leader about ten feet long, on which is strung three or four artificial flies, with either a "phantom minnow" or one of Skinner's bass spoons at the end. The bass are found during July and August on the shoals, and the boatman's business is to row over and round these stony flats. The fisherman lets out about four boat lengths of line, and holds his rod over the side slightly inclined towards the stern. He will rarely be out a minute or two ere he will feel a business-like tug. He need not hurry to bring in the fish. He may let it drag for a little, unless it appears to be a very heavy specimen. Supposing it to be manageable, he will find that the fish hooked serves to attract others. The pulling on the line will be increased, and when he reels in he will be likely to find that each fly is occupied, and that a nice fish is attached to the spoon or minnow. But the fisherman does not have it all his own way. The bass is a wary fish, full of ways and means to escape. Very soon after he is hooked he will rush to the surface and jump two feet in the air, shaking himself, as he does so, like a dog just out of water. If not carefully watched at such a moment he invariably gets free. The only way to save him is to lower the point of the rod as soon as he is seen to be near the surface. Many fine fish are lost at the boat side—the hook has a very slight hold upon a bass, and the fish are off directly there is the slightest slackening of the line. A good-sized landing-net is very necessary. The bass range up to three pounds. No true sportsman should keep one less than ten inches long. Very good sport can be had with a casting-rod, fishing from rocks and points. In the fall the bass seek deep water, and are caught with live minnows, craw-fish, and other such bait.

## BOATS.

At Gananoque, Clayton and Alexandra Bay are found a class of skiffs which are unequalled anywhere for beauty and comfort. The average boats are worth from \$70 to \$100. Many cost a good deal more than the latter sum. An English gentleman, who is spending the summer near Gananoque, owns two—one worth \$150,

and the other \$250. The Thousand Island boat is peculiar to the locality. It is generally twenty-two feet long; round at both ends, has no rudder, and is pulled by one pair of oars from moveable outriggers. It is furnished with a good-sized sprit-sail, and is steered by the person sailing it going forward or coming aft according as he wants to run into or before the wind. It has fine carpet over a painted canvas cloth and all the fittings, outriggers, &c., are silver-plated. There are two cane-seated chairs (minus the legs), one in the stern and the other near the centre. On the sides are rests and holes for laying the poles when trolling for large fish. To carry the spoil there is a movable fish-box. These boats row almost as easily as a racing-shell, and they sail splendidly. Alongside of a fair specimen of a Thousand Island skiff the boats of other localities look very homely "tubs."

Glimpses of life at Alexandra Bay and the Camp Ground I must reserve for the present.

## ARTISTIC.

BARTHOLDI'S colossal statue of Liberty, for New York Harbour, is making rapid progress towards completion.

MRS. BUTLER, better known as Miss Thompson, is at present engaged in painting a picture, to be styled "The Greys." The picture represents a troop of that famous regiment "The Scots Greys," and from all accounts, says the *Examiner*, it promises to be a success.

SEVENTY-FIVE sculptors sent in designs for the statue to be erected to Thiers in France. The successful young artist, whose work was unveiled on August 3rd, is Ernest Charles Demosthenes Guilbert. At the first drawing school which he entered, he carried off all the medals, and in 1873 he secured the grand prize. He exhibited "Cain Maudit" in this year's salon, obtaining a third-class medal.

MR. R. C. WOODVILLE, a rising young English painter, is engaged upon a large picture of the late Prince Louis Napoleon in Zululand. The Prince is represented on horseback at the head of a reconnoitring party, half turning in the saddle, field glass in hand, and scanning the surrounding country. An escort of the 17th Lancers is seen in the middle distance.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LISZT, the composer, has a piano in his bath-room.

THE death of Charles Fechter leaves Joseph Wheelock the best personator of *Claude Melnotte* on the stage.

THE remains of Schumann have been exhumed at Bonn, and a plaster cast has been taken of what remains of the composer's head.

PASCA, the well-known actress, has left the stage and the world altogether, having entered one of the secular convents near St. Petersburg.

MISS JULIA HOLMAN, second daughter of Mr. Geo. Holman, operatic manager, died at London, Ont., last week. She had been ill of jaundice for nine weeks.

BIJOU HERON, who has been in the Convent de Zion, in Paris, has just left for England, after taking six prizes. She will not return to Paris, but will enter a branch of the same order in London this fall.

It is said that previous to the time of his death Mr. Fechter had been engaged on a play called "Napoleon," in which he had expected to make a great success next season. It is estimated that his real estate will net his widow about \$1,500, and that his costumes, library, etc., are worth about \$10,000.

SULLIVAN, the author of the "Pinafore" music, is somewhat of a Bohemian. He enjoys late hours and good companionship. His rooms are full of the evidences of a man of taste—pictures, busts, bric-a-brac, a grand piano, guitars, musical boxes, and a scattered library music. Everything is in confusion, but the place is suggestive of artistic pleasure.

THE opera of "Don Juan" has been gorgeously revived in Paris. The ball-room scene is superb, showing a long vista of splendid saloons, and at the end a group of statuary in marble, showing white against the blue moonlight sky that is seen through an open archway in the background. Over 200 dancers and figurantes take part in the scene, which is a marvel of changing and brilliant colors.

THE only addition which Mary Anderson has made to her *repertoire* this season will be Sheridan's grand old play of "Love; or, The Countess and Serf." Miss Anderson has been studying the part all summer, and will make in it, we have reason to think, a great hit. The part fits her marvelously well, and the work will constitute her *pièce de résistance*. By the way, she has discarded the idea of reviving "La Fille de Roland."

THE London correspondent of the *Liverpool Post*, speaking of the death of Fechter, says:—"The friend of Princes, and counted of the nobility as a man of genius, it seemed as if Fechter was to rise to a position greater than Kean himself. That he failed and fell is well known, though the world is ignorant of the romantic cause of his decline. Fechter had evidently more heart than brain, and sacrificed fame at the shrine of the woman who jilted him."

KNITTING.

Knitting gaily in the sunshine,
While the fragrant roses blow,
And the light wind stirs the petals...

Knitting silent in the shadows,
With a drooping, weary head,
Gazing out into the twilight...

Knitting fiercely, in the anguish
Of a burning, fiery strife;
Or gaily in the sunlight...

Thus a woman's life is bounded
By the humble daily task,
Mocking taking up her burden...

THE MISERERE.

A SPANISH LEGEND, FROM THE FRENCH OF G.
BERQUER.

A short time ago I left the city of Seville to
visit the celebrated monastery of Caserta. I
was reading in the old library, when my atten-
tion was drawn to a number of sheets of music...

Many years ago, on a dark and rainy night, a
pilgrim came to the doors of this monastery,
asking to be allowed to dry his clothes by the
fire and for a piece of bread to still his hunger...

"I am a musician," replied the pilgrim. "I
was born far from here and I have enjoyed a
great renown. In my youth I made of my art
a powerful arm of fascination; it gave birth to
passions which finally led me to crime. I now
wish, in my old age, to consecrate to good
things the talents I have hitherto used for evil,
and thus obtain pardon."

The monk, having his curiosity excited,
asked him several questions, and the musician
continued thus:

"I wept in the bottom of my heart over the
crime I had committed. I could find no words
worthy to express my repentance or in which to
implore God's mercy, when one day, as I was
turning over a holy book, my eyes were held
by that sublime cry of contrition—the psalm of
David beginning Miserere mei Deus. From
that moment my sole thought was to discover a
musical composition which I desired should be
so magnificent and sublime that it alone would
be able rightly to interpret the grand and
majestic hymn, the sorrow of the prophet king.
I have not been able to compose it yet, but if I
ever succeed in expressing the feelings of my
heart, the ideas that consume my brain, I am
sure I will write so marvellous a Miserere, so
heartbreaking a grief that its like has never
been heard since the world began, and that the
archangels will cry with me, their eyes filled
with tears, 'Have mercy on me, my God, have
mercy on me!'"

The pilgrim remained thoughtful for some
moments, then heaving a profound sigh, con-

tinued his story. The old man and two or
three shepherds belonging to the monks' farm
listened silently, gathered around the fire-light.
"After having travelled," continued he,
"through Germany and Italy and a great part
of this country of classical religious music, I
have never yet heard a Miserere capable of in-
spiring me, and I am almost sure that I have
heard all that exists."

"All?" interrupted a shepherd; "that is
impossible, for you have never heard the Mis-
erere of the mountain."

"The Miserere of the mountain," exclaimed
the astonished musician. "What is that?"

"The Miserere," continued the shepherd,
with an air of mystery, "that is only heard by
shepherds who wander day and night over the
mountains and valleys with their flocks and
which has a history as true as it is astonishing.
At the extremity of this valley, whose horizon
is bound by a chain of mountains, may still be
seen the ruins of a monastery that was very
celebrated many long years ago. A great
seigneur disinherited his son on account of his
crimes, and had the edifice built from the pro-
ceeds of the sale of his lands. The son, who
was as wicked as the arch-fiend, if, indeed, he
was not the demon himself, seeing his fortune
in the hands of monks, and his castle trans-
formed into a church, placed himself at the
head of a troop of bandits. One Holy Thurs-
day night, at the very hour when the monks
were chanting the Miserere, the bandits pene-
trated into the church, pillaged the monastery
and set it on fire. The monks were all mass-
acred or thrown from the rocky height. After
this horrible exploit the bandits disappeared.
The ruins of the church still exist in the hollow
of the rock where the waterfall has its source,
which, falling from rock to rock, finally forms
the little river that runs beneath the walls of
this monastery."

"But tell me about the Miserere," inter-
rupted the impatient musician.

"Listen, I will soon have finished," the
shepherd said, and he continued thus: "The
crime terrified all the people about, they re-
peated the tale of the tragedy, which has come
down to us by tradition. Old men tell the
story over in the long winter nights. But what
preserves its souvenir more vividly, is that
every year on the night of the anniversary of
the crime, lights are seen glimmering through
the broken windows of the church; and a
strange sort of mysterious music is heard, like
dreadful funeral chants mingled with the wind's
moaning. No doubt it is the massacred monks
come from purgatory to implore Divine mercy,
and they sing the Miserere."

"Does this miracle still occur?" asked the
traveller.

"Yes, it will begin without the slightest
doubt in three hours from now, for this is Holy
Thursday night, and 8 o'clock has just struck
on the monastery clock."

"How far away are the ruins?"

"An hour and a half from here. But what
are you about? Where are you going on such
a night as this?" cried they all, seeing the pil-
grim rise, take his staff and go towards the
door.

"Where am I going? To hear this myster-
ious and marvellous music, the grand, the true
Miserere of those who return to earth after
death and who know what it is to die in sin."

Saying this, he disappeared, to the great
surprise of the monk and shepherds.

The wind howled and shook the doors, as
though a strong hand was trying to wrench
them from their hinges. The rain fell in tor-
rents, beating against the windows, and from
time to time a streak of lightning illuminated
the darkness. The first moment of surprise
passed, the monks exclaimed: "He is mad!"
"He is surely mad!" echoed the shepherds,
drawing nearer to the fire.

After walking an hour or two, the mysterious
pilgrim, following the river's course, reached
the spot where rose the imposing and sombre
ruins of the monastery. The rain had ceased,
clouds floated over the heavens, and athwart
their broken outlines a fugitive ray of pale and
trembling light shone; the wind beating against
massive pillars, moaned sadly as it lost itself in
the deserted cloisters. However, nothing super-
human or unnatural troubled the mind of him,
who having lain many a night for shelter in the
ruins of some deserted tower or solitary castle,
was familiar with such sounds. Drops of water
filtering through the crevices of the arches, fell
on the large square stones beneath, sounding like
the ticking of a clock. An owl that had taken
refuge in a dilapidated niche, began to hoot,
and reptiles, whom the tempest had awakened
from their long lethargy, thrust their hideous
heads out from the rocks, or glided amid the
stunted shrubs that grew at the foot of the altar,
and disappeared in the broken tombs. The pil-
grim listened to all the mysterious and strange
murmurs of the solitude and of night, and seated
on the mutilated statue of a tomb, awaited with
feverish anxiety for the hour of mystery to arrive.

Time sped on and he heard nothing save the
confused and mingled murmurs of the night,
which repeated themselves, though in a different
manner, from minute to minute.

"Have I made a mistake?" the musician
asked himself. But just then he heard a new
noise, an inexplicable one for the place. It was
like that which a large clock makes a few seconds
before it strikes the hour—a noise of wheels tur-
ning, of ropes lengthening, of a machine begin-
ning to work slowly. A bell rang once, twice,

thrice, and there was neither a bell, nor clock,
nor even a belfry in the ruined church. The
last stroke of the bell, whose echoes grew fainter
and fainter, had not died away, its ultimate
vibrations could still be heard, when the granite
dais, covered with carvings, the marble steps of
the altar, the sculptured stones, the black col-
umns, the walls, the wreath of trefoil on the
cornices, the pavement, the arches, the entire
church was suddenly illuminated without a
torch or lamp being visible to produce the strange
light. Everything became animated, but with a
sudden movement, like the muscular contrac-
tions which electricity applied to a dead
body produces—movements which imitate life,
but which are far more horrible than the still-
ness of a corpse. Stones joined themselves to
other stones; the altars arose intact from their
broken frame as strewn around, and at the
same time the demolished chapels and the im-
mense number of arches interlaced themselves,
forming with their columns a veritable labyrinth.

The church being reconstructed, a distant
harmony which might have been taken for the
moaning of the wind was heard, but it was in
reality a mingling of distant voices, solemn and
sad, that seemed to rise from the bosom of the
earth, and which became more and more distinct
little by little.

The courageous pilgrim began to be alarmed,
but his fanaticism for the mysterious warred
against his fear. Becoming more calm, he rose
from the tomb on which he had been resting
and leaned over the edge of the abyss, whence
the torrent leaping from rock to rock fell at
length with a noise of continuous and dreadful
thunder. The pilgrim's hair stood on end with
horror.

He saw the skeletons of
the monks half enveloped in the torn fragments
of their gowns. Under the folds of their cowls
the dark cavities of the orbits in their skulls
contrasted with their fleshless jaws and their
white teeth. The skeletons clambered with
the aid of their long white hands up to the
fissures of the rocks, till they reached the sum-
mit of the precipice, murmuring the while in a
low and sepulchral voice, but with an expres-
sion of heart-rending grief, the first verse of
David's psalm:

Miserere mei Deus secundum magnam misericordiam
tuam.

Have mercy on me, my God, according to Thy great
mercy.

When the music reached the peristyle of the
church they formed themselves into procession
and knelt in the choir, continuing in a louder
and more solemn voice to chant the succeeding
verses of the psalm. Music seemed to re-echo
the rhythm of their voices. It was the distant
rumble of thunder as it passed away; the voice
of the night-wind that moaned in the hollows
of the mountains; the monotonous sound of
the cascade falling on the rocks, and the drop
of filtering water, the hoot of the hidden owl
and the coiling and uncoiling of the noisome
reptiles. All this produced the strange music,
and something more besides, which one could
not explain or even language, a something
which seemed like the echo of a whirlwind,
that accompanied the repentant hymn of the
psalmist king, with notes and harmonies as
tremendous as its words.

The ceremony continued. The musician
who was witnessing it believed in his terror
that he had been transported far from this real
world into that fantastic one of dreams, where
all things have strange and phenomenal forms.

A terrible shock aroused him from the stupor
of a lethargy, which had possessed all the fac-
ulties of his mind. His nerves were strongly
agitated, his teeth chattered and he shivered
with cold in the marrow of his bones. The
monks chanted just at the moment, in a thun-
dering voice, these terrible words of the Mis-
erere:

In iniquitatibus conceptus sum et in peccatis concepti me
mater mea.

I was conceived in iniquity and in sin did my mother
conceive me.

When the echoes of this verse had resounded
from archway to ceiling, a tremendous cry
burst forth, a cry that seemed torn from entire
humanity in the consciousness of its crimes—a
heart-breaking cry, composed of all the lamen-
tations of distress: all the groans of despair,
all the blasphemies of impiety; the monstrous
cry of those who live in sin and were conceived
in iniquity.

The chant continued. Sometimes sad and
deep, sometimes like a ray of sunlight piercing
the solemn darkness of the storm. The church
by a sudden transformation became illumined
with a celestial light. The bones of the skele-
tons clothed themselves again with flesh. A
luminous aureole shone around their brows.
The entablature of the church was rent asunder,
and heaven appeared like an ocean of light
spread out before the eyes of the just. Then
the seraphs, the angels and archangels, all the
heavenly hierarchy, sang this verse in a hymn
of glory, which arose to the Lord's throne like
a wave of harmony—like a gigantic spiral of
sonorous incense:

Audite mei dabis gaudium et letitiam et exultabunt ossa
humiliata.

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness; and the
bones that were humbled shall rejoice.

The shining light suddenly blinded the eyes
of the unhappy mortal. His temples throbbed
violently. His ears rang and he felt like one
struck down by lightning.

The next day at sunrise, the monks of this
monastery received the mysterious stranger,

who came pale, trembling and with haggard
eyes.

"And the Miserere, did you hear it?" an old
monk asked, smiling ironically.

"Yes," replied the musician.

"How did you like it?"

"I am going to write it. Give me," said he,
addressing the superior, "shelter and bread for
a few months, and I will leave you an immortal
chef d'oeuvre of my art—a Miserere that will
efface my crimes before God's eyes, and which
will render my name as old that of the monastery
immortal."

The superior, thinking him mad, consented,
and the musician was installed in a cell and
began his task.

He worked day and night with an extraor-
dinary anxiety. He would stop sometimes as
though he were listening to sounds coming
from invisible objects. His eyes would dilate
and he would cry out: "That is it \* \* \*
thus \* \* \* no longer any doubt \* \*
\* this, this is well;" and he would continue
writing musical notes with a feverish rapidity.
He wrote the first verses and the following
ones, but when he came to the last verse he had
heard he could go no further. He wrote for
two, three, perhaps a hundred minutes; but all
was useless. He could not repeat the marvel-
lous heavenly music; and so sleep fled from his
eyes, he lost all appetite, fever took possession
of his brain and he became mad.

At last he expired without being able to finish
the Miserere, which the monks kept after his
death, and which still exists in the archives of
the monastery, as you have seen to-day.

LITERARY.

THE historian, Francis Parkman, is on his
way to Cape Breton to study the Louisburg
ruins. He is gathering materials for a life of
Montcalm.

M. RENAN, the author, is not remarkable in
appearance, except that he has a kind, genial
smile, brilliant and sharp eyes, and an unaffected
courtesy.

A RUSSIAN physician, M. Malarevsky, struck
by the prevalence of shortsightedness among
literary men, proposes that books should be
printed in white ink on black paper, and he
has made experiments with 50 persons, which
tend to confirm his view.

ROBERT BURNS, grandson of the poet Burns,
died in Moorhead's Hospital, Dumfries, recently.
He resembled the poet in face and figure, and,
curiously enough, was married to a Mary Camp-
bell, the name of the poet's "Highland Mary."
For many years he taught a humble school in
Dumfries, and in the latter portion of his life
was in the most straitened circumstances.

WHEN Longfellow visited Queen Victoria at
Windsor Castle, the servants crowded on the
stairways and in the lobbies to get a view of
him. On the Queen asking them, next day,
why this compliment was paid to the poet, she
was told that they listened to Prince Al-
bert reading "Evangeline" to the children,
and knowing the lines nearly by heart, they longed
to see the man who wrote them. The Queen is
fond of telling this story.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

IN point of paid-up capital and reserve fund
the Bank of Montreal is the third largest bank
in the world.

MR. FORD, of the Canadian Geological Sur-
vey, is in Windsor, N.S., prospecting lime-
stone quarries, and has secured some very fine
specimens.

A JOINT stock company has just been formed
at Liverpool, N.S., to engage in the boot, shoe
and rubber business extensively, wholesale and
retail, with a capital stock of \$40,000.

MESSRS. R. H. HAY & Co., the celebrated
furniture manufacturers, have just completed a
magnificent dining-room suite for Mr. M. T.
Bass, M.P., of Burton-on-Trent, England.

PARTIES are actively at work on the Galena
gold lead near Mill Village, Queen's County,
N.S. It is said a quantity of ore has been
tested and yielded an equivalent of \$12.65 per
ton.

THE Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec took
possession of Spencer Wood on the 1st Septem-
ber. Up to then he remained at the St. Louis
Hotel, where he gave a series of dinners to the
members of both Houses and the press.

THE inhabitants of Quebec have just had an
opportunity of beholding a sight which has not
been seen since the conquest of Canada—a
French and British flagship and their attend-
ant frigates in the harbour. At the epoch of
the siege, the respective fleets were arrayed in
hostile view. Now they meet on the river St.
Lawrence as friends.

THE Philadelphia Presbyterian says:—"From
Toronto to Montreal is the most interesting
water-course on the continent. We hear the
beauties of our own Hudson too-often dilated
upon; but they are tame compared to the
decorated boundary line between us and our
neighbours of the Dominion."

THE present crop in Ontario is said to be the
largest that has ever been reaped there, without
any exception. In most cases the yield per
acre is found to be between 30 and 40 bushels
per acre, while in other cases it is even higher.
An instance is given in a Hamilton paper in
which the enormous yield of 47 bushels to the
acre is reported.



**MAJOR JAMES DOMVILLE, M.P.**

This popular member of Parliament and officer is descended from an ancient Norman family that settled in Cheshire, England, at the time of the Conquest, three members of which have at different times been created Baronets of the United Kingdom. He is the son of Major-General James Domville, R.A., by Frances, daughter of Hon. William Usher, a descendant of the celebrated Archdeacon Usher. He was born on the 29th Nov., 1842, and educated in England. In 1867 he married Isabel, daughter of the late William Henry Scovil, Esq., of St. John, N.B. He went to Barbadoes, where his father was in command of the Royal Engineers and of the garrison in 1858, and entered into mercantile pursuits. In 1866 he went to St. John, N.B., and commenced business as a merchant. He also became the proprietor, by purchase, of the extensive iron works, rolling-mill and nail factories at Moosepath, Coldbrooke and Rockland in King's Co., and entered largely into other commercial business, in which he is still engaged. He is President of the Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada; President of the King's County Rifle Association; Member of the Council of the Dominion Rifle Association; Fellow of the Royal Canadian Institute, London; Managing Director of the Coldbrooke Rolling Mills Co.; and a Director of the Maritime Warehousing and Dock Co. He has also been President of the King's County Board of Trade. He sat as Chairman of the Delegation from St. John to the Dominion Board of Trade in 1871. Major Domville was first returned to Parliament for Kings, N.B., in 1872, and again in 1874 and 1878. In connection with our portrait we publish a view of the 5th Cavalry Squadron that formed the escort to His Excellency and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise during the late Vice-regal visit to St. John. The regiment consists of seven troops and band, the only and oldest regiment of cavalry in Canada. The escort was commanded by Major Domville, whose likeness will be easily recognized in the group.

**DE LESSEPS.**—Count de Lesseps is really a wonderful conversationalist. His ideas are bold and ingenious, while so wittily and elegantly expressed as to become the very ideal of terseness and brevity. The rapidity with which he speaks and gives one daring plan after another

## OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 314.



JAMES DOMVILLE, Esq., M.P.

stops all questioning on the part of his listeners, and would take away the breath did not a humorous smile play continually over his features, as much as to say, "Be reassured; it sounds like a joke, but I am in dead earnest, and—courage will take me through." Count de Lesseps is now in his seventy-fourth year, and has the vigor and life of a sturdy old—not too old—soldier. He has the presence of a general-in-chief of an entire army. His fine head is crowned with the whitest of snow-white hair, and a heavy moustache of the same colour shades his upper lip. His eyes are deep, large and piercingly black—eyes that belong to thirty rather than seventy summers. The count has, by a second marriage contracted at the age of sixty-four, eight children. He speaks as if he were a contented man. His voice is free from discord, his speech from rancor.

**BEATING A MAP AGENT.**—A map agent went into one of our manufacturing establishments recently, with an egotistical idea that his power of reading faces was a great aid to him in his business. He looked the shop over and fixed upon a common-place looking workman, with an intelligent face, as the individual upon which to begin business. Approaching the man he touched a spring and down dropped an elaborate map of Connecticut, with its towns, railroads and rivers all properly located. Then it was earnestly and comprehensively described by the glib agent, who briefly stated the advantage of such an educational chart to the possessor.

The workman, looking up very innocently from his work, remarked, "That is mighty pretty! Should think it would be first-rate in a family! What is the expense of such an article?"

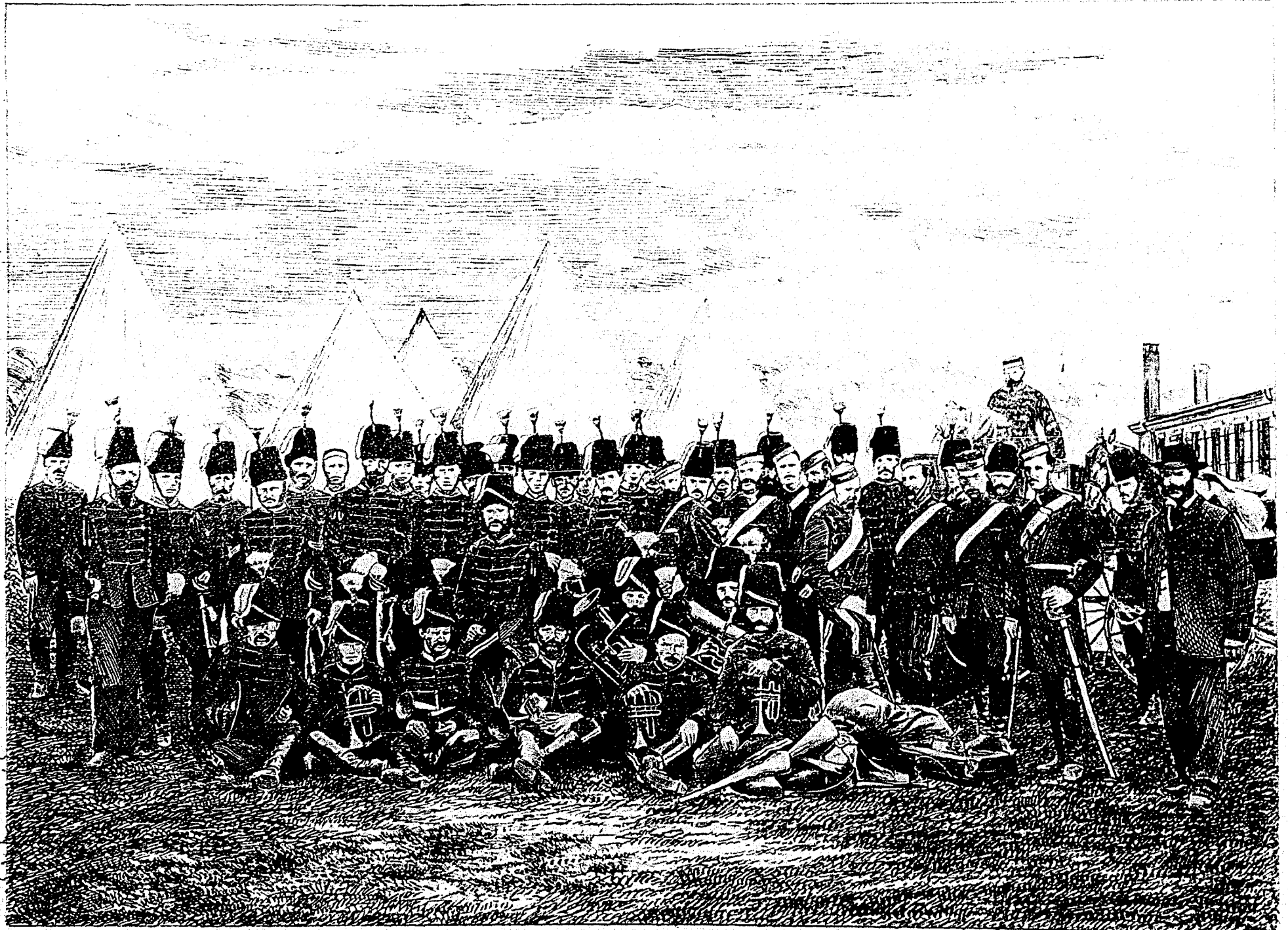
"Only a dollar fifty," responded the agent, dilating upon the bargain there was in the value offered for such a small amount of cash.

"Would you rather have \$1.50 than to have that?" asked the workman.

"Certainly," responded the agent.

"Well! I don't know much about such things," said the labourer, "but with your experience, if you feel that you had rather have \$1.50 than to have that map, why, I think I had too!"

The map agent saw that the common-place looking workman had bagged his game, and left the shop without attempting to induce any of the other workmen to invest in his goods.



ST. JOHN, N. B.—5TH CAVALRY SQUADRON, ESCORT COMMANDED BY MAJOR JAMES DOMVILLE, M.P., ON THE OCCASION OF THE LATE VICE-REGAL VISIT.





HARVEST DANCE.

A BURIAL.



A GAME OF LACROSSE.



BOW AND ARROW TRIAL.



WAR DANCE.



CANOE RACE.



THE PURSUIT.

TYPES, MANNERS AND SPORTS OF OUR INDIANS.

OUR INDIANS.



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# MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE,

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

Book III.

TWO BLACKS DO NOT MAKE ONE WHITE.

XI.

THE BANNS ARRESTED.

Ory departed on her errand, and we two remained seated in the gloom. My host then again took up his discourse:

"I have only a few words more to say, and I will hurry over them. I want to bring you to-night through this first part of my history.

"As you can easily imagine, our altercation was soon noised abroad. The proceedings of juries are supposed to be inviolate, but these were not, and in a small community as ours was they were repeated with all sorts of comments and additions. Of course, the whole blame fell upon me. It has been my fate through life to be a scapegoat in every controversy or quarrel. I always was the tainted wether of the flock. The disgraceful charge which your grandfather made was fastened on me, as with hooks of iron, and from that day to this, public opinion has connected me, in some mysterious manner, with the death of a common street-girl, who was murdered by her lover. I need not tell you, my son, that I was not only a stranger to the deed, but a total stranger to the woman.

"Years passed; years of bitterness and isolation. I withdrew to my farm and there lived all alone, nursing my resentment and schooling myself to misanthropy. My parents died; my two sisters married and removed from the State. I was left solitary, with not a true friend on the earth and a thousand enemies. At first I did not care. I was rich; I had all the comforts I desired; I had the ever-welcome society of my dear books, the true love of my beautiful flowers. I flaunted my independence. But in the course of time a feeling of uneasiness and disgust took possession of me: I needed some distraction; I wanted the companionship of at least one faithful heart. I tried travelling, but you know the proverb, *calum non animam*. I always returned unsatisfied, still seeking for what I could not find, still hankering for a phantom that ever fled before me.

"At length, in the course of my lonely rides through the country, I made the acquaintance of a simple and honorable family near Florissant. They were persons in humble circumstances, but they had a priceless treasure in the person of their only daughter. I was well received there from the first, and from the first, too, I found favor in the eyes of the girl. Our friendship grew; my visits became more frequent; I flattered myself that at last I had discovered the being who was predestined to cause my happiness, as I vowed that I should procure hers if ever she were mine. My intentions were soon understood; my proposals were met half-way. In a word, the girl and I were betrothed. Life seemed dawning with a new light before me. The Sunday of the banns was agreed upon, a dispensation was to have been obtained for the two later publications and we were to be married on the Monday following. The odor of the pine-woods comes to me as fresh and balsamic this evening, Carey, as it did when I rode home on that blessed Friday night, thirty years ago.

"On the Saturday evening I went back to Florissant with as light a heart. I anticipated a delightful interview, talking over those thousand little details, on the eve of marriage, when a youngster finds himself, for probably the first and only time in his life, milliner, house-keeper and general purveyor. As I approached the house, I found it was closed, but on hearing the sound of horse's hoofs, my father-in-law elect came to the door. It needed only a glance to show me that something was wrong with him, but I took heart, saluted and entered. He followed and we both took a seat. I inquired after the family. He replied that his wife and daughter were absent.

"Gone to the neighbors?" I said in a careless way which ill dissembled my anxiety and annoyance.

"No, sir, gone to town," said my host.

"In that case, they will soon be here," I murmured, somewhat reassured.

"No, sir; they are gone for the night," returned the former coldly.

"Why, this is singular," said I.

"It is singular, sir, and painful, but it had to be done and I did it," answered the other.

"Both the manner of the man and the strangeness of his statement roused me completely, and I somewhat peremptorily asked for an explanation. The farmer gave it in a calm, respectful, but firm voice.

"To-day, sir, I had occasion to go to town to market, and while there met, as usual, many of my friends. The marriage of my daughter was the first topic of conversation. A few congratulated me on the event; the majority kept

a mysterious silence; one, an old friend, a man to whom I owe much and who stands deservedly high in the eyes of all, whispered in my ears a few words of caution. I pressed him to be more explicit; he answered that if I had wit enough I ought to understand what he meant, and that if I wanted more particulars or better authority, I should apply to the curate. Indeed, he urged me as a matter of duty to go to the priest before returning home. I was very much put out by all this. I hesitated for a long time. But at length, for the sake of my dear daughter, who is my all on this earth, I decided upon following my friend's advice. I exposed the whole case to the priest, promising to abide by his decision. After a long pause and many evident signs of uneasiness, he finally told me enough to induce me to act decisively. I immediately rode home, informed my wife and daughter of what the priest had said, and—

"What did the priest say?" I asked gloomily.

"These were his precise words: 'I will say nothing ill of Mr. Hector Paladine and I cannot say anything good.' You understand, sir, that, coming from a priest these words could bear only one interpretation."

"I understand," I muttered.

"Now," continued the farmer, "I told my wife and daughter that the marriage was broken off, and that to avoid the painful scene which would take place if you met them here to-night, they must go and remain a day or two in the city."

"I hardly heard what the man said. I was overwhelmed. It seemed as though the world were crumbling around me and that I was about to be buried under its ruins. But I remained immovable in my seat; no softness stole over me; no tears came to my eyes. I bore the whole weight of this terrible blow without the quiver of a muscle. But still I was annihilated. They say that if you but touch with your finger the rigid form of a person struck dead by lightning, it will crumble into ashes. So, too, a breath might have overthrown me now, a single tender emotion might have dissolved me into a deluge of tears. But I saw nothing before me except the humble and stern father, who indulged in no sentiment, uttered no sympathy for me, and who in his narrow-minded uprightiness, sat staring there at only one thing—his duty.

"And your daughter?" I ventured to ask at last.

"My daughter, sir, cried till I thought her heart would break, but she obeyed my command, mounted with her mother and drove to town."

"She left me no message?" I asked again, after another pause.

"Not a word," replied the farmer, without flinching.

"I arose. The change of position broke my paralysis. The vindictive blood rushed through my veins and shot to my brain. Regret was drowned in rage. I could scarcely hold my hat in my hand, so violently did I shake.

"Sir," said I, "who was the particular friend who advised you so urgently to see the priest about this?"

"The farmer had risen, too, and was standing near, in a stolid, deferential attitude, in which there was not the slightest indication of fear. He answered:

"I don't know as I ought to give the name, sir."

"I have the right to know it. Who was he?" I insisted, boisterously.

"I think it best not to tell you," was the calm reply.

"I advanced a step, threateningly, but, by a superhuman effort, restrained myself in time.

"Excuse my violence, sir," I said; "I am hardly master of myself. I would not touch a hair of your head. Besides, I need press you no further, for I know the person in question."

"The farmer looked up, inquiringly.

"It is Robert Florival," I shouted.

"The man dropped his head and said nothing.

"I put on my hat, strode out of the house without looking right or left or saying a word, flung myself into the saddle and rode off. My horse turned to the road leading homeward, but I savagely jerked his head into the opposite direction and made for the deep woods that loomed darkling in the distance. All that night, Carey—and I shall never forget it while I live—I wandered along the narrow, devious, unbroken paths of the forest. I was more dead than alive. The legendary corpse of Duguesclin that was strapped to the saddle had as much volition as I. My limbs were rigid; my heart was drained of its blood. It had all rushed to my brain, and there it bubbled and seethed till my forehead almost burst. Oh! the horrid night. I dare not tell you the demoniacal thoughts, fancies and visions which flitted through my head on that solitary ride. Now and again I had a moment of respite as a puff

of wind stirred the branches above me, and when I heard the rush of the distant river or the cry of some animal that was startled from its lair. But my agony did not cease till I emerged from the wood and found myself on the brink of a highland at the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. The sight of the meeting waters and the white cliffs, under which Alton now stands, resplendent with the bright beams of the rising sun, restored me to consciousness and calm. I dismounted and picked my way down to the bank. Stooping to the water I bathed my head copiously, till I felt thoroughly refreshed. My poor horse had followed me unbidden down the cliff, and he too sought restoration in long draughts. I was fully twenty miles from the city, but I did not hesitate to return at once. I galloped nearly all the way. On passing through the streets I heard the church bells ringing. This caused me such a pang that I gave up my design of stopping to breakfast at the inn, and continued my rapid ride to my farm.

"I never fully recovered from this blow, Carey. It has left its traces on my whole life and character. To it I attribute my execration of the clergy. I have never forgiven that priest, and my hatred has extended to the whole order. I had not believed in or practised conventional worship; I was, however, religious at heart, but the meanness, the cowardice, the injustice of which I became the victim on this occasion, forever blasted all devotional velocities within me. I would have horsewhipped that priest in presence of the whole town, but respect for the girl whom I loved deterred me. Indeed, it is on her account, more, even, than on my own, that this event has left such awful rancor and vengeance in my mind. For, my boy, within six months after the breaking off of the marriage, without my ever seeing her again, or hearing a word from her, she died of grief and despair. In her green grave, on the Florissant hills, she sleeps, the martyr of love and the victim of persecution. I have named my daughter Ory after her."

At these words, M. Paladine interrupted his discourse.

XII.

"GOING, GOING, GONE."

It was a great relief to me when I heard Ory's step in the hall, and immediately after saw her enter with candles and the tea things. Much as M. Paladine's narrative interested me, from the revelations which it made and the clue it was gradually giving me to the dread life mystery which I was so anxious to penetrate, yet his language and whole manner betrayed so much passion still unsubdued, and so little of the true spirit of Christian forgiveness, that I actually suffered as I listened to him. Ory must have noticed something of this in my countenance, for as she set the table she looked serious and sad. Observing that she placed only two covers, I asked her aloud if she did not intend to join us at supper. She interrupted me both with eye and gesture, and said in a low voice:

"I cannot take anything now. I'll go out on the gallery. When you want anything please call and I will come at once."

She then retired. Her father, occupied with his own thoughts, had not heeded our colloquy, but approached his chair to the table and invited me to do the same. As soon as I had done so, the old gentleman began:

"Eat heartily, Carey. By the time you get through your supper I shall be through with my story."

Though I knew that in his present mood ex-postulation was useless, I still mildly suggested that he should at least take a cup of tea and a bit of toast before he went on.

"Never mind me, Carey," said he, "I will eat all the better when I shall have done speaking, for then my mind will be easier."

"The popular enmity against me after this event, far from lessening, increased immeasurably. Would you believe it? Instead of pitying me in any way, my enemies laid the death of poor Ory to my charge. Your grandfather particularly distinguished himself in this renewed hostility. He publicly stated that he would not be satisfied till I had been driven out of the country. To avoid seeing me pass before his gate, he threw out the park, which still exists, between the front of his house and the road, and lined the fence with trees.

"And yet, on one occasion, I had the chance to do him a service, and promptly offered myself. He was always actively engaged in quarrying rock, and, though he kept an overseer, was fond of superintending the works himself. He came upon the ground, one day, just after the drills in an immense ledge had been charged and the fuses lighted. He seems not to have noticed the fact, nor did his men see him approach, as they retreated at proper distances to places of shelter. The consequence was that when the mines exploded he was buried under fragments of rock. His negroes, as is generally the case with them on such occasions, instead of rushing to the assistance of their master, ran up toward the house, uttering loud lamentations and making frantic gestures. I happened to be passing by at the time. Suspecting a catastrophe, I leaped from my horse and hurried down to the quarry. I there saw your grandfather trying to raise his head and chest from the mass of stone piled around and upon him. He had partially succeeded, but I noticed at a glance that he was held pinned to the earth by a huge block which rested on his thighs and

legs. I stooped to extricate him. As soon as he saw me, his pale face turned almost black, and he motioned to me to stand off. As I persisted in my good work, he cried in a faint voice: 'Begone from here, I tell you.' 'Let me remove this stone, and then I will go at once,' I replied, full of pity for the perversity of the man. But he shouted again, now louder and more angrily than before: 'Let me alone. I would rather die than have my life at your hands!' I stood off in blank astonishment. Fortunately, just then two of his negroes had returned, and were gazing at us from the top of the quarry. I cried to them to run down at once, and save their master. I then walked a little out of the way till I saw them push off the stone, and take up your grandfather, who, besides many internal and external bruises, had a compound fracture of the right leg. He was confined to the house for nearly a year.

"You can imagine, my young friend, how terribly I was impressed by this event. I had never sought a reconciliation with Florival, or indeed with any of my enemies, but from this time I became convinced that even a truce to our hostility was for ever impossible. New fuel was now added to my flame of vengeance, and in the next few years the least provocation would have been jubilantly seized by me to take my enemy's life.

"The day of revenge came at length, though not such as I expected. I think heaven now that it was a bloodless retribution.

"It is exactly twenty years ago this July that your grandfather died. His death was awfully sudden. It startled everybody. He had barely time to communicate his last wishes to his family and the clergyman. I was told that he had forgiven all his enemies. But his eldest son—your Uncle James, who died a year after—seemed to have inherited his father's antipathies, at least against me. He invited the whole Creole community to the funeral—and it was a grand funeral. I alone was not invited. Soon after, I had another proof of his ill-will.

"To everybody's surprise, your grandfather's estate was found hopelessly involved and it had to be sold. I was the nearest neighbour, having gradually extended my farm by buying up all the land between the Florival grounds and mine. At the time that the sale was announced, I had no intention of appearing in the market, but it came to my ears that your Uncle James meant to force me from it, even if I appeared as a purchaser. He asserted that some time before his death, his father, on revealing to him his bankruptcy, had expressed his fear that I would take a malicious joy in inheriting his homestead, and that to prevent such a disgrace, he should have his friends and relatives club together so as to outbid me to the bitter end. When I heard of this, I at once determined to buy the property. This was to be my revenge. Even if it cost me my whole fortune, even if I had to pay ten times its value, I resolved that the estate should be mine.

"The day of sale came at length. There was an immense crowd. I was one of the last to make my appearance, and when I dismounted an ominous hum and stir greeted me. I took my stand quietly on the outer edge of the great circle. Your Uncle James and others of the family stood inside the ring, directly under the sheriff's foot.

A description of the property was given, the terms of the sale were announced, and the bidding commenced. At first the competition was very languid. A few timid thousands were offered. The auctioneer kept babbling his head and rolling his eyes in every direction, and saying the provoking ritornel, 'going, going.' At length I cried out in a loud voice:

"Ten thousand dollars!"

"It was as if a bomb had burst in that vast crowd. There were murmurs and laughter; hundreds of eyes turned round to look at me. Your Uncle James, seeing that now the battle had begun, went about bustling among his friends, laying his hand on their shoulders, whispering in their ears, nodding his head.

"The auctioneer gave me a graceful 'Thank you, sir,' and repeated in a vibrating, triumphant tone:

"Ten thousand dollars!"

"His voice was immediately covered by another bid, then another and another and another. It was like the crackling of a bunch of boy's petards, or a rolling fire over a soldier's grave. The crowd got excited; it swayed to and fro. There were significant winks, shrugs, nudgings and nods. The populace always enjoy a wicked and perilous game. I remained in my original position, quite cool, though serious and terribly determined.

"At length the figure rose to forty thousand dollars. It was my bid. The auctioneer rolled it over and over with that sardonic grin peculiar to auctioneers when they are toying with high stakes. No one seemed disposed to break in on the next decade of thousands. Then the auctioneer began see-sawing with his arm, reducing the motion every time with 'I'm only offered' and 'going, going,' till the movement dwindled down to the wrist and hand preparatory to the last stroke which is figuratively called the stroke of the hammer. He had opened his mouth to pronounce the fatal word 'gone,' when your Uncle James, in a fit of despair, cried out:

"Stop the sale! I withdraw the property!"

"A loud cheer greeted this declaration.

"The auctioneer bowed blandly and said with a smile:

"You forget, sir, that this is a sheriff's sale, and only the law can stop it. Besides, bona fide bids have been given and the property is bound to go to the highest and last call."

"Your uncle, who had thus interposed probably only to gain a little time, had another consultation with his friends, and after a long pause, broken off by the impatient auctioneer, the bidding was resumed, but only with flagging spirit. At first we had gone by thousands, but now it was by five hundreds, then by hundreds and next by fifties. The flame was fluttering; the tide was ebbing. We managed, however, to reach fifty thousand, which in my estimation was exactly the value of the property, house and quarries included. And that, again, was my bid. The auctioneer harped on that for a while, till a timid 'and one' was heard, when he burst out laughing, repeated:

"Fifty thousand and one dollars!"

"Here a ludicrous scene ensued. I knew that the bid was a blind, for the young fellow who made it was worth nothing. Hence I resolved on leaving him in suspense for awhile. The auctioneer repeated the figure over and over again. I made no sign. The young man began to grow uneasy. What if I intended not to go beyond fifty thousand? That was quite possible. He had no reason to suspect that I was ready to give more than the property was worth. In that case, he was certain not to be outbid. But what if the property were knocked down to him? It was fearful to think of it. It would be his ruin. I saw that he was as white as death, and that the cold perspiration flowed down his temples. Your Uncle James, too, was visibly dismayed. He understood that the situation was desperate, and he could hope for nothing more from his friends. They remained looking blank and stolid, unmindful of his approaches to them. Finally, having sufficiently enjoyed my little malice, I tipped a wink smilingly to the auctioneer, who understood me to the letter, for he announced:

"Fifty thousand one dollars and a half!"

And a moment after he brought his hand down with a crash saying:

"Gone. M. Hector Paladine!"

There was a general sigh of relief. The battle was over. Many faces turned toward me with looks of benevolence. Indeed, from that day a noticeable reaction took place in my favour. Such, my son, is human caprice. I fully expected some hostile movement from your uncle, and I stood in my place to receive him. But no. He was crushed and walked away sullenly, supported by a few of his friends. I then mounted my horse and rode home. A few months later I married a sweet girl of eighteen, the mother of Ory, and took up my abode here, where I have since always loved to live and where I hope to die.

"This is the first part of my story, Carey. You will think it over and judge of it according to your lights. However you may happen to differ from me in some things, I hope you will agree that I paid a dollar and a half too much for the Quarries, and I further hope that you may live to pay that sum back to me."

I looked up at the old man. His face was radiant. It was smiling and tender. Forgetting all the rest, I seized upon his last words, fancying that they covered the dearest of promises.

XIII.

BREAD AND BUTTER.

Of course, neither of us had eaten a morsel of supper. The tea was cold; the toast was shrivelled. I went to the window to call Ory. She was standing at the other end of the gallery, among the flowers, and gazing at the starry sky. I had no need of saying a word, however, for she came up at once.

She looked at us both. Our serenity and good humour reassured her, and she, too, looked contented. She even broke out into merriment when she glanced at the table.

"It is just as I expected," she said, laughing. "I knew you would eat nothing."

Her father protested that it was no fault of his, for he had specially recommended me to eat, and had he observed my abstinence would have repeated his invitation. I contented myself with looking both innocent and guilty.

"You will have to be satisfied now with plain bread and butter," said Ory. "I will fetch more tea and a pitcher of milk."

This time she joined us at supper and we all ate heartily. M. Paladine in particular. During the meal, Ory gave her father a few details of her visit to my mamma, in anticipation of the full account which she reserved for him when they would find themselves alone together. The old man was wonderfully pleased and he repeated several times that this was one of the most auspicious days of his life.

"It is ever thus," said he. "After a great trial or misfortune, comes a special benediction."

Some little effort was also made to detain me over night on the plea of the wound of my shoulder. But I declared that I felt no pain or weakness whatever. M. Paladine then proposed to have me driven home. This I also declined, preferring to walk, and the more, that I desired to collect my thoughts in solitude before confronting my mamma that night. Ory seemed only half-pleased at this resolution, but she did not insist from a natural motive of delicacy.

At length, after the meal, when I rose to depart, M. Paladine pressed my hand in both his and addressed me in language of the greatest fervour. Referring to the events of the preceding night, he repeated his satisfaction that all had turned out so well; thanked me again for the resolution I had almost forced upon him; expressed his pleasure at the reconciliation which

I had procured with my mamma through his daughter; bade me reflect on the history he had traced out for me, with a prayer that I should judge mercifully of the part he had taken therein; promised to continue the narrative at the first fitting occasion, and entreated me to renew my visits frequently.

"Carey will come to-morrow," said Ory. "I fear not to-morrow," I answered. "I left all my luggage out at Valmont, and in fact must return there no later than to-morrow to apologize for my sudden and unannounced absence. Then I have several things to look after in the city. I am alone in the world now and have no means to sustain me. I must cast about me for some occupation before the end of the summer vacation. But as soon as ever I can, I will be sure to come down to the Quarries."

I then bade my kind host good-night. Ory accompanied me to the front door. Though she tried to keep up her spirits, I knew that her mind was pre-occupied, not to say anxious.

"Do you know, Ory, that I feel our parting to-night as if I had lived here and known you all my life?"

"What has happened within the last twenty-four hours can account for the feeling. I have the same. But I part with you this evening, however, with far less misgiving than I had when I saw you descend the steps of the quarry platform, on that ever memorable night, nearly a month ago."

"I thought I had left you in a swoon when I departed that night?" I answered.

"So you did. But your shadow had scarcely disappeared from the door, than I rose and followed you through the dark. The danger was all to come then; now it is past. But you will continue to wear your little Egyptian cross all the same?"

"To my dying day, Ory. Before, it was an amulet; now, it is a memorial."

"Accept this further token to-night. If more perishable, it is none the less sincere."

And she handed me a neat little bunch of phlox.

"Crimson and white like your cheek this moment, Ory. I accept the emblems."

I pressed the flowers to my lips. She turned away as half-frightened at the sense I had given her words and her present, but I seized her hand and hastened my good-night.

"God be with you," she murmured. "Take good care of yourself, mind that wound of yours, and au revoir!"

"Au revoir!" I exclaimed, affecting to be gay, but my heart was very heavy as I entered under the shadows of the great trees. A moment later I was out of the park, and then I was solitary indeed. The shutting of that door was as the closing of Paradise to me. But I walked away. I knew that Ory was still standing on the step looking in my direction, thinking of me and praying for me. And oh! it was ecstasy to feel that though I were forsaken by all the world, there was one of God's purest and loveliest creatures who cared for me.

It was high midnight when I reached home. By the use of my latch-key I contrived to get into the house without disturbing any one. I felt no desire for sleep, but knowing that I really needed rest, and desiring to be up early in the morning, I went to bed. I managed to drive off importunate thoughts as they rose, and having recourse, besides, to the merry monk's rule of mumbling the same prayer over and over, I soon fell into a deep sleep.

(To be continued.)

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

A TIMELY PAPER.

At this season of the year, when so many persons are drowned, or barely escape drowning, while bathing at the sea-side resorts, the matter has a special practical interest. Dr. Lambert, of New York, has recently published a pamphlet, in which he takes the ground that persons drowned or strangled are, for a much longer time than has been supposed, in a condition of suspended animation; and that their vital functions can be restored by simply heating the body to a degree somewhat above its normal temperature. He recommends using sheets of cloth wrapped around the person, and kept continually soaked with hot water; or a warm bath, maintained at about 100° F., answers the same purpose. He asserts positively that water does not enter the lungs in any quantity sufficient to embarrass their action, and that therefore the inflation of the lungs with air, in the case of persons drowned, is not necessary; also, that recovery can confidently be expected many hours after the strangulation.

Some remarkable cases of success attending this mode of resuscitation are instanced, and also the well-known fact that flies and other insects, and dogs, cats, and birds, have been often drowned, and afterwards revived by heat alone; and this treatment has been practiced several times on the same subject, without any bad result.

The *American Exchange and Review* says that Dr. Lambert's theory, though perhaps original with him, has been anticipated by Dr. Edmund Goodwyn, of London, who in 1788 published a volume on "The Connexion of Life with Respiration," in which he calls strangulation a "disease," and recommends that gentle, artificial inflation and exhaustion of the lungs should be practiced on persons drowned, as well as heat applied to them to about 100° F.

After detailing some astonishing experiments on animals, in suspending their animation and reviving it, including the introduction, without drowning, of as much as three or four ounces of water into the lungs of certain unfortunate cats and dogs, which lived on afterwards, apparently but little affected by such hard experiments, Dr. Goodwyn gives the following as deductions from his researches:

(1.) A small quantity of water commonly passes into the lungs in drowning.

(2.) The water enters into the lungs during the efforts to inspire, and mixing with the pulmonary mucus, occasions the frothy appearance mentioned by authors.

(3.) The whole of this fluid in the lungs is not sufficient to produce the changes that take place in drowning. And hence it follows that the water in which the animal is drowned produces all the changes that take place in drowning, indirectly, by excluding the atmospheric air from the lungs.

This theory certainly deserves the most careful investigation on the part of medical men. If it shall prove to be well founded, we can hardly doubt that hundreds of drowned persons who might have been saved have been buried in a state of suspended animation. It is a comfort, under the circumstances, to believe that, if heat was necessary for the restoration of vitality, they were not likely to return to consciousness after being placed in the cold grave or tomb. We hope that the subject will soon be examined by experts, and that the results, whatever they may be, will be promptly announced.

VARIETIES.

DISRAELI.—Lord Beaconsfield is described as remarkably careful in his dress, although he no longer appears in embroidered waistcoats, festoons of gold chains, silk-lined coats and light trousers. He goes now to the House of Commons mornings quietly dressed in a frock coat, a black necktie and a pair of bronze-coloured trousers. But when he takes his walks abroad he dons a wonderful light overcoat, with trousers a shade darker, a blue necktie, and, when the east wind blows, a white silk handkerchief loosely tied round the throat. In strange contrast to the white silk are the sunken, wrinkled cheeks, and the dead, unmoved expression. His face shows his age; but from a back view that cunningly-cut overcoat would seem to surround a man of forty.

MARIA DEL PILAR.—The late Spanish Princess Maria del Pilar is described as having been the loveliest of all King Alfonso's sisters. She was tall, fair and graceful, and had most winning manners. The king arrived at Escoriala too late to see his sister alive. When the train entered the station General Loma had just received a telegram announcing her death, and at first dared not tell the king, who repeatedly asked him to tell the entire truth. At last the king said, "I have suffered so much during the past year that I can bear new trials. Do tell me the reality." Much moved, General Loma held out the telegram. The king became very pale as he read it silently, and, turning to the Princess of the Asturias, he said, "Our sister is no more." The Princess, who was nineteen years old, was, it is rumoured, to be the wife of an Austrian archduke.

CARL SCHURZ.—In Secretary Schurz's beautiful library, which no one who has ever entered forgets, stands an easel, and on that easel is a life-sized portrait in India ink—a face and bust—of marvellous beauty and tenderness. It is more than a picture—it is a presence; and it hallows the apartment with a sense of "the tender grace of a day that is dead." No one who knew Mrs. Schurz in her life-time, or who recalls Mrs. Mary Clemm's touching and tender analysis of her character in the *Independent* shortly after her death, but approaches that picture as if it were a shrine. To the pure and loyal heart of her husband I know it is such; and if you have ever seen him in his library you have felt that that gentle presence became a participator in the interview. Numa had his Egeria, and Sir Galahad his blessed vision; and Carl Schurz, returning to his lonely home at nightfall, after days of such intense hard work as few men realize—a work which is to him more than a vocation, even a consecration—opens softly the door of his favourite room, and finds awaiting him those sweetly-following eyes.

LONGFELLOW'S WORK.—The "Wreck of the Hesperus" was written in 1839, at midnight. A violent storm had occurred the night before, the distress and disasters at sea had been great, especially along the coasts of the New England coast. The papers of the day were full of the news of disaster. The poet was sitting alone in his study late at night, when the vision of the wrecked Hesperus came drifting on the disturbed tides of thought into his mind. He went to bed, but could not sleep. He arose and wrote the poem, which came into his mind by whole stanzas, finishing them just as the clock—the old clock on the stairs—was striking three.

Sir Walter Scott says that he was led to write the romance of "Kenilworth" because the first stanza of Mickle's famous ballad of "Cunmor Hall" haunted him:

"The dews of summer night did fall,  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
Silvered the towers of Cunmor Hall,  
And many an oak that grew thereby."

Longfellow says that he was, as he thinks, led to write the "Wreck of the Hesperus" because

the words "Norman Woe," which were associated with the disasters at sea, seemed to him so indescribably sad.

BALKY HORSES.—A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals recommends the following rules for the treatment of balky horses:

1. Pat the horse upon the neck, examine the harness carefully, first on one side then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon and give the word go; generally he will obey.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle. If the first dance of this kind doesn't cure him, the second one will be sure to do it.

3. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut off the wind till he wants to go, and then let him go.

4. The brains of horses seem to entertain but one idea at a time; thus continued whipping only confirms the stubborn resolve; if you can by any means give him a new subject to think of you will have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore-leg, just below the knee, and tie in a bow-knot. At the first check he will go dancing off, and, after going a short distance, you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury to the tendon in your further drive.

CHAMPAGNE.—Henry Vizetelly has recently published a book giving facts about champagne and other sparkling wines of Europe. He is said to be an authority on these matters, and his opinion is of value. He says that France consumes light and moderately sweet wines; the United States gives a preference to the intermediate qualities; China, India and other hot climates stipulate for light, dry wines, while the very strong ones go to Australia and the Cape. Not merely the driest, but the very best wines of the best manufacturers, and commanding, of course, the highest prices, are invariably reserved for the English market. The sweet wines go to Russia or Germany, the syrupy product of Roderer being regarded by the sweet-toothed Muscovite as the beau ideal of champagne, and the Germans demanding wines with twenty or more per cent. of spirit, or nearly quadruple the quantity contained in the average champagnes shipped to England. He claims that champagne of fine quality should never be mixed with ice or iced water; neither should it be iced to a great extent, for the natural lightness of the wine prevents its being diluted without being utterly spoiled, and the excessive cold destroys alike the fragrant bouquet of the wine and its delicate vinous flavour. Really good champagne should not be iced below fifty degrees Fahrenheit, while sweet wines may be iced almost to freezing point, and will not be hurt by the process.

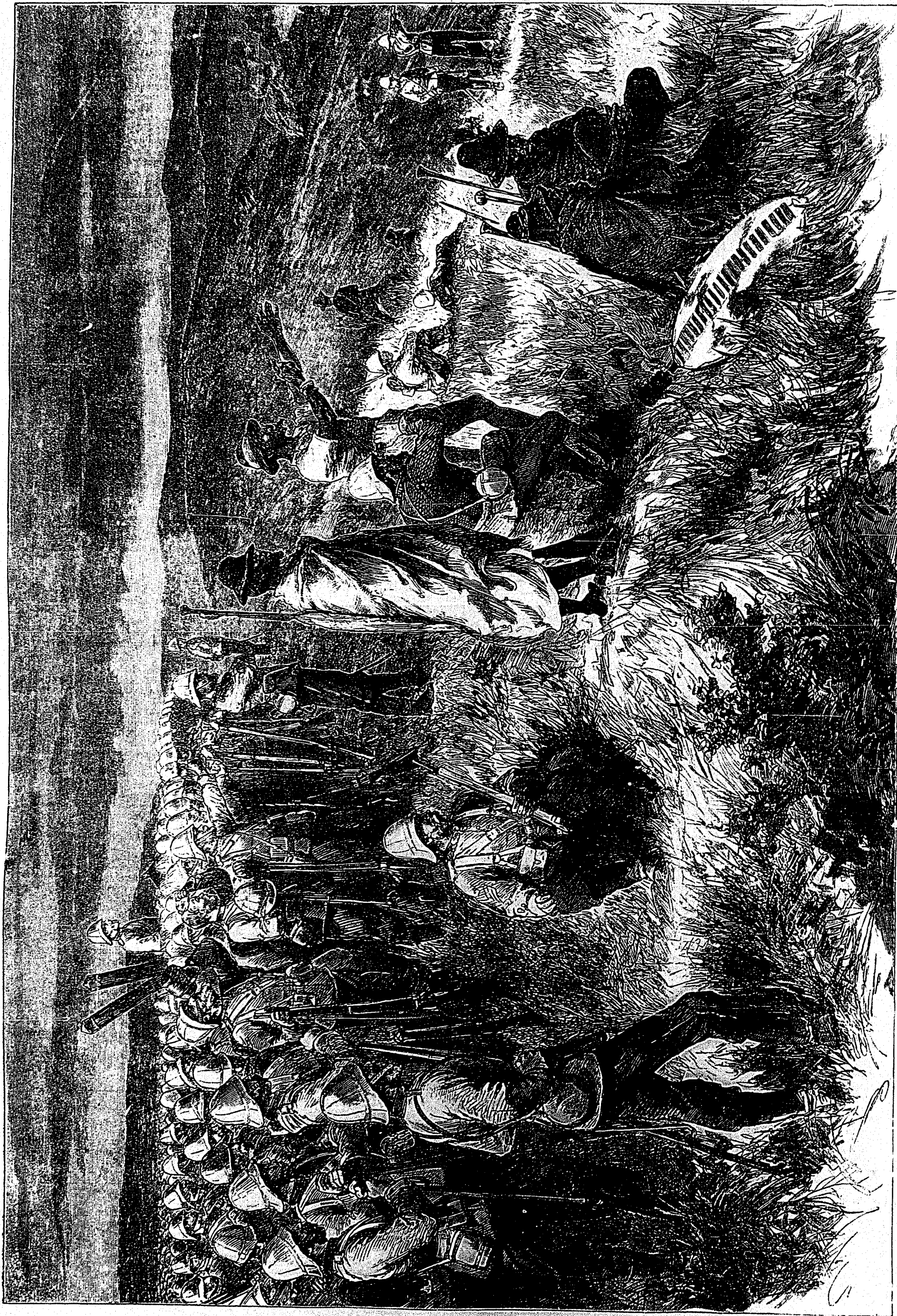
THE BEST PROJECT.—In view of the resuscitation of the old project for building what is known as the Huron Ship Canal—a canal to connect Lakes Huron and Ontario—the *London Times* incidentally shows what advantages would accrue in the movement of the immense grain crops of the West through the use of the projected waterway. These advantages may be briefly summed up as a saving of distance, consequently of time, between Chicago and the seaboard, and a reduction of the cost of freight. Now these advantages would no doubt be of a very material description, and while we have no desire to underrate them, we have no hesitation whatever in saying that a much better route in every respect could be obtained by way of the Ottawa and French Rivers. Competent engineers have shown that a canal by the Ottawa and French Rivers would cost about one-fourth of the estimated cost of the Huron Canal. There would be abundance of water at the summit level for the whole season of navigation, and no necessity to build expensive works to provide reserves for the "dry season." There would be less lockage and less canalizing than by any other route existing or possible, and consequently greater average speed on the whole journey. The mileage distance would be less between Chicago and tide-water than by any other route, and the greatest number of "round trips" could be made during the season of navigation. All the advantages, therefore, less first cost, shorter distance between terminal points, certainty of water supply, and better facilities for navigation, are in favor of a project by the Ottawa and French rivers. And there is nothing more certain than that the farming interests of the great West, in which we must include our own North-Western territory, could be immensely benefited by the construction of a canal by the Ottawa River.

"How long will the combination system last?" asked the writer of a well-known and good actor the other day. "Till doomsday, I'm afraid," said he. The same question was asked of another equally well-known and good player, and he replied, "This season will finish it."

A CARD.

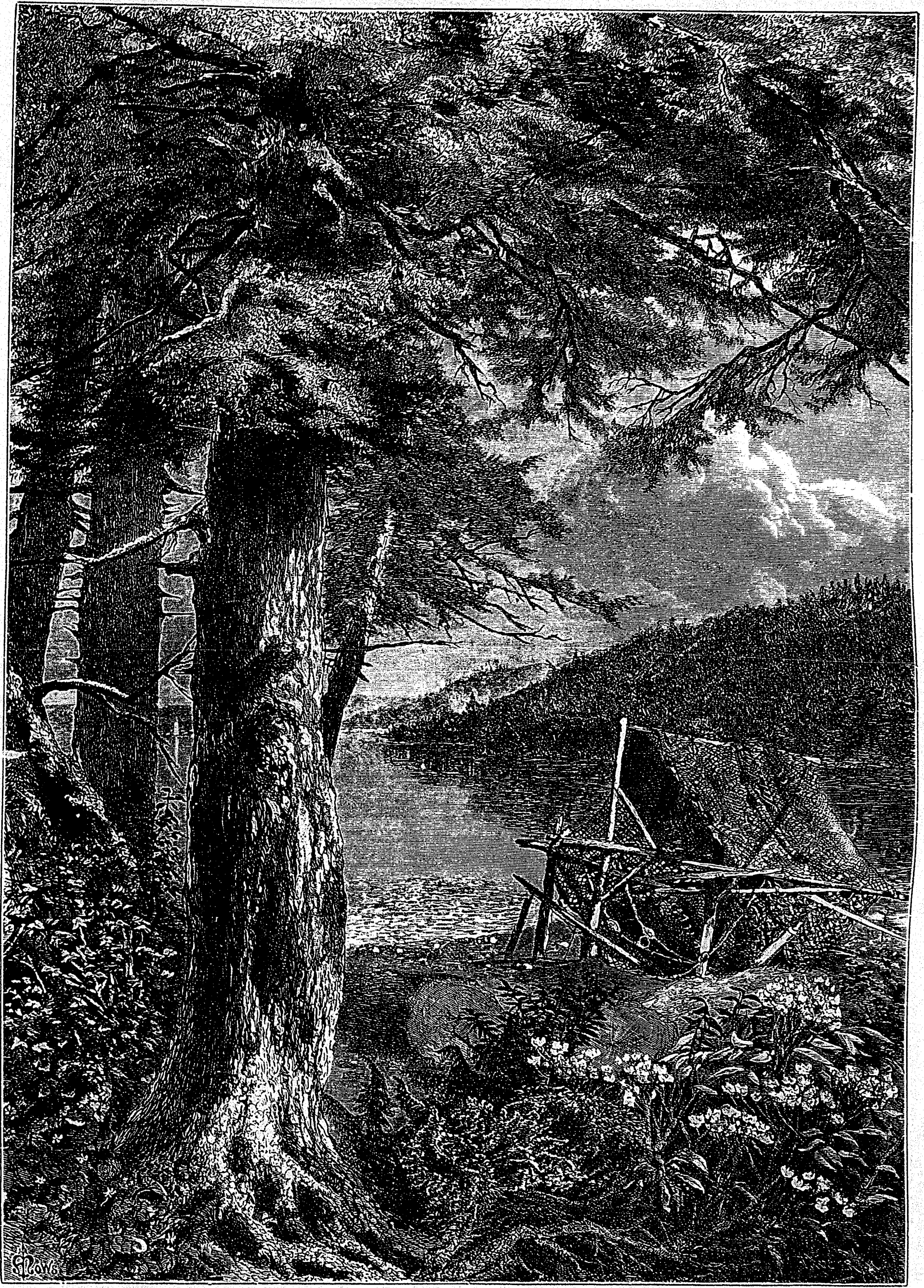
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. LEMAN, Station D, New York City.





THE ZULU WAR.—IN SIGHT OF ULUNDI.





LAKE SCENE.—BY JOHN A. HOW.



SCRAPING COTTON.

Oh! de noon time, chillen, is creepin' dis way. We'll soon hear de dinner horn blow. Oh! t' ke dem t' vines--tackles 'em I say. And pull for de seed ob de row. Oh! time's a rollin' on!

NIAGARA FALLS.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

In regard to having favors thrust upon her, the fair City of Hamilton, unfortunately, has not much to be grateful for. There is, however, one advantage enjoyed by her citizens--one that cannot easily be taken away from them--and it is that the city is only about one hour and a half distant from the Falls of Niagara.

The falls illuminated by electric light is a new feature, this summer, and the people are now indulging in the luxury of "evening trips" to witness the marvellous effect which that wonderful light has upon the waters of the greatest cataract on earth.

The electric lights are placed in what many of your readers will remember as "Prospect Park," on the American side, and are intended to cast a reflection on the American fall. They do so; or to speak more correctly, in my opinion, the fall rather throws a reflection on the light.

I had expected to find the whole immediate atmosphere brilliantly illuminated with a beautiful white light that would show the foaming torrent in exquisite light and shade; but, alas! my fancy always did lead me astray. Disappointed! No; one can never be disappointed at the Falls, but the illumination--well, fancy Central Park, at New York, lit up with a couple of Chinese lanterns, or St. Paul's illuminated by two or three wax candles.

The electric light will do the Falls no harm, but before it can do much good the apparatus will have to be built in proportion to the size of the mighty cataract; and, until that is done, people will have to be contented with the illuminating powers which "Old Sol" alone can supply.

Hamilton, Aug., 1879.

W. F. McMAHON.

ASTRONOMY.

There is scarcely a fact in the whole history of astronomy which furnishes the student of science with more food for reflection than the reason which induced Copernicus to deny that the earth was immovably fixed in the centre of the universe, and that the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn revolved around it as around a common centre.

A savage who sees a clock for the first time, does not detect at the first glance that the hands are in motion; it may take a minute of time to detect the direction of motion of the minute hand, and a much longer period would be necessary to be aware of the fact that the hour hand is in motion also.

The theory of Sir Isaac Newton assumes two moving powers given to the planets by the Creator at the beginning of the world, the one a centripetal force impelling the planets towards the Sun, the other a centrifugal force which hurries them away from it; the one counterbalancing the other. It will be observed that Newton makes no attempt whatever to account for the real cause of the motion, but leaves us as much in the dark as ever.

tal cost him nothing; the same remark will apply with equal justice to the moving powers of Sir Isaac Newton.

If the proof of the Copernican theory rested on its conformity in point of simplicity to the general economy of the universe, it would seem to me that the theory of Newton was grounded and approved on opposite principles. Instead of multiplying forces to account for everything, let us consider the source from which flows all our mechanical power, and we cannot fail to regard the heat of the Sun as the fountain of all our potential energy and the source of life.

August 25th, 1879.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.--Letters and papers to hand. Many thanks. Also, correct solution of Problem No. 212 received.

The gap in Chess periodicals caused by the discontinuance of the Westminster Papers is about to be filled by a serial to be called the Chess Monthly, to be published in London, Eng. It is to be under the management of Messrs. Zukertort and Hoffer, and the standing of these gentlemen in the Chess world will, no doubt, lead to their receiving the best of aid from the public in their new undertaking.

Two clubs engage in a Chess contest by telegraph. The game arrives at such a stage that, say, White has the Queen's Rook on the Queen's seventh square. At this point, it is White's turn to move, and he sends the following message:--"R. Q. R to Q 7." Black demands a penalty. Is he justified in so doing, and why?

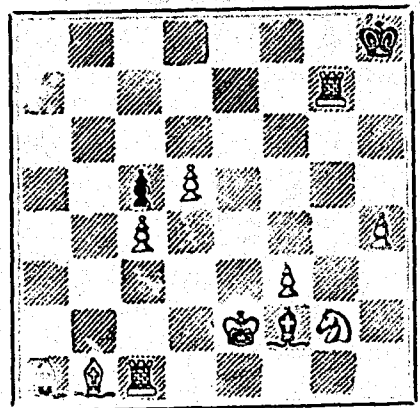
We insert in our Column this week the thirteenth game in the match between Mason and Potter. As a specimen of careful play between two remarkably equal antagonists it is well deserving the attention of the Chess student.

We are informed that the contest which has been going on between Messrs. Blackburne and Bird at the Divan is not to be looked upon as a match, but as "a small private affair." This seems a roundabout way of describing a trial of strength, but we have no objection. It is true that we have a penchant for calling spades, cuts, and roses by their familiar names, not being able to rid ourselves of the impression that, however designated, the implement, animal, and flower in question will be neither better nor worse adapted respectively for the purposes to which they are usually applied.

PROBLEM No. 240.

By Rev. A. CYRIL PEARSON.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 385TH.

(From Land and Water.)

CHESS IN LONDON.

Thirteenth game in the Mason and Potter match.

(French Defence.)

WHITE.--(Mr. Mason.) BLACK.--(Mr. Potter.)

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 3
2. P to Q 4 2. P to Q 4
3. Kt to Q B 3 3. Kt to K B 3
4. P takes P 4. P takes P
5. B to Q 3 5. B to Q 3
6. Kt to B 3 6. Castles
7. Castles 7. P to B 3
8. Kt to K 2 8. Q to B 2
9. Kt to Kt 3 9. P to K Kt 3
10. B to K R 6 (a) 10. R to K sq
11. R to K sq 11. B to K 3
12. P to B 3 12. Q Kt to Q 2
13. Q to B 2 13. Kt to Kt 5
14. B to K Kt 5 14. B to B 5
15. R to R 4 15. K to Kt 2
16. P to K R 3 16. K Kt to B 3
17. R to K 2 17. Kt to Kt sq
18. Q R to K sq 18. Kt to B sq
19. Kt to B sq 19. P to B 3
20. B to Kt 3 20. P takes B
21. P takes B 21. B to B 2
22. Kt to R 4 22. P to Q R 3 (b)
23. Kt to K 3 23. Kt to R 3 (c)
24. K to R 2 24. Kt to K 3
25. Q to Q 2 25. Kt to Kt 4
26. R to K B sq 26. Kt to K 5
27. Q to K sq 27. R to K 2
28. B takes Kt 28. R takes B (d)
29. Q to B 2 29. Q to K 2
30. R from B sq to K sq 30. Q R to K sq
31. Kt to B 3 31. Kt to B 4
32. Kt takes Kt (ch) 32. P takes Kt
33. R takes R (e) 33. B takes Kt
34. Kt to R 4 34. B to Kt 3
35. P to K Kt 4 35. Q to Q 3 (ch)
36. P to Kt 3 36. Q to K 3
37. Kt to Kt 2 37. P to Kt 4
38. Kt to B 4 38. Q to B 2
39. P to Kt 5 39. Q to K 2
40. Q to K 3 40. K to Kt sq (f)
41. P to K R 4 41. P to K R 2
42. Q to K 2 42. Q to Kt 2
43. K to Kt 2 43. R to B 2
44. R to K B sq 44. K to R sq
45. Q to K 3 45. P to Kt 4 (g)
46. P takes P (en passant) 46. Q takes P (h)
47. Kt takes P 47. Q takes Q
48. Kt takes Q 48. B to Kt 3 (i)
49. R to B 4 (j) 49. R to K B sq
50. P to K Kt 4 50. R to K Kt sq
51. P to K 5 51. R to K B sq (k)
52. P to R 5 52. B to K sq
53. P to Kt 6 53. B to Q 2
54. K to Kt 3 54. K to Kt 2
55. K to R 4 55. K to R 2
56. Kt to Kt 4 (ch) 56. K to Kt 2
57. K to Kt 5

And wins.

NOTES.

- (a) Better than B to K Kt 5, as played by Mr. Mason in a previous game.
(b) He should rather have exchanged Rooks.
(c) It is obvious that he cannot take the Kt P.
(d) P takes B is probably preferable.
(e) If B Kt to R 4, R takes R, B Kt takes P (ch), K to R sq, B to B 4, R takes R, B to R 6, B to Kt 3, and Black should win.
(f) Taking the Pawn would, of course, involve the loss of the Queen.
(g) The position previous to this move is, we believe, analytically a draw, but practically Black would be likely to lose, as he would have to play a most difficult game with absolute accuracy. We therefore look upon the text move as perfectly justifiable in itself.
(h) Black hesitated between this and Q to Kt 5. The latter is far superior, and would yield a very good chance of drawing, whereas the text move, though it brings an exchange of Q and seems to free the B, renders his game almost hopeless.
(i) B takes P must be preferable.
(j) He could safely take the P, and it would be the best course, as after P to K 6 he could continue with P to K Kt 4.
(k) He should play K to R 2.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 38.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to Q Kt sq 1. B to K R 4
2. R to K Kt 6 2. Any move.
3. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 26.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q 4 1. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 237

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at Q Kt 6 K at K R 7
R at K 2 Q at Q B 3
B at K Kt 4 B at Q 4
R at Q B 5 Pawns at K R 6
Kt at K B 2 K B 5, K Kt 6
and Q B 2

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROSPECTUS OF VOL. XX.

We have the pleasure to announce to all our friends and patrons that this is the XXth Volume of

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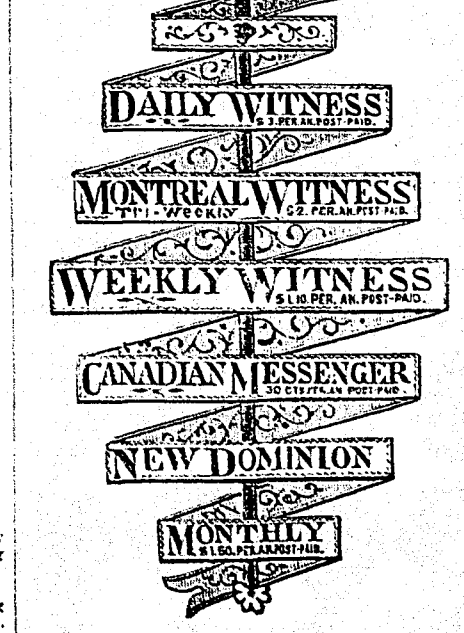
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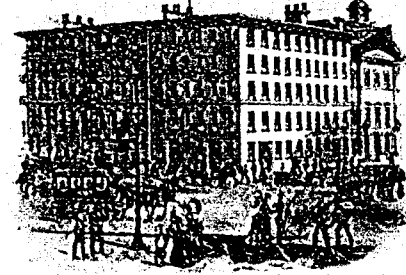
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