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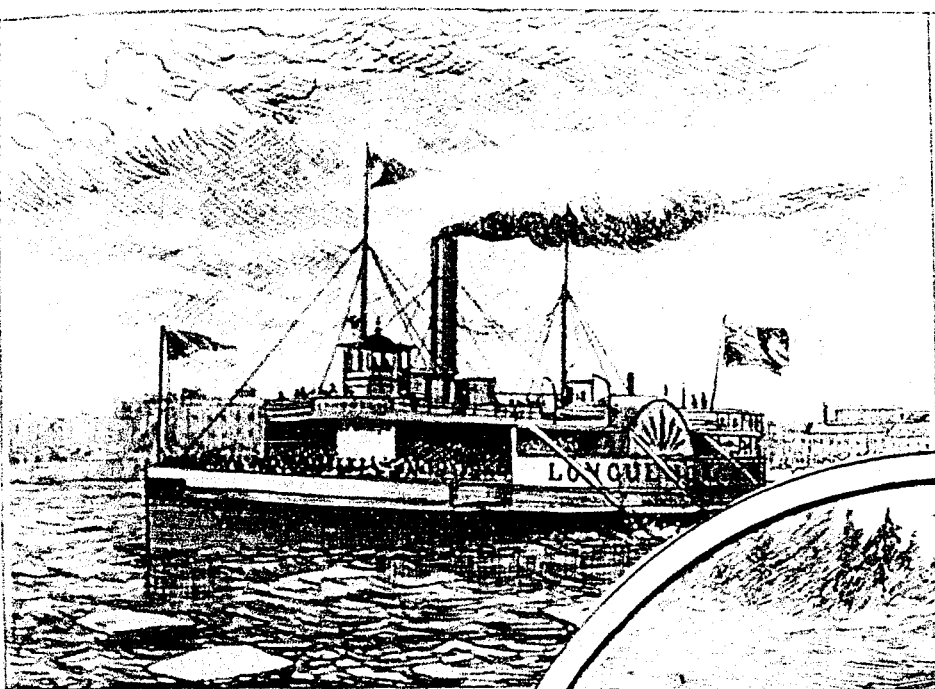
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# Montreal Whistler's News

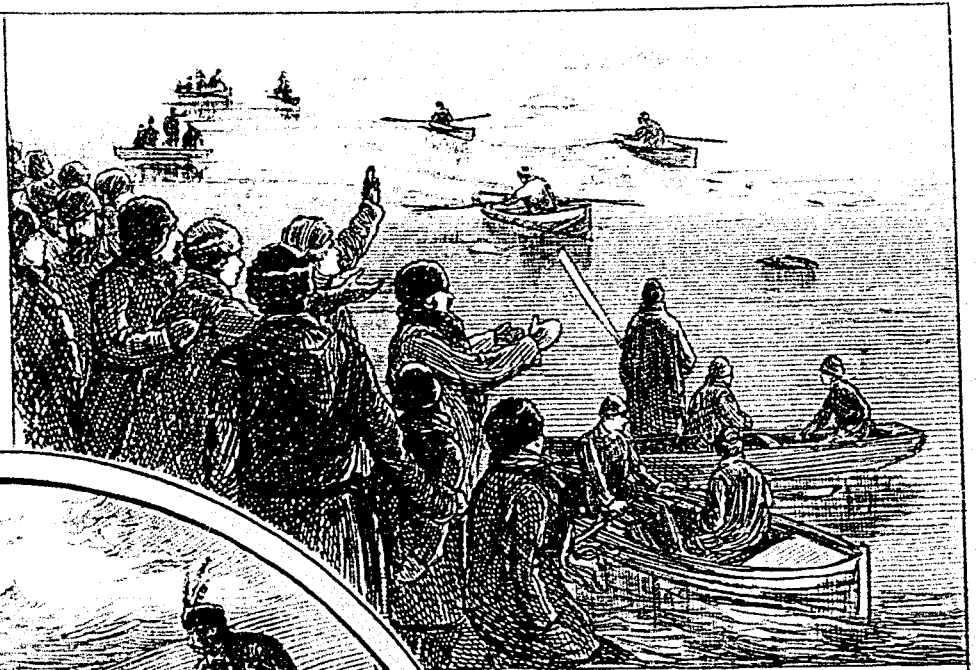
Vol. XVII.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1878.

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PLEASURE TRIP ON RIVER.



BOAT RACE.



INDIAN'S SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.



DUST IN THE STREETS.



FISHING OFF RICHELIEU PIER.



SHEEP GRAZING BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN.



PLOUGHING AT ST. BRUNO.

SCENES OF THE UNPRECEDENTED NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1878.

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When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

## NOTICE.

The indexes of the two volumes XV. and XVI. will be ready this week, and those of our subscribers who may desire them especially for binding, as we recommend them to do, will be at once supplied on dropping word by messenger or postal card.

## ST. JOHN, N.B.

Our next number will contain the first of a number of portraits of the principal public men and notabilities of St. John, N. B., accompanied by brief biographical memoirs. We were unable to produce them this week owing to lack of space. We beg to call the attention of all our friends in New Brunswick and the Maritime Provinces to this series.

## VALLEYFIELD ILLUSTRATED.

In the present number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS we present three pages of illustrations of the principal buildings and points of attraction about the flourishing town of Valleyfield, thus initiating the series to which we alluded in our last number. Although this is only a beginning, and we expect to do far better as we progress, yet we are willing to offer the present illustrations of Valleyfield with the full letter-press description as a fair indication of what we intend to accomplish. In a short time we shall have illustrated as much of Canada as will both interest and astonish our readers.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 12th, 1878.

### THE MARSHAL'S SURRENDER.

The late crisis in France has proved two things—first, that the majority, under extreme provocation, were able to contain themselves; and, secondly, that the principles of constitutional freedom have taken such root as to defy every effort to destroy them. With this example before the world, France may hold up her head proudly and claim that she is still in the vanguard of civilization. It is an aphorism, especially with complacent Englishmen, that Frenchmen are unable to govern themselves. Twice within seven years they have given the lie to this impertinence. In September, 1870, when the country was rocking on the brink of revolution, when the Emperor was deposed, and the Prussians were thundering onward against Paris, the Government of National Defence was formed without the least disorder, and set to work with magnificent and harmonious patriotism to save the country from absolute ruin and disruption. Again in October, 1877, when the election returns showed that the popular feeling was largely in favour of the Republicans, and when, in the teeth of this fact, Marshal MacMahon and his Cabinet persisted in maintaining themselves in an attitude of armed hostility, imperilling the foreign relations of the country, agitating the Bourse and causing a real financial panic in the rural districts, all the branches of the Left maintained an attitude of dignified moderation which was proof against every attempt at illegal outbreak. One imprudent action might have set the whole city of Paris into a flame, and Paris would have dragged the rest of France in her wake. But that imprudent action was not committed. GAMBETTA manifested a natural impatience once or twice, which made us fear that he was losing control of himself, but he persevered in his policy of compromise and conciliation to the end, and the re-

sult is now before us—honourable to himself, and creditable to his country. Nor must we omit to say a good word for the Marshal. There is no reason whatever to doubt that he was actuated by the sincerest motives, and that having, through a false mental training, metamorphosed Republicanism with Demagogy, he should have deemed it his sacred duty to fight the monster till he had slain it. So far then, neither his honesty nor his patriotism can be impeached. Fortunately, his resistance stopped at the precise moment when, if continued, it must have precipitated a revolution. His acceptance of a Left Centre Ministry was a surrender, but it saved the old soldier's name from lasting ignominy. Henceforth, he will be allowed to pursue his way quietly until the close of his term in 1880, when, it is to be hoped, the majority will have been so far consolidated as to be able to elect its own President without trouble. Peace and quietude being now assured, it is to be expected that the Paris Exhibition will be carried out fully according to the programme, an event which will tend very materially both to increase the internal prosperity of France and to exalt her prestige in the eyes all nations. With all their faults, the ideas of the French are noble and their efforts tend in the path of progress, and it is in the interest of art, science, literature, in a word, of civilization, that this beautiful land should be allowed to work out her destinies.

### THE TRAMP NUISANCE.

During the excitement of the late railway riots in the United States, it was the boast of the principal New York papers that the trouble was simply a financial one, growing out of the conflict between labour and capital, and had no relation whatever with European Communism. We fear our American friends were somewhat mistaken in laying this flattering unction to their souls. There probably is not anything resembling organized Communism in the United States, but it can hardly be doubted that all the elements for such are to be found there, and that comparatively little would be required to constitute a serious danger to the State. During the discussion which lately took place in Congress on the proposed increase of the regular army, this peril was freely alluded to, and formed one of the most powerful arguments in favor of strengthening the military force. To say nothing of the thousands of workmen in the large centres and manufacturing districts who are forced into idleness by the stoppage of labour, it is estimated that there are over 200,000 tramps roaming over the country and making the quiet rural homesteads the special objects of their depredations. During the summer they tarried in the more northern regions, but now that the cold has set in, they have flitted, like the swallows, to the South. This abominable nuisance of thieving poverty, this positive peril of reckless indolence gave unmistakable signs of life, in Canada, during the autumn, and we are promised that the visitation will be resumed, like that of the locusts, in the spring. In the United States the farmers were beginning to form themselves into Vigilance Committees to protect their life and property and the honour of their wives and daughters. We have not come to that extremity in Canada, but it will be well to hold ourselves in readiness, inasmuch as many of these tramps are natives of this country, and, in many cases, the sons of farmers too lazy to work at home and preferring to seek their fortunes on the highways. It is true that the hard times, in Montreal for instance, have thrown thousands of willing hands out of employment, but this misfortune can be no excuse for rapine and theft, and we have yet to learn that the honest artisan must stoop to self-dignity in order to retrieve his position. During the summer there is no lack of work in the country; indeed the general complaint of farmers is the scarcity of hands, and consequently the numbers who

are idling in the towns and cities should repair thither where they will be able not only to earn good wages, but also to save money, being removed from all temptations to expenditure. In this and other ways we shall be induced to counteract the nuisance of tramps in some measure, and prevent its growing into a positive peril.

We have been uncommonly pressed for space in the present number, and in consequence, were forced to hold over much editorial and other original matter. Next week our readers may look out for several new literary features.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

AN UNPRECEDENTED NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Our front page contains a composition and combination picture, illustrative of scenes which will make the 1st January, 1878, the most remarkable in Canadian record. For that reason it deserves to be carefully preserved. We have first the "shooting" of the dangerous La-hine Rapids by Big John and two companions—another Indian and a white man. They left the village of Caughnawaga at eleven o'clock on New Year's day, and arrived at the Jacques Cartier Basin at about half-past twelve, after successfully performing the perilous feat. Big John was dissuaded from the undertaking by his own people, but he dared everything, although once or twice, in the pitch of the cataract, he owns that his heart throbbed just a little. On landing, he was received with cheers by an assembled crowd, who also furnished him with more substantial tokens of their admiration. He met with the same treatment a little later at the St. Lawrence Hall. There he enjoyed the proud sensation, for an Indian, of telegraphing his safe arrival to his own and all the other squaws of Caughnawaga. Another view is that of a pleasure trip to Boucherville, on board the steamer "Longueuil." About 600 persons took part in this excursion, more for the pride of the thing than for its enjoyment, as the wind blew very keen and the cold was extreme. A third sketch is that of a boat-race from the Bonsecours Pier to the St. Lambert's Wharf. Three boats took part in the race, and the whole entertainment was presided over by the well-known waterman, Joe Vincent. The fourth illustration represents a farmer of St. Bruno tracing a furrow in honour of the day. In the fifth are reproduced a few sheep seen quietly browsing on the north-eastern slope of Mount Royal. The sixth sketch shows a couple of New Year callers, facing a whirlwind of dust, on their rounds. Finally, we have a man fishing at the edge of the Richelieu pier, and catching a sixteen pounder. We will not be positive within a pound or two of the true weight, but Sandy, the successful roddman, declares it was an "unoo big fish."

WAR SCENES.—We present four of these today, illustrating scenes in both Europe and Asia, and connected with the evacuation of Soha, as well as the siege of Erzeroum.

VALLEYFIELD.—A full description of this important manufacturing town will be found in another column.

BUNTING'S PAPER MILLS.—An account of these splendid works will be found embodied in the general description of Valleyfield.

### BEFORE THE FOOT LIGHTS.

Like all provincial, or, as we are fonder of saying here, inland cities, Montreal has an experience in music which may be termed spasmodic. It is not a continuous stream, but an occasional cataract, resulting sometimes in a flood. For instance, take last week. After a long interval, during which our music and dramatic halls were dark, silent, and deserted, we were set upon by several consecutive concerts and two opera companies. The programmes faced us in every shop window, "dodgers" fluttered like snow flakes at the street corners, dead walls were tapestried with immense posters, flaming in all the glory of vermilion, and blue, while occasionally the pretty profile of an actress attracted the eye at Prince's and De Zouche's.

I always feel as if a cold iron bar were thrust down my back when I read the announcement that an English opera company is coming. Not that I am sceptical of opera in English. Not at all. I by no means share the foolish prejudice that English is an unmusical language. Whoever speaks such nonsense never heard Sims Reeves warble a song, or Gladstone make a speech, or a beautiful Virginia woman converse in a low voice on her veranda in the summer sunset. Why, all the operas, Italian, French, and others, are sung in German; and Nilsson has learned that language purposely to sing these works at Vienna. Surely English is not behind German for the purposes of song. My dubiety hinges rather on the defective equipment of such companies, the want of good singers, good actors, good choruses and a good orchestra. In fact, the want of everything, except the echo of a once fine voice in one or two of the members.

Look at the Granger Dow Company, which

appeared here last week. The experience of them is the experience of the Richings, the Kelloggs, the Holmans, and other companies. I will not deprecate the list by adding that jollies, of frauds, the Boston Lyceum Company. Like Clara Louise Kellogg, Madame Granger Dow it not an actress. She phrases well in recitatives and her voice shows beauty in purely cantabile passages, but she has no dramatic expression, and the lyricism of intonation is imperfect. She does not sustain the reputation which she won in concert and oratorio. Miss Randall is quite at home on the stage, and her contralto is altogether sufficient for the useful work which may be required of it. Joseph Maas is perhaps the best tenor on this side of the water, where as yet a tenor of the highest class—*di primo cartello*—has never been heard in his prime. Maas has also many natural gifts which enhance his position. Will Carleton is, perhaps, our best baritone, and his stage qualities are also of a high order. But these four voices, commendable as they may be, do not suffice to interpret an opera. Your true musical lover lies in wait for the "effects" of the choruses and for the thousand hidden beauties of the orchestration. When these are either omitted or mutilated, he feels that he has been cheated of half his enjoyment. And then, why everlastingly the old pieces—H Trovatore, The Bohemian Girl, Fra Diavolo, Martha! Why not at least one comparative novelty?

For the first time in her several visits to Montreal, Amice has failed to be entirely successful. Although she appeared in the height of the holiday season—between Christmas and New Year—and although her company was the best she ever had, yet, with the exception of one or two nights, she did not crowd the Royal. The reason? First, the high prices. Accustomed to overflowing houses here previously, Manager Grau thought he would raise the rates in order to break the mob. And he broke it with a vengeance. The times are very hard, and the gods will resign their seats on Olympus rather than pay a half dollar a night for them. But another more potent, though hidden, influence worked against the company. I am informed that the Bishop and other Roman Catholic authorities expressed their wish to the French papers that no notice whatever should be taken of Amice—no advertisement printed, and no *couplets* or *couplets* given. The wish was obeyed as it had been a command, and the consequence was that there were hundreds of French families who did not even know that the "Queen of Opera Bouffe" was in the city.

The accomplished editor of the "Musical Column" of the *Gazette* finds fault with the music of "Empire First," published in the last number but one of this journal. I am glad that he has done so. When the "Musical Column" was first established, I know that it was for the purpose of raising the standard of musical criticism in this city. This has since been done, in reply to my assertion to that effect last summer, but I repeat it, because I speak where I know. And so it should be. The editor of that column is not only a theoretician, but a practical musician of wide experience and deserved popularity. His views on any and all matters concerning current music in this city, no matter how unpretending the concerts or other performances may be, would be read with interest and profit, and, if I may be allowed the liberty to say so, would please the public much better than long extracts from English and other foreign musical journals. With regard to the strictures on the music of "Empire First," I, of course, may not intervene, but publicly call upon the author, one of the best known of our musical professors, to come forward and defend himself.

PE CORLE.

### REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

Editorially, last week, we called attention to the discussion that was going on in press and pulpit on the question of the eternity of future punishment. As we then stated, there is always some or other exciting debate going on in the religious world, a good sign of the interest which the people take in spiritual concerns, but naturally none can be more really exciting than the above. One of the latest contributions to the controversy is found in the December number of the *Fortnightly Review*, just received. Mr. Lionel A. Tollemache there discourses on "Hell and the Divine Veracity," a rather startling and, we must say, novel title. The paper is worth reading because learned without pedantry, and lively without offensive aggressiveness. The gist of the argument is briefly this. Assuming that the doctrine of hell is unjust and cruel, which, of course, is the first thing to be proved, the writer lays down the following dilemma: Either the scriptures are untruthful when they represent God as laying down the dogma of hell, or, if truthful, they *ipso facto* leave Him open to the charge of injustice and cruelty in doing so. This, it will be seen, is trading on dangerous ground. The other articles of the *Fortnightly* are of the usual variety and excellence.

We take much pleasure in introducing the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to the notice of the Canadian public. It is the exponent of the highest American culture and experience, and the names of its contributors are the best guarantee of the excellence of its contents. The editing is done with the most intelligent care,

and the material execution of the pamphlet by the Appletons, of New York, proves that every thing is done to render the publication attractive. The paper of Senator Hoar on Charles Sumner is splendidly written, and a laudable attempt to honour the memory of an old friend. But no amount of fine writing or laudation will convince the world, outside of New England, that Sumner was a great man. Another article to which we may refer is that of General McClellan on the Eastern war. If the present Governor of New Jersey would consult his reputation, he would cease writing in this flippant fashion. His own military fame is too vulnerable to allow of his attacking that of others, and he ought to know, from his experience, when he himself was the victim, that nobody places any reliance on such criticism. The amusing audacity with which he disposes of Osman Pasha is in ludicrous contrast with the high estimation in which that great commander is held by the Russians, who were eye-witnesses of his work. General McClellan may keep on giving us the topography of the war out of guide books and maps, but he should let all the strategical and tactical criticism severally alone. The list of the other papers in the NORTH AMERICAN was published in our last number.

SHE MIGHT HAVE DONE BETTER is the title of a novel, by W. H. Brown, of Acton Vale, P.Q., and published at the *News Steam Printing House*, St. Johns, P.Q. The work is really in two volumes, but these have been united under one cover. As it consists of nearly six hundred pages, we cannot say that we have been able to find time to read it through, but what we did read impressed us favourably. The writer nowhere betrays the 'prentice hand, and we suspect that he has faced the fire of publication before. At all events, he displays that ease which results from confidence in self, and the confidence is not misplaced. There are a few digressions, bearing more or less remotely on the political questions of the day, in which our author shows himself an orthodox Liberal, but these do not materially impede the march of the story, which advances along with graduated interest, that many an accreted episode serves to increase. The plot of the tale is also well wrought out. The work, we understand, is sold by subscription, but may be had from the book-sellers. As a Canadian production, all the scenes and characters being Canadian, the author a Canadian, and the publisher a Canadian, it deserves the appreciation and encouragement of Canadian readers, to whom we heartily recommend it. We trust also that Mr. Brown may meet with sufficient favour to induce him to trumpet fortune with a second romance.

**STREET MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.**

BY KRISS.

Which one of us has never been rudely aroused from some delightful reverie, or interrupted in our daily occupations by the remorseless hand of the organ-grinder or his brothers-in-art, in whose hands musical instruments are implements of torture? And who among us, after being thus disturbed, has not sent out upon the shatterer of our nerves a fervent blessing, worded as though it certainly was never suggested by the charms of music?

Vagabond street musicians are not generally encouraged, nor do they deserve to be, for besides the musical torture they inflict, they are lazy livers of a lazy life; but, although they may be unaware of it, they have one redeeming feature, and that is the delight which their performances give to the poor who seldom have an opportunity of listening to music; and to whom the arrival of the musical wanderer is an event of importance. The poor resident of the squalid part of the city contributes his mite that he may listen to the music, and the rich one, with an air indicative of familiarity with grand pianos and guitars—badly played—throws alms to the street musician that he may take himself off. After all, there is a great deal of assumption in this, for we have known young ladies who have put their fingers to their ears in agony after hearing the opening notes of an air from a splendid new barrel-organ, who could tolerate the most frightful discords—of their own making—from the piano.

Let us stop as we pass and join the crowd of tagged and dirty admirers who surround this organ grinder, whose swarthy complexion, black eyes and huge black mustaches, clothing, of which his coat, once velvet, seems to have been chosen as a contrast to the heavy fustian texture of his pataffoons, together with his negligent pose, constitute him a veritable Fra Diavolo. Then, as we watch his glance up at this window, now at that, anon among the crowd in search of his understood reward, we are set ruminating. We wonder that one possessing such a powerful physique should choose such a childish occupation—we wonder if he knows the names of the tunes he spins out day after day—we wonder if he has ever been a brigand, or if he is a relative of that polite and free race—we wonder which is his native Italian city: then we speculate upon the probability of his being some nobleman stolen from home during early adolescence; so dreaming, we are aroused by the importunities of a very ugly and impudent little monkey who has made a ladder of our noble figure and climbed to our shoulder where he sits illustrating to the crowd Darwin's theories relative to monkey and man; for a slight pecuniary consideration he consents to retire, but only to pounce upon the next victim.

Many people put on airs when they assume to despise all street musicians; it is not unpleasant to listen to a good barrel-organ provided the player is not too long-winded—this is where the trouble comes—by the terrible repetition of hackneyed tunes. Still, a hand-organ player generally keeps moving on and so does the crowd with him. It is a wonderful fact that, although street musicians are much exposed to accident, few are killed in the streets; perhaps organ-grinders and their kin, like book-agents, live forever; "more's the pity" some people will say.

The pleasantest music to be heard on the street is that from the violin, flute and harp men; good ones are almost as rare though, as they are pleasant to listen to, because their performances require much skill, while any one can turn a hand-organ handle. It is wonderful how these musicians, whom I have just instanced, play by ear. They know not a note of music, but their Italian taste and feeling allows them to perform music from some of the best opera and other writers very acceptably, while they play dance music admirably; their earnings, too, are much more than is generally supposed. Fortunately they do not claim for themselves the title of musicians, for they generally affirm that they know nothing of music but the imitation by ear, which is a birthright of the Italians. The Germans, who are born under more rigid musical discipline in music, generally have a knowledge of notes.

The little Italian harp or violin boys deserve pity if not alms. The life they lead is seldom of their own choosing; it having been only lately discovered that some cruel Italian loafers in our large cities spirited the boys from their fatherland and sent them out on the street to play for money, they taking from them each night all their daily earnings and at the same time thrashing and submitting them to other cruelties. There is enough to be found in the lives of these little waifs to construct many a thrilling romance, which in print would almost appear to be exaggerated. Many persons must have observed the unnaturally old face and attenuated form that are characteristic of these little unfortunates. We have seen them, during our Northern winters, on the street, walking in broken shoes and without socks, overcoat or mittens, and we have often wondered that the frail little frame could stand all which it was called upon to bear. Surely, although these boys are the worst of players on the worst of instruments, the human nature that lies in most everybody's breast will be aroused when the sufferings of these wretched sons of Orpheus are made known.

Blind street musicians are numerous in large cities. It is a pity that the corporations of cities do not find means of support for these blind sufferers and not allow them to parade their infirmities by means of a loud voice or poor violin badly played, that they may gain the means for bare subsistence. We have in our mind's eye now a blind singer who lost his eyesight by an explosion of gunpowder, and he must have lost his voice at the same moment, for he is capable of making a noise with his larynx that rivals saw-sharpening in purity and sweetness of tone; his face and eyes, too, are a horrible sight from the effects of the explosion; but, what other means can this poor man take to make a living?

What an interesting collection of photographs one of each of these street musicians would make! Here are two French sailors in their undress navy uniform, both having lost limbs, but, retaining their fair voices, use the latter in the absence of their former requisites, to obtain bread; fine lusty voices from two who are fine looking fellows despite their mutilation of body. We wonder why France does not support these two men. French accordion players are another line of music makers, some of whom make very fair music, while two or three of them playing in parts make a regular orchestra. Here is a blind accordion player and his daughter who sings to his accompaniment. What a respectable looking man he is, and how sweet his little daughter looks. We are straightway set musing over his probable history, for we are convinced that his present employment has not been his occupation during all the days that are gone; his little daughter's refined look and gentle manners go to strengthen our conviction.

One of the latest inventions for the manufacture of the music of the street is the piano on wheels. The proprietor and performer, who are generally the one person, opens up his instrument, seats himself upon his moveable stool, and launches into the manufacture or destruction—generally the latter—of music. These performers are rare birds, however, the preference being given by producers of street music to a kind of piano played in the same easy and graceful style as the hand-organ, but which is a string instead of a reed instrument, so that the street audiences can go into raptures over the skilful performer's "touch"—upon the crank handle.

The German brass band seems to have passed off the face of the earth—or have blown themselves off—into oblivion. Where are now those concerted—

"horns in E-flat coolly blowing"

Where is the little cloth cap with a peak and the awfully tight-fitting frock coat? Where has the poetical looking trombone-player flown to? The German bandsman did not only attempt to play airs, but they had presumption enough to put them on, as the fact will testify, that some of these musicians carried music and music-stands with them and played therefrom, although they were unable to read a note of music. What a terrible looking fellow the double-

bass player of these bands was generally found to be! *Double* was rolled out from the depths of his awful brass instrument of destruction, and *double* was bespoken as latent in his stern brow and distended cheeks. But the most annoying fellow was the clarinet player who always insisted upon playing variations and *faule flourishes* to every piece in hand, although he could not play the simple theme without "executing" it, in the annihilative sense of the word.

**NOTES AND QUERIES.**

NOTES.

No. 10. "Why are so many women sick amongst us and so many sleep? Why, but because they fail would stamp out a part of that nature of womanhood which God gave them wherewithal to serve him and to be the crown of True Glory to themselves." Essaying too rather to be angels, they pine away too soon from off the earth, and the argument seemeth moot an God have mercy on their unwomanly souls. Rather should they forgive the husband, each eye, his offences, and caress him daily with such endearments as woman knoweth so well to use. So shall they kindle anew each eventide the torch of nuptial love which smouldereth under the hasty retorts and frowning cares of the day, yea and is oft well nigh extinguished. So shall he not seek other fields and pastures new, to wit, the embracing of alien arms which know but too well how to woo his passionate regards by all those means which, in the unhappy primness of these purient days, a wife in her folly would seem to disclaim to use."

C. G., 1878.

Belleville.

No. 11. Following up the "ancient saws" of "Beaver Hall," I would recommend your readers to Ray's collection of Proverbs, and Erasmi Adagia—and also an entertaining book called "Time's Telescope," published in London in the year 1814. Many of the proverbial phrases and adages found therein are generally based on observation, and are, as a rule, more likely to be correct than the false and vain theories published in our weather almanacs. One thing ought to be remembered—that these Proverbs and Prognostics are based on the Meteorology of Great Britain, consequently are valueless here, where our climatology and meteorology are so utterly different. For example:

"Who in January sows oats, gets gold and groats.  
Who sows in May, gets little that way."

"When Candlemas Day is come and gone,  
The snow lies on a hot stone."

Candlemas Day, the 2nd of February, or thereabouts, is invariably near to what in Canada is called a cold term. Upon reference to my observations in 1861, I find the night of the 3rd was considerably below zero, and that from the 7th to the 9th inclusive the mean temperature was, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5 p.m., 10 degrees below zero; the thermometer registering during the night of the 8th 34 degrees below zero. Chaucer writes in his *Canterbury Tales*:

"If on Candlemas Day it be shower and rain,  
Winter is gone, and will not come again."

On Candlemas Day, 1877, we had rain in Montreal, but the thermometer did not reach, during any night of the month after that of the 2nd, above the freezing point, and the mean minimum temperature of the month was about 20 deg. So much for "winter is gone."

These proverbs or popular prognostics of the change of weather are common in most European countries. Theophrastus, the Grecian naturalist, cultivated the science of these proverbial rules, and his collection of them was shortly afterwards put into verse by Aratus, the poet, more than two thousand years ago, and was imitated by Virgil, Lucan, Pliny, Seneca, and others.

It would be well if Mr. Venmor, in his migratory geological tours, would collect from the Indians and the old *habitans* their proverbial rules of judging the weather. They are deserving an attention which they have not yet received, and are worthy of the meteorologist's labour and study.

THOS. D. KING.

**REPLIES TO QUERIES.**

No. 1. In reply to J. H. G., I will state that, if he will send photos of the remarkable bones which he lately mentioned in this column, I shall be happy to publish them. Thus, perhaps, we shall find a fuller answer to his query.

THE EDITOR.

No. 5. To N. P.'s query about St. John being the patron saint of Masons, I answer: There is no other reason for the choice of this Saint by the Order except the association of his name with the idea of charity and brotherly love. This ought to be perfectly understood, and I wonder any member of the Order could ignore it.

MASON.

Montreal.

In answer to N.P., St. John the Evangelist is not the patron saint of the Fraternity of Freemasons. If such a saint existed, St. John the Baptist's ought to be recognized as the chief festival of the Fraternity of Stone Masons, which, according to an old tradition, was first created into a Brotherhood in Magdeburg Cathedral in the beginning of the 13th century. From these guilds of Stone Masons sprung our modern Free and Accepted Masons. The celebrated Inigo Jones was elected Patron of the Freemasons over which he presided, between the years 1607-

1618. The quarterly meetings of the Grand Lodges were fixed by him thus: March 25, June 24, Sept. 29, Dec. 27 (St. John's Day), hence the gathering of the Brethren on the latter day to elect their officers and have a festival—although this is not arbitrary. N.P. is referred to a very interesting book, entitled *History of Freemasonry down to the present day*, by T. G. Findel, published in 1869. The writer of this communication thinks it the best book ever published in connection with the history of the craft. It can be purchased at Dawson Brothers, Rex.

No. 6. When your correspondent Fergus asked for the derivation of Hogmanay he hit upon a philological error. It was right in supposing that it is not Gaelic. I will give him the four derivations most in vogue.

I. From the Greek words *nyx mēnē* (holy moon or month.)

II. In the song "Hogmanay, trololay," these words are supposed to be a corruption of the French *Homme est né—Trois Rois la* (A man is born—Three kings are there.)

III. From *Hoggu-noll, Hogsnat, or Hoggy-night*, the ancient Scandinavian name for the night preceding the feast of Yule, and so called in reference to the animals slaughtered on the occasion, the word *hoggy* signifying to kill.

IV. From the French *Au qui menez* (To the mistletoe go.)

SCOTLS.

No. 7. The Feast of St. Stephen, 26th December, is called Boxing Day, because it was the day on which the claimants of Christmas Boxes went their rounds of collection. The evening is known all over Britain as Boxing Night, because then the new Christmas pantomime is produced for the first time, and the galleries of the theatre are crowded.

X.

**ECHOES FROM LONDON.**

MR. MAPPLESON is said to have made a great hit by his winter opera. In theatrical circles he is credited with having netted 5,000*l.*

THE QUEEN this year presented each of the London Hospitals with fatted bullocks, sufficient for the Christmas dinners of the patients.

SEVERAL wealthy Nonconformists contemplate establishing a daily newspaper in London for the purpose of advocating the cause of Dis-establishment.

HYDRANTS capable of throwing jets upon burning houses without the intervention of engines are to be fitted up throughout the city of London at a cost of over 14,000*l.*

THE *Times* is trying to obtain permission for the establishment of telephonic communication between the House of Commons and Printing-House-square, in time to be used for next session. Of course the like privilege ought to be extended to all the London daily papers.

THE Italian pianette players have hit upon a new mode of rendering themselves intolerable. They have entered into competition with the Christmas "Waits." Consequently London is not just now the place to enjoy undisturbed the blessings of sleep.

It is perhaps a sign of the times that Colonel Wellesley will return from the seat of war immediately, and, it is believed, will not return. Two English newspaper correspondents have been told by the Russians that they are not wanted.

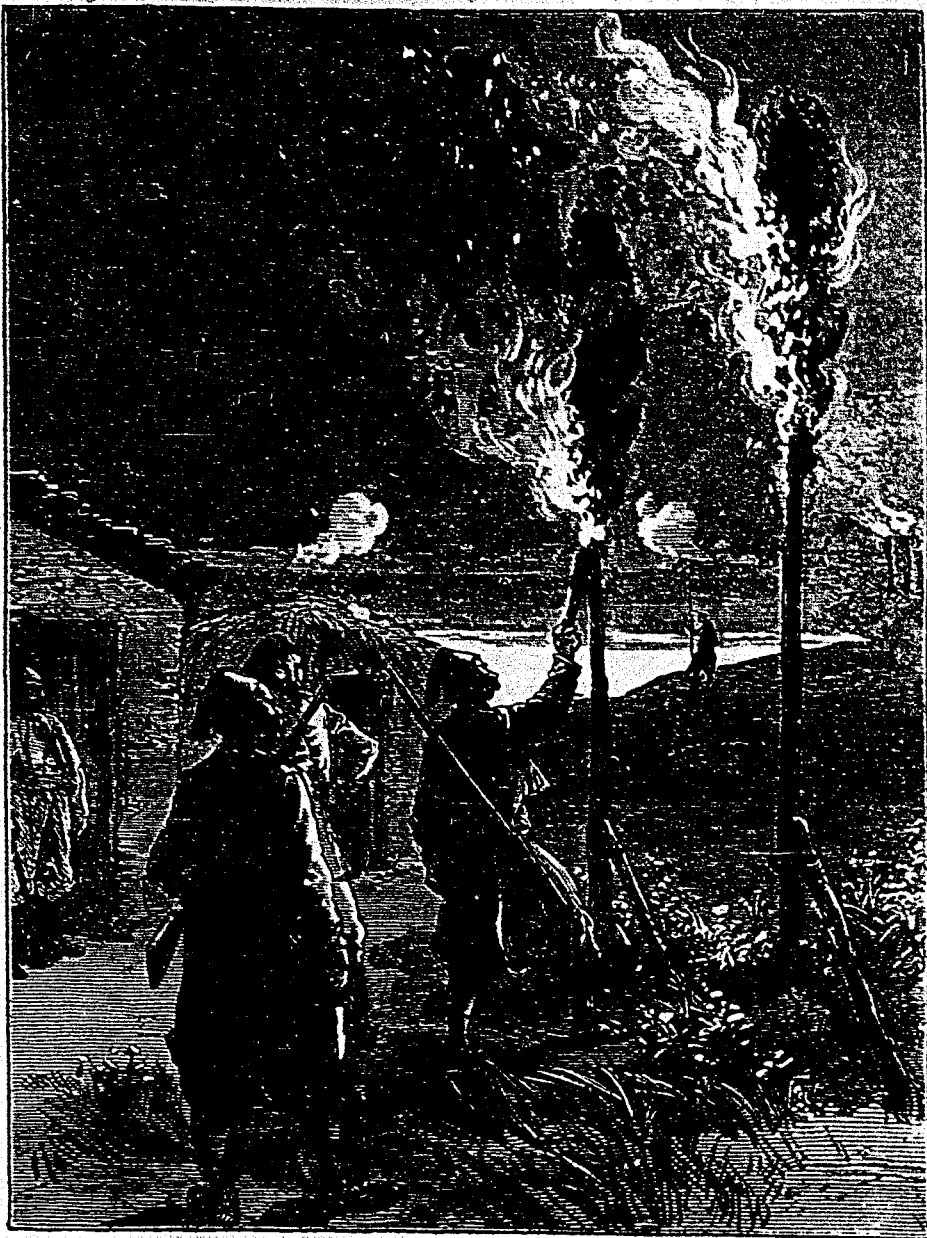
THE German press is now, "by desire," unmitigatedly impudent, and gibes at England with gross contempt. The *National Zeitung* brands us as a fish-blooded people, and to-day observes that Gortschukoff treats Turkey as a sick man, while Bismarck regards England as a sick woman.

THERE are very serious rumours of another strike. The carpenters and joiners of London want more leisure, but not less pay, and they are already arranging to follow the example of the masons and to demand an extra penny an hour with only fifty-two hours work per week. They have not yet moved, but an action is expected immediately.

It is the intention to allow Prince Albert Victor of Wales, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, to pass about two years as a cadet on the *Britannic* training-ship, after which he will proceed to the University, and will subsequently be appointed a commission in the army. What branch of the service the young Prince will enter is as yet unknown, though it is certain that he will not follow the usual custom and be at once gazetted a field officer.

Something thoroughly English.—In anticipation of the fall of Plevna leading to the cessation of hostilities between Russia and Turkey, plans are being matured for excursion parties to be taken to the scenes of the recent struggles in Europe and Asia. One party will proceed to Vienna and along the Danube, visiting Bucharest, Giurgevo, and Ruscchuk, thence to Plevna and the Balkan range. The other tour is proposed to include Athens, Constantinople, and the Black Sea to Trebizond, and thence to Kars, Erzeroum, and Mount Ararat.

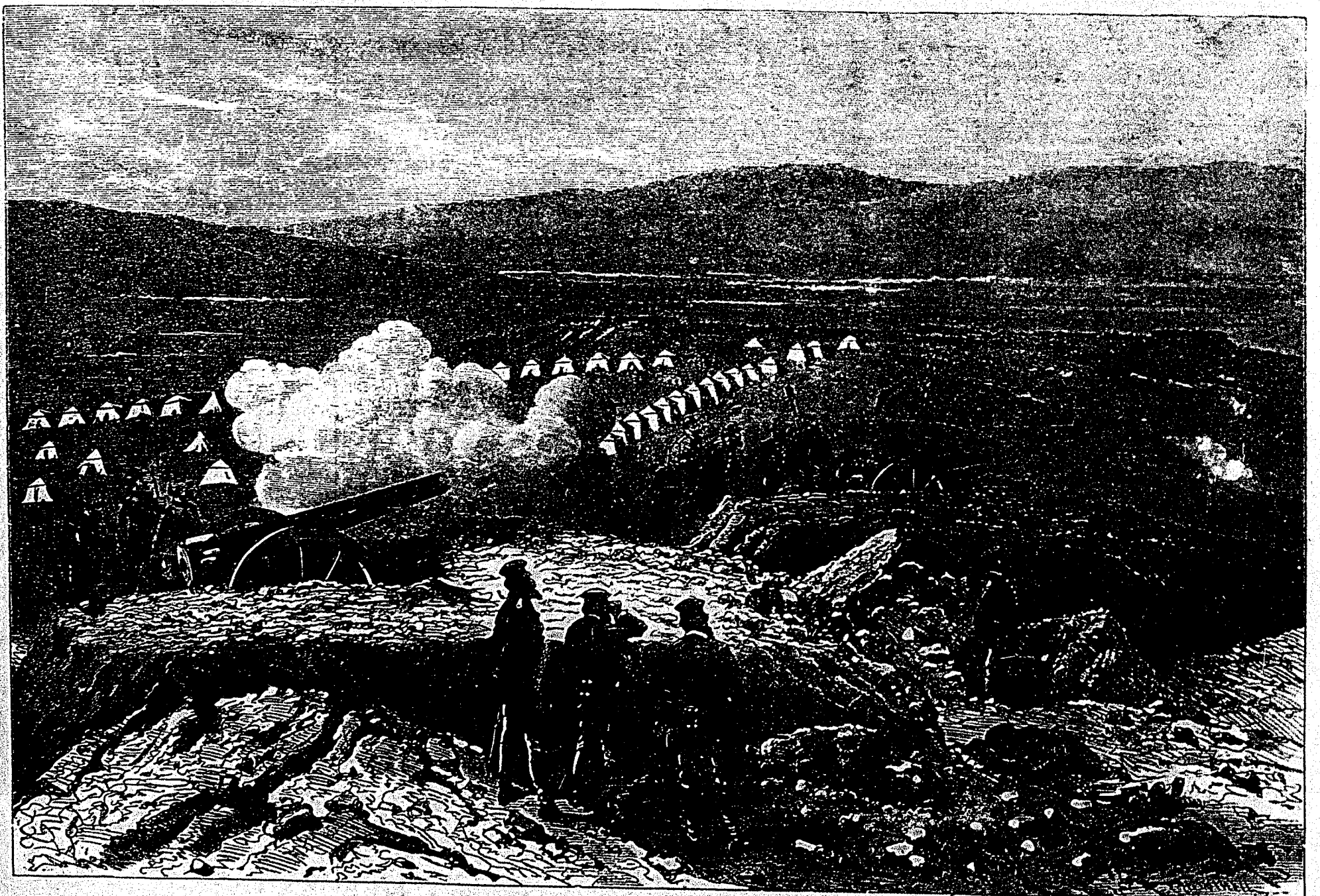
THE EASTERN WAR.



TRKISH NIGHT SIGNALS AT THE OUTPOSTS ON THE DANUBE.



A TRKISH TRAIN IN THE BALKANS.



RUBSIANS POINTING THEIR SIEGE ARTILLERY AGAINST ERZEROUH.

**THOMAS C. KEEFER, C. E.,**  
CANADIAN COMMISSIONER AT THE PARIS  
EXHIBITION.

In the year 1739 a child was born of German parents near Strasbourg, then a French town. That child, called George Kieffer, grew up to manhood, and in 1765 emigrated to America, settling in the British Colony of New Jersey at Paulinskill, County of Sussex. His brother who accompanied him went to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, his descendants about Lancaster, in that State, still retaining the original spelling of the name.

As Huguenots the Kieffers had probably followed many of their countrymen to America, for emigration to this country from an interior point as Strasbourg was not then the simple matter it is now.

Mr. Kieffer married in 1767, and in 1776, on the revolt of the British North American Colonies against the Royal Government, fought for the Royalist cause.

He volunteered into the Rangers under Sir William Howe, in New York, and there died of army fever and was buried on Staten Island. His property including two farms, a female slave and a distillery, was confiscated by Congress, but this confiscation was not carried into effect until his son George had attained the age of eighteen, and had made a journey into Canada to select a place for the home which was offered there by the British Government to the families of its loyal adherents in the past struggle.

Returning in 1792, George Keefe brought his mother to the place he had selected at Thorold, in the Niagara Peninsular, leaving behind him both the old country and the old name, for he now first spelled his name Keefe.

The hardships of such a removal cannot now be well estimated. He brought his mother on horseback by an Indian trail through unbroken forests from the Susquehanna to Lake Erie. At that time the site of Buffalo was occupied only by two fishermen's huts.

Mr. Keefe lived at Thorold for nearly seventy years, and although thus deprived of his patrimony, by a long life of industry, temperance and strict integrity he acquired considerable estate and successfully brought up a large family. He was also the first President of the Welland Canal and the constant supporter of its projector, the late Hon. William Hamilton Merritt.

The mother of the subject of this notice was the second wife of George Keefe, the sister of Edward McBride, who represented Niagara for some years in the Local Parliament, and daughter of one of the Irish volunteers who came to

Canada in 1776, under General Carleton, from Traloe, having married there Mary Bradshaw, who was descended from Colonel Bradshaw (brother of the Regicide who went to Ireland with Cromwell's army), and who was thus descended from the famous Bishop of Winchester, William of Wykeham.

Mr. Thomas C. Keefe was born at Thorold, on the 4th of November, 1821. He was educated at the Upper Canada College. Before leaving College he decided that his profession should be that of a Civil Engineer. With what intuitive genius he made the choice his works achieved and publicly acknowledged bear testimony.

In 1838 he commenced his profession at Lockport, State of New York, on the Erie Canal, where extensive works were then in progress. In 1840 he returned to Canada and was employed by the Welland Canal Company under the late J. S. Macaulay, Colonel in the Royal Engineers, and Engineer-in-Chief of the Canal. In the following year Upper and Lower Canada were united and the Canal was made a public work of the united Province. Mr. Keefe, then only in his twentieth year, was charged with the enlargement of the feeder and continued in charge until 1842. He remained a Division Engineer of all work south of the Welland River until 1845, when he was appointed to the charge of the Ottawa River Works, and thus, in his twenty-fourth year, ceased to be an Assistant Engineer. At the close of 1848 he was dismissed from the Government service with a flattering letter from the Government, ostensibly on the score of retrenchment, but in reality because he had as Engineer in charge successfully opposed proposed expenditures in which some members of Parliament having influence with the Administration were interested.

In 1849 Mr. Keefe wrote the "Philosophy of Railroads," a pamphlet which was reprinted by several railroad companies, and republished in many newspapers. It contributed more than any other to give vigour to the railway agitation which secured the completion of the Great Western, the Toronto Northern (now Northern of Canada), Port Hope, Prescott and Ottawa, and the Grand Trunk, all of them arteries of industrial vitality. It was also a text book for the press of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in advocating their railway policy.

In the same year, His Excellency the Earl of Elgin, Governor-General, offered a premium for the best "Essay on the influence of the Canals of Canada upon her Agriculture." For this Mr. Keefe was the successful competitor, and the announcement, in 1850, immediately after the success of his "Philosophy of Railroads," at once gave him the position of an authority on



T. C. KEEFER, ESQ., C. E., CANADIAN COMMISSIONER TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY, OTTAWA.



THE EASTERN WAR.—STORMING THE TURKISH POSITIONS NEAR SOFIA.

railway and commercial subjects. In his prize essay he foreshadowed that political differences might divert the trade of the North-West from the Mississippi to the St. Lawrence. He opposed agricultural protection as unnecessary, and general protection as unwise, but advocated incidental protection to certain manufactures suited to the country, and asserted that reciprocity would be granted. He predicted that the St. Lawrence by its adaptation for steam power would yet distance its rivals, and was the first to call attention to the importance of the route through the Straits of Belle Isle as saving several hundred miles in the European voyage. He showed that with steamers, lights, buoys and beacons, the Gulf of St. Lawrence would be safer than the Gulf of Mexico, the English or Irish Channels. He advocated the free navigation of the St. Lawrence and showed the relief it would afford to the lake craft in winter and in seasons of depression, which view has been since proved correct by the fact that twenty thousand tons of lake shipping went out on the ocean in 1858 and 1859. He also pointed out that New England would for the future be a better market for Canadian breadstuffs than old England. Since this essay was published other prize essays have been written on Canada, and extensively distributed in connection with the Paris Exhibition of 1859, and many valuable publications have likewise drawn attention to this Province, in late years, all of which had the "Canals of Canada" of Mr. Keefer before their writers, while he wrote under every disadvantage, except that of trading new ground. His essay has, however, been described by the leading press of Canada, as a masterly one, exhausting the subjects on which it treats. The Government policy with reference to the St. Lawrence in the last ten years has been in accordance with the principles laid down in it, and his views with respect to a manufacturing policy have been adopted.

In 1859 he was again called into the Government service by Hon. W. H. Merritt, who was then Chief Commissioner of Public Works, and was sent for to survey the rapids of the St. Lawrence with a view to their improvement, and also to explore the country between the head waters of the river St. John in New Brunswick and the St. Lawrence, opposite the Saguenay, for the purpose of opening up the International communication by canal or railway.

In 1851 he finally resumed office under Government, and was appointed Chief Engineer of the Toronto and Kingston section of the Grand Trunk Railway. In the same year he was appointed to survey the line of the Grand Trunk from Kingston to Montreal, and also of the bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal, thus having the whole line and bridge in his hands. In 1852 the English contractors assumed the position of the Canadian Companies appointing their own Engineer. Mr. Keefer then went into general practice. In connection with the Grand Trunk it may be mentioned that he advocated the gauge of New York and New England for the Canadian line, so that cars laden in Canada could go without transhipment, in bond or otherwise, to New York and Boston, the only produce markets in the United States within our reach, and return in like manner with imports, to their place of destination. Portland had however foreseen that, without a peculiar gauge, traffic would branch off at Connecticut River and other points to Boston, and had bound the Sherbrooke road to her conditions. These in turn were imposed upon the whole Province, as the provincial gauge, by the Sherbrooke road. Mr. Keefer has, since its commencement in 1853, disapproved of the policy of the Grand Trunk Railway, in the location, construction and management of the railway, although, as one of the early promoters, he has always been favourable to the enterprise itself.

In addition to his professional engagements during the busy period which marked the commencement of the railway era in Canada, he was on the part of Canada prominently concerned, from 1849 until its passage in 1854, with the Reciprocity Treaty, and spent some time in Boston and New York with the United States Consul-General, the Canadian Department of whose report bears evidence of Mr. Keefer's labours, which contributed much towards the successful issue of this important measure.

During the period which has elapsed since 1852, Mr. Keefer has filled the positions of Chief Engineer of the Montreal Water Works, cost £200,000 sterling.

From 1857 to 1860 Stanstead, Bedford and Chambly Railway; Hamilton Water Works, cost £160,000; Hamilton & Port Dover Railway.

1861 to 1871, Consulting Engineer, Arbitrator and Referee in Chancery in Water Power Cases.

1872-76, Chief Engineer Ottawa Water Works, cost £200,000 sterling; Consulting Engineer Toronto Water Works, cost £400,000 sterling; Consulting Engineer of the London, Ont., Water Works, and St. Catherines, Ont., Water Works.

1878, Canadian Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition; besides having been as Consulting Engineer, or Arbitrator, connected at some time with most of the railways and public works of the country. Nor has his practice been confined to Canada. Twice he has been called into the adjoining Province of New Brunswick; and he has declined an offer from Major-General Fremont to go out to California, with a munificent salary, on a professional engagement in connection with the Mariposa mines. Besides his professional reports, some of his lectures have been published; in one of which (that upon "the Ottawa") the only detailed descrip-

tion yet given of the mode of conducting the lumber trade is to be found.

The best testimony to Mr. Keefer's position is that of contemporary Engineers. The following is an extract from "brief history" of the Victoria Bridge, by F. N. Boxer, Esq., C. E., (pp. 27-28.)

"To Mr. Keefer was Mr. Stevenson indebted for all the valuable data collected and mentioned in Mr. Keefer's report, and this Engineer is justly entitled to the full credit of having designed the first plan of a bridge over the St. Lawrence which could have been successfully carried into effect, as has been subsequently proved by the construction of the Victoria Bridge on nearly the same site."

The Boston *Railway Times* says:—"The original design of this bridge is due to a Canadian Engineer, Thomas C. Keefer, Esq., whose published report in 1852 fixes the site and determines the general arrangement of the structure, which has been but little modified in execution. Also, he in a long and elaborate argument, demonstrates as far as such a thing could be done on paper, that a bridge could be built to resist the ice, and that its effect would be to diminish instead of increasing the winter floods."

THE FREE LANCE.

The champion shooter of the Dominion is Big Johnny Canadian.

In the United States, the East is being overcome by the Island-ism of the West.

"There's billions in it" is what the *Herald* and *Star* men say when they compare the French method of computation with the English.

There are two forces running parallel just now in Canada. The Rime movement. The Rye-ye movement.

While everywhere else in Canada, even in Manitoba, the weather was unprecedently open, in Nova Scotia there was plenty of snow. No wonder. It is the land of Blue Noses.

Brown, the weather prophet, capitulated like Kazaine, after the first failure, and without waiting to be asked.

Venno has also failed, but he is a terror, and will not surrender till after a terrible fight, as did Osman Pasha.

A friend sends me the following fragrant story. A few weeks since a gentleman who has made the study of odour a speciality, and who was desirous of trying experiments with the odour of a skunk, asked a French trapper whom he met in the street with a bundle of skunk skins, to bring him a couple of the secretory sacs, for which he was to receive a sum larger than the skin was worth. The circumstance was forgotten till one morning, as the gentleman came to town, he perceived the mephitic odour pervading the city. On arriving at his office he found two trappers, who, though they had none of the liquid about them, yet were saturated with the odour. They had brought seventy-two sacs, which were carefully packed up at the market. They said that they thought as one brought a good price, and as one was good so were a great many, and ever since they had been offered 25 cents for a sac they had been killing skunks. A policeman was detailed to watch the trappers lest their odourous package should be left anywhere in town or deposited in the river. Never were men more kindly or politely treated lest they should use these terrible weapons either upon individuals or the town. I am assured that there was sufficient odour in this small package to pervade the air from here to Toronto by being placed at intervals of five miles on the railway, or from here to New York or Boston.

A friend of mine has six children, ranging from the age of one to eight. These children are lucky. The mother treats them to toys and other presents on Christmas Day. The father loads them with toys and other presents on New Year's Day. It was New Year's Day and the father's turn to treat.

- No. 1, aged 1½, female, got a Japanese rattle.
- No. 2, aged 3, male, got a stable with six horses.
- No. 3, aged 4, male, got an English drum.
- No. 4, aged 6, female, got a French doll.
- No. 5, aged 7, female, got a China set.
- No. 6, aged 8, male, got a velocipede.

All were very happy and thankful. They would be very good the whole year. Never pester their ma. Never vex their pa. The day passed away deliciously, as they will in united families with bright, healthy children. When evening came, the children were tired and retired early to rest. The rattle was hushed and set under the pillow; the horses were stabled under the crib; the drum ceased to throb, and hung at the head of the cot; the French doll fell asleep in her little mother's arms; the china set was confided to mamma's care, and the velocipede was wheeled into the corner. When the father went the rounds to give the little ones the parting kiss, No. 6, aged 8, took him by the neck and looked up at him with eager eyes.

"What is it, Bud?"  
The little fellow laughed.  
"Is there anything else you would like Santa Claus to bring you?"  
"Yes, papa," timidly.

"Well, tell me and I'll get it."  
The boy closed his eyes gently, and an ineffable smile fluttered on his lips, as he murmured:  
"A new prophecy by Venno."  
"A new poem by Paul Ford."  
The next day the father came home with a *Witness* and a *Gazette* containing the wishes of his son.

LACLED.

WHY AND BECAUSE.

Why are actors called Thespians?  
Because one of the earliest was named Thespis, who, in a waggon at Athens, first acted Tragedy, 535 years before Christ. In his time Tragedy was carried on by a set of Musicians and Dancers, who introduced an Actor between every two songs. The Actor's discourse was called the Episode, and, being successful, Eschylus introduced two Actors, and Sophocles added a third, which brought Tragedy into its full perfection.

The first Comedy was also acted at Athens, on a scaffold, by Sallarian and Dolon, 562 years before Christ. Thus, Comedy being of earlier origin than Tragedy, it would be better, when speaking of them, to say Comedy and Tragedy. Shakspeare tried his "prentice hand" with Comedy, or, at all events, *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Taming of the Shrew* belong to his early period.

In mythology, Comedy is represented leaning on a column, holding a mask in her right hand, by which she is distinguished from her sisters, as also by a shepherd's crook. Melpomene, the presiding muse of Tragedy, is generally represented as a young woman with a serious countenance. Her garments are splendid; she wears a buskin, and holds a dagger in one hand, and in the other a sceptre and crown. Perhaps the most beautiful modern idea of Tragedy is conveyed in the wonderful portrait of Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. To parody Milton's phrase: She was the fairest of her predecessors; and if Time could rebuild his ruins, and re-act the lost scenes of his existence, he would present no female to match her on the Tragic stage.

From the answer to this question we learn the antiquity of the Drama—2,440 years old. It comes down so commended by time that it will be difficult for the Puritans to substitute for it any other kind of indoor pastime. By turning to the life of Mrs. Siddons, written by the poet Campbell, we find recorded in Volume I., page 127, in a foot note: "For many years, indeed as long as she lived, she gave an annuity of £50 a year to the poet Savage, that he might pursue his poetry and his studies undistressed." Fifty pounds sterling a year from an actress to a poet! It would tax the benevolence of the whole Montreal public to offer such a reward to our local poets who have to submit to the hard, very hard, drudgery of the Press, and that for a miserable pittance. Heavysege, when alive, was a credit to the Dominion! How did he die? Unhounded! His mortal remains were followed to the grave only by a few of his confidants, who decked his coffin with flowers. And we have another poet, yet alive, who for richness of thought and beauty of imagery ought to be made poet-laureate of the Dominion, instead of drudging over the weekly edition of a paper.

Who are chess and cards supposed to be from the same source?

Because, in the early cards, we have the King, Knight and Knave, and the numerical cards, or common soldiers. The oriental game of chess has also a King, Vizier, horseman, and its pawns are common soldiers. There were only thirty-six cards in the original Eastern pack. It is supposed that the English derived their first knowledge of cards from the crusaders. Cards, like chess, are a species of combat. Four warlike monarchs were chosen for kings; the Knight was changed into the Queen by the gallantry of the French, yet they will not have a Queen for a sovereign—Why? Because they uphold the Salique law, despite the eighth verse of the twenty-seventh chapter of the Book of Numbers. For a good argument upon this subject read Shakspeare's King Henry V., act 1, scene 2. "No woman shall succeed in Salique land." The term *Knave* did not mean rogue in the days when cards were invented. It meant valet, and was symbolical of the vassals of feudal times. Knave formerly signified servant, as appears from Wickliff's New Testament kept in the Westminster Library—see one of the Pauline epistles.

The moral teaching of this chapter on Why and Because is: That from an actress we have learnt a lesson of charity which it would be well if some would imitate in order to relieve the necessities of poor poets and authors who, though they are not made in the mould of trade and commerce, yet contribute to the mental enjoyment of their fellow men as much as the Tailor, the Shoemaker, the Linen Draper, and the importer of wines, spirits, cigars, teas, and other luxuries do to the bodily comforts of others. Let not the innocent amusement of the drama be despised, neither let the friendly rubber of whist nor the cheery game of cribbage be despised because of the cards, as they gave rise to the whole art of printing, and *Why? Because*, when card-playing became a general pastime, the increasing demand for cards suggested the idea of cutting the outlines of the different saints, and stamping them upon the cards, the intermediate spaces between the outlines being filled up with various colours laid on by the hand. Thus printing blocks are traced back to the year 1423, and, probably, according to Strutt, were produced at a much earlier time.

REX.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

HUSBANDS are now said to write "W.D." in the corner of their letters, which means "Wife permitting."

MRS. STODDY lately puckered up her mouth genteelly, and told a gentleman friend that one of her lovely daughters was a "bluuet" and the other a "bronze."

"ALL the world's a stage," he tut-tutted, "and all the men and women merely players, and most of the plays are from Shakspeare, too! Before we were married, Julia and I played 'Romeo and Juliet,' and now it's mostly 'Tempest.'"

"ADOLPHUS dear, what shall I do! Bridget has struck, and there she stands at the kitchen door with a poker in one hand, and a saucepan in the other, threatening to break the head of the new cook if she dares to lay her hand to a dish-rag. It's just awful, so it is, too."

ON being asked why age improves a man's good looks and impairs those of a woman, an Eastern philosopher replied, "That arises from the fact that man was made of earth, which improves the longer it lies fallow; whereas woman was made of flesh, which is liable to decay and corruption."

"MADAM, don't you know that your baby will catch its death of cold?" said a testy old bachelor lately. "No, sir," promptly responded the mother. "Well, it's such carelessness as that which fills our cemeteries with little graves," he continued. "While all the miserable old fools continue to live," she immediately added.

"I HAD to stand up all the way home in the street cars," said a Chicago wife to her husband, as she came into the house the other day. "You did!" said he. "Well that's a shame." "Oh, I didn't care—I enjoyed it!" declared she, as she pulled off a glove. "Ever since you gave me those handsome bracelets, I like to stand up and hang to a strap, the gold filigree work shows off so beautifully."

They were sitting together, and he was anxiously thinking what to say, when finally he burst out in this manner—"In this land of noble achievements and undying glory, why is it that women do not come more to the front, and climb the ladder of fame?" "I suppose," said she, biting her apron strings, "it's on account of their pull-backs."

VARIETIES.

A NEW MORALITY.—Mr. Ruskin announces a great discovery in his paper, Fork. He has found out that music and "precise dancing" are among the most potent safeguards of morality. All the young hopefuls trained under the auspices of the St. George's Society are in consequence to be drilled from early infancy in these accomplishments, and Mr. Ruskin has no doubt about results.

UN MOT DE BISMARCK.—"There is no great mistake," he said, the other day, to a visitor, "than to suppose that I hate France. *Pour moi, la France est le pays de toutes les vertus. L'Allemagne est une vilaine femme qui a toutes les vices, mais qui, avec cela, est recouverte et déguisée; tandis que la France, est une jeune coquette, remplie de charmes. Elle couche avec le premier, et caquette l'aise avec le second.*"

THE QUEEN'S AND THE EARL MARSHAL.—Queen Victoria, it is said, has taken no notice of the marriage of the Duke of Norfolk and Lady Flora Hastings, and the traditional present for the bride of an Indian shawl, has not been forthcoming. The duke is at the head of the Roman Catholic peerage, and Lady Flora is a convert. Now, her Majesty has no actual dislike to Roman Catholics who have been brought up in that faith; but she dislikes converts exceedingly, and hence the real reason why she resolved to ignore the wedding of which every one has been talking for the last month.

THE TWO SONGS.

BY G. L. CLEVELAND.

Two birds conversing in a tree  
Beside a road where people travelled,  
Each to the other grew quite free,  
And his projected skin unravelled.—  
That in, each did, with some stress, mention  
His future song and its intention.

"I'll be a quaint, aerial sprite,  
Quoth one, and melt to my wild visions  
That flash above this common light,  
In radiance brighter than elysian's!  
Man here below is but a sully;  
I'll sing '66 souls without a body!"

The other said: "For me no food  
Of that eluding kind, I pray you—  
Unless 'tis now and then a mood—  
Of work-life's hopes and fears I'll play you  
Such natural strains that all may know it—  
I mean to be the people's poet!"

And straight they both began to sing,  
One from his heart, one from his visions,  
And people stayed a step to fling  
At the two songs their quick decisions.  
That rafter's skull is cracked, we fear it—  
"Why, here's a fellow that ows cheer us!"

LITERARY.

WHITTIER says: "It is not true, as has been said, that I dash off my writing rapidly, and send it to the printer without any correction. I don't believe anybody does that, or has a right to do it."

THE  
Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

I  
VALLEYFIELD.

ITS WATER POWER AND MANUFACTURING  
INDUSTRIES.

It is a trite but true saying that England knows but little of her colonies; equally true it is that the average colonist knows but little of his own country. It is with the purpose of removing, in some measure, this reproach from both parent and child that we propose to devote a portion of our space henceforth to correspondence by a Special Commissioner now making a tour of the Dominion. These articles will be liberally illustrated and will embody an historical sketch of the place treated, descriptions of the industrial establishments, leading business houses, public institutions and other places of note, biographical sketches of prominent citizens (with portraits), &c., &c. It is hoped and believed that these articles will prove not only interesting to the general reader but valuable to the parliamentarian and statistician, and beneficial to the Dominion at large. There can be no doubt that Canada has suffered much at the hands of legislators and treaty-makers, simply because of the vague ideas which are so prevalent respecting the extent of the country, its natural resources, the social status of the inhabitants and the value and variety of their manufacturing and commercial enterprises. Our purpose is to improve matters in this respect. The success of the undertaking will, of course, depend somewhat upon the amount of support and assistance afforded by the public. Upon that point we are, however, sanguine, believing that the movement is one which will commend itself to every true Canadian, every patriotic Briton.

We begin with Valleyfield, County of Beauharnois, Province of Quebec, 40 miles S.W. of Montreal, known to the ordinary traveller as a place where the steamboat goes through a lock and leaves the Beauharnois Canal, but which, in fact, is a manufacturing centre of no mean order, and a place where Nature, aided by man, offers for utilization one of the grandest water-powers in the world. Elsewhere vast sums are spent in the formation of mill-ponds and race-ways, but here, broadly speaking, the mill-pond is the wide expansion of the St. Lawrence, known as Lake St. Francis, and the race-way is the steep descent in the river-bed which forms the Cedar Rapids, and which necessitated the construction of the Beauharnois Canal. Here, by throwing a dam from the mainland to Grand Island, no easy task, but a minor work compared to what Nature had already done, a water-power which is practically unlimited has been brought under control. As certain as sunrise it is the cheapest in the world. In most establishments where water-power is used it is felt necessary to provide against a failure of the power by erecting a steam engine—which, in a few years, represents a large amount of capital lying idle. No such precautions are necessary at Valleyfield. As long as Niagara's flood pours over its rocky ledge the Valleyfield manufacturer is sure that his wheels will revolve.

The creation of the Valleyfield water-power was due to the construction of the St. Lawrence Canals. In 1842 the Beauharnois Canal was begun. The work of completion occupied three years. When finished it was found that there was insufficient water in the channel through the lake, and to throw back the stream and reduce the current somewhat the dam before mentioned was constructed. Subsequently the Government constructed another dam between Grand Island and Clark's Island which greatly improved the water-power. The construction of the canal was unhappily marked by bloodshed due to the labor riots. About 1500 men, rightly or wrongly incensed against a contractor named Crawford, marched to St. Timothy, six miles from Valleyfield, and were confronted by a small body of troopers. Having dismounted, the soldiers were speedily surrounded and had considerable difficulty in effecting their escape. The mob followed, demanding that Crawford should be given up to them, but, the troopers having mounted their chargers, a stand was made, the Riot Act was read and the order to fire given. At the volley the mob ran, and the soldiers, being enraged at their recent ignominious retreat, pursued savagely, driving several of the rioters into the river where they met a watery grave. Since then the history of Valleyfield has, happily, been but a record of industrial progress and development.

A Mr. Miller founded the first manufacturing establishment—a paper mill—the seed from which has sprung the present vast mills of Alexander Buntin. Mr. Miller sold out to Mr. Buntin who speedily re-built on a larger scale. A detailed description of these mills will be found further on. About this time the Anderson family came upon the field and to them is to be attributed quite a batch of manufacturing industries. In 1875 Valleyfield was made a town; Mr. Plante, an enterprising general

merchant, being elected Mayor, a position he has since held with honor to himself and satisfaction to his constituents. In 1875-6 the Montreal Cotton Co.'s handsome mills were erected. These mills, like the other buildings in the neighborhood, are built of stone quarried on the spot. The lime used in the erection is also made from the excavated debris. The building stone is of fine quality and easily quarried. These facts, taken in connection with the splendid water-power privileges so cheaply to be obtained, ought to commend Valleyfield highly to those contemplating embarking in manufacturing enterprises.

THE MONTREAL COTTON CO.'S MILLS AND BLEACHERY

are comprised in a noble pile, magnificently situated, enjoying control of a water-power second to none on the continent, which, in this particular, is equivalent to saying: the world. Massive, substantial, complete in all its details, its originators are yet able to boast that for a building of its size and kind the time occupied in the erection and fitting up is the shortest on record. Active operations were begun in the summer of 1875 and the main building was finished and the machinery put in by November, 1876. The mill is by far the largest in the Dominion; its full capacity being forty thousand spindles and seven hundred looms. At present there are twenty-seven thousand spindles and five hundred and twenty looms. The Bleachery will turn out ten thousand pieces per week. The volume and quality of the water supply is a most important question in connection with this department of a cotton mill. As in the matter of power, Nature is beneficent. The water supply of the Valleyfield Bleachery could not possibly be better than it is. An experienced judge has expressed the opinion that such a supply in Manchester, England, would be worth one million pounds sterling and be eagerly bought at that. The power which sets in motion this forest of machinery is conveyed to two turbine wheels of two hundred and fifty horse power each by a canal one hundred feet wide and eleven feet deep, cut through solid rock for a distance of five hundred feet. Provision has been made for the reception of a third wheel. The Company own all the unleased water privileges on Grand Isle and have provided for an extension of the above mentioned canal by securing a tract of land one mile square. They are prepared to treat liberally with parties contemplating the erection of works.

Upon entering the mill the visitor notices at once the evidences of thoroughness and thoughtfulness which are everywhere apparent. The various flats are lofty, light and well ventilated. Gas is laid throughout, the Company having erected gas works large enough to supply the whole town if needs be. The precautions against fire are admirable. At the top of the tower there is a 20,000 gallon tank which supplies hydrants on each floor. There are also two powerful pumps which give an immense volume of water at a very high pressure. At a recent trial a stream was thrown thirty feet over the chimney. But the precautions do not stop with hydrants and high pressure. On each flat, near the ceiling and under the floor, there are iron tubes minutely punctured from which a heavy shower can be thrown in a moment. The whole of the fire-extinguishing apparatus is under easy control; the operator having merely to turn a specified valve in order to flood not only a particular flat but a particular section of any flat. The efficiency of this system has been so thoroughly demonstrated that the effect has been likened to the emptying of a good-sized water-pot upon a tallow-candle. Wherever it has seemed admissible, the passages and doors have been made fire-proof. The effect of all this has been to secure a lower rate of insurance than is enjoyed by any other mill in the country.

The mill is now engaged wholly in the manufacture of shirtings of from thirty to forty inches in width. Some very fine goods are turned out, the machinery being of the most modern description, indeed, some of the leading mills in the old country are only now having similar machinery introduced. The excellence of the machinery enables the Company to run from twenty to thirty per cent. faster than the average speed of mills and the "mules" are longer than is ordinarily the case. For instance, each "mule" carries one thousand spindles, which make eight thousand revolutions per minute. At present the monthly pay-roll is about \$4000, representing nearly 300 hands. By next summer it is expected that there will be work for 500, and eventually for 700. As may be imagined, the mill has literally been "a Godsend" for Valleyfield and the neighbourhood. The population had out-grown the sources of employment, and had not the Cotton Works been started a large number of people must have left the place. It is pleasant to be able to add that both as regards appearance and demeanour the operatives of this mill will compare favourably with any of their class the world over. Visitors from the manufacturing centres of the United States have frequently remarked this.

A few words respecting the financial aspect of cotton spinning and manufacturing in Canada. The originators of this enterprise believe there "is money in it" for three reasons:

- 1st. They have at their command the finest possible power at the cheapest possible cost.
- 2nd. The most desirable class of help—the French-Canadian race—being naturally exceedingly well adapted for such employment.
- 3rd. The low rate at which the raw material can be laid down.

These reasons lead those interested in the trade to predict that it will eventually become a staple Canadian industry and the one turning over the largest amount of capital.

Up to the present time the expenditure by the Company upon the buildings, machinery, &c., has amounted to about \$400,000, and they contemplate to spend \$100,000 more. The authorized capital is \$500,000, two-thirds of which was subscribed in Montreal and the rest in England.

In every respect the enterprise is creditable to all concerned, and our closing words must be words of congratulation to those gentlemen who, in the face of fiscal regulations by no means encouraging, have united to give to Canada such a noble addition to what must eventually become her great main-stay—NATIVE MANUFACTURES.

THE VALLEYFIELD PAPER MILLS,

owned by Alex. Buntin, are the largest in the Dominion, their full capacity being seven tons per day. The works, solidly built of stone, comprise three distinct mills; one being employed in the manufacture of fine envelope, book and toned, calendered papers; the second and third turning out the lighter and cheaper kinds of paper, such as are used by the daily press, also Manila and fine wrapping papers. The machines are capable of producing paper six to seven feet wide, and any length desired. The raw material used embraces rags, old paper, ropes, fishing nets, &c., grass and wood. That wood should enter into the manufacture of paper will, no doubt, astonish many of our readers, yet the inventive genius of the age, aided by science, has produced a process which deals with the timber in such a manner as to convince the observer that the utilization of trees in paper-making is the most natural thing in the world. The wood used is principally soft maple and poplar; the logs are barked, cut up in short lengths, and ground to fibre by Voelter's patent machines. The product is mixed with other pulp and, going in at one end of the mill a milky white liquid, it issues forth at the other spotless, gleaming paper, fit for the press. So, it will be seen, the emblematic tree of Canada might well be called the modern "tree of knowledge." The fact that a forest tree may be metamorphosed into a book, a newspaper, or even a love-letter, invites fanciful flights of imagination, but our purpose just now is more practical. At the Valleyfield Mills about 2,400 lbs. of wood pulp are ground daily. Mr. Buntin owns large tracts of timbered land in the neighbourhood, but purchases a great deal of the wood he uses, the idea being to keep the growing wood on his lands as a reserve. For drying and other purposes the Works consume about 4,500 cords annually. To work the machines of the mills there are required thirteen Leffel water wheels, ranging from thirty-four to sixty horse-power. The busy whirl is heard unceasingly from half-past twelve Monday morning to half-past eleven Saturday night, the half hour at the beginning and end of the week being allowed for the arrival and departure of the employees, so that the Sabbath is not encroached upon. When fully at work the mills employ 250 hands; just now there are between 180 and 200 employed. The principal hands live rent free in houses built and owned by Mr. Buntin, near the works. The pay-roll, even now, amounts to about \$4,000 monthly. Yet, there are those who affect to be little the importance of encouraging native industries. Mr. Buntin owns a fine wharf, on which stand four large store-houses. The facilities for shipping goods are excellent, the whole of the forwarding fleet of the St. Lawrence having to pass the very doors. The first mill was erected in 1853; the latest addition was a building erected last summer for the preparation of grass, a material now largely used in paper making.

The resident Manager is Mr. John Crichton, who has had charge for the past twenty-one years. He is a thoroughly practical paper-maker.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to add that the products of the Valleyfield Mills are first-class; wherever they have been exhibited they have been awarded premiums. The leading newspapers and periodicals of the Dominion (including the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS) are printed upon paper made at these mills.

The warehouses of Alex. Buntin & Co., of Montreal; Buntin Bros. & Co., of Toronto, and Buntin, Gillies & Co., of Hamilton, are the centres from which all the products of the Valleyfield Paper Mills are sold and distributed to every part of the Dominion.

THE WOOLLEN MILL,

owned by Anderson, Wattie & Co., is a substantial structure of five stories, with a commodious dye-house attached. At present there are three sets of cards, but the mill has a capacity for five. About sixty hands are employed, principally in the manufacture of tweeds, of tasteful patterns and durable texture. The weekly production averages 2,500 yards, besides a large quantity of stocking yarn. The firm also manufactures plain and fancy flannels, clouds, cardigan jackets and other varieties of knit goods. Close by are the

GRIST AND SAW MILLS

owned by Alexander Anderson. The grist mill has four run of stones. The saw-mill, besides being of a capacity for all ordinary work, is fitted with both shingling and planing machinery. Mr. Anderson also owns a pump and furniture factory, now leased by Mr. C. Perham. Behind the grist-mill is a small foundry owned by Mr. James Anderson.

In the town proper the most prominent establishment is that of D. B. Pease & Co. Tastefully designed and substantially built, it is an exceptionally fine specimen of a country store where pretty well everything "from a needle to an anchor" can be found. The Montreal Telegraph Co. has its office in the block. Mr. Pease is one of the pioneers. He came to Valleyfield when only a couple of houses marked the site of the town. He saw then that the place was destined to become a great manufacturing centre, and he looks forward to great strides in this respect in the near future. With him is associated Mr. C. T. Irish, late of Montreal, brother of Mr. M. H. Irish, proprietor of the Rossin House, Toronto. From the cupola of Messrs. Pease building a very fine view is obtained of the surrounding country and the Covey Hills in the distance.

Near the bridge which connects the town with the cluster of mills, is the old-established general store of J. McIver & Co.—a commodious stone building. Standing in the centre of the floor, and turning slowly, one sees as many well-stocked departments as would represent half a dozen stores in a city street. To maintain a really well assorted stock in a country store is no easy matter, but McIver & Co. seem to know how to do it to a nicety.

Back of Valleyfield there are very curious peat beds, in some places ten feet deep; the average depth being from four to five. This peat is far more woody than the ordinary article, and it is used by a good many of the townspeople just as it is dug up. The St. Lawrence is supposed to have flooded this peat region in the old days. In the course of the canal excavations imprints of the human foot were found in the rocky strata, showing apparently that the geography of the country has undergone great changes at some time or other.

The population of Valleyfield is said to number about 2,500, the majority being French. The Rev. Mr. Lanier is the Parish Priest. The Presbyterians who make up a very fair congregation worship in an unpretentious though comfortable building on Grand Island. They enjoy the ministry of an eloquent man, the Rev. Mr. Lockhead. The Episcopalians and Wesleyans hold only occasional services in the English school-house.

Our illustrations, with the exception of that of the Paper Mills, are from photographs by Mr O. P. Dennie, whose establishment upon the canal bank is quite a curiosity in its way. Mr. Dennie is determined to do business if there is any to be done. He will take your photograph or paint you a sign, or sell you a town lot, or let you have a skiff on hire. He is also proprietor of a patent "dumb stove" which is said to be a wonderful economizer. Mr. Dennie has great expectations respecting Valleyfield's future.

Messrs. Nicolson have a large number of building lots, situated in the best part of the town, to dispose of and we learn that they would sell them on reasonable terms.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIGNOR VERDI is said to have a new opera nearly finished.

GOUNOD's new Mass is said to be finer than anything of the kind since the days of Mozart.

SIGNOR VERDI has taken up his residence at the Doria Palace, Genoa, where he intends to pass the winter, as he has done during the last few years.

DI MURSKA is fond of pets. She keeps in her room an affectionate mouse, two Austrian quailies, a Scotch poodle, and a remarkably profane parrot.

THE father of Albani denies that she is married, and says that such an event is in the far future. She sings at the Italian opera, Paris, in January.

NEGOTIATIONS are on foot for the production of Johann Strauss's "La Tzigane" in England. An Italian troupe proposes to give it also in Spain and Portugal.

MR. FECHTER has achieved a marked success in his powerful and original performance in the "Count of Monte Cristo," which is witnessed nightly with breathless interest, at the Broadway Theatre.

THE musical world has just suffered a serious loss by the death, at Conegliano, of Frederico Ricci, composer, alone or in participation with his brother, of so many works. He was a native of Naples, and was born in 1809.

THE critic of the *Debutts* deplors the fact that there is not a theatre in Paris where Shakespeare's masterpieces form part of the repertory, and urges the Français to give M. Worms an opportunity of trying his powers in "Hamlet" and "Othello."

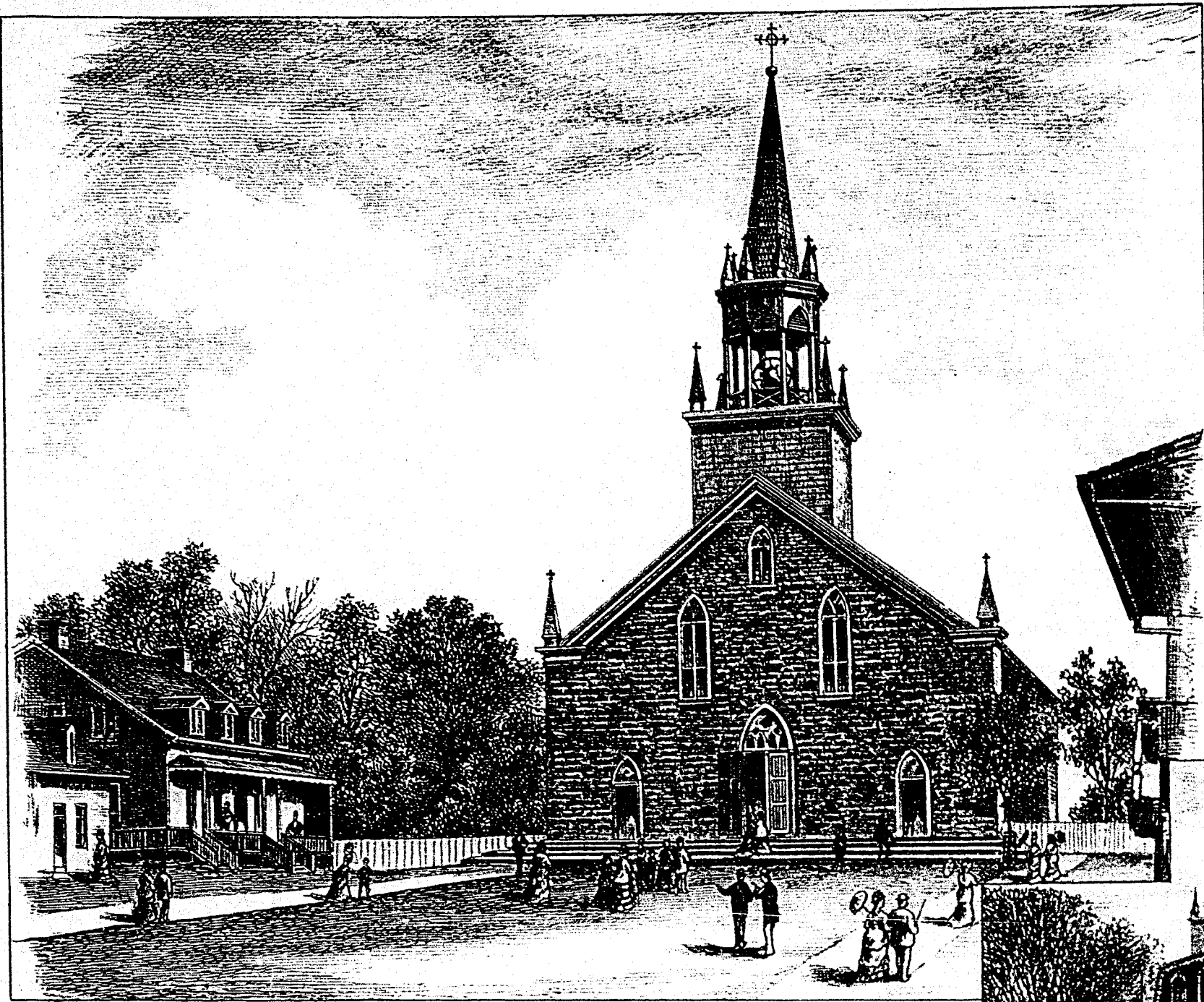
MILLE LITTA, the American singer, who has recently made such a successful debut at the Italiens, as Lucia, is a small blonde, by no means handsome, but she sings so finely that one forgets the beauty nature has refused her face in admiration of her voice.

A TELEPHONIC concert in the Berlin Opera House is the latest novelty. The wire transmitted the chorus tolerably well, but the instrumental music was only heard as a confused noise. The experiment will be repeated with Wagner.

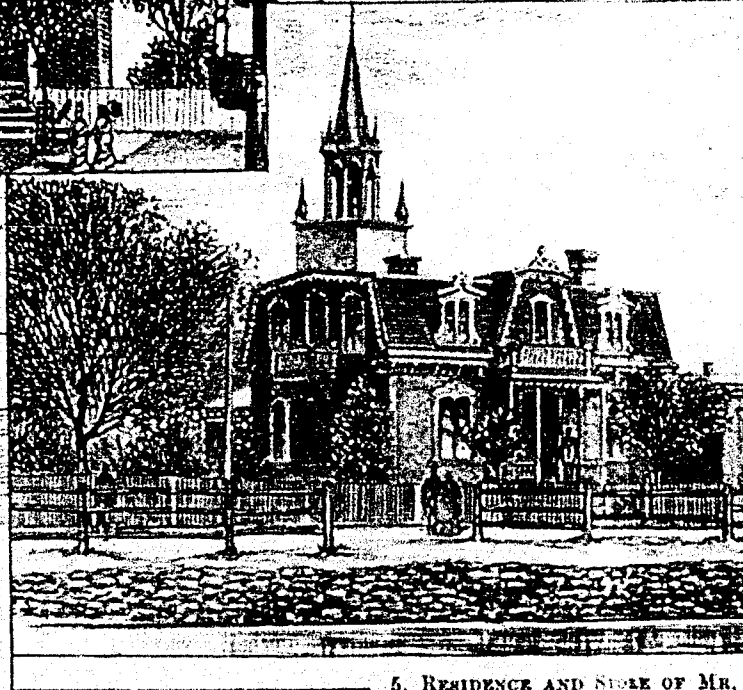
SALVINI has just made a tremendous impression in Paris with his acting in the closing scene of "La Mort Civile." He was so absolutely true to nature that those who saw him felt that they were looking at a reality. Some interval elapsed after the curtain fell before the audience ventured to applaud. Then they recalled Salvini repeatedly, but—strangest tribute of all to the impression produced—they still lingered about their places, unwilling to leave, the women sobbing and the men very pale.

THE principal event in Paris is a new drama in six acts and seven tableaux by MM. d'Ennery and Cormon, entitled *Une Cause Célèbre*. The plot of the drama, which is too complicated to be told briefly, turns upon the story of an innocent man found guilty of murder on the evidence of his infant daughter, the sentence of death being subsequently commuted into penal servitude, and his innocence being ultimately established. The drama is admirably constructed, and abounds in touching scenes, which drew forth many tears. The acting was of great excellence.

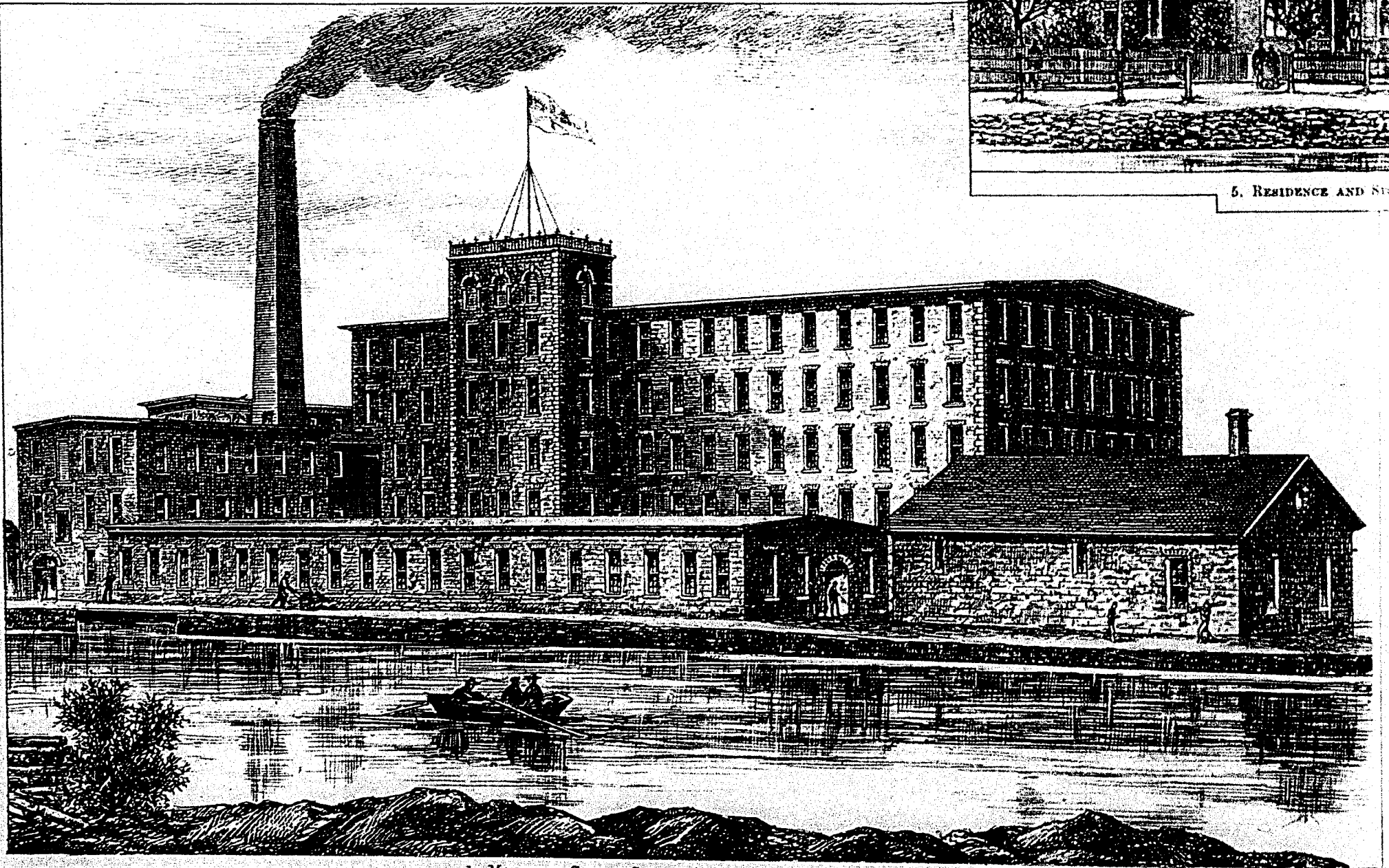




3. ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

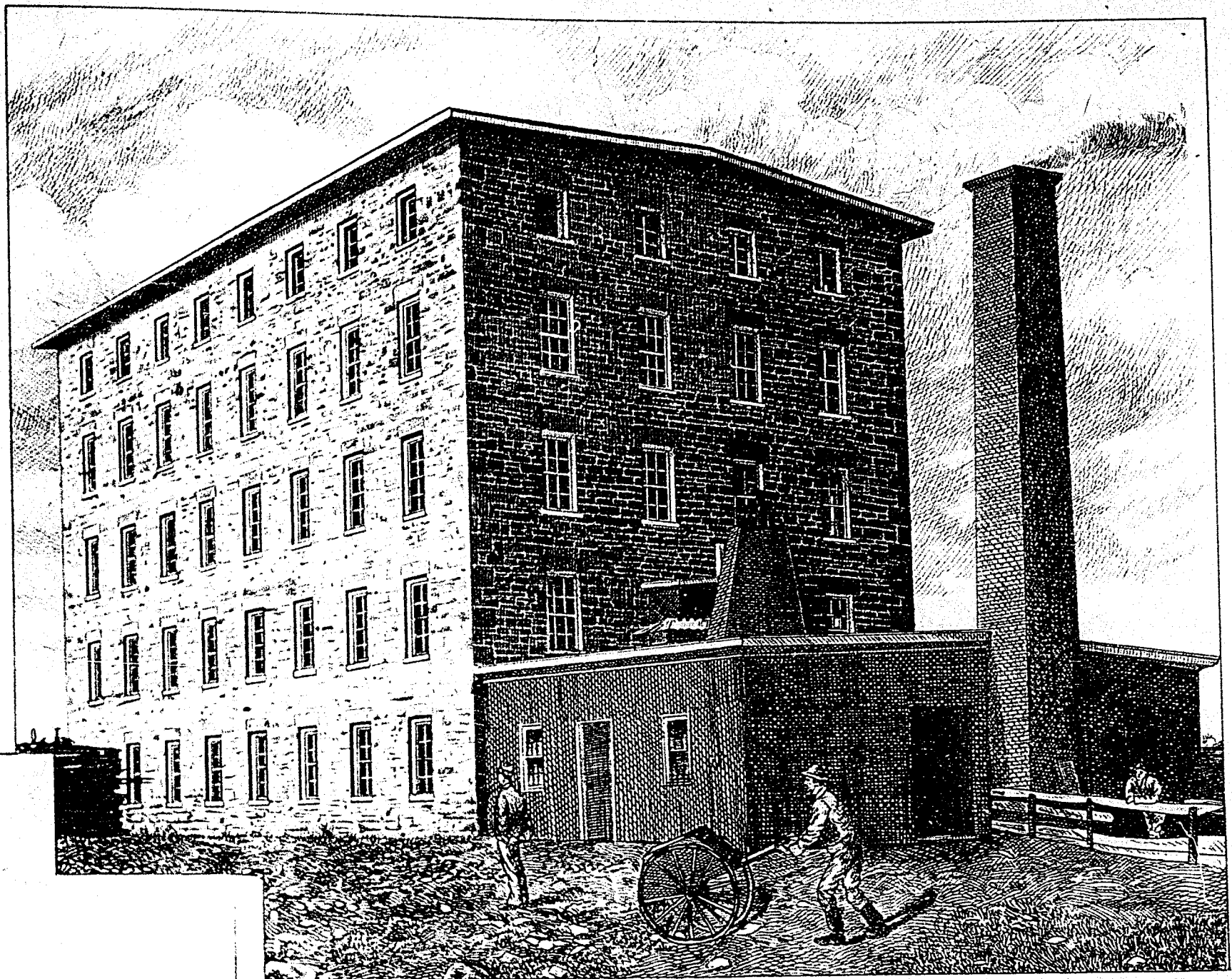


5. RESIDENCE AND SIDE OF MR.

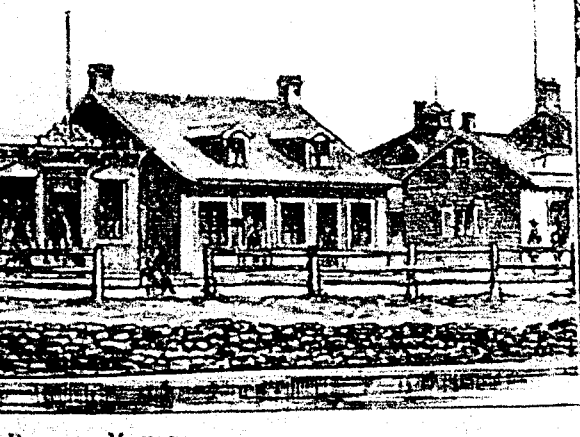


1. MONTREAL COTTON COMPANY'S MILLS AND BLEACHERY.

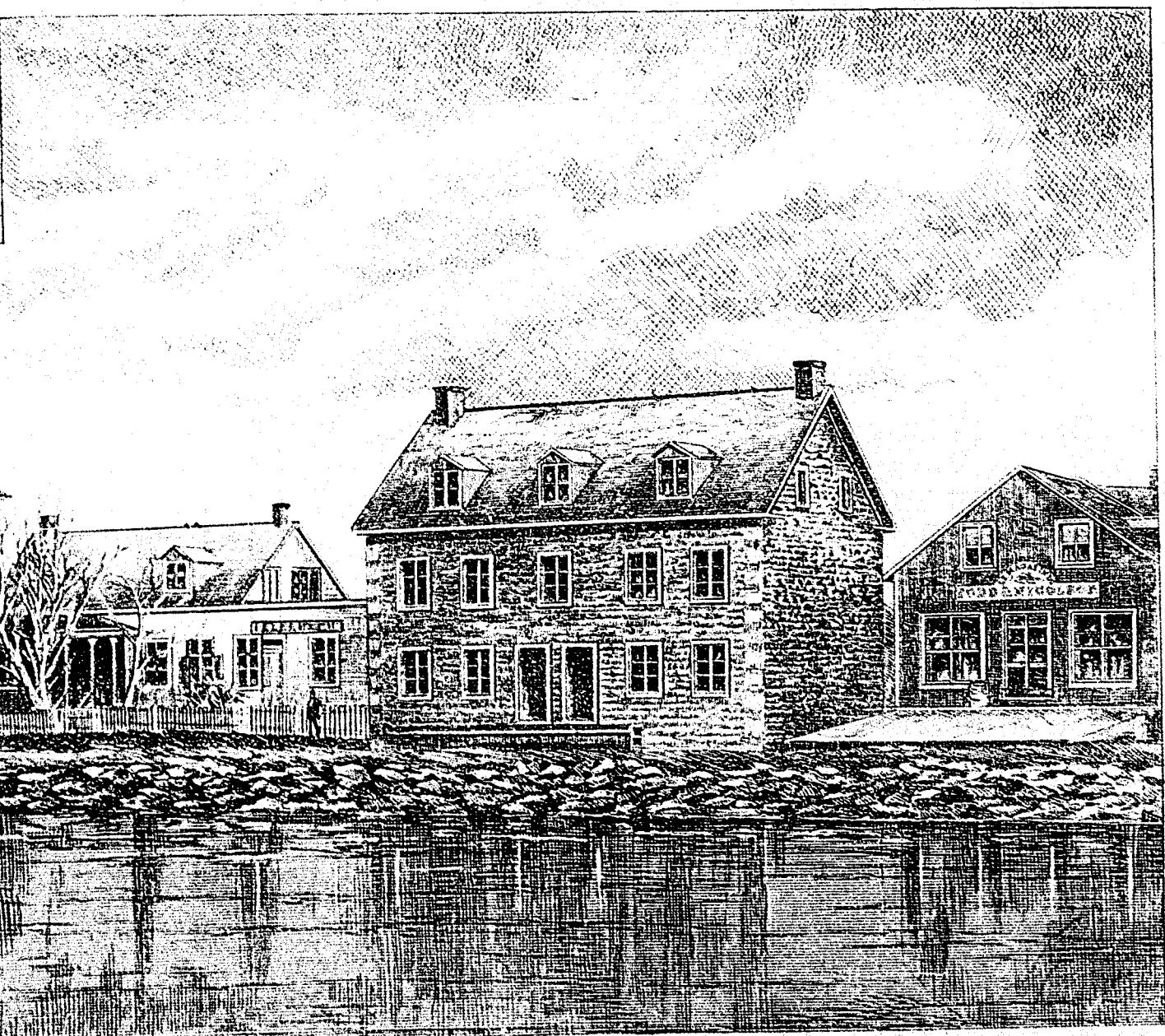
VALLEYFIELD P. Q.



4. ANDERSON, WATTIE & Co.



PLANTER, MAYOR.



2. THE MAIN STREET AND STORE OF MR. D. B. PRASK.

ILLUSTRATED.

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## BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

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

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Meantime we had not forgotten our old friend Moses.

The "Blue Anchor" was a music-hall before that kind of entertainment was supposed to be invented. That is to say, long before the name of music was debased and song dragged in the dust before London audiences of shop-boys and flashy gents, the thing was already flourishing in our seaport towns for the benefit of soldiers and sailors. The "Anchor," as it was lovingly called, stood in a crowded street, where every second house was a beer-shop, and the house between the pawnbroker's. It had a parterre, or pit, the entrance to which was free, where Jack the Sailor, Joe the Marine, and the Boiled Lobster could sit in comfort and dignity, each man with his pipe in his mouth and his pot before him. It was a long, high, and narrow room. At the end stood a platform, where the performances took place, and under the platform, just as you may see in the present London houses, was a table where the proprietor, acting as Chairman, announced the songs and dances, called order, and superintended the comfort of his guests. A small and select band of admirers rallied round the Chairman, and were privileged, not only to call for drinks to assuage the great man's thirst, but also from time to time to take the hammer of authority. At the other end of the hall was a small gallery, where young naval officers and subalterns sometimes honoured the representations by their appearance. It was to this gallery that we repaired, Leonard and I, accompanied by a second Lieutenant of the Navy. He was a cheerful youth, of smiling demeanour, whose chief merit in my eyes was his unbounded admiration for Leonard. He met us by accident, and volunteered to join us, not knowing the nature of our quest: on being informed that there might be a row, he became the more eager to come with us. The fervent prayer of every young naval officer on every possible occasion that there may be a row is surely a healthy distinguishing characteristic of the Navy. Certainly the members of no other service or profession with which I am acquainted are so desirous of a fight on any possible occasion.

We went, therefore, into the gallery, where there were a dining not wisely, but too well.

There was an interval in the performance, and a buzz of conversation going on. Now and then one of the audience would lift up his voice with a snatch of a chorus, to be taken up by his neighbours, or, if it was a favourite, by the whole audience.

We looked about the room. No Moses had arrived yet. That was quite certain. Because from our gallery we could see everybody in the hall, and there was no doubt about our recognizing Moses—so old a friend.

We sat down in the front row and looked on. Down came the hammer, with some inaudible remarks from the Chair. There was silence for a moment, and then a shout, not of applause, but of derision, as a man, dressed in sailor rig, bounded on the stage and began to dance a hornpipe.

"Where was you shipped, mate?" "When were you last paid off?" There was no denying the dance, which was faithfully executed, but, in consequence of the absence of some professional detail, probably in the dancer's get-up, the sailors with one consent refused to recognize him as a brother. The row grew tremendous as the performer went on, resolutely refusing to recognize any objection raised to his personal appearance. At last a stalwart young fellow bounded from a table in the auditorium to the platform, coolly hustled the professional with a hitch or two of his shoulder off the stage, and proceeded to execute the hornpipe himself, amid the exclamations of his comrades and brethren of the sister services. The band, consisting of two fiddles, a harp, and a cornet, went on playing steadily whatever happened in the house. It was like Wassielewski, fiddling while the sailors sung, drank, and danced—himself unregarding.

The dance over, and the applause subsided, the young fellow jumped back to his place, and down came the Chairman's knocker again. Sam Trolloper, he announced, this time—without any prefix or handle to the name, as if one would say Charles Dickens, or Julius Cæsar—was about to sing the Song of the Day.

The illustrious Sam, who was a popular favourite, and received the vociferous applause as something due to real merit, appeared in a suit of shore-going togs. He wore a coat all tails, with a hat all brim, and trousers of which one leg was gone, and the other going. Boots without socks, a ragged shirt, and a red kerchief tied around his neck, completed a garb, which coupled with the fellow's face of low cunning and inextinguishable drollery, made him up into as complete an habitual criminal as you are likely to meet outside of Short's Gardens. He brandished a short stick, with a short preliminary walk across the stage, and then began the following:

"Tis O! for a gay and a gallant bark,  
A brisk and a lively breeze,  
A bully crew and a captain too."

To carry me o'er the seas,  
To carry me o'er the seas, my boys,  
To my own true love so gay,  
For she's talking of a trip  
In a Government ship,  
Ten thousand miles away.  
Then blow, ye winds, heigho!  
For a roasting we will go,  
I'll stay no more on England's shore,  
Then let the music play,  
For I'm off by the morning train  
Across the raging main,  
I'm on the rove to my own true love,  
Ten thousand miles away.

My true love she was beautiful,  
My true love she was fair,  
Her eyes were blue as the violets true,  
And crimson was her hair,  
And crimson was her hair, my boys,  
But while I sing this lay  
She's doing of the grand  
In a distant land,  
Ten thousand miles away.

The sun may shine through a London fog,  
The Thames run bright and clear,  
The ocean brine may turn to wine,  
Ere I forget my dear,  
Ere I forget my dear, my boys,  
The Landlord his quarter day,  
For I never can forget  
My own dear pet,  
Ten thousand miles away.

Oh! dark and dismal was the day  
When last I saw my Meg,  
She'd a Government band around each hand,  
Another one round each leg,  
Another one round each leg, my boys,  
Dressed all in a suit of grey,  
"My love," said she,  
"Remember me,"  
Ten thousand miles away."

Oh! would I were a bo's'n tight,  
Or e'en a bombardier;  
I'd hurry aboard in an open boat,  
And to my true love steer,  
And to my true love steer, my boys,  
Where the dancing dolphins play,  
And the shrimps and the sharks  
Are a having of their larks,  
Ten thousand miles away.  
Then blow, ye winds, heigho!  
For a roasting we will go,  
I'll stay no more on England's shore,  
Then let the music play,  
For I'm off by the morning train  
Across the raging main,  
I'm on the rove to my own true love,  
Ten thousand miles away.

This ditty, which the singer gave with a rich rollicking burlesque, and in a rolling tune, was accompanied by a chorus from a couple of hundred throats, which made the windows rattle and the glasses vibrate. Such a chorus, all bawling in unison, I never heard before. When the last bars, affectionately clung to by voices loth to let them go, died away, the illustrious Sam had disappeared, and only to emerge again in a new disguise, and sing another song. But, as the hammer fell to announce his return, Leonard touched my arm, and I saw our old friend Moses walking grandly among the chairs in the direction of the President.

I had not seen him for more than twelve years, but there was no mistaking his identity. It was the same dear old Moses. There was no real change in him; only a development of the well-known boyish graces. The blotches upon his fat and bloated face; the swagger with which he swung along the room; the hat cocked on the side of his head; the short stick carried half in the side pocket of his coat; the flashy rings upon his fingers; the gaudy necktie; and the loud pattern of his trousers;—all seemed part and parcel of the original Moses. He was only the infant Moses grown up; Mrs. Jeram's Moses expanded, according to the immutable laws of Nature, which allow of no sudden break, but only a wavy line of continuity. Selfish, greedy, and unscrupulous he had been as a child, just such he appeared now. Was it education alone, I thought, which made the difference between him and Leonard? It could hardly be that, because there was Jem Hex, as good a fellow as ever piped all hands, to set on the other side. Leonard! In a moment he stood irresolute, his hands clenched, just as he used to look in the days of old before he "went for" Moses. He waited till he saw his enemy seated by the chairman. Then he touched my arm, and strode across the benches of the gallery to the door. I followed, and so did our friend the Navy man. We got down stairs and followed Leonard closely as he marched, head erect and with flashing eyes, straight up the hall.

There was a little commotion among the soldiers at sight of him. "Gentleman Jack," the men whispered to each other. Leonard took no notice. One or two of them stood up to salute him. "Three cheers for Gentleman Jack and the Rifle-pit," shouted an enthusiastic private of his regiment. Everybody knew about the Rifle-pit, and the cheering was taken up with a will. Leonard stopped for a moment and looked round. When the cheers ceased he held up his hand and nodded. Three times three. The music, meantime, went on, and the singer made no pause. It was the illustrious Sam again—this time in the disguise of a soldier—supposed to be in liquor, and suffering from the melancholy of a love disappointment, as appeared from the only two lines of the song which I heard:

There I see the faithless one  
A cooking outages for her."

But the attention of the audience was at this point wholly distracted from the singer. The Chairman and the band alone paid attention to him: these were of course professionally engrossed in admiration of the performance. For two circumstances, besides the cheering of Leonard, and both of an agreeable and pleasing character, happened at this juncture to call away the thoughts of men from imaginary sorrows. The first was that the middies in the gallery, having succeeded in hooking up a soldier's cap by means of a string and a pin, were now hauling away at their line, while the owner vainly imprecated wrath below. To join common cause with a comrade is the first duty of a soldier. A dozen men instantly jumped upon the tables, and a brief parley, in which strong words were answered with gentle chaff, was followed by a storm of pewter pots, whose battered sides indicated that they had before this hurtled through the air on a similar occasion. The middies instantly ducked, and the shower of projectiles passed as harmlessly over their heads as a cannonade at a modern siege. The storm having ceased one mid-dy, cautiously peeping over the gallery, seized the moment of comparative calm and hurled a pewter back. Instantly another and a fiercer hail of pint pots. These having ceased, the middies swiftly crept over the seats and skeddaddled, heaving over a spare half-dozen ere they reach the portals and fly down the stairs. When the brave redcoats have swarmed up the eight feet pillars and stormed the gallery, they find it like another Malakoff—empty. Then they shout. Who can withstand the bravery of the British soldier? All this takes time and attracts attention. Meantime, another scene is enacted at our end of the hall.

Leonard stalking up the room, the red-jackets all shouting for "Gentleman Jack," the curiosity of those who do not know him, draw upon us the eyes of our old enemy, Moses. He knows us instantly, and with a hasty gesture to the Chairman, whose glass he had just filled, he rises—to effect a retreat by way of the orchestra and under the stage-door. Not so fast, friend Moses, Leonard makes for him; there is a cry, and the pretender to the name of Copleston is dragged back to the table by the coat collar. "Now—you—whatever you call yourself," cries Leonard, "what do you mean by taking my name?"

"Let me go," Moses wriggles under the grasp which held him by the coat collar like a vice, and drags him backward upon the table among the glasses, where he lies like a turned turtle, feet up and hands sprawling, a very pitiable spectacle.

"Let me go, I say."  
"Presently. Tell me your name."  
"Moses Copleston," he replied, with an attempt at defiance.

"Liar!"  
"Moses Copleston, oh! Won't any one help a fellow?"

"Liar, again!"  
"Let me get up, then."

Leonard let him rise, his friend the Lieutenant being on the other side of the table, and a few of his own men having gathered round, so that there was no chance of the man's escape.

"What have I done to you now?" whined Moses. "What have I done to you, I should like to know? See here, Mr. Chairman of this respectable Free-and-Easy Harmonic Meeting, what did I say to him? What did I do to him? Here's a pretty good for a peaceable man to be set upon for nothing."

"Why have you dared to take my name," cried Leonard—"to drag into police-courts and prisons?"

"Your name? O, Lord! His name! What a thing to take! Which he was born in Victory Row, and his mother—"

Here a straight one from the left floored Moses and he fell supine among the chairs, not daring to arise.

The Lieutenant picked him up, and placed him—because he declined to stand; and indeed, the claret was flowing freely—in the President's arm-chair.

"Yar—yar!" he moaned. "Hit a man when he is down. Hit your own brother. Yar!—Cain—Cain—Cain and Abel! Hit your own twin brother."

"Liar, again," said Leonard, calmly. "Do you see any likeness, Grif?"—Grif was the *soubriquet* of the young sailor—"between me and this—this cur and cad?"

"Can't say I do, o'ld man."

"He has taken my name; he has traded on it; by representing himself to be—my mother's son—he has obtained from some one, money to spend in drink. I do not know who that person is. But I mean to know."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Moses, mopping up the blood. "Can't hit a man when he's down. Yar! Shau't get up. Wouldn't he like to know, then? Ho! Ho!"

"Get policeman," said Grif. "Follow him up and down."

"Beg pardon, sir," said one of the men, saluting Leonard, "best search his pockets."

Moses turned pale and buttoned up his coat.

"That seems sound advice, Leonard," I said.

"Sit down, and let the men do it for you."

Well—it was a strange performance in a Harmonic meeting, but it attracted considerable attention, much more than the ditty which it interrupted; as much as the flight of pewters backwards and forwards in the lower end of the gallery.

They told off four, under a corporal, and then they seized the unhappy Moses. First the Chairman said he would turn down the lights, but was persuaded by Grif, not without a little gen-

tle violence, to sit down comfortably, and so fair play. Then the orchestra left off playing to see this novelty in rows, a thing they hadn't done, except in the daytime and on Sundays for twenty years. Then the Illustrious Baritone Sam, himself came down from the stage to witness the scene. And, but for the kicks, the struggles, the many unrighteous words used by the victim, one might have thought that it was the unrolling by a group of *secours* of an Egyptian mummy.

First they took off his coat. It contained, in his pockets, the following articles:

1. A "twopenny smoke," so described by the Corporal.
2. A pipe constructed of sham meerschaum.
3. A box of fuses.
4. The portrait of a young lady (daguerriotype) in *degage* costume.
5. A penknife.
6. Three pawnbrokers' tickets.
7. A small instrument which, the Corporal suggested, was probably designed to pick locks with.
8. Another "twopenny smoke."
9. A sixpenny song book, containing one hundred sprightly ballads.

There was nothing else in the coat, but I was certain something would follow, because I had noticed the man's sudden pallor when the operation was suggested.

They next removed his waistcoat.

In the pockets were:

1. A pipe pocket.
2. A quantity of loose tobacco.
3. Another "twopenny smoke," a little broken in the back.
4. Another box of fuses.
5. More pawnbrokers' tickets.
6. The sum of six shillings and twopenny.

That was all, but on my taking the garment, I felt something rustle.

There was an inside pocket in the waistcoat. And in this—Moses made a frantic plunge—I found two letters. One, in a lady's handwriting, was addressed to Mr. Copleston, Post Office, to be called for; the other in what may be best described as not a lady's hand, addressed to Miss Rutherford, Farnham. Now, Farnham is a small town at the upper end of the harbour. These letters I handed to Leonard. He read the address and put them in his pocket.

"Miss Rutherford," he repeated, with a strange light in his eyes.

Moses had recourse to violent language.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the Corporal.

"What to do next?"

"Let him go," said Leonard. "Or, stay—put him outside the place—but gently."

"Ah! Yah!" Moses bellowed, bursting into what seemed a real fit of weeping. "This is the way that a twin brother behaves—this is getting up in the world."

"He is no brother of mine," said Leonard.

"Come Laddy—come, Grif."

The soldiers, when the weeping Moses had resumed his coat and waistcoat, ran him down the hall in quick and soldier-like fashion. As he was being run out, the orchestra played half-a-dozen bars of the *Rogue's March*, which was, under the circumstances, really a kindness, as it confirmed the minds of any possible waverers as to the iniquity of the culprit.

All was quiet again; the pewter pots were being collected by a barman in the gallery; the noisy middies were gone; the soldiers were sitting down again, and Moses received undivided attention as he was escorted to the door.

Down went the Chairman's hammer.

"Gentlemen! Sam Trolloper will again oblige."

"Twang, fiddle; blow, horn; strike up, harp."

We went away as the orchestra played the opening to the accompaniment, and as the Illustrious Sam began a ballad of which we only heard the first two lines:

As I sat by the side of the bubbling water  
Toasting a herring red for tea.

## CHAPTER XL.

MORE UNPLEASANTNESS FOR PERKIN WARBLOCK.

Grip, greatly marvelling, went his own way, and Leonard, seizing my arm, hurried me home.

The Captain was gone to bed; we lit the lamp in the little parlour, and Leonard tore open the two letters with impatience.

That from Moses, ill-spelt, ill-conditioned, in a tone half-bullying, half-crawling, asked, as might be expected, for money. It was evidently not the first of such letters. It referred to his previous communications and interviews, appealed to his correspondent's close relationship, and went on to threaten, in case the money was not forthcoming, to do something vague but dreadful, which would bring him within the power of the law, in which case, he hinted, he should, from his commanding position in a dock, let all the world know that he had been given to perpetrate the desperate deed by the obstinate and unrelenting heart of his own mother's sister, who rolled in gold and would give him none of it.

"There's a pretty villain for you," said Leonard, reading the last words with a clenched fist.

"I wish to go Strate," wrote Moses, in conclusion, "as I have always agonized Strate. If I am drove to go kruked there shan't be no one as shan't know it was Misery and your knuelty as done it. I must have a tennor to-morrow or the Day after if you've got to pawn your best black silk dress. Take and pawn it. Isn't that your Dooty? You in silk and me in rags and tatters. Why, it makes a cove sick to think of it. There."

And specially a covet as innocent, and one as has only got his karakter behind his back to depend upon—which the Lord He knows is a good one. So no more for the present from your affeckshunne neww, Moses. P.S. Mind, I want the money right down. P.S. I know a most respectable pawnbroker and will call for the gownd myself. P.S. I am thinking if it would be pleasant for you to have me at home always with you. Aunts and newwv oughter not to be seppetated."

"There's a precious villain for you," repeated Leonard, banging the table with his fist.

The other letter, to which this delightful epistle was apparently in reply, was written in expostulation of the man's extravagance and profligate habits. Evidently the writer was a lady. She spoke of her own small income; of the poverty in which she had to live in order to meet the demands which this fellow was perpetually making upon her; she had reminded him that he had drawn a hundred and fifty pounds out of her already; from which we inferred that the claims were comparatively recent; that she lived in daily terror of great demands; that she implored him to endeavour in some honorable way to get his own livelihood; and that his conduct and extravagance were causing her daily wretchedness—a letter which ought to have melted the heart even of a Moses. One thought, however, of the way in which that boy used to wolf up all the jam, and felt sure that nothing would melt his granite heart.

"Laddy," cried Leonard, "Think! That fellow may be even now on his way to make a final attempt upon this poor lady—my mother's sister—my poor mother's sister."

His eyes filled with tears for a moment and his voice choked.

"On the very day," he went on, "that Celia has promised to be my wife, I am restored to my own people. I cannot wait till to-morrow. Come with me, Laddy, if you will—or I will go alone—I cannot rest. I shall go over to Dubane now, to-night—if only to protect her from that fellow. Good heavens! And he has got half an hour's start."

"He will walk," I said. "We will go into the town. It is only half-past nine. Get a dog-cart, and drive over. We can easily get there before him."

"He had a few shillings," Leonard reflected. "It is not likely that he will spend them in driving. And yet he knows it is his only chance to see her to-night. If you cross the harbour first it is only six miles to walk. Of course he will walk. By road it is eleven miles. We can do it in an hour and a-half. Come, Laddy. Quick."

It was easy enough to get a dog-cart, and in ten minutes we were bowling along the road, Leonard driving something like Jehu.

He did not speak one word all the journey until we saw the lights of the little town in the distance. Then he turned his head to me, and said quietly,

"I wonder what she will be like?"

We chattered over the rough stones of the streets, and stopped at the inn, where we had the horse taken out.

The ostler undertook to guide us to Miss Rutherford's cottage.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and most of the lights in the town were put out. For economy's sake the gas in the streets was not lit at all during this time of the year. We followed our guide down the street and beyond the houses, where began that fringe of small villa residences which is common to our English country towns, and distinguishes them especially from all continental towns. Stopping in front of one of these, our friendly ostler pointed to the garden gate.

"That's Miss Rutherford's, gentlemen. But you'll have to ring her up if you want to see the lady very particular, to-night, because they're all gone to bed."

It was true. The house was dark, and its occupants probably asleep.

The ostler retraced his steps. We looked at each other in dismay.

"I feel rather foolish," said Leonard. "We can't very well knock at the door, and wake up the poor lady."

"Moses will probably have fewer scruples if he arrives to-night on his private and very urgent business."

"Yes; that is true. Look here, Laddy, you go back to the inn, and get a bed there. I will stay outside, and watch here all night till the fellow comes."

I would not consent to that. It seemed to me fair that we should each do our turn of watching.

All this time we were standing outside the garden gate. Within—one could see everything perfectly in the midsummer twilight—was a trim and neat lawn, set with standard roses and dainty flower beds. Behind, a small house with a gable, round whose front there climbed Westeria and passion flower. The air was heavy with the scent of the former. A lilac was in full blossom among the shrubs, and added its fresh spring-like perfume to the heavy odour of the creeper.

"It is all very peaceful," whispered Leonard. "Let us go inside and sit down."

We opened the gate, and stepped in as softly as a pair of burglars. On the right was a garden seat, over which drooped the branches of a laburnum. There we sat, expectant of Moses.

"I wonder what she is like," Leonard said again. "How shall we tell her? You must tell her, Laddy. And what will she tell me?"

"It will be something more for Celia," he went on, "that her husband will have relations

and, belongings. It is too absurd to marry a man without even a cousin to his back. I have been ashamed all my life, not so much that I was born—as I was—as that I had no belongings at all. I used to envy, when I was a boy, the family life that we say so little of—the mothers and sisters, the home-comings and the rejoicings—all the things one reads of in novels. We had none of these—except at second-hand, through C's. You were better off than I, Laddy, because no one could take away your ancestry, though the compassionate Czar relieved you of the burden of your wealth. But I had nothing. And now—what am I going to have?"

"She was good, my poor mother." So much Mrs. Jeram knows of her. But her mind wandered, and she could not, if she wished, have told her who or what she was. She was good, of that I am quite certain. But what about my father?"

I made no reply. Within the sleeping house lay the secret. We had to pass the night before we could get at it. Perhaps, when it was found, poor Leonard would be no happier.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

MMS. just discovered in France tend to prove that King Arthur was not a Briton but a Breton.

THE presence in the French capital of M. Pietri, secretary to the Prince Imperial, is commented upon.

QUEEN Isabella of Spain, has ordered from one of the principal jewellers of Paris, a splendid diadem of brilliants for her son's intended bride, Princess Mercedes.

QUEEN Isabella will leave Paris at the end of January, after having completed the *trousseau* of the future wife of King Alphonse XII, the Princess Mercedes, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier.

TWENTY-FIVE manuscripts have been sent in for the prize of 10,000 francs offered by the city of Paris for the best musical composition, to be publicly performed in the Palace of the Trocadero, during the Exposition of 1878.

PARIS rejoices in a young, pretty, and well-dressed woman, who for the past two years has not missed a daily visit to the back-stands from the Bastille to the Madeleine. She pets every horse on the stand, and treats it to sugar or cake, and the horses know her and brighten up at her approach.

THE *Temps* announces the existence at Paris of a Mutual Autopsy Society, consisting of doctors, anthropologists, and *savants*, who pledge themselves to give up their bodies to dissection by the survivors. How they give up their dead bodies is not clear, but if they give up their living bodies and speedily there will be a real benefit to Society.

IN the Paris theatres professional laughter are employed, who engage to indulge in the most contagious hilarity, the time of their merriment being previously arranged. A few nights since the programme was changed without the knowledge of one of the laughers, and when he burst forth uproariously in the midst of a touching complot, about Alsace and Lorraine, the audience became very violent and threatened him with a good box on the two ears.

THE directors of the forthcoming Paris Exhibition have written to the Secretary of the Royal Commission in England, calling attention to the peaceful settlement of the recent political disturbances, which will allay all the misgivings of intending exhibitors. The exhibition has never been compromised, and there has been no question of suppressing or postponing it; and, thanks to the noble efforts made, the exhibition will open next May in undiminished beauty.

PARIS has a noted *coiffeur* who is quite a study in his way. His place has become the fashionable shaving shop of all Paris, and has obtained an almost European reputation. Shaving and hair-cutting are a branch of art in his eyes. He studies the dress, appearance, and profession of his sitters, giving instructions to his acolytes who wield the shears, condescending at times to add the finishing touches. He has baptized each snip of the scissors with some peculiar name, and the nomenclature of the different steps in an old *coiffeur* is not half as strange as the recommendations he pours into the ears of his assistants. He does not want to see the palm of your hand, or a sample of your writing to judge of your character; he learns to read your inward thoughts by the growth of your hair or beard.

GLEANER.

PIAZZA Smith, by observations of the causes of temperature for the last forty years, predicts that next winter will be unusually cold, and that a remarkably warm period will begin about the middle of 1879.

It is not generally known that the telephone in a rudimentary form has been in use for many years among the Tamil coolies of Ceylon. The use of electricity, is, of course, unknown to them but they have an apparatus which works well for a distance of from fifty to one hundred yards.

WITH reference to the taking of cow's milk by persons who have a weak stomach, Doctor Schaal says he has always succeeded in avoiding any evil effects by eating a little salt on bread either before or after taking the milk. When he omits to do this, a single glass of milk will produce diarrhoea, whereas with salt he can take a whole litre.

It was from the first asserted at Constantinople that Kara was taken by treachery. The story now runs that five hundred Russian soldiers, disguised in Turkish garb, were introduced into the Half Fort, and that they afterwards managed to open the gates to two thousand more Russians; that the authors of the scheme were two German surgeons in the Ottoman service, and that the amount paid to them was no less than one million roubles. The Porte, according to the same story, intends addressing a Note on the subject to the Powers, as soon as the inquiry is complete.

PROTECTION THE MAIN QUESTION.

The *Kingston Whig*, after pointing out the want of employment, depression and increase of crime in England, says: "And yet they have a Tory Government in England. Can such things be? Will John A. rise and exclaim?" The question isn't hard to explain, and when explained is easily understood. It is only of late that Free Traders began to admit that anything could check the prosperity of a country enjoying Free Trade. They used to maintain that Free Trade is a safety valve capable of keeping up a steady stream of prosperity wherever the principle is applied. England hasn't always had a Government like the present one, which is just the cause of the depression observed by the *Whig*.

If England had the best Government in the world for the next generation, it couldn't repair the injury done the nation, at home and abroad, by Free Traders during the last quarter of a century. The legislation of that period has created a highly artificial state of trade and industry. Uniformity is a great hobby of liberalism. It is an attempt to apply one general sweeping rule to all countries however unlike in their circumstances or requirements. But we might as well try to force one religious or one political system on all nations as one commercial one. Each nation having peculiarities in its geographical position, climate, soil and mineral resources, requires peculiar commercial regulations to develop its resources. Commercial independence is the basis of political independence. Free Trade is voluntary servitude. Liberty is often only a farce. The men who talk most about it are frequently the first to offer it for "a mess of pottage," or rather only the shadow of a mess. Countries not commercially independent never become of much account in the world. England was first and originally geographically independent, next commercially so, and thence politically. But she has within the present generation, by means of Free Trade, bartered away a portion of that liberty, putting it in the power of rival nations to injure and impede her future progress.

At the present day the foreign policy of England is crippled by the importance to which Free Trade has attained.

It is used as an argument by Free Traders that the abolition of custom houses would increase foreign intercourse and save expense. So would the amalgamation of all religious sects and political systems of government. A union of all the religious sects in the world would cause a great saving; and a concentration of all legislative and executive authority in one King and Parliament would have a similar effect. Saving is not therefore the only point to be considered in great questions. Fanaticism has at various times attempted to set up one religion for all; and despotism has tried to set up one form of government, but both have failed on every occasion; and the Free Trade movement, which is a similar attempt, will also collapse in the course of time. There is no chance of Free Trade ever finally succeeding. But there is constant danger of injury from the mad experiments of its advocates. However, their enthusiasm can never exceed that of those who have in times past tried to force one religious faith or one system of government on the whole world. But attempts of this kind, however far from succeeding, entail immense loss and suffering on the world. England will return to Protection. Free Trade will be wiped out as clean as ever; but the attempt to establish and extend it from that centre has been to the world, and to England in particular, an immense loss.

The present Canadian Government had not concluded its first session when I foresaw the present depression, and that Protection to Home manufacturers would become the main question at the next elections.

On May 30th, 1874, I, accordingly, published an article in the *Illustrated News* setting forth the necessity for protection. The demand for protection has increased steadily ever since. The Opposition journals and public men of Canada were not so outspoken on the question then as now.

But the bitter fruits of the present tariff, and the depression to which it contributed, led to a development of public opinion on this subject. The gravity of the question forced men to think more about it, and make up their minds, till thousands of the electors of Canada are now looking forward to the next general election as to a year of jubilee.

To return to the point at which I started, the

condition of a country at any particular time may be due more to previous than present legislation. Hence it can be shown that the present Government in England is in no way accountable for the depression there now. The seed of the depression was sown years before they came into office, and had taken so deep root in the institutions of the country that a speedy remedy was impracticable. The people to whom political power is intrusted, have not been, as yet, long enough schooled in adversity to clearly recognize the cause of their present misfortune. In England depression is due to two causes: somewhat to extensions of the franchise, but mainly to Free Trade. The former has impaired honest efficient labour, and the latter is impairing and wasting capital. There is a large class of persons in England who would be better off if they had less of the franchise and more work.

The previous *action* of the Liberal party in England, their legislation while in office, is the cause of the depression there at present. This is the harvest of the seed sown then. On the other hand the *inaction* of the present Government is what is causing the depression here. The tariff has not been increased in proportion to the increased necessity. Fifteen per cent. afforded more protection ten years ago than twenty-five would now; on the same principle that five thousand men may be better able to hold a garrison, at one time, than twenty thousand at another. The ability of those within depends on the strength of those without. The force and armament required to defend Quebec a hundred years ago would not be adequate now, and the efficiency of tariffs vary in the same way. The force that repelled the Fenians could not repel the whole army of the United States. It is not against American manufacturers alone that ours are fighting. It is against the combined resources of all the States systematically employed. The Government of the United States has made a *raid* on Canadian manufactures, which *raid* cannot be repelled except by national measures on our part. The Liberal party is wholly to blame for the depression both in England and this country. Their *action* there and their *inaction* here has led to the result in both cases. I, therefore, firmly believe that a Conservative Government in Canada would have prevented the present depression in a great measure; because its instincts, the traditional instincts of all Conservative statesmen would have led them to do the very thing required under the circumstances. The depression in the States furnishes no parallel case to either Canada or England. There are special causes of depression. Wasted wealth during the rebellion, a big war debt since its termination, and a bad currency are quite sufficient to account for the depression in the States; which would be infinitely worse only for the judicious and patriotic protection afforded their manufacturers. The good or evil a Government does may live long after it, and whether the Liberal party ever returns to power or not, it has left England a legacy of trouble and losses which will not be settled or repaired for a long time. Every error, however trifling, being liable to mislead the public, requires to be noticed and refuted in the interest of truth and economy. It is every one's duty to place facts fairly before the public. Some err from interest, some from ignorance and some from want of interest in public affairs. Admitting that the first class is hopeless, yet it is possible to do away with ignorance and awaken an interest. It is said that truth cannot be put down which is a mistake. Truth is frequently put down, and may be put down, in most cases, if not stated with clearness and force.

The political parties of a country are like the workmen on a building. Liberalism has shipped a great deal of bad brick and mortar into the British Constitution, in the same way that one bad workman may do more harm than ten good ones can repair. Liberalism is mob law authorized and regulated by Acts of Parliament. Yielding is the spirit of Liberalism. It is easier to agree with the devil than to resist him, and an Act of Parliament is all that is needed to make a lie as respectable as truth. But if this be the case, why do not Conservatives repeal these laws when they come again into office? Well, this would be like pulling bricks and arches out of a wall after it had been run up several stories above the places condemned.

W. DEWART.

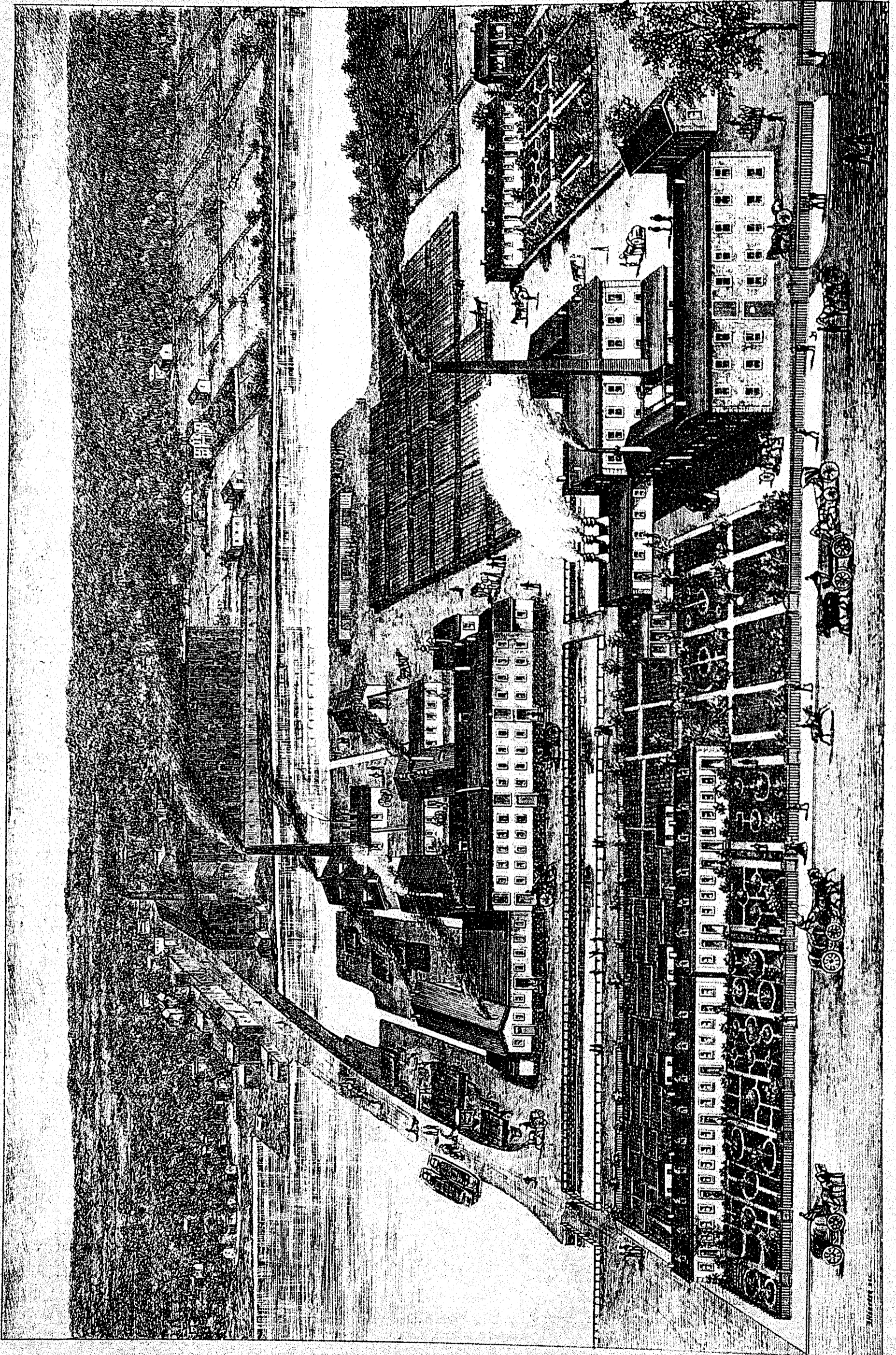
Felon Falls.

[Mr. Dewart, who has often contributed sterling papers to our columns, is not of those whose manuscript we should like to amend or curtail. Hence we print the above article as sent, without, however, in the least endorsing the party views to which the writer gives expression. We are glad, for ourselves, to be outside of party lines, thus maintaining full freedom to treat of all subjects purely on their merits. Hence, also, we shall be pleased to make room for any reply to Mr. Dewart, either on his theories of political economy or his partisan deductions therefrom.]

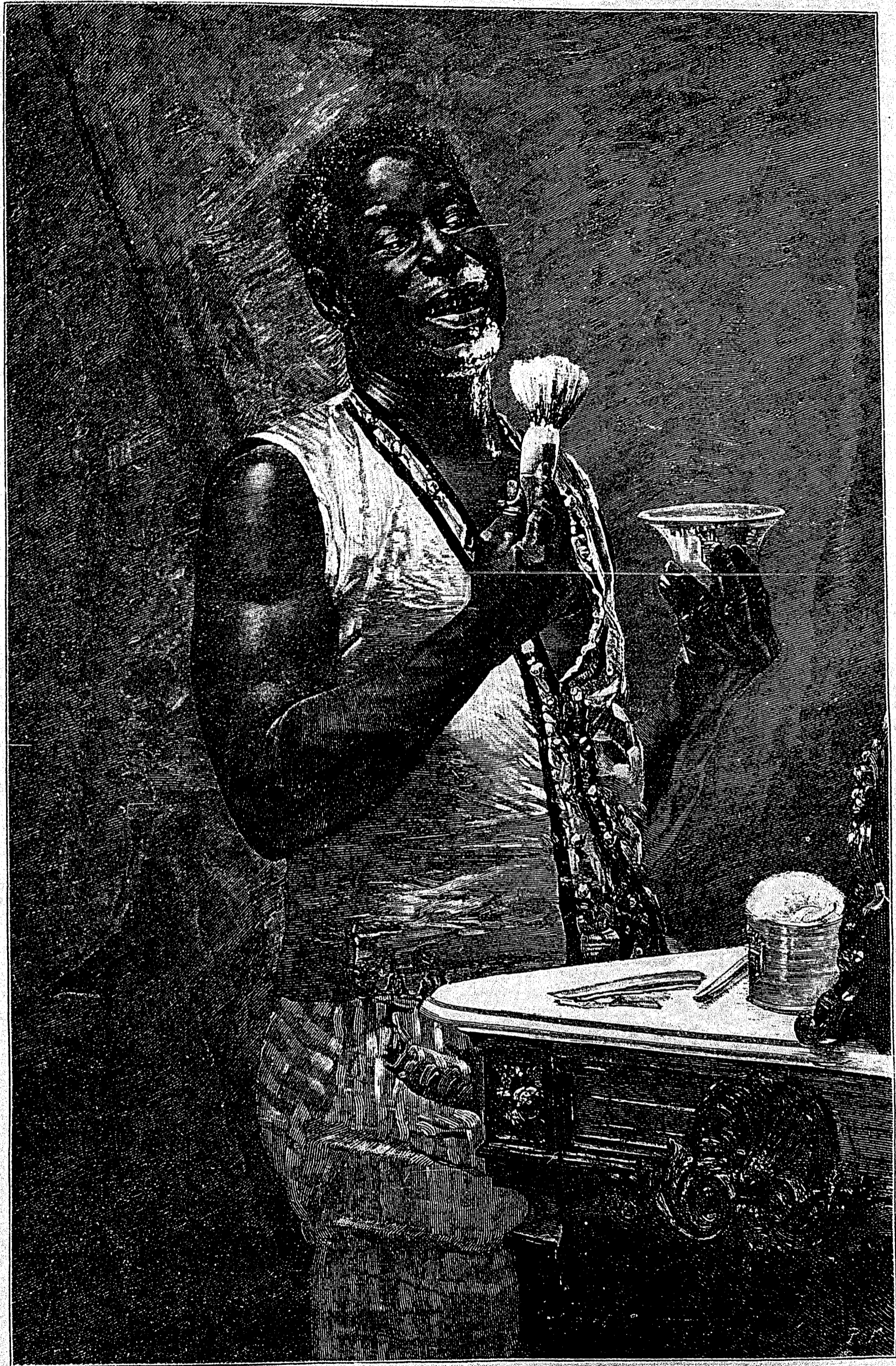
EDITOR C. I. NEWS.

INDIGESTION.

Chronic indigestion almost invariably affects the kidneys and bladder, producing acidity in the urine, which, on being analyzed, is found to be loaded with oxalate of lime. Individuals in this unhappy condition stand in great and urgent need of the Phosphozone. One or two or a dozen doses of Phosphozone may not cure them; but if they persevere in taking it a favorable result is inevitable. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.



PAPER MILLS OF ALEX. BUNTIN, VALLEYFIELD, P. Q.



WHILE MASSA'S AWAY.

Bachelor's Reverie on New Year's Eve.

Musty strap and rusty buckle, relic of a day gone by. Ere my hair was tinged with silver, when my hopes were soaring high. New Year's Eve, I well remember! I was then but twenty-two— She was beautiful, fair, and slender. She—but I alone was true!

C. E. JAKIWAY.

GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GOLD AT INTEREST.

"Papa," said Primrose a few days after this, —they are very happy! Duke and his wife, I mean. "Yes, my dear, yes," answered Dr. Maryland; "they ought to be."

themselves—and entertained her all the evening. They sang for her, and talked to her. Poor Jane said she thought she was in heaven already! "Prim's eyes were full of bright tears, and Dr. Maryland's glistened."

to be had there, at little over wholesale prices; it costs the owner nothing, it saves the people a vast deal. Nobody can purchase goods there except the hands and employees of Mill Hollow. There is no place for the sale of liquor in all the village.

they rest, and keep well, and get well. Where they learn to forget drinking saloons, and to do without low excitements. We have a fine band of music here every evening in summer, which is a great attraction. The park is kept in order, as you see; the work is given by preference to mill people—too old or too young for the steady mill labour.

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

HEARTH AND HOME.

IMAGINATION.—Imagination is not an impulse or a habit which can be conquered by avoidance, it is a mental necessity which cannot be avoided.

GOODNESS.—Nothing makes a man so in love with virtue as purity. Many a man has been lifted out of debasing sins, against which he has vainly struggled by coming to know and love a pure, sweet woman.

GOOD IN ALL.—People despise each other too much. There is really some good in almost every one—something admirable in most.

HAPPINESS.—Man is not a happy creature on the whole; and it is a little remarkable that happiness exists more purely and simply the lower down you are, and evaporates more and more the higher you go up.

OLD FRIENDS.—Old wine, old china, old shoes, are best; so, in general, are old friends. Old friendships of the best kind are, as a rule, before the new, save in such cases as prove that rule by their somewhat exceptional character.

FOR THE LAST TIME.—There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain.

boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the new land of promise!

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.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and contents received. Much obliged. Solution of Problem No. 154 received. Correct. The position deserves the praise you award it.

A. S., Montreal.—The position shall appear next week. B. R.—The position is correctly printed.

E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 152 received. Correct.

The original Problem by Mr. M. A. Townsend, which we inserted recently in our Column has appeared since in the Glasgow News of the Week, with the remark that it is worthy of half-an-hour's study.

Although only two or three of our correspondents sent us solutions of this excellent study, we would like to acquaint the author with the fact that his composition was mastered by several players here, who, however, did not send in the results of their investigations.

We read in the Land and Water of the death of Mr. Remington Wilson, who, it appears, was a zealous patron of Chess literature, and whose Chess library may be considered as almost, if not quite unequalled throughout the world.

The Grantham Tourney is greatly occupying the attention of Chess players in England at the present time. The Lincoln Association meets with patronage to an extent that must, assuredly, satisfy those through whose instrumentality the Society has been established.

A prince of the blood royal gives it his support, and contributes a handsome prize, while upon its committee are peers, members of Parliament, various mayors, thirty-three clergymen, &c.

The games in the International Chess Match are progressing to the satisfaction of those whose action led to the inception of this interesting contest, and already some of the games have been published as far as they have been played.

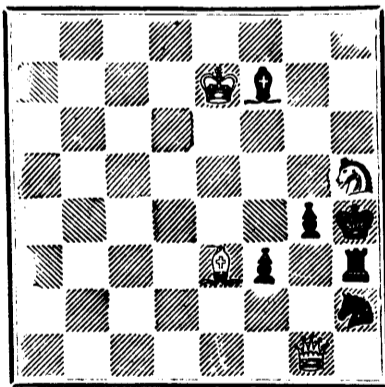
We shall endeavour in our next Column to insert one or two of these yet unfinished encounters.

Mr. Blackburne has recently been showing his great power as a blindfold player to the amateurs of Bradford and Manchester, Eng. At Bradford, out of eight simultaneous games he won five, lost one, and drew two.

We are informed by one of our correspondents that a Chess Club has been organized in Paris, Ont., with Mr. Wolf, as President, and Mr. Hackhead as Secretary.

PROBLEM No. 156.

By W. S. PAVITT. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 232ND. (From Land and Water.) (Blindfold Chess.)

One out of eight games played by Mr. Blackburne, simultaneously and without sight of boards or men at Bradford, Eng., on the 28th ult.

(French Opening.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.) BLACK.—(Mr. Whittaker.)

- 1. P to K4
2. P to Q4
3. Q Kt to B3
4. P takes P
5. Kt to B3
6. B to Q3
7. Castles
8. P takes B
9. B to K2
10. Kt to K5
11. Q takes B
12. P to K B4
13. P to B5
14. Kt to Kt4
15. Kt takes R P (c)
16. Q to R5
17. B takes P
18. R to B3
19. R to Kt3 (ch)
20. P takes Q
21. K to B2 (f)
22. R to K R sq
23. R to R4
24. R to Kt4 (ch)
25. B takes Kt
26. R takes P (ch)

NOTES.

(a) Rejected now as unsatisfactory. Kt to K B3 has for some time past been preferred to any other move.

(b) Black's line of play is not according to the principles of the French Defence.

(c) One of Mr. Blackburne's own strokes, and the position, as usual, ready for it.

(d) Kt to Kt sq gives no balm, on account of Q to Kt 6 (ch) and B takes P, after which R to B3 will have to be reckoned with.

(e) R to R2 is better, but it would be effectively met by R to K sq; for Black cannot then play K to R sq, and consequently remains helpless against further operations e. g.—

- 21. R to K sq
22. B to Kt 7 (ch)
23. Q takes R (ch)
24. R takes Kt and wins, of course, very easily.

It is possible that Mr. Blackburne either had or could have discovered some more ingenious method, but this one suffices.

(f) B graceful conception, which forces the game.

GAME 233RD.

Played three years ago in England, between Messrs De Vere and Bird.

Ruy Lopez.

WHITE.—(Mr. De Vere.) BLACK.—(Mr. Bird.)

- 1. P to K4
2. Kt to K B3
3. B to Kt5
4. Kt takes Kt
5. P to Q3
6. B to B4
7. Castles
8. P to K5
9. B to B4
10. Kt to Q2
11. Q to K B3
12. P takes P (en passant)
13. Q R to K sq
14. Kt to K4
15. Kt to B5
16. Kt takes Q
17. Kt takes B
18. P checks.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 154.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Q B sq. 1. K to B4
2. R to Q Kt 3. 2. K moves
3. Kt to K6 mate

There are other variations.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 152.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Q B4. 1. K to K sq
2. R to K B4. 2. K to Q sq
3. B to Q6. 3. Any move.
4. R mates.

There are other defences.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 153.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at Q R 8. K at K R sq
Q at Q R sq. R at K R 2
R at K Kt sq. B at K Kt 2
Kt at K R 6. Pawn at K B 2

White to play and mate in two moves.

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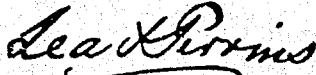
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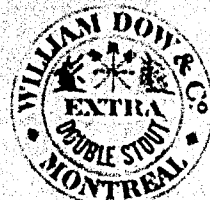
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