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WEST-COAST NEWS

Vol. VIII.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1873.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$1 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



H. I. H. THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA OF RUSSIA, BETROTHED TO THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

S.S. "Polynesian," (Allan) Quebec, from Liverpool, about August 17.
S.S. "Medway," (Temperley) Quebec, from London, about Aug. 23.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY, Aug. 17.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
MONDAY, " 18.—Toronto: Civic Holiday.
TUESDAY, " 19.—Hamilton: Canadian Society's Picnic.
WEDNESDAY " 20.—Kingston, Ont.: Civic Holiday.
Quebec: S.S. "Memphis" for Liverpool.
THURSDAY, " 21.—Montreal: Caledonian Society's Gathering.
FRIDAY, " 22.—Quebec: S.S. "Thames" for London.
SATURDAY, " 23.—Montreal: Lachine Boating Club Sail Races.
Quebec: S.S. "Circassian" for Liverpool

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1873.

Last week witnessed a most scandalous attempt on the part of the more rabid and less honourable of the supporters of the Opposition to bring the leader of the Government into discredit. A telegram purporting to be from a correspondent at Rivière du Loup was received in this city and published in one of the evening papers, stating that Sir John A. Macdonald had deliberately committed suicide by drowning. The announcement of course created a great sensation, and in a manner fulfilled the purpose for which it was intended. Many persons, trusting in the *bona fide* nature of the despatch, were impelled to believe for the moment that the Premier had sought in a watery grave rest from the troubles of a stormy career. Nay, to our shame be it said, there were not wanting those who hailed the falsehood with unconcealed delight, and openly asserted that Sir John, being unable to meet his accusers, had preferred a violent death to a life of ignominy. With these the wish was evidently father to the thought. It is deeply to be regretted that political warfare has so far degenerated in this country as to sanction the employ of such abominable weapons as this. It must be confessed that Canadians have sunk very low if they can descend to use such means as this to accomplish a party end. Even in politics, where as in love and war every stratagem is proverbially supposed to be fair, any man with an atom of honour in his composition would recoil from such a base, underhand mode of proceeding. We were pleased to remark that although some few of the Opposition organs indulged in unseemly exultation over the reported accident, the majority commented thereon in a manner that was at least decent. One grain of comfort may be derived from this lamentable business. It is certain that the Rivière du Loup telegram has had in the end the very opposite effect to that which was intended, and has resulted in doing positive harm to the party it was hoped it would benefit. That the leaders of that party ever sanctioned its publication we cannot and do not for one moment think. We can only believe that it was concocted by some hardy hanger-on on their skirts who hoped by this piece of fraudulence to win favour in the present and preferment in the future. We are not willing to admit that he will succeed, but we must confess to a keen desire that he should earn a most unenviable notoriety. If the paper that published the report is to be exonerated from the charge of complicity it must clear itself before the public by making known the name of the being who concocted the lie. A journal of its standing and its professed principles owes as much to its supporters.

The Government will shortly have an opportunity of rectifying in some measure the blunder committed in omitting to make provision for the proper representation of Canada at the Vienna Exhibition. We pointed out last week how, by a proper exhibition of the products of the country, a strong stimulus might be given to immigration from the old world. That was unfortunately neglected. Now, however, another and a most unexpected chance crops up of recruiting the army of settlers who are seeking homes in the Dominion. We trust that this time the Government will show itself as fully alive to the importance of the matter, as they had hitherto done, and will put every facility in the way of intending colonists. From recent English papers we learn that Mr. Joseph Arch, well-known in Great Britain as the leader of the farm-labourers' movement, is about to visit this continent in order to see for himself the prospects in store for intending emigrants belonging to that class. At a recent meeting on the Land and Labour question Mr. Arch, in announcing his intention of visiting the United States, stated that "if he found America was the true home of the working man, where the son of the poor could sit down by the children of the rich, write on the same slate, and read out of the same book, and where they could have full electoral power, he would stand on her shores until he had drained the labouring serfs out of England, in order that they might settle in the fruitful fields of America, with its ninety millions of acres yet untilled;

and he would do this until the farmers of England were made to bite the dust if they refused to treat their labourers like men." Here we have a most vigorous ally ready at hand to assist us in swelling our immigration list. It is not to be supposed that he will confine his visit to the United States. Indeed, he himself says that "he would traverse America from one end to the other" to try to raise the English labourer, and it is more than probable that he will follow the example set by the Menonites and include the Dominion in his field of exploration. It remains with the Government to offer him the most liberal terms in its power. A wholesale importation of English farm-labourers would be an incalculable advantage, and it is certain that they would find among us as great attractions as in the United States. It only remains with us to do our utmost to secure them.

The New York *Herald* recently published one of those sensational and unseemly execution reports with which the readers of that highly respectable sheet are familiar. One does not look for anything like squeamishness in the columns of the *Herald*, but the report in question certainly outdoes anything that has appeared in that journal for some time past. As a *farrago* of sensationalism, mock sentiment, would-be piety and sheer profanity is perhaps unequalled. The criminals who suffered the extreme penalty of the law were two men who had murdered an old lady in January last. Their names were Holloham and Nicholson. The execution took place at Baltimore on the 1st inst. The reporter, who exhibits a fondness for minuteness of detail and a ghoulish relish for his work that are absolutely sickening, begins his congenial task by informing us that "the murder was a most atrocious one and was fully reported in the *Herald* at the time." He then launches into particulars and gives a full account of the manner in which the condemned men spent their last hours on earth; what they ate and drank, the hymns they sung, and the prayers they offered; of course the usual professions of repentance were not wanting. Let us hope they were sincere. On the arrival of the scaffold a horrible scene occurred. The crowd in waiting outside the goal broke out into ribald cries of "Hurry up your show," "What time is this *matinée* to begin?" and "We're tired of waiting." Yet the *Herald* man gravely informs his readers that "the hanging was conducted with great decorum and was utterly free of brutality or mawkish sentiment." It would be interesting to know exactly what degree of ruffianism would earn the qualification of "brutal" from a *Herald* reporter, except in the case of a sensation murder that has to be written up. Before putting their heads into the noose the murderers addressed the assemblage in the stereotyped form in use on such occasions. They acknowledged their sins and expressed their hope in their Redeemer, but said not one single word of the soul they had hurried into eternity. They were, they said, at peace with all men and spoke in the highest terms of "the upright Judge and gentlemanly States Attorney down at Annapolis." In a word one might suppose on reading their "dying statement" that they were martyrs in a good cause and were sealing their testimony with their blood. Their hope of heaven was, it seemed, assured. They expressed a firm belief that they would meet their friends in another world, and died hand in hand with the hope of a happy reunion above on their lips. Their last words, our reporter tells us, were those of "the martyr Stephen." After a detailed description of their sufferings the *Herald* representative informs us that "they died unflinchingly, at peace with all men and in the sincere hope of future salvation." Comment would be superfluous.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

BE NATURAL.

BY

A

Where does it occur? Is it a copy-book heading that is wafted to me from the days of childhood, separated by so many *lustra* that the old time period looks rosy and charming? Is it in that entertaining work "Good Manners, or How to Conduct Yourself at Table and in the Ballroom?" or in what other high authority did I see that golden line—Be Natural? *Non me recordo.* The author is forgotten, but not the advice. Perhaps after all I had it impressed on me by that maiden aunt of mine, Priscilla, who used to take my mother into closets and read her long lessons on my moral management. That prim old face rises before me with the black false braids and the snapping black eyes. I see the thin lips pursing up as she measured out the advice, Be Natural. Be natural, indeed,—did I follow the instruction? I think not; a sorry world, *ma chère*, this would be if we all followed that advice. I remember *Punch's* direction to those about to get married, monosyllabically conveyed, in that compound word *don't*. If you, *mes petites*, are about to start with the idea of being natural in your walk through life, a word in your ear, *don't*. Rather act, my little people, so as to seem natural; for who of us would have the heart laid bare and the motive exposed, or who would care to do and say just what they feel? No, madam, when you are instructing your charming daughter how to behave, if you understand Latin, you will appreciate the dictum that *ars est celare artem*.

When Miss Julia Thumpingly has finished playing Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, am I to be natural and say: Miss Julia, your playing is execrable, you have neither the conception of that exquisite song, nor facility and power of execution, nor the delicacy of touch requisite for rendering it. You have been rattling about the keys of that trumpety old kettle of a piano abominably, till my head aches with the noise.

Shall I say this, which would be perfectly natural after such a performance, or shall I not rather smile and look delighted? What we all suffer from show-children and show-misses murdering pieces of music which we have heard played by Arabella Goddard or Thalberg or Rubenstein. And who of us cares to be natural and put on his hat and go out and have his smoke in the back garden till the thumping is over? This would be following our inclination; but no, we sit wearily in our chairs, throw out a handful of *flourishes* and request a repetition of the torture—is it natural to smile on the rack?

Dr. Grubleton is not an entertaining man, but he stands fair to be made an archdeacon, possibly may rise to a bishop; for he has edited a Greek play and is profoundly dull. He has influence, and two charming daughters and cannot be offended with impunity—he is an excellent judge of wine. If that Rev. Doctor pours out a long-winded discourse about the Gnostics and how the heresies of Saturninus, Basilides, Carpocrates and Valentinius were attacked and overthrown by Irenæus and Tertullian, shall I be natural and say: Shut up, you old fool, who cares about you and your Gnostics? Shall I not rather—with an eye to the Doctor's excellent sherry—pretend an interest and put some question about the pretensions of Montanus, which brings down another torrent of ecclesiastical history? No, no, my dear, we can't be natural and be all above board and have no secrets. We must dance when the tabor sounds, and press our white handkerchiefs to our eyes when the mutes stand at the door.

Those who preach the Be Natural doctrine are often the first to decry its practice. A flirt, madam, gets roundly abused and perhaps she deserves it, but I shall not throw the first stone. Yet she is natural. She is open and undisguised. Her affability is known and commented upon. She speaks and laughs and "wears her heart upon her sleeve;" there is no affectation of reserve about her. She is light-hearted and merry, and if fools follow the will-o'-the-wisp to their discomfiture, let us blame the fools and not the harmless dancing light. Yet the flirt is called hard names, and the sly puss in the corner, she who cloaks herself in staid demure and wears an irreproachable style, whose words are studied and who lures man with false Syren smiles into her net, is given the right hand of fellowship and sits high in the Synagogue and is permitted to make red flannel waistcoats and slippers for the unmarried curate. Oh, what a premium on deceit! She who is open and acts from her impulses is railed at and pelted and she who hides every natural emotion a foot deep in conventionalities is petted and made much of and introduced right into the citadel of our families!

Am I natural? Not a bit of it. If you could see me through and through, you would exclaim, madam, mentally of course, what an old fraud. I descend to deception. When I visit a certain charming widow, I allow that little archness of hers to climb on my knee and crush the stiffness out of my white shirt front. I have fallen so low as to bring a package of *bonbons* to ingratiate myself in that brat's estimation. I must make a show of loving that "little darling." *Pourquoi?* His mother gives excellent dinners and entertains a good set. I confess with the same breath I exclaim *Je ne sçais pas*. I cannot afford to be natural.

In those old days when I loved Glycera and Lydia, was I natural? I trow not. When a man's feet are aching in tight boots is it his first inclination to smile? Yet you know, ladies, in your presence my temper was unruined. And you, come, confess! You were disputing with your mother or bawling at your younger sister or calling that brother of yours a brute; but my knock at the door changed all that; you put on a smile and your lips dropped sweetness. *A la bonne heure*, we were not natural!

We put on our company manners with our best dress, we are polite to those we have an inclination to kick down stairs *caput ante sternum*; we are agreeable to those empty-headed girls, the Misses Flummery; we are deceitful and frauds and it is well we are, for were we to let loose the valves of our passions and emotions on all occasions, there would be more murders, madame, more murders in this world of ours and many an angel form would go stumping about on a devil's cloven hoof! Relegate that silly old maxim to the lumber-room of the past; the wheels of society move more freely with the lubrications of deceit.

Religious Intelligence.

NEW CHURCHES.—The corner stone of a new Wesleyan Methodist church being erected on the site of the old Augusta Chapel, Prescott, was laid on the 7th inst. A new Methodist church has been opened and dedicated at New Chum, Parrishboro, N.S.

CLERICAL NEWS.—An English exchange says that the Archbishop has approved of the nomination of the Venerable Archdeacon McLean, D.D., to the bishopric of the new diocese, which embraces the most fertile portion of the valley of the River Saskatchewan.—The Rev. H. Sanders, of Wakefield, England, has accepted a call from the Hamilton Congregational Church.—The Rev. D. Cattamach (W. M.) of Markham, Ont., has gone on the Bradford Circuit.—The Rev. Dr. Davidson, (Baptist) of Aylmer, has accepted a call to Guilford.

GENERAL.—The corner-stone of Newman Hall's Chapel, in London, has been laid. The funds for its erection have been contributed by members of all sects, even Unitarians, Quakers, and Jews, giving freely to its construction. The Lincoln tower and spire, 220 feet high, will be built by money given by people in America.—The Bishop of Lincoln (English Established Church) has addressed a pastoral letter to the Wesleyan Methodists on the sin of schism. The occasion of the pastoral was singular. The rector of a parish in the diocese of Lincoln had found a tombstone in his church-yard on which was the following inscription: "In memory of —, a happy labourer in the Wesleyan Methodist Church." The concession on the stone that the Wesleyan Methodists constituted a Church appeared to him so improper that he inquired of the bishop whether its removal should not be ordered. The prelate discouraged such violence, but advised the rector to preach on the sin of schism, and followed his own advice by publishing an address to the Wesleyans. Of this remarkable document the *London Daily News* says: "We are entirely at a loss to imagine what possible good the bishop expects to follow from his pastoral. He cannot hope that the Wesleyan ministers of his diocese will flock to him for his episcopal blessing, but they should meet the fate of Korah or die the death of Moses." The bishop tells us a very remarkable fact. When, in 1869, he visited Epworth, the parish in which John Wesley was born, he found that there had been no confirmation there since 1686. The statement is almost incredible.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

PASSING AWAY.

All things are made to change and pass away.
The young wax into strength, grow old and die:
Like flowers which bloom and blossom and decay.
We flourish for a while, then silently
Death breathes upon us as he passeth by!

Who hath not seen it in the autumn trees
Hectic-leaved in beauty for a little while;
Who hath not heard it in the passing breeze
Murmuring a song their spirits to beguile,
While autumn greets them with a sickly smile?

Who hath not watched some sunlit hope grow pale,
And slowly sink behind departing years?
Who hath not marked their vision dim and fail
Behind the gathering mist of falling tears,
As friend by friend long cherished disappears?

We mark the morning's splendor, when the sun
Rides round forth the bridegroom of the day:
A few short hours and evening rolling on,
Hides all beneath her mantle folds of gray,
And what was bright and joyous fades away!

The pleasures of our youth are now no more.
The smile that used to chase away the tear
Has waxen faint, the hand we clasped of yore
Has fallen from our grasp; for words of cheer
The clang of battle smites upon our ear.

A gloom is on the past, and silent come
Ghosts of dead pleasures trooping on our sight.
While the whole earth seems but a dismal tomb;
Loved lips breathe poison, and their kisses blight.
And all things darken as we near the night.

Change—from youth to age, from life to death,
Action to stillness, beauty to decay;
Change, we feel her lips kissing away our breath,
We too are changing, and our blithesome day
Has heard the common order—Pass away!

TORONTO.

C. W. A. DEDRICKSON.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.—"LONG, LONG AGO."

Perhaps there is nothing which seems to a full grown man more ridiculous than the reminiscence of his first attempts at love-making. I have a few personal recollections on the subject, which have been of immense service, and exerted a mighty influence over my later efforts. One of them I will relate—confining myself to the simple unvarnished facts of the case.

When I was about sixteen years of age, I was of a somewhat romantic turn of mind. I did not sigh for the smiles of little girls with short dresses and coy spirits; but my thoughts took a wider range. I conceived a *penchant* for tall women—dreamed of princesses, and cultivated a taste for poetry and intellectual pursuits. Most especially did I turn with comparative aversion, if not haughty contempt, from the girls of my own age in the community. I had an instinctive idea that there was "nothing in them," because, of course, they did not discover anything remarkable in me.

But, about this time, I accidentally met a young lady about a year or two older than myself from a neighbouring town. As I was born, and had ever lived, in a small village, the inhabitants of the town of Bungville were a source of some awe to me—and a beautiful young lady—this was charming; and she deigning to take pleasure in my society, and admire my cleverness, and laugh at my wit—ah, really, this was enchanting.

After the first happy meeting was over, I went back to the world, sick and disgusted. How common-place did all the boys and girls, (young ladies and gentlemen then) about Praggville—that was my village—seem! The girls had no taste—the boys were so empty and insipid. And then I would think of my charming Cordelia—where would I have an opportunity of seeing her again?

My mother had resolved to make a party for my especial benefit, as I was about to leave for college. All my school-mates were to be invited in honour of the farewell occasion. A glorious idea struck me. Bungville was not far distant—my mother was acquainted with her family—Cordelia shall be invited.

She was, and came. So did all the companions of my youth—my play-mates and school-fellows from the earliest childhood. They all gathered on a beautiful September afternoon. To most of us life was just commencing to present its serious phases. Its realities were by no means understood, but we were just beginning to take our second lessons in standing alone.

Most of my young school-mates liked me pretty well. As I was going away to a higher school, they had some interest in my progress. There must necessarily be some fond associations gathering around childhood's days and childhood's friends. I was naturally a little stiff and reserved, but still most of my young friends respected me. I was going to leave them for years, perhaps for ever, and how many changes would sweep over our lives before we should all meet together again. What a splendid chance such a meeting afforded me of cultivating friendly sentiments, and of leaving pleasant impressions. Did I embrace it?

No sooner did Cordelia arrive, looking stylish and beautiful, than I took my place by her side. All the rest of the company faded out of my sight and thought. What cared I for all these insipid people, when Cordelia, my deep, intellectual, spiritual and appreciative Cordelia, was near? Nothing, sir,—absolutely nothing.

At the tea-table I attended solely to her wants, leaving the care of our guests in the hands of my father and mother. After tea, when most of us went into the garden or fields for a ramble, I rambled only with her. Some out-door games were engaged in; I kept her too closely engaged to admit of our participating.

My mother noticed all this, and felt disappointed. When we returned to the house, and the party had again assembled in the drawing-room for the evening, she came near, and whispered to me that she feared "I was becoming a little too exclusive in my attentions, and neglecting the rest of my guests." I replied only by an indignant glance, which meant as much as a long paragraph.

Cordelia and I still sat apart, while the rest formed in little groups, and sought amusement in various forms.

In one group, just opposite to us, was a young fellow of about my own age, named George Biggers.

After directing her attention in that direction for some moments, Cordelia at length remarked:

"What a hateful thing that George Biggers is! He had the audacity, don't you think, to send me a letter when I was at Glenpond Seminary—the poor, silly fool!"

Now if there was one person in this wide world whom I held in unutterable detestation it was this same George Biggers. He had been a sort of empty-headed, scheming and successful rival from the earliest period of my remembrance. Conceited and envious, he was forever thrusting himself forward, and meanly detracting from the merits of others.

"Oh, Miss Lilywhite," said I, "pray do not mention his name. He is really too contemptible for notice; I am sorry my native place contains such a person."

Her attention still seemed to wander in the direction of the group of which Biggers formed a part. Presently she said:

"We must get a chance to torment him some way."

"Oh let him alone," I said, compassionately. "He is quite unworthy of your attention."

I began to dislike her interest in external affairs; I was selfish, and wanted her for myself.

"I would like to join that game of 'pon honour' over there," observed Cordelia, pointing to the aforementioned group.

Piqued as I was, there was no resource but to comply. I walked over and asked permission for Miss Lilywhite and myself to join in the game. Permission was, of course, granted, and I returned and conducted Miss Lilywhite thither, and sat down to the game, gloating in the prospect of showing Mr. George Biggers and some of my unappreciative girl friends how I could comport myself with a lady, and how a *true* lady could show her appreciation of me.

Our hands were placed one upon the other; a number was chosen, and we commenced drawing. The number came to Mr. George Biggers. Next came the questions.

Cordelia whispered to me to ask him "if he ever sent letters to young ladies with whom he was not acquainted?"

I drew myself up, and bristling with the sharp fangs of sarcasm, I propounded the question.

He replied by a significant look at Miss Lilywhite, which was met by a return glance equally significant.

I made a scorching, scathing remark, intended to reflect pretty severely on Mr. Biggers, and expected Cordelia would be immensely taken with my powers of satire.

Strange to say she wasn't, and began to fall into conversation with Mr. George Biggers.

I was disgusted, and endeavoured to divert her attention; I made witty speeches; I affected great interest in the game. All were in vain. She seemed to grow more interested in her new friend.

The game did not proceed long. The interest flagged. Miss Lilywhite became seated on the sofa beside Mr. George Biggers, and, in the genial warmth of their mutual regard, they seemed quite unconscious of what was going on around them.

To say that I was unhappy, miserable, ashamed, and degraded, would be a feeble way of presenting the case. The rest of the company did not seem to care much about me then. I moped about alone the remainder of the evening. When the guests arose to depart they coolly bid me good-bye. All was dark and unpleasant. Miss Lilywhite, to whom—poor, silly fool!—I had made myself as transparent as day, displayed a pleasant smirk of ridicule as she extended her hand on leaving. I scarcely deigned to give her a look.

After all were gone, I had to listen to a solemn lecture, full of reproaches, from my father and mother. "I had behaved very foolishly," so they said, although they did not know the worst.

When all had retired to rest, I went alone into the kitchen and lit my pipe. I was just learning to smoke, and it tasted awfully nasty; but there was comfort in the weed. I gave way to a long train of reflections, and buried myself in a protracted reverie. I had learned a lesson, and this is the moral: *Beware of young ladies when you hear them running down other young men.*

I have met many young ladies since then; my subsequent life has been full of love passages; but, since that night, I have never allowed a woman to get the mastery over me. I have seen them resort to a thousand arts, but they were as transparent to me as water. No, sir, they can never deceive me again. When I hear one of them speak peculiarly harshly of any young man, I always conclude at once that he is about fifty per cent ahead of me in her estimation. When a young lady says that "Tom is a charming fellow, a dear fellow, a noble fellow," I begin to take heart; I am convinced that Tom is a slender rival. But when she says she "just detests that George Snooks," then I begin to feel that things look a little dangerous.

Young men, beware. Be not deceived by gentle women. Don't straightway go into ecstasies of delight, nor indulge in a multitude of pleasing self-confident reflections, because your lady love speaks contemptuously of your rival. Don't waste any pity on him on this account. Before twenty-four hours you may see them together, happy as doves, and unconscious of your existence.

It is thus I speak of the "Long, Long Ago."

JOEL PHIPPS.

HIGH PRICES OF PROVISIONS IN THE EARLY PART OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

The brave long-winded, enduring and frugal inhabitants, constantly employed in sorties against the English Colonies, had not time to cultivate their lands, and though the scarcity of grain had long been made known to the Government of the country, yet the creatures and friends of Intendant Bigot were allowed to ship off vast quantities of wheat to the West Indies to the manifest injury of the people of the colony, so much so, that wheaten bread was a rarity, and they had to subsist on oats and barley. This proved to be the case for some time after the conquest, as may be seen by the Proclamation issued in January, 1760. "By His Excellency James Murray, Esquire, Brigadier-General, &c., &c., of all His Majesty's Forces in the River St. Lawrence," &c., &c., who found it necessary to fix the prices of provisions at the following rates, to license all "British Bakers and Butchers," and order that a departure from them should entail a penalty of five pounds, and imprisonment if the offence was repeated:—Bread, per lb: white, 5d; middling sort, 4d; Brown, 3d Butcher's meat: beef, 5d; mutton, 10d; veal, 8d; pork, 4d

Prices had been much higher before the proclamation of this order, and it is a wonder how the French officials managed to make both ends meet. Monsieur Bigot's "card money" factory was then in full blast, and as he managed in three years alone, 1757-50, to issue letters of Exchange on the French Treasury to the amount of 80,000,000 livres, which were duly honoured, it is clear that they could well afford to pay more than 5d. for white bread and 10d. for mutton.—*Canadian Antiquarian.*

SCRAPS.

Three thousand two hundred and five Frenchmen have petitioned the Shah for the Order of the Lion and the Sun!

The "Geological Garden" is one of the latest novelties in Paris. The idea seems to be to inform the masses a little more definitely as to the whereabouts of Persia. A space of ground is laid out to represent the "five quarters" of the world; kingdoms are separated by gravel walks, and continents by rills. The geography of the globe can be learned in an afternoon, and a voyage round the world can be taken for one franc.

The Paris authorities have very properly suppressed the new fashion of engaging young girls, dressed up in Italian toils, to do the waiter business in cafés and singing saloons. Another speculation has been nipped in the bud—that of hiring young women to sit from morn till dewy eye outside the café with a glass of beer before them, but which they were no more to touch than the Vicar of Wakefield's girls the sovereign they were intrusted with for pocket-money. The young women in question generally required the services of another to keep them roused up: they were ever *nid, nid, nodding*—like Joe, the Fat Boy.

The French Government intend to erect a monument on the Swiss frontier in commemoration of the kindness shown by the Swiss to Bourbaki's army during the Franco-Prussian war. It will consist of a pedestal of rose granite, its frieze adorned with the arms and colours of the twenty-two cantons, supporting a pedestal with an inscription to the "République Helvétique." To the right will be a bronze group, "l'Arrivée," a French soldier falling exhausted into the arms of Swiss peasants; to the left a similar one "le Départ," the soldier bidding his hosts good-bye; and the pedestal will be surmounted by a marble group of "France exhausted confiding her children to Switzerland."

Whilst the coquettish dames of Spain in times gone by carried on innumerable correspondences and love affairs by the aid of their fans without uttering a single word, their French sisters used rings as signs and symbols of a similar character. A pearl and garnet ring signified that its wearer was unhappy; a thin circle of five turquoises intimated the fair one's inability to return her lover's sentiments; while a thick plain gold ring in the shape of a knot expressed her willingness to share his fortunes. One in the shape of a gold serpent, with a brilliant on his head, indicated the lady's doubts of her gallant's sincerity; while her faith and her wish to confide in him always were shown by a ring formed by two clasped hands.

In Paris the newest practice for keeping the memory of distinguished men green in the memory of the public is to affix an imitation postage stamp, with their likeness, on letters and newspapers. The postal authorities have been quite concerned on witnessing so many "Jules Favres" in the sorting room. The "Duc d'Aumale" is also in circulation, and in the south-east of France Gambetta is in vogue. The Bonapartists distribute tracts with the legend of all the Napoleons, accompanied with flattering texts of Scripture and extracts from the speeches and writings of Thiers. The outriders attached to the Shah wear the Napoleonic livery, green and gold, and it is quite fashionable for Bonapartists to request that their remains be transported to Chislehurst for burial.

One day, in the course of his progress through Oxford Street, the Shah caught sight of the old painting left outside the shop formerly used as the exhibition-room for Mrs. Heenan, the Fat Lady. At sight of this the Shah became unusually animated, and inquired if that were the portrait of a real woman; and being informed that it was, he ordered her to be sent for, saying that he would make her his wife. When it was explained to his Majesty that this was impossible, as the Fat Lady was under contract to the person who exhibited her, and that even Manager Baum, of the Alhambra (one of the Shah's favourites) could not procure her for him, the Shah plaintively replied that it was no wonder they exhibited her, as she was the only really handsome woman he had seen in England.

The following are a few of the titles of the Shah of Persia, which are mentioned by Fowler in his "Three Years in Persia": "Zil Allah," "The Almighty Shadow," "Haaret," "The Presence, or Majesty," "Shah-an-Shah," "King of Kings," "The Regent of Omnipotence on Earth," "The most Lofty of Living Men," "The Source of Majesty, of Grandeur, and of Honour," "His Throne is the Stirrup of Heaven. Equal to the Sun, and Brother to the Moon and Stars. Agent of Heaven in this World. Object of the Vows of all Mortal Men. Disposer of Good and of all Great Names. The Master of Destiny, Chief of the Most Excellent Seat of the Universe. Prince of the Faithful. King of the First Rank. Monarch of Sultans. Sovereign of the Universe. Lord of the Revolutions of the World. Father of Victories.

The travelling train of the Empress of Russia is, perhaps, the most complete and luxurious in the world, and it is, indeed, a house upon wheels. It consists of eight saloon carriages and offices, connected by covered passages, and is divided into dining and drawing-rooms, bed-rooms, and kitchens. The dining-room has large oval windows, which give uninterrupted views over the country through which the train passes; the drawing-room is an elegant apartment, prettily furnished, and the bed-rooms might be those of a comfortable house. The beds are, seemingly, of the ordinary kind, but are in reality hammocks, which enable their occupants to sleep without sustaining any annoyance from the vibration of the train. Of course such an establishment would not be complete without servants, and to the train are attached domestics of all kinds, from butlers to engine drivers and porters. To the train, however, is attached a sad souvenir; it formerly belonged to Napoleon III., and was used by him for his Lyons journeys, though it would be difficult to recognize it as the same, so completely has it been reconstructed and improved.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

The Clandeboye Gallop. By W. T. Vale. Guelph: J. Anderson. St. Patrick at Tara. By Professor Glover. Dublin: Glover & Co.

In anticipation of the autobiography of the late Mr. John Stuart Mill, it will be of interest to learn that we may still read of some smaller matters that have fallen from his pen. He has left behind him a finished article on "The Right of Property in Land," which is to appear in the *Examiner*, a paper to which Mr. Mill was a frequent contributor in his lifetime.

MR. SANDFORD F. EMING.

We present our readers this week with a portrait of Mr. Sandford Fleming. This gentleman is known by name at least from one end of the continent to the other in connection with a multitude of engineering enterprises. Unfortunately we have been unsuccessful in our efforts to obtain any particulars as to his career.

MR. F. N. GISBORNE.

Few men have travelled and seen more of the world than Mr. Gisborne, and his name has been prominently before the public for over a quarter of a century.

In North America he has long been known in connection with telegraphy and mining. He laid the first submarine cable on this side of the Atlantic within a few months only of its predecessors, connecting Prince Edward's Island with New Brunswick in 1852. During 1851 he surveyed the route, and afterwards constructed the line across Newfoundland in connection with the Atlantic Cable; and to him Cyrus Field, who was a New York paper manufacturer and utterly unacquainted with telegraphy until 1854, is indebted for the conception and able advocacy of an enterprise which gave him name and fortune. This fact, which is verified by the public records and entire press of Newfoundland, and is attested to by the late Hon. Joseph Howe, then Provincial Secretary, to whom Mr. Gisborne submitted the enterprise as early as 1849, should not be lost sight of by the British public.

A severe gun shot accident which happened in the interior of Newfoundland compelled Mr. Gisborne to abandon for a season active surveying and mineralogical explorations, during which time he was unanimously selected as one of our Colonial representatives at the great exhibitions in London and Paris, and has been awarded seven medals for his inventions in Electricity, Mechanics, Chemistry, and Pneumatics. For several years he



MR. SANDFORD FLEMING.

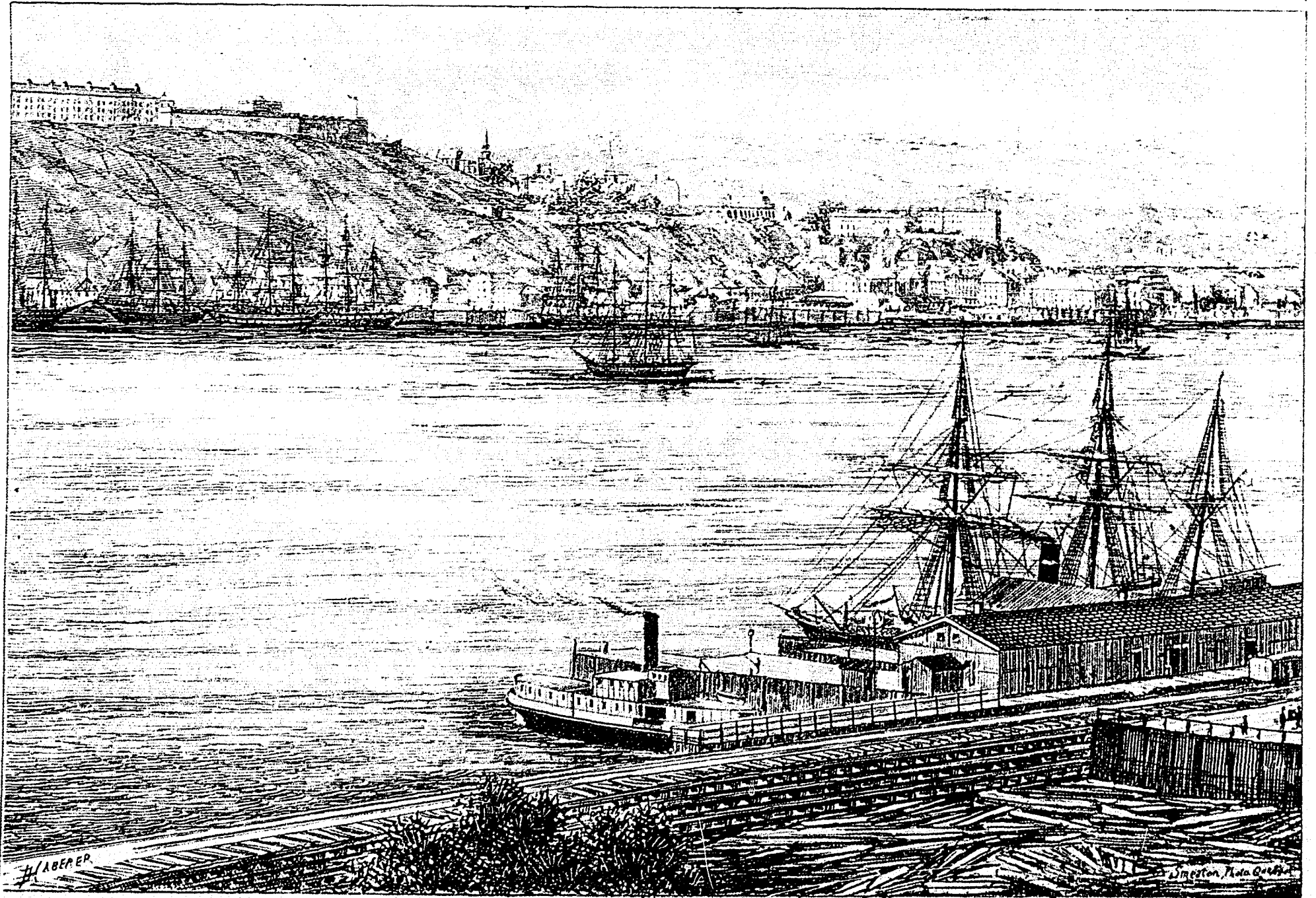
was one of the regular exhibitors at the Royal Society, London, and finally returned to Nova Scotia in 1871. He is now at the head of the great Colliery movement in Cape Breton, where British capitalists have within the last few months expended over a quarter of a million sterling.

Mr. Gisborne lately visited Ottawa as the earnest advocate for the resuscitation of the famous French Port of Louisburg as the eastern port for the Dominion mails and the great coaling depot for all Atlantic steamers, and he was well received by his many friends upon both sides of the House.

Mr. Gisborne is the eldest son of Hartley P. Gisborne, Esq., of Alveston, near Derby, and was born in 1824. On his mother's side he is descended from Sir Isaac Newton

A FRENCH MARRIAGE AGENCY.

In Paris there are about twenty institutions known as marriage agencies, the plan of whose operations may be understood by one who will read the history of Madame Jobert, or De St. Just, to whom the attention of the Public Prosecutor was recently called. About forty-five years ago this woman was born at Dole, in Burgundy. Early in life she left home, and, after a number of years, returned again as Madame Jobert, although M. Jobert was probably a mythical personage. She was reduced to poverty, and about to earn an honest living when the war broke out, soon followed by the Commune. Here was her opportunity. She went to Paris, delivered lectures, and set about to regenerate the world according to violently red methods. But a perverse world would not be reclaimed, and so, when La Commune had collapsed, Madame Jobert *nee* Honorine Roux, but now Madame Herminie, went to telling fortunes under the name and style of Madame de St. Just. She commenced operations with a finely furnished suite of rooms, and a prospectus which would really deserve being quoted in full but for its length. Prefacing with the promise of dowry "from 100,000 francs up



VIEW OF QUEBEC, FROM LEVIS.

to several millions," she went on to state that the matrimonial profession had been misunderstood up to this hour, but that she would now place herself at the head of it, and, being a former pupil of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, act under the patronage of the clergy. "My object is a holy and a great one," she concluded. "May honest hearts perceive it, and march with me, taking for their motto: France, Religion, Family." The "Institute" began its work of regeneration last January, and in the course of five months Mme. de St. Just found 192 customers, and pocketed 29,878f. Her fee was \$20 down and 5 per cent. on the dower, to be paid within three months of marriage. Her customers were of all ranks, and the Public Prosecutor was obliged to own that many of them were persons of "the highest respectability." Nevertheless he moved that Mme. de St. Just might be punished for having accepted 100f. of the plaintiff and not having found him a wife in return. The plaintiff, after paying his fee, had been sent to look at a young lady, who, however, had just plighted her troth to another customer from the "institute." He returned, and was referred to "an individual in a cafe," which individual took him to a shop on one of the boulevards, and showed him through the window a maiden of eighteen. The plaintiff deemed her too young, whereat Madame de St. Just remarked angrily that he was difficult to please, but produced "a list of heiresses," and deputed him to six of them, one after the other. Three of them would have nothing to say to him, and he declined saying anything to the other three. Madame de St. Just sent him about his business, adding that he had given her more trouble than all her previous customers put together, and that his claim to have his \$20 restored him was the most preposterous thing she had ever heard. The Judges of the Correctional Court inclined to this opinion, too. After listening to the Public Prosecutor they dismissed the charge with costs—an unlucky thing for the plaintiff, who confessed that he



MR. F. N. GISBORNE.

was on the look out for a wife simply because he was penniless; but they took a stern view of the defendant's having sported a name and particle which were not her own; and, on this count, sentenced her to pay a fine of \$100. Whether the "Institute" will now be conducted under the name of Jobert remains to be seen; but, as French opinion goes, the defendant appears to have left the court with but little stain on her character.

THE CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF CANADA.

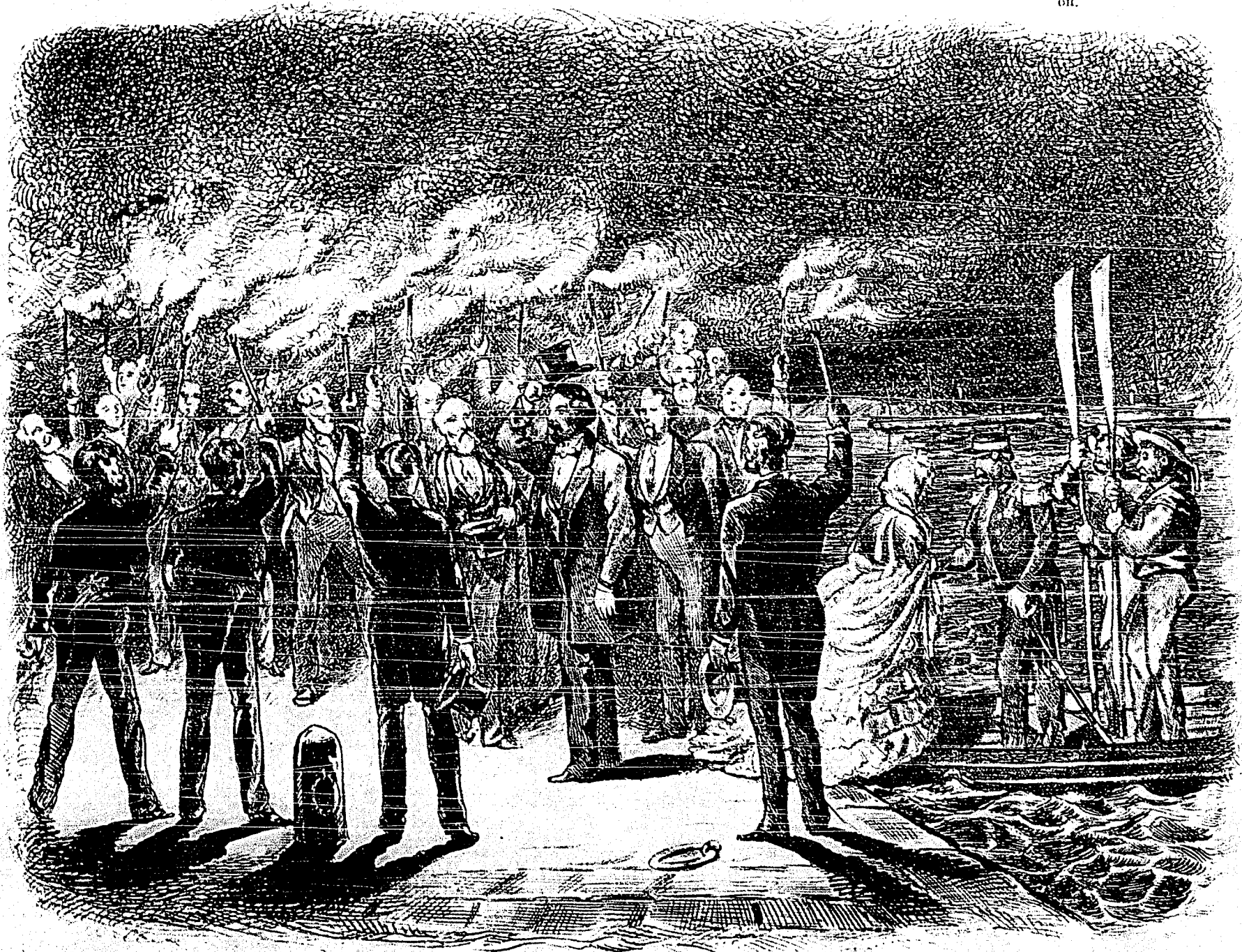
Mr. Stanislas Drapeau writes from Ottawa as follows: Knowing the interest that you take in a work of which you have already spoken so favourably, permit me to make use of your valuable journal for the purpose of informing the public that the publication of *Historical Studies* on the subject of the charitable, benevolent and educational institutions of Canada, in accordance with the announcement in the prospectus of the month of October last, will immediately take place notwithstanding the comparatively limited number of subscribers, who hardly exceed four hundred altogether.

Convinced of the utility and interest of the work, I hope to dispose of the thousand copies which I intend to have printed; however, the impression will be limited to the number of subscribers only.

This work will comprise five volumes, richly illustrated, at the rate of \$2.50 a volume, of large size, in 8vo. The first volume will certainly appear next February, and will give statistics up to the 1st of January, 1871.

A pretty full sketch of the Provinces and the principal towns of Canada will make up an introduction to the work, which will be illustrated with portraits, maps, plans and bird's-eye views of the towns, taken by the best artists in the country.

Persons wishing to subscribe to this work are urgently requested to inform me by letter as soon as possible, in order to determine what number of copies should be struck off.



CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—THE DEPARTURE OF LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN—THE ESCORT OF CITIZENS AFTER THE BALL.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE DEMON KING.

(From the German of Goethe.)

Who rides through the night mid the whirlwind wild,
'Tis a father kind, and his over-berished child;
He circles the boy with embrace secure;
He wraps him warm and he holds him sure.

"My son, why dost hide thy face in fear?"
"Father, seeest thou not that the sprite king is near."
"The demon king with his crown and tall?"
"Son, 'tis but a fold in the night's cloudy veil."

"Come, darling child, come home with me,
Such pretty games will I play with thee;
Such gaudy flowers doth my garden hold,
My mother hath garments all of gold."

"O father, my father, and dost thou not hear,
The demon would tempt me with golden gear?"
"Prithee be silent, be calm, O my child,
Mid the withered leaves plays the night wind wild."

"O delicate boy, wilt thou go with me?
My beautiful daughters shall wait on thee:
My daughters the nightly watch shall keep,
Shall rock for thee, dance for thee, sing thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, and seeest thou not
The demon king's daughters in yon shady spot?"
"My son, my son, I see them gleam;
'Tis the old grey willow trees by the stream."

"I love thee! am pleased by thy ravishing form,
And art thou not willing, I'll take thee by storm."
"O father! O father! he stretches his arm!
The king of the demons has done me a harm."

The father shudders, and swiftly he rides,
The sobbing child in his mantle hides,
He reached the castle in trouble and dread:
Within his arms the child lay—dead.

NED P. MAR.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

"IN DEEPEST WOE!"

BY L. L. C.

I.

It is autumn; the summer has slipped away, and down in the orchard behind the house the apple-trees stand all shorn of their ruddy fruit, save here and there where some rosy one has escaped the hand of the harvester, and now hangs forlorn, all brown and withered, nipped by the frost of the night before. The morning is cold and clear, for the sun has not as yet had time to mount up very far in the heavens, nor time as yet to destroy the effect of a bright hoar frost glittering all over the lawn in front and making it look like some big, white frosted cake, as you view it from the road above. The house itself stands back, and is of Gothic structure. It is not a very spacious mansion, but what there is of it is in such perfect taste, and in such perfect keeping with its surroundings that you would not wish it to be grander, nor do you seek to find a prettier picture than it makes nestling down in a tiny hollow of its own, amid a varied scene of water, wood, hill and dale. The whole place presents such a sweet home-like appearance that you know instinctively it must be a home, and the sight of it sets you speculating as to who lives there? whether the inside of such a sweet picture could be as bright and fair to see as that which was without? Often and often I have heard the former question asked and has heard the answer given, "That, sir, that's the Burkes' place, as good a family as is found anywhere about these parts, sir." That is all, nothing less, nothing more, only just that. And I have seen "Old Joe" perched up on top of the village coach, rattle on by the hour concerning other country families as we pass place after place on the way, but on the Burke question alone, our friend is silent. "Perhaps there is nothing to tell about them," strangers say in talking it over. "Perhaps not." But so the fact remained, that this old gossip never did tell anything about them to their advantage or disadvantage.

The Burkes were not much given to visiting, excepting to the houses of two or three of the oldest country families such as the Selwyns, the Castelars and the Bertrams. They went nowhere, and out of this little circle of friends the latter were, I think, their most intimate. Mrs. Burke was not one to make many friends, but those she did make were very loyal to her, and as for the poor around her door, they were more than loyal to her, I think, they loved her so; and they had good cause to, for she had gone among them and done good to them in her sweet, friendly way ever since I could remember. And I knew of no one that had such a bright, kindly way of doing good as had Mrs. Burke. She carried about her, too, such a pleasant countenance that you felt she was a mother before you knew it, for only under the well-improved gift of maternity could have come that pleasant comeliness. At the time my story opens she has two sons—men of six and twenty years, and one only little daughter, called Winnifred after her mother. Her husband is dead, and she herself has gently ripened with years into the comely matron, and now stands with all the lusciousness of autumn's ripest fruit about her. Her sons, tall, handsome fellows, are twins, and twins in the true sense of the word, for so absurdly alike are they in outward appearance that they can be scarcely told apart; not until after you have spoken to them, and then you observe that Graham has the pleasant voice of the two, and is a trifle taller and better looking than his brother Jack, but only a trifle, for they are certainly very much alike—alike in appearance but as widely opposite as are the two poles, in character. Graham, commonly called the elder to distinguish them, and having, I believe, some ten minutes' advantage over his brother, is a reckless high-spirited fellow, fond of sports of all kinds, and a thorough man of the world, constantly getting into trouble with that dark, handsome, expressive face of his among the women, and not knowing, possibly not caring how much harm he does among them as long as he himself gets off heart whole. He is good-natured, and nothing ever seems to mar the peace of that even temper of his. I think myself it is because he thinks it too much trouble to get into a rage. But be this as it may, these two are certainly his best qualities, barring a great admiration and belief in his mother. His brother is unlike him in every single respect, excepting

the last. He, too, shares in the same great admiration and love for his mother, only that in him the feeling is intensified, My noble, true-hearted Jack! when I come to think of his faults, my pen stops, for I do not know what to put down against him. He seems to have inherited his mother's nature for all that is pure and lovely; while in his brother, all their father's weak vices seem to have upsprung. Winnifred the youngest, is a little spoilt beauty, with her father's dark, expressive eyes, and her mother's bright golden hair curling over her forehead and down her back behind. She is only ten, and when she was just eight her pony had thrown her and the fall had injured her spine, not very seriously it is true, just quite enough to prevent her from ever being again what she was before—a bright laughing thing—

"That always danced when it should walk;
That always laughed when it should talk;
And chattered when it should be still."

It was a great trial to her lying there for hours together sometimes, indeed to them all, for she was very dear to them and they could not bear to see her suffer. But if the fall had injured her in one way, it had improved her in another. It made her more gentle, and a less exacting little queen than she had been before, for she had stood in great danger of being altogether spoilt with such a mother, and two such handsome brothers doing their very best to spoil her. I should say one, rather, for Graham is but seldom there. If it is not a cruise in some friend's yacht it is a run up to town just to see what is going on, and then down again just in time to join some shooting or fishing party off to the north whichever it happens to be at the time, till his mother laughingly tells him sometimes—"he is a rover on the face of the earth, and never at home." But further than this does not attempt to remonstrate with him, being far too judicious a woman to try it, and feeling at the same time a certain natural sort of pride in the fact of her son being so much sought after.

It was in the beginning of June that Mrs. Burke invited me over to "Elmhurst," and I have been with them now for nearly four months, it being close upon the end of September. I can scarcely realize that it is autumn already, the time has passed away so quickly, and my whole visit has been to me so like a sweet bright dream, from which I fear I shall soon have to awaken, for in the next packet but one my father is expected to arrive, and with him his ward and my future husband. We had been betrothed to each other in childhood according to my father's French ideas; my mother had resented this at first, it did not accord at all with the sweet English liberty of her own views on love and marriage, but my father overruled her, and since her death has overruled me and brought me to see it in the same light as he does. Henry was well off, well connected, and we were fond of each other, having been brought up as it were from childhood together; his parents were dead, and my father was his guardian, so what better arrangement could have been made for either of us, and I was contented and even happy in it until, until I came to Elmhurst, and here my ideas underwent a complete change. I know not whence it came, this sudden change, but I felt for the first time in my life that my father had made a mistake; and as the time drew near for them to return, it seemed as if I never could go back to the old life again and be as I had been before; as if all the brightness and pleasure of my whole life had been concentrated in these last few bright short months; as if I ought to date my real life from the commencement of last June. I did not wait to ask myself what was the influence drawing me on—so sweet, and yet so strong. I only knew that I had never felt so happy in all my life before, and even then dreamt not that it was love.

It was within a fortnight of this time that the news of my poor father's sudden death reached me; and oh! how can I tell what Jack has been to me during all this time of deep anguish and woe! how he comforts me as no other can comfort me; how he talks to me and tells me of others' troubles to try and divert my mind from my own; and now and then he touches upon sacred subjects with that deep earnestness with which only a good true man can touch upon them, and how beautifully he talks sometimes, and how beautifully he looks as he talks—his face all aglow with love for the high and holy things he is speaking of—while I sit still by his side and listen, my poor little heart all aglow with love, too, but only for him who speaks. Oh those long talks in the autumn twilight in front of the library hearth, where no one ever came in to disturb us, and the house was so still. When I think of them! Graham has been absent for an unusually long time, nearly two months now, and I could see that they were beginning to be anxious about him, though they did not say so. Only two letters have reached them during all this time, one written during his cruise, the other dated from a small sea-port town on the coast of Ireland, where he mentions having met a very beautiful young woman. So they presume that must be the attraction keeping him away. "Poor old Graham," his mother observed, as she read his letter aloud, "he cannot be happy unless he has some little flirtation continually on hand," and wonders that he has not told her more about this new conquest, who she is, and what like, for he is usually very frank and open with regard to his "little affairs," as he calls them, with his mother, telling her all, everything, and leaving it to her own discretion to omit, in reading his letters aloud, any parts she knows he does not mean for other ears than her own; but in this last letter he had merely mentioned the fact of having met her. "Depend upon it, mother, he will turn up soon," Jack says; "he always writes these short unsatisfactory letters when he is leaving for home; he thinks he will be with us so soon that it is not worth while to write a decent letter." And so Jack proved to be right, for to-day as we were sitting at luncheon who should walk in but Mr. Graham, looking pale and tired, it is true, but looking, as all women would have thought, "lovely to behold." I don't think I had ever before seen him look so handsome as when he stood greeting us all in that door-way this morning in his grey travelling clothes. He has such a careless, happy, reckless way about him, this Graham, I don't wonder he takes girls' hearts by storm. My only wonder is that he has been allowed to remain free as long as he has, that he has not been caught long ere this by some one of them. His mother's face is radiant at having him with her again. I never raise my eyes that I do not catch hers watching him, with that soft tender look in them that they wear sometimes, and he himself seems glad to be at home. I think it is a picture to see this mother and son together; it is the time above all others when, to my mind, Graham shews to

the greatest advantage; he seems to become quite a different being under the softening influence of his mother's voice and smile. To see them as I do now, over there together on the sofa, his mother lies with one hand resting caressingly among his short crisp curls, and if chaffing him unmercifully about the beautiful young woman he left over in Killarney, as she persists in calling it, although he assures her that is not the name of the place at all; and once or twice when they thought Jack and I were absorbed in our chess and Winny deep in her book, I saw his mother bend over and imprint a warm tender welcoming kiss upon his handsome brow, and I saw him raise his head from the soft cushion where it rested beside her and respond to the caresses by a look of the most perfect love, as he raised his arm and drew her closer to his side. The clock in the hall has just struck ten. Mrs. Burke crosses the room and rings the bell for prayers, saying as she passes that she is sorry to disturb our little game of chess, but that Graham is tired from his journey and he must go to bed,—we can finish our game afterwards if we are so inclined. We have but two moves to complete it, and it is a most exciting one. We think we shall have time to finish it while the servants all file in and take their places. Jack has just checked my queen, and I am considering where I had best move to next, when we are roused by Graham's voice coming from the other side of the room, "Jack, do you know that mother is waiting for you?" "I beg your pardon, mother," Jack says, starting up and almost overturning the board in his hurry, while a deep glow overspread his whole face. "I did not observe that you were waiting." "I thought not, my son," is the reply, at the same time throwing across the room one of those quick bright looks of hers to show him he is forgiven. Graham reads prayers to-night; reads them not with that deep impressive earnestness with which on other nights we are accustomed to hear them read, when Jack sits in Graham's place and conducts our devotions. Graham makes but short work of them to-night, getting through in the shortest possible time, so that we find ourselves standing up again and prayers are over before we know where we are; and for all the expression he put into them, they might have been anything rather than what they were—our evening's petition to the dear Master. They gather round the fire after prayers. Jack and I stroll out into the hall presently. We generally contrive to have a few last words together before we say good night, and as we stand there now—just under the great hall lamp—Mrs. Burke comes out of the conservatory, the door of which she had been closing for the night. "Graham," she says, coming up, "I will kiss you here, my son, and say good night; you look so tired out that I fear we shall have to forego our chat in my dressing-room; whatever you have to tell me will keep till to-morrow." "It is I, mother, not Graham," says Jack, laughing, as he steps back from under the lamp that she might see him more clearly. "Jack! No, surely it is Graham," she says, looking up intently into his face, and for one tiny moment certain she was right, and then, "Do you know, Jack, you are strangely alike," she adds gravely; "very often I can scarcely tell you apart." "Is that so, mother?" replies Jack, gently detaining her and speaking in that tender reverential way he often had. "Then you have never looked at us very closely, or you would observe that Graham is a much handsomer fellow than I am, and slightly taller." "I see no difference," is the reply, as his mother turns to me; then, after a few more pleasant last words, we separate for the night.

Three weeks have slipped away since Graham's return—three weeks fraught with so much happiness that I love to sit and think over it all, to let my thoughts wander over every inch of the ground again since that day! that day that Henry Morland wrote breaking off our engagement—that tiresome engagement that had kept us both in thrall for so many years against our wills! His letter was brief, but to the point. He merely stated that he was willing to loose my chain and set me free, if I were willing to be free! Willing! if he could have seen me. I could scarcely read the words for joy! Willing! and my thoughts flew to my love and what he would say when told that I was free! And I knew that Henry would have a better wife in whoever she might be than I could ever have made him, for with my woman's instinct I felt sure there was some dear one in the case, although he himself had said nothing of it. It was the evening of the same day that Graham met me on the stairs and congratulated me upon my engagement with his brother Jack, and the same evening, too, that Jack and I stood together with Mrs. Burke in the dim light of the library, her own face radiant with the deepest joy as she bade God bless us and keep us ever happy in one another!

II.

There is barely a leaf left on the trees now, just one or two yellow disconsolate looking ones that go fluttering and fluttering as if they were longing to break away and get down among the rest. Jack and I have been strolling up and down the avenue and out on the road as far up as the old elm tree at the corner. The course of our true love runs very smoothly. Nothing as yet has happened to mar its sweet peace, though, as I told Jack, we ought to have a lovers' quarrel once in a way, that that was part of the compact I believed. But he never would agree to differ, and I could not get one up by myself, for all the world knows it takes two to make a quarrel. We did not meet anyone during our walks but one slouchy-looking Irishman with his wide-awake well pulled down over his forehead, so that we could not see what he was like, but we had observed this man before; it was not the first time he had dodged us in our walks together, and Jack said he meant to ask him the next time what he wanted? But he was spared the trouble, for to-day as we were passing he stopped us. "If I am not much mistaken the name of this gentleman is Burke I believe," he says, looking up into Jack's face with an inquisitive glance on his dark wicked little face. A bow in acquiescence is all the reply which Jack vouchsafes him. "The same as is to be married very shortly I hear," he continues. This, however, Jack resents, drawing himself up and giving the man such a look as makes all the courage gotten up for the occasion to desert him on the spot, and sends him shuffling off, muttering as he goes and vowing all sorts of vengeance on Jack's head. "The man is drunk, drunk as a lord," Jack explains in language more forcible than elegant, and we continue our walk and very soon have forgotten all about this unpleasant little interruption and are happy. It is almost dark when we get home, a damp, gusty autumn evening, and I felt a little bit chilled by my walk, so throwing my shawl upon the hall table, I open the door of the library, where

I knew a bright glow awaited me. There was no one in the room, and no light except the firelight. I dearly love the firelight; so, after standing by the hearth-rug till I felt quite warm, I went over to a large bay window at the other end of the room and seated myself on its broad sill, behind those heavy silken curtains with the deep fringe on them, hugging my happiness to myself and building bright castles in the air for the happy future! I know not how long I sat there; I was so absorbed in my own thoughts I did not hear the door open, nor observe that Mrs. Burke had entered the room with Graham. The first sound I heard was Graham's voice talking to his mother in a low tone. I did not catch what they were saying. I did not listen to catch it. I sat and thought on—thought on, hidden away behind the curtains; but I was roused from my reverie by Graham's voice saying, "For God's sake, mother, don't look like that; it is hard enough to bear as it is without your looking at me in that way!" "You cannot have expected me to look pleased, surely Graham? that is asking *too much* of me; it is a bitter pill for me to swallow, to think my eldest son! my Graham, that—Oh! I did not expect this of you!" "Don't, I implore you, talk like that, mother. I can bear the rest, but I cannot bear that; you know I could not help it; that villain of an old father of hers would not let me off unless I married the girl, so what was a fellow to do? And what is worse," he continued, while a wicked look came into his eyes, "I hear that the old rascal has followed me home and has been dodging about the house for the last two or three days. I'll make short work of him if he does not quit this little game! Damn them all!" "Hush, Graham; no harsh words; remember, however you may feel about it, she is your own wife!"—her face changing visibly as she pronounced the last word—"and I trust my son will always do his duty by her, although she is beneath him in station. Let me see, she cannot come here—at least not until after Jack's wedding." "Come here! I should think not," Graham says, with genuine passion in his voice; "she shall never come here; she shall never breathe the same air as my precious mother." "You were thinking a great deal of your precious mother, I fancy, at the time you married her," Mrs. Burke answers in a hard tone—the hardest tone I have ever heard her use. "Mother!" This one word uttered in Graham's softest and most penitent tone has brought her back again; she is her old sweet self once more. "Forgive me, Graham, I did not mean it." "It wants but one week to the wedding now, does it not?" Graham asks in a quiet tone. "Yes, one week, all but a day," his mother replies. "Then I don't wish one word of this told until after it is all over—the wedding, I mean, for Heaven knows I have brought trouble enough upon you all without marring this happy week for Jack." "It shall be as you wish, my son," she says, looking up at him almost in the old loving way again, so pleased was she at this little bit of unselfishness coming from Graham. "And then we can tell them afterwards, mother, just before I leave, for you know I shall have to live with and support her, I suppose. We are told, you know," with a hoarse laugh that went to your very heart to hear, "that a man must leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife? Isn't that so?" but the laugh proved a most miserable failure, and ere this sentence was completed the strong man was in his mother's arms, sobbing like a child, at the thought of leaving her—and she—she sat there, pale as death itself, with a dark circle round her mouth, and I knew what fierce agony there raged within, though to all outward appearance she was so calm. And in my heart I could have sobbed aloud in sorrow for her. I could not leave the room while this was going on. Once or twice I essayed to do so, and drew back, knowing how they would feel to find that I had heard it all—and this thought alone kept me where I was—and when the gong sounded through the house for dinner, and Mrs. Burke rose up and left the room, followed by Graham, I crept out of my hiding place, feeling like a thief, and went up to my own room. What was I to do? Tell Jack that I had heard it all? No, for if they would not spoil this happy week for him by the knowledge of it, why should I? Tell Mrs. Burke? No, oh! no. I could not bring myself to tell her that I had been there all the time, so I thought I had better say nothing about it till after the wedding was over; but I could not dismiss it from my mind. The idea of that splendid handsome Graham, whom the highest born lady in the county would have been but too proud to own, throwing himself away upon a low born Irish girl—some fisherman's daughter, perhaps—and I know now that the horrid old man who had dodged us the day before was no other than her father, and had at the time mistaken Jack for Graham.

Time passed on so full of preparations for the wedding that I know not how it went. White lace, tulle and satin, seemed to be the order of the day, and I was kept busily employed in choosing what I would have and how made. Every chair and table was littered with all sorts of finery that was up stairs and down stairs.

Mrs. Burke was here, there, and everywhere. I gazed at her in astonishment, when I thought of what she had upon her mind; but she would not give in. She seemed determined that if one son had disappointed her, the other should not be made to suffer by it, and so the preparations for the wedding went on; it wants but one day more now, and then,—and then as Jack has told me 40 times during the last fortnight—I shall be his "own, his lovely wee wife!" It is the evening before the wedding—the very last evening, and finishing touches are being put to everything—the house is in one blaze of light, from the attic to the cellar—lighted up to try the effect of the decorations for the ball to-morrow evening! The effect is perfect, and Mrs. Burke gazing round in admiration remarks that she thinks the decorations reflect great credit on the boys, and well may she say it, for they are simply "superb!" Graham is calling loudly for some one to bring him the two cupids that are to hang from the hall lamp. "Mr. Jack has ridden over to fetch them, sir. Maurice says the man forgot to send them." "Confound the man!" is Graham's gracious reply, as he turns to cut some twine. I am called upstairs to try on my dress. Mrs. Burke wants to see how the train hangs, and whether the orange blossoms for my veil are enough to the front—it is unlucky to try it on, I know; but it cannot be helped, so I go up and stand in front of the large mirror in Mrs. Burke's dressing room and have it tried on, and turn round and round, and walk to the door and back again before an admiring crowd of pantry-maids, house-maids, kitchen-maids, and a big fat cook, whose exclamations of delight are a source of the most intense amusement to Winny, who lies on the sofa watching us all out of her lovely dark eyes, now and then saying the most absurd things in an under tone for her mother's and my amusement,

so that I have hard work to command my countenance; and her mother tells her laughingly she wants a bit out off the end of her tongue, and that she will do it some day for her when she's asleep! At which speech Miss Winny draws her little rosy tongue further into her small mouth, and shuts her white teeth firmly over it to the great amusement of all in the room. Suddenly in the midst of all this mirth and fun there suote upon our ears the sound of many feet rushing through the hall below, then a shriek—a shriek—the sound of which is tingling through my ears now as I write, and sends the blood from my very heart. I just see Mrs. Burke's look of startled terror, and then one of the under-house-maids bursts into the room, "Oh! Mrs. Burke, marm! they have shot him! shot him down there, over by the gate." "Shot who? Shot who?" while abject terror spread itself over all our faces. "Mr. Graham, marm!" "My God!" is all she says, as she turns and flies down stairs. I only wait to throw on a something over my glistening satin robes, and fly after her, followed by the whole train of servants, when lo! at the foot of the first flight of stairs we meet Graham himself, tearing along with two pillows under his arm—his face as white as a sheet, but otherwise apparently quite well—then my courage all forsakes me, and I stop, for I know it must be Jack! And as I stand leaning against the baluster for support, I hear voices below me in the hall. "It's Mr. Graham; don't I tell you I see'd his face when they raised his head for to pour in the brandy." "It aint Mr. Graham, it's Mr. Jack; don't I know," said another voice, and then there comes tramping through the hall a train of men, bearing between them a something. I recollect catching sight of a white face through the banisters—a white face all covered with blood, and its eyes were shut, and I fell senseless, fainting dead away for the first time in my life. When I recovered consciousness I found myself in Mrs. Burke's dressing-room; they have removed my white satin robe and everything appertaining to the wedding that had been scattered about in the evening. Mrs. Burke's own maid, Collins, is with me alone. My first question is to know how Jack is? She answers that she does not know; she has not been down-stairs, but thinks that he is better, and then I ask what time it is, and she says it is past eleven, and tries to coax me to undress and go to bed. I say I will if she will fetch my night clothes, but the moment the door is closed upon her, I throw on a shawl that has covered me, and make my way down-stairs, holding on to the banisters, for I am still weak. The house is still, still as death; it sends a shudder through me, it is so quiet. I hear not a sound, and I meet no one. The first door I try is the library; I turn the handle and find it locked! Locked—why was it locked? They never lock this door at night! and then a great terror takes possession of me. I remember being supported back to my room, and then, as I grew calmer, being told that Jack was dead; that a man had mistaken him for Graham, and fired at him as he was riding through the gate. The shot proved fatal, and he had died one minute after his mother reached him! I knew who the man was. I knew he was the father of the girl whom Graham had married, and had mistaken the brothers, and imagined it was Graham who was to be married to-morrow instead of Jack. I was told that he had been caught, and that he should suffer for it, but what was that to me! It could not bring Jack back, and I cared for nothing else. I lay for many weeks twixt life and death, and in my anguish prayed that I might die, but I did not die; I lived, and time wore on.

Years have passed away since then—years that have brought with them many changes, so that my story ends, as most stories do, with the sound of wedding bells, for Winny left us yesterday with her husband for a new bright home of her own. Graham is out in the Colonies, and Mrs. Burke is Mrs. Burke still—only with a difference—her hair is snowy white, and she wears it brushed away plainly now under her pretty lace cap, and seems to me to grow lovelier each day she lives. She has been coaxing me for some time to go out into the gay world again, but not even by the sweet persuasive voice of her I love so dearly, both for his sake and her own, can I be brought to robe myself in any other robes than those I wear of deepest woe.

THE GRAPHIC BALLOON.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

(From the Daily Graphic.)

The life-boat which is to be suspended from the *Daily Graphic* balloon on its voyage across the Atlantic, and upon which Professor Wise and his party will depend for safety should any mishap overtake their more commodious air ship, is now in rapid course of construction at the extensive workshops of Mr. A. M. Ingersoll, on South Street, in this city.

The boat is twenty-two feet and six inches long. Her breadth of beam is five feet ten inches, and she is two feet six inches deep. Her keel is of the best Ohio white oak, and the timbers and staves of the same material. The "skin," or body, is constructed of American white cedar, chosen on account of its extreme lightness, combined with great strength. All the wood employed is of the very best quality, and has been selected with such care that not the slightest flaw can be discovered in any of the strips. The boat is "clinker built," each streak of planking overlaps the other, and all are fastened with copper nails, riveted on each side. No less than eight thousand rivets have been used, and two men have been constantly employed for days past in "heading" them. A most difficult task, and one in which great care is indispensable. In the bottom of the boat a patent centre board is to be placed. It is constructed of Georgia yellow pine bound with galvanized sheet iron, and working automatically. Air cylinders of thin galvanized iron are fitted up in the bow, stern, and sides, and, in connection with the Ingersoll valves, are so arranged that the boat will not only "right," but will free herself of water in thirty seconds, even were she full to the gunwale. This desirable result is arrived at by a process patented by Mr. Ingersoll, and may well be termed the perfection of life-boat building.

THE MODEL.

The balloon boat is built after the model of the famous "Red, White and Blue," which crossed the Atlantic in 1866. She has a greater "shear," however, her lines are more graceful, and her general appearance more in accordance with the amphibious rôle which she may be called upon to perform. Fore and aft, she is to be decked over with light planking—the entrance to the diminutive cabin being through a small

companion-way aft. Forward, in the bows, a look-out house is to be placed. This will be provided with sliding "peep-holes" and with two dead lights. It is expected that it can be so arranged as to make it possible for a full-sized man to stand erect in it. At each end of the little vessel ring-bolts will be placed, as in ordinary life-boats. In addition to these, she is to be furnished with two eye-bolts, constructed of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch iron. These run through to the keel, at equal distances from the bow and stern. They are to be secured with great care and riveted on the under side. By these eye-bolts the boat is to be suspended from the balloon. Extending around the entire boat and above the decking, a slight, but strong bulwark is to be placed. It will be three inches high, of black walnut, and so arranged as to prevent those on deck from sliding off when the boat mounts a sea. At the stern posts and in the bows—indeed, at every part which is particularly exposed—great care is being taken to exclude the possibility of a leak; many of the seams are to be filled in with fine cotton, and no pains are being spared to make everything as "tight and snug" as the most exacting seaman could desire. To the water-line the boat will be painted a fine light green. The body will be a bright gloss white, and under the gunwale, extending all round the boat, a broad gold band will be drawn. The bulwarks are to retain their natural walnut colour, but will be highly polished and varnished. Inside, the prevailing colour will be a dull white; the deck will be painted a soft delicate yellow.

THE BOAT'S RIG

has been the subject of much earnest thought on the part of her builders. At length, however, it has been decided to adopt the schooner model, and she is to be rigged after that pattern. The jib will be six feet long on the "heel" or lower part. Each mast will have a hoist of eleven feet six inches, and will be eight feet six inches on the heel. They are to be sixteen feet eight inches long, well and gracefully proportioned. The two sprits will be fifteen and a half feet long. One boom will be placed on the mainmast, and will have a length of nine and a half feet. The foresail is to be lug rigged, and will trim eighteen inches aft of the mainmast. The sails are being made of fine cotton duck, they are double lighted or seamed, and every effort is made to render them at once light and durable. All the masts, spars, and sails of the "Lilliputian" bark are detached, and will be stored away in the hold to await an emergency.

THE STEERING APPARATUS

will be most complete. The rudder is of oak, iron-bound, and in addition to this, a steering oar is to be added for use in heavy weather. The boat will also carry a full supply of canned provisions, and from six to eight ten-gallon kegs of fresh water. She will be furnished with charts, compasses, and other instruments of navigation, and also with one of the patent umbrella drags which has been found so efficient in keeping a ship's head to the wind, and which is now in use on many of the steamship lines. The boat will be fitted out with every appliance for rowing as well as sailing. Three rowlocks of plated silver are to be placed on each side, and six oars of well-seasoned ash, each fourteen feet long, will be stowed in the hold. All the minor details are attended to with as much care as those of greater importance. Brass belaying cleats are to be furnished, a copper stem and sag band will be added, and a number of patent life preservers placed in the cabin. The apparatus for detaching the boat from the balloon is of the most perfect character. The great aim of the Graphic Company and the builders has been to secure a boat which would live in any sea, and which would at the same time be so light as to present no hindrance to the balloon. In this they have been entirely successful; the boat when finished, with all her spars and sails, will only weigh seven hundred pounds.

CAN SHE CROSS THE OCEAN?

Should it by any unforeseen chance be necessary for the voyagers to take the life-boat in mid-ocean, is it possible for so small a vessel to reach land? This question can be easily answered by a reference to the exploit of the "Red, White and Blue." This daring little craft, which is just three and a half feet longer than the balloon boat, sailed from New York for Paris on the 9th July, 1866, and arrived in London, England, on the 16th of August, making the passage in the short space of thirty-eight days. The crew consisted of two men, Captain John M. Hudson and Frank Fitch, both of whom were old and experienced navigators. During the voyage a succession of head winds and strong gales were encountered at all times. However, the little ship behaved admirably, and though from stress of weather she was no less than four times thrown on her beam ends with masts in the waves, each time she righted, and, throwing the water from her decks, again sped in safety on her way.

Art and Literature.

Bishop Colenso's lectures on the Pentateuch and the Mohite stone are announced.

A combination of eight English Provincial newspapers has arranged for the publication simultaneously of a novel by the author of "Lady Audley's Secret."

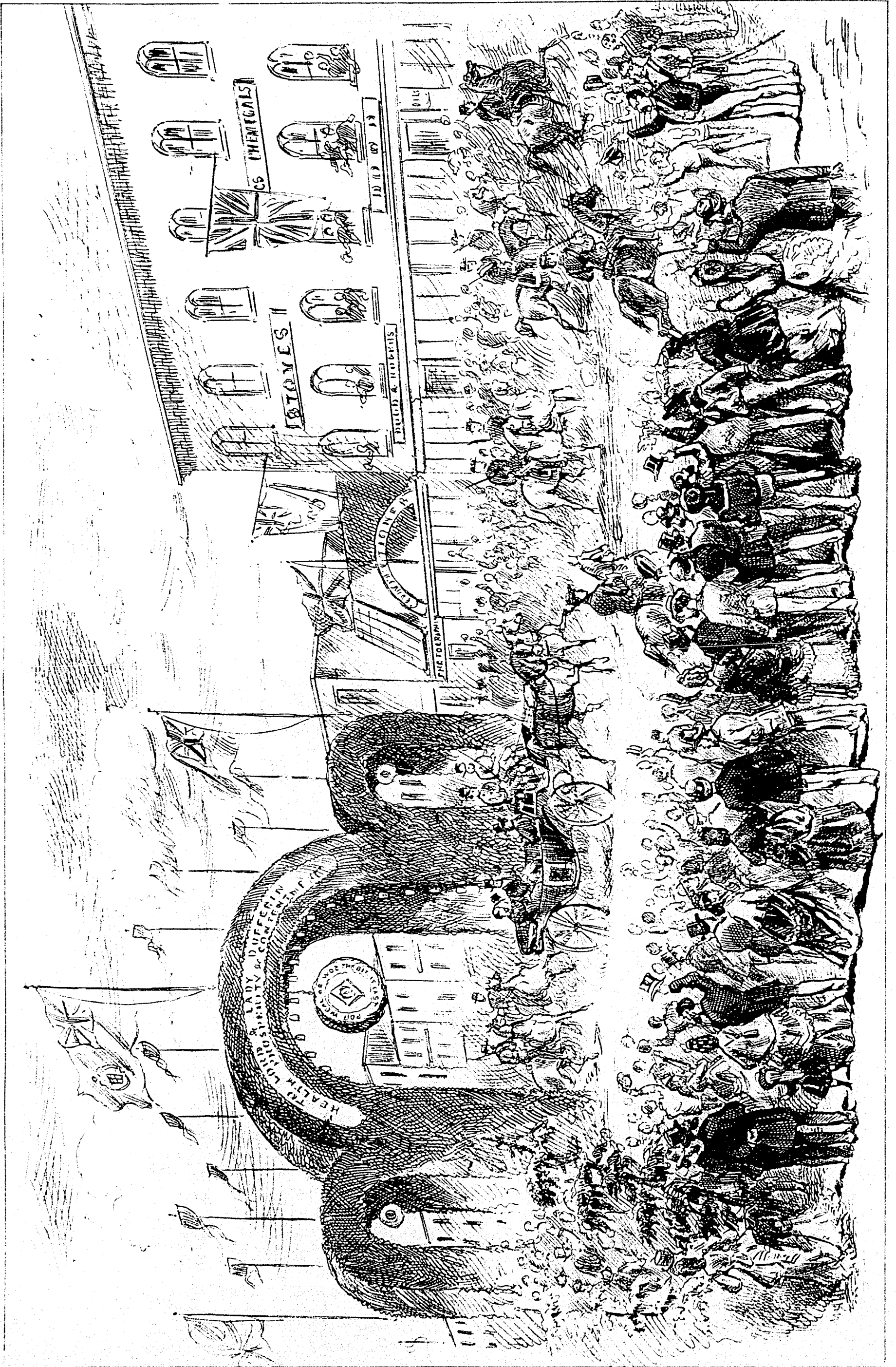
Castelar's new book upon "Old Rome and New Italy," just translated into English, is pronounced by the *Athenæum* a great literary success.

Dentu, the Paris publisher, has just issued a romance entitled, *Le Roi du Jour*. It is a study of English life and manners, based on actuality, and is at once a work of high literary merit and conscientious treatment.

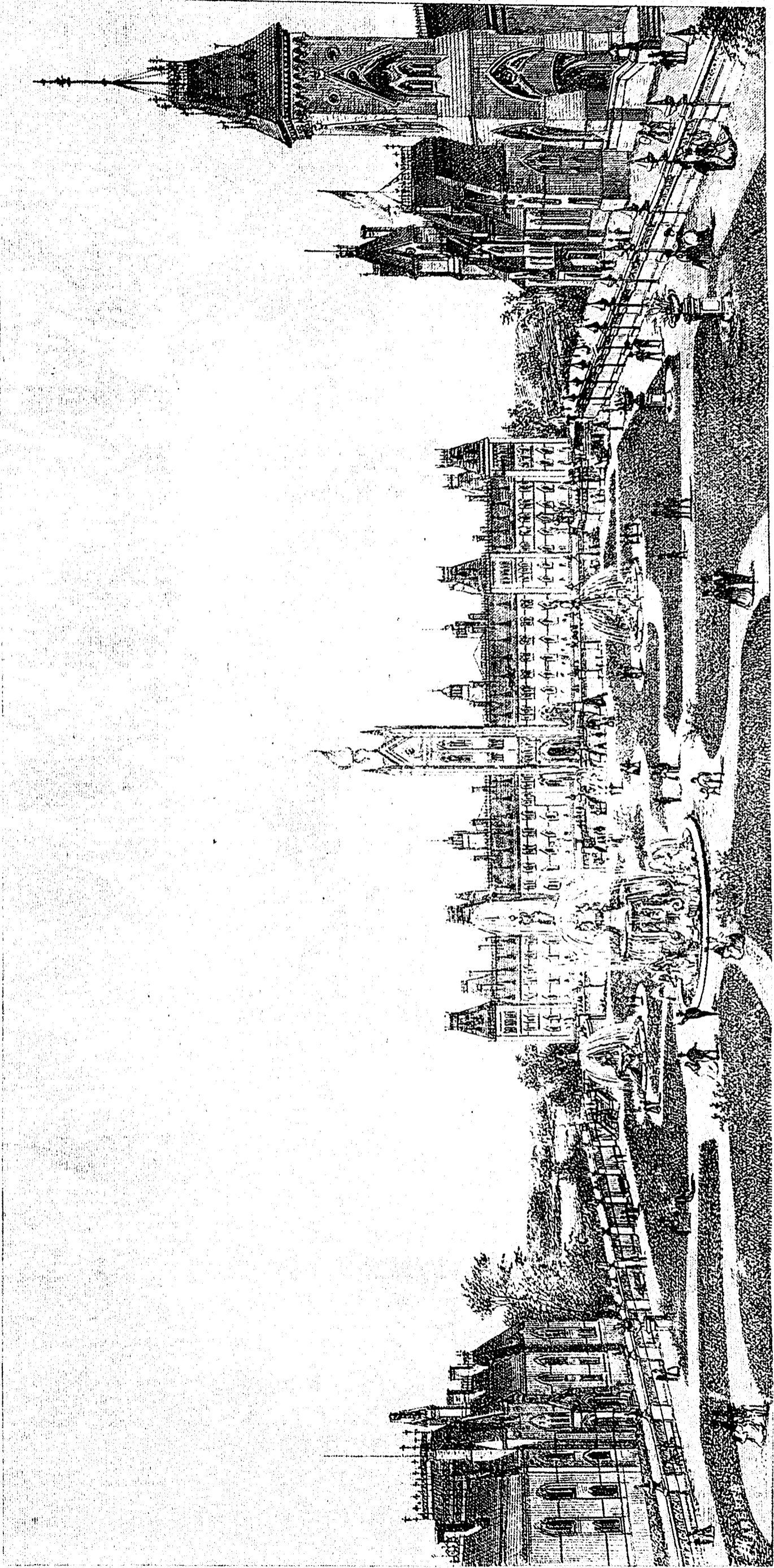
Mr. Darwin has been blackballed by the French Academy. His nomination as corresponding member was rejected by twenty-six votes to six, the latter being given, says the *Caricature*, by the "friends of the apes."

A curious book is in the possession of a rich collector of curiosities at Bordeaux. It is a folio of about 300 pages, entitled *Le Commentaire de Matholi*, and is printed in seven different languages, and dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. This work, of which two copies only were taken, was printed by Gutenberg with wooden types cut by himself. The owner asks 100,000 francs for it.

Bjornson, the Norwegian poet, being poor, proposes to settle in the United States, and see if he can not do a little better than he is doing at home. He is vicar of a small church, and finds it impossible to live on a salary of \$250 a year. He makes nothing by his books. He is married. For two years he has been studying English, and can now write it very well. The government refuses to increase his pitiful salary, and in sheer inability to live on it, the greatest genius of Norway is about to emigrate.



CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—RE-EPTON OF H. E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.—THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE HEAD OF KING STREET.



OTTAWA.—DESIGN FOR THE TERRACE WALL AND LAYING OUT OF GROUNDS IN FRONT OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS. BY MR. MARSHALL WOOD.

HARVEST.

All day we set the sheaves in shining rows,
And capping them, hung fringes of dull gold
About their heavy brows; and at the close
Watched the wood-shadows their dark wings unfold.

But what of those slain lilies, whose best yield
Was the faint perfume clinging to our hands
As we went we up and down the sun-swept field.

For so did reapers slay our hopes' high blooms,
Reckless of tears and pleading, till they lay
Languishing, smothered 'mong the dusty flames.

Then homeward going by the bridge that spanned
The elmy stream, faint, after toil and heat,
The mist-wraith soothed us with her delicate hand.

Overland Monthly.

Fun.

See how wonderful are the ways of Nature in Illinois. A pair
of boots costs just two loads of potatoes, and to raise the potatoes
just wears out two pairs of boots.

The captain of an ocean steamer says that on Sundays at sea
he always selects some clergyman to preach who looks as if he
would get sick very easily, thus avoiding long sermons, and

When you see a man who is hastening across a street to avoid
a team, step on a piece of mud, and lose his balance, and come
to the earth, and tear the skin from both his wrists, and smash

If a young man cannot pay his board-bill, and has no reasonable
prospect of being able to pay it, we are inclined to think it
his Christian duty to abscond. He need not, however, add insult

EPITAPH.

Stranger, pause—
My tale attend,
And learn the cause
Of Hannah's end.

Across the world
The winds did blow—
She ketched a cold
What laid her low.

We shed a quart
Of tears, it's true,
But life is short—
Aged 82.

An aged couple on Wooster street, says the Danbury News, are
very fond of checkers, and play quite frequently. When he
beats at the game, she loses her temper, and declares she will

Among the good old things which are passing away is that
dear, delightful generation of old ladies whose gospel of life was
that of Puss, and to whom innovation and novelty came as the

A despairing son-in-law writes as follows to the Daily Graphic:
I see by the Scientific American that you have a few seats in the
Daily Graphic balloon to dispose of, and, fearing that my telegram

P. S.—If the seat next to her should be occupied by
a member of Congress, or any other approachable person, please
let me know.

N. B.—The old lady is worth \$100,000, all of which I should
touch if anything should happen to her, and I would cheerfully
divide, &c., &c.

S. J. Foss & Co., Sherbrooke, Proprietors Colby's Pills,

Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. G., St. John, N.B.—Problems received and under examina-
tion. The "double" in one variation of No. 89 was overlooked.

ALPHA, Whitby, Ont.—Your first "four-move" Problem is marked
for insertion; the solution to your last is not complete. You have
correctly solved Nos. 89 and 90.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

BOB, Evergreen, Ala.—Problems Nos. 88 and 89. G. E. C., Mon-
treal, No. 89; J. H., St. Liboire, Nos. 90 and 91.

CHESS IN COBourg.

In the following brief partie our correspondent gives the odds of Q.
Kt. to another Cobourg player.

(Remove White's Q. Kt.)

McDonnell's double (Gambit.

White—Mr. R. H. Ramsey.

- 1. P. to K. 4th
2. B. to B. 4th
3. P. to Q. Kt. 4th
4. P. to K. B. 4th
5. Kt. to K. B. 3rd
6. P. to B. 3rd
7. P. to Q. 4th
8. Castles.
9. Q. B. takes P.
10. B. to B. sq. (b)
11. Q. to Kt. 3rd
12. B. takes Kt.
13. R. takes B.
14. Q. R. to K. B. sq.
15. R. takes K. B. P.
16. R. takes R.
17. R. to K. 7th dis. ch.

Black—Amateur.

- P. to K. 4th
B. to B. 4th
B. takes P.
P. to Q. 3rd
P. takes P. (a)
B. to B. 4th
B. to Kt. 3rd
Kt. to K. R. 3rd
Castles.
B. to K. Kt. 5th
B. takes Kt.
P. takes B. (c)
Q. to K. 2nd
Kt. to Q. 2nd
R. takes R.
Q. to K. 4th
Resigns.

- (a) This leaves White an opportunity to develop his attack rapidly.
(b) Intending, apparently, to play B. to Q. R. 3rd or B. to Q. Kt.
2nd presently, as opportunity offered.
(c) Black should rather have played B. to K. R. 4th. White, now
wins by force.

A lively specimen of the "Petroff" defence, played recently in
Montreal.

White.

- 1. P. to K. 4th
2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd
3. Kt. takes P.
4. P. takes P.
5. K. Kt. to B. 3rd
6. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd
7. B. to K. 2nd (a)
8. P. to Q. 4th
9. K. Kt. to Q. 2nd
10. K. Kt. to Q. B. 4th
11. K. B. to Q. 3rd
12. Q. to K. 2nd
13. Kt. takes B. ch.
14. Q. takes Q. ch.
15. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th
16. B. to K. 4th
17. B. takes Kt. ch.
18. P. takes Kt.
19. K. to Q. 2nd
20. P. to Q. R. 3rd
21. K. R. to K.
22. R. takes R.
23. R. to Q. Kt.
24. B. to B. 4th
25. B. to Kt. 3rd
26. R. to Kt. 4th
27. P. to Q. B. 4th
28. P. to Q. B. 5th
29. P. takes P. ch.
30. R. ch. and wins.

Black.

- P. to K. 4th
K. Kt. to B. 3rd
P. to Q. 4th
Q. takes P.
B. to Q. 3rd
Q. to Q. R. 4th
P. to K. Kt. 4th
P. to Kt. 5th
P. to K. R. 4th
Q. to K. B. 4th
Q. to K. 3rd ch.
Q. Kt. to B. 3rd
P. takes Kt.
B. takes Q.
K. Kt. to Q. 4th
Kt. takes Kt.
P. takes B.
B. to B. 5th
K. to Q. 2nd
K. R. to K.
P. to K. 3rd
P. takes R.
K. to B. 2nd
R. to K. B.
K. to B. 4th
B. to Q. 4th (b)
B. takes P.
P. to K. R. 5th
K. to Q. 2nd

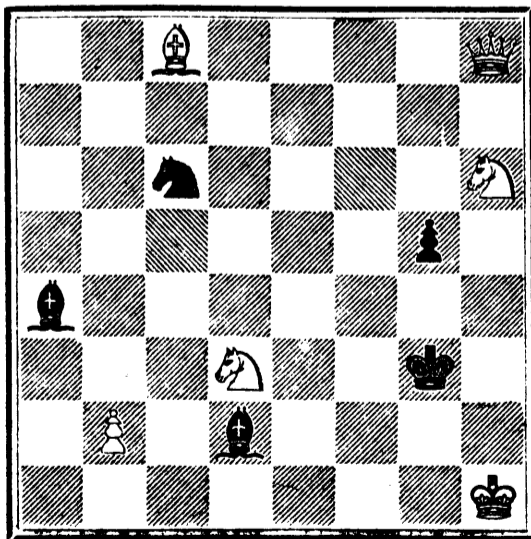
- (a) B. to Q. B. 4th seems the correct move.
(b) B. to B. 8th, or B. to R. 3rd, would have been better: this loses
off hand.

PROBLEM No. 93.

The following is the "four-move" Problem, in the set which car-
ried off the first prize, in the "Mail" Tourney for 1872:

By Mr. J. Henderson, St. Liboire, P. Q.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

The following appeared some time ago in the Mail, Toronto. It
strikes us as a clever imitation of the well-known "Indian" problem.

ENIGMA No. 29.

By Mr. R. H. Ramsey.

White.—K. at Q. B. 2nd. R. at Q. R. sq., B. at K. Kt. sq., and Q.
R. 8th sq. Ps. at Q. 3rd, K. 5th and Q. 6th.

Black.—K. at Q. Kt. 5th. Ps. at Q. Kt. 4th, Q. 2nd, K. 3rd, and K.
R. 5th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 91.

White.

- 1. Kt. to B. 3rd
2. B. to K. 3rd
3. B. to K. B. 2nd
4. P. to Kt. 4th mate.

Black.

- Either P. moves
P. moves.
P. takes B.

Music and the Drama.

Mlle. Irma di Murska is to appear at the Italiens, if a previous
engagement at Florence, made unknown to her, through an
agent, can be disposed of.

Miss Carlotta Leclercq will act throughout the country, next
season, in "The New Magdalen."

A new comedy, by Sardou, entitled "Les Merveil-
leuses," is to be produced at the Variétés, Paris, next season.

It is now rumoured that Sothorn will open the regular season
of 1873-4 at Wallack's Theatre early this autumn.

Niblo's Garden, New York, opens on the 18th inst. with "The
Black Crooke, reconstructed and newly embellished.

Mr. Jefferson is expected to arrive home from England about
the 20th of August, and play at Booth's Theatre in September.
He will probably return to England later in the autumn, and re-
appear on the London stage.

Mr. Barrett appears in this city on the 24th inst.

Aimée returns from Europe on the 19th inst.

Mr. Edmund Falconer has produced another successful Irish
drama, called "Killarney."

Twenty-two theatres and two first-class opera houses will be
running in New York during the coming season.

The "Belle Hélène" was performed recently at the Theater
an der Wien, Vienna, for the benefit of Offenbach, who himself
conducted.

A Committee of the Municipal Council of Paris has been ap-
pointed to report upon the petition of the directors of all the
theatres in the capital for the suppression or the reduction of
the "Droit des Pauvres," that is, the heavy percentage taken
from the gross receipts each night for poor rates. The memorial
is accompanied by a return of the amounts for which managers
have become bankrupt and the sums extracted by the municipa-
lity. The total for the failures is £153,809, and £175,545 has
gone to the hospitals and charities.

A sensational play has been produced at the Ambigu, in Paris.
In one scene a man and his wife, who are murderers, are over-
whelmed with remorse; the husband drinks of the poison which
he was about to pour out to his wife, and falls dead on the ground,
while Thérèse, taking the phial, empties the rest, and dies in
her turn.

At the Royal Italian Opera, on the 18th, "L'Etoile du Nord"
was given for the first time this season, with all the splendour
and completeness of past occasions, and with a similar cast, in-
cluding Mme. Patti as Caterina, and M. Faure as Pietro. On
Monday, the 21st, "Les Huguenots" was performed; on Tues-
day, "Un Ballo in Maschera" (for the debut of Mdlle. Pezzotta);
on Wednesday there was a miscellaneous evening concert; on
Thursday "Il Barbiere" for the benefit of Mme. Adolina Patti;
Friday, "Lucia di Lammermoor," benefit of Mdlle. Albani; Sa-
turday, the 26th, was the last night of the season, when "L'Etoile"
was given for a second time.

The following is the latest dramatic intelligence from Eng-
land.—The Lyceum Theatre, London, closed on the 26th. It
will reopen next season with Bulwer's "Rochelleu." The com-
pany has begun a provincial tour in Manchester.—At the Prin-
cess's a piece entitled "Mariée depuis Midi," written expressly
for Mdlle. Judic, has been produced.—The Haymarket company
have commenced their provincial tour at Liverpool where they
have been performing "Pygmalion and Galatea," the "School
for Scandal," "The Rivals," and "She Stoops to Conquer."—At
Leeds, and at one of the Manchester theatres, a new play by Mr.
Tom Taylor, entitled "Arkwright's Wife; a Story of Lanca-
shire Industry," has been produced. It deals with incidents in
the history of the celebrated inventor.

The season at the Drury Lane Theatre opens on the 20th of
September with "Antony and Cleopatra" in an abridged form
as a grand spectacular play. The scenes will comprise a view of
ancient Rome, with a grand celebration in honour of Antony
and Octavia; the naval battle of Actium between the Roman
and Egyptian "galleys;" the Temple of Isis; and a realization
of the spectacle of Cleopatra in her barge.

During the season just over in London Mme Patti received
two hundred guineas per night at Covent Garden, and Mme.
Nilsson £200 at Drury Lane.

Lillie Eldridge will begin her starring tour of next season at
Montreal, in September.

Plotow is to write a new opera for the Paris Grand Opera
House.

A novel sensational effect, unknown in this country, is said to
be introduced in one of the plays just brought from Europe by
Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams.

The St. John, N.B., Dramatic Lyceum closed on the 7th inst.
Grace Egerton appeared during the week at the Academy of Music.

Mr. Ward and Miss Winnetta Montague appeared last week at
the Theatre Royal, Montreal, in "The Winning Hand," "Cuba,"
"The Peep-o'-Day," and "The Irish Emigrant." On Monday
Miss Marion Mordaunt opened with "Darling."

The Lindley Combination Troupe have been playing in Hamil-
ton and London, Ont.

Mr. Wm. Nannery opened at Halifax on Monday last. Among
the artists in his troupe are Miss Minnie Conway from the
Brooklyn Theatre; Miss Ida Savery, and Mr. Walter Lennox
from the Walnut Street Theatre.

Miss Anna Dickinson is to make her debut at the new Boston
Globe Theatre, under Cheney's management.

Hyron's "Maufred," with a ballet and spectacular effects, is to
be brought out at the Princess's Theatre, London.

Mr. R. A. Proctor, the astronomer, will visit this continent in
the fall.

The second volume of Mr. Beecher's "Life of Christ" is in an
advanced stage.

Mr. J. Kington Oliphant is about to publish, through Messrs.
Macmillan, a book called "On the Origin of Standard English."

MM. Erekmann-Chatrain are now writing for Cassell's Maga-
zine a serial story, founded on a quartermaster's narrative of
personal adventures experienced during a recent campaign in
Kabylia.

The minor works of the late Mr. Grote, including several
unpublished pieces, are soon to be printed; and Mr. Murray
promises "A Brief Memoir of the Princess Charlotte of Wales,"
by the Lady Rose Weigall.

Mr. George Smith has, it is announced, returned to London
from his successful labours in Assyria, in excellent health.

Lord Ravensworth, who, along with Mr. Richards, recently
translated Virgil's "Æneid" into blank verse, is, says the
Athenæum, about to publish an estimate of the lapse of time
necessary for the action and events of the last six books of the
"Æneid."

News of the Week.

Our Illustrations.

THE DOMINION.—The Ottawa printers have struck, but the printing offices are tiding over the difficulty, owing to the arrival of nearly forty hands from Scotland who have engaged themselves for twelve months. The Premier returned to Ottawa last week. It is reported that the citizens propose entertaining him at a grand banquet before the close of the month.

UNITED STATES.—Cholera is reported at Columbus, O., Carlin, Ill., and Aurora, Ind. The Texas cattle-plague is prevailing in North-West Missouri. The total loss by the recent fire in Portland, Oregon, is \$1,158,675. Mrs. Young, No. 17 of Brigham's wives, has compromised with the prophet for \$5,000 down, and \$10,000 more within ninety days. Her lawyers refuse to accept the compromise, and the case goes into court again. The loss by the fire at Hunter's Point, New York is computed at \$200,000. A disastrous fire took place at Portland, Me., on Saturday, by which the Galt and Atlantic wharves, and the steamers "Montreal," "Dirigo," and "Carlotta," were destroyed. Twenty lives were lost by the burning of the steamer "Wawassett" on Friday week. Mr. Carter, of the Newfoundland Government, has returned from Washington, where he has been negotiating a reciprocity treaty. Mr. Windley, member for Peterboro', Eng., is in New York in order to obtain testimony favorable to the Tichborne Claimant. The Cubans of New York are preparing another expedition to land arms and ammunition on Cuban soil by steamer "Virginias." It is said this will be the largest one yet.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.—The Bishop of Ely succeeds Bishop Wilberforce as Bishop of Winchester. The English Parliament was prorogued on the 5th. The Queen, in her speech, thanks Parliament for its liberal grant to the Duke of Edinburgh, refers to the conclusion of treaties with several foreign powers, commends the Commons for its reduction on the sugar duties and income tax, and represents the revenue as having more than met her expectations. The report announcing the betrothal of Prince Arthur to Princess Thyra of Denmark is contradicted. The Conservatives have carried Greenwich, and East Staffordshire and the Liberals Dundee. It is stated on good authority that Mr. Gladstone will not seek a re-election, but contemplates returning to private life. Nearly all the large cotton mills of Rochdale are closed in consequence of a strike of the operatives. There have been numerous railroad accidents in England during the past few days. The loss of life fortunately has been light, but many persons received injuries. The Orange societies of Liverpool last week welcomed the Canadian Orange deputation with a great public demonstration. Some important changes have taken place in the Ministry. The Marquis of Ripon and Messrs. Ayrton, Childers, and Baxter have resigned. The Premier will be assisted by Lord Frederick Cavendish and Sir Arthur Wellesley Peel. Mr. Gladstone, in addition to the Premiership, assumes the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in lieu of Mr. Lowe, who assumes the Home Office. Mr. Bruce is to be made a Peer, and will succeed Lord Ripon as President of the Council. Mr. Adam, M.P. for Chackmanusshire and Kinrossshire, takes the place of Mr. Ayrton as Commissioner of Works and Buildings. Mr. Bortham Carter succeeds Mr. Baxter as Joint Secretary of the Treasury. Arthur Peel becomes the Liberal whip. Other changes are expected in a few days. John Bright joins the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. It is also stated that Hon. Algernon Grenville has been offered one of the Junior Lordships of the Treasury. It is probable that Sir John Duke Coleridge will be appointed Master of the Rolls, Sir George Jessel Attorney-General, and Mr. Henry James Solicitor-General.

FRANCE.—President Thiers, in an interview with a lady who presented him with a gift from the ladies of Moulhouse, declared that France should maintain a passive attitude towards Spain in her present difficulties. The Conservatives have carried the elections of the Departments of Savoie, Eure and Oise (?); the Republicans in those of Drome and Lower Loire. Notwithstanding the meeting of the Comte de Paris, Ex-President Thiers assures his Republican friends that they need have no fear that a fusion of the Bourbonists and Orleansists will be effected; on the other hand a Vienna despatch says that in his last interview with the Comte de Chambord, the Comte de Paris acknowledged the former to be the head of the house of the Bourbons and of the royal line of France, and the Vienna *Forstalt Zeitung* further reports that the Comte de Chambord has accepted the throne of France, a formal tender of which was recently made him by a deputation of Legitimists. M. About, the well known author and journalist was wounded last week in a duel with M. Hervé, editor of the *Journal de Paris*. M. Odillon Barrot, Vice-President of the Council of State, died last week, aged 82 years. An official statement shows that during the first six months of the present year the imports of France amounted in value to 1,561,000,000 francs, against 1,375,000,000 for the same time last year; the exports were 1,092,000,000 francs, against 1,727,000,000 francs last year. Custom revenue, 113,000,000 francs, against 78,000,000 last year, and the total revenue from all sources was 516,000,000 francs, against 404,000,000 francs for the same period last year. Victor Hugo is reported to be dying, and Jules Janin, the eminent *littérateur*, is seriously ill.

GERMANY.—Capt. Werner, who recently seized the Spanish insurgent gunboat *Vigilante*, has been removed from the command of the German squadron in the Mediterranean and will be court-martialled. The German Government has instructed its representatives in Spain to co-operate with the English and French representatives for the protection of foreigners and their property, even if force has to be employed. Cholera has appeared in the military barracks at Berlin.

AUSTRIA.—The International Patent Rights Congress is in session at Vienna. One of its first acts was to resolve that common protection of inventors should be guaranteed by laws of all civilized countries. An attempt was made at Trieste last week to assassinate Prince Nicholas, the Hospodar of Montenegro. The Prince was severely wounded in the face. The Emperor of Austria will visit the Emperor of Germany at Gastein, after the ceremony of the distribution of prizes in the Exhibition.

ITALY.—A fleet of Italian war vessels has been ordered to proceed to Carthage to protect the interests of the subjects of Italy and to co-operate with other foreign vessels now there in whatever measures may be deemed necessary in view of the situation.

TURKEY.—A contract has been signed for raising a loan of \$75,000,000. Issuing price is to be 51 and interest 6 per cent.

SPAIN.—Don Carlos is in the town of Guernica, Province of Biscay, 17 miles north-east of Bilbao. He has taken the oath of fealty to the privileges of the Province. The Carlists claim a victory at Elgueta in Gulpuseon, 10 miles from San Sebastian. They state that they captured one Republican general and 800 prisoners. In the South the insurgents have everywhere been defeated. Granada, Cadiz, and Valencia have surrendered, and the whole of Andalusia is pacified. The submission of Cartagena is expected immediately.

RUSSIA.—The emigration from Russia to America is increasing. The movement threatens to depopulate some districts.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—The revolt in Chiriqui has been suppressed.

HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA OF RUSSIA.

On our first page we present our readers with a portrait of the future bride of the Duke of Edinburgh. The Grand Duchess is the only daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Russia, and was born on the 17th October, 1853. She is thus in her twentieth year, and nine years younger than her husband that is to be. She is said to be endowed with great personal attractions and intelligence, and what is still more desirable, a sweet and amiable disposition. It is stated that the Duke first formed an intimate acquaintance with the Princess when he was a young midshipman at St. Petersburg, and that the impression then made upon him was deepened by further association at Hesse Darmstadt. Last month it was announced that all the difficulties in the way of the marriage had been surmounted, and that the betrothal had actually taken place. It was at first said that it was proposed as a condition of the alliance that the Duke of Edinburgh should spend six months every year in Russia, but that he refused to bind himself. The Princess too being a member of the Greek Church, special arrangements were necessary as to matters of religious observance. It is at present understood that H. I. H. will remain in the faith in which she was born and bred. The children of the royal pair, if their union should be blessed with offspring, will, it is stated, be brought up in the creed of the Anglican Church. It is rumoured that the Grand Duchess will bring her husband a dowry of £20,000 a year, beside a sum of £200,000; while on his side, Parliament, as every one knows, has sanctioned an annuity of £25,000.

Our illustration is after the portrait published in the *Graphic*.

QUEBEC, FROM THE LEVIS SIDE.

An excellent view is here given of the Ancient Capital, bringing out all the well-known salient points in the outlines of this quaint and interesting old city. The view is taken from a spot just above the landing place of the Allan steamers, from which a magnificent *coup-d'œil* is obtainable on either side.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S VISIT TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Lord Dufferin's visit to Prince Edward Island was a most opportune affair. No time in the history of that Province could have been selected more favourable for a display of that loyalty to the British Crown for which Prince Edward Island is prominently noted. On the present occasion it had a double duty to perform: not only to receive the Governor-General as the vice-regal representative of our beloved Queen, but likewise as the chief of a powerful nation with whom the islanders had just cast in their lot "for weal or woe." The hearty manner in which all classes vied with each other in showing attention to Lord Dufferin proved very conclusively that the strong political differences that had convulsed that country for a very long period previous to confederation had become almost extinct. At any rate neither from word or act could a stranger perceive the slightest sign of the conflicts of the past.

Charlottetown, the Capital of the Province, is an extremely pretty little city, and can probably lay claim to being the best laid out town in the Dominion. Like Philadelphia its streets are all at right angles and nearly all broader than Broadway, New York. The buildings in the business portion are chiefly of brick and present a very neat and uniform appearance. The suburbs are very beautiful and home-like. Neat cottages with well cultivated flower gardens greet the eye on every side, while the shores by the "sad sea wave" are fringed with very tasteful and aristocratic looking marine villas. The public buildings are solid and substantial. The latest erection being the Young Men's Christian Association, a Gothic building in red brick and grey freestone. There are many fine school houses and convents on a very extensive scale belonging to the Roman Catholic congregation which owe their position to the present Archbishop of the Island. They are monuments to his zeal, energy and piety, and are conducted on the most liberal scale. Many Protestant families avail themselves of these excellent institutions.

The population of Charlottetown we understand to be about ten thousand. More new buildings are going up in proportion to its size than in St. John and Halifax put together.

The spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm with which the islanders met His Excellency must have proved very pleasant to him, and doubly so to those gentlemen of the various committees who worked so assiduously to make things go off with *éclat*. And never did committees work up with such a grand success. The decorations of the town, especially the grand arch at the head of King Street, were of the highest order of good taste; a local artist immortalized himself in the painting of the transparencies. These were not mere daubs worked up by some house-painter's apprentice, as such things usually are, but works of art, and would bear the sharp eye of a critic. The public ball, regatta, trip inland in the narrow-gauge, and various other civilities that were shown to Lord Dufferin, all came off without a ruffle. The public ball in the Parliament buildings was an affair that will long live in the memory of those present. Their Excellencies left the ball-room about 3 a.m., and were accompanied to their boat by a band of torch-bearers in swallow-tails and white cravats, fresh from the dance.

His Excellency bade the islanders farewell in these words: "I thank you, gentlemen, for your great hospitality, and the honour you have done us."

THE GROUNDS OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

Work has, we understand, already begun on the task of transforming the unsightly plot in front of the Ottawa Parliament Buildings into a handsome terraced garden. The design which has been accepted is that of the eminent English sculptor, Mr. Marshall Wood, whose productions are already well-known in the country.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

From the *Illustrated London News* we copy three pictures of interest in connection with the Ashantee War. Since the transfer of Elmina from Holland to Great Britain the tribute formerly paid by the native inhabitants to the King of Ashantee has been refused. Thereupon the Ashantees, to the number of 40,000 or 50,000 came down from the interior of the country, defeated some half dozen confederate tribes on the coast, and marched upon Cape Coast Castle, where some

of the defeated had taken refuge. The acting Governor of the castle, using the small force of different military corps at his disposal, with the aid of boats and men from the naval squadron, caused a severe punishment to be inflicted, not only upon the invading Ashantees, but also upon the disaffected people of Elmina, whose town has been utterly destroyed. Our half-page illustration shows the commencement of the brief bombardment of the town on the 13th of June, and affords a general view of the entire locality, from the sea outside the mouth of the Beyah, up that river beyond the disloyal "King's Quarter" of the town, to the mangrove swamps into which the fugitives escaped, with the boats in the river, opposite the town, throwing in plenty of shot, shell, and rockets. The three vessels anchored outside, which appear behind and to the left hand in this view, are the gun-boat "Decoy," the "Argus," and the "Druid." The Castle of St. George of Elmina is seen with the Union Jack on its lofty tower flagstaff, upon the shore between the town and the open sea. A few fishermen's huts and canoes lie upon the beach, under the walls of the castle. In the foreground, on a small piece of land joined to the castle and main town of Elmina by a causeway, are the houses of the commercial and friendly part of Elmina, which, of course, did not suffer by the bombardment. The so-called "King's Quarter" or rebellious native town, whose chiefs, it was thought, had traitorously seceded to the King of Ashantee, covers the long strip of ground that extends across the middle of this view, as far as the small redoubt shown behind to the right hand. In the front foreground, on the near side of the water, are the tops of some trees belonging to a sacred fetish-grove. The native population of Elmina, the Fantees, and others dwelling on this part of the Gold Coast, are of kindred race with the Ashantee nation, whose formidable kingdom is situated forty or fifty miles inland. Dahomey is the bordering kingdom westward. Some types of this negro race are represented in the two groups of figures. But whether the Fantees and neighbouring tribes should be reckoned as belonging to Ashantee is precisely the question at issue in the present war. The Dutch, till very recently possessing the Castle of Elmina, compromised this question by paying a yearly tribute of £50 to the Ashantee King, as suzerain of that territory, which the British Government has refused to continue; hence the Ashantee invasion of the seaward country, supposed to be more or less under British protection. It is not the first or the second time that a similar conflict has broken out, as it did in 1807, at Annamaboe; again, repeatedly, from 1819 to 1826, including a severe defeat of the British forces under Sir Charles McCarthy, in 1824; and latterly, in 1863, when our troops, sent into the interior by Governor Richard Pine, were forced by the climate and disease to retreat. The kingdom of Ashantee is, perhaps, nearly as large as England and Wales, but much of it is a thick forest, and the eastern part is hilly. Its capital city, the large town of Coomassie, with a population of 60,000, is built on a rocky hill, surrounded by a marsh, or half-stagnant stream, fifty or a hundred yards wide, so that it must be a place of some natural strength. The native houses in this part of Africa have their walls formed of stakes and wattles filled up with clay, and their roofs thatched with palm-leaves; but they are neatly ornamented with carved woodwork and painted plaster. Mohammedan artisans have brought among the Ashantee people a knowledge of many useful practices—weaving cloth, working in gold, iron, and other metals, and making pottery. The Moslem faith, introduced from the northern countries of Africa, seems also to be making progress amidst the heathen of this sequestered land.

On our last page we give a portrait, copied from the *Daily Graphic*, of

"LORD" GORDON

whose arrest by the United States has recently caused such a breeze in the North-West.

Courier des Femmes.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

THE FASHION PLATE.

NEW BATHING SUITS.

Fig. 1. Blue Flannel Bathing Suit.—The trowsers and frock are made of dark blue flannel and trimmed with white worsted braid. Collar of white flannel. White dimity cloak, bound with blue braid. Oil-skin cap bound with blue worsted braid and bow as shown in the illustration.

Fig. 2. Bathing Suit for Girl from 7 to 9 Years Old—made of white flannel and trimmed with red worsted braid.

Fig. 3. Gray Flannel Bathing Suit, trimmed with white worsted braid. Oil-skin cap.

Fig. 4. A Red Flannel Bathing Suit.—The trowsers and frock of this suit are made of red flannel, trimmed with white worsted braid. The collar is made of white flannel. The bathing cloak of white and red striped flannel is bound with red worsted braid. Bathing cap of transparent linen.

Fig. 5. Bathing Suit for Girl from 8 to 10 Years Old.—Trowsers and frock of red flannel, trimmed with white worsted braid and white buttons.

PROMENADE COSTUMES.

Fig. 1. Grosgrain Costume.—Underskirt of violet grosgrain trimmed with a kilt-pleated flounce of the same. Black grosgrain overskirt and basque waist trimmed with brass buttons, deep silk fringe and 2½ inch black grosgrain ribbon. On the left side of the waist is a broad grosgrain ribbon bow and yellow metal buckle. Black baste hat, trimmed with violet grosgrain ribbon, a flower and a muslin band.

Figs 3. and 4. Silk Rep Costume.—Material is dark-grey silk rep. The underskirt is trimmed with kilt-pleated ruffles of the same and gathered ruffles of light and dark material. Overskirt and waist are trimmed with bows and folds of light and dark rep. Sleeves of light grey rep, finished with pleated ruffles of the same, revers and bows of dark grey rep, and passementerie buttons. Grey straw hat, with a trimming of grey grosgrain ribbon and grey feathers. Grey silk sunshade lined with white lustrine.

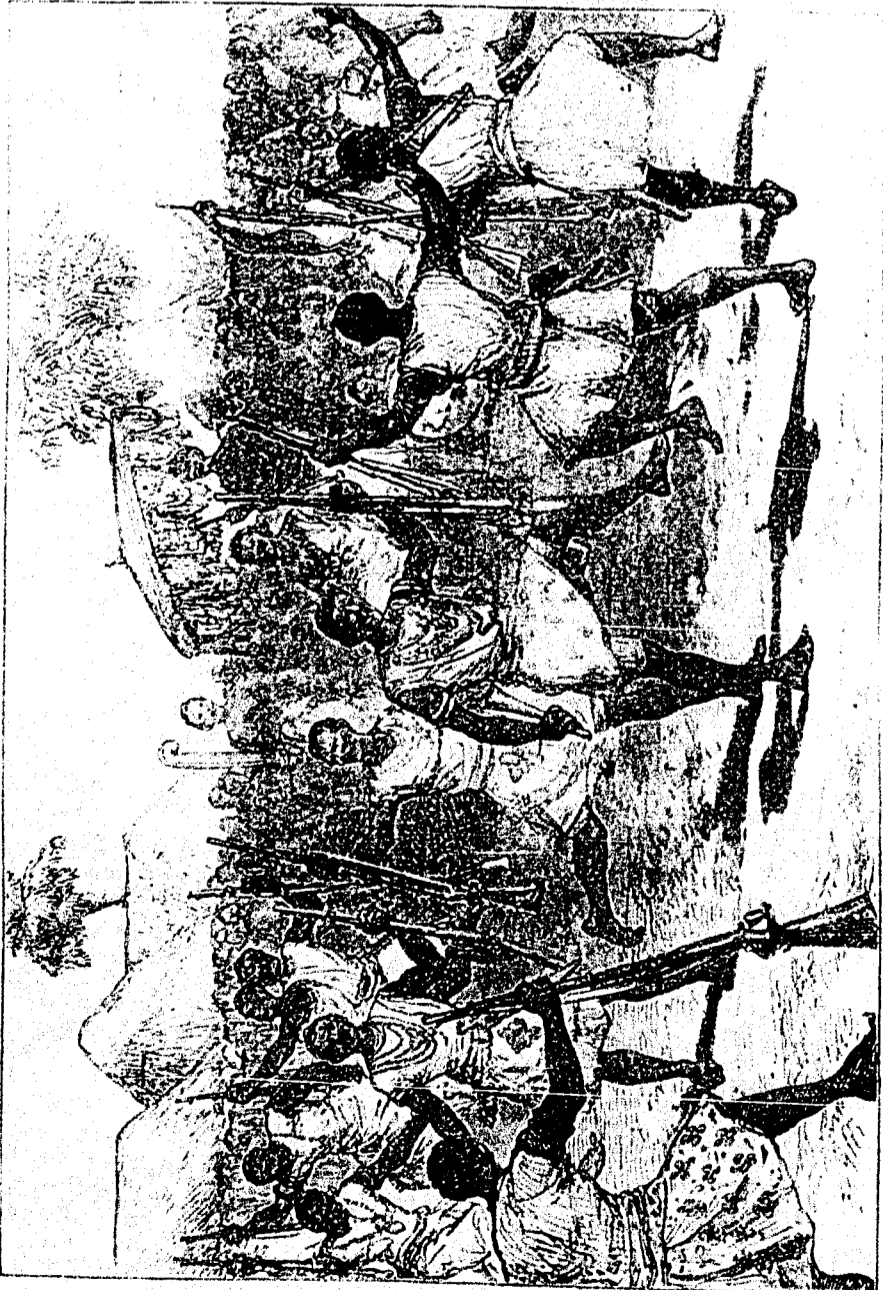
Fig. 3. *Poult-de-Soie* Costume.—The whole is of black *poult-de-soie*. A deep gathered flounce is sewn on the bottom of the skirt. Trimming of the waist consists of black moiré folds, moiré ribbon bows, silk fringe, and passementerie buttons.

Fig. 5. Silk Rep Costume.—Skirt, overskirt, and jacket are



A.—Entrance to Bi ar Bewah B.—Castle of Elmina. C.—H.M.S. Druid. D.—Argue. E.—Beach. F.—Fisherman's Village. G.—Loya's Town of Elmina. H.—King's Town (hostile).
 I.—Place where Natives Escaped. J.—Mangroves. K.—Fetich Grove.

THE ASHANTEE WAR—PLAN OF THE ATTACK ON EMINA.



ASHANTEE WARDANCE



THE KING OF ASHANTEE AND HIS EXECUTIONERS.



FIG. 1.—Grosgrain Promenade Costume.

FIG. 2.—Silk Rep Promenade Costume. (Front).

FIG. 3.—Poult-de-Soie Costume.

FIG. 4.—Silk Rep. Promenade Costume. (Back).

FIG. 5.—Silk Rep Promenade Costume.



FIG. 1.—Blue Flannel Bathing Suit.

FIG. 2.—Bathing Suit for Girl from 7 to 9 years old.

FIG. 3.—Grey Flannel Bathing Suit.

FIG. 4.—Red Flannel Bathing Suit.

FIG. 5.—Bathing Suit for Girl from 8 to 10 years old.

SUMMER FASHIONS.

of brown silk rep, the first trimmed with a kilt-pleated flounce of the same. The jacket is furnished with brass buttons and brown grosgrain ribbon bows. English straw hat, trimmed with grosgrain ribbon in two shades of brown, and feathers to match.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

Colonel Higginson writes to the Herald of Health in this strain: "Walking down the street with a Greek book under my arm the other day, I joined a lady who asked to see the book. She examined it with interest, read some lines aloud, and sighed as she gave it back. 'I liked Greek better than anything I ever studied,' she said—and I knew her father, a clergyman, had been rather an eminent scholar—but my friends of both sexes thought it unwomanly, so I gave it up.' It brought back to me the old complaint of Queen Christina to Mme. Dacier: 'Such a pretty girl as you are! Are you not ashamed to be so learned?'

"The higher education of women is, in this respect, like one of Spenser's palaces in the 'Faerie Queen,' that it is guarded by a series of ghostly sentinels, all individually powerless as you approach, but collectively formidable to the imagination. There is a series of fallacies, each of which has been exposed a great many times, but still they rear their heads, unconscious of annihilation. Every energetic woman, every man who has had a daughter to educate, has encountered and overcome them; still it is impossible to approach the subject without at least recognizing their existence as you pass. They resemble those Portuguese soldiers who used to be instructed to attack the enemy 'with ferocious countenances,' and, like those traditional soldiers, they seldom stand fire.

"One of these fallacies, for instance, is that which confounds the law of sex with the law of digestion. Men and women being of different sexes, says some physiologist, must obviously require different intellectual diet. Why so, if they do not need different physical diet? If we go home and dine with the physiologist, we find him politely assisting his wife to soup and his daughter to roast mutton, ignoring the fact of sex. His own dinner-table refutes his theory; his knife is sharper than his logic, and his joints of mutton disjoint his argument. Sex is certainly as marked in the body as it is anywhere, yet nature shows an essential identity of the digestive system in man and woman.

"If this is true of the body, it would seem to be true of the mind. To say boys study Greek and mathematics, therefore, girls, being different, should not, is as if you said boys eat beef and potatoes, therefore, girls, being different, must find something else to eat. I resist the argument of the physiologist, therefore, till I see him prohibiting his own woman-kind from the dinner they have superintended, and restricting them to the judicious dry toast and the enlivening tea-cup.

"Another of these ghosts of objections is the assumption of the hopeless intellectual inferiority in the case of women. I call it an assumption because there is no class of facts directly sustaining it; and the class of facts which have most to do with it—the records that is, of our public schools—look just the other way. The school superintendent of my own city said to me: 'Those who theorize on public schools, without personal knowledge, imagine us to be constantly taxing the powers of the girls to keep them up to the standard of the boys. It is the other way; my whole struggle is to keep the boys up to a grade which the girls maintain without difficulty.' I myself remember, in a city where we had twenty prize medals for the high school, that two-thirds of the pupils were girls, and all our effort was to keep the girls from getting three-quarters of the prizes. Girls are so quick-witted, they have so few distractions compared to boys, and their school

constitutes so much larger an interest in their lives, that they unquestionably hold their own, and it may be a little more than their own, in our high schools and academies. It is a pretty safe inference that they will not drop far behind in university studies, and I am disposed to adopt as a general formula that certificate given by the school committee of a New Hampshire town to a teacher: 'This is to certify that Fanny Noyes stands on a medium with other girls of her age and sex, and, for what I know, is as good as folks in general.'

Twine as Trimming.

Common twine is one of the latest Parisian novelties in dress trimmings. It is to be used for embroidery, mixed with jet, on the fall wrappings and polonaises. Fringe is also made of twine, and it is also said that canvas guipure will be made of the same material.

Women Judged by their Petticoats.

The following is from a married man, who knows whereof he speaks: "The way to judge of a woman's character at first sight is to ascertain the colour of her petticoat. A black petticoat indicates low spirits, a hatred of wash tubs and activity, and a taste for dyspeptic literature and quietude. A lady who wears a black petticoat could no more read and understand this paragraph than she could suck up the Atlantic with a three-cent syringe. A white petticoat shows a character just opposite—an unsullied mind, a taste for romance. A woman who takes naturally to white petticoats, and never wears any other, is an institution to which young gentlemen of connubial proclivities should lose no time in paying due attention. The red petticoat, however, is something of which mankind should beware; it is the insignia of Xantippe, a style of females who cut their toenails with their husband's razors." It may be all true as the fellow says, but the petticoat is something we never heard of before, and consequently we plead ignorance of the whole matter.

A "Tight Fit."

Mr. WHITEHURST, in his clever book on the Court and Social Life under Napoleon III., tells this: "Where I was last night we certainly had the 'latest new thing' in dress. At the minister's whose lot it was to entertain us I saw the old empire represented—the old empire, too, carried to the extreme—by a lady whose name I will not mention, but who carries 'fashion,' that mystic symbol, with her. Her head was like a golden glory, no waist to speak of, and, as for crinoline, not a hoop, not a hair, not a spare petticoat. Her clothes clung to her like—what shall I say? Well, like a tight fit. She was very pretty, and would, indeed, have been beautiful *quand même*; but the transition was sensational. 'We have found at last,' said an old diplomatist, 'the empire pure and simple.' 'But restricted,' added another. There was another dress 'passing show.' A white garment, made of some extraordinary light combination, girded as to the waist with geranium and black velvet, which fell in short festoons, and was fastened behind by a diamond horseshoe; on the shoulder a diamond bird-of-paradise, around the head a glorious halo of health and youth, and one ornament—which was not excessive here—a great bird-of-paradise, which must have flown from a land of diamonds."

Marriage Announcements in the Last Century.

The editor of the Gentleman's Magazine used to announce marriages thus:—"Mr. Baskett to Miss Peil, with £5,000;" "Mr. Davis to Mrs. Wylds, with £400 per annum;" "The Lord Bishop of St. Asaph to Miss Orell, with £30,000;" "J. Whitcombe, Esq., to Miss Allen, with £40,000;" "Mr. N. Tillotson, the eminent preacher among the people called Quakers, and a relative of Archbishop Tillotson, to Miss —, with £7,000;" "Mr. P. Bowen to Miss Nicholls, of Greenhithe, with £10,000;" "Sir George C. to Widow Jones, with £10,000 a year besides ready money." At the same time the Scotch—more gallant than their fellow-countrymen of South Britain—whilst announcing the amount of a bride's fortune, used also to mention her personal and moral endowments, as qualifications scarcely less important than her money. "On Monday last," runs a matri-

monial announcement in the Glasgow Courier (1747), "Dr. Robert Hamilton, Professor of Anatomy and Botany in the University of Glasgow, to Miss Molly Baird, a beautiful young lady with a handsome fortune." Another marriage, which occurred in the same year, is announced in the same journal thus: "On Monday last, Mr. James Johnstone, merchant in this place, was married to Miss Peggy Newall, a young lady of great merit, and a fortune of £4,000."—(Jeaffreson's "Brides and Bridals.")

The Shah and the Parisiennes.

The Paris American Register asserts that Parisian ladies, like their sisters of London, are said to be going crazy about the Shah. They declare he is extremely handsome, and expatiate upon the stern, dignified character of his beauty. Their desire to know the effect produced by their own charms is no less great. Does his Majesty think Madame de — equal to the ladies he most admires at home? Who shall presume to say! But Madame de — has a decided advantage over Lady —, for the Shah speaks to the former in French, and he was shy of using French in England. Then Madame de — is a sprightly widow, and uses her powers of pleasing more than Lady — chose to do, though she had all the privileges that belong to a London beauty two seasons old. In our opinion, the Paris belle is winning the day. Lady — is too dark to captivate long his Oriental Majesty. Madame de — looks like a daughter of Albion, with her fair—almost burnished—locks; the Shah watches the diamonds dancing amid her wavy hair, as if he were in a dream. Perhaps he may be fancying himself back in Persia, or wishing the coquettish belle transported there. Will he give up the loves of the past, and conform so far to European customs as to be content with a single wife? Would Madame de —, having worked the change of sentiment on this head, lend herself to its realization? Such are among the problems discussed at this moment by Parisian belles. It is long since we have seen any man cause such a feminine flutter as does this Asiatic beau. The commotion reminds us of what occurred among British ladies in Paris when it became known that Père Hyacinthe was about to contract matrimony. There was an evident stir as if minds had to be made up in regard to the clerical suitors expected.

Dancing Analyzed.

A correspondent, writing from Richfield Springs to the Louisville Courier-Journal, says: "You can't think how different the style of dancing is at the North from what it is in Louisville and other Western and Southern cities. Here and at Saratoga New Yorkers rule, as they are in the majority, and their manners and customs are generally adopted. The dancing is very slow, indeed, and the redowa, or sliding step, sometimes called the Boston, but very different from the "dip," which last has been out of fashion two years at the North, is used altogether no matter what is played. Galops, waltzes, mazurkas are all danced to the same measure; polkas and schottisches are rarely, if ever heard, but the step never varies when they are played. Galops and waltzes have the monopoly. The style of holding the lady is very different here and at Saratoga from that in vogue in Louisville. Here the gentleman's left hand is laid firmly upon the lady's back just at the waist, while his right thumb and forefinger hold the inner side of her wrist (feel her pulse) in dainty fashion. Sometimes he holds the tips of her fingers; but last evening I saw the latest variety, when a washed-out blonde youth, who has recently made his debut in society, held with his fingers the outer edge of his partner's hand, while his hand stuck upon the back of her hand. These trifling matters are important, as indicating the places of residence of the dancers. In a crowded ball-room you can pick out those who come from New York, the extreme South, or the West, by observing their style of dancing. If the couple dance somewhat rapidly, and the lady places a hand on each side the gentleman's collar-bone, you say she is from the West or South. While, if she is having her pulse counted, while her hand projects in a most unnatural pose, and her partner and herself move with easy indolence around the room, you know the couple are from New York or one of New York's dependencies, in the matter of fashion."

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid Cures Lameness.

PATENT PERISCOPEIC SPECTACLES, suit all ages, preserve the sight, achromatise the light, and give universal satisfaction. Price \$1 per pair. To be had of all dealers. Wholesale only, ROBERT WILKES, Montreal and Toronto. 8-7 1/2

PROVINCIAL AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION FOR 1873.

THE PROVINCIAL AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION for 1873, open to the world, will be held in the CITY OF MONTREAL, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th September next, on the Grounds, MOUNT ROYAL AVENUE.

Prizes Offered, \$12,000 to \$15,000. For Prize Lists and Blank Forms of Entries in all the Departments, apply to GEORGES LECLERE, Esq., Secretary of the Council of Agriculture, 63 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal; or to the Secretaries of County Agricultural Societies. Entries for Stock will not be received after the 30th August, and in the Industrial Department not after the 6th September. The principal Lines of Railway and Steamboats will carry stock and articles for exhibition at reduced rates. For further information apply to the undersigned, GEORGES LECLERE, Sec. of the Council of Agriculture. July 11. 8-7 1/2

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

CHLORODYNE is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered. CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma. CHLORODYNE effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diphtheria, Fever, Croup, Ague. CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery. CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and Spasms. CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

From LORD FRANCIS CONYNHAM, Mount Charles, Donegal: 17th December, 1868. 'Lord Francis Conynham, who this time last year bought some of Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne from Mr. Davenport, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half-a-dozen bottles sent at once to the above address.'

'Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE.'—See Lancet, 1st December 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PIRACY AND IMITATIONS. Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See Times, 13th July, 1864. Sold in Bottles of 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words 'DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE' on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle. SOLE MANUFACTURER.—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON. 6-12 1/2m

FOR SALE.

A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to D. R. STODART, Broker, 146, St. JAMES STREET. 4-12 1/2

A BRAVE BOOK!

"What Woman Should Know." A Woman's Book About Women. By Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY. The only work of the kind ever written by a woman, is a necessity in every household. Its entire novelty and eminent Practicalness will create an immense Demand. Notwithstanding the delicate subjects necessarily treated, it is written in such brave, pure style as will not offend the most fastidious. Lady agents never have had such an opportunity to make money and do good. Terms and sample sheets mailed free on immediate application. LANCEFIELD BROTHERS, Hamilton, Ont. 7-18 1/2

DOMINION BUSINESS DIRECTORY

On or about the 1st of September, 1873, will be published. Price \$3.00.

A Dominion Classified Business Directory.

This work will contain the Names and Address of every Business Man in the Dominion, each Branch of Business being alphabetically arranged. The Publisher has concluded to place the Directory at the low figure of \$3.00 per copy, in order to ensure as large a circulation as possible and so make it THE VERY BEST MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISING. The advertising patronage of the public is earnestly solicited, as the success of the present edition and the continuation in the future depend very largely on the support received from Advertisers. A copy of the Directory is included with each advertisement. Agents are now employed throughout the Dominion collecting information. Published by DAVID McALPINE, Publisher of the Maritime Provinces Directories. Printed for the Publisher by JOHN LOVELL, Montreal. May 29. 8-3 1/2

Grand Trunk Railway

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 19th instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave RICHMOND at 5.30 A.M., arriving at MONTREAL at 9.10 A.M.

Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 5.15 P.M. arriving at Richmond at 9 P.M.

C. J. Brydges, MANAGING DIRECTOR. 7-21 1/2

Reduction in Freight Rates.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY WILL continue to send out, daily, THROUGH CARS for CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL, and other Western points, at reduced rates from the winter tariff. Shippers can get full information by applying to Mr. BURNS, Agent G. T. R., Chaboulez Square, or at the Office of the General Freight Agent.

C. J. BRYDGES, MANAGING DIRECTOR. P. S. STEVENSON, General Freight Agent. 7-21 1/2

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THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will not thicken in cold weather. From the JOSEPH HALL WORKS, Oshawa: I consider Mr. Stock's Oil cheaper at \$1.00 per gallon than Olive Oil at 50 cents. Yours respectfully, F. W. GLEN, President. Sold in quantities to suit purchasers at Messrs. LYMANS, CLARE & CO., 382, 384, & 386, St. Paul Street, Montreal, where the testimonials of the principal consumers of Oil in Ontario can be seen. 5-3



CALEDONIAN SOCIETY ANNUAL GATHERING. ATHLETIC SPORTS, &C., &C., IN Decker Park, THURSDAY, 21st Aug. August 2. 8-6 1/2

JEWELS HAVE BEEN WORN AS AN adornment in all ages, but civilized nations alone bring their production to the highest perfection. FINE GOLD, artistically wrought, is beautiful, but it is a luxury only to be enjoyed by the few.

GOLDINE

combines the beauty of 16-karat gold, with the important qualities of DURABILITY and comparative CHEAPNESS. This fact accounts for the extensive reputation it enjoys not only in this country but in Europe.

GUARD CHAINS, VEST CHAINS, SUITS OF JEWELLERY, BRACELETS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, BROOCHES, EAR-RINGS,

and all other articles are produced in this metal. To prevent the sale of worthless imitations, chains are stamped, and all carded articles are marked "Goldine" on the card in red letters. This should be observed in all cases. To be had of all dealers in the Dominion.

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Pepsine obtained from the stomach of the Pig, in a pure and palatable form. Free from Starch and acid. DOSE:—2 to 4 grains.

MORSON'S MEDICINAL PEPSINE OR DIGESTIVE POWDER. (PEPSINE ACIDE AMYLACEE, OU POUVRE NUTRITIVE.)

Contains the active digestive principles of the gastric juice of the stomach, purified and rendered permanent and palatable. Dose: 10 to 20 grains.

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As many of the low-priced Pepsines of commerce possess little or none of the digestive properties of *TRUX PEPSINE*, the following tests of the purity and activity of the above preparations are given and every bottle bearing the trade mark of T. MORSON & SON is guaranteed to answer the tests indicated.

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TESTS OF DIGESTIVE POWER OF TRUX PEPSINE.—Mix 4 grains Pepsine Porci or 10 grains of Medical Pepsine, with an ounce of water, then add 15 drops of Hydrochloric Acid and 120 grains of coagulated egg. Albumen (hard boiled white of egg). Apply a gentle heat, not exceeding 100 degrees Fahr. (the temperature of the stomach,) for about half an hour, stirring the mixture occasionally, when the process of digestion will be found to have commenced, the Albumen becoming soft and pulpy. This action may be continued until after the lapse of a few hours, a solution is effected, such as occurs in the stomach.

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The efficacious properties of this preparation are already well known; when the digestive or any are weak, or their secretions imperfect or unhealthy, it has been found invaluable.

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One or two for a dose. These, like the Lozenges, may be carried in the pocket and taken when required.

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Each Lozenge contains a dose of Pepsine, and will be found a very convenient and agreeable mode of taking this remedy, as it may be carried in the pocket, and taken when dining out, or at any other time, without observation.

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Many of the Chlorodynes of commerce are not of uniform strength, and vary in their effect, which has induced Morson & Son to compound this preparation to remedy these defects.

The dose for an adult is from 10 to 20 drops (and 1 min is equal to 2 drops); the dose may, however, be increased in special cases to 25 or even 40 minims, but it is best to commence with the lesser dose. It may be administered in almost any fluid or on sugar.

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MORSON'S PREPARATIONS are sold by all Chemists and Druggists throughout the world.

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Moria. "I THINK SHE WASH TASTE, THEN. A HEAVY, SOFT VOICE CONTRASTS SO WELL WITH MUSIC, AND ADDS FLAVOUR TO IT, AS AN OLIVE DOES TO CLARKIE."



"THE OLD, OLD TUNE."

"PRINCE ALFRED WOULD A WOONG GO!"

"THERE CAME A LIDDLER HERE TO PLAY,
AND O BUT HE WAS JUMP AND GAY,
HE STOLE THE LASSIE'S HEART AWAY,
AND MADE IT ALL HIS AIN, O—Sung."

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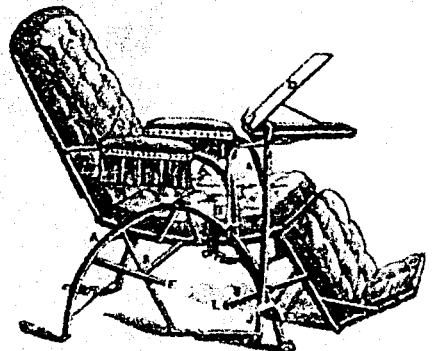
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THE NOVELTY OF THE AGE!

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Creators with explanatory diagrams sent for on application. Orders by mail or otherwise receive prompt attention, and Chairs carefully and securely packed, shipped to any address on receipt of price, or forwarded by express, payable on delivery.

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