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# ANDERSON'S Unabridged News

Vol. XV.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877

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THE VICISSITUDES OF HIGH LIVING.

MISTRESS TO MAID:—"You must go, NANCY. We cannot afford a servant any longer. I must hereafter do my own work. Now-a-days the girl who earns her wages is safer than the lady who rolls in wealth."

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All we ask of each subscriber of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is that he will procure us ONE additional subscriber. This can be easily done, and it will go far towards increasing the efficiency of the journal. We are doing our best to put forth a paper creditable to the country, and our friends should make it a point to assist us. Remember that the Dominion should support at least one illustrated paper. Remember too that the "NEWS" is the only purely literary paper in the country. We invite our friends to examine carefully the present number of the paper and judge for themselves of our efforts in their behalf.

## NOTICE.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will appear

### A DOUBLE-PAGE PICTURE

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 17th, 1877.

### POLITICAL ASPERITIES.

The present session has been characterized by a quality of extreme bitterness. Personalities are freely indulged in, charges and counter-charges are hurled across the floor, insulting epithets are exchanged, damaging insinuations are made, and unparliamentary language is made use of, which, if employed outside of the House, would be punished by a blow. And this unedifying conduct is held, not by the obscure members of Parliament, but by the most prominent men, the leaders of the Opposition and the Ministers of the Crown. A feeling of discouragement and disgust is produced by these discreditable proceedings, and the elector who reads of them by the quietude of his fireside, is led to resent the waste of time and public money by men who, instead of attending to the business of the country, waste the precious evenings of the session in personal recriminations. It hardly becomes the press to set up as censor in the premises, seeing that the papers of every party are equally guilty of the proprieties in conducting political discussion, often descending to a depth of scurrility and indecency which would shame a far less civilized community than ours. But the press is, nevertheless, the organ of public opinion, and while admitting, if not lamenting, its own delinquencies, is obliged to animadvert freely on the shortcomings of our representatives in Parliament. The Speaker has high duties to perform in this matter. Although his position is one of extreme delicacy, he is still invested with undoubted authority, and in his capacity as First Commoner, owes it to the people, no less than to himself, to enforce the most rigid observance of Parliamentary decorum. Mr. ANGLIN will only add to his own prestige, as well as win the applause of every gentleman in the land, if, hereafter, he sternly recalls to his duty any member—be he even a Minister—

who, by word or act, trespasses the bounds of Parliamentary propriety.

As we just stated, political acerbity is not confined to the members of the House. It finds another vent in the newspapers. We do not refer particularly to the Ottawa correspondences which are a running commentary on the debates, with additional doses of vinegar dashed in, here and there, and which, as a rule, do more harm to their authors and the papers that pay for them, than to the high personages whom they revile, but we allude to the garbled reports of Parliamentary proceedings which are printed every morning. The injustice of these reports has become so glaring that, in order to get a correct idea of what is going on at Ottawa, it is absolutely necessary to read the reports of the two rival political journals and strike a balance between them. This, under certain aspects, is amusing enough, but it is a most withering commentary on the reliability of journalism.

On this point, as we had occasion to remark once before, the public have a right to complain. They buy newspapers for news, and the first quality of news, as of everything else in the world, is truthfulness. In political news, more especially, it is the interest of all parties that the truth should be known. If a journal does not wish to give a political rival the benefit of its columns to chronicle his course in Parliament, it may ignore him altogether. But then let it have the courageous honesty to inform its readers that it so ignores him. Thus it will be guilty of only the minor sin of omission towards its subscribers. But if it notices the politician at all, it must tell the simple truth about him, else it practices a fraud upon the public and insults the intelligence of its readers. There are many ways of reporting political friends or enemies without violating the absolute truth: and journalists have therefore no excuse for stooping to a course of misrepresentation. Men of culture and standing, for the most part, they should not allow their pens to be prostituted, either at the bidding of their superiors, or to earn the evanescent favor of politicians.

### CANADIAN INVENTIONS.

In the March number of the *Canadian Mechanics' Magazine*, a monthly publication of sterling merit, deserving the support of every workman in the Dominion, there is an article by the editor that struck us as deserving the consideration of our readers, from the authoritative manner in which he deals with the vital question of labor-saving machinery as a factor in the wealth of the country. He begins by observing that the population of Canada, being a mixed race, is well suited for carrying on to advantage many kinds of manufactures, more so, in fact, than if its inhabitants consisted of one race only. French Canadians, both male and female, are particularly well adapted to work in manufactories where the labor is not too heavy, and they readily pick up any business they are put to. The inhabitants of the Province of Ontario consist of a great number of sturdy, cautious Scotchmen who are well adapted for their favorite occupation of farming, and judging from the increasing demand in England for fresh meat from America, fruits and other produce, and the ascertained fact that fresh meat can be exported to England with a certainty of profit, a fine field is now opened for agricultural enterprise. The people of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's Island have, in addition to many of the advantages which other parts of the Dominion possess, their coal mines, and extensive marine front, which can be turned into great wealth; whilst even the inhabitants of Newfoundland, who are engaged in fishing, might have their spare time, during long winters, profitably employed in manufacturing many staple articles of more or less value. British Columbia, and Manitoba also, although but infant colonies, will no doubt find many sources

from which wealth can be extracted. These facts being as stated, the question naturally arises—how are we to compete with the United States, alone, and against their protective tariff? The answer is given categorically, and in few words. If it is correct, it is certainly one that requires to be widely known. We are told that the only means of competing with our neighbors is to rival them in the perfection of their machinery and their numerous inventions and contrivances for saving labor. Hitherto, our mechanical appliances have been old-fashioned, or at least, not abreast of the rapid progress of the United States and other nations. The editor instances several departments of industry which go to establish his affirmation. He declares also, that the ignorance of the working classes as to those that are ultimately for their advantage has caused opposition in every country to labor-saving inventions. There have been notorious cases in this very Province which are properly pointed out. And yet the workman ought to be the first to understand that it is to the facilities afforded by such inventions that the manufacturers of one country are successfully able to compete with those of another; and that without such facilities, the very trades by which they earn a living would be monopolized by others, or that where 100 persons find employment in a factory working with old-fashioned machinery, 1000 would gain a livelihood in another using machines of the highest degree of perfection, by which a better class of goods could be made and sold at a cheaper rate. There has been no instance within the last fifty years in which labor-saving machines have not vastly increased the demand for labor, and where one person, through his talent or genius, has made a fortune by inventions or improvements in machinery, thousands of his fellow-men have gained a living thereby.

MR. HENRY BISHOP has discovered on his farm in Fitzroy, within twenty miles of Ottawa, a most extraordinary deposit of minerals. It includes copper, bismuth, iron and antimony. It is mixed up in a curious manner that will furnish study for geologists. MR. MILLER has struck a wonderfully rich mine of hepatic, native phosphate of lime, in the rear of Templeton. He has been taking out at the rate of three tons per day of picked blue phosphate, with a working gang of nine men. MR. HAYCOCK commenced to open a phosphate mine near the Haycock iron location, last week.

THE York Pioneers hope to have their log meeting-house completed by June, and to hold their next annual dinner on the 4th of that month in it. It will be primitive in everything, and some of the furniture will be over a hundred years old. It will be built of yellow pine logs with the bark on. The size of the building is to be 40 by 25 feet, with a stone foundation, and is to be one and a half storeys high. A museum of historical relics is to be one of the features of the institution.

THE American and Canadian fresh beef trade has been discussed by the farmers in the Manchester district, who are of opinion that the new importation must exercise a powerful influence on the fortunes of agriculturists in this country, but that the Dutch and French stock exporters to Britain will feel it first. It is also held that the new trade, to which there is practically no limit, must bring down the rents of farms here.

IN the Nova Scotia Assembly, last week, the Provincial Secretary gave notice of a resolution empowering the Governor to appoint a delegation to confer with the delegates from New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island on the question of a maritime union, and report at the next session of the Legislature.

WE are now receiving the *Hansard* regularly, and from an examination of it,

we judge that it is well done. We congratulate Messrs. RICHARDSON and BRADLEY, with their able associates, on the success of the work. We may also mention that the typographical execution is satisfactory, and that the bound volume will be worth preserving.

ACCORDING to official statements of the Servian War Minister, the Servians lost 8,000 killed and 20,000 wounded during the late war.

### ESSENCE OF ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

IMPORTANT DEBATE IN THE LORDS.—BEACONSFIELD'S VIEWS.—SCENE IN THE HOUSE.—ATTACK ON MR. GLADSTONE.—HIS GREAT REPLY.—GOVERNMENT POLICY.

The House of Lords, on the evening of Tuesday, 20th inst., was the scene of one of the most interesting and exciting debates which have taken place for many years. The House was crowded, the Prince and Princess of Wales being present, besides most of the prominent members of the House of Commons.

The Duke of Argyll, who seemed to have a vivid recollection of the severe handling he had experienced a few days ago from Lord Beaconsfield, spoke in a much milder strain than on a former occasion, and though he warned up somewhat in the course of his speech, which lasted an hour and a half, he was comparatively tame. He wanted to know whether the Government had any measure in contemplation to settle matters in Turkey? He did not expect to be taken into the confidence of the Government; in fact, he recommended them to keep their own counsel as to the particulars of their plans—they had already, he considered, been too communicative—only, it would be a great relief to his mind to know that they were still keeping an eye on the future of Turkey. The conciliatory tone of this motion was in marked contrast to the fiery denunciation from the same quarter at the opening of Parliament.

The Earl of Derby assured the noble Duke that the Government were keeping a sharp look out, and doing all they could to make peace between Serbia and Turkey as a preliminary to pressing for internal reforms. In fact, their motto was: "Peace first, reforms afterward." He thought it rather too much to expect that Turkey could proceed with financial reforms, while she was compelled to keep half a million men in arms watching against invasion.

The Earl of Kimberley thought the Government ought to have made the Turks believe that England would go to war with them, unless they yielded to the demands of the Conference. Of course, he did not mean that we should go to war, but only make believe.

The Marquis of Salisbury replied that the Turkish diplomatists were not such fools as the noble Lord seemed to take them for. Even if the Government would lend itself to such a course, it was out of their power to make the Turks believe them. They were blamed for not following up the rejection of their advice by "coercion"—but no one would tell them what was meant by coercion, or how it was to be applied. Were we to take the fleet up the Bosphorus and burn Stamboul? It was said: "Oh! if you threaten to do it, the Turks will yield." Those who spoke in this way did not know the Turks. The fact was that neither we nor any power in Europe would be justified in trying to cut this knotty question with the sword, and all we could do was to wait and watch in hope that Turkey would yet awake to her danger, and carry out those reforms which alone could save her.

The Earl of Granville said that if the Government could show how Turkey could be induced to do justice to her subjects without coercion, they might be assured of general parliamentary support.

Lord Beaconsfield rose at a quarter to eleven to close the debate. He spoke for about an hour and devoted a great part of his speech to a review of the policy of England for many years past, desiring to show that her traditional policy had always been to maintain the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire. He disclaimed any idea of coercion so far as England was concerned. Lord Salisbury had gone to Constantinople as a mediator, and in that office he had succeeded; his only fault being that he gave the Turks credit for more common sense than they seemed to possess.

After a few words from the Duke of Argyll the House adjourned.

The House of Commons, on the night of the 16th, was a scene of great excitement. Every seat in the galleries and on the floor of the House was occupied when Mr. Gladstone rose to call attention to the despatch of Sir Henry Elliot, dated 18th December, of which he had given notice.

He criticized at some length the obligations of the existing treaties and defended the action of the late Government in connection therewith. He spoke with considerable force, but was evidently embarrassed by his anxiety not to commit himself or his party to any definite expression of opinion as to the course to be adopted. The early part of the debate was therefore somewhat tame and narrowly escaped being brought to an ignominious termination during the dinner hour by a "count out."

Shortly after 9 o'clock, the proceedings were enlivened by a violent attack on Mr. Gladstone made by Mr. Chaplin, who taunted that Hon. gentleman with having made inflammatory speeches during the autumn. He charged him with making accusations against the Government, when he knew that they could not be present to repel them, and concluded a most virulent speech by saying that "as a man of honour, Mr. Gladstone had no alternative but to test the opinion of Parliament or to withdraw his charges."

The Speaker being appealed to amid great excitement, ruled the remark to be out of order and Mr. Chaplin had to withdraw it and apologize. He then continued his speech in a more subdued strain, and, on being challenged, moved the adjournment of the House and gave Mr. Gladstone an opportunity of replying, of which he promptly availed himself.

The House was now crowded, members pouring in from the dining and smoking rooms at the news of the attack, and ringing cheers and counter cheers greeted the Liberal champion as he rose to reply to his daring but inexperienced adversary.

Being now free from the trammels hitherto imposed on him by party necessities, the Ex-Premier showed himself still possessed of all his old fire and energy. He spoke at first with some emotion as though overcome by the unexpectedness and personality of the attack, but as he proceeded, he recovered his usual equanimity and bantered Mr. Chaplin with a keenness of irony which moved the general laughter of the House, and made that gentleman look exquisitely uncomfortable. Although the old Liberal gladiator has become old and somewhat garrulous, he is still much too formidable to be attacked with impunity by such small fry as the Member for Lincolnshire.

Mr. Hardy made an effective reply to Mr. Gladstone's strictures, and stated that the Government considered themselves still bound by the treaties of 1856 and 1871. He argued that if the Government were not bound by these treaties neither was Turkey, and that they could not repudiate the responsibilities they had undertaken and at the same time hold Turkey responsible. The Government had no intention of going to war on behalf of Turkey, but he declined to say what course they might think proper to pursue under a different state of affairs.

Mr. Leonard Courtney made a very lucid and argumentative first speech. He maintained that England had no obligation with Turkey, but only with the other contracting powers. He thought that the Government should intimate to Austria and France that they considered the treaty no longer binding and then, if the necessity arose, they would be free to act as they chose.

Mr. Whitworth said he had been eighteen years in the service of Russia, and that "with the exception of the Emperor, all the highest Russian officials were adepts at lying and no dependence was to be placed on a word they said." There was as much cruelty practiced and as many atrocities were committed in Russia as ever there had been in Turkey, and the Turks had a great advantage over the Russians in being truthful and honorable.

This strong language coming from the Opposition benches was greeted with loud Conservative cheers.

On the 19th, Mr. Gladstone asked "who were the important personages" with respect to whom Sir Henry Elliot stated, in his despatch of 18th December last, that they had "made a declaration that the Turks must be driven out of Europe."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that "he really did not know," but he thought that the Hon. gentleman himself was one of the personages referred to, as there was a very general impression that he had recommended such a policy.

Mr. Gladstone hoped that enquiry would be made, to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that he had sent to Sir Henry Elliot for information, but he was not in town. The matter then dropped.

Mr. Edward Jenkins, who has been absent from the House through illness, gave notice through Sir Henry Jackson that he would bring in a bill for the "more effectual control and care of habitual drunkards."

The Oxford and Cambridge University Bill was read a second time.

W. H. F.

LONDON, 22 Feb., 1877.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

A BREAK IN THE OCEAN CABLE is the title of a very neat pamphlet published by Dawson Brothers, of this city. The author is Canon Baldwin, Rector of the Parish of Montreal, and the subject matter, a sermon recently preached by him in Christ Church Cathedral. The title is a pretty and poetic one, and the treatment worthy of the distinguished divine. The application is stated to be "The spiritual and vital communion which once existed between God and man, and which, like a cable, bound creator and creature together, has been severed by the unbelief of man." It will be seen at a glance what a series of striking images and illustrated lessons the allegory of the ocean cable, thus applied, can bring out, and it is only justice to say that the preacher has brought them out with fervor and eloquence. We cordially recommend the pamphlet to our readers.

We may be permitted, however, to animadvert on the profuse use of double capitals, italics, and other tricks of typography which strike one throughout the volume. This is, of course, a mere matter of taste, but to some it may smack of that sensationalism which Canon Baldwin has himself so zealously denounced in other spheres of literature and art. We may add that we entirely approve of the practice of printing the principal sermons of our leading pastors, thus giving them an enduring form and more permanent usefulness.

May Agnes Fleming is a New Brunswick lady, now residing in New York, where she is married and enjoying both fame and fortune. From humble beginnings in literature, she has risen to a high rank among the American female novelists of the day. Her latest work is Kate Danton, or Captain Danton's Daughters, a very readable story indeed, all the more attractive to Canadians, that most of its incidents are represented as taking place in Canada. She writes smoothly, her constructive talent is good, and the tone of her productions is equally free from sensation or mawkishness. The publishers are Belford Brothers, Toronto, and the book is for sale by Dawson Brothers, of this city.

In a paper, entitled "The Literary Standing of the Dominion," lately read before the Kinkos Club, of Montreal, and published in the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, attention was called, by facts and figures, to the comparatively great literary activity of the French-Canadian race. This is a point of information not sufficiently recognized by outsiders. The *Revue Canadienne* and *L'Opinion Publique* are two literary periodicals which do the highest honor to their writers and readers. A new candidate for public favor, of which the first number has just been published, is the *Revue de Montreal*, devoted to the rather wide programme of theology, philosophy, law, social economy, politics, science, literature, history, education and the fine arts. The first article describes in full the aims, expectations and limitations of the periodical. The poetry is supplied by L. H. Fiedette, the member for Levis, and, though slight, is worthy of his reputation. A paper by P. H. Lemay, on the unlettered poets of Lotbiniere, appears to us rather flimsy and needlessly drawn out. The best contribution to the number is an historical essay by Faucher de St. Maurice on the expedition of Admiral Sir Hovenden Walker against Quebec in 1711. The new magazine promises well, and we bid it welcome among our colleagues for the promotion of Canadian literature.

The new proprietors and managers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY have fully redeemed the promise made by them in the February number. The present March issue—besides being on time, which is a manifest advantage—shows a decided improvement in every department. The articles are more varied and numerous, the tone is lighter and the typographical execution is excellent. Several of the more serious papers are worthy of special commendation. We are sincerely glad to be able to make these remarks, being persuaded that the cause of Canadian literature must profit by every honest effort to promote its interests. A special feature is the ROUND TABLE, lately the Contributor's Club of the *Atlantic*, and in connection therewith the managers cordially invite contributors, and any others who may care to join them, to take their places around it, and ventilate, briefly and pleasantly, and with something of the ease and freedom of friendly converse, any ideas which may occur to them, on topics of social, literary, aesthetic, or popularly scientific character,—with this proviso, however, that the host is in no sense to be held responsible for the opinions expressed by his guests.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The annual visit of Barnabee is always welcome, and Mr. DeZouche deserves the thanks of the public for bringing him on. His performances are a medium between the buffoonery of the stage and the vulgarity of minstrel shows. His own impersonations are very clever and he manages his once fine voice with skillful husbandry. The star is Mrs. Carter, another old favorite, whose upper notes are still as clear as crystal. Miss Holbrook has one of the most genuine contralto voices we ever heard, full, strong, mellow and true. But she is young and new to the stage apparently, which will account for her want of expression. Mr. Collins, the tenor, was excused on account of a bad attack of sore throat, and hence it would not be fair to say more of him. Mr. Emerson, a cornet player, lately from Berlin, is evidently on his first tour, to become known, and we have no doubt that he will not lack engagements. Altogether, from the choice of the pieces, and their execution, the concert was most enjoyable.

It will please our readers to know that several Canadians at present in Paris are doing well. Albani, who is there reaping laurels, has taken them under her protecting wing. Young Deseve is taking lessons from Vieuxtemps, who although retired even from teaching, yet consented to admit this promising stranger. He writes to Albani that Deseve may yet prove the best pupil he ever had. M. Couture, the musical critic who made such a noise here last year, has secured the honorable and, let us hope, lucrative post of chapel-master to the Church of St. Clotilde, at Paris.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISTRESS AND MAID.—This elegant cartoon is an apt illustration of a social truth constantly forced before our eyes by the extravagance of wealthy families, especially such as have risen to sudden opulence. Canada, like all other young countries, has to learn the great lesson of judicious economy, such as is practised in France and Germany. Upstarts in fortune dazzle by their magnificence, and while their elevation is the subject of wonder, their rapid and almost inevitable downfall is no less a source of surprise. The moral of the legend which we append to the cartoon is literally true—that a young woman, in any capacity, who earns an honest wage, by faithful labor, is happier than the wife or daughter of the adventurer or *parvenu*, who may be rolling in wealth, and to-morrow brought down to the pave. Recent occurrences in this city, and elsewhere throughout the country, give a melancholy point to the lesson.

SKETCHES IN THE MONTREAL QUARRIES.—Strangers coming to this beautiful city are struck by the appearance of its buildings, which present an air of solidity and grandeur surpassed by no other city on this continent. Indeed, barring a few streets in New York, there is no city on this continent so well built as Montreal. The stone which goes into these constructions is all quarried from the mountain just behind us. The supply is inexhaustible, and the means of transportation very easy, thus placing the cost within the reach of all. Our sketches to-day represent one of these quarries, which our artist visited for the purpose of examining its interesting geological formations. The apparatus for quarrying are shown, as well as specimens of shells and crystallised rock.

SERGEANT BURT.—This is the portrait of an officer of one of our Volunteer Ontario regiments who has won renown as the savior of drowning men and other unfortunates on numerous occasions. No details are given of his life, but his heroism and humanity are their own best record.

MÉTIS LIGHTHOUSE, QUEBEC.—This lighthouse stands on Little Métis Point, at the east end of the seignior. It was built three years ago by Mr. R. Cameron, of Lancaster, who has built several other lighthouses in the Dominion. It is forty feet high, and has a light which moves around once in two minutes. Several wrecks have taken place in the neighbourhood at different times. Of these, only two, however, within the recollection of many of the inhabitants, were attended with loss of life. One was that of the *Amantia* about the year 1841, on a reef opposite the lighthouse, which, for that reason is still known as the "Amanda Rocks." On that occasion forty-five persons perished. The other is that of the *Hope*, during the night of October 23rd, 1846, at a spot a little to the west of the one just mentioned. A heavy snow-storm was raging at the time. Out of thirteen—all that were on board—only two reached the shore. How they did so they could not tell. The rest perished by the swamping of the boat after they had made only one or two strokes of the oars. The captain, whose name was James E. Warren, was one of the latter. Those who were saved wandered about, wet and cold and weary, till daybreak, when they found themselves near a farm-house, a considerable distance from the scene of the wreck. Here they were kindly received. The bodies of all who perished were at last found and buried in one grave in the Presbyterian burying ground, about two miles west of the lighthouse. A beginning has been made towards putting up a stone to mark their last resting-place. One side of the burying ground referred to overlooks a bay called "L'Anse des Morts" or "Deadmen's Bay," because, according to tradition, a French frigate while Canada was "New France," was wrecked there. Only twenty-nine of these on board succeeded in reaching land, but of those, all except one or two—we forget which—were killed by the Indians. The dwelling house to the right of our picture is the Manor House. To the right of it, in the distance, is seen the spire of Sandy Bay Church.

MASQUERADE ON THE ICE.—The grand masquerade carnival held upon the rink of the Toronto Curling and Skating Club, Adelaide street, on the evening of the 9th ult., was, according to the *Mail*, eminently successful, about 1,500 people attending during the evening. The band of the 10th Royals was in attendance and rendered a select programme of dances, &c. The gallery and platform were crowded by spectators, while the ice, which was in good condition, presented an animated scene. The costumes of "The Flower Girl" and "Mary, Queen of Scots," whose train was supported by an agile page, were much admired, while his Majesty, the "Prince of the Infernal Regions," frisked about, despite the taunts of a host of mischievously-inclined boys who persisted in hanging on to the apology for a forked tail, regardless of the flourishes of an insignificant pitchfork. "Paddy Miles' Boy" would persist in annoying a constable, while "Falstaff" laughed in the company of three barrels of ale. An overgrown babe annoyed all by getting in the road and shaking a tin rattle, while clowns, with tremendous dinner horns, made the rafters ring. Ah Sin was present, but on account of the determination recently evinced by the police authorities to put down gambling, did not show any cards, although he was frequently seen in

the company of the King of Spades, Jack of Clubs, and King of Hearts. Several pretty Sisters of Charity looked bewitching in the company of Chinese Mandarins and Italian Brigands. A couple of St. Valentines led ladies attired in dresses decorated with coloured valentines. Nubian maids, graceful peasants, fairies, flower girls, fisher maids, and Spanish senoras were very attractive, especially to those who accompanied them, who represented crowned heads, princes, knights, cavaliers, &c.

PINEL AT THE SALPETRIERE.—This remarkable picture illustrates an historical event in the great French revolution. The Salpetriere was a prison or bastille where crazy women were confined, laden with chains, tortured with straight jackets, and submitted to ignominy. Perhaps even sane women were sometimes thrown in there. In 1795, Pinel was named Medical Superintendent of this institution, and his first peremptory order was that these unfortunates should be immediately unpinioned. He was the first to inculcate the lesson, since universally applied, of kindness to the insane, as the best means of insuring their recovery. The picture deserves consideration as a study both psychological and artistic.

VICE-PRESIDENT FERRY DECLARING HAYES ELECTED.—We have presented our readers with the chief phases of the now famous Electoral Commission at Washington. We close the series to-day by a sketch representing the last act of the drama—Vice-President Ferry announcing the election of President Hayes. The scene was an impressive one, and Ferry's voice is said to have trembled, as well it might.

MIDHAT PASHA GOING INTO EXILE.—Our readers are familiar with the portrait and history of this remarkable man, as presented lately in the NEWS. They have likewise heard of his sudden, unexpected, and hitherto unexplained fall. Our engraving to-day shows the ex-Grand Vizier advancing to the water's edge to embark on the despatch-boat Izzedin, that is to bear him into exile at Brindisi.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT HAYES.—On Monday noon, the 5th inst., President Hayes, accompanied by ex-President Grant, and a distinguished following, repaired to the Senate Chamber of the Washington Capitol, and took the solemn oath of office. He then proceeded to the east portico of the Capitol where he delivered his inaugural address in the presence of assembled thousands. We need not relate the particulars, as they appeared in all the papers. We prefer giving place to the language of song as inspired by the occasion. The following lines are by Joaquin Muller.

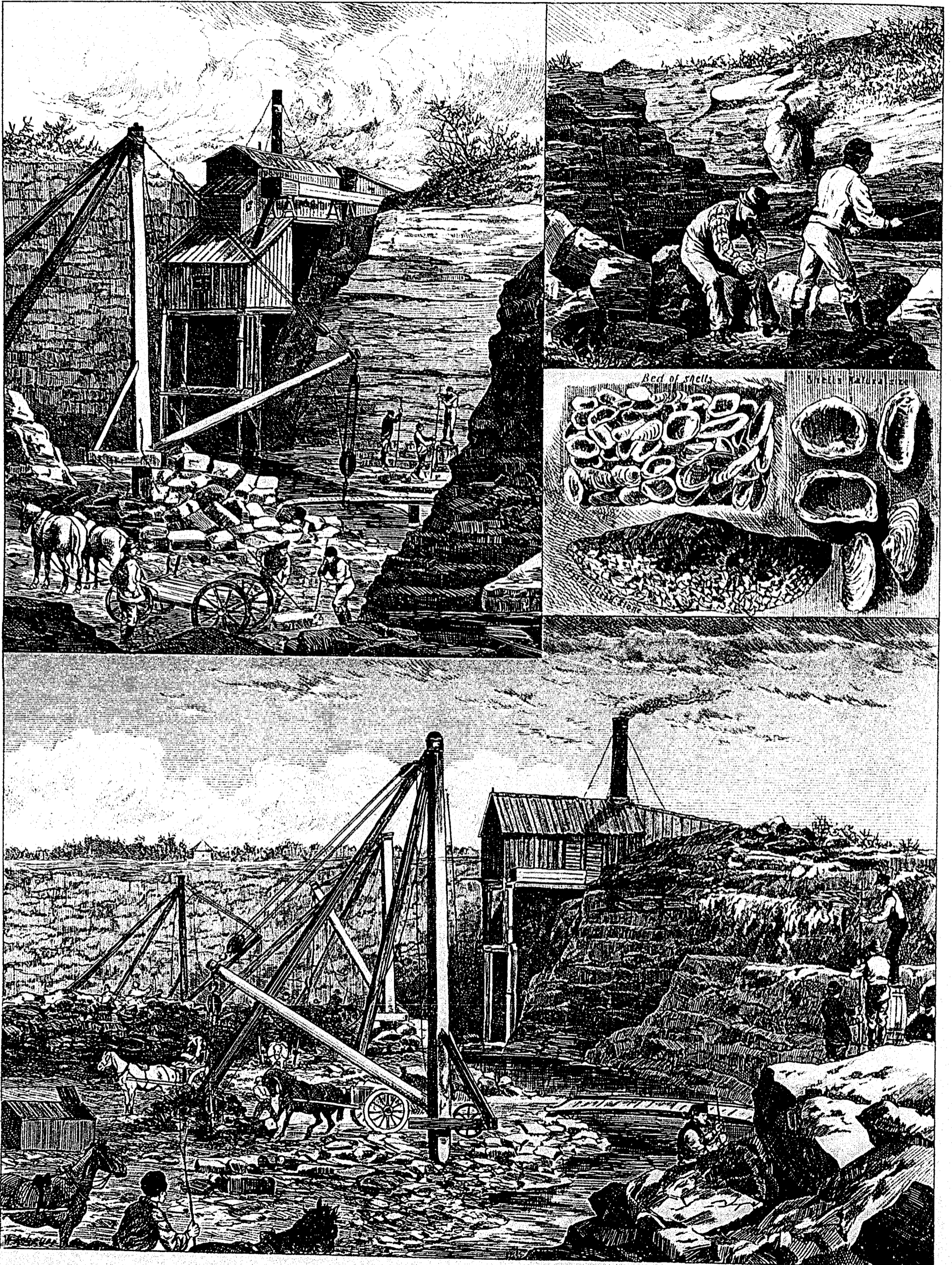
Granite and marble and granite!  
Corridor, column and dome!  
A Capitol, huge as a planet,  
And mighty as marble-built Rome!  
  
Stairsteps of granite to glory!  
Go up with thy face to the sun;  
They are stained with the footsteps and story  
Of giants and battles well won.  
  
Stop—stand on this stairway of granite.  
Lo! Arlington, storied, and still  
With a lullaby hush . . . But the hand it  
Springs fresh as that sun-fronted hill.  
  
Beneath us stout-hearted Potomac  
In majesty moves to the sea.  
Beneath us a sea of proud people  
Moves on, undivided as he.  
  
Yea, strife it is over and ended  
For all the days under the sun;  
The banners white and are blended  
As starlight and sunlight in one.  
  
Lo! banners and banners and banners!  
Proud star-balanced banners of blue—  
If a single star fell from fair heaven  
Why what would befall us, think you?  
  
Lo! Westward and Northward and Southward  
The Captains come home from the wars—  
Now the world shall endure if we only  
Keep perfect this system of stars.  
  
The Captain of Captains leads slowly  
Up the great rounded stairway of stone—  
How unlike on the fierce front of glory  
Where he led till he led all alone!  
  
He stops on the topmost gray granite  
That tops the far highway of fame;  
He kisses the Book, and his hand it  
Uplifts in the great God's name . . .  
  
It is done, God help him! A bolder  
Than Theseus might well hesitate  
To Atlas-like lift on his shoulder  
This proud, splendid Capitol's weight.  
  
God help him! The seven hard labors  
Of Hercules, fate has forecast . . .  
O States, stand as neighbors to neighbors!  
O Statesmen, be Statesmen at last!

ARTISTIC.

MR. LONG'S royal academy picture is entitled "An Egyptian Feast." The artist has seized the moment when the mummy, which was always exhibited at banquets as a sign of mortality, is being wheeled round the room. The guests, half-startled from their reclining position, are gazing at the dead man with a strange commixture of horror and regret.

THE Pope has been having his portrait taken, and two Englishmen, Messrs. John Tatham, of Manchester, and Mr. George Cooper, of Hull, have had a sitting from the Holy Father for a photographic portrait. The artist contemplates producing a large picture, in which Pius IX. will be represented surrounded by his cardinals and signorini. The execution of the work will be entrusted to Mr. Crozier Harrison, of London. Photographic copies will be made by the carbon process.

AMONG other objects of art sold on the 9th inst., at the Hôtel Drouot, was the wedding dagger of King Henry IV., which fetched 12,500 francs. The handle and blade are richly decorated with gold, and are incrustated with small medallions of mother-of-pearl; the whole of the piece is covered with the crowned cypher of the King, the arms of France, *Arms-de-lis*, and a quantity of inscriptions in old French.



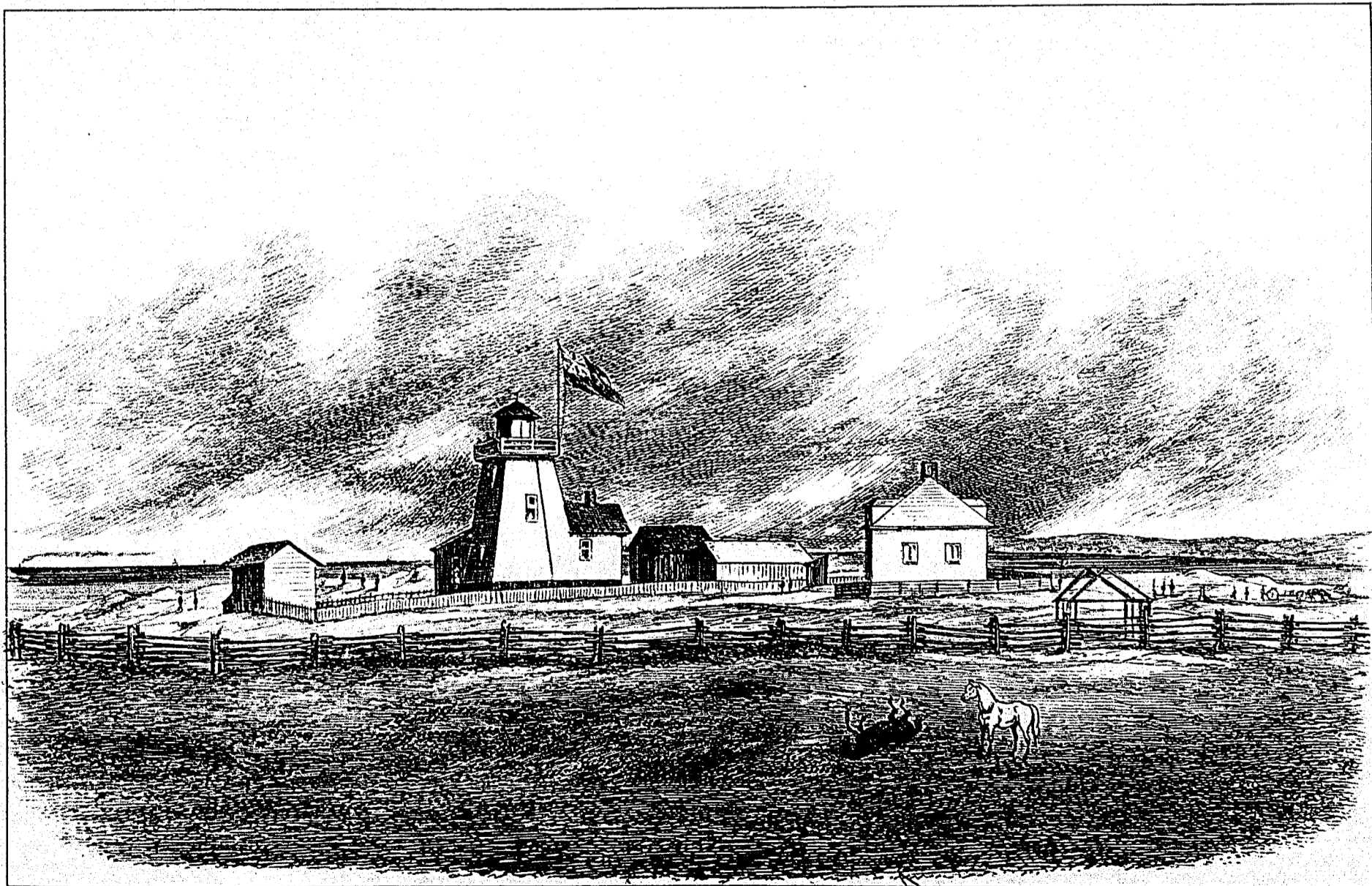
SKETCHES IN THE MONTREAL QUARRIES.



THE LATE REV. W. SMART.



SERGEANT BURT, THE SAVIOR OF MANY LIVES.



THE METIS LIGHT-HOUSE, QUEBEC.—FROM A SKETCH BY REV. T. FENWICK.

## THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.

Aye, give her Empire! for she sits enthroned  
On the firm basis of her people's love;  
Our glorious Monarch! with rare virtues crowned,  
Victoria, Queen, anointed from above!

The setting sun casts no departing rays  
On her dominions wide, from shore to shore,  
And they will bask in his meridian blaze  
Till the firm fat. "Time shall be no more."

Now may the glad New Year auspicious dawn,  
With great prosperity its days be crowned;  
Neath her mild rule may anarchy be gone,  
And blessings rich be scattered all around.

Eastward the star of empire takes its way,  
With pomp and pageantry, to Delhi's gate;  
Rulers and chieftains, subject to her sway,  
Gather in regal Oriental state.

Let the famed jewels bright of India's land  
Flash out their smiling welcome on the scene,  
And all the lands, gift by her "cord strand,"  
Hail to their Empress, "our own gracious Queen!"

And let the trumpet notes sound loud and long,  
And deep reverberate o'er hill and dale;  
Let Britain bring her offerings of song,  
Australia's distant lands take up the tale.

British America sends her greeting,  
Bright welcome, for our Sovereign Lady's sake;  
"The fiery artery, with lightning beating"  
Doth all a nation's "loyal thunder" wake.

See! England's royal standard is unfurled,  
The "Star of India" lights the gorgeous scene;  
One hundred guns proclaim to all the world  
Victoria, Empress! may "God save the Queen!"

The proclamation's read, the thousands cheer,  
The Empress' crown shines radiant on her brow,  
And all throughout her Empire, far and near,  
In loyal fealty to her sceptre bow.

Another crown awaits Victoria's brow,  
When her bright reign is closed in righteousness,  
And with the hosts redeemed, she'll cast it low  
Before the exalted Jesus, Prince of Peace!

Guysboro', N. S.

L. D.

## IN THE GREEN WOODS.

## PART I.

## IN THE WOODS.

"I should think so, indeed," Godfrey was made a hero among the ladies of the party at once. Some of them had settled it among themselves that he was in love, or nearly so, with a single lady of the party, Mary Hapscott, who, they were very sure, was in love with him. Whether Mary Hapscott shared in the conviction it would be difficult to say. She was not over young, very brilliant, and a thorough woman of the world; such women are not apt to be deceived as to a man's feelings; but Godfrey Garth was innocently a very dangerous man, and some very *cassees* women had been deceived by his manner. He was handsome, as all heroes should be, of the large heroic type of beauty all women admire, but seldom see, and like most heroes in real life, he was conscious of his appearance; but what he was not conscious of was his manner, which without meaning anything more than friendly interest, was apt to be caressing towards women, and had already got him into several little difficulties. It is so very natural for a woman, when she sees a man of whom she thinks favourably, listen to her with a deep interest she believes is tender, speak with a caressing tone, care for her comfort with a manner that appears to express feeling more than gallantry; to believe he loves her, especially if she is pretty and knows men are apt to love her; and so he had the reputation amongst some of being a male flirt. But never was a flirt so innocent! He liked women, felt tenderly towards them all, in fact almost loved them all; but on the other hand he had such strength of character, was so good a judge of it in others, and so extremely fastidious in his tastes, that he was a person very unlikely to be prejudiced in favour of any one because of theirs in his favour, or to allow his more tender and still deeper affection to be misplaced.

Thus it was that Mary Hapscott when she heard Godfrey speak of Marie as being so different from her surroundings, felt a jealous pang, and she did the man she loved the injustice to believe that she counted for something in his solicitude for the poor woodcutter.

The next day Mary Hapscott proposed that they should all go to the Ribards farm with Godfrey. It would serve as a pretext for an excursion, and they could replenish their camp stores with perishable articles such as butter and eggs which had run short; the reason seemed sufficient and was hailed with delight, Godfrey being the only one who saw an obstacle to the proposal. He was afraid of the effect of the excitement such an irruption would cause Pierre, but they all promised to remain in the garden and his hesitation was got over; but Mary Hapscott, who could not believe Godfrey would have any serious anxiety about a peasant, believed his objection had been on account of Marie.

The next great question was, how to go? The ladies could not walk, but that was got over by Godfrey proposing they should walk a couple of miles to the place where he had heard the news of Pierre's accident, and then the man who drove him over would have convenience for taking them in a rough way.

The ladies put up a few little delicacies from their camp stores for Pierre, and thus they went.

After much jolting over rough roads they arrived at the farm and were regaled in the garden with honey, fresh butter, milk, and such delicacies as the farm afforded; they were waited upon by Marie with whom Miss Hapscott pretended to be charmed, asking her if she would not come to live with her as her maid, when she learnt from Marie that she wanted as soon as spring came to do something to make herself independent.

Meantime Godfrey was in the house with his patient whom he found regaining his strength and able to talk and thank his preserver.

The poor fellow's gratitude was almost painful; he would have given Godfrey anything he had, and entreated him to accept Jean, his beautiful, faithful hound which he certainly held dearer than anything he owned in the world. The offer touched Godfrey who declined to accept it, but conceived a great liking for the good, simple fellow.

When the ladies had left the camp Godfrey came again and again to the farm; finding Pierre was fond of reading and improving himself, he brought him several books which he had with him to while away the evenings in camp.

The days went by and Pierre's leg got gradually better, but still Godfrey and his companion lingered in the woods. The weather was lovely and Marie such an inveterate sportsman that, as long as Godfrey chose to remain, he would be content; they both loved a hunter's life and made excursions for a day or two sometimes, but always returning to Hart Lake as their headquarters; and then Godfrey would go over to see Pierre, sometimes staying for hours. Marie was very fresh and piquant, Pierre quite an intelligent companion.

The visits of the splendid hunter were delightful episodes in Marie's existence; she had never seen or spoken to such a superior mortal before, and had never got quite over the awe with which his unexpected appearance and skill had inspired her; then he took such kindly interest in her pursuits, even making her tell him all her past life, and involuntarily even her present thoughts and feelings, for alas! Godfrey's manner had again been doing its mischief. It was so easy to get interested in a pretty young woman, out of her place in these rough surroundings; their very roughness even making her seem more refined than she was, and feeling this interest, what so natural as to show it?

With a view to relieve the monotony of her life he talked to her a great deal of Montreal and the great Republic over the line. These conversations usually took place out of doors. Pierre was still too weak to go out, but Marie had frequent little expeditions on hand and Godfrey sometimes unthinkingly accompanied her part of the way; at others he would not go a step, but taking his gun he would stroll off into the woods close by. This was all watched by poor Pierre who believed every time Marie left the house with Godfrey that she was with him the whole time.

Loving Marie as he did, he could not imagine but that every other man must do the same. The thought having once entered his brain was not easily to be dislodged—everything he saw but confirmed his suspicion. Godfrey's kind, playful manner and tender friendly smile could to Pierre's simple imagination mean but one thing; he felt that he would give worlds to possess that smile which in him would mean so much. He watched Marie when Godfrey was there and seeing how animated she was in speaking to him, how her frank vivacity—the sparkling vivacity of old France contrasting as it does so strongly with the manners of her children on this side of the Atlantic, whose gaiety is but noise—bubbled forth when he questioned her about her native country, its customs, ways. And then he heard her singing to him her soft Provencal airs, martistically of course, but gaily, melodiously, as such airs should be sung, and as he lay in his bed (the house possessed no couch) he turned his head to the wall in an agony of grief. He knew very little of social distinctions and he never doubted a moment but that Godfrey was in love with Marie; he could not conceive any one being often near her without loving her. He knew not that compared with women of the world to which Godfrey belonged, Marie was uncultured, almost uneducated, and, at least very unlikely to satisfy completely the usual demands of more refined taste.

As Pierre watched he was tortured between his feeling of gratitude to Godfrey and jealousy of him. He compared himself with him, and wondered how he could hope Marie could love him when she looked at Godfrey; even his stature and strength of which he had been proud was equalled by that of Godfrey; and the grace, he knew he had not, he could not help admiring. He at times felt he hated him, and then he hated himself for the feeling of ingratitude, but how could he be grateful for a life he no longer valued? Death was welcome if he must lose Marie! How hard it was to grudge this man anything! But Marie! He grieved as he thought of her. If it would make her happy could he say or wish anything that would interfere with that happiness?

He felt that he could have almost killed any other than Godfrey who had won Marie from him, but Godfrey he loved and hated at the same time.

Things were in this miserable state with Pierre when Marie and her aunt went to Quebec to make autumn purchases. They were to be gone three or four days.

The first and second day Pierre saw nothing of Godfrey, which now appeared proof enough that he had come only for Marie; but the third morning Godfrey made his appearance, and with complete unconsciousness said that he was going back to Quebec. Pierre's heart gave a great throb of pleasure at the news. Godfrey once away, who knew but that he might win Marie after all, and then his heart sank again at the thought that if Marie did love, and was like himself, how very little the mere absence of the loved one would incline her heart to another.

When Godfrey announced his departure, Pierre supposed he meant when Marie came back; it did not seem possible to him that Marie could be a mere accident in the life of a man who seemed to take pleasure in talking to her, as Godfrey had done; it was with astonishment that he heard him say when he rose to leave:

"Well, Pierre, my friend, I hardly know when we shall start, to-morrow morning or next day, and probably I shall not have time to come again, so I will say good-bye now. Your leg is all right and you will have the use of your foot as well as ever, if you take care of yourself. I shall be this way in the spring and shall drop in and see you."

"Going, sir, to-morrow—and Marie?"

"I am sorry I shall not see her before I go; you must say good-bye to her and your mother for me."

Pierre was so astonished he knew not what to say; he was glad, and when he remembered that but for Godfrey he might have been a cripple for life, yes dead—how far more than life he owed him—the old gratitude surged up, and yet through it all there mingled a vague fear that Marie might suffer and be unhappy.

"I owe you so much, sir, I hope I hope I shall some day be able to do something to show my gratitude, not for saving my life—I don't know that that will be of much value to me now—his voice trembled in spite of himself—but for saving my leg; to have lived a cripple would have been far worse than death."

"Your life of not much value?—Of course it is, to you and to those dear to you—your mother, Marie, and everyone you love. You would not say that if you had seen them as I saw them when I came here; but you had better go out into the air and sun now; you are getting low and melancholy. Good-bye again; I will see your father as I go through the woods."

"Will you not accept Jean from me? I have nothing else that would be of use to you, and I would like you to have him; he is a good dog."

"No, my good fellow, keep your good dog; but if you want to repay me, do a good turn to any poor fellow who comes in your way."

"Indeed, I will."

"Well, good-bye again; don't be impatient to try your strength and you'll be all right." And Godfrey left.

Pierre was stunned with surprise. It was clear to him now that Godfrey did not love Marie; but what if he had made her love him for his amusement? Unsophisticated as Pierre was, he had heard of such things, and he ground his teeth at the thought that he might be bound by ties of gratitude to one who might have played with Marie.

## PART II.

## IN THE CITY.

Meanwhile, Marie was enjoying her trip to Quebec. It was the first time she had been in a Canadian city, and Quebec delighted her. She never tired of looking at the shops, and she and her aunt were in the streets all day long. The second day they were there, while admiring a milliner's window, a tall, beautiful lady, magnificently dressed, came out. Marie was surprised by the lady stopping before her.

"Ah, Marie, I am so glad to see you; I want to know how your brother is progressing; isn't he your brother?"

Marie now recognized the lady as the one of the party who had been to the farm with Godfrey, and who had asked her to be her maid. "My cousin is getting well fast, thank you, mademoiselle."

"I am so glad. And so you and your mother have come to the city for a few days, I suppose."

"Yes, mademoiselle; we always come to buy our winter stores, Pierre and I, but this autumn, as he could not come, I thought I would bring Marie. Marie is my niece, mademoiselle, from old France, the daughter of my sister who—"

"I think mademoiselle has heard it all, aunt," said Marie, arresting her aunt's volubility, and fearing Miss Hapscott might laugh at her.

Miss Hapscott smiled sweetly.

"I am glad you have such nice weather, and now I want you to let Marie go with me; I will drive her round the city and bring her back to you in an hour or two."

Madame Ribard was only too glad for Marie to have any pleasure; and Marie was delighted with the idea of going about in Miss Hapscott's beautiful carriage. Once seated in it, however, she felt awkward and ill-dressed, and out of place, but her new friend soon put her at ease by talking to her pleasantly and showing her the different objects of interest they passed; then she made Marie speak of her home life, and all that went on at the farm now that Pierre was ill, and it was not long before she found out that Godfrey was a frequent visitor there, and exactly the terms on which they were.

"And so you often see Mr. Garth?"

"Ah, yes; he comes very often, and is so very kind; now Pierre is disabled there is no

one to go fishing or shooting for us, for uncle has to do the work of two, and has no time; but Mr. Garth often brings us fish and birds, O, yes, he is very good and kind."

"And very handsome, isn't he, Marie?"

Miss Hapscott fixed her lovely eyes on Marie as she spoke.

"Yes, very handsome, but so good."

"Yes, and you are quite a pretty girl. Do you know if you were a lady I should be very jealous of you, Marie; but I know he is too good to make love to any one he could not marry. Still engaged men are so thoughtless that you must take care of your own heart, little girl."

Marie blushed painfully, and her heart beat faster. With all her simplicity she saw that the lady had an object in what she had just said—the object of warning her—and though she passionately felt the warning was unnecessary, she tried to feel it was kind of her to take such interest, and speak so sweetly when she might have scolded her. But try as she would, she could only feel resentful; but she bravely strove to keep back the tears, and appeared unmoved as she said:

"Mr. Garth has been very good to Pierre, who is like my brother, but there is nothing more; he only thinks of me as a little country girl, and I think of him as a great, good doctor, that's all."

Marie looked through the carriage window, and dared not turn her eyes towards Miss Hapscott for fear the tears should fall. The streets had no more charm for her, and although Miss Hapscott was very pleasant, and told her when she was married she must come to town and see her, Marie was very thankful when she rejoined her aunt.

Poor Marie felt many years older, as she went back to the farm, and yet she hardly knew why she should feel so changed to find Mr. Garth was going to be married. No wild idea of his marrying, or being aught more to her than he was had ever entered her mind; she had never thought about it; and yet he seemed so much more to her than anyone else; he had seemed to take such friendly interest in her; surely he could not be so very kind to everyone he met? Of course he must marry Miss Hapscott, or some one else, and she would never see him again; it was nothing, he was nothing to her; but it would be very hard to go back to that old dull life into which no brightness came. Yet, how ungrateful she was to God, who had spared Pierre who was dear as a brother to her, and brought her there with those who cared for her, and loved her! But Pierre, too, would marry, and then there would only be herself and the old people in that drear house.

Tears of self-pity filled her eyes as she thus pictured herself.

When they arrived home, Pierre was sitting out on the porch to welcome them. With the refinement he had caught from Marie, he had filled the place with autumn flowers, and he had taken his station in the open air to show them how well he was. Nevertheless, he looked so sorrowful that Marie and his mother feared he was worse. They did not know that his suffering was caused by the wound he feared he would inflict on his beloved by telling her Godfrey had gone. Yet it must be off his mind. As soon as Madame Ribard had related every item of her adventures, and how Quebec looked, and what ridiculous fashions were worn, and enlarged on the disgusting laziness and stupidity of everyone, and how Marie had been driving about with the beautiful lady who had come to the farm, then she said:

"And now, non fils, how is that excellent Monsieur Garth?"

"He has gone home; he bade me wish you and Marie 'Good-bye.'"

"Gone home? so suddenly?" almost screamed Madame Ribard, and she had a great deal to say about it in voluble French, and Pierre, with rare delicacy, turned toward the window that he may not see Marie's face; he feels it might reveal a grief she would not wish him to see.

"But, aunt, it is not so surprising; you know I told you he is to be married to Miss Hapscott, and naturally he wishes to be with her."

Pierre turns round at the clear, unflinching tones. Can it be Marie who, he had expected, would have quietly escaped to her room after the announcement he had made, to struggle alone for composure? His heart beat with a great delight and hope! Could he have been mistaken all this time? He looked at Marie; she was very calm—too calm, had he but known it; but in his joy and happiness, he saw in it nothing but her indifference to Godfrey.

From this time he made rapid progress; he took frequent walks with his crutch and Marie for support. What walks those were in which Marie was so gentle and kind, never now indulging in those saucy little humors which had delighted while they made him miserable. Now her manner was so tender and subdued that he found courage, one day, with faltering voice and broken words, to tell Marie the story of his love. Very badly he told it, as earnest lovers are apt to do, but his words went to Marie's heart.

How good and true this honest fellow's words were, which vainly strove to express all he meant, compared with the loving manner of Godfrey Garth.

Pierre waited for her answer, watching the expression of her face, and when she turned towards him with eyes full of tears, upturned to her, he caught both her hands in his and drew her to him.

"Well, dear Marie?"

"O, Pierre, I am not worthy."

"Marie not worthy?"
"I have never thought of you but as a brother: you, if you will have patience I will try to love you."

"Jack, I'm in a scrape again."
"Another scrape, Godfrey? Are you ever going to get out of them? Who is the girl?"

"Don't try to be epigrammatic, Johnny, my boy; it isn't in your line at all. Well, the worst part of the matter is, that I hadn't an inkling of it till to-day: it seems everyone has been betrothing me to Mary Hapscott. Aunt spoke of it this morning, and when I assured her I cared nothing for Mary, she declared that I had acted very badly, and given the world and her reason to think I loved her. It is absurd! perfectly absurd! I like Miss Hapscott as a bright amusing woman, but I never gave her the slightest reason to suppose that I loved her. I never intend to marry her, and have often told her so, not for her benefit, of course, but in the run of conversation. Who would say such a thing to the woman beloved?"

Godfrey Garth walked up and down the room in a state of excitement, while his brother Jack, who had but just returned from a long absence, smoked his Havana in amused silence. When Godfrey had finished he said:

"It is the old story, boy; you talk to women in such a confoundedly loving manner as if they were all the world to you, that I wonder you haven't an annual breach-of-promise case on your hands. I saw you once gazing on Miss Hapscott as if you were trying to read her soul, and all the while I knew you were only just admiring her beautiful eyes. By the way, Godfrey, what about this little country girl?" continued Jack.

"What little country girl?"
"Why, Marcy, in one of his letters, told me you had been playing Good Samaritan in the backwoods, and hinted that there was a nymph in the woods, too."

"Oh, poor Pierre! I must tell you about that, Jack: it is one of the pleasantest incidents that ever befall me. I never thought I was good for much till that happened."

"But the nymph?"
"Little Marie? what about her?"
"Well, I heard you were ruminating, and that there was a pretty girl in the question."

"There was a pretty girl, a very pretty girl, and as nice as she was pretty."
"Who was in love with you, Marcy said?"
"Nonsense!"

"Miss Hapscott says so, too."
"What! ridiculous! Marie thought of no one but Pierre."

"But Miss Hapscott says she met Marie in the city, and from the way in which she spoke of you, she is convinced she loves you."

"Well, I hope she don't, poor little thing, but it is remarkably like Miss Hapscott to set the rumor afloat."

"Well, let us hope it is not true: but for Heaven's sake, Godfrey, try and avoid that sympathetic way you have with women, or you'll be forever in hot water."

"Can't help it, Jack. I never willingly said more than I meant to a woman in my life."

"No, it is the way you say it, you clown!"

Godfrey was in the neighbourhood of the Ribards some months later, and calling, found Pierre quite himself again. Pierre overflowing with gratitude, called his wife, little Marie, who joined her thanks with those of her husband.

Godfrey, who had heard so much about his woodland conquest that he had begun almost to believe it himself, was surprised, a little piquet perhaps, to find Marie a happy and loving wife, but his true, manly feeling asserted itself at once, and he felt nothing but gladness in thinking everyone had been mistaken. But when she gleefully told him that Pierre was going to live in Quebec, next fall, he knew she had attained her heart's simple desire, and that he saw before him one of the happiest of couples; and he was glad to think it was so largely owing to him that it was so.

A NEW POET.

It is always with a sentiment of grateful pleasure that we salute the appearance of a new votary of the Muses. But our gratification is immeasurably enhanced when the rising poet is a resident of the Dominion. Our literature is so scant, both in quality and quantity, that any accession to it must perforce recommend itself to the consideration of the critic and the newspaper reviewer. Talent is considerable enough among us, but genius is almost unknown, and hence when a true genius appears we should all join in acclaiming his advent. These are the feelings with which we announce to our readers the name of Amos Pitt, who has just published a series of poems under the title of "The Victory and the Golden Harp of Palestine." Mr. Pitt is also the author of the "Devil Defeated," but we have not been favored with a copy of that work, and hence must confine our estimate of him to the volume before us.

The key-note of the poem is struck in the "Lamentations."

O! when shall come the morning when all clouds have passed away?
And Israel's Kingdom again restor'd in the great Messiah's day;
Will God fulfil his promises to his own prophetic race?
The Abrahamic covenant now empty, void and waste.

The Abrahamic covenant is one about which much may be said in sorrow, and the author is perfectly right in lamenting that our hard, materialistic age should have so far forgotten its teachings and its obligations. But we may not wholly despond. The poet's mission is to elevate and cheer. To the tune of "Beautiful Star" we are made to sing:--

Beautiful day in Palestine,
Rich verdure in a healthful clime,
Kings and priests, and prophets there,
Enjoying rich blessings--no dull care,
Beautiful day, beautiful day.

Many of our most noted poets--Heavyside and Reade in especial--have drawn some of their finest inspirations from the Biblical pages, and Amos Pitt, although his vein is distinctively his own, derives several of his best poems from the same fountain-head. His peculiarity, however, is that he applies Scripture truths directly to our own times, thus giving them a force of realism which adds much to their power and usefulness. Unfortunately our limited space will not allow us to dwell more fully on this phase of his work.

We turn with delight to some of the lesser poems. The author has marked versatility, both in the choice of subjects and in the manipulation of metre. The acrostic is a particular favorite of his, and we select the following example, not because it is the best by any means, but on account of the dignity of the subject:--

THE DEVIL.
(Acrostic.)

The Devil of Saul, or of the haughty Gaul, and Jordan's Nile,
Have eeded the fall, with vinegar and gall, capacious and vile;
Every time he appear, is a kind privateer; powers un-
Defeated with cheer, in one hemisphere, mightily blest'd
Evils combine, have no right to define, nor yet to reveal,
Vic, on it shine, through the ages of time, in woe or in
If wisdom is folly, or bright melancholy, in wordly
Let our rulers be jolly, and dine out with Folly, loving to
pat.

It is notorious to those who have ever attempted verse--alas! that so many of us, utterly un-qualified, should make the futile attempt--that the ballad is a very difficult performance, precisely on account of its insidious simplicity. There, if anywhere, the poet must learn the secret--ars celare artem. We leave our intelligent readers to judge of Amos Pitt's success. We are especially told that this ballad was "written by request."

ADIEU.

A record of Robert John Jamieson,
He scarcely lived three years;
His spirit has fled, and he is gone,
And we bathed him in tears.

Life is a shadow, and the foe
Disposed of our little boy John;
A letter we sent to "Ontario,"
Off where his father had gone.

His life's fleeting joys are past,
And free from trouble he's gone;
In sickness his anchor was east,
And his parents left weeping for John.

The thread of life now is severed;
His mother with an aching heart;
To his father, in black was deliver'd
A letter, which pierced like a dart.

Notwithstanding the exiguity of our space, which we more than ever deplore on this occasion, we cannot forego the pleasure to ourselves and readers of reproducing the following lyric, addressed to Hamilton, where the author lives, and where his poems were printed:

THE AMBITIOUS CITY.

A bonny town is Hamilton,
Near to its Mountain brow,
Cheers give for bonny Hamilton,
Ontario near it flow.
The Manufactories are so fine,
Rise swelling in my eyes,
And on the lawn at No. nine,
The house I highly prize.

A visit to its honor'd brow,
Beneath the shady trees;
We pledge each other's loving vow,
All in the autumn breeze,
High up the steps we do ascend,
With customs fond delight,
The steps of life our feet must wend,
To make our future bright.

By the Gare on Saturday night,
We travel east and west,
Or travel out upon the height
To get refreshing rest,
We have the pleasures of the band,
That of the volunteer,
The British are united, and
Saint Patrick's greet our ear.

By steam the sparrows brav'd the shore,
From of the British isle,
And make their home upon the Gore,
To greet them with a smile,
A ride upon our city car,
To fond remembrance bring,
Our boon companions from afar,
And time is on the wing.

God speed the truth in Hamilton,
The maids are fresh and fair;
In honour shall her future be,
A graciously portion wear,
A family circle to sustain,
And faithfully attend,
To household duties with the brain,
A true and trusty friend.

In reviewing poetical works, it is a habit of ours to pounce on tidbits, delicious scraps, scattered here and there, which the writer seems to make nothing of, but which frequently contain the essence of his genius. We have room for only two:

ZION.
(Acrostic.)

Zion is the mount of the high on,
It is hold in store for the cry on,
O'er the at the Lord hath his eye on,
Now let us be fit for the pry on.

And here is the other:

ZION.

Zion is the mount of the high on,
It is hold in store for the cry on,
O'er the at the Lord hath his eye on,
Now let us be fit for the pry on.

INSRIPTION.
A mortal lay beneath this clay,
In or out of season,
A perfect say, on Judgment Day,
Will restore my reason.

With the hope contained in the last line we heartily agree. In taking a reluctant leave of these poems, to which we feel that we have not done justice, we may observe, as doubtless our readers have observed, that there are some eccentricities of spelling, syntax, and punctuation which we have religiously retained, however, as distinctive proofs of the author's towering superiority.

THE LATE REV. WM. SMART, OF BROCKVILLE, ONT.

The subject of this article was not renowned either for learning or eloquence. But he was "a good man," which is infinitely better than the possession of one or other or both of the qualities just mentioned. After "he had in his own age served the will of God," he last year "fell in sleep, and was laid unto his fathers." He has come to his grave "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." He began his labours in Canada in 1811, and, therefore, in his death another link between the present and the stirring times of "the war of '12" has passed away. No doubt, he was able to tell many an interesting story of his travels when the part of Ontario where he laboured, which is now such a scene of activity, was almost an unbroken wilderness. The following slight sketch of his life is taken from the Presbyterian Record for the Dominion of Canada:--

"The mention of his name carries our memories a long way back, and links us with a past generation. Mr. Smart was educated for the ministry of the Congregational Church in England, and was ordained in 1810, with the view of going to the West Indies, but a higher power ordained that he should come to Canada. He arrived at Brockville in 1811, and for a number of years he itinerated in all the settlements between Cornwall and Kingston, a distance of nearly 100 miles, receiving for his services a very slender income in addition to a small allowance from Government. In 1840, Mr. Smart, with others from the United Synod of Upper Canada, connected himself with the Church of Scotland in this country. In 1844, he connected himself with the Free Church party. He has left behind him an unsullied reputation, and an honored name as a faithful minister of the Gospel."

To the foregoing we would add the two following interesting particulars regarding Mr. Smart. The second we give in the words of a correspondent of the British American Presbyterian.

Mr. Smart opened a Sabbath-school in Brockville, on the second Sabbath of October, 1811, of which the late Sheriff Adiel Sherwood was the first superintendent, and the late Dr. Holden, of Belleville, was one of the earlier teachers. This, Mr. Smart claimed as the first Protestant Sabbath-school established in old Canada.

"During the war of 1812, a gang was formed for the purpose of selling horses to the belligerents, and for this object horses stolen on the Canadian side were sold to United States parties and vice versa. When peace was proclaimed, those men, many of whom were well-known, returned to their homes, imagining that the articles of peace covered their acts during the war. A man named Mattison, who had thus returned, was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. Being known and otherwise respected, much interest was manifested in his favour. Telegraphs, railroads, steamboats, macadamized roads were not, and before a petition could be circulated, the day of execution was at hand. How to delay the execution was the absorbing question in the community. Mr. Smart was exceedingly interested in the matter. He dreamed, and this was the dream. He was in the Old Bailey, London. There was a man on trial for horse-stealing. After the trial, conversing with the Judge about the safeguard, afforded by even the forms of law, the Judge remarked that the calendar on which the sentences were recorded must be signed by himself. Awakening and acting upon the hint thus given, Mr. Smart found that in the hurry of leaving, the Judge in the Mattison case had omitted to affix his signature; the execution was stayed, and eventually the man was reprieved. Mr. Smart did not relate his dream until several years after, when he visited the Old Bailey, and found the place exactly as it had appeared in his dream. What mere natural causes will account for that dream which is recorded in Mr. Smart's own handwriting? Can we eliminate Providence therein?"

EPHEMERIDES.

A friendly correspondent in Manitoba sends a little budget of news from that distant land. It seems that, as with us, the winter has been very fine, although the thermometer has sometimes registered as low as 40 below zero. Is the gentleman quite sure of that? A veteran meteorologist of this city challenges an authenticated record of any such temperature within our isothermal lines. But however that may be, the weather has been propitious to the half-breeds, among whom weddings have been frequent this winter. It is further stated that the buffalo hunt has been unusually good, the animals coming in very near the settlements, several having been killed within three or four

miles of Battle River. The crops were badly damaged last summer, and the wheat, more especially, suffered. Still the yield of grain was good and the range of prices quite remunerative. Owing to the number of buffaloes killed last fall, beef is not in great demand, but sells readily at \$12.50 per cwt.

Literary men, and especially newspaper men, are generally not favored with this world's goods, and sore are the trials which they experience in getting that amount and quality of literature which is the very nourishment of their souls. Books they must have--not the current trash of the day, but works with the marrow of thought in them, whence there is information to be gathered, and such sweet comfort as the jaded mind requires after the wearing drudgery of the day. To such men the second-hand book-store is a temple, where they stop to refresh themselves, and where, when they can strike a bargain, they are as happy as lords. These old stalls are comparatively unknown in this new country, and the typical second-hand dealer can hardly be said to exist. Still most of us have known one who comes up to the ideal, and I think of him to-day because I am told that we are soon to be deprived of his pleasant face. They say he is going to California. Not surely to make money there, Michael Healy? You have managed to keep up stiff prices here, and done well thereby. White-haired and beardless, Mr. Healy looks older than he is. He has not yet reached the age of fifty. He combines the school-master with the book-worm. Voluble in speech, he entertains you with stories while you are examining a book, and trying not to listen. He taught in this city, at a time when McGill College was not in a position to pay more than \$400 a year to its head-professors. Tempora mutantur, but Healy has not changed. If he really must go to the Western land, he should first call a meeting of all his old customers and give them the first pick of his books as a discount of thirty per cent.

A writer in the last number of the Galaxy lays down a set of rules for dramatic composition. I know not how far a playwright needs that kind of instruction, but as he certainly requires knowledge of stage business, these canons may not be without their use. I summarize them for my friends thus:--

- I. The subject of a drama must be capable of being fully treated in fifteen chapters at most.
II. The subject should be capable of being acted without the aid of narrative.
III. The subject must have a connected plot, in which one event depends on the other.
IV. The interest of the plot turns on either love or death, and generally hinges on a single action or episode.
V. Keep furniture and set-pieces out of front scenes, if possible.
VI. Put the best writing into the front scenes.
VII. Front scenes ought to terminate in a suspense, which the following scenes will relieve.
VIII. Avoid fine points, and have plenty of action at the beginning of the first act.
IX. Open the first act with a quiet picture, and bring in the disturbing element at once. Having aroused attention, bring on all your characters, and end with an excitement. Avoid bringing on characters in pairs in this act.
X. The first act should be the shortest, and as soon as a partial climax is reached, the curtain should come down. The tableau and action should indicate suspense and preparation.
XI. From the second to the last act, the interest must be regularly increased, and each act must end in suspense, leading to the next.
XII. Concentrate the interest on few characters, and avoid numerous unimportant parts.
By "front scene," the author means the narrow scene enclosed by the two "flats," and near the footlights, as distinguished from the "back-stage" scene or background of the stage.

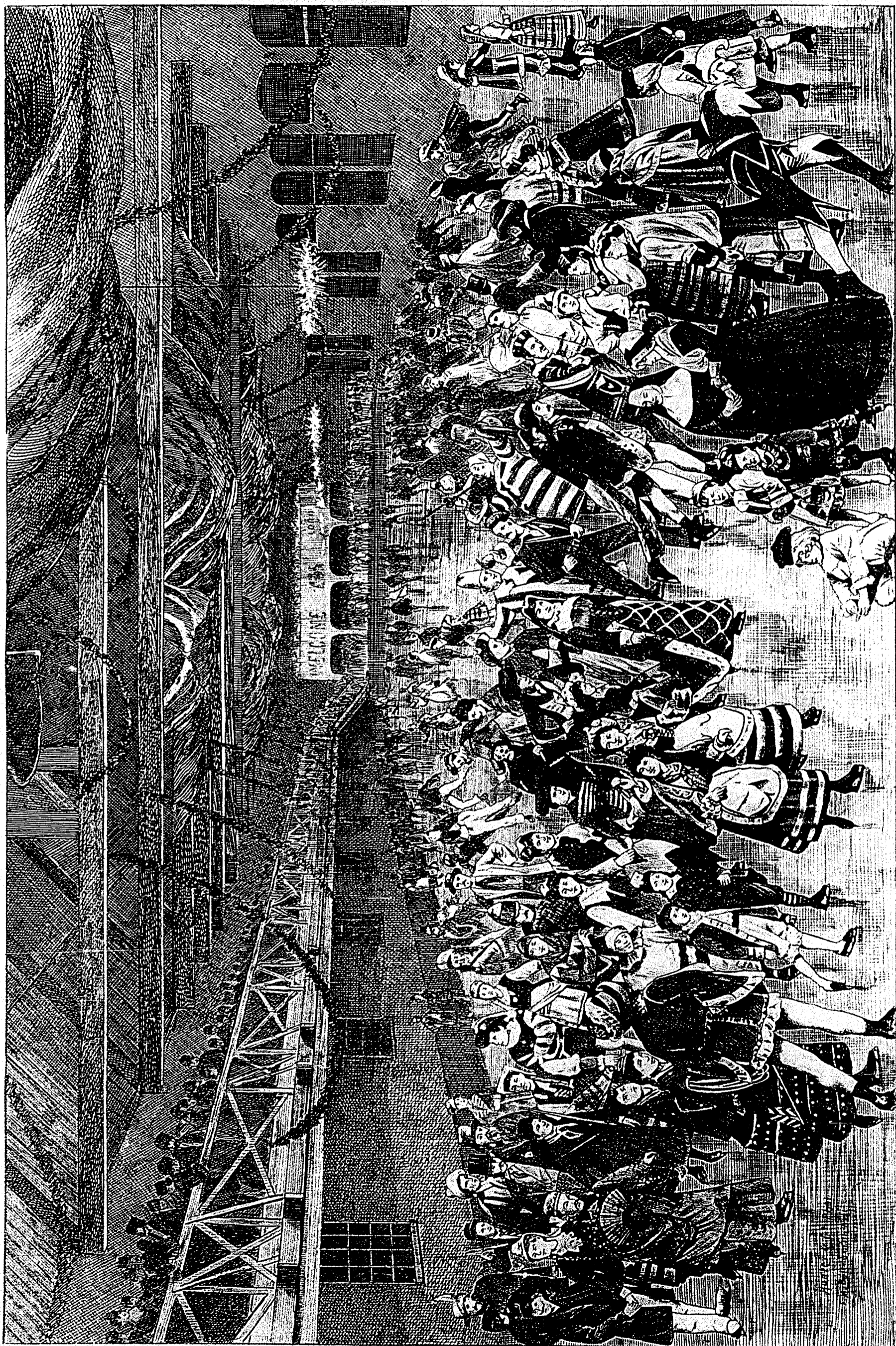
The following from "Harold" is handed in to me, as a reply to the charge of literary forgery preferred against him Mr. Richard Slattery. His letter is addressed to the editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:--

"The letter quoted by 'A Steele Penn' from a Quebec newspaper, in your last issue, coupled with the closing sentence of his pungent remarks, demands a brief reply. It may be well to explain the cause of Mr. Slattery's assuming the authorship of the poem in question. Some three years since, I was associated with Mr. Slattery in a literary venture, and during our intimacy, I frequently submitted my manuscript to his judgment. It was in this manner that the poem 'Sweet Eyes' came under his observation. On reading it, he suggested a few additions, here and there; we excised an obscure expression--I strove to be a little Tennysonian, at times--and I finally cut off two verses. These are the facts; and I believe I am correct in saying that the poem was never published before it appeared in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

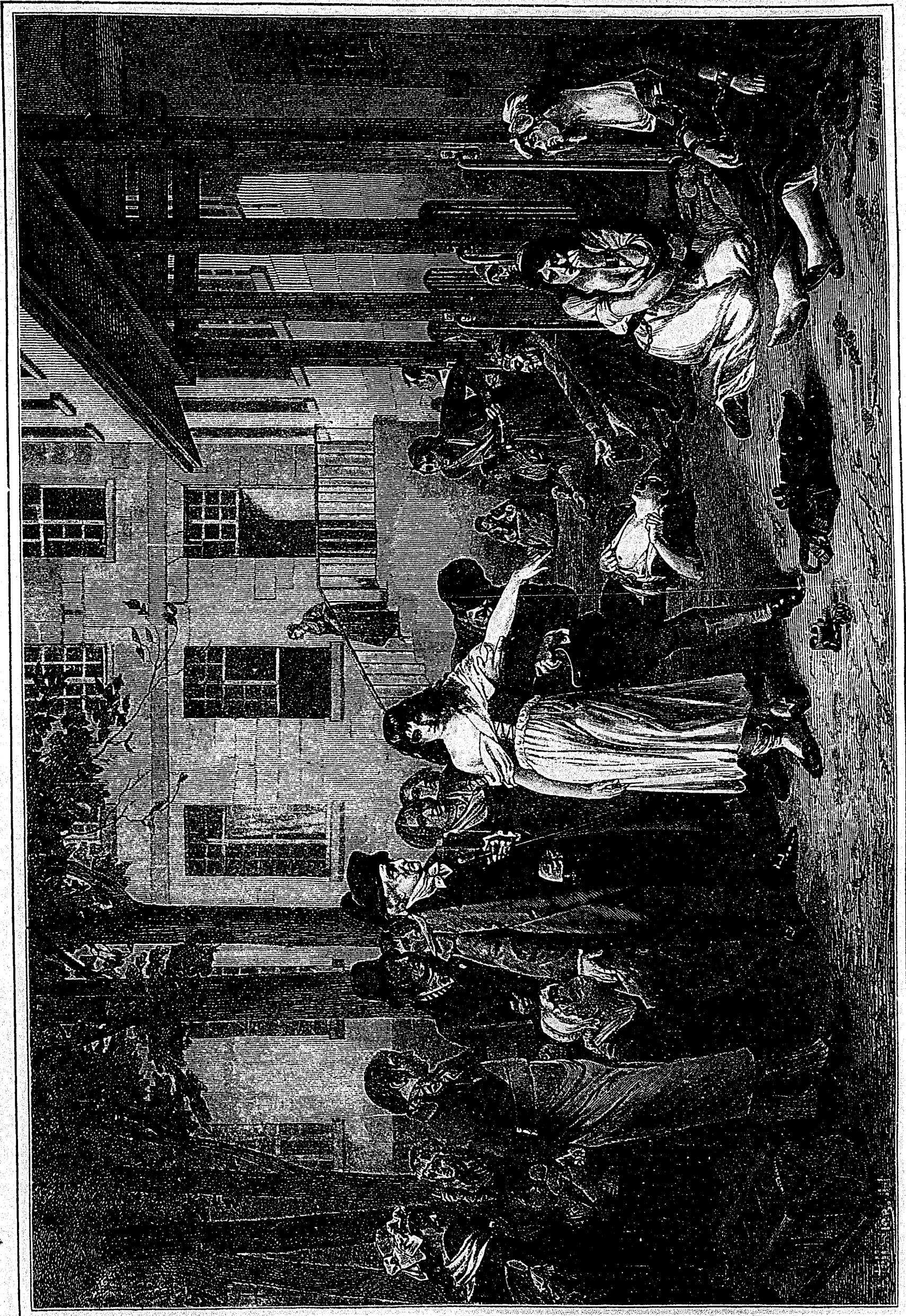
It is now Mr. Slattery's turn again.
A. STEELE PENN.

A NEW DISCOVERY in Medicine which supplies to the system the waste caused by disease or by excesses of any kind. It is composed of Calcium and the
OZONIC COMPOUNDS OF PHOSPHORUS,
and for building up the constitution is unequalled.
It has been prescribed for NERVOUS DEBILITY, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM and LUNG DISEASES with great success.
Sold by all Druggists. Further particulars on applying to EVANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.





TORONTO:—MASQUERADE ON THE TORONTO CURLING AND SKATING RINK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUNTER & CO.



PINEL AT THE SALPÊTRIÈRE.—FROM THE GREAT PAINTING OF TONY ROBERT-FLEURY.

DESPAIR.

A maiden with a comely face
And all celestial Cynthia's grace.

O heart! I would thou wert a lute,
That thou might'st pour thine agony

I would that lips had never said
Such tender words as fell from hers,

"Love," sang I! 'Tis love's broken as grand
As if her vows were never broken;

Montreal. H. D.

JOAN:
A TALE,

RHODA BROUGHTON,

"Cometh up as a Flower," "Red as a Rose is she," etc.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

The heavy, windless afternoon is wearing itself away; surely, surely, the end must be drawing nigh. It seems to Joan as if she had been walking for many hours, walking along with the same sense of unending ache, of bruised bewilderment, of recognition and non recognition, as had marked her progress through the house.

"This at least is unchanged!" says Joan, in a slow, soft voice, and drawing a long, sighing breath; "this is as we left it."

"For the present," cries Mr. Smith, briskly; "quite for the present. You know that, as they say, Rome was not built in a day. We are coming to it by-and-by—by-and-by."

"What! is not even this to be spared?" cries the girl brokenly, turning her tragic eyes woefully round, on the lovely mellow walls, on the scented glory of the old-world flowers—survivors from an elder day.

"Do you wish it to remain unchanged?" asks Mr. Smith, with surprised emphasis. "I had no idea—of course, if you express the slightest desire—but" (in a rather mortified tone) "I had imagined that the improvements had met with your approbation. You—you—gave me that impression."

"Do not you think," she answers, turning toward him with a smile, gentle and civil, if steeped in melancholy, "that this one shabby corner will make a good foil for the rest of the new magnificence? But, after all"—(slightly shaking her head)—"it is your taste that is to be consulted—not mine!—after to-day" (shivering a little)—"I shall probably never see the place again."

She has sat down on a broken old stone bench, between whose rifts and clefts little stray seedling flowers and baby-trees are merrily growing. Her hands fall idly on her lap; and, upwadded on the wings of the cabbage-rose scents, her spirit sails away into the past, of which this old garden-plot is verily and indeed a piece. She is brought back to the present by the voice of Mr. Smith. She looks round.

Anthony and the children have disappeared. A momentary bitterness nips her heart. Is this his idea of effacing himself judiciously at the right moment? Has he, too, become a party to this dismal jest? She glances apprehensively at her companion. He has seated himself on the bench beside her—his own bench, after all. His little freckled face is for the moment as white as his eyelashes; and there is a purpose—hesitant, indeed, and uncertain, but still that frightens her, in his usually purposeless eyes.

"It seems a pity," he is saying, tremulously, snatching a thief-like glance at her every now and then, to see how she is taking his remarks—"you—you—were always so much attached to the Castle, I understand! It—it—seems a pity that you—you should not resume your residence here." As he comes to this last clause he turns his back completely upon her, and so sits in an agony of nervousness, gnawing the top of his stick.

"And turn, you out?" she answers, with a fine, cold smile, and a little rallying air that would have baffled a bolder wooer than this; "that would be too ungrateful, after your having so hospitably entertained me; would not it?"

There is a hot, uncomfortable silence. Joan's eyes are roving uneasily round, trying to discover to what point of the compass Anthony and his tormentors have disappeared—waiting only to be sure, in order to make a desperate rush in that direction. Before, however, she has ascertained this, her companion speaks again.

"It—is—is very large," he says, in a low and quivering voice, still turning to her only the back of his head; "if you remember, I have always said that it was too large for one person!—perhaps if—it—it—might not be too large for two."

"Do you think not?" she says, hastily, and rising. "Ah!"—(with a sigh of relief)—"there is Colonel Wolferstan! he is so good-natured; but we must not allow the children quite to monopolize him, must we?"

So saying, she begins to walk hurriedly along the garden-path, in the direction where she sees Colonel Wolferstan at length emerging from among some distant bushes of late red currants; which the children, with the unerring instinct of their kind for food—unerring, even after such a luncheon as Faustine's—have sniffed out. It is the first time since their coming together again under one roof that she has ever gone willingly to meet him. By the time she reaches him vexation has steeped her face in as lovely a dye as if all the carnations in the garden had given each other rendezvous in her cheeks. She lifts her eyes, full of annoyance and reproach, to his.

"Where have you been?" she cries, irritably. "Why did you go away?—it is not fair to break up a party!"

Anthony is silent; but the look that answers hers makes her at once turn away her upbraiding glance, as she feels with a miserable, uneasy excitement, that after all it is only out of the frying-pan into the fire; out of a very small frying pan into a very large fire; and that there is no rest for her anywhere. She begins to talk again quickly, and a little at random.

"Why should not we go back through the wilderness?" she asks; "there used to be a wilderness beyond this garden; it is there still; I see the tree-tops waving. We used to get to it through that door"—(pointing to a small arched one in the wall). "Ah!" (going up to it), "It is locked."

"If you like—if you wish," says Mr. Smith, in a crestfallen voice, having, in the meanwhile, come up with them, "I will go and inquire for the key; no doubt some of the gardeners have one."

No one tries to dissuade him, and he sets off at once on this self-imposed errand. No sooner is he out of sight than, "Why, here is the key!" cries Faustine, who has been occupying herself in applying an enquiring eye to the key-hole; in pulling out loose bricks, dislodging old-established wood-lice, and tweaking little cranesbills by their long noses; and now, in her prying, has suddenly discovered the missing article, snugly lying crusted with iron-mould in a convenient cranny.

"I will run and call Mr. Smith back," says Rupert, officiously, beginning to suit the action to the word.

"You will do nothing of the kind!" cries Wolferstan, sharply, making a detaining clutch at the child's shoulders; then, becoming aware by Rupert's face of the angry peremptoriness of his own tone, he adds, in a gentler key: "I mean, my boy, that it is not worth while; he will soon find out his mistake and overtake us!"

So saying, he fits the rusty key into the lock; it turns unwillingly, with a grinding sound; the disused hinges give way sulkily, and they all step out together into the green tangle beyond. Once there has evidently been a path through it—a path where two might walk abreast; but Nature, who, leave her to herself but a very little while, quietly takes back man's thefts, repairs the rents he has made in her cloak, has been taking back—mending here, too. As they pass along, the grasses coolly trammel their feet. The brambles hold out to them the tart plenty of their crude berries; and the dis-flowered brier-rose catches at them with long fingers, crying, "Stay!" Around them the honeysuckle ambitiously climbs the trees, blowing its late trumpets, safe and high, aloft; and the briony ties hazel to haw in loving green bonds. Above them the trees have laid together the friendly variety of their leaves, the sycamore its broad platter, and the horse-chestnut its fan, in league to keep out the sun. But at present there is no sun to keep out. Surely he was here—but now! How long is it since the clouds, sweeping up from their unseen chambers, have clean abolished his smile!

On the woodland path there is now no play of gamesome lights, no frolic of little shadows. Instead, everywhere, one same verdurous gloom. A tempered light, as when day dies; a silence, as of popped sleep. Of all God's strong winds there is not one awake. No lightest gust either sighs or laughs, either rings the bluebell's silent chime, or puffs away the little hawk-weed clocks. The birds, too, are dumb. By August, their talk is mostly outtalked, their madrigals out-sung; but to-day, not even a garrulous finch twitters, or sparrow cheeps. A hot and drowsy stillness weighs, lead-heavy, upon all. Hardly less still than the winds—hardly less silent than the song-birds—the young man and the young woman step along together, side by side.

Joan has taken off her hat, and loosened her little kerchief from about her milk-white throat. Whether it be from the thunderous weight of the air, or the oppression of the long day's ignoble

suffering, she feels as if an iron band were tightly clasped around her brow. All day her spirit has been stretched upon the rack; broken on the wheel. All day she has been, with stiff, tight smiles and combated tears, helping at the desecration of her own altars. All day long she has been clapping hands and applauding at her own execution. Now, at least, she may be silent. She need no longer commend the ingenuity of the thumb-screw that dislocates her fingers, or of the boot that crushes her foot; now she may rest. This rest, indeed—fevered, hard-pulsed, thundering-hearted—is as much like real rest as the repose that narcotics give a sickly man is like the royal slumber that God gives a healthy child. But, after all, an opiate sleep is better than none. Why should they talk?—they, to whom all speech worthy of the name, is forbidden! If, indeed, their intercourse were likely to be prolonged and stretch over any considerable space of future time, it would be fit to practise themselves in the necessary falsity of civil, light talk and empty phrase. But is it not the last day—the last day of all?—is not this the very last walk, during which they are ever likely to pace together the green-kirtled summer-land? They who once thought that they should walk—tender hand in tender hand—to the distant undreaded grave! It is through no fault of their own that they are now in each other's company.

Joan's conscience is at ease on that score. It is fate and chance that have thus brought them helpless and unconsenting into transient contact. Nor is there anything of *genant* or embarrassing in this *lle-a-lle*, which is broken every two or three minutes by one or other of the children, returning from snatching excursions into the brake: Faustine to exhibit a bramble-scratch; Rupert to brag of the pheasants he has started; both to ask loudly for arbitration on some wrangled point. Joan does not know how long they have thus together dumbly trod the wood's lush intricacies—how long this quiet trance—not itself exactly of pain, but with pain for background, pain for foreground, pain for horizon—has lasted, when it is broken in upon by a sudden, kingly noise, not made or makable by man, or any of his engines; the sound of a loud and angry thunder clap. It has been growling and sulkily muttering in the distance all the afternoon, but nobody has heeded it. The children come running back in scared haste pushing through cornel and brier.

"O Miss Dering," cries Faustine, her small, bold face already pale with fear, "did you hear the thunder? I am so frightened!—let us go home!"

"Mitchell says that there was a man struck by lightning the other day," says Rupert, encouragingly; "he was as black as a coal all down one side!"

"We had better get out of this as quickly as we can," says Anthony, rousing himself, and looking round at the close-growing tree-trunks—the interlaced branches—the thick leaf roof; "we could not well be in a worse place!"

"We must be nearly through the wood," says Joan, waking up again to present realities; "five minutes will bring us into one of the park-drives." They all begin to walk quickly in the direction indicated; the children, indeed, take to their heels and run. No one speaks; nor is there in all the wood one lightest sound. It seems as if every bird, and beast, and insect, were listening with held breath for the sky's next loud speech. Joan's memory has misled her as to distance. It is twenty minutes, instead of five, before they emerge into the open. Just as they do so, there comes a mighty rolling crash overhead, as if God were driving his chariot along the clouds, and before you can count one, a lovely sudden arrow of deathful light has leaped into their eyes.

It is come and gone, and they are in the dark again. For by this time it has grown very dark—darker than at the midst of many a clear-faced summer night. The clouds—but now piled on the horizon—quiet, sun-kissed Alps—have rushed into one pitchy mass—a canopy of ink; out of which, momentarily, the lightning springs in blinding glory. Faustine has covered her face with both hands, and so stumbles on; Rupert, with his brag and his high courage extinct, is beginning to blubber, and to clutch at the out-held hands of Joan and Anthony, as they hastily drag him along.

"Thank God we are out of the wood!" says Joan, cheerfully.—"Hold up, Rupert!—we shall soon be home now!"

But, though she speaks confidently, her heart sinks a little as she sees how much farther off than she had imagined rise the sheltering towers of Dering, a good half-mile away at the least. They have reached the park-drive, and are posting breathlessly along it, through the alternate dread noise and dreader silence, when, in one of these latter intervals of ominous quiet, they become aware of the sound of rolling wheels and trotting hoofs coming up behind them. They turn to see an empty coal-cart advancing at its heavy horse's best speed on their tracks. As it draws near, Anthony steps into the middle of the road and hails it.

"Are you going to the castle?—because, if so, will you give these children a lift?"

No sooner said than done. On ordinary occasions Faustine would have looked upon it as very much below the dignity of Miss Smith Deloraine to be wedged between two grimy men on the tilt of a coal-cart, behind a shaggy-heeled cart-horse; but fear has taken all the glory out of her, as it has taken all the brag out of her brother. She would be thankful for

even the apothecary and dung-cart prophesied her. "That was a good move," says Joan, with a sigh of relief and ended responsibility; "they will be in before the rain comes!" As she speaks—in the twinkle of an eye—the whole world is lit up by one sudden green glare, intolerably lovely, against which the castle's four towers are cut out clean and fine as cameos; and at the same instant, a giant rain-drop splashes on the girl's cheek. Its successors are not slow in following it. Down they come, straight and numberless, with such a spiteful force and fierceness as if they were being shot from skyeey guns; and mixed with them bullets of hail that bruise and bite.

They have taken to the grass again, so as to make a short cut to the house. Joan has given her sole protection against the weather—her flimsy sunshade—to Faustine. The mighty rain patters and smites on an absolutely undefended head.

"This is bad for you," says Anthony, as with stooped head and blinking eyes he butts against the storm; the hail-stones pelting his eyelids, and driving into his mouth the moment that he opens it.

"Do you think so!" she says, cheerily, though blinking too, and gasping a little; "I do not mind it!—it is—it is much better than the improvements!" (with a breathless laugh.)

CHAPTER VIII.

The days pleasure is ended. Faustine's profuse tears for her ruined flounces—only partially dried by the assurance that the wash-tub and the mangle will restore them to their original stiff elegance—have had their current stemmed by slumber. Montacute, physicked into convalescence, has fallen asleep despite all his nurse's remonstrances, with Leviticus for a pillow.

Most even of the grown-up members of the expedition have gone to bed early, fagged and cross. Joan's duties are ended. Till eight o'clock to-morrow morning her time is her own. She is in her bedroom, standing before her glass staring steadfastly, as if it were a new sight, at the face which that glass gives back; at the privet-white cheeks, at the horrified blue eyes looking out at her in frosty dismay, at the pinched set mouth.

"Wither am I going?" she says out loud, stonily watching her reflected lips as they stiffly move. "Wither am I dragging him?" Then clasping her lifted hands above her head, she stumbles forward, and, with an utter collapse of all restraint and self-government, sinks upon the floor, and so, through the watches of the night, lies all along in deepest abasement before God.

Through the wide window there steals now and then a little wakeful gust, that, sighing softly awhile about the dusky room, sinks all else to sleep again.

"Oh love!" she says aloud, burying her burning face on her out-flung arms, while great tearless sobs make all her prostrate body shake and quiver—"oh, poor unstable love! with all my high talk and large professions, what have I ever been, but a curse and a cruelty to you?"

Her voice dies away in utter brokenness, and for a while there is silence. Then, by-and-by, she speaks again.

"There is only one poor kindness now left me to do for you!" she says, more collectively, "to take myself at once wholly and forever out of your life; it is the last, meagre gift I shall ever give you; let me at least give it promptly."

Then she is once dumb; only now and again a catching of the breath, a dry, hard sob, tell that to her through all sleepy hours sleep's solace never comes. Once before has she kept a vigil in love's name; on that austere winter night at Helmsley when she had first heard of fickle love's early faithlessness. Even so then had she fought and wrestled all night; pushing with useless, tender hands against Fate's iron doors, and with the cold dawn victory came. Thus it is now. She has raised herself from her attitude of despair and abasement. She is leaning against the casement, no longer sobbing or moaning; tranquilly watching the coming of the young new morn. There is as yet no earliest sun-peep, and, nevertheless, all over the face of Nature there is a look of expectant surety. When he is climbing in red glory over the elmtops it will be not more certain that he is coming than now when no faintest tinge of his smile paints the high orient gates. Never since the world swung round has he failed to come. He will come to-day. As she so thinks, a feeling of solemn, awful comfort steals over her heart, at the sense of the utter certainty of the Hand—whosoever it may be, wrangle as we may over that—that guides the world; the Hand that never makes an uncertain stroke or a blurred outline.

"It will be right!" she says, looking towards the east; her lovely sunk eyes serene with faith and reverence. "By-and-by it will be right!"

CHAPTER IX.

It is now five days since the Dering pleasure party. Even as a theme of school-room talk it is worn prematurely threadbare. In the natural course of things it might have outlasted a week, but, as it is, a new topic has elbowed it away. Of the fifth day there is now but little to run. In half an hour the sun will be gone. His fire-horses are stretching in their last gallop. These are almost the latest arrows in his quiver, that

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he is shooting into the Smith-Delorraine school-room. They are lighting up an overset ink-bottle, topsy-turvy chairs, dislocated grammars and disembowled histories, diverted from their natural uses to hurtle as missiles through the air: a young Menard, with rent gathers and tempestuous mane, flying in stormy gallop, armed with a fire-shovel over the prostrate furniture in hot pursuit of two fugitive boys both bellowing—the one with the joy of battle, the other with the fear. For the reign of Chaos and old Night has come again, and the young Smith-Delorraines have a month's holiday.

This is the way in which they are inaugurating it. It is sudden and unlooked for good fortune which mostly turns people's heads. Perhaps it is the unexpectedness of their boon of liberty which makes them, and frightfully, misuse it. A week ago no such emancipation was even talked of, but to the surprise of every one, Miss Dering, whose summer holidays have been delayed thus late to suit her employer's convenience, and who, indeed, has hitherto shown a great indifference as to whether she has any summer holidays at all, has, on the day after the Dering party, asked for—with a quiet insistence which makes refusal difficult, and consequently obtained—a month's leave of absence. To be off—to be wellaway before the day of Anthony's announced return—this appears to her the one necessity which life for her still holds.

It seems as if stern-eyed angels had come to her as they had come to Syrian Lot as he sat at eventide at his city gate in the old time, bidding her arise and flee for life. And she, docilely listening to that inner voice, has arisen and fled. To-day she has been travelling all day long; her head is full of noise, and her eyes of grit. But the railway part of her journey is now ended. In a hired fly she is tardily jogging through the suburbs of Helmsley. The horse goes but slowly after its kind. "Not nearly so fast as the butcher's did," she says to herself, with a grim smile of recollection; so she has plenty of leisure to note the changes that two years and a half have wrought.

The scaffold-poles are fewer and the stuccoed houses more. The brick-fields have shrunk and the deodaras grown. The town is stretching out thriving arms, which will soon take Portland Villa into their embrace. Even the hospital has thrown out an ugly wing from its bald, square bulk. The four little brother-villas are in sight now—even on them change has passed. Sardunopolis has painted its slutters green, Campidoglio has added a story to height. Only Portland Villa remains wholly unaltered, save for the necessary action of time and decay. There are a few more tiles missing from the roof, a few more patches of plaster from the walls; but that is all. The gate is still off its hinges, and still tied up with string. She looks out with interest, as the driver pulls and fumbles at it. To all appearance it is the identical fragment of rotten cord which secured it when last she rolled through.

They have turned in now; down the little weedy drive comes the old pattering avalanche of dogs' feet—the same hallelujah chorus of loud pug voices. So to the sound of music Joan's vehicle draws up at the portal.

"If you please, m," says the driver, returning from useless quest to the fly-door, "I'm afraid I cannot ring, the bell is broke."

Still broken after two years and a half! On this particular occasion it is not of much consequence, as the door is now quickly opened, and the aperture is filled with eager, welcoming faces—all one broad smile, with welcoming voices outdoing each other and almost the dogs in loud salutations. The next moment Joan is in her aunt's copious embrace. One after another three pairs of substantial arms warmly unfold her. A feeling of remorse nips the girl's spirit that, after all, she has perhaps not enough store by her place in these homely hearts. Long ago indeed, she has repaid them, and with ample usury, her pecuniary obligations, but love is paid only by itself. In this debt has not she been but a laggard debtor?

They have passed into the drawing-room now; one of Joan's hands firmly held by Mrs. Moberley, the other by Di. Formerly she would have shrunk from having her fingers thus imprisoned; but time and its austere experience of the outer world's unlovingness has made her thankfully take affection's clasp, even though it may be a rather sultry one.

"This is but a poor home-coming for you, Joan," says Mrs. Moberley, sinking down into the roomy shabbiness of her own chimney-corner chair, and in so doing slightly protruding a boot burst in exactly the same place as of old. Can it possibly, in defiance of all the probabilities of time and leather, be the same boot?

"But you gave us no notice, child; if you had sent us but the least pen-scratch a week ago we would have had a few of them down from the Barracks to make a little fun; they are not" (shaking her head) "as good a lot as our old ones—more inclined to be high, and not so ready to take one as they find one, but still—(with a smile of philosophic satisfaction)—after all, the army is the army, when all's said and done."

"We did stare when we got your letter," cries Bell, widely opening her large round eyes, her whole complacent, fat face, intricately towering hair, and lengthily floating curl, pleasantly agitated by curiosity. "I think" (looking down with an inexplicable air of consciousness) "that if we had not had a good many things to think of just lately, we should never have left off guessing and wondering about it."

"No disagreeableness, I hope, Joan?" says Mrs. Moberley, with a not unkindly inquisitiveness in her jovial eye. "You have not had any tiff with your mistress, I hope?"

Mrs. Moberley can never be persuaded that there is any difference between the phraseology of that of servitude and that of tuition. Joan shakes her head.

"Oh no, nothing."  
"What does it matter what has brought her?" cries Diana, brusquely, coming as of yore to the rescue, since she sees a look of disquiet and embarrassment on her cousin's face; "that is her business; she is here now—that is ours."

"Of course," answers Bell, still with a continuance of that mystic consciousness, and holding her head extremely on one side; "only that coming just now it happens so pat that one is almost inclined to think that there is something not quite canny about it."

"To be sure!" cries Mrs. Moberley, heartily, brought back by this suggestion to the remembrance of their own glories and interests, which her niece's arrival has momentarily thrust into the back-ground of her mind.—"Well, Joan, whatever you have to tell us, we have a piece of news to tell you: we are going to have a wedding in the family."

"The first break in a family is a sad thing, but in other respects I am sure I have not a word to say! One of our old lot and of poor papa's profession, and altogether—I have always said"—(with a relieved lapse into mirth, as sudden as the leap back into uprightiness of an unstrung bow)—"that it would be very handy to have a medical man in the family!"

"He is the doctor in the 170th," says Diana, with laconic explanation; "don't you remember him?"

"The regiment is at Cork now," continues Mrs. Moberley, "the bride and bride-groom are to join at once after the wedding."

"It is quite an old attachment," says Bell, having by this time recovered the power of utterance, though she still speaks in a small, coy voice, as if she was saying something strange.

"It is more than two years since he began to be particular. I remember so well that the first time I noticed anything out of the way was the day that you and Mrs. Wolferstan passed us in the barouche; we had just been changing hats for a bit of fun, and you came round the corner so suddenly upon us, that we had scarcely time to change back. I thought I should have expired! I remember his saying what a pretty girl you were, and that he hoped you would get a good husband."

Three years ago Joan would have shuddered and shrunk like a sensitive-plant at hearing such a wish expressed by such lips, but time has made her more lenient.

"It was very good of him," she says, smiling gently and without irony; "I pass on the wish to you now heartily."

CHAPTER X.

JOAN'S return is now a three-days-old event. She is no longer treated with guest-privileges or guest-formality, but has subsided easily, and as a matter of course, into her niche as one of themselves. Even their curiosity as to the cause of her sudden reappearance among them—a curiosity which ought to be all the keener, seeing that it is never gratified—has died, swallowed up by the more absorbing and personal topics of Bell's trousseau, Bell's cake, Bell's bridesmaids.

Joan has smiled to herself once or twice with ironic sadness at the recollection of her unnecessary fears as to the difficulty she would find in parrying their questions and baffling their kindly inquisitiveness; when in fact, there is after all no one sufficiently interested in the matter to try to force the lock, or even turn the key of her shut confidence.

She has reached the wood again, and is out of the rough wind's reach. She has sat down at a birch-foot, and clasped her hands round her knees while her eyes stray pensively over the woodland pageant round her. It is quite a different show from that which Nature set before her on that her first visit, which to-day brings so vividly back. Then everything was waxing; now everything is waning. There is now no abundant noise of loud music in the air; only once again a little robin's pipe, wintrily cheerful as if it were his duty, not his pleasure, to sing. Where the primroses opened their young eyes on a strong new world there are only long, limp leaves, sullen and outworn; and where the low violets shook out their perfume, a d the ground ivy spread its little blue carpet, the sorrel and the rag-wort, that sadly close the procession of the summer flowers, reign unloved and alone.

But suddenly, in one moment, she has sprung into broad wakefulness to find herself sitting bolt upright; the dogs at variance, but now united in one vociferous din of angry barking; to find her own heart bounding, as if it would leap away from her body; to find, lastly, one standing over her, death-pallid, statue-still—one from whom five days ago she fled for her life!

"Did you think that you had escaped me?" he says slowly, in a hollow voice, not holding out his hand or offering her any other greeting.

"Why have you come?" she says in a voice that is almost compassionate, stern, yet most gentle too.

Under that voice he winces, and a shiver runs over all his body.

"When you look at me like that," he says, shuddering, "when you look at me like that, you make me feel as if I were some unclean creeping thing, that must crawl away out of your sight; but yet—but yet"—stammering and breathing heavily, as one oppressed by some great and ponderous weight—"to-day not even your eyes shall daunt me!—for once I shake off their tyranny!"

He stops suddenly, as if suffocated, and so stands, with dilating nostrils and clenched hands, before her.

"Why have you come?" she repeats, in the same tone of inexorable icy gentleness, still holding him with that austere yet pitying gaze.

"You know what my life is," he replies in a rough low voice, as though afraid that if he paused for one moment, or gave himself any breathing-space, his nerve would fail him; killed by the stony misery of that face of hers; "you have seen with your own eyes—close, so that there can be no mistake about it—that ghastly comedy, that caricature, that we are pleased to call marriage!"—(with a most bitter sneer)—"you know as well as I do, that this is a theft that robs no one!—Joan!"—(his voice rising to new heights of woful entreaty)—"I tell you that in all this wide, full world there is not one living soul but you that wants me!" But still there is neither voice or movement—only the grave, green forest silence.

"Speak!" he cries, maddened by her dumbness, laying his hand heavily on her shoulder, as if to wake her out of sleep; "speak! speak! you can say nothing for which I have not an answer ready. You can use no words to me that I have not used to myself beforehand. Speak!—there is no extremity of your anger which I am not prepared to bear the brunt of; but, in the name of all mercy and sanity, let it be an anger that speaks."

Then, indeed, she obeys him.

"Anger!" she repeats, lifting her eyes with difficulty, as if there were some great weight, from the grassy earth at her foot, to the smoke-gray sky, faintly seen between the tossing tree-tops overhead; and speaking very slowly, in a tone of heaviest, heart-wrung anguish. "Anger! does one hurt as I am feel anger?"

At the unmeasured sorrow yet meekness of her words, a wave of unspeakable shame and remorse rolls over his stormy soul; but it is too late to go back now.

"You know what my life is," he goes on desperately; pushing away from his forehead the hair, damp and matted with the cold sweat of that agony; "have I not read it often in the pity of your face? you know what—but for you—it might have been! honest and just as you are, do you dare look me in the face and tell me that you owe me no reparation?"

"It is dark!" she says stammeringly—"oh! dark! dark! What greater depth of darkness can there be than when Wrong wears Right's face!—right!—wrong!" she repeats, a little wildly; "the one is a word and I do not know which is which! but yet—but yet"—(lifting her haggard eyes uncertainly)—"I know that on the other side of this night God's day is shining, though no gleam—none—comes to me here now!"

Her voice dies away in a sob; and, for a while there is a miserable silence. Then Anthony breaks once again into unsteady speech.

"If you think that it is only a mad, unreflecting rage of mere passion that has brought me here," he says, in a thick, low voice, "you are wrong! I think that any such would fall dead under the rebuke of your eyes! Joan, you were always calling me to rise to the better life; I tell you I cannot! Without you I cannot! I summon you to a task that is worthy of you!"

As he speaks she turns, and facing him, fixes him with a steadfast regard. The wildness has gone out of her eyes, they have resumed their look of infinite pity, of meek, unmeasured woe.

"This is my punishment, then," she says, in an intense low voice; "I am fitly chastised for my presumption in thinking that my love for you was of so high and pure a quality that no unclean thing could come nigh it; I would have meddled with the functions of the angels," she says, "and now"—(breaking into an agony of sobbing)—"what basest, vilest among women could have dragged you lower, or sunk you deeper, than I have!"

Again there is a silence, broken only by the slender woodland noises. Anthony has thrown himself on the ground and suddenly covered his face with his hands, as if to take shelter from that gaze of hers, intolerable else. By-and-by she speaks again; "I did you a wrong," she says, very humbly, in a soft and broken voice—"a great wrong; I see it now; I would have loved you better than any other woman loved, and instead I loved you worse! I wanted to be kinder to you than any other, and instead I have been crueler than any! I made a mistake, and in my obstinacy and self-opinion I clove it in the face of all reason and sense; yes, I did you a wrong, and for that"—(her self-command gives way a little)—"I have been asking your pardon on my heart's knees for the last two years and a half! If it makes your pain any easier to know that I suffer too, well, then, I can truly tell you that in all God's armory I think there is no sharper sword than that with which I am to-day smitten."

At the exceeding gentleness and truth of her tone he takes courage to drop his shielding hands. It is no longer the upbraiding angel

that speaks—it is the woman who loved him and lay in his arms. He lifts his miserable gray eyes haggardly to hers.

"Day and night, day and night, day and night!" he says, with a slow and dragging emphasis; "Joan have you counted how many days and nights there are in fifty years! We are strong and healthy!—there is no reason why we should not live for fifty years!"

The dark, apathetic despair of his voice makes her own heart sink lead-heavy within her. She sits down on the leafy couch of herbs and moss beside him.

"It is dark!—dark!" she says in an awed whisper; then, after a pause, lifting to his her streaming eyes, in which there is yet a ray of purest, tenderest heaven-light—"Anthony!" she says, solemnly, "whether it be ten, or twenty, or fifty years, I think that neither you nor I will be able to bear our lives unless we lay fast hold of the thought that out of our mistakes God builds up his completeness."

There is a long, long silence. Those last high words of hers have tied the young man's tongue, and stemmed the torrent of his agonized, mad pleading. Of what use any longer to stretch out his empty, rash arms to hers? She has soared beyond their reach. In utter dumbness they sit side by side; he has again covered his face with his hands. Only a low groan of extreme pain now and then disturbs the stillness. The green gloom of the wood has grown deeper; the night is gently fallen.

By-and-by, with a long, soft sigh, Joan slowly rises to her feet. Her movement rouses her companion from his stupor. For a moment before she can stop him, he has thrown himself prone before her in the grass.

"Trample me!" he says, in a hoarse, rough voice. "I am not worthy that you should set your feet on my neck! Oh, high, pure love! (lifting his bowed head and his face disfigured and furrowed by tears), "who have ever warily striven to lift me to your level, forgive me that, brute-like, following my nature, I have striven to drag you down to mine!"

At his last words she stretches out both her hands to him, with a solemn smile of pardon and farewell.

"Love," she says, very sweetly, while, for the last time, her blue eyes wearily dwell on his—"for this once I may call you so, seeing that it is as if I stood by your death-bed—love: you used to tell me that I was your guardian angel—your better self! and of all your tender names there were none that I so dearly loved: perhaps it is a foolish thought, but snuff me to keep them still! Suffer me to think that by-and-by, in the after time when life is going hardly with you—when the earth-fogs close around you, when the satyr-voices call you down—that then, perhaps, my face, my voice, which hitherto have brought you nothing but disquiet and woe, may be present with you in memory, as a solace and a sustainment!" Then, without another word, she slowly draws away her hands from his, and, with one solemnest good-by smile, passes away from him into the falling night.

THE END.

LITERARY.

MIHAT PASHA is engaged in writing a book. It will be published at Vienna.

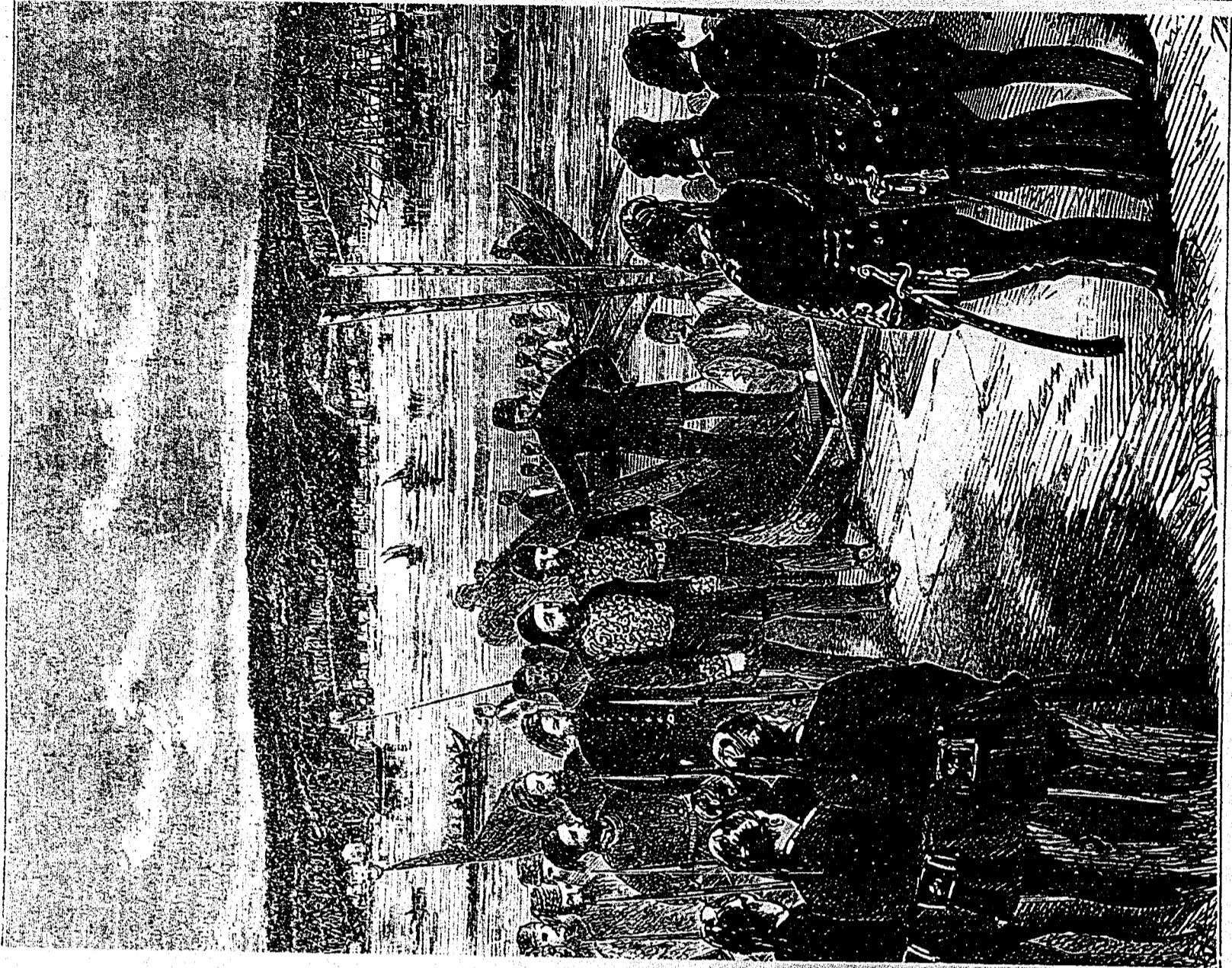
DR. RUSSELL'S account of the Prince of Wales's tour in India will be published in a few days. It is said to have been carefully revised by his Royal Highness, who has manifested great interest in its progress, and has ordered a number of copies for presentation in India.

THE 406th anniversary of the invention of printing will be signalized by an exhibition in Stationer's Hall of the works of Caxton and other antiquities connected with printing, and doubtless collectors throughout the country will be proud to lend their aid to the success of the undertaking.

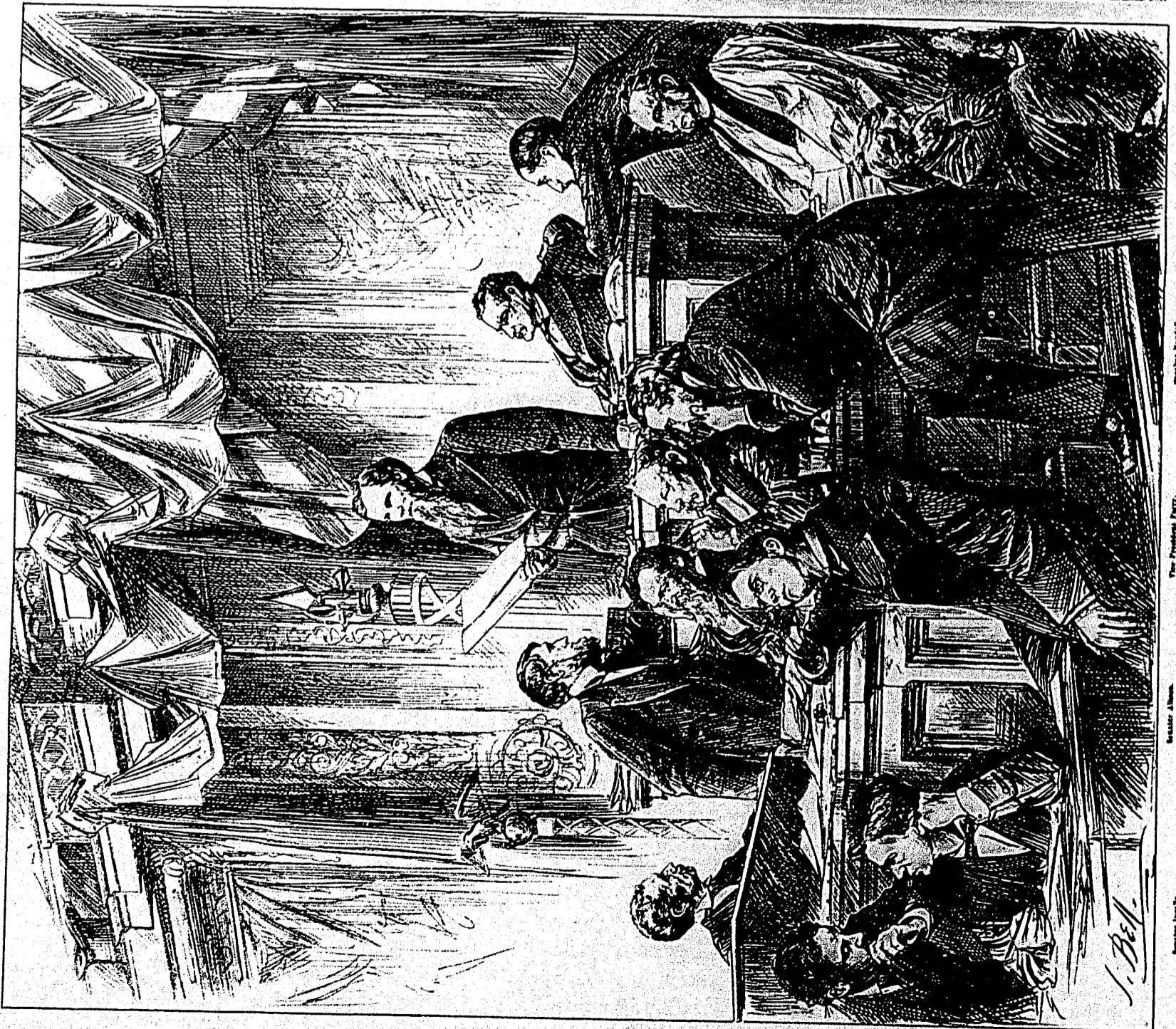
OXFORD University students want Matthew Arnold to fill the chair of poetry which has been held by Sir Francis Doyle. But while Mr. Arnold has few equals as a writer, he is helpless on his feet in a lecture room as though his father had not been one of the admired preachers of the Established Church.

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER is in Washington, and one letter writer thus mentions him: "He was an intent listener during the reading of the returns, and one had a fine opportunity for studying his appearance. His soft, fine hair is of a richly golden hue, his beard tawny, and his eyes brightly blue. In sunset light, Joaquin is a perfect picture that an artist would despair of reproducing. One who saw him standing on a hill near Santa Barbara at sunset, looking out over the golden waves of the Pacific, said that the vision could not be effaced from memory. The lion locks were longer then, the beauty of his face fresher and younger, and the figure shown in its perfection by the picturesque costume he wore before he left the Sierras and the sea to receive the laurels conventional society heaped upon him. In his appearance there is nothing of the top boots and red shirt that sensational reports have credited him with. A bell-crowned felt hat, military cloak, silver-headed cane, and large solitary diamond studs and ring are the only noticeable features of his dress."

An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is *Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer*. A few applications as an ordinary hair dressing is all that is necessary to restore gray hair to its natural color, after which one application a week will be sufficient. It imparts a most beautiful perfume and gloss to the hair and keeps the head cool and entirely free from dandruff. It is quite a favourite toilet dressing with ladies, as it does not soil the most delicate head dress. It can be had of all chemists in large sized bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, are agents for Canada.



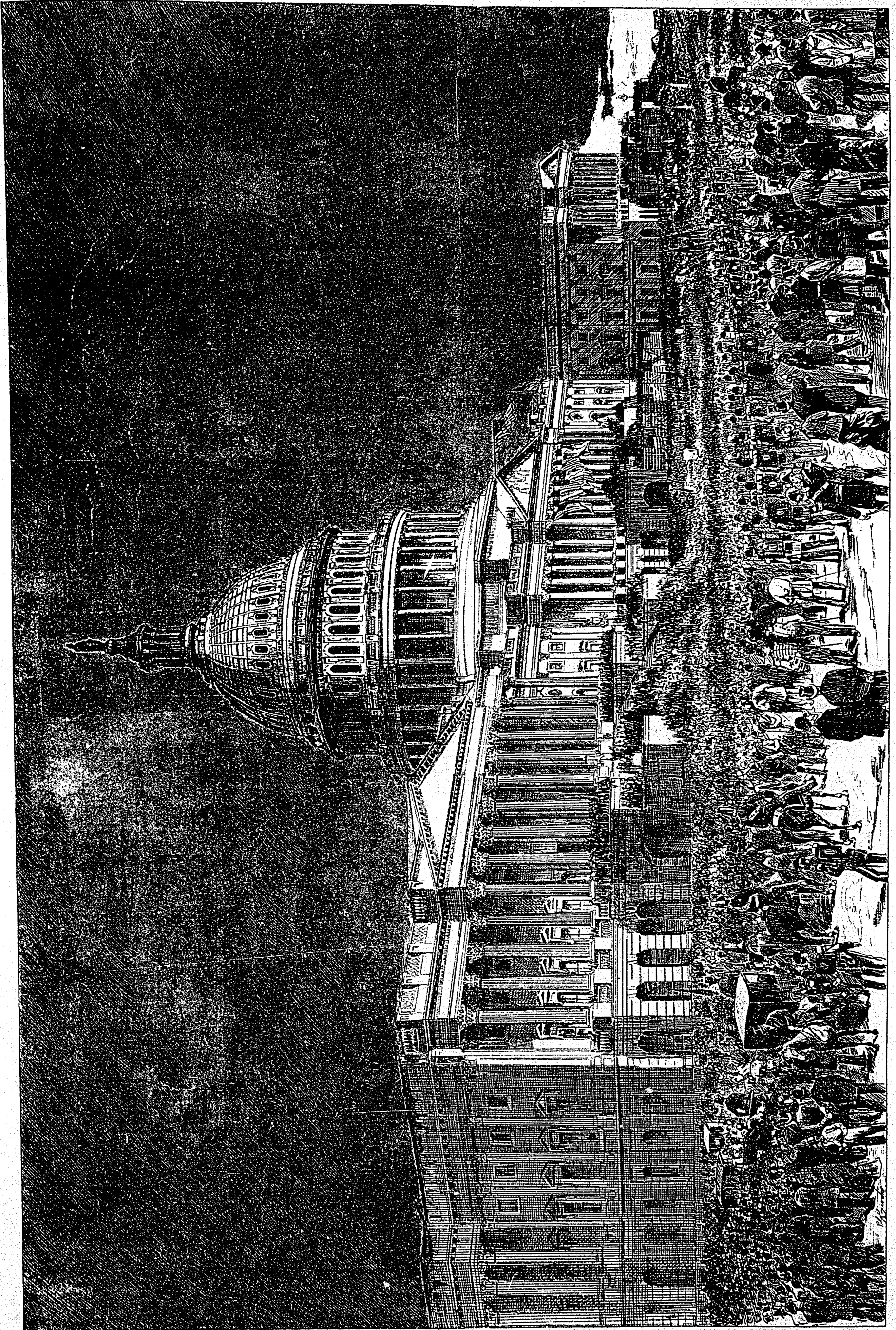
CONSTANTINOPLE:—MIDHAT PASHA GOING INTO EXILE.



WASHINGTON:—VICE-PRESIDENT FERRY DECLARING HAYES ELECTED.

Senator Albert  
 The President Ferry  
 Representative Cass  
 Mr. Adams, Clerk of the House  
 Charles T. Johnson

*J. Bell*



WASHINGTON.—THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT HAYES. SCENE AT THE CAPITOL DURING THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

ALL THE RAGE!

She walked down street—a perfect belle, With dignity well-bred; Her shape was like the letter L...

Her dimpled cheeks were rosy red, Her teeth were pearly white; But powder—it was truly said— Had made them both so bright...

Her truly graceful head of hair Was bunched—an unshapely mass; And having such a form to wear She walked—as if on glass...

And if I, who court the Muse, Should leave my heavenly love, And of my pen relax the use To court—perchance to love...

F. NEANDER DEVEREUX.

Malakoff.

THE RICHELIEU.

II.

ISLE-AUX-NOIX.

The first point of historic interest in our course down the waters of the Richelieu is Isle-aux-Noix. A low-lying island commanding the mouth of Lake Champlain...

Its name is derived from the profusion of hazel-bushes and walnut woods that stood there when the French first occupied it.

After the excursion of Champlain, described in our last paper, a century and a quarter elapsed before the French attempted any settlement in the immense territory which the founder of Quebec discovered...

In 1763, when Canada passed definitely into the hands of the British, the fortifications of Isle-aux-Noix fell into decay; and the Island was lost sight of till the outbreak of the American Revolution.

In 1775, the Americans planned a campaign against Canada. They appeared before Isle-aux-Noix in September of that year, and meeting no garrison there, pushed on as far as St. Johns.

During the remainder of the Revolution, Isle-aux-Noix had no regular garrison, but it was a kind of outpost where the forces of both belligerents made a temporary stay...

In 181, Isle-aux-Noix became the scene of diplomatic negotiations. The people of Vermont becoming dissatisfied with Congress, in consequence of what they regarded as an unjust dismemberment of their State...

Allen, a brother of the famous Ethan Allen. The conference led to no definite result, except that it probably induced Congress to come to terms with Vermont.

After the American Revolution, the works at Isle-aux-Noix were once more allowed to fall to ruins. They remained in that condition for nearly thirty years, but in 1813, when England and the United States were again at war...

Thus this Island is full of historical associations. It recalls three great eras of Canadian annals—the domination of the French, that of the English, and the invasion of the Americans.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A WORK-OUT parent has named his first baby Macbeth, because he has "murdered sleep."

LIFE is a stormy and dangerous voyage. The vessel we start in—our cradle—is childhood's first rock.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN JILTED.—A sweet-heart is called a turtle-dove, so a coquette must be a mock-turtle-dove.

RECORDER HACKETT said in the course of a recent trial for burglary: "I have never known parents to fail to commit perjury when it was requisite in defence for their children."

"TALK about a man breaking his heart!" said an old lady. "Well, perhaps, he sometimes does; but it's like a lobster breaking one of its claws—another sprouts at once, and grows in its place!"

EVERY girl should be inducted to the mystery of making the most of food, by preparing it for the table with the greatest skill and the least cost. It is no figure of speech to say that the value of food may be multiplied by its being properly cooked and combined.

THE London Court of Bankruptcy has rejected a proof offered by a widow upon the estates of her sons, on the ground that it was impossible to estimate the contingency of a lady of 67 years marrying again.

A WIDOW's husband had been dead seven years, relates a sporting writer, and she still preserved her weeds, to the astonishment of many admirers both of her face and her fortune. An English nobleman, well known in Paris, and an acquaintance of her husband's, became enamoured of her, and ventured to send her a splendid bouquet one morning.

THE GLEANER.

LORD MACAULAY made it a rule to pay all bills within twenty-four hours.

THE new Sultan of Turkey is the husband of one wife, who is said to be a Belgian, very pretty and very clever.

THE Prince of Wales has determined to visit Australia and New Zealand, but the date of the projected tour has not yet been decided.

THE Princess Louise is a total abstainer. Victoria allows none of her children under seventeen to touch alcoholic drinks.

On dit Ignatieff will represent Russia in London, and that Lord Salisbury will be rewarded with a dukedom during the present session.

THERE are said to be only twenty ex-Confederates—including Jefferson Davis and Robert Toombs—whose disabilities have not been removed.

THE Duchess of Marlborough will render herself popular by having requested ladies to dress in Irish poplins at the St. Patrick's Ball in Dublin Castle.

MIDHAT PACHA, it is said, will visit London, should he not have a sudden summons back to Constantinople. He would be a large lion for the British public.

THE average annual production of kid gloves in France is two and a half million dozen pairs, three-fourths of which are exported. Ninety-six thousand operatives are employed in the manufacture.

THE Duke of Abercorn and 33 other noblemen and members of Parliament have signed a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to use his influence in having the restriction removed under which Irishmen are prevented from competing for the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon.

THE Great Eastern is undergoing repairs at Milford, and a proposal is before the proprietors of the ship to expend from £30,000 to £50,000

in fitting her with "modern" engines, in order that she may be able to compete in the Atlantic carrying trade. Offers have been made to the Board to employ the ship in carrying cattle from America.

It may not be generally known that, while with his sledging party, the beard of Commander Albert Markham turned white, but resumed its usual dark colour in about a month after getting back to the ship. This, moreover, was not a solitary case.

PARLIAMENTARY.

MONDAY, Feb. 26.—Routine. TUESDAY, Feb. 27.—Debate on the tariff. Only generalities dealt in.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 28.—Private Bills. THURSDAY, March 2.—The financial question again discussed. The usual topic ventilated.

FRIDAY, March 3.—Departmental routine gone through. SATURDAY, March 3.—Recess.

MONDAY, March 5.—Routine. TUESDAY, March 6.—Northern Railway investigation brought up. Violent debate.

WEDNESDAY, March 7.—Resolution in favor of moderate protection introduced by Sir John A. Macdonald as a test of the Government strength. No new light thrown upon the subject.

THURSDAY, March 8.—Quebec Docks and Jesuit Barracks. Another personal encounter.

FRIDAY, March 9.—Very dull routine.

HUMOROUS.

PAYING THE PIPER.—Settling the plumber's bill.

VERY UNSATISFACTORY SORT OF BREAD.—The roll of fame.

THE inventor of the "self-buttoning glove" is missing. It is thought he has been assassinated by enraged young men.

IT is thought that the time will yet come when members of the choir will be expected to behave during divine service just as well as others.

"PRAY, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?"—"Madame, it is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in a verbal profundity."—"Thank you, sir."

A FELLOW at a cattle show, where he made himself conspicuous by his bluster, cried out, "Call these prizes! Why, they ain't nothin' to what our folks reared. My father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts."—"No doubt of it," said a bystander: "and the noisier!"

A NATURALIST walks boldly to the front and announces that the preservation of Jonah in the whale's belly was not a miracle. The throat of the whale is large, and is provided with a bag of intestines, so considerable in size, that whales frequently take into it two or three of their young ones when weak, and especially during a tempest.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

The Canadian Illustrated News is a pictorial and literary weekly paper that is creditable to the Dominion and especially to the enterprise of its publishers, the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co., of Montreal.

THE ILLUSTRATED.—The Canadian Illustrated News has always something very interesting. The last number is very attractive in its pictorial sketches. It has a cut of the new Parliamentary Building at Ottawa, the handsomest building of the continent.—Kingston Whig.

FASHION NOTES.

A NEW necklace which shades the neck without concealing it, is made of a band of some transparent lace, with festoons of seed pearls, or gems and pearls intermixed.

A LONG slender dress without scarves in front, and without looping at the back, is being affected by Paris elegantes. These are worn without any torture to the figure.

THERE are certain colors which go well with all physiognomies, such as black, light gray, pearl-gray, old oak, deep havane, and mushroom brown, because they are warm in the shade, and cold in the light.

A FASHION designed—as is everything at present—for slim figures, and which stout ones will be slow in accepting—is one that promises to button all corsages, paletots and wrappings diagonally in front. It is argued that the lower buttons could not be buttoned at all by stout ladies.

A VARIETY of strange materials are being applied to ornaments, as in the case of wristlets made of the skins of curious fish found in China. They somewhat resemble the old shagreen, and are said to be very durable. They are capable of a high polish, and are of a greyish-green tone, having a speckled design all over them.

THE colors of a dress ought to be in harmony with the color of the air, with the hues of the complexion and the general character of the wearer, as well as with the occasion on which the dress is to be worn. For a brunette of swarthy complexion brilliant yellows and splendid reds are the most suitable colors, and a jonquil-colored ribbon, a scarlet camellia in the black tresses, a poppy-colored bodice, partially softened by Chantilly lace, will be in style.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. PHELPS is about to retire from the stage after a round of farewell performances.

Mlle. FECHTER will appear in the Mignon of M. Ambrose Thomas.

It is said that Her Majesty's Opera House in London is likely to be turned into a high class music hall.

In the course of the approaching operatic season at Covent Garden an Italian version of the French opera Paul et Virginie will be produced, with Madame Patti as Virginie and Signor Capoul as Paul.

WAGNER is described in a private letter as walking about Rome with a stove-pipe hat on the back of his head, looking at pictures in a wonderful child-like fashion, asking no questions and avoiding conversation generally.

A YOUNG lady in Yorkshire is in the habit of reading Shakspeare for the instruction of girls from the neighbouring factories. In order to make certain that they understand what she has been reading, she sometimes stops in the middle of the scene, and asks one of the girls whether she is sure that she quite comprehends it.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

No. 27. SENTENCES IN SINGLE WORDS.

- 1. A telegram to partake of a meal in an English city 2. Invite a fish to cross your threshold. 3. Outfit time. 4. Test the ability of your son Bob.

No. 28. PUZZLE.

Riddlers, can you this explore? My first is my whole, yet my second is more; And now if you their stations reverse, You'll find that my whole's not so much as my first.

No. 29. PUZZLE.

Q E L B N D D L N

Fill in the spaces, a letter for each dot, and find four names.

No. 30. BURIED TOWNS.

- 1. Mary be frank, for Theresa is aware of it. 2. The blame fell only on Sarah. 3. Please lend Mary a boa. 4. Hist, ma looks at you. 5. Mike, latterly you have been very careless in your business.

No. 31. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first in perfume fresh and fair, I turned amid my second's hair. Abraham's offering, Russia's lake, A wizard, and a whirlpool, make What, in packets neatly bound; In the still-room stores I found.

SOLUTIONS.

No. 23. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Let x = the age of the eldest. x x 1.5 x x 2.5 (2x) = 180. x x 1.5 x x 4.5 x = 180. 5 x x x 4 x = 900. 10 x = 900. x = 90 age of eldest. 2.5 of 2 x 90 = 72 " " second. 1.5 of 90 = 18 " " youngest. 180 united ages.

No. 24. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Crank, Thief, thus: 1. Cat; 2. Replenish; 3. Acqui; 4. Negative; 5. Kerchief.

No. 25. PROSE REBUSES.

- 1. Stool, tool, too. 2. Fire, ire. 3. Black, lack. 4. Train, rain, Ain (the city of), in.

No. 26. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Bird-line, thus: BlondeL, Illumanl, Rudesheiml, Dan-ubE.

COWARDLY ASSAULTS.

When a candidate for high office is so well liked and so popular with the masses as to make his defeat difficult in a fair and honorable fight, mean and cowardly men are not wanting who delight in manufacturing lies and slandering his good name. There are also those whose selfishness prompts them to prostitute their honor, pervert truth, and ignore right, for the sake of injuring a competitor in business, whose prosperity they envy, and with whose business sagacity they have not the talent to successfully compete in an honorable way.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Proprietor of Dr. Pierre's Medicines, World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

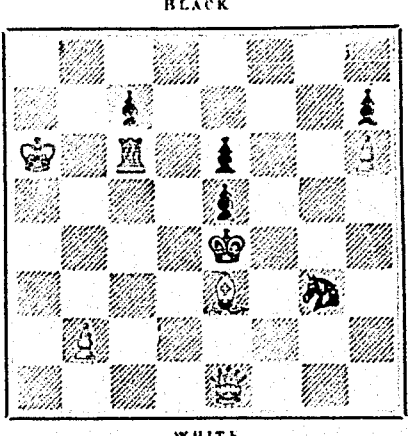
"Gaffer," Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 111, received. M. J. M., Quebec.—Solution of Problem No. 110 received; also, Solution of Problem No. 111. Both correct. The dual in the latter is a defect. W. J. R. B., Montreal.—Letter and solution received. Shall be glad to hear from you again. H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Solutions of Problems No. 108 and No. 109 received. Correct. J. W. S., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 111 received. As you point out, there is a dual in this other wise neat problem.

We have received the February number of the West Minister Papers, a work which ought to be in the hands of all our Dominion Chess-players. It is very pleasing to see from this periodical the great interest manifested on the other side of the Atlantic in Chess matters. Matches and Tournaments, in the metropolitan clubs, and Provincial contests seem to claim much attention, and new associations are continually springing into existence. It is also, gratifying to see an account of a contest between the Jewish Workingmen's Club and certain members of the City of London Chess Club, in which the former were victorious. A workingmen's Chess club, in many cases, would do much to elevate the tastes of those who after the toils of the day require some relaxation, especially that of an intellectual nature.

The Huddersfield College Magazine for February, has a large amount of most interesting Chess Intelligence, chiefly connected with problems and problem composers. The first of a series of sketches of English Problem Masters, gives us the particulars of the life of Mr. Wm. Bone, whose admirable stratagems contributed so much to the gratification of those who, years ago, were accustomed to look anxiously for them in the old "Chess-players' Chronicle" and other Chess works of the day. The Chess column of Land and Water still continues to furnish excellent specimens of contests between the great players of the Metropolis, and its Chess gossip is always fresh and amusing.

A second match has recently been concluded at the Montreal Chess Club, between Messrs. G. Barry and Shaw, the latter giving the odds of Pawn and move. The scoring of the first five games decided the contest. At the close, the result was as follows:—Mr. G. Barry, 6; Mr. Shaw, 5; Draws, 0.

PROBLEM No. 113. By J. MURPHY, Quebec.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CANADA. GAME 162ND.

Played at the Montreal Chess Club, January 29th, 1877, in which Mr. Bird, of London, Eng., gave one of the members the odds of Knight.

(Remove White's King's Knight from the board.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Bird.) 1. P to K 4, 2. B to B 4, 3. P to Q K 4, 4. P to Q R 4, 5. R to R 3, 6. R to K Kt 3, 7. K takes B, 8. K to Kt sq, 9. P takes Kt, 10. B to Q 3, 11. B to K 2, 12. B to Kt 2, 13. P to Q 3, 14. Kt to Q 2, 15. P takes P, 16. R to R 4 (b), 17. K to R 2, 18. B to R 2, 19. P to Q B 4, 20. Kt takes B, 21. B to Q 4, 22. B to K 5, 23. R takes P (d), 24. R to R 4, 25. B to Q 3, 26. B to B 4, 27. Q to R 5, 28. Q to Q 5 (ch), 29. R takes P (ch) (f), 30. Q to K 5 (ch), 31. Q to K 6 (ch), 32. B to R 7 (ch) (g), 33. Q to K 8 (ch), 34. Q to Kt 8 (ch), 35. Q to Kt 6 (ch), 36. Q to Q 6 (ch), 37. Q takes Kt (ch), 38. Q to Q 6 (ch), 39. Q to K 6 (ch) (h), 40. Q takes R, 41. K to R 3, 42. K to Kt 4, 43. K to B 5, 44. K to B 6, 45. K to Kt 7, 46. B to B 7 (ch), 47. B to B 5 (ch), 48. B to Q 6, 49. Q to B 7 (ch), 50. Q mates.

NOTES.

- (a) A bold move in a contest with a player of Mr. Bird's strength. (b) A good move. (c) Driving the White King into safe quarters. (d) The last three or four moves of White are excellently played. (e) The game is very interesting at this point. (f) A move that exposes the Black King to a ruinous attack. (g) The best defensive move. (h) Again the best defence.

CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES. GAME 163RD.

In which Capt. Mackenzie gives an Amateur the odds of Queen's Rook.

(Remove White's Q R from the board.)

- WHITE.—(Capt. Mackenzie.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. P to K B 4, 4. P takes P, 5. P to Q 4, 6. P to K 5, 7. Kt to K B 3, 8. B to Q 3, 9. Castles, 10. P to Q 5, 11. P to K 6, 12. Kt takes Kt (a), 13. Q takes R, 14. R takes P, 15. Q to Q R 4 (ch) and wins.

NOTES.

(a) A fine move threatening mate.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 111.

- WHITE. 1. B to B 8, 2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 109.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to Q 2 (ch), 2. Kt to K Kt 6 mate.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 110.

- WHITE. K at K R 2, R at Q B 5, B at K B 4, Kt at K 6, Pawn at K R 3.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

ADULTERATED "BOHEA."—An article in the Witness of the 5th Inst., with the above heading, claims the attention of the tea-drinking public; and shows "that much of the tea sold as 'green' is of a spurious and poisonous nature, damaged, musty, and poor kinds being doctored for the market by the addition of such 'wholesome' substances as black lead, terra alba, China clay, &c., &c., while the coloring is easily effected by a mixture of Prussian Blue and Turmeric skillfully administered," and leaves the question how long the human system can stand the effects of such slow poison? for solution with the medical fraternity.

For our part we have solved the matter by simply letting tea and coffee alone, and confining our libations to Rowntree's Prize Medal Rock Cocoa, an article specially recommended by the medical fraternity, and one which we have found by experience to be a most wholesome and invigorating beverage, and the only one warranted perfectly pure. We advise our readers to go and do likewise, and accept their doctor's assurance of a lengthened life with total freedom from any and all of the numerous ills produced by unwholesome drinks.



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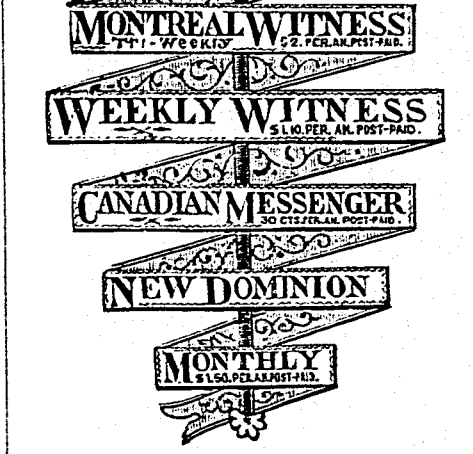
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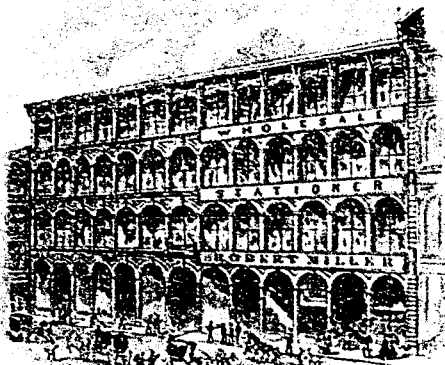
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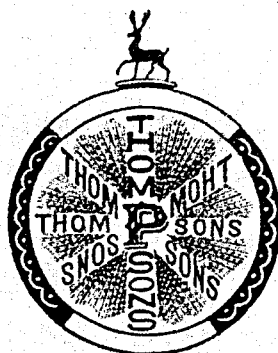
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 Province of Quebec, }  
 District of Montreal. } **SUPERIOR COURT.**  
 MARGARET ANN SIMPSON, of the City and District  
 of Montreal, wife of Hugh Gervan, of the same  
 place, Trader, duly authorised & ester en Justice,  
 Plaintiff.  
 vs.  
 HUGH GERVAN, of the same place,  
 Defendant.  
 An action for separation as to property has been insti-  
 tuted in this cause.  
 Montreal, 19th February, 1877.  
 L. E. BOWIE,  
 Atty. for Plaintiff.

**THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL.**

**FIRE.**  
**CAPITAL,**  
**ASSETS, OVER**



**LIFE.**  
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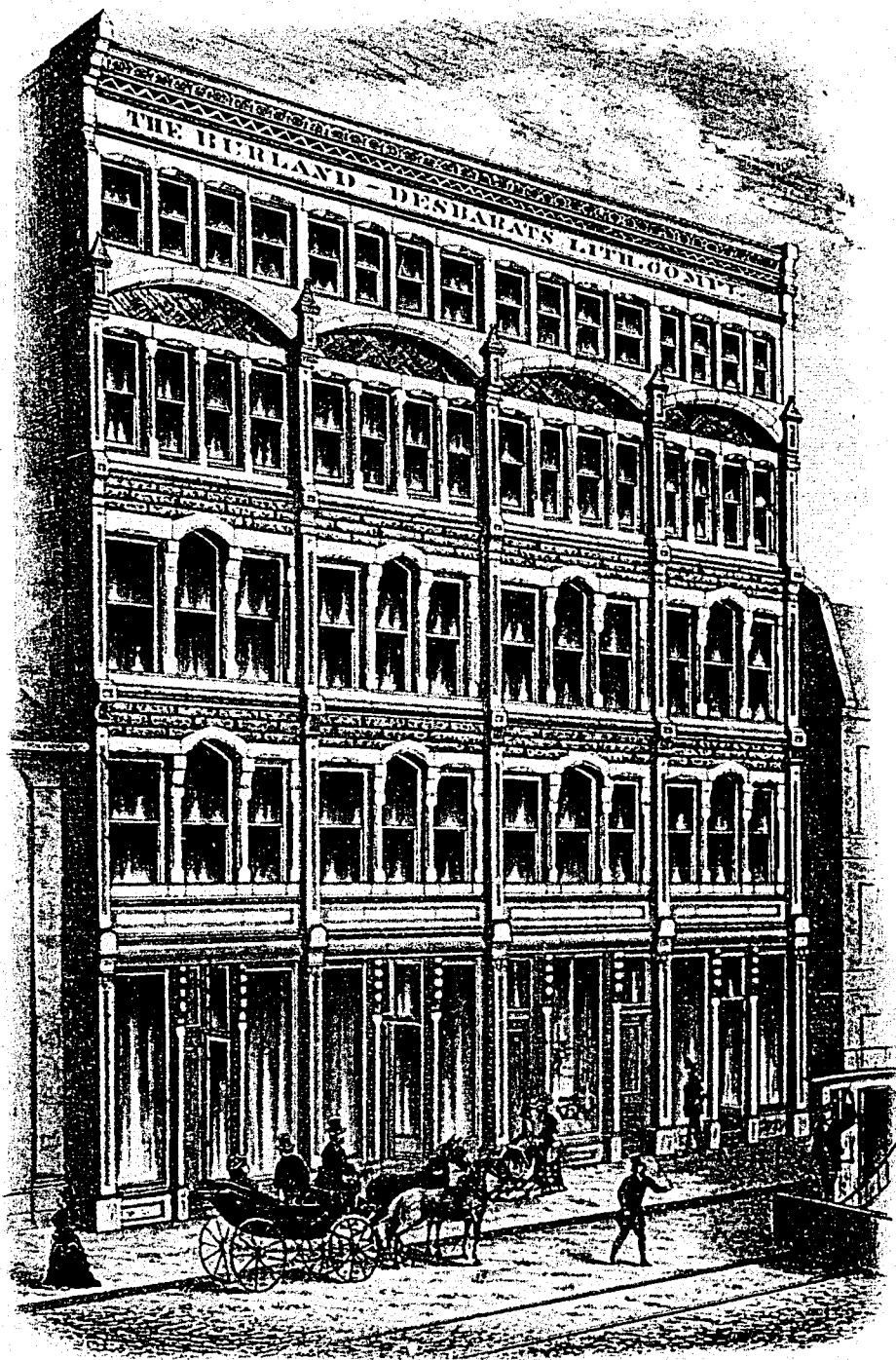
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 Medical Adviser.  
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