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Montreal Whistler's News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1876.

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MONTREAL:—THE JUDICIAL DEAD-LOCK.

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

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NOTICE.

As the year is now verging to a close, we think it opportune to make a call upon such of our subscribers as are in arrears with us. The rule of payment in advance ought to be applied everywhere, and it was made one of the chief recommendations of the Quebec Press Association, lately organized in this city. All our friends should understand that an illustrated paper which requires so great an outlay, must, as a matter of business protection, insist upon this rule. For those who do not pay at once, the price of the NEWS is \$4.50 per annum, the extra half-dollar being intended to cover the interest on delay and postage. But as a further inducement, however, and in order to regulate our books and accounts with the opening of the new year, we will charge only the regular rate of \$4.00 to such of our subscribers as will settle with us immediately, or between this and the close of December. We are glad to know, from the reports of our patrons and the notices of our contemporaries of the press, that the efforts we have made to improve the paper are duly recognized, but with proper encouragement we are prepared to improve it still more. Our readers can help us in this, first by prompt payment of their subscription, and by inducing others to subscribe. Let each reader of the NEWS send us at least one subscription besides his own, and by thus doubling our circulation, we shall be enabled to give them a paper second to none in its special sphere. Canadians, all over the Dominion, should take pride in supporting an illustrated family and literary journal, and making it a truly national institution, the reflex of Canadian life, progress and thrift.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 11th Nov. 1876.

THE ARMISTICE.

Any physiognomist who looks at the grouped portraits of Turkish statesmen and generals which grace one of our interior pages, in the present issue, must come to the conclusion that the old Moslem spirit has not yet died out. These are fine, firm faces, with great brows, expressive eyes, and the forms are those of men whose physical condition is not only sound, but gritty. It is one of the fal-

lacies of the day to imagine that the Turkish race is effete, and the famous catchword of the Czar NICHOLAS has really no application. The present Sultan is a sick man, as it happens that he is consumptively inclined, but in so far as he represents his race, he is hale and hearty. If we needed proof of Turkish vitality, we have it in the energy and intelligence displayed during the present war. The campaign against Montenegro was mismanaged owing to the wretched condition of the raw troops and the topographical obstacles of that hilly country, but in the valleys of the Timok and the Morava, AD-DUT-KEM, the Turkish commander-in-chief, displayed many of the qualities of a skilful general, while his troops gave proof of discipline, dash and fortitude. The strategical combinations, which resulted in splitting Tchernayeff's army in twain, were very brilliant, and the several battles around Alexinatz, followed by the storming of Djunis, were won by downright hard fighting. There is no room whatever to doubt that, if the Turks had not been interfered with, they would have made short work of Serbia, and even as it is, they have practically concluded the campaign, their way being open to Belgrade.

It is, therefore, with the prestige of victory in their favor that they consent to suspend hostilities and open a conference for the settlement of the great questions at issue. All through the negotiations for an armistice, Turkey has set herself right with Europe, and she has sympathies today which were refused her six weeks ago. This change has taken place even in England, and for the very excellent reason that it is England's proposals for mediation and scheme of accommodation which the Porte has adopted. What they would not allow their hereditary enemy, Russia, to impose upon them, they have freely accepted through the intervention of a neutral power, which was disposed, nay determined, to give them fair play.

We are not the apologists of Turkey. In this war, considered in its causes, she needs no apology. As Mr. DISBURY said truly, in his fearless Aylesbury speech, the war was provoked by Serbia in the most unwarranted and wanton manner, and the peace of all Europe jeopardized without any reason, and against all remonstrance, by one of the weakest of States. Serbia is subject to Turkey, by the faith of treaties and centuries of possession, and it was clearly the latter's right to put down the insurrection. In doing so, many excesses were committed, but they have in several instances been grossly exaggerated, as is now admitted, and in other instances, they have been repaired as far as was possible. And thus, at the conclusion of this stage of the war, Turkey stands with a record which would not do injustice to any civilized nation.

What adds to this agreeable impression is that, throughout all this, England's policy of good sense and moderation has been vindicated. The wild excitement of a month ago has entirely subsided, Mr. GLADSTONE'S appeals are silenced, and the sagacity, firmness and courage of Lord DERBY have restored England once more to her station as one of the arbiters of Europe. The present armistice does not at all mean peace. It may prove only the lull before the outbreak of a more terrific storm. But we have the faith that in the conference about to be held, England will maintain her stand, and it is to be hoped that, through her influence, a permanent arrangement may be agreed upon. The Eastern question will of course always remain a hot-bed of dissension, but a system of reform introduced by Turkey in her Danubian Provinces, at the present time, would go far towards postponing another outbreak for years to come.

BRIGHTER DAYS.

It is a curious fact that one way to remove the distress coming on this winter is not to relieve it. We may well take care of children and of the sick, but for the healthy and strong, it were well to try

the effect of acting on the words of the Apostle, "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." The main wealth of the country is indirectly derived from the farmer. Indiscriminate charity to able-bodied men directly injures the farmer from whom the means of bestowing this indiscriminate charity is derived. The fact is, town life is much more pleasant than country life to the majority of people. We know of two girls who went to stay at a delightful country house, who cried all night. Wages too, when work is plentiful, are, compared with what these wages will bring in the two different places, higher in town than country. The result is that people press into town, and our centres of civilization are like the lion's cave in the fable, all the foot-tracks point inwards, and whereas many enter, few go out.

Now there is hardly a farmer in the country that would not take in an able-bodied man to work for his board at least during the coming winter, hard though it be, and many will take in man and wife. If arrangements were made for transporting the labourer to his place, the vast army of the unoccupied could be transported to situations where they could honorably work for their keep instead of being supported on charity, which has such a degrading and enervating effect on the character.

There is a vast amount of stone breaking which could be done to immense advantage for our municipal councils during the winter. If they would make arrangements to pay men just enough to keep them for doing this work during this winter, the country would be provided with one of the main elements of civilization—good roads—for a long time to come, and thus good would come out of evil and permanent prosperity result from temporary distress.

The fact is our workmen have to learn that the price of labour, like that of every other commodity, depends on the ratio of supply to demand, and that if they cannot get more than 25 cents a day for their labour, it is *dishonest to refuse it* and live on the charity of others.

A man should reckon the value of this increased consumption of food and clothes when he works, and not refuse work when he can get it with wages greater than the cost of this increased consumption. Nay, as Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do, and as it is important for a workman to keep his hand in practice, it is almost as well to work for a little less. Our tradesmen and manufacturers often sell at a loss and are glad to do it.

Many of these labourers forced into the country this winter would probably stay there in the summer, and we should no longer have the anomaly of farmers being unable to get labour except at ruinous prices in the country, while there are thousands of men unemployed in town.

A CHECK TO DRUNKENNESS.

There was a pitiable case of death caused by drunkenness, in this city, last week. The unfortunate victim spent nearly the whole day in one public house, and left it only to die in his own backyard. This is evidently a case calling for action on the part of the authorities. At the Coroner's inquest the most searching examination should have been made, and the share of a third person or persons in the death of the wretched painter investigated. The temperance question is being seriously agitated at the present time, as well it may. Influential delegations had interviews with the Premier, in this city, the other day, on the same topic. Little came of these interviews, as indeed little has come of much previous legislation on this head. The Dunkin Act is very well so far as it goes, but it naturally cannot be enforced in cities like Montreal or Toronto, and, doubtless, it was never the intention of its author that it should be. There are very few Acts which seem to have any force in our large towns, and while the License system has certainly

effected some good, especially since the appointment of an influential Board of Commissioners, it remains true to say that drunkenness is visibly on the increase throughout the country. The particular case to which we have alluded above leads us to urge stricter vigilance, by the police, over public houses and drinking places generally, and thus preventing the supplying of an inebriate with more liquor than he can bear. We do not know the police regulation in this respect, but there ought to be a law, if it does not exist, forbidding publicans or their servants to supply liquor to customers who have already obviously had more than enough. Furthermore we ought to have a law resembling the English Adulteration Act, making it penal on the part of the publicans to sell "hocussed" drinks. Any man who is caught selling liquor to a drunken man ought to be punished, and the punishment ought to be graduated according to the magnitude of the offence. Similarly, any man who is caught vending any adulterated liquor ought to be amenable to the severest penalty. For the carrying out of these suggestions—which apply not to Montreal only, but to every large city or town in the Dominion—we hold that the Board of License Commissioners should be charged, through the police, with the strictest vigilance over the management of every public house or saloon to which a license has been granted. This supervision would result in a marked decrease of drunkenness.

PUBLICITY AND ITS EFFECTS.

The earnest appeal of the Grand Jury of Quebec for the suppression in the journals of all references to matters of a kind that would be calculated to injure the minds of the young, must command the sympathies of all good men. Still it must not be forgotten that it is this very element of a general publicity that affords our best security against the fiendishness which is conceived in the recesses of the evil heart, and which could be checked in its very birth if the publicity could be brought in soon enough. All references to crimes of the sort indicated should be conceived and expressed in a grave spirit, and one favorable to the maintenance of law, social order and a pure mind. Needless details should be withheld in the daily or weekly press, and parents should exercise a wise discretion as to the literature they permit to come under the eye of the younger members of their families. The passions are perhaps as much moved by perpetual small appeals as by the occasional appearance of a shocking incident, however greatly worse the latter recital might be in itself. The sympathies upon which the healthy course and government of this world have been made to depend, act for the most part quietly, and do not need constant agitation to promote their normal expression. Besides these things, parents should themselves, with all necessary caution, take up the sometimes disagreeable task of informing the minds of the young in a grave way, on arrival of the proper age for such disclosures, of some of the evils that subsist in the world, so fortifying their spirits against solitary brooding and sickly thoughts. If an appeal is needed, there should always be the pastor and the medical adviser to recur to. The sympathy of experience and maturity with young manhood and womanhood in their enquiries after truth—of father and son, and mother and daughter—is, we believe, a great want in our Canadian society, nor do we think, by promoting such sympathies, the independence of the younger citizens need be unduly infringed upon. There is one thing more deserving of calm consideration, and that is, that the instructors of youth should especially uphold the morality of the New Testament—which is so distinct as to have the force of law—in opposition to the law teachings upon moral and social questions that are so often met with in the world. The "man that is not passion's slave" is on the road to good citizenship and an honoured and useful life.

The Quebec Harbor Commissioners are doing a thriving business in anchors; a number of those recently recovered by the Lifting Barge have been disposed of at good prices. If our readers will look to a late number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, they will find a sketch of the Lifting Barge which is doing such good service in Quebec harbor.

THE NEW MAGAZINE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR.—We notice that Mr. George E. Desbarats writes you in reference to a remark in the Prospectus of our forthcoming Magazine objecting to the statement contained in it that "both stories (Mr. Payne's and Dr. Holland's) will appear in Canada, England, and the United States simultaneously; and the publishers feel no little pride in being able to announce that this will be the first time in the history of Canada in which such a thing will have taken place." Mr. Desbarats says this statement is not correct, and notices several stories, published in your columns, from the advance sheets, for which he says he paid liberally.

We simply desire to say in reply that we do not wish to detract from Mr. Desbarats the smallest particle of the great credit due to him for his enterprise in the literary field in Canada; but we must insist on the absolute correctness of our statement, that never before did an English and an American novel appear together in any Canadian Journal or Magazine simultaneously with their publication in the same form in England and the United States.

We wish to add that we thank Mr. Desbarats in the warmest manner for the kindly way in which he has referred to our new venture, and for his expression of the hope that it may prove successful.

We are, sir,
Very respectfully yours,
Belford Bros.

Toronto, Nov. 4th, 1876.

OUR PICTURES.

FRENCH MISSION TO MOROCCO.—These sketches of the mission of General Osmont to the Emperor of Morocco. For some time the Emperor has been engaged in chastising some rebellious tribes, and General Osmont was commissioned by the French Government to ascertain of the sympathy of France in his endeavors to establish a firm government in Africa. During this mission the sketches were taken.

THE GREAT P.O.—The Great Post Office is a building of about 63 feet by 40 feet, the foundations of which have been recently laid. It is to be built of stone and will contain the Post Office, Inland Revenue, Custom House, Weights and Measures, and Gas Inspector's offices.

THE JUDICIAL DEADLOCK.—Judge Moutlet, of the Superior Court of Quebec, has refused to sit in Insolvency cases, on the plea that the Insolvency Act has not the effect of law. This action of the venerable judge has led to a deadlock in the Courts, which took lately the form of a tragicomic scene. The Bar of Montreal have had a meeting on the subject, and passed very strong resolutions calling upon the Judge either to bow to the views of the majority, or resign his seat on the Bench. The sincerity of Judge Moutlet's opinion is not called into doubt, but it is universally understood that neither he nor any other has the right of elogging the wheels of justice, as represented in our front-page cartoon.

SERVIANS AND TURKS.—We defer to these portraits in our editorial columns, and will only add that they give perhaps a better insight into the Turko-Serbian war than whole columns of printed matter. They are certainly deserving of being preserved for reference.

THE GAVE OF CREMONA.—This magnificent specimen of Italian architecture has just been set up in the Louvre Museum, where it attracts uncommon attention from artists and students. Its fine proportions, purity of outline and chasteness of ornamentation are worthy of all praise.

COMING HOME FROM THE FAIR.—Our second cartoon, this week, refers to a subject which we have already previously illustrated—the triumph of Canada at the Centennial. There is no doubt that we have become better known, even in the United States, by our splendid share in the Exhibition, and while this cannot affect our political relations, it is to be hoped that it will tend to improve our commercial intercourse with our neighbors.

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.—A spirited picture representing the state progress of the Emperor of Morocco to Oudjda for the purpose of assisting at the Friday prayer, one of the principal solemnities of Moslem worship. As a pendant, there is a sketch of the Town Crier of Alexinatz driving furiously from the town to announce to the country people its evacuation by the Servians and occupation by the Turks.

FRENCH WORKINGMEN'S CONGRESS.—A delegation of this important body lately visited the United States for the purposes of study. Our sketch represents a meeting in Paris, where, singularly enough, the principal speaker was a Mademoiselle Raoult, who made a most sensible report on the condition of female operatives, with suggestions for its improvement.

THE HARPSICORD LESSON.—The old story. The violin dangling from the desk, the keys of the harpsichord abandoned, and a love interview in the very midst of the lesson. And how natural! Music is the language of love. He is a poor artist, she the daughter of wealth, but may he win her if he is deserving.

FOOT NOTES.

By permission of the Lords of the Council, a general competition for the execution of the Byron statue will be held, during the month of November, at the South Kensington Museum. Models are arriving daily from all parts of Europe, and as upwards of one hundred sculptors (including some of the most famous in this country) have intimated their intention of competing, a keen interest in the result will be felt, not only in England, but in most of the capitals of Europe.

MR. BENJAMIN SHAW has offered to the British Society of Arts a medal of the value of £20, to be awarded every fifth year for any discovery, invention, or newly-devised method for obviating or materially diminishing any risk to life, limb, or health, incidental to any industrial occupation, and not previously capable of being so obviated or diminished by any known and practically available means. The first award will be made in May, 1877.

AN enormous aquarium, to cost not less than one million of francs, will be constructed for the Exhibition of 1878, of which it will be one of the greatest curiosities. A French company will have charge of it, and will erect it at their own cost. From the smallest minnows to the largest whales, sharks, and crocodiles, there are to be living specimens in the said aquarium, and orders have already been given for securing the monsters. There will be fresh-water tanks and sea-water tanks, and the aquarium will be so constructed that it may become one of the sights of Paris, to remain open after the Exhibition closes.

The skating-rinks in Paris are decidedly quite a la mode. The Skating Palais in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne is especially well patronized, on fête nights being very fashionable and amusing rendezvous. The Parisians have taken heartily to the new pastime, and many of them, both ladies and gentlemen, have become exceedingly expert. The skating-rink in the Faubourg St. Honoré is a rendezvous for families, who meet on invitation nights very regularly, to admire the progress made by the young misses and gentlemen on the Plympton rollers. The rink in the Faubourg is to be enclosed and covered over this winter, and continue to be as hitherto attended by the most respectable persons. The managers of the place are exceedingly careful on this point, and have certainly profited by their caution.

MARY STUART.—A curious historical fact has been settled by Mr. Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*. Among all the pictures which have been painted of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, no two agree as to the colour of her hair. In Mr. Martin's work there is a passage which throws light upon the subject. The compiler tells us that the late Lord Belhaven bequeathed to her Majesty a cabinet which had been brought by Queen Mary from France, and given by her to the Regent, Lord Max, from whom it passed into the family of Lord Belhaven. This cabinet, which contains a lock of Queen Mary's hair, and a purse worked by her, is now in Windsor Castle. The lock of hair is large—a full tress of beautiful golden hair—very fine in texture, and full of life like that of a girl of sixteen.

DEATH OF AN HISTORICAL HORSE.—At Dundelg, Woodstock, Canada, on the 26th of October, died the late Lord Raglan's charger. At the time of his death he was in possession of Lieutenant Skinner, M. P., who purchased him from Major Stewart of the P. C. O. Rifle Brigade some fourteen years ago. He was presented by Omar Pasha to Lord Raglan on his leaving for the Crimea. He served through the Crimean campaign, and then came into the possession of General Knollys; from his hands he passed into those of Major Stewart, who brought him to Canada, where eventually he became the property of his present owner, in whose service he died. "Tommy" was well known in Canada, and in addition to his other military experiences, he served through the Fenian difficulties. He died at the age of thirty, curiously enough upon the anniversary of the battle of Balaklava.

A SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE.—Amongst the many curious anecdotes related of Pius IX., the following is the most striking: In '45, during the carnival, the Cardinal of Imola was praying alone in his cathedral. Suddenly a loud noise in the direction of the sacristy aroused him from his devotions. Quick as thought he finds himself standing over a man frightfully wounded, bleeding profusely and stretched on the pavement. Three men had followed their victim and were bent on finishing him. The Cardinal confronted them, braving their daggers and their rage, and holding before their eyes his cross, upbraided them for their violence, and bade them, in the name of God, to quit the church. They quailed before him and obeyed. Meanwhile the holy archbishop raised the wounded man upon his knees, supporting him with his arms. A medical man is sent for, he examines the wound, and pronounces it to be mortal. The Cardinal still holding him in his arms hears his confession; the Viaticum is given, and the murdered man breathes his last on the

heart of John Mastar Ferretti, who that same year was destined to become Pope.

CZAROWITZ.—The Czarowitch of Russia, who is about to visit Vienna, Berlin, and London to endeavour to secure unanimous action of the great powers in the Eastern problem, belongs to the warlike "Old Russia" party, instead of the internal-development party favored by the Czar. The German influences at the Russian court are regarded by him with dislike and disfavor. He is far from being friendly with his cousins, the Prussian princes, and during the late war was a frankly outspoken partisan of France, while his father was well known to have sympathized with the Germans. He is of medium height, very solidly built, and possesses far more enterprise and energy than his father. In March last it was reported that the Czar was disposed to retire from the throne, being weary of the cares of government, and to appoint the Czarowitch regent. Should war now be declared, it is very probable that this intention will be carried into effect.

KENSINGTON PALACE.—Of all the royal residences around and about London, Kensington Palace has undergone least change. The apartments occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, in which Queen Victoria was born and spent her infancy, remain as those royal personages left them. The chambers in the south-east corner of the ground floor, which formed the young princess's nursery and school-room, are now occupied by the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, so that, while the Queen is replaced by her daughter, Princess Louise, the apartments are serving the same purposes as half a century ago. It was at the door of one of these rooms that the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Conyngham waited on the Princess at 5 A. M. on the 20th of June, 1837, to inform her that she had become Queen of England, upon which she burst into tears.

A NEW BALLOON.—Some interesting experiments with a balloon have been privately made. It is the invention of a Belgian, and he claims that he can guide it in any direction. When inflated with gas, it sailed about the drawing-room in obedience to the rudder-machinery by which it is steered. Several gentlemen, scientists and artists, witnessed the experiments, and expressed themselves much astonished at the result. Subsequently the inventor, in order to show them the air-ship to a better advantage, took it into the street opposite the house, and sent it up there, to the edification of a large crowd which, naturally enough, assembled there. Here again the balloon, which was kept in hand by means of a string, obeyed the direction given by M. Menier through the rudder, and turned and tacked at his will. The experiments, however, were brought somewhat brusquely to a close by a young spectator, who was not satisfied with the scale on which the investigation was made, and cut in two the string by which it was held in check with his teeth.

SOTHERN'S JOKE.—Sothorn has so often played practical jokes upon others that it serves him right to be caught himself occasionally. A very neat trick was played on him a few days ago, and he acknowledges himself sold. Sothorn is fond of hiring tug-boats and taking a select party out sailing on the lower bay. Recently he invited Steve Fiske, Billy Florence, and a few others to take a sail. The boat was to start early in the morning. Fiske was the first to arrive on board, and, seeing a board on deck, wrote upon it with chalk, "Free trip to Rockaway," and set it upright against the pilot-house. The decks are somehow always swarming with people whenever any craft, large or small, is ready to start, and when the signboard was displayed, there was a rush to the deck at once. The captain supposed Fiske had a right to do as he did, although the boat had been hired by Sothorn. When the latter came aboard he took Steve by the hand so warmly that the captain was convinced Fiske had acted by Sothorn's authority. Accordingly, when the latter said, "All ready, captain," and went into the cabin for his bitters, the captain gave orders to cast off, and the tug steamed down the harbour. Soon Sothorn came on deck and asked who the promiscuous parties were. The facts were explained. Sothorn exclaimed, "Sold," and ordered a landing at Coney Island. He treated the promiscuous to lager, and gave them tickets to New York by steamboat. And now if you want to touch him in a sore place just mention "Rockaway" to him, and he will wince all over.

STROSSMAYER.—Canon Liddon, in his recent journey through the East, spent a couple of days in the Schloss or palace of Bishop Strossmayer, who is Bishop of the united dioceses of Syra and Bosnia. The Bishop's income is probably not less than £40,000 or £50,000 a year. The palace in which he lives at Deakover is on a much grander scale than Fulham; its apartments are more splendid; it contains a collection of paintings of which any English nobleman would be proud, but is especially rich in its illustrations of Bosnian art in the 14th and 15th centuries. Attached to the palace is an extensive garden, and farms and stables beyond. The Bishop owns 100 horses, and it would be hard to say how many head of cattle; and there are, of course, a large number of indoor and outdoor dependants. The lord of all this wealth saves nothing out of his income, which is spent unreservedly upon religious and public objects; even his paintings are "held in trust" for a national Croatian Academy at Agram, to

which he has already largely contributed. His garden is open at all hours to the public, his horses are at the disposal of the neighbourhood, every day he gives dinner to between forty and fifty poor persons, and everybody who passes near seems to be welcome to his own table. The day Canon Liddon dined there the Bishop had a motley collection of guests, who included artists at work in his Cathedral, two Austrian colonels, a Franciscan who had made his way across from Bosnia, and some young lawyers who had come out from Essex to take a holiday. This Cathedral will be built almost at the sole expense of Bishop Strossmayer; began in 1866, he hopes to consecrate it in five years' time. It will be a splendid building.

A curious incident has occurred at the Opéra Lyrique: M. Duchesne, exhausted by his services at the theatre, was obliged at the latest representation of *Dimitri* to have the announcement made that he was unable to sing the air in the fourth act. A rest of three or four days was judged by his medical attendant to be absolutely indispensable to allow him to resume his forces. But the repertoire of the theatre is at present composed of only two works—*Dimitri* and *Obéron*. What was to be played after the latter? It was then that a young tenor, named Wat-on, who had been merely engaged as a chorus singer, proposed to replace M. Duchesne, whose part he had learned unaided from hearing it sung. The manager at first received the proposal with a smile, but after he had heard M. Watson, he was astonished at the manner in which the young man sang. On Monday evening the latter repeated the entire part before the composer, and the trial was deemed most satisfactory. Since then he has appeared on the boards, and was very favourably received by the public. In a similar manner, some years ago, Chollet, then a chorus singer, took all at once the position of first tenor at the Opéra-Comique.

It may be interesting to nautical men and readers of Capt. Marryat's sea stories to learn that Portsmouth old "Hard" is now practically abolished. Last week the lengths of pontoons, or "logs," as they were called, which were greatly used by seamen and others in embarking and disembarking, were removed, the opening of the new landing stage at the railway pier, and the construction of a new Hard within the dockyard gates for the use of boats belonging to the fleet having rendered their further retention unnecessary. The question is now being agitated in Portsmouth whether, since the erection of the Railway Pier, the Admiralty are not bound to pay over to the Corporation the £2,000 which they agreed to do as a sort of compensation for the loss of the Anchor wharf, which was absorbed by the Extension Works. The money was to be paid as soon as a pier was built, subject to the approval of the Admiralty; and although the new structure was erected by the combined railway companies, and not by the Corporation, the low level of the line leading into the dockyard makes a second pier at the Hard now impossible.

The conclusion of Mr. THOM'S paper on "Nickel Plated Shams" is unavoidably held over. It will appear next week.

DOMESTIC.

HOW TO MAKE THE TEA GO FURTHER.—A method has been discovered for making more than the usual quantity of tea from any given quantity of the leaf. The whole secret consists in steeping the leaf, before steeping. By this process, it is said, 14 pints of good quality may be brewed from one ounce of tea.

OKRA GUMBO.—Cut a chicken into small pieces, flour well and fry; then add a quart of okra, sliced, put on a cover and steam it five minutes; then pour on a quart of hot water. Add a few sliced onions and tomatoes, pepper and salt to taste. Boil an hour, adding more water if necessary. Serve with rice.

BAKED APPLES.—Buy a small tin apple-corer; core with it as many apples as you want, without peeling them; set them on a tin dish; place this in a hot oven, having first filled up the vacancies left by your surgery with the best sugar. Let them bake till they are well done. Take them out, and if you do not know what to do next, call in your nearest and best friend for further advice.

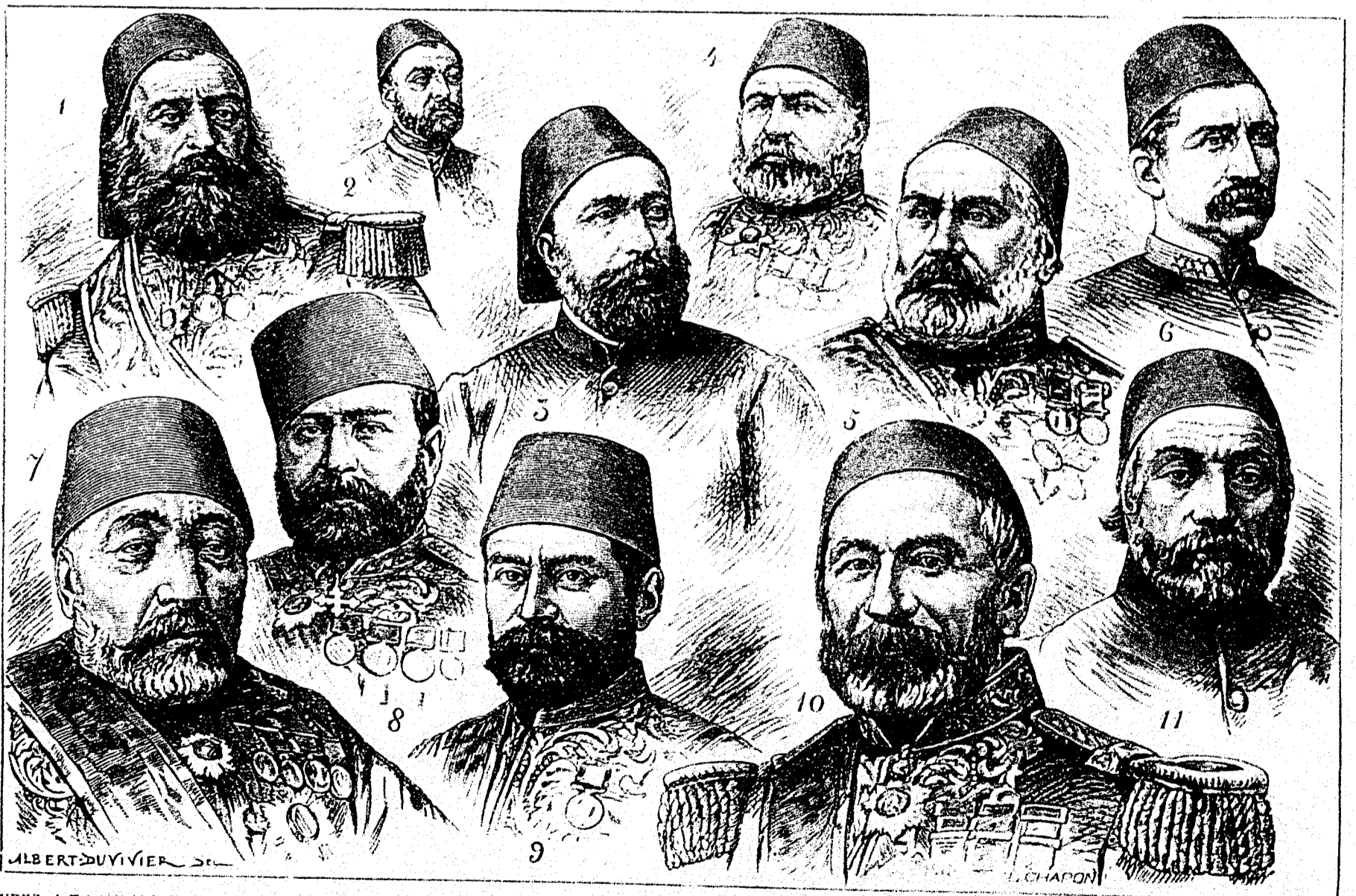
BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—One quart of buckwheat, one-half cup of yeast, one teaspoonful salt, warm water enough to make a thin batter; cover closely and let it rise over night; add half a teaspoonful soda, and two spoonfuls of molasses in the morning; bake in small cakes on a griddle, well rubbed—first with a coarse cloth, then with a piece of fat salt pork; brown the cakes nicely and turn. Serve very hot.

CARROTS INSTEAD OF EGGS.—An exchange says: It is not generally known that boiled carrots, when properly prepared, form an excellent substitute for eggs in puddings. They must, for this purpose, be boiled and mashed, and passed through a coarse cloth or hair sieve strainer. The pulp is then introduced among other ingredients of the pudding, to the total omission of eggs. A pudding made up in this way is much lighter than where eggs are used, and is much more palatable. On the principle of economy, this fact is worthy of the prudent housewife's attention.

OATMEAL.—In Great Britain children of all ranks are raised on an oatmeal diet alone, because it causes them to grow strong and healthy, and no better food can possibly be had for them. It is also quite as desirable for the student as for the laborer, and for the delicate lady as for her hard-working sister. Indeed all classes would be greatly benefited by its use, and dyspepsia, with all its manifold annoyances, can be kept at a distance. Oatmeal is most substantial food. It is said to be better than veal, pork or lamb, and quite equal to beef or mutton, giving as much or more mental vigor, while its great desideratum consists in one's not becoming weary of it. It is as welcome for breakfast or tea as is wheat or Graham bread. It can be eaten with syrup and butter as hasty pudding, or with cream and sugar like rice. It is especially good for young mothers, upon whose nervous forces too great a demand has been made, and they lose the equilibrium of the system and become depressed and dispirited. Oatmeal requires to be cooked slowly, and the water should be boiling hot when it is stirred in.

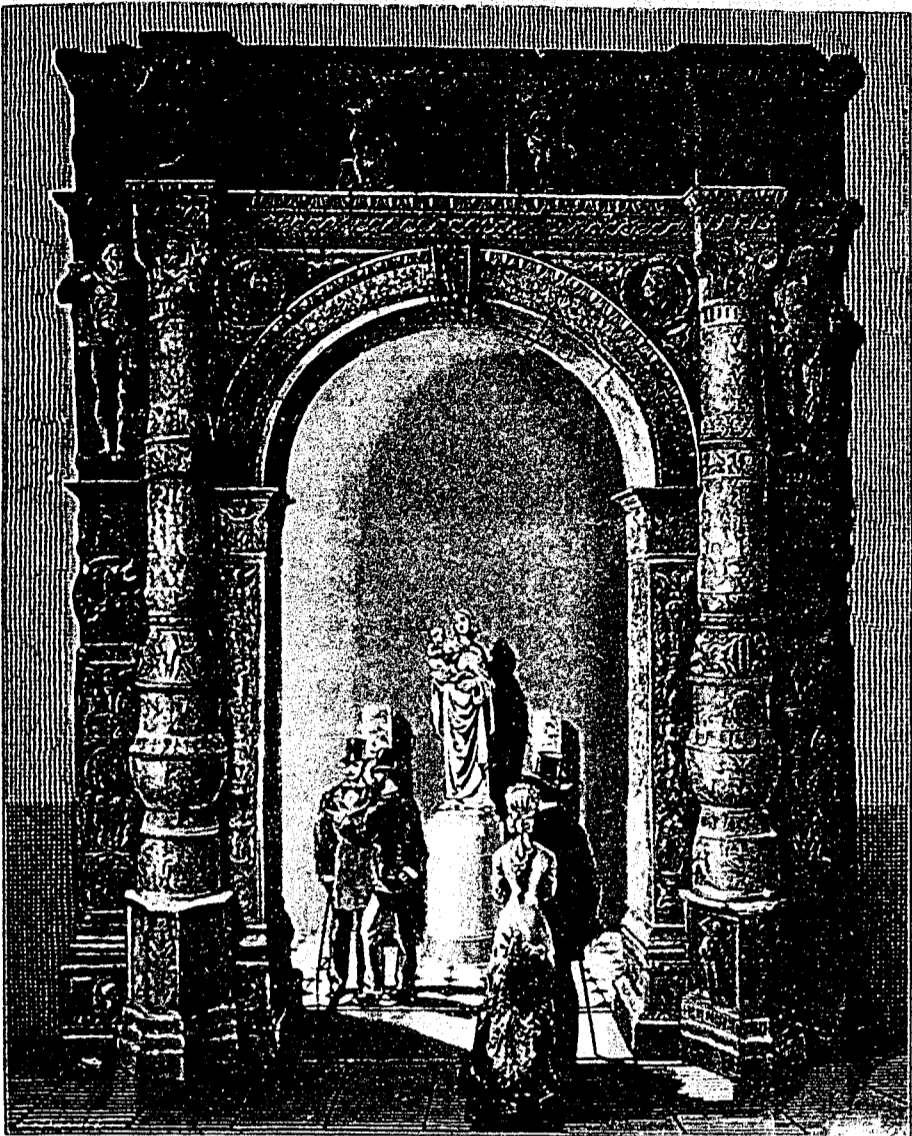


SERVIANS: 1. Colonel Ivanovitch. 2. Colonel Léschaine. 3. General Tchernoff. 4. Archmandrite Dutschak. 5. Lieut.-Col. Bentschovitch. 6. Colonel N. Jovanovitch. 7. General Alimpitch. 8. General Zach, dead. 9. M. Ristich, pres. of the Council of Ministers. 10. Colonel Nikitch, Minister of War. 11. Grouitch, Minister of Justice. 12. M. Mirkovitch, Minister of the Interior.

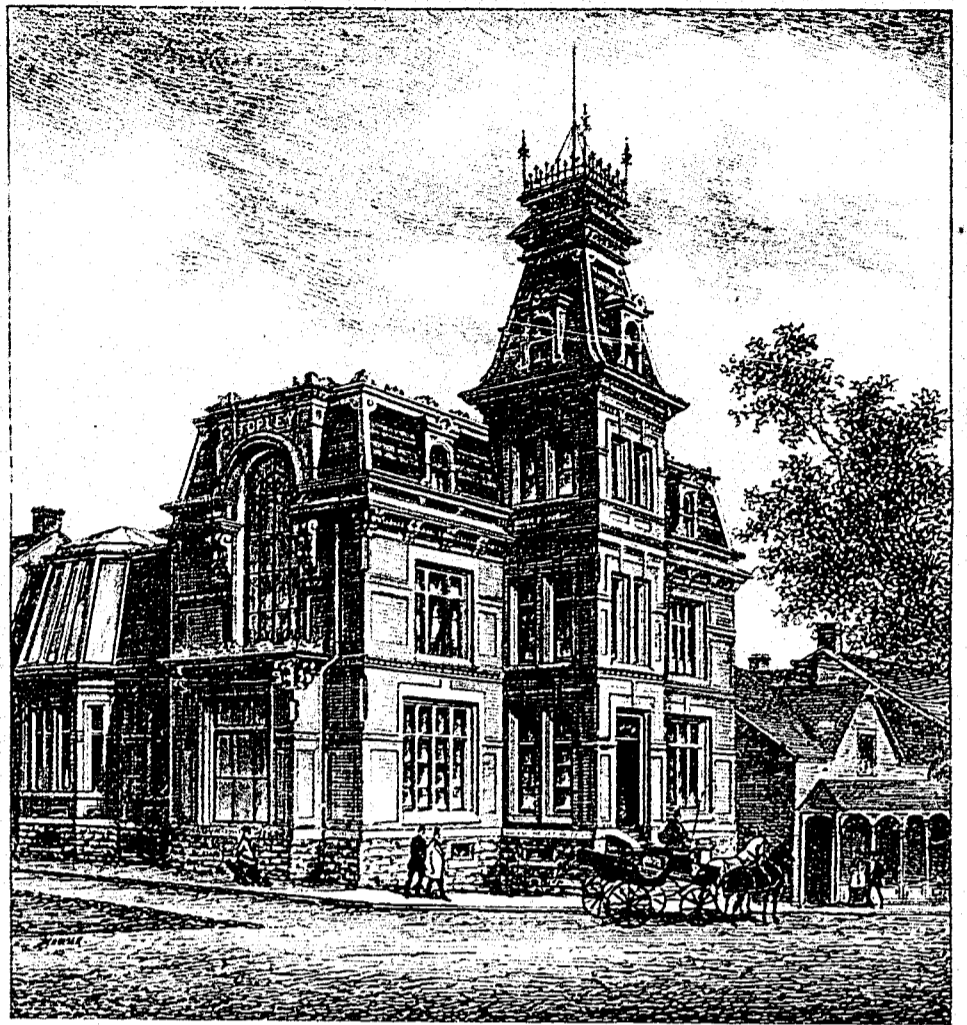


TURKS: 1. Tcherkiz-Ably-Pacha, comm. of the Tcherkess. 2. Rachid-Pacha, assassinated. 3. Mithad-Pacha, pres. of the Council of State. 4. Hassan-Arni-Pacha, assassinated. 5. Abdul-Kerim-Pacha, generalissimo. 6. Sulefman-Pacha, commanding at Nisch. 7. Kaiserli-Ahmed-Pacha, minister of Marine. 8. Mahmoud-Pacha, commanding the army of Albania. 9. Ahmed-Mouktar-Pacha, commanding the division of Herzegovina, of Bosnia. 10. Dervich-Pacha, commanding at Novi-Bazar. 11. Ravfet-Pacha, minister of Foreign Affairs.

SERVIANS AND TURKS OF PROMINENCE IN RECENT EVENTS.



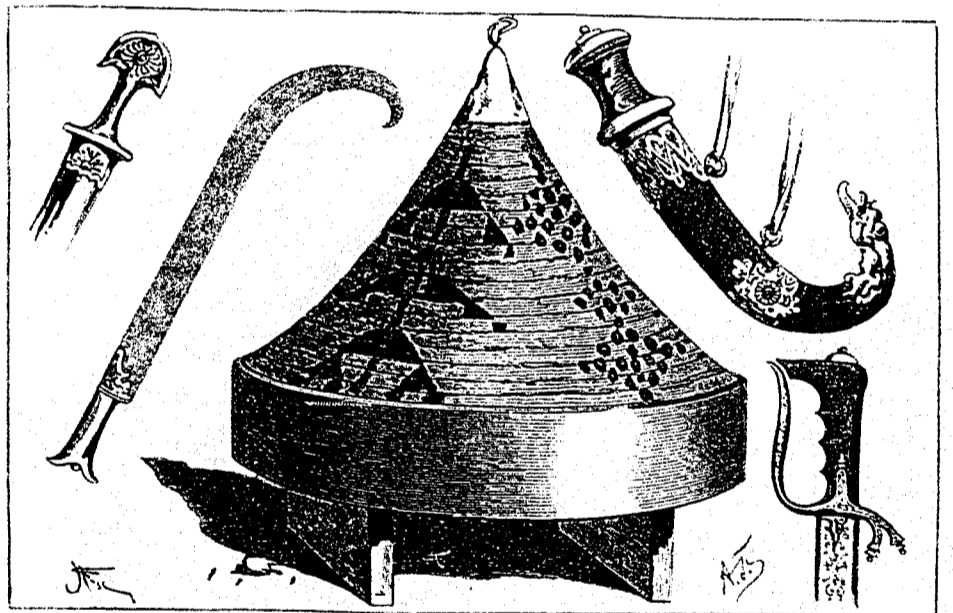
PARIS:—THE GATE OF CREMONA, RECENTLY PLACED IN THE LOUVRE MUSEUM.



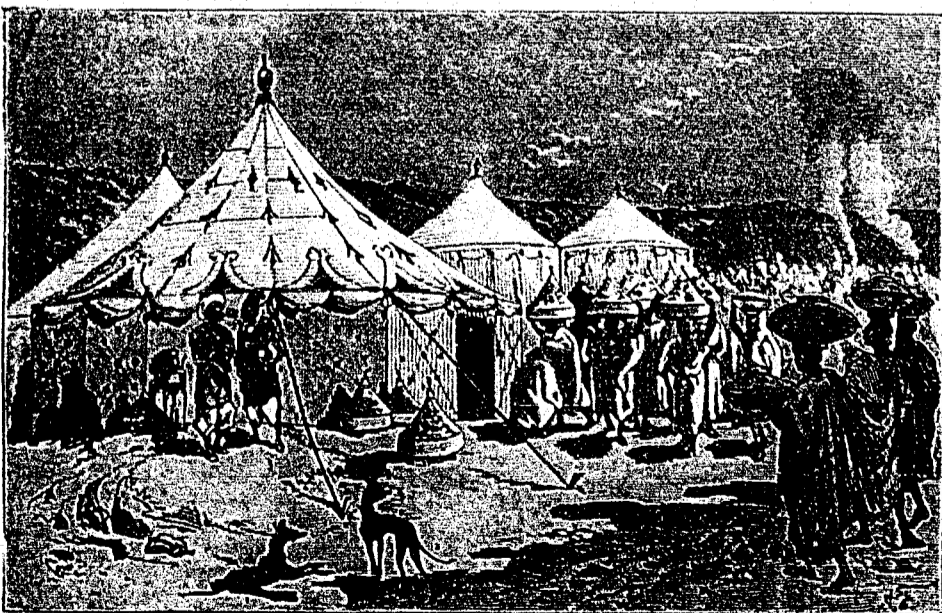
OTTAWA:—W. J. TOPLEY'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO.



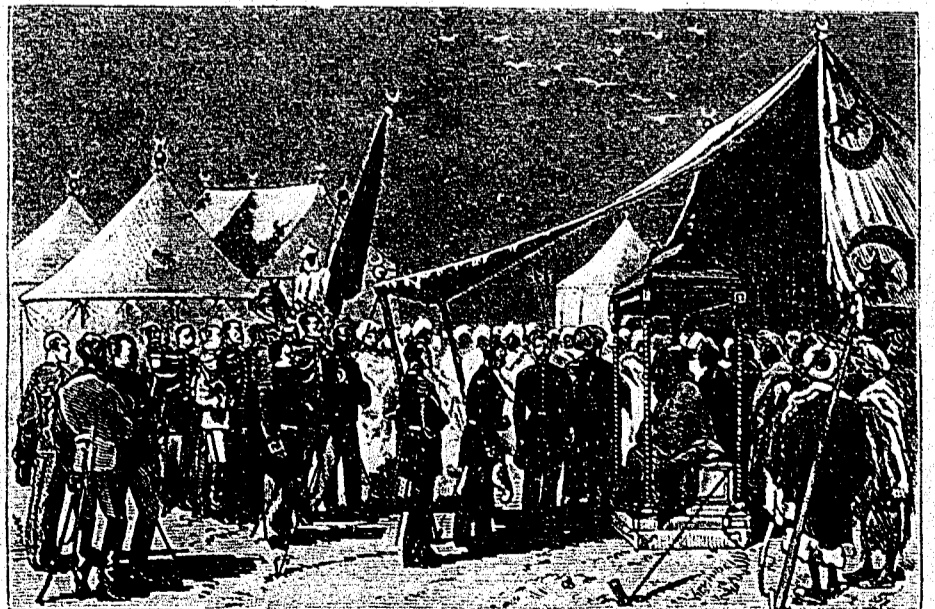
The Executioner and his two Assistants.



Sword of Execution (Koumia).—Khandjars (Daggers).—Hollow table with light wooden-cover (Maida).



Bringing in the dinner of the French Generals.



Reception of General Osmont by the Emperor of Morocco.

MOROCCO:—MISSION OF THE FRENCH GENERAL OSMONT TO THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A mighty hand, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life: the Present there
Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there.
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revelers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell white,
And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the hur
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers; the head that wears
The Imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who wields
The living mass, as if he were its soul.
The waters choke the shout and all is still,
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd and one who spreads
The hand in prayer; the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine at his touch
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wreath it from her arms; she shrieks,
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls; two, lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down; the maid,
With hands outstretched in vain and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks and then are seen no more.
Lo, wider grows the stream; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolve the swift waters; populous realms,
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stifled and never to be uttered more.
I pause and turn my eyes and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshippers.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonix,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust; and all around
Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,
Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls
O'erwritten, haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment and then sink away from sight.
I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold, in every one of these,
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days, too brief,
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope or broke their peace.
Sadly I turn, and look before where yet
The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers,
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And re-appearing, haply giving place
To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
Moulds from the idle air; where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low and distant, where the Life that Is
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
Rolls toward it nearer and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage along the shining course
Of that fair river broadening like the sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

A NEW LOVE TEST.

Pretty Margaret Nesbitt had two unexceptionable lovers, and sadly puzzled was she to choose between them—at least, so she pretended, as she gravely debated their respective merits, with her cousin and confidant, Phœbe Field. Certainly, if she had a preference, she kept her secret well guarded. A tall, handsome girl was Margaret—well formed and graceful. Full of mischief and spirit, she delighted in a frolic or a jest; and some there were who, judging her merely by some of the mad freaks in which she had been engaged, held her to be but a thoughtless, giddy girl. Yet the friends who knew her best discovered beneath her merry humour a fund of plain good sense, and true feeling, which won her both respect and love.

One evening, after returning from a party, where she had met both aspirants for her favour, Margaret sat thoughtfully by the fire in her dressing-room, her little white-slipped feet resting on the fender, and for the hundredth time debated the merits of her two lovers with Cousin Phœbe.

"You see, Phœbe," she continued, gravely, knitting her brow with an air of great perplexity, "each has his advantages. Hamilton Myers has so much talent—is handsome—of such a good family—and withal flatters me so charmingly, that I find him—very agreeable; on the other hand, though William North talks so much less, and lets me fairly pine and pout for a compliment, there is something so open, genial, and manly about him, that I think I like him almost, or quite as well as Mr. Myers."

"Then you are not in love with either?" asked Phœbe, a little annoyed by her friend's unromantic indecision.

"Not a bit, cousin—and what is more, I intend to keep myself heart-whole, at least till I ascertain which of my admirers loves me most worthily and sincerely. I wish I knew of some way to test the question."

"I heard of a case a few days ago, where the strength of a husband's affection was severely tried," said Phœbe. "My friend, Mrs. Comyns, had the small-pox during her husband's absence from home. Knowing herself to be frightfully disfigured—not a vestige left of her former beauty—she looked forward with dread to his return, fearing his feelings towards her might undergo a change. But I heard that, on the contrary, he seems more attached to her than ever, and seeks by a thousand little cares and attentions to show her that her misfortune has but made her more dear to him."

Tears rose in Margaret's clear hazel eyes at her friend's recital.

"That is true love," she cried with enthusiasm. "It is so that I want to be loved. I care little for the affection which springs from mere admiration of beauty. Oh, Phœbe, if I could but meet with such love—such a lover!"

She rose as she spoke, and the friends parted for the night.

On the morrow Margaret woke with a strange oppression in her head, a pain in her face, and a stiff neck; it was evident she had caught a severe cold at the party the night before. Though feeling very miserable, she rose and began to dress. Going to the glass to arrange her hair, she was shocked at the image it presented to her. The disproportionate swelling on one cheek had entirely destroyed the fair oval of her face; her eyes were dull and languid, and the colour had fled from her cheeks to find a lodging-place in her nose. While she was still gazing at herself in consternation, Phœbe entered the room.

Margaret drew her attention to her own rueful face in the mirror, exclaiming, "Did you ever see such a fright?"

Phœbe burst out laughing, and answered emphatically, "Never. Oh, Maggy, if your lovers could but see you now, what a fine chance to test the strength of their affection!"

She spoke in the merest jest; but the idea seemed to take hold of Margaret's mind. A wild project had entered her head, which she was determined to carry out. Cousin Phœbe was easily persuaded to enter into her plan, and became chief aider and abettor therein.

For about two weeks Margaret's cold, which was a very severe one, confined her to her room; during this time Phœbe occasionally saw, and replied in person to the inquiries of the two anxious lovers, who, on hearing of Miss Nesbitt's illness, daily called to ascertain the state of her health. I am sorry to say that Phœbe, with wanton cruelty, and little regard for truth, constantly represented that illness to be of the most serious nature, and the daily visits of two physicians gave confirmation to her statements.

In course of time, however, Miss Nesbitt was pronounced convalescent. Both lovers heard the good tidings with great apparent delight, and on the following day, Mr. Myers entrusted to Phœbe's care the following note—to be conveyed to her cousin—he waiting for an answer:—

"CHARMING MISS NESBITT,—

"I have suffered unspeakable anxiety on your account. When may I hope to see you? I am impatient to whisper to you a secret which has long hovered on my lips. Dearest Margaret, can you not divine it? Grant me an interview at once, I beseech you.

"Ever most faithfully yours,

"HAMILTON MYERS."

Margaret returned for answer the following hurried lines:—

"I will see you this evening at half-past eight o'clock—but prepare yourself to find me much changed by my illness."

It was already late when these words were written, and but an hour was allowed to our heroine to prepare her toilet to receive her lover. It was commenced at once; and it must be confessed was rather a singular one. In the first place, she withdrew all her rich hair from her face, and hid it beneath a close-fitting cap, such as sometimes disfigures ladies when some misfortune or illness compels them to have the hair shaved from the head. Next a loose wrapper of unbecoming style, and of a make which concealed the figure, was donned. So far had the toilet proceeded, when Phœbe entered the room; staring at the odd figure before her, she laughed long and merrily.

"You fright! you Medusa!" she cried: "you are enough to scare away the crows, let alone your lovers! Never fear but your trick will succeed."

"I have not yet done," cried Margaret, laughing as heartily as her friend. "Pray get me a raw beet root from the kitchen—I have my saffron leaves here."

The beet was soon produced; and Margaret proceeded, amid peals of laughter from both herself and cousin, to dye the tip of her nose a dark red with the beet juice, and to stain her pearly teeth yellow by chewing a few leaves of saffron. She next produced a small green patch which she placed over one eye, as though she had had the misfortune to lose it through her illness, and her toilet was complete. When we add, however, that she was still pale from her late indisposition, and her face yet slightly disfigured by the swelling which had not entirely subsided, the reader will have no difficulty in realizing that she did look, as Phœbe said, like a perfect fright.

Before this unique toilet was entirely made, a ring at the door announced the arrival of the impatient lover. Margaret delayed to have one more hearty laugh with her cousin, and then proceeded demurely down-stairs. As she opened the parlour door, Mr. Myers sprang forward to meet her. He gained the middle of the room, and then stood as if spell-bound. Margaret advanced with grave self-possession, and extended her hand. The courtly Mr. Myers had not even presence of mind enough to take it.

"You find me greatly changed," said Margaret, in a tone of concern (she was something of an actress, and fully equal to the part she had undertaken): "I see you are shocked—I thought I had prepared you for the alteration in my appearance. Did you not receive my note this afternoon?"

"No—yes—I don't know," began Mr. Myers, so much confused that he did not know what he was saying. He was engaged in now glancing furtively at the fright before him, and then looking hastily away. At last partial self-possession returned to him. He seized his hat, stammering something about his time being short, and took leave.

"I trust you will not go till you have told me the secret you were so anxious to communicate," said Margaret, mischievously, managing to cut off his retreat to the door. "It is not late—pray return and make me the confidence you desired."

Poor Mr. Myers looked really alarmed. "Not to-night—not to-night," he exclaimed, hurriedly, trying to effect an exit, and finding his attempts were frustrated by Margaret's manoeuvres. "It was a mere trifle—quite a mistake—any other time will do."

And at last gaining the door by a swift and dexterous movement, he fairly fled before the advancing Medusa, who still pertinaciously urged the revelation of the promised secret. As the hall door closed on him, Margaret's merry peals of laughter brought her cousin to her side; and the whole scene was faithfully rehearsed for Phœbe's amusement. While the merriment of the giddy girl, was at its height, and Margaret was just showing how Mr. Myers tried to dodge her at the door, another ring announced another visitor.

"There! that is surely William North—your other admirer," cried Phœbe.

Margaret's laughter suddenly died away; she grew very pale, and turned to fly precipitately to her own room. Thither she went, only pausing on the stairs long enough to decide by the sound of his footsteps that it was indeed Mr. North. Phœbe followed her. In vain Margaret endeavoured to affect the continuance of her late merry humour. Her uncontrollable agitation revealed even to the unsuspecting Phœbe that the question she was now about to test was to her a far different one from the last. Perceiving this, she sought to divert her friend from her intention. But Margaret was determined to carry her whim out—saying, "If it were fair for one, it is fair for the other—the love is worthless that will not bear my test."

She desired Phœbe, however, to go down and see Mr. North, inform him of her intention of receiving his visit, and prepare him for a change in her appearance. Phœbe soon returned from her errand; and then Margaret, gathering up her fortitude and composure, descended the stairs. Notwithstanding the amusement she had derived from Mr. Myers' precipitate retreat, its lesson had not been lost upon her; she trembled for the result of her wild stratagem—for though unconfessed to all, even to herself, the secret of her heart now revealed itself to her, by the tumult which agitated her bosom when she thought of how much she had staked on that venture.

On reaching the parlour door, she paused with her hand on the lock—she wished for a moment more to calm the beatings of her heart, but while she yet lingered, the lock turned beneath her hand, and William North stood before her face to face. Involuntarily, Margaret sought to conceal her disfigured countenance in her hands; but she was too late; Mr. North had seen all. With a tenderness such as he had never yet manifested towards her, he drew her arm within his and led her to a sofa—telling her of the anxiety he had felt during her illness, and of his thankfulness and joy in her recovery. Other words he said of still tenderer import, but Margaret scarce understood—scarce dared listen to them; she was saying to herself over and over again, "He has not yet seen me—he will change when he sees me!" So entirely had her feelings entered into the situation she had assumed, that she actually forgot that she was playing a part.

The blessed words she dared not accept as hers were still falling on her ear, and at last she exclaimed in desperation, "Stay—you have not yet looked at me! I am greatly changed. Pray—pray know the worst!"

It is true that hitherto, from a motive of delicacy, William had refrained from looking at Margaret's altered face; but he now turned his eyes full upon her, saying in his cordial, manly way, "Margaret, there is no worst to me, where you are concerned. Changed—altered as you may, you will be to me best—dearest. Do not weep, my love—your face, though it was pleasant to look upon, did not gain my affections; they were won by something better—your noble, generous nature, which is still left you, and of which no misfortune can deprive you. Dear Margaret, tell me that I have not loved in vain."

But Margaret was unable to speak, so violently was she weeping—happy, blissful tears they were; but they compelled her to fly from the apartment to regain her composure. On reaching her own room, however, she lost a moment in flinging from her the disguises which disfigured her. The red disappeared from her nose, the yellow from her teeth, and the patch from her eye in a marvellously short space of time. Her rich, beautiful hair was released from the ugly cap, and folded simply round her elegantly formed head. A white robe replaced the shapeless wrapper; excitement had brought a bright colour to her cheeks; but the tears were yet sparkling in her clear brown eyes, as she re-appeared before her lover.

William North was pacing up and down the room when she entered; she approached him unperceived, and laying her hand on his arm, looked up in his face. He turned and gazed at her in astonishment. Never had she looked so perfectly lovely. Tears and smiles—tenderness and merriment were struggling for mastery in her bright face.

"Forgive me, William," she said, in a low, sweet voice, full of tenderness,—“forgive me a jest—too serious, perhaps—but one I can never regret, since it has revealed to me how manly and generous is the love of a truly noble heart. How glad I am not to be obliged to accept the sacrifice you showed yourself so capable of making, since, at best, I am not unworthy of such love as yours."

As Mr. North's circumstances were such as to justify his immediate marriage, and as there was no reason for his engagement with our heroine being kept a secret, it was soon generally known, and, as is usual, made the topic of much conversation for a day or two. Hamilton Myers, among others, was discussing the subject the morning after the engagement "came out." He was standing with a group of young men at the corner of the street, and had just said, "Well, I wish North joy of his bargain; for I can attest, from ocular demonstration, that the late pretty Miss Nesbitt is at present a perfect fright—a mere wreck. I tremble when I think of the escape I have myself had; for I was nearly caught, I assure you. Never saw anybody so much changed by illness in my life! Why she has lost all her teeth, and her hair, and one eye; her nose was as red as an old toper's, and her skin the colour of a dandelion—she looked like a caricature of one of the witches in Macbeth. 'Pon honour, feel like a man who has but just escaped being caught and eaten by an ogress."

So far had Myers volubly proceeded in his description, when one of his companions touched him—he turned, and saw, close beside him, Miss Nesbitt leaning on her lover's arm, and looking more beautiful than he had ever seen her. Mr. North had delayed her a moment to speak to an old friend of his, whom he recognised in the group; and while doing so, Margaret had time to say to Myers, with a malicious smile, her bright eyes dancing with merriment, "I fear it is too late for you to confide your secret to me, Mr. Myers; but perhaps with my resemblance to witches I am also endowed with enough of their attributes to divine what it might have been, had not fortune rescued you from the hands of the 'ogress.' And henceforth you will know how to beware of witches and ogresses."

Leaving the discomfited and puzzled Mr. Myers (whose brains on this subject have never cleared) to reply as he best can to the indignant queries of his companions as to the meaning of the representations he had been making them, and to solace himself as well as he is able for having lost the hope of obtaining the sweetest and prettiest girl in the city for a wife—we take our leave of him, as well as of our happy heroine, and the lover who so nobly stood the love-test.

HEARTH AND HOME.

BLUSHING.—Blushing, instead of being a criterion of guilt, is often a certain sign of innocence. Wicked, unfeeling, or impudent people never blush; yet nothing occasions deeper feelings of shame and distress than being caught in the fact by the eyes of a whole company. Everything is beautiful in its natural order. When a girl's cheeks are suffused with vermilion, she is lovely; but nothing can be more ridiculous than an old woman blushing.

ANGER.—Let us ever remember that passion has a direct tendency to trouble the understanding and darken the mind. The fumes, which arise from the heart boiling with anger, becloud reason. Nothing is in reality what it appears to be in that unhappy moment. Perhaps no two persons can differ more from each other than the same man differs from himself, when heated with anger, and when calm and composed. Correct conclusions are rarely arrived at under the influence of passion.

CHANGE.—The change of day and night—of the seasons, of flowers and fruits, and whatever else meets us from epoch to epoch, so that we can and should enjoy it; these are the proper springs of earthly life. The more open we are to these enjoyments, the happier do we feel ourselves; but, if the changes in these phenomena roll up and down before us without our taking interest in them, if we are insensible to such beautiful offers, then comes on the greatest evil, the heaviest disease, we regard life as a disgusting burden.

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG.—Avoid all boastings and exaggerations, backbiting, abuse, and evil speaking; slang phrases and oaths in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept the hospitalities of the humblest kind in a hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offence, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologize; infuse as much elegance as possible into your thoughts as well as your actions; and, as you avoid vulgarities, you will increase the enjoyment of life, and grow in the respect of others.

GOOD ADVICE. If you cannot speak well of your neighbours, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbour may be made a kind one by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To do good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost. Practise kindness, even if it be but little each day. Learn something each, even if it be but to spell one word. Do not seem to be what you are not. Learn to control your temper and your words. Say nothing behind one's back that you would not say to his face.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.—True friendship says: "Let our friends prosper; let them go higher and be better than we are. If to us hearing is denied, and they have it, let us be thankful that they have it. If to us sight is denied, and they have it, let us be thankful that they have it. Let us be thankful for all the blessings that they receive." For, when one has identified himself with another, his feeling towards that other should be: "All that I have is thine; all that there is is mine, and I am thine, and thou art mine"—and that through weal and through woe, to the end.

MOTHER AND SON.—There is no tie in the world more beautiful than that which binds a mother and a son grown old enough to be her protector. A daughter loves her mother, indeed; but she sees all her defects, as one woman always does see those of another. No doubt, with the unconscious arrogance of youth, she exaggerates them. But the son loves his mother with an ideal love—he sees her as a man sees a woman: that is to say, through a certain halo of mystery. Reverence is in his feeling for her, and at the same time a sense of her need of his care—he is at once her knight and her son. He is proud of her and fond of her at the same time. Her image is sacred in his mind. She may not be better than other women; but she seems so to him.

A HINT TO YOUNG HUSBANDS.—Love and appreciation are to a woman what dew and sunshine are to a flower. They refresh and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything affecting the welfare of her home. They enable her to cheer her husband when the cares of life press heavily upon him, and to be a very providence to her children. To know that her husband loves her and is proud of her and believes in her, that even her faults are looked upon with tenderness, that her face, to one at least, is the fairest face in all the world, that the heart which to her is the greatest and noblest, holds her sacred in its inmost recesses above all women, gives her a strength and courage and sweetness and vivacity which all the wealth of the world could not bestow. Let a woman's life be pervaded with such an influence, and her heart and mind will never grow old, but will blossom and sweeten and brighten in perpetual youth.

"IT IS NOT MINE." It often happens that the very people most particular respecting their own things, are most wanton in their disregard on the property of others. Habits of neatness and economy are assuredly commendable, but they become mean when applied to one's individual use, and when the reflection "it is not mine" is looked upon as a release from care. This thought, on the contrary, should render the merest trifle important in our eyes. A truly benevolent heart and thinking mind dictate a desire to protect the right, reputation and pro-

perty even of a stranger. We like the man who goes back in the night to fling aside a stone against which he has hurt his foot, so that the next passer-by, whoever he may be, may be spared the same evil. It is a trifle, but springs from a good principle, and carried out into the great ramifications of society, may produce happiness incalculable.

AN EARNEST LIFE.—Earnestness does not always move with a clatter. There are other things in this world which are quite as pleasant and edifying as the rub-a-dub-dub of a snare-drum. In fact, this kind of melody is not generally the highest kind of music. Have you never known a man bustling and officious, clamorous and loud, but who did not weigh heavy after all?—a thing very well understood by every one except just the man who might have profited by that piece of information. And have you never known a man quite and unostentatious and faithful, and who was a perpetual blessing—a golden man, deep souled and true, whose memory lingered long after he was gone, like light upon the hills after a gorgeous sunset? The shallow stream rattles along its course; but when it is met and drowned by the majestic tides rolling in from the sea, there is silence on the hills. In the great tide there is the power of more than a hundred rivulets, yet its coming is almost as quiet as the celestial forces that bring it. The tide flows down and shallow grows the stream, and again the empty chattering goes on. And this is what we wish to say, that things most potent, although demonstrative, as indeed they must be from their effects, are not necessarily noisy. A strong, earnest life need not make what some people are in the habit of calling "a fuss." It is better known by the lead that strikes than by the gun which sends it.

MARGINALIA.

Edmund Yates has bought the *London World*, which now yields him an income of £10,000, according to the always truthful reporter.

The British Admiralty have ordered the immediate construction of six steel corvettes to serve as cruisers in the Pacific and Chinese waters.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, it seems to be agreed, is the author of "Merey Philbrick's Choice." "H. H." is one of the cleverest writers in America.

ON the first of this month a new regulation of the British Board of Trade came into force, compelling every ship to carry inextinguishable lights adapted to be affixed to life buoys.

Mr. Rawdon Brown's valuable work on the social life of England at the time of Shakespeare's death will be published by a London society. It has been waiting twenty years for a publisher.

The number of French Marshals is limited to six in peace and twelve in war. Only four Generals are now holding that high rank: Baraguay d' Hilliers, Canrobert, McMahon, the President of the Republic, and Le Bonif.

Bessie Turner is a waitress in a down-town restaurant, having lost a fine position as teacher by testifying for Plymouth Church, which, having no further use for her, leaves her to shirk for herself. And she seems to know how to do it.

Two Austrian sisters recently celebrated their golden wedding together. The elder, aged seventy-four, had her six children and thirty-six grandchildren about her, but the younger sister, aged seventy-two, has no children yet.

Said a woman speaker in a New Haven suffrage meeting, "Woman is in every respect the equal of man. Her reputation for heroic bravery"—at that point a mouse ran into sight, and the orator jumped on the table and screamed.

The term "grass widow" is said to be a corruption of "grace widow," a phrase applied to one who becomes a widow by grace or favor, not of necessity, as by death; and originated in the early ages of European civilization, when divorces were seldom granted by the church.

A dog, near Norfolk, Va., was taught to wait every day for a railroad train, catch a newspaper thrown out by the baggage master and carry it home. His master died several months ago, but he goes every day to get the newspaper, and gazes after the cars in apparent disappointment when nothing is thrown to him.

Bulgaria has on several occasions figured in history as the scene of "atrocities" no less horrible than those lately committed by the Bashibazouks. The Greek Emperor Basilus II. was nicknamed "Bulgarkotonos" because he ordered 15,000 Bulgarian prisoners to have their eyes put out, a few only being left with one eye in order that they might guide their fellow-prisoners back to their homes.

A gentleman from Bordeaux is now in Paris soliciting from the Prefect of Police the authorization to try an invention for moving street-carriages by electricity. It is claimed that through the aid of a mechanism which will occupy no more space than the ordinary driver's seat, a speed of six kilometres per hour is obtained with power to draw four persons.

In the general sitting room of the Empress of Russia, her Majesty's seat is on a raised platform separated by a railing from the rest of the room, which has tables and chairs for a large number of ladies in waiting. The walls are covered with crimson damask, brightened by beautiful pictures. The most noticeable pieces of furniture, however, are tall folding screens of exquisite workmanship in colored glass, upon which are miniature scenes of royal history.

It is said that a novel which George Sand wrote some years ago will probably be published in a short time. The work is said to turn on the life and adventures of the student Staaps, who attempted to assassinate Napoleon after the battle of Essling, and who belonged to the Tugend-Bund, or Association of Virtue. That it should have been impossible to publish a book on such a subject under the Second Empire is easily conceived, nor would it have been popular, except among the Radicals, directly after the late war.

An innovation will be made in the plan of that section of the Exhibition building for 1878 which is to be devoted to the Fine Arts. A large space will be converted into a beautiful garden, a resting place, which the horticulturists of Paris will duly ornament. The place reserved for Fine Arts will, however, be very spacious, and have at least a third more room than was accorded for the same purpose in 1867. There will be eight sections—four for foreign works and four for the works of French artists, nearly all of whom are even now busily preparing for the all-important event.

Thirty years ago in California, men would flock in crowds to catch a glimpse of that rare spectacle, a woman. Early one morning it was noised about in the Canon Camp that a woman had arrived in the night. Everybody went to the camping ground, but only the hem of a calico dress was visible. "Fetch her out, we want to see her," said the rough miners to the husband. "My wife is sick," said he; "we have been robbed by the Indians, and we want rest." "Fetch her out," was the reply. She came to the door, they swung their hats, gave three cheers and a tiger, collected \$2,500 in gold, cheered again, and went home satisfied.

In the second part of Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," just published, an intimate friend of Lord Palmerston relate, how, shortly after the Queen and Prince Albert's visit to Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie, he one morning called upon Lord Palmerston to congratulate him upon their very successful visit to France, remarking: "What an extraordinary man the Emperor is!"—"Yes," was the Premier's reply, "but we have a far greater and more extraordinary man nearer home. The Prince Consort would not have considered it right to obtain a throne as the Emperor has done; but, in regard to the possession of the soundest judgment, the highest intellect, and the most exalted qualities of mind, he is far superior to the Emperor."

VARIETIES.

"OLD PARIS."—One of the Paris correspondents writes:—"I have just paid a visit to an old building, half in ruins, which must have attracted the notice of many tourists on their way from the central part of Paris to the terminus of the Orleans line. This building almost opposite to the Arsenal, stands at the corner of the Quai de Celestine and the Rue Petit-Muse, and is a fragment of the ancient Hotel St. Paul, a Royal palace in which one King of France (Charles V.) was burnt to death during a masked ball. The palace, with its magnificent gardens, its vineyards, and its menagerie (there exist now two streets, the Rue du Beau-Trillies and the Rue de la Managerie, which remind one of where the two latter stood), extended from what is now the Faubourg St. Antoine to the Seine, and covered an immense surface of ground. The only remains of the palace are to be found in the building which occupies the corner of the Quai des Celestines, and which though every pane of glass is broken, contains a singular collection of books and furniture. In one room are several volumes of newspapers bound, and the coverings are half rotted by the rain which drips through the ceiling. The floor is littered with books, which appear to have been lying there for years, and which are ready to crumble into dust. In a bed-chamber are to be seen a gilt crown several specimens of minerals, pictures, literally crusted with dust, two or three rusty clocks, and a mass of hangings and curtains, which are falling to pieces. In a bedroom on the floor above are 50 or 60 dolls mounted upon wire springs, which to judge by their appearance, must at one time have been very elaborately attired. In the reception-rooms, the decaying furniture covers the floors, and one can hardly walk a yard without coming in the way of some object or other. Beds, tapestry, large mirrors, rare and precious cabinets, are lying about in almost artistic confusion. I believe that the reason of this is to be found in the fact that the property is, as we should say, in Chancery. During the siege of Paris the hotel was occupied by the National Guard. This building was to have been demolished to make way for the new Boulevard Henri IV.; but it has since been arranged that the latter shall be pierced in such a direction as to spare this interesting relic of old Paris.

SECEDANEONS.—Charles Dickens in 1851 wrote two letters to Mr. Eccles, the bookbinder, about some false book-backs with which he used to fill some spaces in his study at Tavistock House. We learn from a contemporary that the list of titles was as follows: "Five Minutes in China," 2 vols.; "Forty Winks at the Pyramids," 2 vols.; "Mr. Green's Overland Mail;" "Abernethy on the Constitution;" "Captain Cook's Life of Savage;" "A Carpenter's Bench of Bishops;" "Tott's Universal Letter Writer," 2 vols.; "Orson's Art of Etiquette;" "Down-easter's Complete Calculator;" "History of the Middling Ages," 6 vols.; "Jonah's Account of

the Whale;" "Captain Parry's Virtues of Cold Tar;" "Kant's Eminent Humbugs," 10 vols. "Bowwowdom, a Poem;" "The Quarrelly Review," 4 vols.; "The Gunpowder Magazine," 4 vols.; "Steele, by the author of 'Jon';" "The Art of Cutting the Teeth;" "Malthus's Nursery Songs," 2 vols.; "Paxton's Bloomers," 3 vols.; "Drowsy's Recollections of Nothing," 3 vols.; "Heavyside's Conversations with Nobody," 3 vols.; "Commonplace Book of the Oldest Inhabitant," 2 vols.; "Growler's Gruffology, with Appendix," 4 vols.; "The Books of Moses and Sons," 2 vols.; "Burke (of Edinburgh) on the Sublime and Beautiful;" "Teazer's Commentaries;" "King Henry the Eighth's Evidences of Christianity," 3 vols.; "Miss Biffin on Department;" "Morrison's Pills Progress," 2 vols.; "Lady Godiva on the Horse;" "Munchausen's Modern Miracles," 5 vols.; "Richardson's Show of Dramatic Literature," 6 vols.; "Hansard's Guide to Refreshing Sleep" (as many volumes are required to fill up).

LITERARY GOSSIP.—Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, M.P., is going to edit a selection from Lord Macaulay's writings, to which he will append explanatory notes. The volume will be published by Messrs. Longmans. A correspondent writes:—"At a sale of pictures and curiosities at Hastings, on the 22nd ultimo, the pictures being of the 'pretty' class usually submitted to the casual connoisseurs of watering places, and possibly worth buying after Sydney Smith's canon, viz., 'Never give more for a painting than you deem the frame worth,' some undoubtedly genuine curiosities were offered for competition. Among these latter was a volume half filled with franks and autographs from personages more or less celebrated when George the Fourth and his immediate successor were kings. The attractive items in this volume were two short letters written by her present Majesty, one in the child-like large script of a beginner of the age of about six or seven, the other bears date after her accession to the Throne, and both addressed to her aunt, the late Princess Sophia. The earlier of these two Royal autographs is so creditable to our Queen's well-known amiability of character that our readers may be pleased to read a transcript of it. It runs thus:—"How do you do, dear aunt? Do you love poor Vicky? Dearest aunt, this is a present for you, VICTORIA. I need hardly add that the original, in accordance with the custom of writers at so early an age, is innocent of punctuation.—*Athenaeum.*"

SCIENTIFIC.

A novel proposal has just been made to the Prefect of the Seine by two engineers, who propose to surround all public buildings with asphalt as a preservative from fire.

SOME of our most recent inventions were foreshadowed if not actually accomplished, upwards of 300 years ago. A Latin military book, published in Paris in 1535, contains illustrations of a revolving gun, revolving turrets for monitors, water beds for the wounded, divers supplied with air through tubes, and a diagram for a diving bell.

GERMAN anthropologists are agitating the problem whether the brunette population of that country entered it from Italy, or whether a large proportion of the early German blondes were an artificial production. It is known from Roman sources that the Germans manufactured a cosmetic for giving a yellow tinge to the hair, and the Elda describes the Goths as a dark-skinned people.

King George I. of Greece is preparing a book on the "Bees of Hymettus," and has made a collection of ninety different sorts of honey from various countries. He expects to prove that the famed honey of Hymettus was inferior to Danish honey. His Majesty has a special fondness for birds. Among others he has five trained magpies and a gigantic tamed vulture named Miltades, which he takes pride in stating were all trained by himself.

PERSONAL.

Lord Dufferin is to be the early recipient of two barrels of peat, in paper barrels, from Oswego.

Hon. Mr. Childers has arrived again on this side the Atlantic.

THE health of his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec is worse, and fears are entertained that he will not recover.

It is rumored that before long Sir John Macdonald will receive another mark of the Queen's favor in being elevated to a higher branch of Knighthood.

Judge Moss decided at the Assize Court in Ottawa that the Local Legislature had no power to enforce an income tax on Dominion officers for municipal purposes.

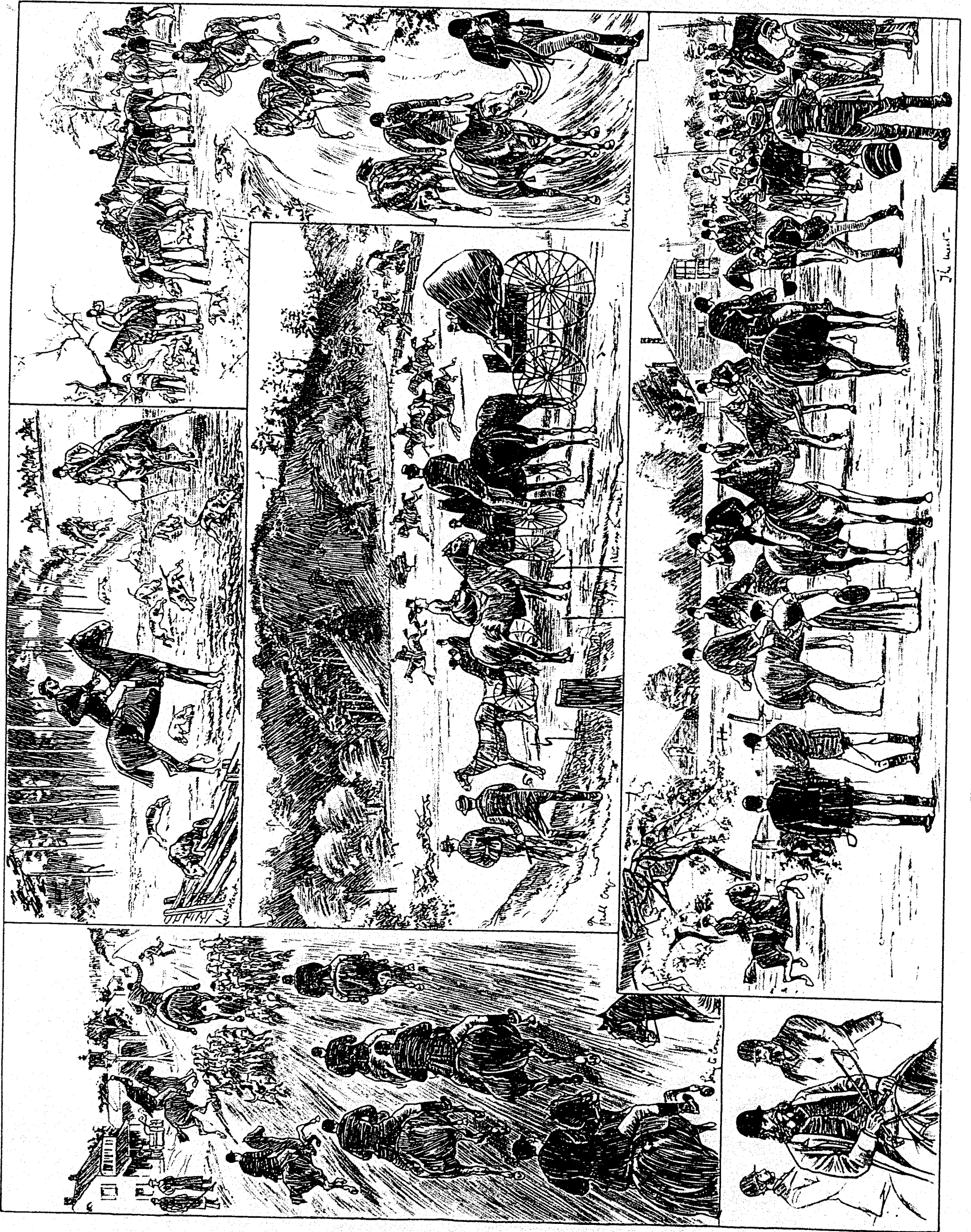
A spirited contest is being conducted in Queen's County, P. E. I., for the seat in the Commons lately held by Mr. Laird. William Welsh is the Government candidate, and Hon. J. C. Pope the Opposition.

LITERARY.

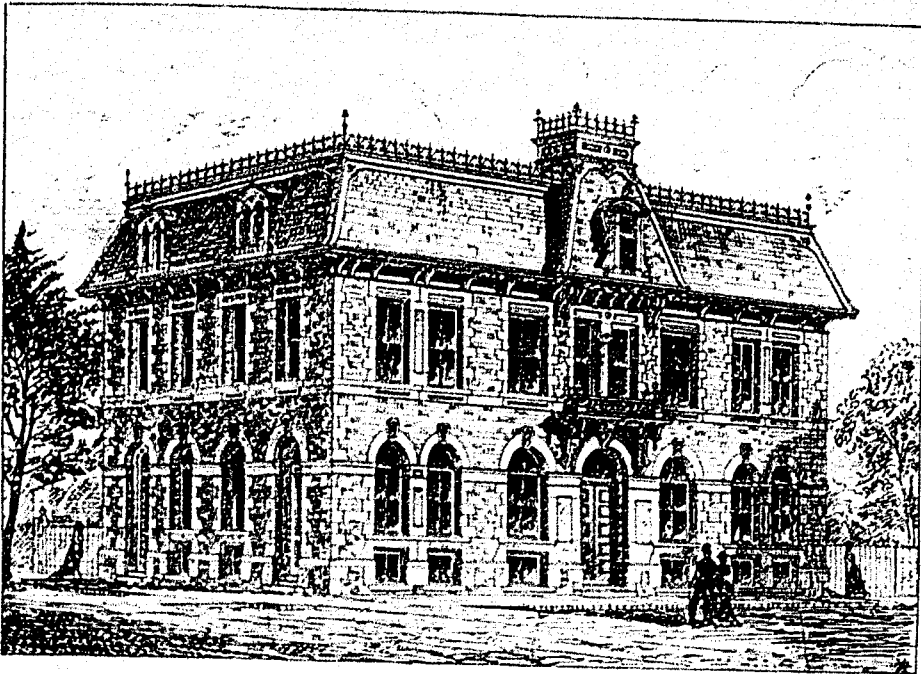
Mr. Magahan, who wrote the book about Khiva, and has written the recent letters from Bulgaria which have appeared in the *London News*, was born in Toledo, O., of Irish parents.

THE death is announced of the Chevalier Pertz, for many years librarian to the Royal Library in Berlin, author of a "Life of Stein," and late editor of the *Monumenta Germanica*. He was brother-in-law to the late Sir Charles Lyell.

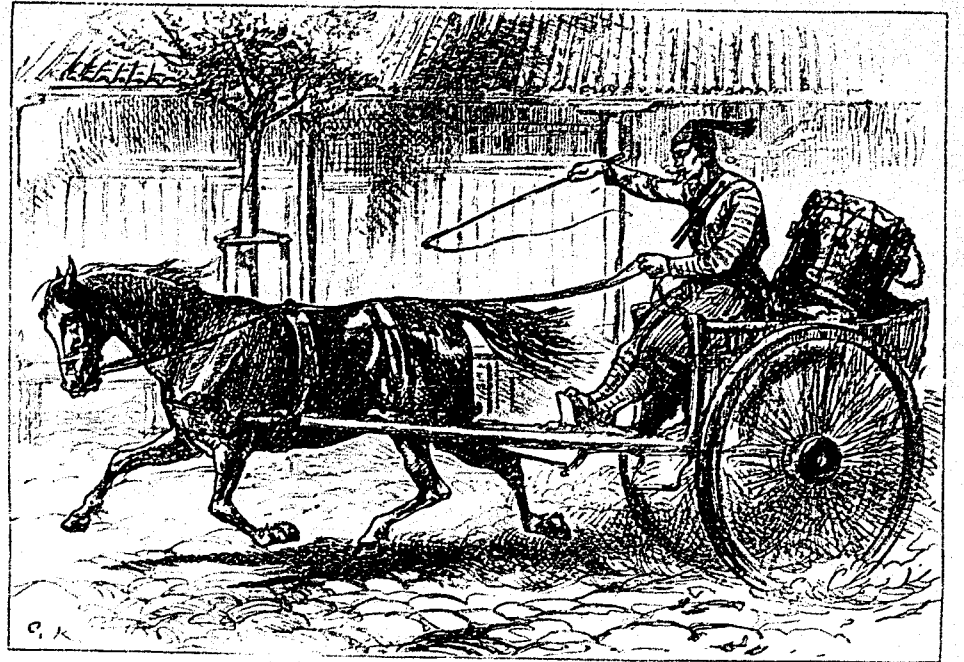
Frederick Mistral, the great Provençal poet, the author of the poem "Mirio," and President of the Society of Célèbres, has just married at Dijon, the marriage being the occasion of a meeting of the most illustrious adepts in the language and poetry of Provence. It was, according to an eye-witness, a curious thing to see living again the manners and customs of the old Kingdom of Arles, and hear these men of the South, imaginative, simple, and enthusiastic, singing in a primitive language which their most heroic efforts could hardly revive.



THE TORONTO HUNT, FALL MEETING. BY W. W. C. K. S.



GUELPH:—THE NEW POST-OFFICE.



THE TOWN CRIER LEAVING ALEXINATZ THE MORNING AFTER THE EVACUATION.



J.C. MACKAY

COMING HOME FROM THE FAIR.

BRO. JONATHAN:—Adieu, fair Canada. I have long adored you, but never so much as now. May I not hope some day to claim you as my own?
 CANADA (kindly but firmly):—Never. I hope always to respect you as my friend and well-wisher, but can never accept you as my lord and master. Farewell.

IN PACE.

Away from thine thou laid'st thee down to die,
But not mid strangers. Through the lonely night
Fond friends sat watching, by the flickering light,
To catch with pious awe thy parting sigh.
Yea, and the Virgin Mother in the calm
Of that hush Sabbath eve stood at thy bed,
And Guardian Angels lingered near thy head
To fan thy temples with their snowy palm.
Rest gently where they laid thee! On thy grave
The roseate clouds their freshening dews will send,
The scented grasses quivering lips will bend,
And violets blue their fragrant chalice wave;
White in my heart the memory of thee
Green as those summer flowers e'er shall be.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

GEIER-WALLY:

A TALE OF THE TYROL.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)
IN THE WILDERNESS.

Wally saw all this with secret loathing. A dead man was lying in the house, and the people swarmed like flies to eat and drink. The low hum and buzz of voices, so unfamiliar after the majestic solitude of her mountains, seemed so mean and pitiful, that she involuntarily wished herself back on the heights.

She moved coldly and silently among the wailing, eating and drinking throng, who thought she bore a striking likeness to her dead father. The funeral was to take place on the third day. Crowds of people came from all the surrounding villages, partly to pay the last honors to the feared and respected Stromminger, partly to see "what was to be made" of the wicked Geier-Wally, now mistress of the large property. For although she had hitherto been an "incendiary" and "ne'er do well," she was now the richest peasant among the mountains, and that fact altered everything.

Wally probably felt the change and knew whence it came. When, after the funeral, the same people, who a year ago, when she was starving and freezing, had driven her from their doors with abuse and insult, now stood before her, bowing and smiling, she turned from them with loathing, and from that hour despised mankind.

The pastor of Heiligkreuz and the Rofens had also come. The moment had now arrived when she could repay them, at least outwardly, for all the kindness they had shown her when she was poor and desolate, and she distinguished them above all the others, and remained with them alone.

When the feasting was over, and the people had at last dispersed, the pastor of Heiligkreuz lingered and gave her many a word of wise counsel. "You are now mistress of numerous servants," he said; "but consider that he who does not know how to govern himself, cannot rule any one else. Learn to obey, my child, that you may command."

"But, your reverence, whom am I to obey; there is no one here who has a right to control me?"

"God!"

Wally was silent.

"There," said the pastor, drawing something out of the pocket of his ample robe. "Look! I have intended to give it to you ever since you came to me, but you could not have taken it with you in your wanderings." He took from a box a neatly-carved figure of a saint, with a little wooden pedestal.

"See, this is your patron saint, the holy Wallburga. Do you remember what I told you about the hard and soft wood, and the dear God, who can carve a saint from a gnarled stick?"

"Yes, yes," said Wally.

"Well, you see, that you might not forget it, I sent to Sölden for this little figure; hang it over your bed, and pray earnestly to it; it will do you good."

"Oh! thank you, your reverence," said Wally, in great delight, taking the fragile figure carefully in her hard hands. "Whenever I look at it, I shall surely always remember the wise explanation you have given me. So this is the way the holy Wallburga looked! She must have been very beautiful. Ah! who could be good and pious like her?"

And when Klettenmaier came across the farmyard, she held out the little figure, exclaiming: "See, Klettenmaier, see what I've got: the holy Wallburga, my patron saint! We must send the Herr Pastor the first lamb we have in return."

The good priest eagerly protested against this exchange of gifts, but Wally would not listen.

When he had gone, the young girl entered her room, nailed the figure over her bed, arranged old Luckard's cards around it, like a garland, and then went out to see what was to be done on the farm.

"Hansel," she called to the eagle, which was perched on the wood-shed, "we are masters now!" And, after her long period of servitude, the sense of possession made every nerve tingle, as large draughts of intoxicating wine swells the veins of a fainting man.

The servants hired by Vincenz had assembled in the farmyard, and Vincenz himself stood among them. He had grown thin and sallow, and on the back of his head a bald spot, like a tonsure, appeared amid the thick black hair. His black eyes were sunk in their sockets, like those of a wolf peering from some crevice in the rock for his prey.

"What is the matter?" asked Wally, pausing.

The once insolent maid-servant timidly ap-

proached. "We only wanted to ask if you meant to send us away now, because we treated you so badly when Stromminger was alive? You know we had to do as he said."

"You did your duty," said Wally quietly. "I shall send no one away until I find him dishonest or a bad servant, and if you didn't bend your backs quite so much it would suit me better. Go to your work, that I may see what you can do; it's much more sensible than this buffoonery!"

The group dispersed. Vincenz lingered, with his glowing eyes fixed upon Wally. She turned and waved him off. "You are the only person I banish, Vincenz!" she said.

"Wally!" he exclaimed, "this—in this in return for all I have done for your father?"

"What you did for my father, as steward, while he was lame, shall be honestly paid for. I'll give you the meadows that join your farm; I think these will be ample wages for your time and trouble. If not, say so; I won't remain in your debt; ask what you choose, but get out of my sight!"

"I want nothing, I ask nothing but you, Wally. Without you, everything is the same to me. You have almost killed me, you have abused me whenever I've seen you, and, devil take it, I can't leave you! Think, I would do anything for you. For your sake I could commit murder; for your sake I'd sell my soul; and you want to put me off with a few meadows. Do you expect to get rid of me so? Offer me everything you have—your whole property and all Oetzthal into the bargain—I'd spit upon it, if you didn't give me yourself! Look at me: the very marrow in my bones is wasting away. I don't know why it is, but for one kiss from you I'd give up all I possess and starve the rest of my life! Now send an accountant and ask me to calculate how many kreuzers and blades of grass will satisfy me!" And, with a wild glance of the bitterest scorn, he turned from the astonished Wally and left the farmyard.

She felt afraid of him. She had never seen him in this mood before. She had obtained a glimpse into the depths of an overmastering passion, and wavered between terror and loathing.

"What is there about me," thought Wally, "that the boys are so foolish?" Alas! and he alone did not come; the only man whom she would wed disdained her. And—suppose he had married in the meantime? She gasped for breath at the thought, for she remembered the stranger whom he had brought up the Hochjoch. Yet no: the girl was a servant!

But something must be done soon. She was now rich and honored; she might venture to make advances! Yet her maidenly pride rebelled against the thought, and "wait, still wait," was all she could do.

She wandered restlessly about the house and farm. Week after week elapsed, and she could not become accustomed to her life. It was soon evident that she was spoiled for village customs. She was and remained Murzoll's child; the wild Wally sneered pitilessly at what seemed to her mean and silly, and could settle to no regular routine, no habits, no old-fashioned rules. She had forgotten fear on the glaciers, and opposed to the petty life below the bold front she had offered to the terrors of the elements. Strong in body and mind, she stood among the villagers like a being from another world. She had become a stranger to the customs of the peasants, and, like all strangers, was looked upon with hostile eyes, though they did not venture to offend the rich Wally Stromminger. But the girl felt the enmity, and also the cowardice, which assailed her behind her back, and to her face accosted her with friendly greetings. "I have no favors to ask of any one," became her defiant motto, and so she did whatever her wild heart prompted. Sometimes, to incite the sluggish servants, she worked all day long, like a groom, and if any one fell behind in his task, impatiently snatched the tools from his hands and performed it herself. Then she spent whole days in a melancholy reverie, or wandered about the mountains, till people said all was not right in her head. Meantime the men and maid-servants did what they chose, and the peasants whispered maliciously that she would soon let the whole property go to rack and ruin.

While thus offending against old customs, she was strict to harshness in matters of which the peasants do not usually take much heed. If she detected a servant in any dishonest act, she gave information to the magistrate. If one of them abused an animal, she seized him by the collar and shook him. If anybody returned home intoxicated, she ordered the door to be locked and forced him to spend the night out of doors, whether it rained or snowed. If a girl indulged in any wanton conduct, she drove her out of the house that very hour. Her mind had remained pure and chaste, as the glaciers on which she had so long lived alone.

All these things caused her to obtain a reputation for pitiless harshness, till she was feared as much as her father had once been.

Nevertheless, it seemed as if she had bewitched the lads. It was not only her wealth, but herself, with all her eccentricities, that they desired to win. When she stood before them, tall as if placed on some height, so slender, and yet so firmly and proudly moulded, that it seemed as if her swelling bust must burst the closely-fitting bodice; when she raised her arm, muscular as that of a young man, threateningly against them, and a look of defiance blazed in the large dark eyes, such a passion of love and longing seized upon them that they were ready to battle with her to

the death for a single kiss. But, alas! woe befell them! They were not strong enough to conquer this girl, and retired, amid scoffs and jeers, for the man who could cope with her was yet to come—would he ever do so? Enough, she waited for him!

"I'll marry him who can say I've given him a kiss, but a man who isn't strong enough to get one by force is no match for Wally Stromminger," she said one day, in her arrogance, and soon the words were repeated throughout the neighborhood, and the young men came from far and near to try their fortune. It had become an affair of honor to woo the wild Wally, like any other deed of daring.

Soon there was not a marriageable son in any family in Oetz, Gurgler, or Schnalsenthal, who had not tried to conquer Wally and wrest from her the kiss, which no one else had yet won. And she rejoiced in the wild sport and her own great strength; she knew that stories of her would spread far and wide, and Joseph would constantly hear her name, and she thought now he must at last find it worth while to come and bear away the prize, if it were only, as he had formerly pursued the bear, to show his power. If he would only come, she thought. Why should he not love her, like every one else, if she were very good and gentle? But he did not come. Instead of that, the messenger from Vent came over one day to the Stag, which adjoined Wally's vegetable garden. The girl, who was just weeding it, heard Joseph's name, and, standing behind the hedge, listened to the man's story.

Joseph Hagenbach, since his mother's death, had often visited the Lamb, at Zwiefelstein, the messenger reported, and it was rumored that he loved the pretty Afra, the maid-servant at the inn. Yesterday he went there again, and was sitting alone with Afra, while the landlady was in the kitchen. Suddenly a bull broke loose and dashed through the village like a whirlwind. A hornet had stung it in the ear. All the people fled into their houses and shut the doors, and the landlord of the Lamb was just closing his when he saw his youngest child, a little girl five years old, lying in the street. It could not get up, for the children had been playing stage-coach, and the little one was harnessed in a heavy wheelbarrow; when the shouts of terror rose on every side, the other children ran away, but Sieseri could not move fast enough, fell down, and became entangled in the ropes; so she lay in the middle of the street, and the frantic animal, snorting with rage, dashed toward her with lowered horns. There was no time to release the child or carry it away with the wheelbarrow; the bull was close at hand. The landlord and Afra shrieked so that they could be heard all over the village; but Joseph was already on the spot, and thrust a pitchfork into the brute's side. The bull roared with rage and rushed upon him; every one stood at the windows shouting for help; but no one went to his assistance. Joseph seized the bull by the horns, and, with a giant's strength, in spite of the animal's struggles, forced him one or two paces backward. Meantime, the landlord of the Lamb had had time to seize the child and carry it to a place of safety; but now the interest centered in Joseph, whom all left in the lurch. Afra wrung her hands and shrieked for help; the bull pressed Joseph to the ground with its horns, and was about to mangle him, when the latter thrust a knife into its neck so that the blood gushed out in streams. The animal reared, jerking the hunter to his feet again, for Joseph still kept a firm hold on its horns; the bull dragged him for some distance, half in the air, half on the ground; Joseph would not release him. The creature was bleeding from five wounds; and gradually grew weaker; Joseph gained a foothold several times, but the bull always obtained the mastery and jerked him onward in desperate bounds. The peasants now summoned up courage to go to his assistance; and, headed by the landlord of the Lamb, came up, armed with pitchforks and knives. The bull, hearing the noise behind him, again lowered his horns and dashed against a barn door so that every one thought the hunter must be crushed; the door yielded and burst open under the shock; the bull rushed in, and, in mortal agony, dashed about among ladders, carts and ploughs till all were piled up in confusion. But Joseph swung himself on a high beam, closed the door, that the furious animal might not rush out, and bolted it inside. He was shut up in the narrow space with the frantic beast, and the people stood outside unable to do anything. There was such a stamping and rushing, bellowing and roaring within, that the listeners shuddered with terror. At last all was still. After an anxious silence the door opened, and Joseph staggered out, dripping with perspiration and blood. They supposed that the bull was dead, but Joseph thought it a pity to kill the beautiful animal; the wounds were not mortal and would heal again.

The bath was in the utmost confusion, everything was crushed and broken, but the bull lay bound upon the floor. It remained motionless, snorting and panting like a calf in a butcher's cart. Joseph had fettered the animal alive, and without assistance. No one else could have done it!

When they returned to the Lamb, Afra, weeping and screaming, threw herself into his arms; the landlady brought Sieseri in, and they wanted to treat him to the best the house afforded, but Joseph was not inclined to merrymaking. He drank a mug of beer to quench his thirst, and went home. The whole village

was full of his praises, and the men sat up drinking his health until late at night.

Such was the messenger's story, and there was once more a great stir about Joseph Hagenbach, and the people wondered that he never came there. Wally Stromminger had so many suitors, Joseph alone seemed to care nothing about her.

Wally left the hedge; the words made her grow crimson with shame; so even the peasants were already saying that Joseph scorned her. And he loved Afra! She was the girl he had brought to the glaciers last year, and about whom he seemed so very anxious.

She sat down on a rock and covered her face with both hands. A storm was raging in her soul. Love, admiration, jealousy! Her heart seemed torn by conflicting emotions. She loved him—loved him as she had never done before, as if the quickened breathing with which she had listened to the tale of his daring had fanned the glimmering brands into a bright blaze. He had done this bold deed—but she had no part in it—it had been accomplished for Afra's master, for Afra's sake! Was it possible? Must she, Wally Stromminger, yield to a maid-servant? Was she not the richest, and, so all the lads told her, the handsomest girl in the whole country? Was there any one, far or near, who could vie with her in strength? Was she not his only peer, and ought they not to be united? There was but one Joseph in the world, and ought he not to belong to her? Was he to throw himself away on a poor vagabond lass like Afra? No, it could not be, it was impossible! Why should he not often go to the Lamb without caring for Afra? He wandered about in every direction to hunt, and the Lamb was in Zwiefelstein, where all roads crossed. "Oh, Joseph, Joseph—come!" she moaned aloud, throwing her face downward on the ground, as if to cool her blushes on the dewy weeds. Then she remembered the messenger said that when Joseph returned Afra threw herself into his arms. She shivered at the thought. Just at that moment the idea suddenly darted into her mind how it would be if she were his wife, and when he returned home after such a deed, wearied, bruised, and bleeding, could receive him in her arms and refresh him with every dainty. How she would bathe his burning brow and bind up his wounds, and let him rest on her heart until he fell asleep under her caresses! She had never thought of such a thing before; but, as she imagined all this, her frame trembled with a new emotion, as the unfolding blossom quivers when it bursts from the bud.

This moment matured her into a woman, but wild and impetuous, like everything else in her nature; the crisis that made her a woman roused all the slumbering hostile powers within her, and a terrible conflict arose in her heart.

The evening breeze swept over her with its chilling breath, but she did not feel it; darkness closed in, and the eternal stars gazed with wondering eyes on the writhing form that lay on the ground in the night dew and tore its hair.

"The mistress didn't come into the house all last night," whispered one of the maid-servants, the next morning. "Why does she wander about in the dark?" And they all put their heads together and gossiped.

But they soon scattered like chaff before the wind, for Wally came from the vegetable garden across the farmyard. She was pale, but looked more proud and imperious than ever before. And so she remained. From that day forth she seemed transformed—unjust, whimsical, irritable, so that no one could get along with her except Klettenmaier, whom she still valued more than any of the others. And, moreover, her arrogance increased beyond all bounds, for every word she uttered was: "The Höchstbauerin!"

Nothing was good enough for "the Höchstbauerin." "The Höchstbauerin" need not put up with this or that; "the Höchstbauerin" might venture to do what no one else could, etc., etc.

Every day she dressed herself as if it were Sunday, and constantly ordered new clothes to be made; nay, even sent to Innsbruck for a solid silver ornament with all sorts of pendants in filigree work, heavier and more costly than anything that had ever been seen in Oetzthal. And on Corpus Christi day she laid aside her mourning for her father, and strutted so in silver, and velvet and silk, that the people could not pray for looking at her. It was the first time she had ever appeared in a procession, no one knew what sort of a Christian she was, and it was plain that she only went to-day to show her new clothes and ornaments, because most of the people from all the villages assembled.

When she knelt there was a rustling and clinking from the stiffness of the folds and the silver pendants, as if to say: "See, nobody can do this but the Höchstbauerin!"

Then, after the last gospel had been read, there was a slight confusion in the procession, and some people who had been behind now walked before her. Among them were the landlady of the Lamb, and beside her the pretty, slender Afra. She looked at Wally, nodded, and then glanced back at Joseph, who walked farther behind among the men, at least, so it seemed to Wally. Afra looked so lovely at that moment that Wally, out of pure jealousy, forgot to return her greeting, and she heard the girl say to her companion: "Look, that's Geier-Wally, who let her eagle tear Joseph so. Now she won't even speak to me—and I've said so many *paternosters* for her!"

"You might have saved yourself the trouble," Wally suddenly exclaimed, interrupting the conversation; "nobody need pray for me; I can do it myself!"

"But it seems to me you don't!" Afra replied.

"I don't need to say my prayers so often as the rest of you! I have my own property, and am not obliged to beseech the dear God like a poor maid-servant, who must repeat a *paternoster* for every shoe-string she wants."

An angry flush crimsoned Afra's face. "Oh! a shoe-string for which we pray may bring more happiness than silver ornaments worn with a sinful heart."

"Yes, yes," said the landlady, "Afra is perfectly right."

"If my silver ornaments sting your eyes, go behind me, and you needn't see them. It isn't seemly for the *Hochstbauerin* to walk after a maid-servant."

"It would do you no harm to follow in Afra's footsteps, if you only knew it," retorted the bestness of the Lamb.

"Shame on you, to make common cause with your maid-servant," cried Wally, with flashing eyes. "A woman who don't respect herself won't have the respect of others."

"O-oh, a maid-servant is a human being!" said Afra, trembling from head to foot. "A silk gown matters nothing in the eyes of God, who sees what is under it—a good or a bad heart."

"Why, of course!" cried Wally, in an outburst of rage; "everybody can't have a heart so good as yours—especially for the lads. Fire on you!"

"Wally!" exclaimed Afra, tears gushing from her eyes. "But she could say no more, for at that moment the church was again reached, the last benediction uttered, and the procession broke up. Wally swept past Afra like a queen—the latter was obliged to hold by her companion or she would have been thrown down—and everybody looked after her. The men thought she was the handsomest girl in all Tyrol, but the women almost died with envy."

"She looks rather different now from what she did on the *Hochjoch*, when she lived in a dog kennel, with her hair hanging over her shoulders like a wild animal!" said Joseph, who had stood a short distance off, gazing intently at her. Then he waved a farewell to Afra and left the procession; he wanted to get home again before noon.

But Afra hastily followed Wally. Her pretty blue eyes flashed through her tears, like fire through water; she was fairly beside herself with anger. The landlady of the Lamb accompanied her, and they overtook Wally at the inn. The latter was also terribly agitated. She had seen the affectionate, familiar salutation Joseph had given Afra, while to her, as she supposed, he had vouchsafed a single glance—and now he had gone, and all the hopes she had built upon this day were shattered. This Afra—she would have liked to pour out all her wrath upon her, trample her under foot! And now Afra stood before her, stopped her, and avenged her with angry defiance; she—the lonely maid-servant!

"Wally!" Afra breathlessly exclaimed, "you said something I cannot let pass, for it concerns my honor. What do you mean by my having a good heart for the lads? I want to know what is at the bottom of your words?"

"Do you want to quarrel with the *Hochstbauerin*?" cried Wally, eyeing the girl from head to foot, with a scornful glance. "Do you suppose I'd dispute with a person like you?"

"Like me?" screamed Afra. "What sort of person am I? I'm a poor girl, who has had no one to care for me, but I've never harmed anybody, or set a house on fire. I need not put up with insolence from you!"

Wally started, as if stung by a serpent. "You are a wench—a shameless wench, who throws herself into men's arms before all the people!" she shrieked, forgetting the crowd that had gathered around.

"What—whom—into whose arms did I throw myself?" fidgeted the girl, turning pale.

"Shall I tell you? Shall I?"

"Yes, tell me; my conscience is clear, and the bestness of the Lamb can prove it isn't true."

"Indeed! Isn't it true that two years ago, when you scarcely knew Joseph, you hung on his neck so that he had to drag you over the *Hochjoch* and carry you half the way, because you pretended you couldn't walk? Isn't it true that you've never let Joseph alone since, so that everybody is gossiping about you? Isn't it true that you want to take Joseph away from other girls who have a better right to him, and would make him better wifes than a vagabond servant? Isn't it true that after the battle with the bull you threw yourself into Joseph's arms before the whole village, as if you were his betrothed bride? Say, isn't it true?"

Afra covered her face with her hands and sobbed aloud. "Oh! Joseph, Joseph, must I submit to this?"

"Be calm, Afra," said her kind-hearted mistress, soothingly; "she has betrayed herself; this is only rage because Joseph won't run after her and burn his fingers, like all the rest of the men. Oh! if Joseph were only here! He would make her sing a different tune."

"Yes, I think he is leaving his dear sweetheart in the lurch!" and Wally laughed, such a shrill, piercing laugh, that it echoed from the mountains like a wall of sorrow. "Such a sweetheart, who throws herself into a man's arms at once, is certainly less troublesome than one who must first be conquered, and from whom it might happen that he would be obliged to

withdraw, amid jests and scoffs. Even the proud *Baren-Joseph* finds it easier to unite himself to such a girl than to *Geier-Wally*."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Paris ladies are wearing tiny bows of ribbons for earrings now. The effect is very pleasing.

The woman of work sweeps everything before her; the woman of fashion sweeps everything behind her.

WEALTHY ladies now have models of their figures by French artists and leave them with their dressmakers.

A Chicago lady, whose lord and master indulges rather freely in the convivial glass, says he is a kind but "indulgent" husband.

THE young woman who was lost in thought, after wandering in her own mind, found herself at last in her lover's arms.

A rash and somewhat deluded young man has threatened to apply the Maine law to his sweetheart, she intoxicates him so.

CONTENDERS FROM A LADY.—"Why is a muff like a silly gentleman?"—"Because it holds a lady's hands without squeezing them."

To love is an obsolete word, to make love is a natural and easy accomplishment. Silly women are quite as often taken in by the counterfeit as by the real coin.

OLDER plays a great part in a Norman wedding. A young girl is seated upon a full cask, and she must drink both the first and the last glass it contains in order to be married within a year.

WHEN a Sioux Indian wants to tell a girl he loves her, he throws a blanket over her head and his and breathes into her ear, and a very pretty girl will get her head muffled up in this way a half-dozen times a day, even in hot weather.

STERNE'S *Uncle Toby* says that one of the tricks of women is to pretend that they have accidentally got something in their eye, and induce a man to look into it; and he says that the man is sure gone if he looks there for that something.

A young man in Chicago sang "Come and Kiss Me, Little Sweetheart," under the window of his girl's house, supposing that she was leaning out; but it was her father, as the young man well understood when a pail of water was emptied on him.

Recently a New York clergyman, while announcing from the pulpit an appointment for the ladies of his congregation to meet at the orphan asylum on a beneficiary visit to the institution, closed the announcement with the following words:—"The ladies will take their own refreshments, so as not to eat up the orphans."

AN epigram should never be extended to eight lines. Four lines ought to be the *ac plus ultra*; if only two, so much the better. Here is one uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter Arabella importuned him for money.

"Dear Nell, to gain money sure silence is best. For dumb bells are fittest to open the chest."

If he had only known that what brought that bright sparkle to her eye and sunset flush to her cheek when he stood beside her, was that imitation diamond ring on his finger, he would have taken it off at once and given it to her. She was thinking what a solitaire it would make, and whether he would be likely to hand it over if she asked for it. He went off vowing eternal love to her on account of that smile, and she put out the parlor chandelier and declared she'd make up with that other suitor.

"*Almanack de Savoie Vivre*" gives advice to people who are not quite certain as to what is the proper thing to do when they go into "society." Upon the much vexed question whether it is the duty of a gentleman to offer his umbrella to a lady who has been overtaken by a storm, and with whom he has not the honour of being acquainted, the "*Almanack*" lays down the rule that it is right to do so, but that if the lady is young she had better refuse should there be any place of refuge close at hand. If, however, there is not, or if she is pressed for time, she may accept the offer, but she must not speak to the gentleman who is holding the umbrella over her, and must merely bow in the most distant manner when she arrives at her destination.

A Moorish bride is rather a curious spectacle according to the following description of a merely ordinary specimen:—"Nothing of her shape or figure was visible through the enormous mass of clothes in which she was enveloped. She had certainly several pounds weight of jewellery hanging on her shoulders and chest. Her wrists were encumbered with massive manacles of gold and silver, while every one of her fingers was covered with rings up to the first knuckle. Her face was painted thickly white all over, and her cheeks then coarsely daubed with vermilion. The lids of her eyes and her eyebrows were blackened, the latter being thus brought to meet above her nose. But the most ridiculous and repulsive part of the 'get up' were two triangular patches about the size of halferon pieces, upon the lower part of her cheeks, ingeniously painted in a pattern of various colours. She had a star of the same size on her forehead, between her eyes, and another on her chin. When her eyes were open, and we could see them, they were as vacant and expressionless as the orbs of a wax figure."

THE GLEANER.

THE walrus in the Acclimatation Garden of Paris have been taught to say "papa" and "mamma."

DUBLIN is delighted. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught has gone to reside there with his regiment.

Temple Bar is at last doomed to removal and destruction, the City Council having pronounced its doom by 59 votes to 45.

Colonel Baker, who is remodelling the Turkish cavalry, has made a stipulation that English officers are to have the superior commands.

THERE is a popular delusion that Bass's pale ale owes its excellence to the waters of the Trent, but it is in fact brewed from well water.

AN international congress, to consider the best means of maintaining and extending the observance of the Sabbath, was held last month in Geneva.

THERE is no trace in Greek antiquity of a windmill or a watermill, nor is there any in Latin antiquity of a windmill. The latter was introduced into England in 1269, probably from Holland.

Don Carlos and Donna Margarita, his wife, may be seen frequently driving in the thoroughfares of Paris in a plain but elegant victoria with one horse, a simple royal crown marking the panel and the harness.

THE Sioux practice a mode of healing almost exactly like the Turkish bath. As early as 1680 Father Hennepin was cured of a fever by the Minnesota Indians by sweating in an air-tight earth oven, covered with buffalo skins and heated with red-hot stones.

As showing the absorbing interest taken by Londoners in the Eastern Question, Downing-street and its approaches were recently crowded with a respectable throng while the recent Cabinet Council was being held, a fact almost without precedent. All the ministers were present at the Council.

With the exception of the pyramid of Cheops, the spire of the Strasbourgh Cathedral, 464 feet in height, has hitherto been the most elevated building in the world. It has now been exceeded by the lately completed spire of the Rouen Cathedral, which is 490 feet high.

THE long-mooted question as to the color of Mary Stuart's hair is probably set at rest by a passage in Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" which reveals the fact that there is a cabinet in Windsor Castle containing a large lock of Queen Mary's hair. It is of beautiful golden color and very fine in texture.

A French newspaper, referring to a Parisian hall of exceptional splendor, describes a novelty in domestic architecture. By an ingenious hydraulic machinery the whole of one end of a room is lowered so as to form with the apartment adjoining a single magnificent chamber. It is so ingeniously contrived that no traces of the usual partition are noticeable.

Baroness Rothschild has had an exceedingly swift steam yacht built for cruising on the Lake of Geneva. The *Gitana* is constructed of steel, and is 91 feet long by 13½ feet beam. She has every convenience, and is luxuriantly fitted up. On the day of trial the distance from Geneva to Villeneuve, 43 English miles, was run in 1 hour and 47 minutes, which is at the rate of nearly 24 miles per hour.

GERMANS have generally less good sight than other people. Far more soldiers wear spectacles in the German than in other armies. In the armies of France, Italy, England, and Spain, a spectacle man is rarely seen. An examination of the eyes of recruits in Switzerland showed that while thirteen to fourteen per cent. of those from French cantons had defective vision, twenty-one to twenty-two per cent. of those from German cantons had this defect.

Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian premier, is noted for his abstemious habits. He never drinks wine and never smokes. He drinks a cup of coffee in bed before rising, and he eats but two meals a day. Retiring very early in the evening, he sleeps ten or twelve hours. His regular habits have kept his frame in such excellent condition that he does not feel the infirmities of old age at all. He was born in 1798, entered upon his diplomatic career under Count Nesselrode, and became the Foreign Minister of Russia at the close of the Crimean campaign.

Etienne Galdinot, now living with his granddaughter near the mouth of Ballskin Creek, in Franklin county, Ohio, was born in a Canadian hamlet between the St. Charles and Montmorency rivers, below Quebec. The great battle between the French and English was fought near his father's cabin, and although only six years old, he remembers it perfectly. In 1793 he trapped for furs near the Niagara river, and was twice wounded in the battle of Lundy's Lane during the war of 1812. He has never voted.

THE celebrated old orange tree at Versailles, called *Le Grand Bourbon*, recently died at the age of 455 years. It seemed in good condition, and its death was a surprise. The Queen of Navarre gave the seed to her gardener, who planted it in a box in 1421 at *Pompehna*. It was a great novelty on reaching maturity, and was confiscated from the Constable of Bourbon in 1532, by Francis I., and transported to Fontainebleau. In 1684 Louis XIV. placed it in the garden of Versailles.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SOTHERN says that Boston and Philadelphia furnish the best audiences in America.

"My dear director," said an actress, "I think I have more good qualities than faults." "In that case, Madame," replied the director, "you have more good qualities than I thought."

M. VICTOR HUGO appears resolved to prohibit the representation of "*Lucrece Borgia*" at the *Théâtre Lyrique*. Madame Suss went herself to beseech him to give his consent, but her prayers were unavailing.

OF Mlle. Christine Nilsson it is stated that during her late visit to her native village of Wexio, in Sweden, she settled a handsome annuity on her old parents.

September 20th was the 100th anniversary of the first performance of "*Hamlet*" in German, on the stage of a German theatre. It was then played at Hamburg for the first time. To celebrate the event, the play was given at Hamburg on the 20th of that month.

THE Paris papers announce the appearance in that city lately of a child of nine years of age, named Denguemont, a native of the Brazils, but of French parentage, who is about to take the musical world by storm with his playing on the violin.

Miss Adelaide Neilson has arrived in America under engagements to Mr. Max Strakosky, for one hundred performances of *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, *Julia*, and other of her favorite impersonations, which, as represented by this beautiful woman, are also favorites with theatre-goers.

THE opera bouffe "*La Fille de Madame Angot*," vivaciously wicked in French, is the reverse as given at Leipzig in German, where *Clairette* is demure and good, the suggestive songs are rendered in the style of staid concert singers, the dances are omitted, and no Frenchy gestures or grimaces are made.

A Burmese drama is a protracted enjoyment. The performance usually begins about 9 p.m., lasting until daylight, when an intermission is taken until night again. Four or five nights are often consumed in a single concert. The Burmese families sometimes carry their beds to the theatre with them.

DR. DAMBOSCH, the conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, who has lately visited Germany, has sent word to New York that he will bring back with him to America a manuscript overture by Wagner, and a new composition by Liszt, which he will produce at his concerts for the first time.

ONE, at least, of Wagner's innovations at Bayreuth is already beginning to be imitated. In the theatre at Dessau the orchestra has been sunk three feet, and a screen has been erected which renders it totally invisible to the spectators. In the new theatre now being erected at Dresden, and which is expected to be opened in the latter part of next year, the same plan is to be adopted.

JOAQUIN MILLER has written a play, entitled "*The Shadow of Nauvoo*." The leading incidents are taken from Mr. Miller's brief story of "*The First Families of the Sierras*." This is really Mr. Miller's second attempt at play-writing. "*The One Fair Woman*" having been originally written in the form of a drama. As the manuscript of this was lost in transmission from Rome to America, the author abandoned the idea of a play, and from recollection framed the present story.

ARTISTIC.

THE original plaster mould of Dante's face, taken after death, has been presented to the *Musée de Cluny* at Paris. The features are marked by the profoundest melancholy.

THE sculptor Chesinger is at work upon a colossal group to be exhibited in 1878, representing *Salome* bearing to *Herodias* the head of John the Baptist. The group will be in bronze.

Mr. Val Prinsep is commissioned to proceed to India to paint a great historical picture of the proclamation of the Empire at Delhi. It is said the artist is to receive £5,000 for his work and £1,000 for expenses.

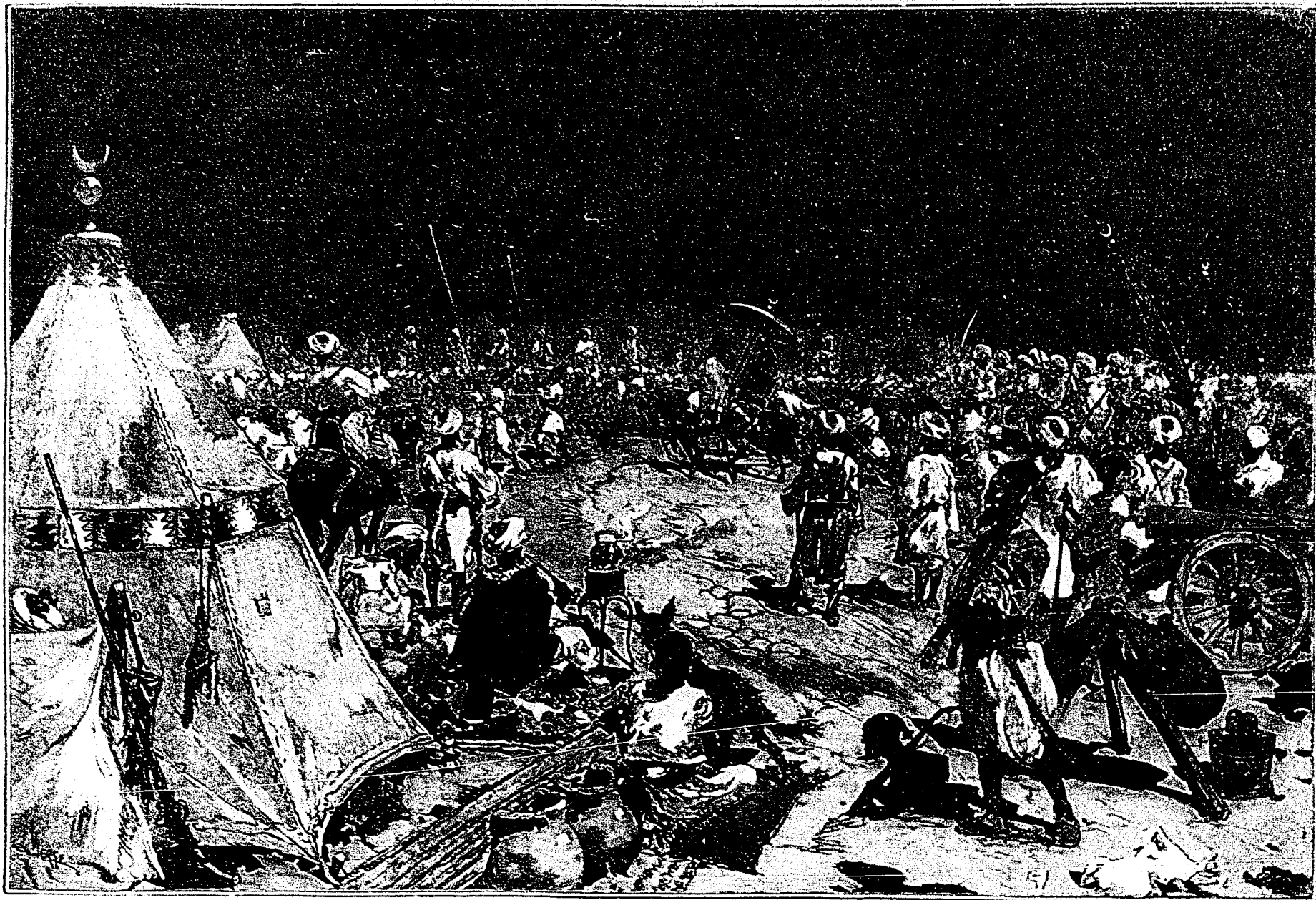
Important works of restoration are now being carried on in the interior of Westminster Abbey; but the Abbey will never be restored in the true sense of the word, as a *domus Dei*, until a bold step has been taken, and the monuments removed *en masse* to the cloisters.

IN demolishing an old house for the formation of the new Boulevard *Henry-Quatre*, Paris, a "magnifique" bas-relief, representing *Hell*, has been discovered; it is said to be a late fourteenth-century work; a statue of the Virgin is placed above a monstrous figure at the entrance of the infernal regions, a chained Satan, or Sataness, is seated on a throne; figures of a man and woman, suspended by their tongues to represent luxury; Judas appears according to the story of his death; little demons and other figures occur with the above. The sculpture is much damaged.

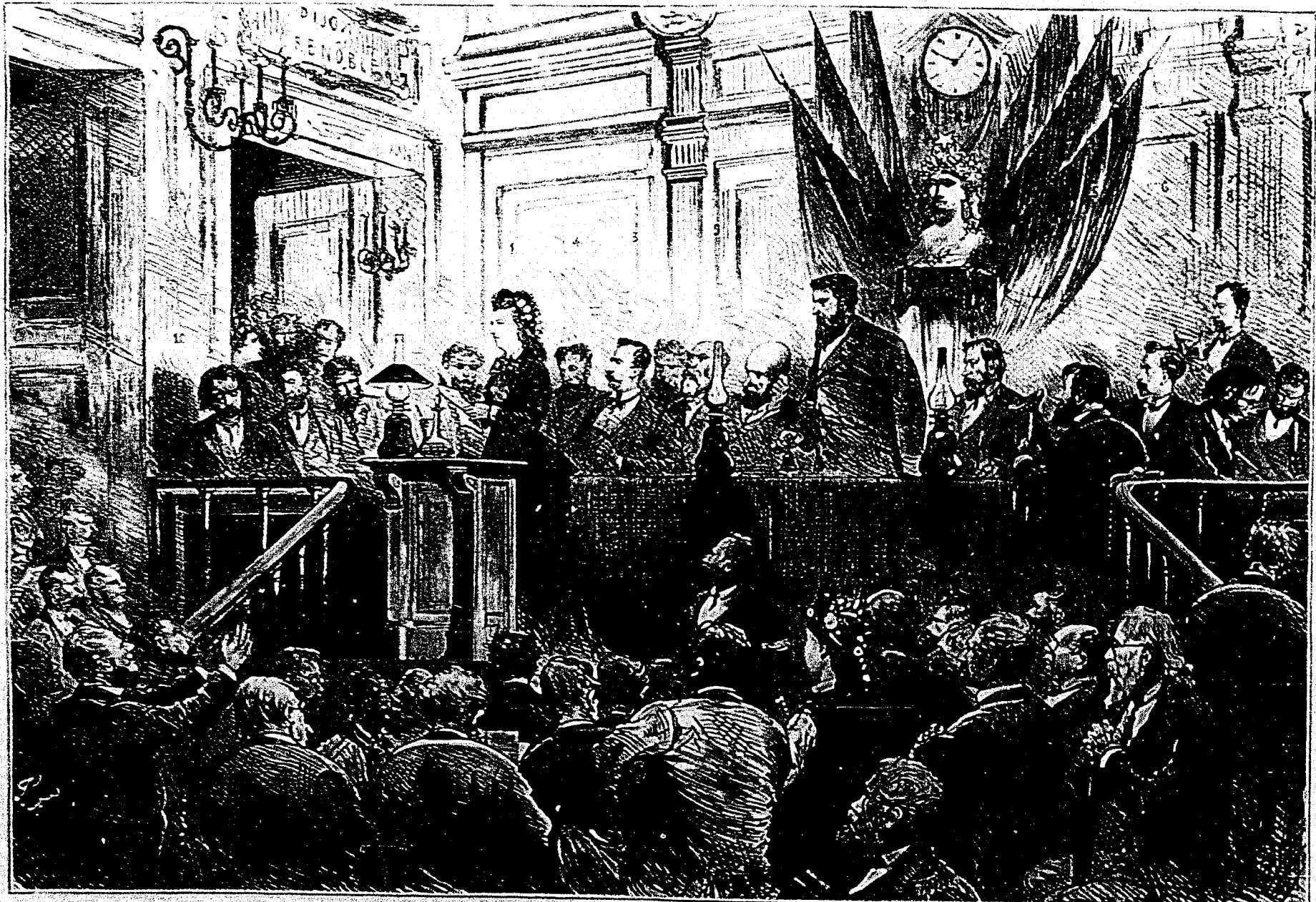
THE committee appointed to report upon the ruins of the Palace of the Tuileries have made a decision in favour of the restoration of the building. A large portion of the walls still standing may be used, and it is understood that the Palace will be totally repaired in time for the Exhibition of 1878. The Paris authorities have evidently determined that by that time no vestige of the disasters and horrors of the Commune insurrection shall remain. The place whereupon stood the Ministry of Finance is being built up at present; the *Hôtel de Ville* will be finished, so far as the exterior goes; the Tuileries will also be rebuilt; and it is intended that the ruins of the Palace of the *Consul d'Etat* shall have been replaced before 1878.

THE workshops of the Vatican contain no fewer than 10,000 shades of enamel, with which the great masterpieces of the most illustrious painters are reproduced. The execution in mosaic of Raphael's "*Transfiguration*," life-size, took upwards of twenty years to accomplish; for a Roman artist has to put together microscopic little cubes, so that he can hardly compose a square centimetre within a day. After having drawn on a white coating the outline of the subject to be executed, he takes off the white surface little by little, and replaces it by a kind of putty, upon which he fixes, one by one, the bits of enamel cut into shape. The more the tint is shaded off the smaller are the little cubes. The art was invented at Byzantium, thence brought over to Venice, and has now attained its perfection at Rome.

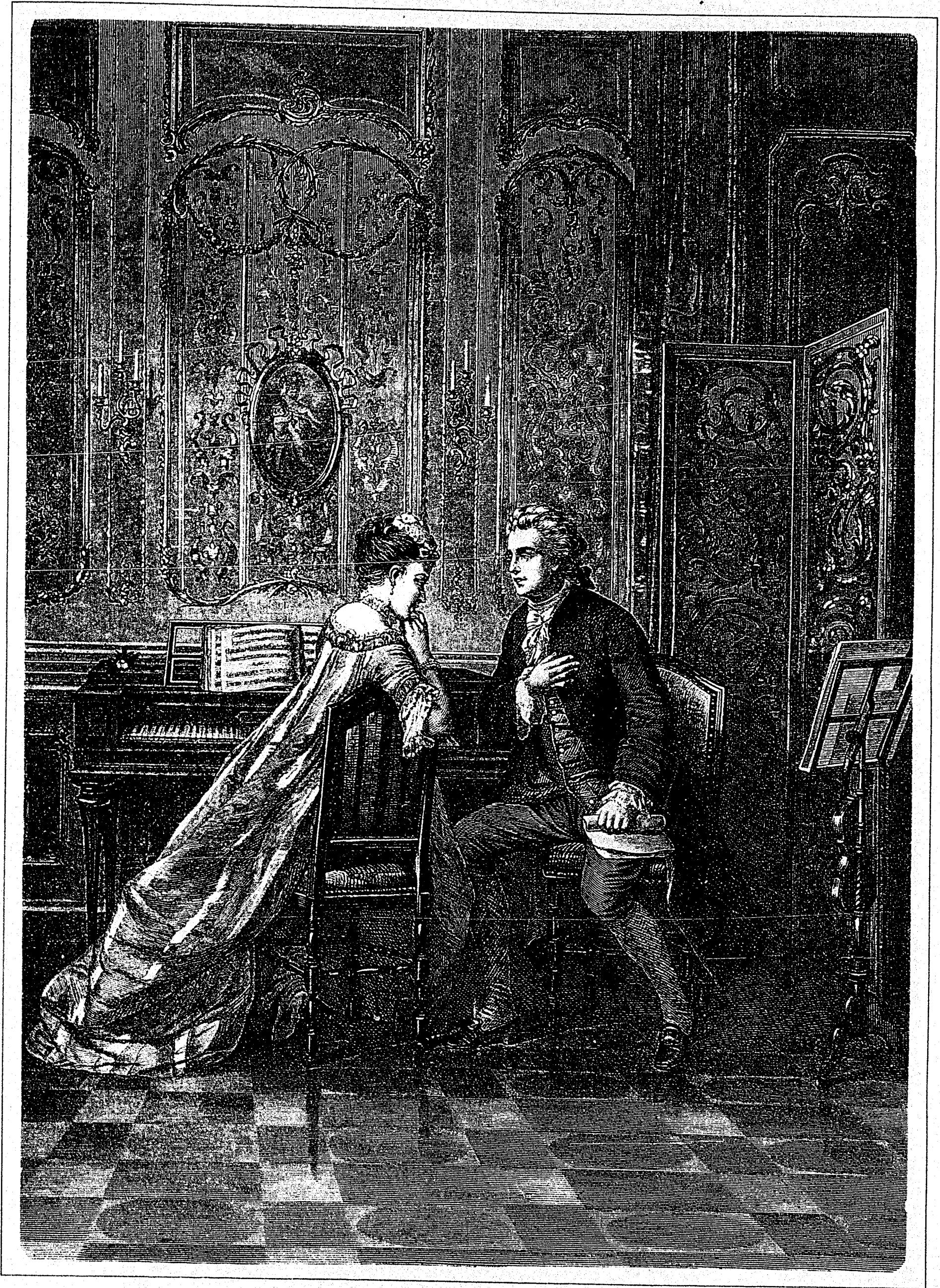
If you intend taking Quinine Wine, do not be induced by over-advertising and bill-posting to try any of the so-called preparations that are spread over the country. Make up your mind to it and get one that you know something about. Now DEVINS & BOLTON'S Quinine Wine has received the approval and sanction of the Medical Faculty, and with just merit, as it is a pure Wine scientifically prepared, possessing the medicinal properties of this valuable tonic in a simple, pleasant and reliable form. Now, what other preparation of the kind can show such flattering testimony in its favour?



MOROCCO : THE ALGERIAN FRONTIER.—THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO ON HIS WAY TO OUDJDA, FOR THE FRIDAY PRAYER.



PARIS.—MEETING OF THE WORKING MEN'S CONGRESS.



THE INTERRUPTED HARPSICHORD LESSON.

A YEAR AGO.

A year ago the bells were ringing
Across the hill, and o'er the sea:
A year ago the birds were singing
And all their song brought joy to me.

A year ago the ship was sailing,
The gallant ship so tried and true,
That left me sobbing here and wailing,
And bore my darling from my view.

Ever many moons had waned, he told me,
Borne homeward on a flowing tide,
Close to his heart again he'd fold me,
And wander never from my side.

But ah! whilst I was waiting boldly
And thinking of his love for me,
The moon was looking coldly, coldly,
And he was drowning in the sea.

The birds are singing now as lightly
As when we parted on the shore,
The sun is shining just as brightly,
But joy for me comes nevermore.

Toronto. A. D. STEWART.

THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL.

"If our soul be a garden full of flowers
and weeds, it were well we began betimes
to cultivate the one and pull up the
others." BACON.

If the business of teachers is to cultivate the young, it is well that they should know the nature of the soil they have to till. The human mind is a garden full of plants which, according to the way they are cultivated, will become noxious weeds, producing their kind, or healing plants scattering blessings around them. It is a complicated machine full of forces which teachers may turn to their profit, or which will only work them harm.

Now the teacher can sow no new moral plants in the human mind. She can only check, trim, or develop those that are there, and according as they are properly or improperly cultivated, they will work for good or ill. These motives to action may be said to be of three kinds—appetites, desires, and affections. They may be looked upon as three sets of main springs to a watch, and the appetites to be made of iron, the desires of silver, and the affections of gold. The appetites require to be somewhat checked, the desires to be guided, and the affections to be encouraged and developed.

They all run one into another, and every attempt to enumerate them will be imperfect. But for the teacher's purposes we may assume that there are six appetites, five desires and four affections. The Anglo-Saxon notion of "Duty" is the sum and expression of them all.

The appetites concern the body. They are the strongest motives, as if made of iron, and are most active in the undeveloped child and the undeveloped nation. Any asceticism, or attempt to crush them out, is unnatural, and found to result in a violent and ruinous reaction. They may be said to be six in number: the appetites for food, for dress, for shelter, for exercise and rest, (alternately) and for sex.

I. Food.—We were meant to enjoy our food. If we do not enjoy it, the salivary glands do not act perfectly and we do not digest it. Indigestion injures mind and morals. But the mind is best diverted from its natural gourmandism by having its attention turned to higher objects. Man was possibly made to eat that he might have a pleasant chat with his wife three times a day. At the same time a good national education should result in producing good national cookery.

II. Dress.—The appetite for dress is instructive, and can be developed from the daint of wood to the 3,000 dresses left behind her by Queen Elizabeth. A teacher should by example teach her scholars to be neat and bright in their attire, but not gaudy; to avoid the vagaries of fashion; to shrink from all shams and imitations; to wear nothing that is not real, and, above all things, to be modest.

III. SHELTER.—This instinct is satisfied with the cave of the Troglodytes and discontented in the marble palace of a Stewart or an Astor. The teacher should utilize it by attracting children to school with a bright school room, exquisitely neat, adorned with picture-tablets and maps and, if possible, with plants and everfresh bouquets, or a stained glass window.

IV AND V. EXERCISE AND REST ALTERNATELY.—Children should stand nearly as long as they sit in school. They should, if possible, be changed from seat to seat and room to room, in the course of the day. The desire to exercise the muscles of the throat should be gratified by a morning and afternoon song or hymn.

Next we come to the five desires. There are really, of course, many more than five. But to avoid bewilderment, we will content ourselves with discussing five: the desire to acquire, to imitate, to retaliate, the desire of being noticed, and the desire of knowledge.

I. ACQUISITIVENESS.—This can be gratified by assigning marks as a reward, even though the marks lead to nothing and, once given are taken no further account of. Tickets and prizes take further advantage of this tendency to get and keep.

II. IMITATIVENESS.—Example is better than precept. Your scholars will be looking-glasses in which you will see your own virtues and faults magnified. Like master like man; like mistress like maid; like teacher like taught. Be industrious, punctual, low voiced and "silenceous." Your scholars, though you may not know it, are becoming so too.

III. GRATITUDE AND REVENGE.—Show your scholars the greatness of gratitude and the pettiness of revenge. Anger is the instinct to

revenge, and hate is nothing but settled and deliberate anger. Show that "anger is a short madness," which makes the angry person unhappy, and tends to shorten life. Hence it is devilish to make others angry, and yet how great a thing it is to suffer and be strong!

IV. AMBITION.—The desire of being noticed is most potent for good or ill. It develops into emulation or envy, loyalty or mutiny, a love of praise or even an itching to be punished. As a rule, an ounce of praise goes as far as a pound of blame. And the best way to punish some evil doers—and especially lunatics—is by snubbing them. Teach your scholars to despise the admiration of poor judges, but to seek the approval of the good, the approval of their own consciences, the approval of their God. Taking places in class, marks, reward-cards, prizes, are means of evoking this potent spirit of emulation, which, if the teacher be impartial and equally affectionate to all who do their best, will never degenerate into envy.

V. CURIOSITY.—This desire of knowledge it is the teacher's main province to gratify. It grows by what it feeds upon. We have no word like the Greek *Philomathia* for desiring to know what we ought to know. The Greeks had no word like our word *Curiosity*, for desiring to know what we ought not to know. Children desire to know all about the things they see and the actions of the people they see. Hence the use of object lessons. But they may be taught to love study as a means of obtaining a deeper knowledge of men and things. They love to be taught to sing, to draw, to sew, to work. But the first part of the day should be taken for books, less pleasing at first but more enchanting eventually. The teacher's main object is to stimulate the love of knowledge in a right direction.

The affections can hardly be ever developed. The main rule is that we must take care of our actions, and our hearts will take care of themselves. We learn to forgive by acting as if we forgave. We learn to love by acting as if we loved. The old rule was, "Be what you wish to seem." A more useful rule is "to seem what you wish to be." The highest of all affections is the love of God. We attain to that by doing acts of love to men.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the great God who loveth us
He made them one and all.

To manage our motives aright, to check our appetites, to control desires, to develop our affections—this is Duty. But at every moment of our lives we have an idea of duty. It varies according to our previous training. We must both educate our conscience and obey our conscience. "No honest man," says Bentley, "will be long in doubt as to what is his duty in any particular instance." In most cases conscience gives an instantaneous verdict. The teacher must train the scholar to do his duty in any particular instance regardless of consequence, advising him of the necessity of self-examination to see if his idea of duty is not warped by self-interest or blinded by self-love. If we act from duty it will turn out in the end to be both pleasant and expedient. But if we make pleasure and experience our motive, we shall end in not doing our duty. Choose the best life, and custom will make it the most pleasant.

BRECKVILLE.

THE TORONTO HUNT.

Fall hunting being now at its height, our readers will be pleased with the sketches we present to-day of the Toronto Hunt. The first pack of hounds were brought to Ontario by the officers of a Line regiment some sixteen years ago, since which time the Hunt has become firmly established and popular. There has been of late years a disparity of opinion with regard to the morality or expedience of Fox Hunting on the score of cruelty or damage, the late Canon Kingsley being a persistent opponent. In Great Britain there are at present exactly two hundred and twenty packs of hounds, hunting on an average of three times a week during the season: the clergyman and magistrate going out with each pack. We may feel sure, if it be a vice, it is a highly respectable one. Eminent conservative in its character, English radicalism is opposed to it on principle, and there is no doubt that in the far distant future, when the dreams of the leveler are realized, the Church disestablished, the law of entail repealed, and, by a happy combination of circumstances, not yet defined, every small farmer will be able to sit under his own vine and fig-tree, Fox Hunting in England will have to undergo the modifications we find in the fine old English gentleman, or go the way of badger-baiting and the royal sport of the Elizabethan cock-pit. It still survives, however. It seems to be the fittest of sports from the personal prowess which it requires from the participants. Here in Canada, farmers do not complain and as regards the cruelty, hunting a sheep-skin sprinkled with *Assafetida*, will furnish just as much sport. The discipline of the hunting field is salutary, and a burst of forty minutes across a good country will try the mettle of a loquacious young man, or the five minutes of time wasted looking for a gate, and a disconsolate ride home deserted by men and dogs, will give him a very modified opinion of himself even to dropping his lip and negotiating his eyeglass. The pack meets now twice a week, attended by from thirty to fifty mounts and is rapidly numbering up. In the corner of the drawing is a thumb nail sketch of Mr. Copland, the Master of the Hunt.

THE FREE LANCE.

The anagram of marital is martial.
Scene in a court room.
A gentleman whispers to Crier:
"The Jury cannot hear."
"They don't want to hear."
One Jurymen, who overheard, smiles and nods approval.

At the review on the Champ-de-Mars, the other day, one of the officers fell off his horse. Naturally there was much chaff among the men. One fellow said to another who belonged to that officer's corps:
"I never saw a man come down so slick."
"Yes, and you never saw a man get up again so quick."

Another point against the Premier. He is sanguinary. In his Halloween speech, he said that it served Charles I. right to have his head chopped off.

Mr. Mackenzie does not like the Stuarts, only the Stewarts.

The Ontario Legislature has a Wells of troubled waters.

The Premier has a tectotal objection to committing himself on the temperance question.

What is the row? Only a little Anglin after fees.

Mr. Laflamme ought to be in the Cabinet. As his name indicates, he is the Chief of the Rouges.

An old country cabman was showing the curiosities of Quebec to our friend, Neil Warner.

"Here is the house where they laid out the body of Montgomery."

"Here are the fortifications raised by Montcalm at Beauport."

"Here is the Wolf and Montcalm column."

"All very interesting," said the actor, "I have read something about all this in history."

"Yes, sir, but may-be you have't got the jist of it. When General Montcalm was dying he heard a shout 'they're flying!'"

"What's flying," says the General.

"The French."

"Then," says General Montcalm, "I die content!"

What is the difference between an announcement from the seat of war and one from the Pope? One is a Bull-let-in, the other is a Bull let out.

Alexinatz is surely bad grammar. It should be legs in hats or the legs in hats.

EPITAPH ON A MONTREAL LADY.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of follies; an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose; artful to no end;
Young without lovers; old without a friend;
A top her passion, and her prize a set;
In life ridiculous, and in death forgot.

POPE.

THE FIRST SHERIFF OF MONTREAL.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWS being generally so correct in dates and facts, I am surprised to find in this week's issue a mistake that has no doubt inadvertently been allowed to appear. It is in regard to Mr. Henry, the first Sheriff of Montreal. You say, "He was present at the Battle of Waterloo—he came to America 65 years ago."

Now 65 years ago takes us back to the year 1811 and the Battle of Waterloo was fought in 1815, therefore if Mr. Henry was in America 65 years ago, he could not have been at Waterloo. Nor do I think he was—although I am not positive about this. All I recollect is the fact that he was Sheriff when I was a boy, and I do not think he took part in the engagement that gave peace to the world for over 40 years.

AN OLD MONTREAL BOY.

[We obtained our facts concerning Mr. Henry from a printed statement on the back of the card which bore his photograph, and we published it *verbatim*, without paying any attention to possible discrepancies. But "An Old Montreal Boy's" figures cannot well be got over, and there is evidently a mistake somewhere. Probably while the biographer was at it, giving the old soldier's campaigns under Napoleon, he thought he might as well throw in the battle of Waterloo to fill up the record. No doubt that Mr. Henry himself, if he were living, would have no objection to being "doctored" of a battle or two.]

TOPLEY'S NEW STUDIO, OTTAWA.

It will be known to many of our readers that Mr. Topley purchased, in 1872, the Notman studio which he had successfully managed from its opening in 1868. In the early part of last year, Mr. Topley sold this property and has erected the magnificent new studio of which we give an illustration this week. It is situated on the corner of Metcalfe and Queen streets, only two blocks from the old stand and opposite the Dominion Methodist Church. Its very attractive exterior is but an index to the internal arrangements. Passing through a spacious vestibule, we enter the extensive offices and show-rooms of which there are five opening into each other. Here are on exhibition the celebrated

composition pictures of the fancy dress ball and the tobogganing and curling scenes at Rideau Hall, together with a large number of portraits and landscapes of a very interesting nature, as well as of exceptionally good character. From here we ascend to the second floor, reaching the dressing, the operating, and copying rooms; and in the third story we find the printing department. In the basement are situated the mounting and finishing rooms, the toning and washing department and the laboratory, also the heating apparatus which warms the building by hot water. A portion of the building is reserved for a dwelling, so that altogether it is a most compact arrangement, and for business purposes is said to be the finest and best studio in America. The architect is Mr. King Arnoldi, of Ottawa. Mr. Topley publishes the largest collection of portraits of public men and the greatest assortment of views of Ottawa.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

Four fishing schooners have been abandoned off Newfoundland.

The Manitobans are joyful at the prospect of the early issue of patents for the half-breed lands.

The Government School of Art and Design at Montreal opened on Thursday evening with over a hundred students.

The demand for barges for the shipment of lumber, to both Quebec and American markets, from Ottawa, continues greater than the supply.

It is reported that the Ontario Legislature is to be called together the first week of December, the Government having given up all hopes of having the consolidation of the statutes completed by January.

The Quebec rubber works are in full blast just now, and turn out on an average 1,000 pairs of rubbers daily. There is a determination by the present management to make the concern pay.

The specimens of Canadian marble shown in the Centennial Exhibition have attracted the attention of the Italian Commissioner, who has had specimens shipped to Italy for the information of the government.

Mosquitoes in large numbers have been sporting themselves at the Palais, Quebec, for some days past. Their appearance at this late season puzzles the oldest inhabitant, but is said to prognosticate an early fall.

HUMOROUS.

A SPEAKER at a stump meeting out West declared that he knew no east, no west, no north, no south. "Then," said a bystander, "you ought to go to school and learn your geography."

A NEGRO witness in a trial the other day was asked what he was doing in a certain saloon at a certain time. He explained that he had gone there to "change his beard." The explanation was accepted.

A fashion note in an American paper tells us that slowness in white dresses is not fashionable. We always felt certain of this, even before we saw the note, and now our belief will be fully confirmed as soon as we learn what slowness is.

A COOL young gentleman, all of the modern days, entered a manufactory with a cigar in his mouth, when the proprietor politely requested the visitor not to touch the other manufactory's habits. The young man proved himself equal to the occasion, by producing his cigar case and saying, "Try one."

ROUND THE WORLD.

Mr. It damage to shipping and other property has been occasioned by gales in the West Indies.

New York city is in imminent danger of a water famine, and more reservoirs are early to be built.

During the armistice the opposing Turkish and Serbian armies will retain the positions they now hold.

The Esquimaux of Greenland have increased fifty per cent. during the last half century. One quality fact is that the sale of spirits is absolutely forbidden by the Danish Government.

A conference of the Powers will be held almost immediately to consider the reforms necessary in the Turkish provinces, and for the settlement of all questions regarding peace on a permanent basis.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. W. S., Windsor Street, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 92, received.

J. B. Montreal.—In Problem No. 92 the key move is not Q to K R 3, for Black can then advance P to K 4, and if White's second move is Q to K R 4, Black takes P with R, and White cannot mate next move.

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—The Dials you point out in Problem No. 92 are only in the third move, and do not detract much, if any, from the merit of the position.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 92 received. Shall be glad to get the problem you speak of, when it is ready.

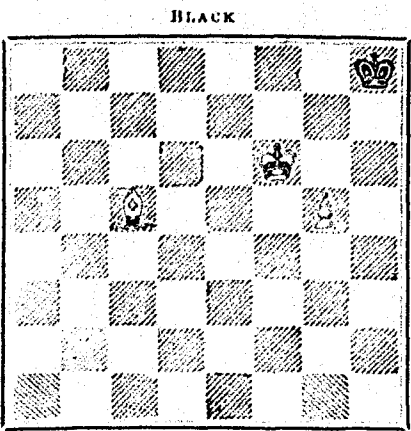
The increase of interest in Chess is shown very plainly by the large number of public journals, which devote a portion of their space to matters relating to the fascinating game.

In England this is strikingly manifested. Not to speak of the *Westminster Papers* which every month contain enough Chess intelligence to satisfy the most exacting, besides a large number of the best of problems and games, the *Huddersfield College Magazine* is noticeable for the valuable information it presents monthly in its "Chess Jottings," and also for a like collection of games and problems of a carefully selected nature.

Land and Water every week contains a well filled column of the same material, and appears especially well posted in all games connected with the great metropolitan players.

Mr. Blackburne has been lately exhibiting his wonderful power in Chess at Burton-on-Trent, in England, by playing simultaneously thirty five games with as many different players, and winning the whole, except one, in about five hours. The following day, he played eight blindfold games simultaneously against the same number of selected antagonists, and defeated seven out of the number.

PROBLEM No. 95. By SAHHATT.



WHITE to play and mate with the pawn in four moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND. GAME 139TH.

Played recently in a match by Correspondence between the Chess Clubs of Nottingham and Ipswich. Two games in all were played, each side winning one.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.]

- WHITE.—(Ipswich.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to KB3. 3. P to Q 4. 4. Q takes P. 5. B to K 3. 6. Kt to Q B 3. 7. Q to Q 5. 8. P to K R 3. 9. P to K Kt 4. 10. Kt takes Kt. 11. B to Q 3. 12. Kt to K 2. 13. Kt to KR 3. 14. Q to Q R 3. 15. B to Q R 5. 16. Q takes B. 17. P to K Kt 5. 18. Q to K 3. 19. K to B 4. 20. Q to Q B 4. 21. P to Q R 3. 22. P takes Q. 23. R takes Kt. 24. Kt to K 2. 25. P to K B 3. 26. Kt to K 4. 27. K takes B. 28. R to Q Kt 4. 29. K to K 3. 30. R to K R 2. 31. P to K R 4. 32. R takes R. 33. R to K 2. 34. P to K R 4. 35. P takes P. 36. P to Q B 3. 37. K to B 4. 38. P to K R 2. 39. R to K 6. 40. K to K 5. 41. R to K B sq. And Black wins.

GAME 137TH.

In the following off hand skirmish, Dr. Zukertort gives the odds of Queen's Knight for Pawn and move to a London amateur.

- WHITE.—(Dr. Zukertort.) 1. P to K 4. 2. P to Q 4. 3. P takes P. 4. B to Q 2. 5. Kt to B 3. 6. B to Q 3. 7. Castles. 8. B to B 3. 9. Q to Q 2. 10. Q R to K sq. 11. P to K 5. 12. Kt takes P. 13. B takes Kt. 14. Q to Kt 5. 15. Q to K 6. 16. Q to Kt 2. 17. K R to K sq. 18. Q takes P (ch). 19. R to Kt 5 (double ch). 20. R to Kt 7 (mate).

NOTE.

(a) A mistake, which allows White to finish the game in brilliant style.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 93.

- WHITE. 1. Q to B 2. 2. K to K 5 (dis ch. and mate). BLACK. 1. K to B 6 (a).

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 91.

- WHITE. 1. B to K B sq. 2. Kt takes P. 3. Kt to Q 4 (ch). BLACK. 1. P moves. 2. K to Q Kt 5th. And mates next move.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 92.

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.

- WHITE. 1. K to Q Kt 2. 2. Q to K 2. 3. R to Q B 2. 4. B to Q Kt sq. 5. Kt to K B 7. 6. Pawn to K B 2. BLACK. 1. K to K Kt 3. 2. Q to K B 3. 3. B to Q Kt 4. 4. Kt to Q 5. 5. Pawns to K 6, K Kt 2, K Kt 4 and K R 2. White to play and mate in three moves.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF SEVEN PER CENT.

upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this City, on and after

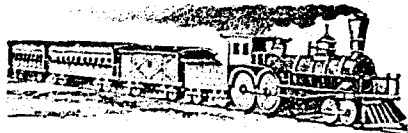
FRIDAY, the FIRST DAY of DECEMBER NEXT.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 10th to the 30th November next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

R. B. ANGES, General Manager. Montreal, 12th October, 1876.

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Advertisement for Dominion Plate Glass Insurance Office. ALEXANDER RAMSAY, 37, 39 and 41 RUELLE STREET, MONTREAL. Reference: Citizens' Insurance Co. 13-1-47 \$55 to \$77 a Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. DR. BULLER, M. R. C. S., ENGLAND, (Late of Berlin, Prussia, and London, Eng.) Oculist and Aurist. To the MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL. Office, Corner Craig St. and Place d'Armes Hill. Hours, 1 to 5 P.M., except by special appointment. 13-9-52-90

Advertisement for \$77 A WEEK to Agents, Old and Young Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. Address: I. V. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 13-1-45

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE UNDERSIGNED, WILLIAM TAYLOR, of the City of Montreal, Gentleman, will apply the next session of Parliament for the Province of Quebec, for permission to change his name to WILLIAM TAYLOR LINDSAY. WILLIAM TAYLOR. Montreal, 7th October, 1876. 14-14-52-163

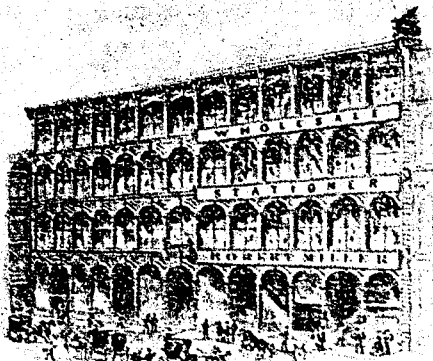
Advertisement for Children's Carmine Cordial. FOR CHILDREN CUTTING TEETH. LOSS OF SLEEP, DYSENTERY, RESTLESSNESS, CONVULSIONS, COLIC & C. CHILDREN'S CARMINE CORDIAL. POUR LA DENTITION DES ENFANTS, DYSENTERIE, CONVULSIONS, COLIQUE, PERTE DE SOMMEIL. For sale by all Druggists and Grocers. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal.

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Paid-up Capital, £700,000 Stg.
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CAMOMILE PILLS. 14-6-26-2w.

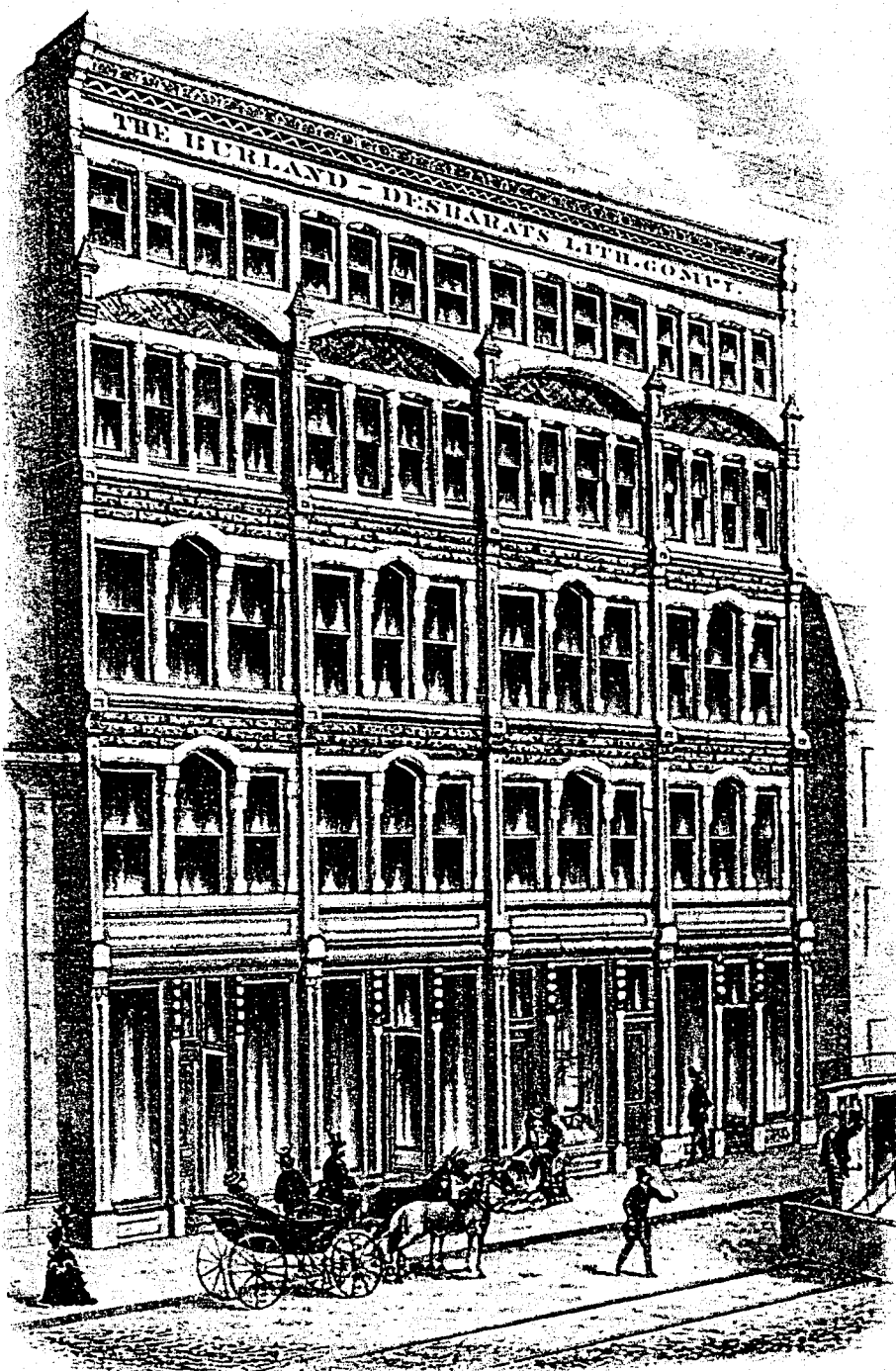
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