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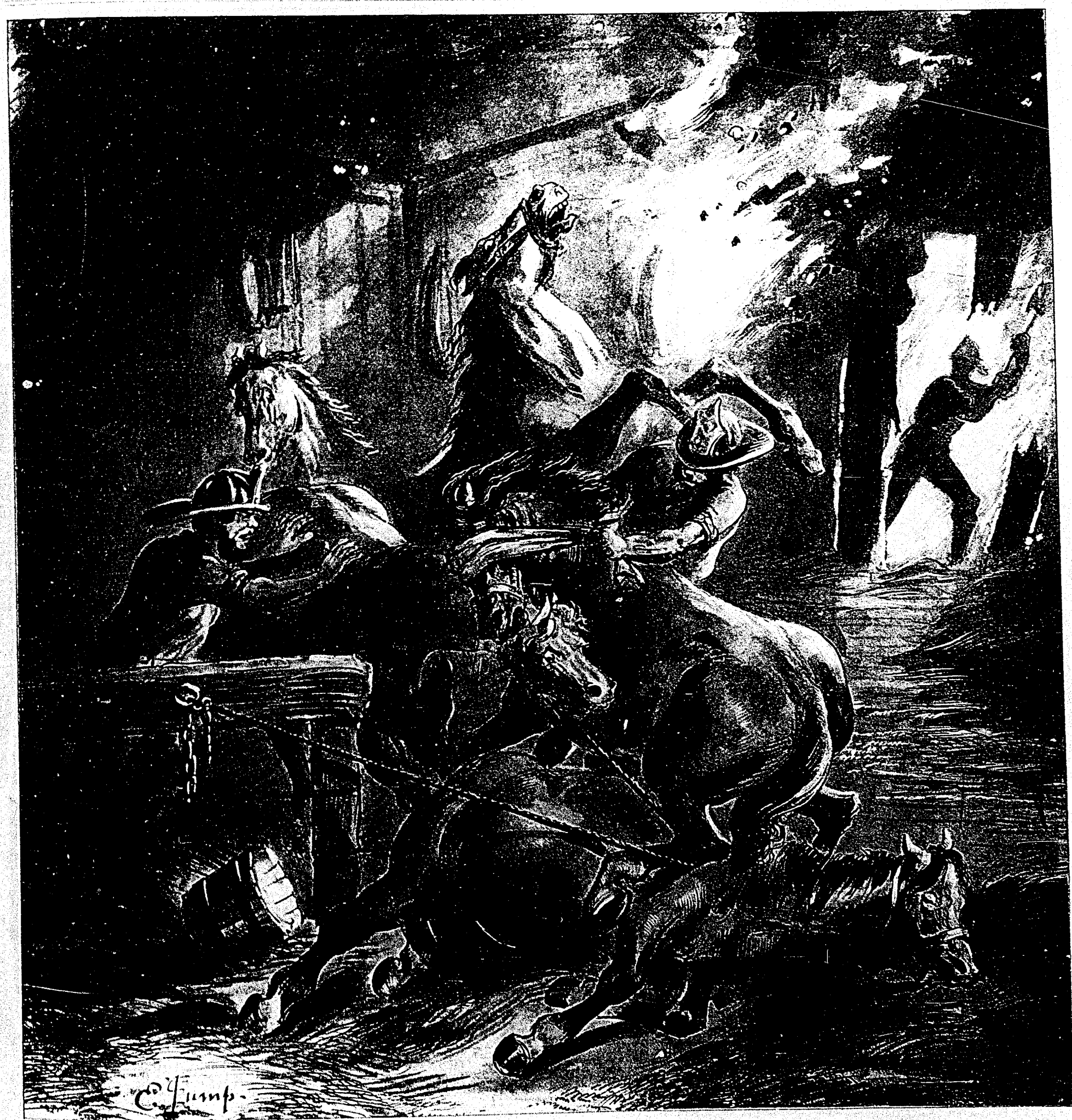
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C. J. Lamp.

MONTREAL.—THE FIRE AT BANCROFT'S LIVERY STABLES.

THE INFANCY OF PRINTING.

In the year 1420 Conrad III., the newly-elected Prince Archbishop of Mainz, made, in company with the Emperor Ruprecht III., his entry into his archi-episcopal city and see. At that time the bitter feeling which for years had existed between the feudal nobility and the burgesses of Mainz had reached its culminating point. The latter party had just achieved a great triumph and succeeded in inflicting a bitter mortification on their proud opponents, by forcing them to share with themselves the government of the city. Of the two burgomasters, or chief magistrates, one was to be chosen from the ranks of the nobility, and the other from the burgesses, and each party would furthermore be represented in the Council. The nobles, smarting under their defeat, were eager for an opportunity of ahoving their contempt for their adversaries and proclaiming their superiority and their rights over the townsmen. The entry of Ruprecht into their city gave them the opportunity they desired. In the Council the question arose: which of the two burgomasters should have the honour of receiving the emperor. Each side advanced the claims of its representative, but after much wrangling, when the day of the entry arrived, the question remained as undecided as ever. But the nobles, at the eleventh hour, solved the difficulty by riding out, fully armed and accoutred, to meet the emperor, whom they escorted into the city, after having presented their address by the hands of their representative burgomaster. Their action fearfully incensed the citizens who, immediately after Ruprecht's departure, made an open attack upon the nobles, stormed their houses, and finally imposed upon them such humiliating terms of peace, that the majority of them preferred exile to the shame of such a defeat, and left Mainz to seek a refuge, some on their country estates, and others at Frankfort and Oppenheim.

Among the noble families who thus submitted to voluntary exile was that of the Gensfleisch, also known by their territorial title of Gutenberg. Frielo Gensfleisch was one of the wealthiest nobles of Mainz, and owned large properties in and around the city, as well as at Eltville, on the Cassel side of the Rhine. At the time of his departure from Mainz Frielo had two sons, Frielo and Johann. The latter, it would appear, was born about 1397,* and would therefore have been at this time a mere youth. Both the boys had been brought up in a manner befitting their station, but the younger had always evinced a decided preference for study to the knightly exercises and amusements in which his brother took pleasure.

After leaving Mainz the two brothers settled on the family property at Eltville; but Johann, finding in a small village but small scope for the play of his ambition, left Eltville in 1434 and settled in Strasburg. Here he industriously applied himself to mathematical studies and to the practice of what were known as the secret arts, of which certain adepts had an entire monopoly. While carrying on his studies, for he was almost penniless when he arrived in Strasburg, he supported himself by giving instruction in the various branches of his art, and especially in the polishing of jewels, mirror making, and the art of printing by means of wooden blocks.

The latter process was a rough and unsatisfactory one, and was of little use for any other purpose than printing playing cards and coarse devotional pictures. At first the pictures were drawn and coloured by hand. Then a step was made forward. Someone discovered the art of producing impressions from wooden blocks. The outline of the picture desired was first cut in the block, a mixture of soot and water applied, a sheet of paper laid on, and an impression produced by giving a smart blow on the back of the paper with an elastic leathern ball. But this process had its drawbacks. A drop of water falling on the printed outline was sufficient to wash it away; the sharp edge of the wood often cut the paper, and invariably left the outline of the picture in bold relief on the reverse side of the sheet. It was, therefore, impossible to print on both sides of a sheet, and to remedy this defect the printer had recourse to the clumsy expedient of printing two sheets and gumming the reverse sides together. Sometimes a lettered description (in script) accompanied these illustrations—indeed some few works are known to have consisted of letterpress alone—but work of this kind was extremely slow and difficult, and proportionately unremunerative.

Such was the condition of the printer's art as practised by Gutenberg in Strasburg, though it appears that during his stay in the city he made two great improvements in the process. By the addition of grease to his colouring he made the impression more stable and proof against the action of water. But his great improvement was the substitution of the hand-press for the clumsy contrivance hitherto in use. Of these presses he had two kinds. The "form" was made up of four wooden blocks, locked in a frame, or "chase," by means of wedges like our modern "quoins." When ready it was put into the press and the impression taken either by direct pressure on a flat surface, (as seen in the Washington press of the present day), or by passing a heavy roller over the form. Printing this certainly was, but merely printing by means of wooden blocks. Still it was an improvement on the old method. But one thing was wanting to enable Gutenberg to carry out his improvements. Lacking means he was compelled to re-

main idle, until he fortunately fell in with a rich burger of Strasburg, one Andreas Dritzehn, with whom he formed a partnership. It was agreed that the latter should provide the means for carrying on the business, and the profits should be divided between the partners. In 1438 two more partners were admitted, Hans Riffe von Lichtenau and Andreas Heilmann. The business, which appears hitherto to have been confined to jewel-polishing and mirror-making, was extended, and on the instances of the partners, was made to include printing. Each of the three paid the inventor a bonus for the privilege of initiation in the art—for art it was then—and it was further agreed that the profits should be divided as follows, viz. one-half to Gutenberg, a quarter to Riffe, and an eighth part to each of the other two. The arrangement had, however, hardly been made when an event occurred which seriously threatened to overturn all their plans. Dritzehn died, leaving two brothers as his heirs, who immediately demanded that Gutenberg should refund all moneys advanced to him by Dritzehn, or that, as compensation for such a loss, they should be admitted to the partnership on the same terms as their brother. The first Gutenberg flatly refused, and hesitated so long about ceding to the alternative that the case was carried before the courts. Fortunately for the poor printer a verdict was returned in his favour. But naturally the business suffered during the negotiations and we have reason to believe the partnership was dissolved, and Gutenberg found himself once more dependent on his own wits.

Notwithstanding this piece of ill-luck, Fortune was not yet weary of persecuting him. He had hardly got out of one legal scrape than he fell into another. He was once more summoned before the courts, this time to answer a charge brought by a lady of rank, one Ennel zur Eisernen Thur, of having refused to fulfil a contract of marriage that had been drawn up between them. This time the verdict was adverse, and poor Gutenberg was compelled to marry his unloved betrothed. That his married life was not a happy one may be inferred from the fact that he soon after left Strasburg and turned his steps towards his native city.

On his arrival in Mainz he took up his quarters in his uncle's house, where, undeterred by his previous misfortunes, he commenced anew. A press was erected, on which several small books were printed, by the sale of which the enterprising inventor was enabled to support himself for a while. But his ready money soon ran out, and he was compelled to borrow large sums, for the repayment of which his relations gave their security. Besides, the remuneration he received was utterly disproportionate to the outlay necessary to supply the requisite material. Notwithstanding his improvements in the art, he felt that the process in use was not such as would enable a man—especially a poor man like himself—to earn a living by printing. Some easier and cheaper method must be devised. And then, his imagination sharpened by adversity, his inventive genius quickened by the difficulties which surrounded him, he began to plan, and scheme, and devise, until he lit upon the very thing he wanted—the great invention that was to hand his name down to all posterity as the father of the art preservative of all arts. How he came to light upon his invention, the manner in which the idea of moveable types, that might be set and reset, and used time after time again, is not exactly known. We like to picture to ourselves—and there is some reason to support the theory—the man, weary and heartsick after weeks of unsuccessful toil, sitting down in his workshop and listlessly toying with an old, used up wooden block. His engraving tools lie scattered around him. Mechanically he takes one up and begins to scratch figures upon the lettered block. Then, still hardly aware of what he is doing, he separates letter from letter, dividing the surface of the block into rectangular parallelograms. As he gazes at his aimless work a thought flashes across his mind. *Eureka!* he had discovered the secret after which he had been vainly toiling for so many weary days. The dream of his life was accomplished.

Gutenberg did not wait long to turn his invention to profit. Having supplied himself with a sufficient set of letters—in all probability cut with a fine saw from old blocks—he set to work. Each letter was by means of a hole pierced through the shaft, strung, as required, upon wire. When a sufficient number of lines had been set the wires were drawn tight and fastened, the chase put on, and the primitive form was ready to go to press. So far the invention was decidedly a success, but when the inventor stood on the high-road to fortune and fame he found himself—like so many inventors since his day—without the means to prosecute his journey. At this time he appears to have had some connection with a Jacob Fust, a goldsmith and worker in metal—from whom, in all likelihood, he was in the habit of procuring the fine saws and more delicate tools required in the manipulation of his art. Fust seems to have got some inkling of his customer's invention, and being a hard-headed, keen-sighted man, alive to every chance, he lost no time in introducing Gutenberg to his brother, Johann Fust, a wealthy, enterprising man. Like his brother, Johann Fust was not a man to hesitate long on the brink of an enterprise if he saw an advantage to be reaped. He and Gutenberg soon entered into a partnership on the usual terms—Fust to supply the money, Gutenberg the brains; the profits of the combined capital to be divided. Work was commenced, and before long a series of books were printed from wooden type and published under the style and title of Gutenberg and Fust.

But the battle was not yet won. The new work could not be called a success. The letterpress was anything but straight, the impression neither clear nor clean, and above all the cost was too great to allow of anything like a suitable return. Any ordinary man would have been discouraged and drawn back in dismay—as did Lawrence Kloster of Harlem, who a few years before had made similar experiments to those of our inventor, but had been deterred from prosecuting them by the enormous outlay attendant thereon. Not so Gutenberg. Each

defeat served but to brace him for another struggle. Still unwearied he set to work to remove the difficulty, and success soon crowned his efforts. It is said that as he was making an impression on wax with a seal-ring the idea occurred to him of casting his characters in metal, instead of carving them in wood. After revolving the matter in his mind he saw that several methods were open to him; matrices might be made in molten zinc or lead by dipping his wooden type into the metal as it cooled; or in clay by taking the impress of the type. It is not known which method the inventor adopted, but be that as it may, it was not very long before the invention was tested, and that on no small scale. Work was immediately commenced on a Bible, since known as the Forty-two Lined Bible, every page of which was set up with the cast type.

About this time a young man named Peter Schoeffer, a relation of Fust's, was taken into the printing office. His business was to correct the proofs and to illuminate the blank spaces left at the beginning of each chapter for the initial letter. Schoeffer was of an ambitious and aspiring nature, and no sooner was he acquainted with the secrets of the printing house than he set to work attempting further improvements. In this he was perfectly successful. He invented the steel matrix, in which a hard, durable type could be cast; and a type composition similar, in some respects, to the metal now in use. He also introduced some improvements in the composition and manufacture of printing ink. But he steadfastly refused to impart the secrets of his invention to his employers, demanding, as the price, a partnership in the firm and the hand of Fust's daughter in marriage. The conditions were, after some demur, agreed to, and the trio of printers set to work on their *Opus Magnum*, the 42 lined Bible.

The work went on rapidly, for all three had their hearts in their occupation. When the first page was set (can we fancy how slowly and laboriously these "new hands" picked up one clumsy letter after another!) the form was locked, placed under the little hand press, the working of which probably fell to Schoeffer's share, and the First Proof was "pulled." How the men must have clustered round that figured sheet of paper, no doubt full of blurs and errors—the work of unaccustomed hands. And how Gutenberg's heart must have throbbed with joy and pride and hope at the successful result of his years of toil, while his co-labourers looked in astonishment at the first fruits of this grand invention.

But alas for human triumphs. Gutenberg's soon passed away, and he again found himself penniless and dependent. Fust was a covetous, avaricious man. He saw immediately the immense wealth that might be acquired by the new invention, and determined to reserve all the profit for himself. It was easily done. He announced his intention of supplying no more money for the defrayal of expenses, and, further, brought an action against Gutenberg for the recovery of moneys already advanced. A verdict was given in his favour, the whole of the printing material was seized, and Gutenberg wandered forth, broken-hearted by this last cruel blow, to die untended and uncared for, after a weary life of suffering, toil, and shattered hope.

Fust and Schoeffer tried hard to keep their ill-gotten secret. A printing-house was started in Mainz in which workmen sworn to secrecy were employed. But all their precautions were in vain. The secret spread with incredible rapidity, and before the end of the century over a thousand printing-houses in Germany alone testified to the genius and energy of Johann zum Gutenberg.

THE DINNER TO LORD LISGAR.

Before the departure of His Excellency Lord Lisgar, our late Governor-General, the citizens of Montreal very appropriately invited him to a grand banquet in his honour. His Excellency promptly accepted the invitation, and the event came off on the evening of Thursday, the 20th of June, in the fine dining room of the St. Lawrence Hall, which was specially decorated for the occasion. The banquet itself was one of the finest ever given in the city, the arrangements having all been conducted under Mr. Hogan's own personal supervision.

His Excellency and suite drove up to the St. Lawrence Hall a little after eight o'clock, where he was received by a guard of honour from the Grand Trunk Artillery, accompanied by their band. Arrangements for the dinner being soon afterwards completed the company entered the room with their distinguished guest. In the absence of His Worship Mayor Coursol, who was then confined to his room by illness, the chair was occupied by Sir Hugh Allan; on his right were Lord Lisgar, Governor-General of the Dominion; Sir George E. Cartier, Sir Francis Hincks, Hon. P. Mitchell, Hon. S. L. Tilley, Hon. Dr. Tupper and Hon. L. H. Holton; on his left were Sir Hastings Doyle, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia; Hon. A. Wilmot, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick; Hon. Mr. Dart, Consul-General of the United States; Hon. A. Campbell, Hon. J. H. Pope, Mr. Herbert, M. P., from England; Mr. Dorion, &c. The vice-chairs were occupied by Mr. Thos. Workman, M. P., Hon. Henry Starnes, and Mr. M. P. Ryan, M. P.

Among the gentlemen present were:—Hon. John Young, Sir A. T. Galt, Hon. John Hamilton, Messrs. Donald A. Smith, M. P., Manitoba; Mr. Nathan, M. P., from B. C.; Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Hon. A. B. Foster, Mr. C. J. Brydges, Mr. F. Cassidy, M. P. P., Mr. A. A. Stevenson, Mr. A. W. Ogilvy, Hon. Thos. Ryan, Mr. E. H. King, President of the Bank of Montreal; A. Allan, Ald. Bernard, J. B. Beaudry, L. Betournay, L. Beaubien, J. L. Beaudry, S. Bethune, Q. C., L. A. Boyer, J. F. D. Black, T. Cramp, Dr. G. W. Campbell, M. Cuvillier, H. Cotte, C. A. Chapleau, M. P. P., M. H. Cochrane, J. J. Daley, James Dakers, B. Devlin, G. A. Drummond, G. E. Desbarats, E. L. De Bellefeuille, C. Desnoyers, C. P. Davidson, E. S. Freer, A. B. Foster, Ald. David, J. G. Falkner, C. E. Glackmeyer, J. P. Sexton, F. W. Penton, F. B. Mathews, Chas. Garth, Daniel Munro, W. P. Bartley, H. C. Mullarkey, Colonel Harwood, A. Boyer, R. Mason, Henry Bulmer, Col. F. Bond, J. Crathern, McMaster, Shepherd, Carson, G. H. Dumesnil, R. Bellemare, R. Hubert, Lt.-Col. D'Oder D'Orsonens, P. A. Dorion, Hon. Mr. Girard, G. A. Drolet, R. Masson, M. P., J. Hedley, J. Hodgson, J. Hickson, J. Hurteau, J. M. Hatchets, E. Hudon, W. J. M. Jones, W. Kinloch, W. F. Kay, E. H. King, R. Kane, C. H. Leblanc, Q. C., Charles Lee, M. Laurent, John Mo son, G. M. Moss, G. A. Moreau, A. McGibbon, James McShane, W. Mitchell, L. Moore, A. W. Ogilvie, the Hon. G. Ouimet, E. G. Penny, T. P. Pominville, Sheriff Quesnel, Jackson Rae, R. J. Reekie, James Ross, T. W. Ritchie, Q. C., Donald Ross, Frank

* Some authorities make the date 1400.

Redpath, Thomas Simpson, James Stewart, John Shedden, G. Stephen, G. Scott, H. Shackell, T. J. Semple, James Scratcherd, F. X. Sincennes, John Taylor, Ald. Simard, W. Workman, S. Waddell, G. S. Watson, T. White, jr., R. White, W. Weir, the Hon. John Young, E. G. Goff, T. E. Forster.

The banquet having received substantial justice, letters of apology were read from the Lieut.-Governors of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec; also from Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Hon. Joseph Cauchon, Hon. James Cockburn, and from the Hon. Messrs. Howe, Langevin, Aikens, Morris, Chapais, Blake and others.

In Sir John A. Macdonald's letter of apology he says: "In paying His Excellency this compliment the citizens of Montreal have done honour to themselves, for, in my opinion, no better man or more constitutional Governor has ever left the shores of Canada than Lord Lisgar." The other letters were also couched in terms to show the high esteem in which the impartial, non-partisan and constitutional administration of His Lordship was held. The chairman on rising read the following letter.

"MY DEAR MR. STARNES:—

"You can imagine how very much disappointed I am that sudden, but I trust temporary, illness prevents my leaving my room. I had hoped to have had the honour of presiding at the parting compliment to be paid to His Excellency Lord Lisgar—the disappointment, however, is, Hon. Mr. Starnes, somewhat alleviated by the knowledge that the post I had hoped to occupy will be better filled; and that the estimation in which his lordship is held by the people of the Dominion, over whose destiny he has presided for three and a half years with such statesman-like ability, at a time the most important in the history of British America, will be expressed in more fitting language than that which I could have hoped to employ.

"My dear Mr. Starnes,

"Yours very truly,

"CHAS. J. COURSOUL.

"SOUVENIR, 29th June, 1872."

After the usual toasts of the Queen and other members of the Royal family had been given and right loyally responded to, the chairman in an admirable speech proposed the health of the President of the United States which has honoured with hearty cheers.

Mr. Consul-General Dart made a long and able reply from which we extract the following:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen.—I thank you for remembering the President of the United States upon this occasion— festive in part, in part otherwise. It is the farewell dinner given by the citizens of Montreal to their honoured and respected Governor-General, Lord Lisgar. He has for a long period of years served the Crown with distinguished ability under the sun of India and in the cold breezes of Canada. By his urbanity and gentlemanly qualities he has won the esteem and regard, not only of the citizens of Canada, but of those of the United States. (Applause.) Now in the afternoon of life he is going home to receive the gratified acknowledgment of his Sovereign for his faithful services on her behalf; to enjoy that repose to which a long life devoted to the public service entitles him—or else to be assigned to a more extended field of public usefulness. In this case there is a peculiar suggestiveness in the quite common expression,—"going home," yes, going home. He goes justly and truthfully to tell his father, mother, brothers and sisters, that he has returned from presiding over the destinies of a large and distant colony, inhabited by four millions of intelligent people, that a prayer has followed him from each hearthstone for his future welfare and happiness—and to receive the plaudits. "Well done, good and faithful servant." [Hear hear.] True he may find them out on his arrival, but he has only to rest from the fatigues of his journey, to meet them in a new home acquired in his absence. Owing another allegiance, it is a mistake to suppose that I have no interest in Canada. Her youth and advancement in population, in wealth, in the arts and sciences, and in moral and political standing, is in part the property of this North-American Continent yet in its infancy, settled at first by the educated and enterprising people of the old world, she has shot up like a meteor, attracting the wonder and admiration of all other nations, all of whom had their origin in barbarous or semi-barbarous tribes, and their present civilization and power have been attained by the slow and almost imperceptible powers of educating our barbarous rites, errors and superstitions. Each step in her onward progress required a generation to achieve. We can say of this North American Continent, in a comparative sense, what Montgometry said of Adam.

"Not out of weakness grew his gradual frame,
Forced from his Creator's hand he came."

I trust I may, therefore, claim, although the country I have the honour to represent may have no voice, authoritative or suggestive, in the affairs of this great Dominion, the right, without the possibility of let or hindrance, to point, with appreciation and pride, to your rapid and onward progress as a part of our common achievement. (Cheers.)

Ex-Governor W. B. Lawrence, of Newport, U. S., also responded in a happy vein.

The next toast was "the Army, Navy and Volunteers" to which General Sir Hastings Doyle replied. After speaking in high terms of the discipline and efficiency of the British army, and expressing a hearty desire for the maintenance of eternal friendship between Great Britain and the United States, he defended the action of the Imperial Government in withdrawing the troops from Canada. He then said:—"I have been often told, so lately indeed as just before I left my command, that even Halifax will be deprived of every soldier. I am prepared to give the most emphatic denial. (Cheers.) I have it on the highest authority that Halifax is always to be considered an Imperial garrison, and as long as it is so considered so long will Great Britain be able to feed this country with as many troops as may be required. (Cheers.) It was my duty in 1861 to transport 13,900 here and I am happy to say, without a single accident occurring, and I am prepared to send over ten times that number with the same arrangements I made then. Therefore depend upon it there is no fear of the future. (Enthusiastic cheers.) We have it from two of the highest statesmen of Great Britain, opposed in politics, that it was the determination of Great Britain to stand by this country to the last whenever the occasion required it. (Renewed cheers.) Having told you this much I hope I shall strike confidence

into the hearts of the dear old women who are afraid of the future which may come to you. (Laughter.) Tell them when you go home to put on their night caps and go to sleep, for we are in perfect safety. (Loud cheers and laughter.)

Mr. Herbert, M.P., in response to a call by the Chairman, spoke briefly in response for the Navy.

The Chairman then in an able address, during which he was frequently interrupted with loud and prolonged cheering, proposed the toast of the evening, the health of His Excellency the Governor General of Canada.

The toast was enthusiastically drunk, and was followed by rounds of cheers, and music by the band.

Lord Lisgar, who was received with enthusiastic cheers, said:—"Gentlemen,—I am sensible of the honour conveyed by your applause, and I offer you my thanks warmly and earnestly for all your kindness. I was much gratified at receiving the invitation to this banquet, which indeed I did not expect to find so numerously attended and so marked in all respects. I feel the compliment all the more, inasmuch as it is the repetition after something of trial and acquaintance of a similar compliment paid to me on my first arrival. I retain in distinct recollection the prompt hospitality and the lavish attentions which were paid to me by the Mayor and Citizens of Montreal more than three years ago. Such demonstrations I am aware are made not to the individual but to the official, not to the person but to the choice of the British Government, and the representative of England in this great and noble dependency. And it is only right that they should be so directed, seeing as we see by the latest instance, the pains and care the British Government bestow on the selection of a person to represent the Sovereign in Her British North American possessions. They have selected the Earl of Dufferin, a nobleman of high rank, favourably known in literary circles and conversant with all the accomplishments and intricacies of social and political life. When I had the honour of addressing a large and intelligent audience in this place three years ago, I was just entering upon the duties which had been assigned to me by the choice and good opinion of the Duke of Buckingham, acting on behalf of the then Government of England. I was, as it were, buckling on my armour. Now I am laying it off. There is a proverbial warning against boasting on the former occasion, which I cannot consider inapplicable to the latter also, and I do not mean, and I hope I shall not, lay myself open in any degree to the imputation of neglecting it at the close of my official life—for I consider this my best public appearance—the close of an official career, which, whatever its general short-comings, has certainly been passed in employments of high responsibility, and sometimes thrown upon circumstances of great difficulty. (Cheers.)

After a long and eloquent review of the progress of the country during the three years of his administration, Lord Lisgar said:

"I will not further trespass on your indulgence than to reiterate my thanks and say that in leaving Canada I leave no serious difficulties for my successor; there are no clouds in the Canadian political sky, no harassing questions to engross his attention on his arrival. Should any arise hereafter he can rely, as I have relied, with confidence, on experienced responsible Ministers, and recur, if need be, to the assistance of a loyal and well-instructed Parliament. (Cheers.) I am happy to be able to say so much and to think that my humble name has been honourably associated with the youthful energies and the rising fortunes of the Dominion. I say rising fortunes, for many are the signs and assurances that its fortunes are rising, and they are legibly written. In evidence—the judgment and foresight displayed in reconciling the conflicting claims of the different Provinces, and cementing them into one powerful and harmonious union, argue statesmanship of no mean order. (Cheers.) The entertainment of such vast projects as the Pacific Railway and the improvements on the canals show how large and comprehensive a view Parliament can take of what is needed to advance the general interests. In the last session a question arose on the noted point of religious education, and touching the respective rights and power of the Dominion and the Provincial Legislatures. (Cheers.) At first it wore a threatening aspect, but it was set at rest by the united action of parties usually opposed to each other—much to their credit—while the settlement proved that the wisdom and moderation of Parliament are equal to dealing with the most thorny and perplexed matters. Lastly, the adoption of the articles of the Treaty of Washington under the doubtful circumstances of the time, and when every day brought a different surmise as to the chances or fate of the treaty, savoured of that magnanimity which Edmund Burke said "was not seldom the truest policy of great States." These vast projects, these wise and happy arrangements shew that the day of little things and little minds is past in Canada. (Loud cheers.) The Parliament and the people are conscious of their position and zealous to act up to it valiantly and becomingly. With the Divine blessing they will take for their motto the old watchword of the Church, "sursum corda"—brace up their energies and raise their hearts to the great responsibilities and the lofty destiny to which, in the order of Providence, they are called, and proceed, as I most fervently wish they will, from strength to strength rejoicing. In conclusion, His Lordship begged to propose a toast which had been committed to his care, "The prosperity of the City of Montreal," coupling with it the name of the acting Mayor, Mr. Loranger. The toast being received with loud applause, Mr. L. O. LORANGER, the acting Mayor, acknowledged it briefly in French.

The chairman then proposed the health of the Lieutenant-Governors of the different Provinces, which, being duly honoured, was responded to by General Sir Hastings Doyle, who spoke in high terms of the progress and prosperity of Nova Scotia, of the courtesy and deference with which he had been always treated by his advisers, even on matters in which they did not agree. He attributed Nova Scotia's prosperity entirely to Confederation, and believed that before a year the whole of the people will have wheeled into line in its support.

Lieut.-Governor Wilnot followed in response to the toast, and detailed his early efforts and aspirations for the Union. He expressed his confidence in the grand future before it were it only as well governed hereafter as it had been in the past.

The next toast was the Dominion Government, coupled with the name of Sir George E. Cartier. The toast being honoured, Sir George E. Cartier, on rising to respond, was welcomed with enthusiastic cheers. He said: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—I regret very much at this moment that the

leader of the Government, Sir John A. Macdonald, has been unable to be present at this festive board to do honour in person to your guest, Lord Lisgar, and I take this opportunity to apologize for his absence, he having been unavoidably detained by matters of State in Ottawa. Mr. Chairman, you have proposed the toast of the Dominion Government to this assembly, and you have proposed it in the kindest manner. I do not intend at this late hour of the evening, and even were it earlier, I would not on this occasion sing the praises of my colleagues and myself. We take this compliment, Mr. Chairman, as it ought to be taken. We know that round this festive board there are gentlemen belonging to what we call the Ministerial side, and gentlemen belonging to the Opposition side, and gentlemen who either in Parliament or out of Parliament side with neither, and consequently we are far from assuming that in proposing this toast this meeting endorses everything that we have done. (Cheers.) No, Mr. Chairman, we have not that presumption, and we could not have it. But allow me, Mr. Chairman, to make this observation. It is at all events a great subject of rejoicing, and not only of rejoicing, but of pride, that the gubernatorial career of the distinguished guest, whom it was our honourable duty to advise during the past four years, has been such that gentlemen of every side in politics, and those, perhaps, who take no side at all, are able to come together to-night to do honour to one who has been for the past four years at the head of the country, and who has done justice to all. (Long continued cheering.) Well, my lord, it has been said very properly that you have been a successful governor, and as a matter of course, in connection with your success, it cannot be ignored that this country being governed according to the great British principle of responsible government, you, as Governor, have been advised by us during the past four years. But when I say that, perhaps some gentlemen may think, what I entirely disclaim, that we arrogate to ourselves credit for the wisdom of the advice, which on grave political matters we have had to tender your Excellency. No, my lord, that is not the case. We were merely the channel by which the advice reached your Excellency. On every political question and difficult matter on which we had to advise your Excellency, had we not to take into account what would be said by Mr. Dorian, the leader of the Lower Canada opposition? (Cheers.) Had we not to see what Mr. Holton would say, Mr. Holton, the leader of what we call the British opposition in Quebec, (cheers,) and also what Mr. Blake would say? (Cheers.) We had to do this, my lord, we had to say, herein we shall be criticised by the able leaders of the Opposition, and we had to make common judges the members of both houses of parliament, and anything that may be good, correct and patriotic in the measures was submitted to the members of the house. It was our happy lot, my lord, to weigh the objections and the criticism offered, and then it was our happy lot to present you with wise advice, but we do not arrogate to ourselves that advice as our own. It was the result of the deliberation we had given to the matters and the criticism which the Government had undergone. My lord, I do not intend to proceed at any greater length this evening. I know that this assembly is very patriotic and willing and patient, and I would not like to abuse their patience, but I would make one further remark. The Governor in Council is with us a great institution. The Council will remain, and there will be another head over it. However, I must say before this assemblage, that our task of advising your Excellency was a very easy task, because we had to advise a good, wise, and enlightened Governor. (Cheers.) As a Minister of the Crown, I am gratified, my lord, at the honour done you to-night; I am gratified at the honour, but I don't like the occasion of it, because it is attended with a parting. You have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that you have done all that was possible for us, and that you have given us as good advice as we have given you (cheers); and even if that advice was not on all occasions the best, I would say that it was ever given in all honesty, sincerity and patriotism. (Loud cheers.)

Hon. Mr. Chauveau responded on behalf of the Lt. Governor of Quebec, expressing his pleasure at witnessing so magnificent an entertainment, in honour of the retiring Governor.

"The Senate and the House of Commons" being proposed, Hon. Thos. Ryan and Hon. A. A. Dorian responded in appropriate speeches for the respective branches of the Legislature to which they belong. Hon. Mr. Cameron also spoke for the Commons. Hon. Mr. Chauveau proposed the health of Lady Lisgar, to which His Lordship feelingly responded.

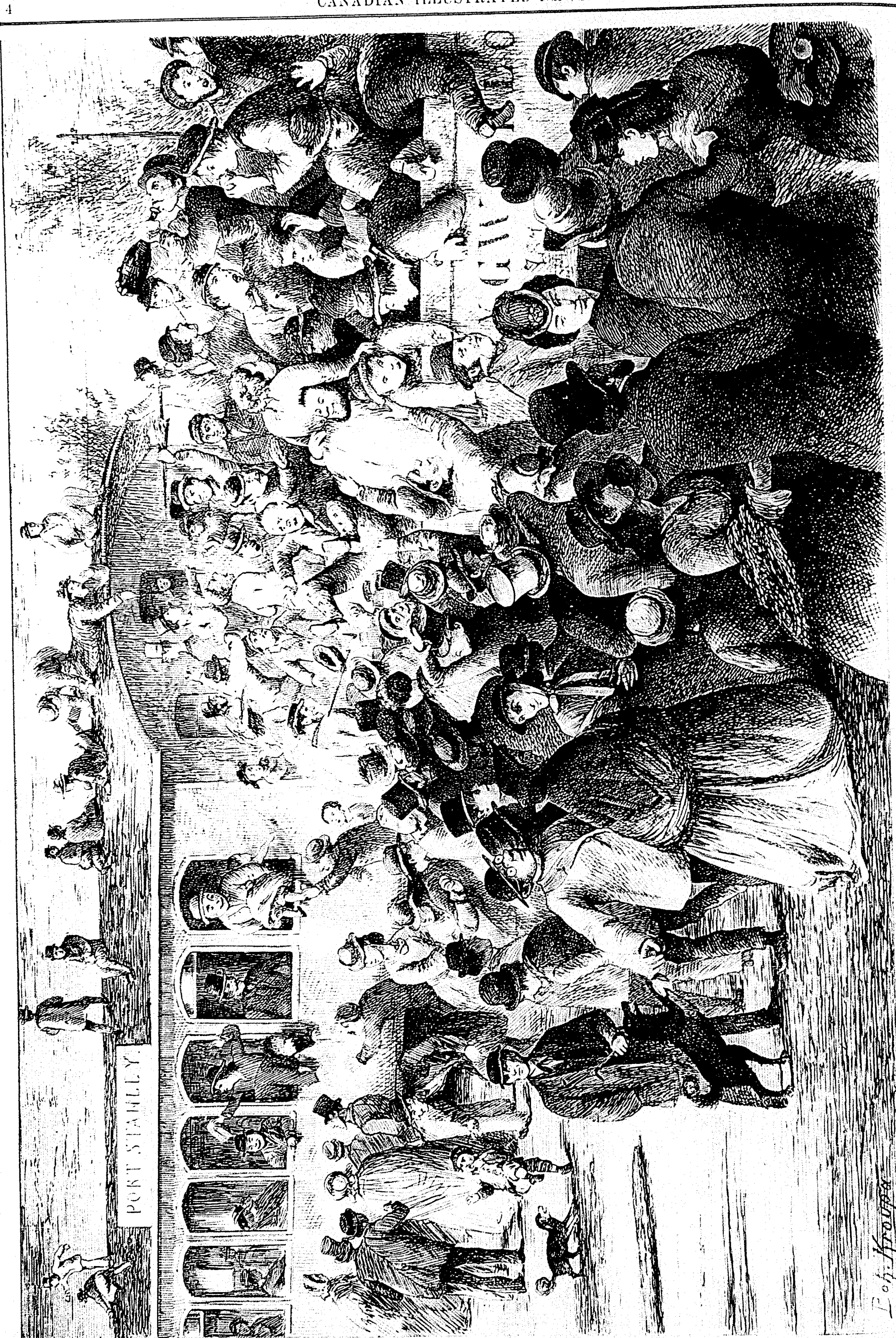
"The Press" being the next toast was responded to by Mr. Thomas White of the *Gazette*, who in the course of his remarks said that he could not but feel that there was an analogy between the position occupied by the Governor-General and the press. The Governor stood between the Sovereign and the people. In the Dominion the press ought to stand between the administration and the people.

His Excellency was sure that he only expressed the sentiments of the company, when he proposed the toast of their excellent chairman, Sir Hugh Allan. Although they must all very much regret the absence of His Worship the Mayor, still he did not think that there was a more fitting representative of the energy, property and intelligence of Montreal (Cheers.)

Sir Hugh Allan on rising was received with very loud applause, and his opening remarks were drowned in its last echoes. He thanked the company for the kind attention with which they had listened to the speeches, and expressed his very sincere gratitude for the reception of his health.

The proceedings then came to a close and the company separated highly gratified with the complete success which had attended the banquet. Our illustration shows the *last ensemble* of the Dining room, when Lord Lisgar was returning thanks for the toast of his health.

KINDNESS REWARDED.—The French Society for the Protection of Animals held its 20th annual meeting recently. Some of the rewards distributed were singularly interesting. Marie Rambau, a little shepherdess of thirteen years, received a medal for the tender care she takes of her flocks. A poor woman got a bronze medal for the keeping of twenty stray dogs during the siege of Paris, which, it is said, she refused to sell, although she was offered eight pounds sterling each! A similar reward was given to a gardener of Berey, who saved one hundred and thirty-five horses from a fire which broke out in the stables of the Lyons Company. Finally, we are told that a medal was accorded to "a carpenter's apprentice who, seeing a horse fall down from sheer starvation during the siege, gave it a portion of his breakfast!"

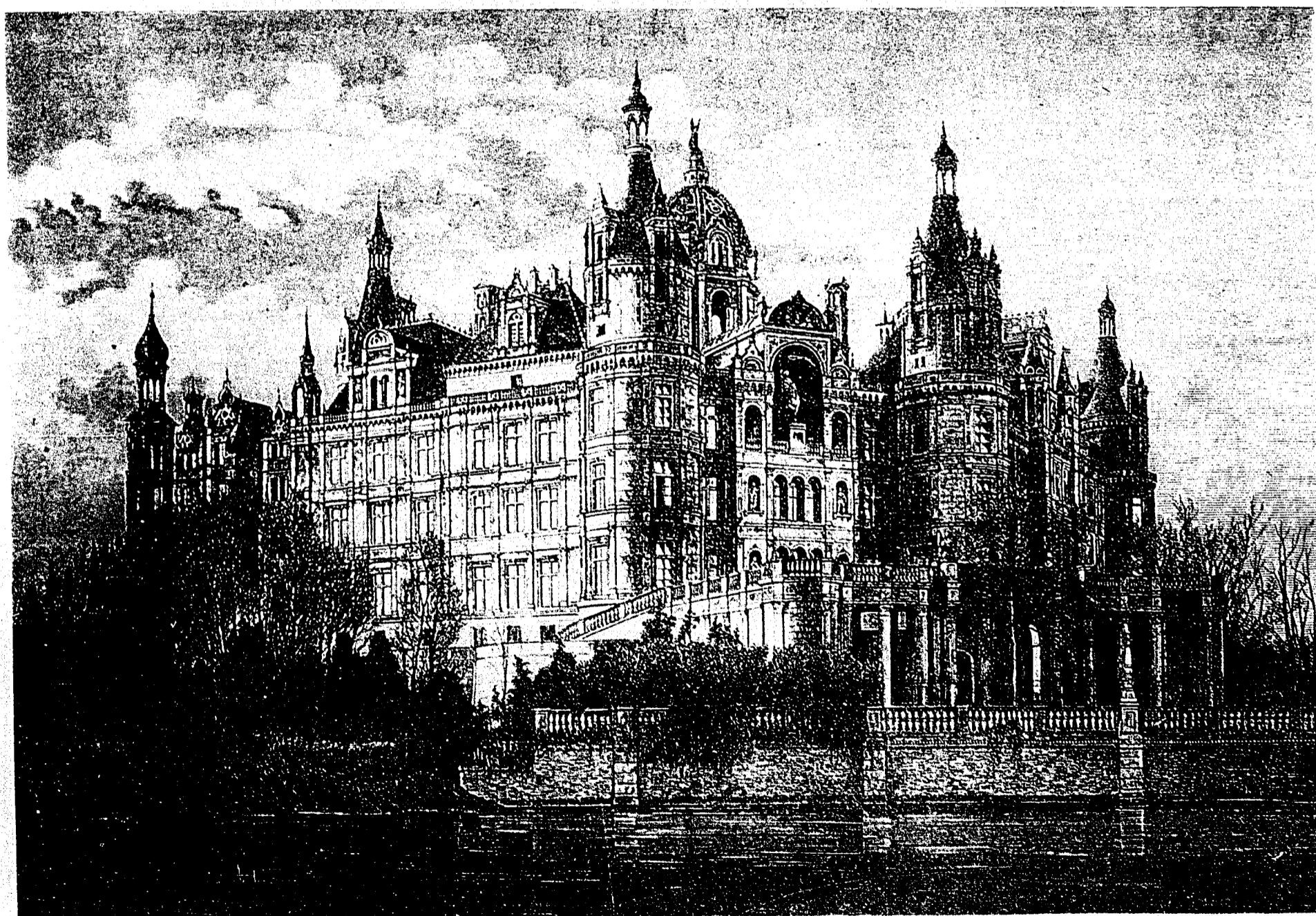


THE CHEAP EXCURSION - ONE FARE THERE AND BACK. - BY HENRIETTA KROPPA.

Henrietta Kroppa



THE FIRST PROOF



THE GRAND DUKE'S PALACE, SCHWERIN.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

Table with 2 columns: Day and Event. Includes SUNDAY (July 7), MONDAY (July 8), TUESDAY (July 9), WEDNESDAY (July 10), THURSDAY (July 11), FRIDAY (July 12), and SATURDAY (July 13) with various historical and religious events.

TEMPERATURES in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 2nd July, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 212 & 214 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 7 columns: Day, Max., Min., Mean, S.A.M., P.M., T.P.M. and 7 rows of weather data for the week ending July 2nd.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872.

The people of the Dominion appear, by all accounts which have reached us, to have joined heartily in the celebration of the fifth anniversary of the day on which Her Majesty's proclamation constituted "the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick one Dominion under the name of Canada."

The enthusiasm in the celebration of the fifth anniversary was not of course so great nor so striking as that which was witnessed on what we may term the "inaugural" day, when the unbounded jovialities and rejoicings in the West died gradually away as the celebration travelled eastward to be stopped on the shores of the Atlantic with angry cries of "To your tents, O Israel!"

That the exhibitions of enthusiasm should become less demonstrative as the novelty wears off the object which excites it, is neither a cause for wonder nor a proof of diminished attachment. Were Toronto polled to-day on the question of Confederation, we doubt not its vote would be more unanimously favourable than it would have been on the second day of July 1867.

The exception to which we have alluded as being now removed, is the early trouble in Manitoba. But that was created by the feeling that the country belonged to its inhabitants and should not have been disposed of without their consent.

in its favour that a word of deeper significance than that of enthusiasm should be given to describe it.

Does this divergence of sentiment—as to the estimation in which the value of the Union should be held—according to geographical position presage a western and eastern contest, with the Ottawa for its Potomac? Are we going, by sectional issues, to array the Eastern Provinces against the Western, and thus "repeat history" which as yet belongs to our neighbours on the other side of the lines?

These are questions which party zeal or public opinion may decide in the future. But it does seem that if in after years, when the Western Provinces are populated more densely, and when the Pacific Railway is built, a sort of "James Buchanan" Cabinet, followed by an "Abraham Lincoln" one, could get up a sectional war as readily in Canada as was done in the United States, were the contending factions in this country to be equally zealous, uncompromising and intolerant.

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

"CHEAP EXCURSIONS."

Cheap excursions are among the most pleasant as they are sometimes the most disagreeable means of giving enjoyment to the public. One fare for the round trip; and sometimes even half fare "there and back" is in a commercial view generally a paying proposal for the Railway Company or Steamboat proprietor who offers it.

It is a subject worthy of some serious consideration whether a systematic "cheap excursion" on the trains and steamboats would not be a certain source of profit to the companies as well as a moral and sanitary reforming power in the community. It is a fact too frequently demonstrated (Sund. July 1st, need not be mentioned) that these "cheap excursions" managed by the committees appointed by some national, benevolent, or religious society, are failures.

THE BANK OF TORONTO.—In noticing the business establishments in the Barron Block in connection with the illustration of that architectural adornment of St. James Street, we omitted to mention that the Montreal branch of the financial institution named has its office on the ground floor with a handsome entrance on the corner of St. James and John Streets.

Wutappesitukrussoodectukquoh is one Indian word; it signifies, "He, falling down upon his knees, made supplication to him." It occurs in Eliot's Algonquin translation of the Bible.

SALMON BREEDING.

Much attention has of late years been given by the Fisheries Department at Ottawa to the artificial propagation of fish; and most extraordinary success has attended the efforts that have been made. The most recent experiment in this direction is the attempt to restock the Salmon River, a tributary of the Ottawa which has long forfeited its name, for no salmon have been seen in it for years.

When we consider the extreme heat of the weather, the length of the journey, and the many hindrances, it certainly says much for the personal care and intelligence of Mr. Wilmet, and the perfection of the experiments conducted under him at the Government fish-breeding establishment, that several thousands of salmon fry can be thus safely conveyed, and still full of life and vigour turned loose into the rapids of a stream little short of fifty miles from the Capital.

HALIFAX VIEWS.

The last great fire that swept away the chief business portion of Halifax is considered more in the light of a blessing than a scourge. Rigorous laws were enacted against the erection of wooden buildings of every class. The consequence was splendid. Stone-fronted blocks took the place of the antiquated shanties in which merchants then did congregate.

In contrast with modern developments we present a view of

THE OLD BRECH CHURCH.

Some of the earliest settlers in Halifax were Germans. About the year 1752, when the little town founded by Cornwallis was only in its third year, several German families, numbering some two thousand souls, emigrated to the new colony and settled in the northern part of the city, which was, in consequence, known long afterwards as Dutchtown.

There being no further use for a German national church, the little building has been converted into a school-house. It is religiously kept in repair, and notwithstanding its age, presents much the same appearance as it did a century ago, when the early German settlers in Nova Scotia offered their "God's service" within its walls.

FIRE AT BANCROFT & SHARPE'S STABLES, MONTREAL.

On Wednesday evening, the 19th ult., about eleven o'clock, the stables belonging to Messrs. Bancroft & Sharpe, the well-known Montreal livery keepers, were discovered to be on fire. The stables were situated off Alexander Street, above Lagau-chetière, and at the time of the disaster were occupied by forty-one valuable horses, few of which were saved.

For an hour the fire burnt furiously, and towards midnight it began to slacken for want of material to maintain it. The

woodwork had been entirely burnt away, and a mere shell of brick walls remained, threatening to fall at any moment and bury the firemen beneath it. Fortunately when the critical moment came all were out of harm's way. The wall shivered, tottered, and fell with a thundering crash upon a neighbouring roof, under which was clustered a little group composed of firemen and the usual hangers-on. By three o'clock the fire was completely extinguished, and the men returned home.

The loss, which was very great, has been variously estimated. The *Gazette* places it in the neighbourhood of \$15,000. In addition to the thirty-four horses burnt, several carriages, with harness, and a quantity of fodder were destroyed. The stables were insured in the North British for \$3,500.

IMPORTANT ADVANCE IN PAPER-MAKING.

The *Arbeitgeber* describes, under this heading, an invention of a German chemist, Ungerer, in manufacturing paper from wood. In changing the wood into its fibres in a mechanical way, much power is demanded; and, moreover, the material must also be ground up, whereby it loses much in durability. Hence, for a number of years repeated attempts have been made to effect this in a chemical way by many persons, notably, Adamson, Keegan, Deininger, Broad, Sinclair, and Tessié du Mothay. Only the two last have met with practical success. The method of Sinclair has been introduced in several places, and produces a better and cheaper material than before obtainable, a little cheaper than Mothay's.

All these processes demand the use of very high pressures—up to 14 atmospheres—with the action of strong soda solution. The weak points are the high pressure and the necessity that the material must still be ground, and therefore injured more or less. But Ungerer seems to have overcome both difficulties. He uses a pressure of only 5 to 6 atmospheres, one-half the amount of soda, and only one-fifth the amount of chlorine. The following table gives a comparative view of both methods for producing 1,000 kilogrammes of dried bleached material:

UNGERER.	SINCLAIR.
2,250 kilo. wood.	2,250 kilo. wood.
212 " soda.	562 " soda.
128 " chemicals.	750 " coal.
900 " coal.	250 " chloride of lime.
50 " chloride of lime.	

There seems to be some mistake in regard to the respective amounts of coal. Sinclair using only 750 kilo. for his much greater steam pressure; while Ungerer uses 900.

The importance of these inventions is easily understood from the statement that the cost of producing the wood material is reduced nearly one-third by the methods of Sinclair and Tessié du Mothay, and fully one-half by that of Ungerer. This has such an effect, that Belgian factories are able to depress considerably the prices on the Rhine, notwithstanding the import duty of 2 florins. A large company has been formed in Vienna, to introduce the process of Tessié du Mothay; another for Ungerer's method; and a third for a third patent.

The claims of superiority over other methods [especially those of Sinclair, du Mothay, etc.], made by Ungerer, are:—1. Simplicity and cheapness of method; 2. Less steam pressure; 3. Less soda and chloride of lime; 4. Nearly complete regaining of the soda [98 per cent. against 70]; 5. Economy in power, there being no grinding; 6. Greater strength of manufactured material.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A paradise for geologists is being opened up at Arapahoe station, on the Kansas Pacific, where a well digger, now at the depth of four hundred feet, has been for several days penetrating beds of fossil shale, filled with baculites, ammonites, and a general variety of creatures with long names. Two hundred feet above he passed through a thick oyster bed, and at the depth of 389 feet took out the upper jaw of a reptile with tusks an inch in length.

Two years ago, says F. Barillet, one of my friends, who was suffering from toothache, thought he would try the effect of cutting a piece of the stem of the *Araucaria imbricata*, and taking some of the sap (resin), which has the appearance of a white paste, and which is compact; he made a little ball of it, which he placed in the hollow of the tooth. Some hours afterwards the pain ceased, and the substance which still remained in the tooth answered all the purposes of the best stopping. Since that time the sap (resin) has become very hard, and not only has it never moved, but my friend has not since experienced the least pain.

A WONDERFUL SEAWEED.—The Agassiz expedition, at the latest accounts, was off Sandy Point, Patagonia. Among the scientific curiosities noted by some members of the party were immense quantities of kelp, the "Microcystic pyrifera." This is the largest known alga or seaweed, and grows on these coasts in from six to twenty fathoms of water, in vast beds, warning the mariner to beware of a near approach, unless he wishes to be entangled in the inextricable network. It throws up from the oceanic depths stems of immense lengths, some of them from seven hundred to one thousand feet, the greatest vegetable race now in existence. Patches of this seaweed were passed in open sea, with large sea lions lying on its surface, who were apparently navigating in this novel manner with much satisfaction to themselves, and afforded much amusement to their scientific observers.

A flower has been recently described by an eyewitness at Constantinople, which is so great a rarity that one is apt to treat it as a fable, and wait for the confirmation of his own eyesight. It belongs to the narcissus kind of bulbs, and bears the name of *ophrys mouche*. There were three naked flowers on the stalk hanging on one side; the underneath one was fading, while the two others were in all their beauty. They represented a perfect humming-bird. The breast of bright emerald-green is a complete copy of this bird, and the throat, head, beak, and eyes are a most perfect imitation. The hinder part of the body and the two outstretched wings are bright rose colour, one might almost say flesh coloured. On the abdomen rests the whole propagation apparatus, of a deep dark brown tint, in the form of a two-winged gad-fly.

A NOVEL APPLICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—The applications of photography are certainly very various. One of its most recent uses as pointed out by the *Journal of the Photographic*

Society, has been to aid army tailors in cutting the new-fashioned tunics which are to be worn this year by all regiments. Formerly it was the custom to forward to each master tailor of every regiment a pattern coat, showing the alterations to be made, together with instructions as to the manner in which the lace and trimmings varied in the uniforms for the different grades. Such a proceeding was necessarily a costly one; for probably some two hundred pattern tunics were required for transmission to every battalion in the service. Instead of this, but one garment of each sort has been made; and this having been photographed in three different positions, copies have been distributed throughout the country. In this way, of course, every information is afforded to the regiment, without any great expense being incurred.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE PULSE.—The ingenious apparatus invented by Dr. Ozanam, of Paris, for rendering the variable beating of the pulse visible, is already proving itself of practical value. It consists of a camera lucida, about ten inches wide, in which a piece of mechanism, moving at a uniform rate, pushes a glass plate prepared with collodion, in front of a very narrow aperture exposed to the light. In this aperture is a glass tube, in which a column of mercury may rise or fall, as in a thermometer. By attaching to the wrist a rubber tube filled with mercury, in connection with the tube of the apparatus, the beating of the pulse is received on this artificial artery, and the pulsations are transmitted to the recording apparatus. As the column in the tube acts as a screen, light can penetrate the aperture only where the column is deficient; consequently the plate becomes black under the influence of light except at such places as the column intercepts it. As the column rises and falls with each pulsation of the heart, these black lines on the prepared plate, pushed regularly forward, will be longer or shorter alternately, and will be successively photographed as being lines perpendicular to a common base, the heart being thus made to register photographically its own pulsations. These photographic representations can be so magnified as to be rendered visible across a large amphitheatre; and such is the peculiarity of the apparatus, in its adaptation to different uses, that it may be modified so as to register the variations of respiration, the irregular action of coughing, and similar physiological and pathological phenomena.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Boston likes noise when it is termed music only. She offers a prize of \$10,000 to any one who shall, within two years from January 1, 1873, invent a system of signals to supplant the use of steam whistles on railroads, which shall be pronounced by judges to be free from the evils of the present system, and to be attended with no discomfort to passengers on the trains, or on the highways, or to residents along the lines of the railroads.

As an illustration of what stuff Englishmen drink under the wild idea that they are stowing away fine old crusted port, Frank Buckland related at a meeting the other day, that last summer, just before the autumn manoeuvres, he was out in Berkshire, and stopping at a country inn for refreshment, he waited some time without seeing any one to serve him. On asking the reason, he was told that the landlady was engaged in making port wine for the Berkshire volunteers.

CHANCES WITH DICE.—Mr. Steinmetz tells us that in 1813, a Mr. Ogden wagered one thousand guineas to one that "seven" would not be thrown with a pair of dice ten successive times. The wager was accepted (though it was egregiously unfair), and strange to say his opponent threw "seven" nine times running. At this point Mr. Ogden offered 470 guineas to be off the bet. But his opponent declined (though the price offered was far beyond the real value of his chance). He cast yet once more, and threw "nine," so that Mr. Ogden won his guinea.

An interesting episode occurred at Paignton, (Devon, Eng.) on Whit-Monday, when the Good Samaritan Lodge of Odd Fellows were holding their fete. Mr. Singer, (the inventor of the Singer Sewing Machine), passing the field where the fete was held, noticed a crowd of poor people outside looking very wistfully at the amusement going on inside the enclosure. He called some of the committee together and offered them £10 if they would throw open the gates for free admission during the remainder of the evening. The proposal was accepted, the money paid on the spot, and the outsiders entered the grounds, giving hearty cheers in honour of their benefactor.

"Now, children," said a School Board luminary, who had been talking about "good" and "bad" people, and trying his London oratory on a provincial school—"now, children, when I am walking in the street I speak to some persons I meet, and I don't speak to others; and what's the reason?" He expected the reply would be, "Because some are good and some are bad;" but to his discomfiture, the general shout was, "Because some are rich, and others are poor!" He was not daunted by the giggle of the should-be "admiring visitors," but continued, "Where is this school situated?" "A. "In Rum—d—." "In what county?" "Zummer-set, in England, Europe," said the smartest boy. "And how, in the absence of globes, do you illustrate the shape of the earth, my boy?" "I shows 'em my head," was the reply.

Archdeacon Denison, at a visitation lunch a few days since, referred to his well-known repugnance to Government school inspection. One of Her Majesty's inspectors proposed to come to his (the Archdeacon's) schools twenty-five years ago. He said to the inspector, "I love you very much; you are a very nice man; but as sure as possible, if ever you come here I'll tell the boys to put you into the pond." The gentleman did not go, and was a very wise man for not going. The next school inspector who went to his school asked particularly whether the children sang; and Mrs. Denison, who came up at the time, told the children to sing "Goosey, goosey, gander," and whether the inspector thought it was a cut at him or not, he never went again.

The *Glasgow Herald* announces the arrival lately at Greenock by the Anchor Line steamer "India" of the Chief Bukwujene, which signifies the "Man of the Desert." The man was dressed in the full costume of the Chippewa tribe, to which he belongs, namely, skins, feathers, &c. He is described as

being tall and handsome, with a frank but thoughtful face, and appeared to be about thirty years of age. It is understood that this chief, who proceeded immediately per mail train to London, has been converted to Christianity, and has been brought over to England under the auspices of the Church of England Missionary Society, in order that he may be instructed in Christian truth fitting him to return as a native teacher and preacher among his tribe in the backwoods of America. A more appropriate lodging for a "Man of the Desert" cannot be found in the whole world than Leicester Square, London, though whether he would receive much Christian truth in that locality is another question. If he would send for his tribe and encamp there permanently, a picturesque effect might be produced at a very trifling outlay.

FIREPROOF BUILDINGS.—If you will have wood floors and stairs, lay a flooring of the thickest sheet iron over the joists, and your wood upon that and sheath your stairs with the same material. A floor will not burn without a supply of air under it. Throw a dry board upon a flat pavement, and kindle it as it lies if you can. Prevent drafts, and, though there will be fires, no houses will be consumed.

STAINING HORN.—Horn may be stained by being immersed in a solution of nitrate of silver, and then exposing it to sunlight. Or it may be steeped in a hot dilute solution of bichromate of potash, and then in a decoction of logwood.

The *Missouri Democrat* being threatened with a libel suit, damages at \$50,000, for saying Mr. Collard was worth \$5 to any political party, has made a retraction. It says: "Mr. Collard is not worth \$5 to any political party: he is not worth a d—ollar."

W. W. Brown, editor of the *Bellefonte Republican*, gravely informs his readers that it was not he who was nominated for Vice President at the Cincinnati Convention.

CHESS.

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

G. H., Montreal.—Solution to Problem No. 52, received, correct.

HAMILTON v. SEAFORTH.

Game No. 4.—Franchetto.

Seaforth.	Hamilton.
White, Dr. Coleman.	Black, Mr. W. Marshall.
1. P. to K. 4th	P. to Q. Kt. 3rd
2. P. to Q. 4th	P. to K. 3rd
3. B. to Q. 3rd	Q. B. to Kt. 2nd
4. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd (a)	B. to Q. Kt. 5th
5. K. Kt. to K. 2nd	P. to Q. 4th
6. P. to K. 5th	Kt. to K. 2nd
7. P. to Q. R. 3rd	B. takes Kt. ch.
8. Kt. takes B.	Kt. to Q. 2nd
9. Castles.	P. to Q. B. 4th (b)
10. B. to K. 3rd (c)	P. to Q. B. 5th
11. B. to K. 2nd	P. to Q. R. 3rd
12. P. to Q. R. 4th	Castles.
13. P. to K. B. 4th	P. to K. B. 4th
14. B. to K. R. 5th	B. to Q. B. 3rd
15. Kt. to Kt. sq.	Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd
16. B. to K. B. 2nd (d)	P. to Q. Kt. 4th
17. B. takes Kt.	P. takes B.
18. P. takes R.	P. takes P.
19. R. takes R.	Q. takes R.
20. Kt. to Q. 2nd	R. to K. sq.
21. Kt. to K. B. 3rd	Kt. to B. sq.
22. Q. to Q. 2nd	Kt. to K. 2nd
23. Q. to Q. B. 3rd	Q. to Q. sq.
24. B. to K. R. 4th	Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd
25. K. to R. sq.	P. to Q. Kt. 5th
26. Q. to K. 3rd	R. to Q. R. sq.
27. P. to Q. B. 3rd (e)	

(a) P. to Q. B. 4th seems to us the move here.

(b) This move is frequently a turning-point in favour of the defence.

(c) Kt. to Q. Kt. 5th looks promising, as the Kt. might afterwards be strongly posted at Q. 6th.

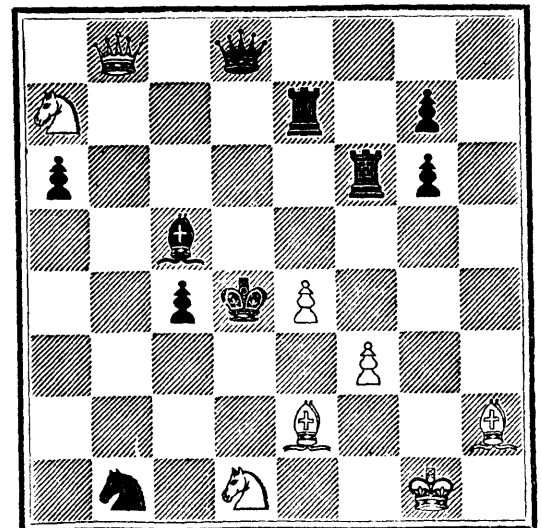
(d) This seems to be an oversight, for Black might apparently take the K. B. P. with safety.

(e) Black's position seems slightly preferable.

PROBLEM No. 53.

By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

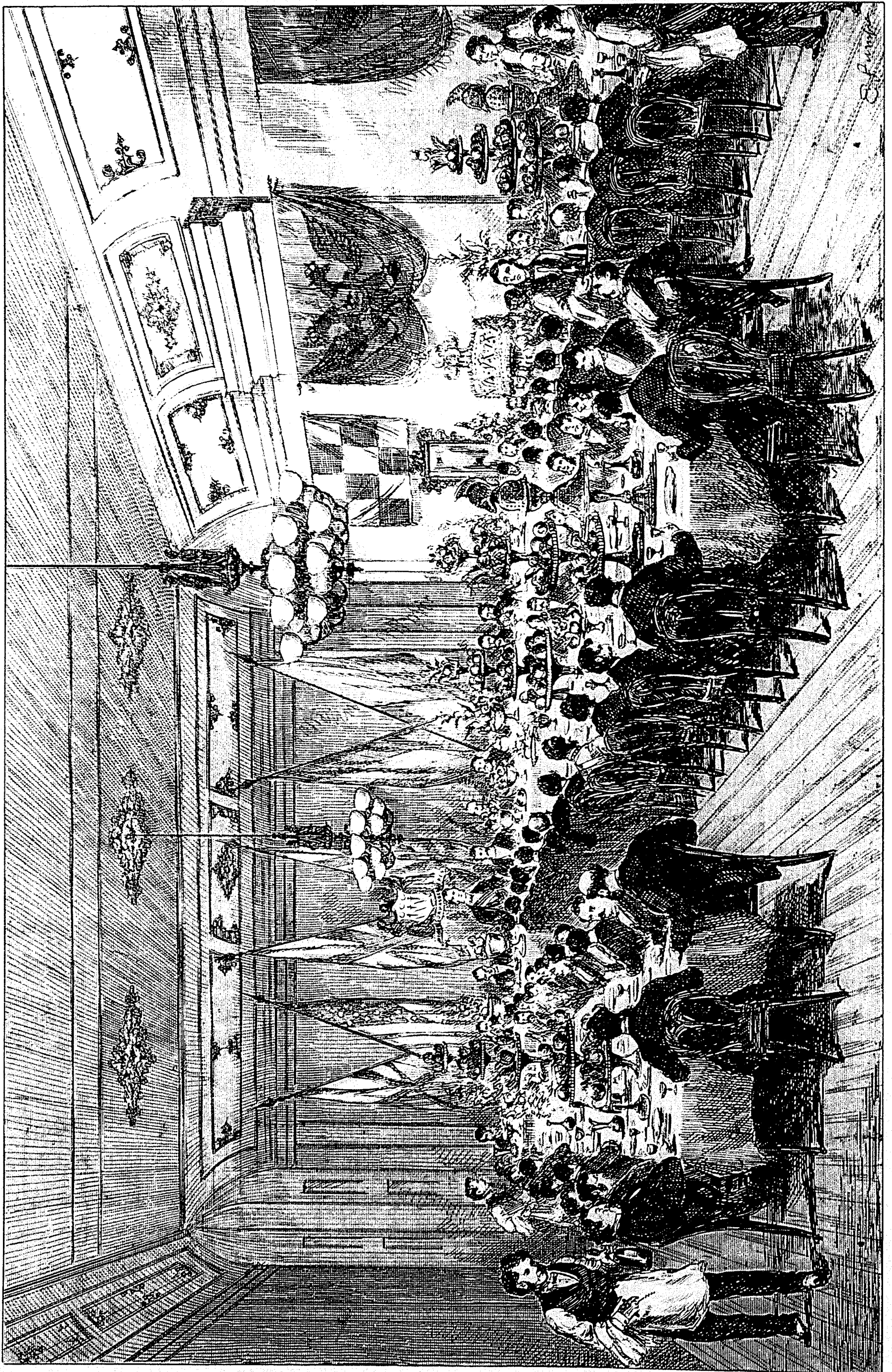
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 52.

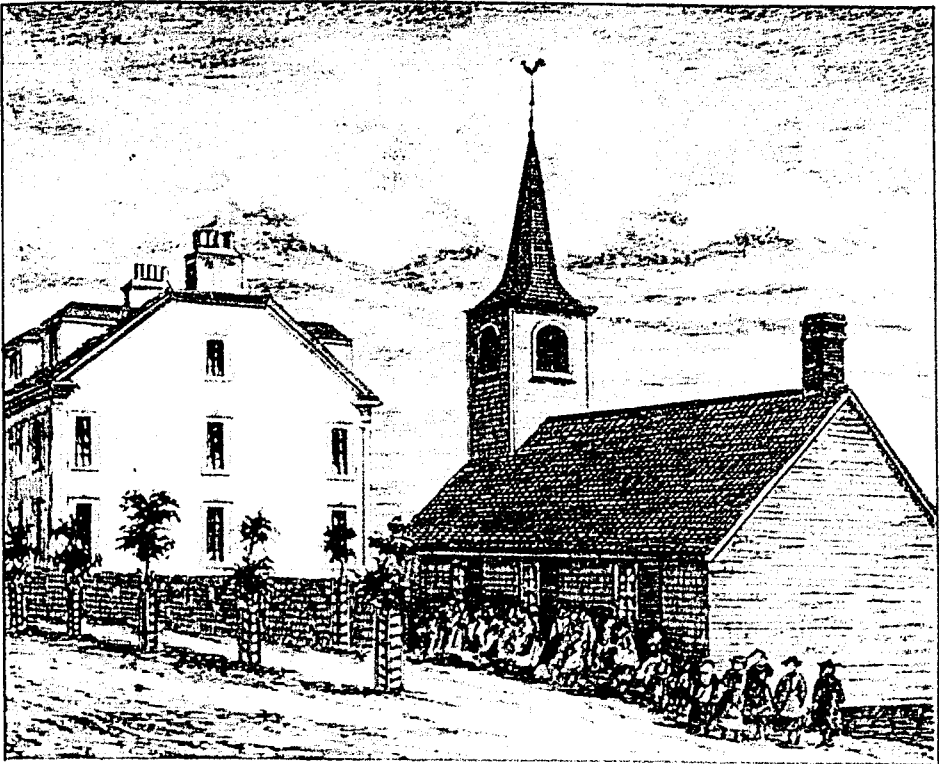
- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. R. to R. 5th. | P. to R. 3rd |
| 2. R. takes P. ch. | P. takes R. |
| 3. B. mates. | |

DIED.

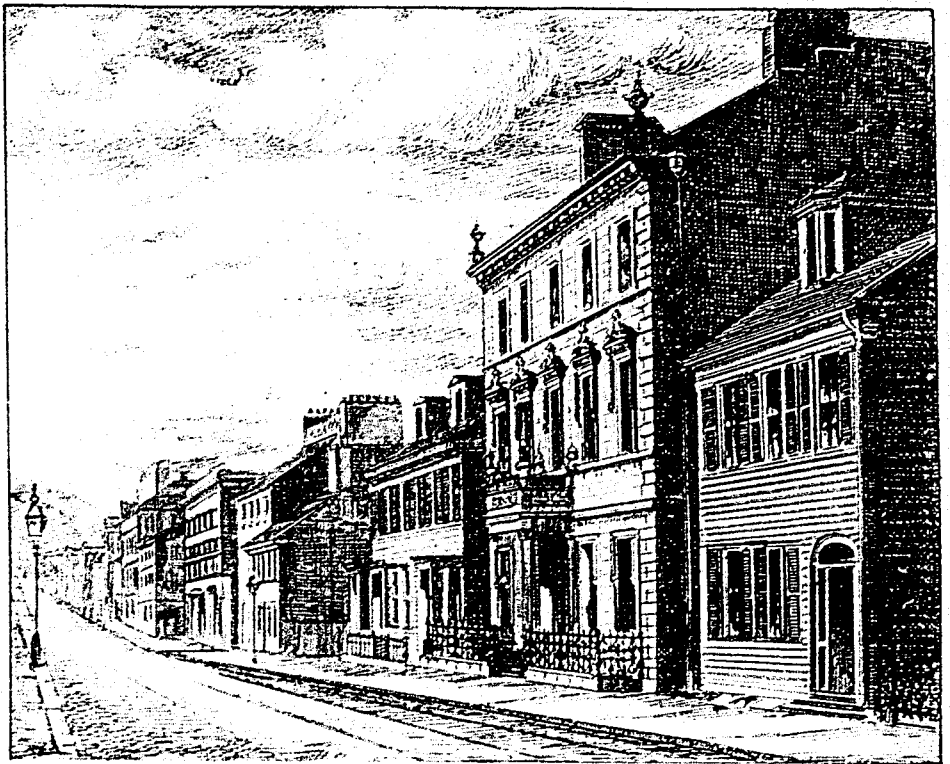
At Quebec, on the 26th of June last, Louis Edward Duncan, aged 22 years and six months, second son of P. L. Morin, Esq., Civil Engineer.



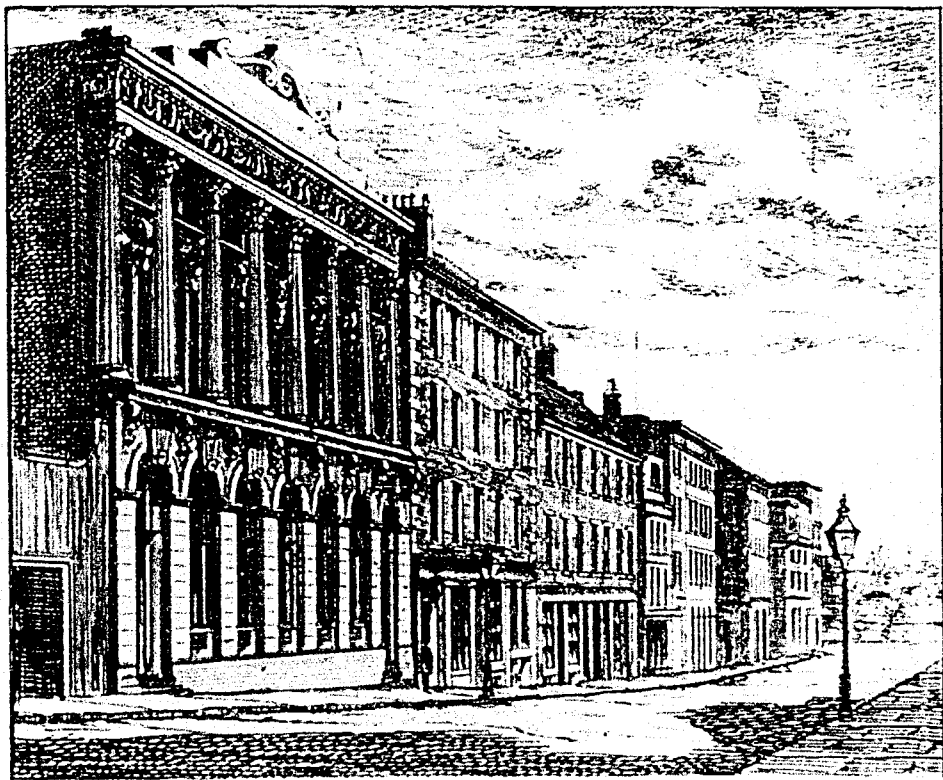
MONTREAL — DINNER GIVEN TO LORD LISGAR BY THE CITIZENS OF MONTREAL.



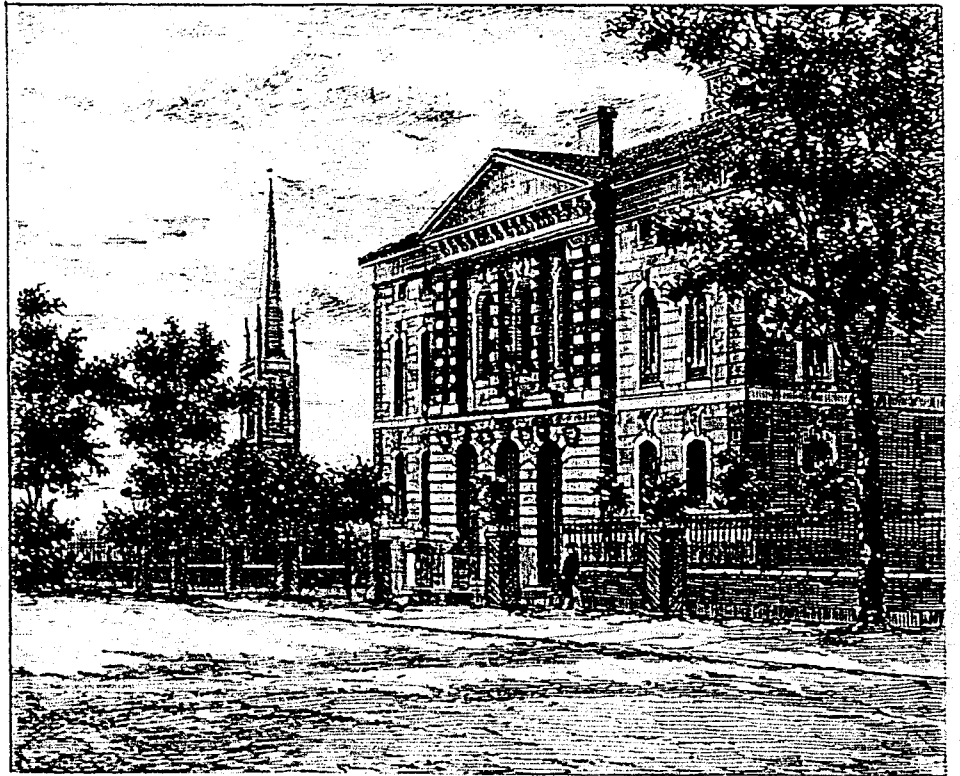
OLD DUTCH CHURCH.



RESIDENCE OF HON. ALEXANDER KEITH.



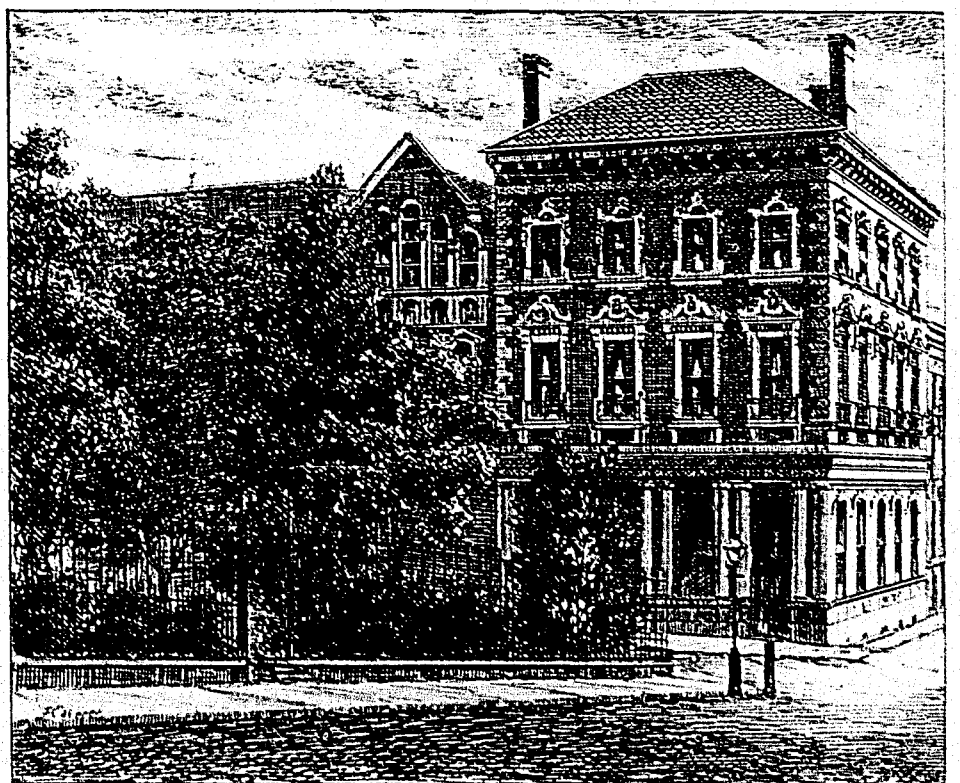
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.



COURT HOUSE.



MERCHANTS' CLUB HOUSE.



UNION BANK.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

DE MORTUIS.

A living dog (as said of old the Wise)
Is better than a lion that is dead.
When carrion things are round his fallen head,
And with their damned greed tear out the eyes
Which once had sent them howling to their lair.

But if, on rotting lion surfeit-fed,
Some bird or beast with slanderous surprise
Should vex the world and, boldly shameless, swear
Base, baseless things against his wild career—
Such as "He was a coward or a knave,"—
Would not the forest howl and scream "All lies?"
And the fierce eagle, swooping from the skies
With eloquent rage, would shield the perished brave,
Albeit his rival, from the venomous sneer.

JOHN READE.

KITES AND PIGEONS.

A Novelette, in Two Parts.

(From London Society.)

CHAPTER IV.

WINNING A WAGER THAT NEVER WAS MADE.

Mr. Pigeon senior soon tired of Tom's gallop, and returned to the hotel, while Tom tried to visit Miller's farm by a short cut across the fields.

"Who are the Millers, in this neighbourhood?" old Pigeon asked of the waiter.

"The farmer, you means?" asked the waiter.

"Yes, my son spoke of Miller, the farmer."
"Well, he was warmish once," said the waiter. "A snug farm, and first-rate land; but the Colonel's been and had him, sir; had him at loss-racing, I think; and he's going to leave the farm."

"Lost all his money on the turf, eh?"

"Yes, money and turf too," said the waiter; "for he's got to turn out of the farm; and that's a fact as will go again the Colonel a good deal when the election comes on."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger with a letter for Theophilus Pigeon, Esquire.

"Thank you, young man," said Mr. Pigeon, with the practised obsequiousness of half a century.

"Thank you, sir," said the messenger.

"My respects to your master," said the old man, opening the letter—"proud to serve him."

"Yes, sir."

"No, no; I don't mean that," said Mr. Pigeon—"proud to see him."

"Is that the answer, sir?"

"Yes, that's exactly it," said old Pigeon, wishing with all his heart that Tom would return.

The truth was Mr. Pigeon had only met Colonel Tippits once, and that was prior to the retirement of Pigeon and Son to the classic regions of Belgrave Square. He had no difficulty in meeting the Colonel then; but since the Pigeons had become gentlemen, the head of that illustrious house of tailors felt that he had all the manners and habits of his life to re-learn. During the first few months of his residence in Belgrave Square he had been caught in the act of touching his hat to some of the inhabitants of the locality, and twice had been seen shaking hands with a valet.

"Look out and see if my son's a-coming, will you, waiter; there's a good fellow," said the old man.

Tom rushed into the room as the waiter was leaving it, much to the physical discomfort of both, seeing that they came into violent collision. When Tom had sufficiently recovered from the shock to call the waiter a "stupid ass," he proceeded to take off his coat, which was covered with mud.

"Why, what have you been doing?" asked his father.

"Getting through a hedge. I didn't know there was a ditch in the way. Not much damage done. Only torn a hole in my favourite coat. Mud will brush off—hole will mend."

"Why, the Colonel and his daughter will be here directly," said the father, taking Tom's coat and examining the torn sleeve.

"The deuce," said Tom.

"In a quarter of an hour" said the old man, fumbling in his overcoat.

"By Jove, what's to be done? I can't go into society with a hole in my coat."

"I always carry a needle and thimble," said the old man, cheerfully.

Tom shrugged his shoulders, and said he knew it.

The implements of his craft were speedily produced, and old Pigeon was preparing to commence work. The old man's face lighted up with pleasure at the thought of plying his needle once more.

"It's many a long year," he said, "since I really did a stitch, but—"

"And it will be many a long year before you do another," exclaimed Tom, taking the torn coat away from his father. "What! do you think I would permit the wealthy progenitor of my being to mend my coat. Never! I will do it myself."

The old man was more delighted at the thought of Tom "doing a bit of tailoring" than if he had been permitted to mend the coat himself.

"Ah, that will gladden my old eyes, Tommy," he said, stooping down, the better to take in the full picture of Tom at work.

"Will it, then they shall be gladdened with a last final grand exhibition?"

With which remark, Tom leaped upon the table and seated himself cross-legged, at which old Pigeon roared with laughter and stamped his feet with delight.

"Never was so glad in all my life. Well done, Tommy; ah, your heart's in the right place after all."

Tommy stitched away and nodded at his father, while the old man laughed and danced, and declared "to" as his own son, and an honour to the family.

"I am like the picture of old Penn Holder in the play now; but look here, governor, keep your eye on the window; it would be an awful sell if the Colonel turned up," said Tom.

"All right, I'm looking—not such long stitches, Tommy—not so long," said the father, watching Tom's work with critical carefulness.

"Oh, bother! they're splendid stitches; hanged if I don't

enjoy the work myself," said Tom, drawing his arm to and fro briskly, and bending his head to the garment on his knee.

"Bless you, my boy; if you spends all the money we can soon earn some more."

"Now look here," said Tom, suddenly stopping and contemplating his enraptured parent; "no vulgar memories on account of the treat I am giving you; forget it the moment it's over."

"All right, Tommy," said the old man, "all right, my boy, I'll never disgrace you."

"If the Colonel and his daughter only saw us now," said Tom.

The old man went into fits of laughter at the idea.

"What would society say?" gasped the old man between his loud guffaws.

Tom laughed heartily, too, but stopped all in a moment. He was sitting nearly facing the door; and he saw behind his father a tall, pompous gentleman, in a light overcoat, with a lady on his arm, standing in the doorway.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?—what are you staring at?" exclaimed the father, in the midst of what otherwise would have been a tremendous peal of laughter.

Tom making no reply, it naturally occurred to the old man to turn round and judge for himself of the nature of the sight which had startled his son. Meanwhile, Tom Pigeon carefully drew up his legs and slipped from the table.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Tippits, in a round, unctuous voice, and smiling blandly, "I and my daughter, Miss Tippits, have done ourselves the honour of calling upon you; but we beg that we may not disturb your amusement."

Tom Pigeon took the Colonel's cue in an instant; leaping to his feet, and bowing to the lady, he began to laugh.

"I beg you will excuse us, miss," said Tom, feeling for his eye-glass, "must keep moving you see—it is our family motto; I apologise most humbly, yas."

Then turning to his father, he exclaimed, "I have won, sir, I have won, Mr. Pigeon."

Old Pigeon looked at the Colonel, then at Tom, and, finally, at Miss Tippits for an explanation.

"He says he has won," observed Miss Tippits.

"Oh!" said old Pigeon, staring at Tom, who had meanwhile slipped on his coat; "he has won, has he?"

"Yes, I have won," said Tom, "ha, ha, ha, ha!"

The Colonel laughed as heartily as Tom, who, while laughing at one side of his mouth, on the other side, in stage whispers, was urging his father to laugh. "Why don't you laugh, governor?"

Old Pigeon thinking that, by some canon of society, it was necessary to laugh, made an effort to comply with Tom's urgent request; but he made a melancholy failure of it.

"Couldn't do it to save my life," said the old man.

"You see, Miss Tippits," said Tom, "I had torn my coat; so I said, Mr. Pigeon, senior, I will bet you my opera box against your drag that I mend it in five minutes—I, who never had a needle in my hand—I, your son, will mend that coat in five minutes."

Here old Pigeon put his head into a cupboard, and began to have a violent fit of laughter.

"Did it within the time—won the wager easily."

"Capital idea—very good indeed," said the Colonel, looking at his daughter for approving recognition.

"How very droll," said Miss Tippits.

"Yes, life is droll—everything is droll in its way," said Tom, "yas, yas."

Then he thought Miss Tippits was a very fine woman; and so she was. She wore a light Dolly-Varden costume, which set off to perfection her wealth of golden hair from Vigo Street.

By this time old Pigeon had come out of the cupboard, and out of his fit, too; and Colonel Tippits, making a great show of his respect for the old man, said how gratifying it was to himself and Miss Tippits that his son had consented to accompany him. Old Pigeon said Tom had some business of his own in the neighbourhood; but Tom immediately assured his father that this was only his fun, and the Colonel suggested that they should now adjourn to the Castle.

"Mr. Pigeon junior, will you take my daughter to the carriage?"

"With great pleasure—yas," said Tom, stretching out his left arm, pulling down his cuffs, and offering his right arm to the lady.

Miss Tippits accepted the escort with a smile, and Tom was more and more convinced that she was a very fine woman indeed. For the time being she completely eclipsed poor little Jessie Miller, who had made such a deep impression upon Tom's heart during the Cattle Show week nearly a year ago.

Mr. Pigeon took the Colonel's arm, and presently the whole party were rolling gaily along the highway towards Tinsell Castle.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE TOILS.

Tinsell Castle was a bran-new house of a mixed order of architecture. It had been built chiefly from the design of Colonel Tippits himself. The Blue wags of Inghenook, who were opposed to the Colonel's candidature for the borough, called the house Inghenook Gaol. A commercial traveller once told the boots at the Dragon that he had mistaken it for the Little Tinsell railway station. The castle was, indeed, the subject of much humorous criticism, and not without reason. It was suggestive of prisons, railway stations, almshouses, and model cottages; though it did not look unpicturesque on the bright September day through the elms which had not been erected by the Colonel. The old trees, with their leaves slightly browned by the first tints of autumn, tried to shut out the great staring brick and glass house; but the castellated towers and the curious gables obtruded themselves here and there; and thus it was that the castle looked far more picturesque and imposing than it had any right to do.

The interior of Colonel Tippits' residence had had a narrow escape from insufferable vulgarity. When the Colonel commenced to furnish it Lord Verrier died, and there was a sale by auction at the hall. The Colonel bought many of the principal articles of furniture; and it was easy to see where the taste of the nobleman had neutralized the assumption of the sham aristocrat.

Seated at the piano in the drawing-room, on the morning after the arrival of the Pigeons, was a pretty young lady in a

light morning dress. She was playing the accompaniment of a new song, and wishing herself a hundred miles away from Tinsell Castle. Instead of humming the words of the song, she was saying to herself that she envied the independence of cooks and housemaids. She was wishing, in her poor little heart, that her father had never sent her to school. "If he had not," she said, almost aloud, "I should now be a happy cook or kitchen-maid, instead of a stupid, unhappy companion to a stuck-up nobody."

This was Jessie Miller, a fair example of the modern farmer's daughter of this age of pianos and accomplishments. The English agriculturist always grumbled at the weather and market prices ever since the world began. In the present day he sends his sons to public schools, has French governesses for his daughters, indulges himself in all kinds of modern luxuries, and still makes money and grumbles. Betty Sorrel has long ceased to exist. She has converted Mrs. Poyser's dairy into a drawing-room, burnt French, dented a chignon and dress-improver, and openly set her Dolly Varden cap at the young squire. Bless her heart, why should she not? Show me a fairer face, a brighter eye, or rounder arms!

How it was that Jessie Miller fell in love with Tom Pigeon is a mystery which the writer of this veritable history will not attempt to solve, any more than he will attempt to explain why so many pretty girls are married to ugly and commonplace men. Titania is not the only woman who has not seen the asses' ears; not that Tom Pigeon was an ass. If he had been educated, and had lived in good society, he might have been a dashing, clever fellow; but he was a tailor. Though he always vowed he had a soul above buttons, you could see he was a tailor. He walked like a tailor, swaggered like a tailor, and had a tailor's notions of society. Let it not be thought that I am girding at a useful and respectable class of industrial artists. I have reason to respect the craft. They are patient, long-suffering; and I know members of the profession who are gentlemanlike and full of noble ambition. But Tom Pigeon was no more worthy of Jessie Miller than that scheming Miss Tippits was worthy of Tom Pigeon; and yet Jessie Miller had given her heart to the vulgar, though generous, little tailor who would go into Society.

"Well, Jessie, have you burnt that accompaniment?" asked Miss Tippits, breaking rudely in upon Jessie's thoughts.

"Yes, miss," said Jessie.

"Can you play it perfectly? We have more company at the Castle to-day, and I wish to sing that song this evening."

"I can play it, Miss Tippits," said Jessie.

"Sit down, then, and let us try it."

Jessie's round dimpled little fingers wandered over the keyboard, and Miss Tippits commenced to sing one of the pretty sugar-and-water ballads of Virginia Gabriel. In a voice of remarkable power she requested an evidently stubborn cello to "Come back to Erin," promising him on his return that Killarney should ring with the mirth of a large party of friends and relatives. Jessie followed up the invitation in loud chords and rattling octaves. The cello, however, was deaf to the charmers. Miss Tippits was not pleased with her own share in the performance, and requested Jessie to sing the song herself, which she did, in a sweet, sympathetic voice that would most assuredly have melted the cello's heart if he could only have been brought within the magic influence of the pretty little vocalist.

"Charmingly sung, Miss Miller," said Miss Austin, entering the room as Jessie was finishing the ballad. "You are quite an artist."

"It is a good thing she is," said Miss Tippits. "What would the poor thing do if she had no accomplishments? Ah, education is a great blessing!"

"It is, indeed," said Miss Austin. "Those Pigeons do not seem to have had much acquaintance with the schoolmaster."

Jessie started at the name of Pigeon.

"They can do without the schoolmaster," said Miss Tippits scornfully. "They keep a banker."

"I understand they are very rich," said Miss Austin.

"Rich! They roll in wealth," said Miss Tippits.

"As the Colonel's pigs roll in dirt," said Miss Austin, "and with about as much grace."

"What a coarse expression, Miss Austin!" exclaimed Miss Tippits.

"An appropriate simile," said Miss Austin; and she walked to the window as old Pigeon entered the room.

Miss Tippits was right, nevertheless, in characterizing Miss Austin's remark as somewhat coarse. It was coarse, though it did not sound objectionable, coming from Miss Austin, whose ladylike manner and musical voice would have sanctified almost any expression in the language.

Immediately on being discovered Mr. Pigeon senior said, "Oh! my son is not here—beg your pardon, ladies."

"Pray do not go away, Mr. Pigeon," said Miss Tippits, bouncing up to the old man with a loud demonstration of hospitality. "I am sure we hope you will make yourself quite at home."

"Certainly; thank you, miss," said the old man, looking straight at Jessie Miller, who, at a distance, was betraying an especial interest in Mr. Pigeon.

"Have you been introduced to Miss Austin?" asked Miss Tippits.

"The lady in the window—had the pleasure of meeting her on the stairs," said the old man, nervously.

Miss Austin bowed.

"This is Miss Jessie Miller, my companion," said Miss Tippits, waving her arm in the direction of the farmer's pretty daughter.

"And a very nice companion, too, if I may make bold to say so," said old Pigeon. "I think that is the young lady as my son was running after before breakfast this morning."

"Eh? what?" exclaimed Miss Tippits. "Jessie, Jessie, what is the meaning of this?"

"Some mistake, sir," said Jessie, haughtily. "A ridiculous mistake."

"Well, maybe it is. Beg pardon, I'm sure; mistakes will occur in the best regulated establishments; you can't always ensure a good fit; I mean, that you do not know when—Excuse me, Miss Tippits; I will go and see after my son."

"Ah! Mr. Pigeon," said Mr. Thornton, entering the room at this moment; "you do not take long to dress."

"No, thank you," said old Pigeon; "I was wondering where my son is."

"He said I was to take care of you until he came," said Thornton; "but you are in excellent hands, I see."

"We were talking about riches shortly before you came."

down, Mr. Thornton," said Miss Tippits, posing herself on an ottoman in the centre of the room.

"Pitying the wealthy, I suppose," said Thornton, smiling significantly at Miss Austin, whose face beamed with good-humour the moment Mr. Thornton entered the room.

"No, the poor," said Miss Tippits.

"Mistake, Miss Tippits," said Mr. Thornton. "The rich alone are entitled to pity. They are always in a fume and fret about their money; don't know where to invest it, or how; always dreaming they have lost it; never know when it is safe; banks break, companies wind up, stocks fluctuate—if they don't, investors are always afraid they will. Very miserable people, believe me, rich people. Then they want to go into Society, the vulgar rich. Society snubs them, looks down upon them, will have nothing to do with them. An unhappy lot, depend upon it, the rich."

Mr. Thornton was a fine, handsome fellow, a man of education, and a man of position. He was a member of several leading clubs in town, and had seen the world.

"You are quite right, sir," said Mr. Pigeon, in a grovelling, humble way, as if he felt that he had no right to be standing on the same carpet with a Thornton. "I say it humbly, and with deference, but I agree with you."

"Here comes Kite, the politician, Kite, the free-lance; we will hear what he says," remarked Mr. Thornton, as the voice of Kite came into the room, heralding himself and young Pigeon.

Mr. Kite bowed solemnly and low to ladies and gentlemen; Mr. Pigeon, junior, was imitating the bend and manner of Kite most successfully just as old Pigeon rushed up to his son.

"O, Tommy, I'm so glad you have come!" exclaimed the old man.

"Go away, go away," said Tom, in a whisper; "it is not much I ask. Do behave yourself."

The old man, who had been pining for Tom's presence as though the young fellow had been on a long journey, shrank back abashed, and pretended to examine a water-colour, supposed to be a genuine Turner.

"Miss Tippits, I have been inspecting the Castle," said Tom, approaching the lady of the house in his grandest manner. "Yes, and a very fine castle it is."

Miss Austin and Miss Miller were engaged in an interesting conversation near the piano.

"I am glad you like the house," said Miss Tippits.

"Yes, I assure you, very much," said Tom. "Excuse me examining the pictures." And he lounged towards a showy piece over the mantleshaft, stumbling awkwardly over an ottoman, and only being saved from an ugly fall by the ready arm of Kite, who kept a watchful eye upon his young patron.

"Are you fond of pictures?" asked Miss Tippits.

"I doat on them," said Tom; "I am always buying pictures, my father has a very fine collection."

"Yes, miss," said old Pigeon, who had recovered from his son's rebuff. "The Paris fashions for the last thirty years; a very fine—"

"Yes," said Tom, frowning at his father, and stamping on his foot; "yes, works of French masters very curious."

It was lucky for Tom that Mr. Thornton had joined the two ladies near the piano.

"Yes, I have seen them," said Mr. Kite. "The grouping of the figures is charming, the accessories wonderfully put in, the colouring superb."

"Free, quite free," said Tom, feeling for his shirt-cuffs, and bringing them down upon his hands in the most approved style of the West-End. "We are both fond of collecting pictures."

"And accounts," whispered Kite to old Pigeon. "Wonderful hand at that."

Old Pigeon chuckled.

"Did you speak?" asked Tom, quickly.

"Beg pardon," said Kite.

"Just so," said Tom. "As I was saying, Miss Tippits, to the Colonel half an hour ago, there is nothing better than country life. It is altogether so jolly; so much fresh air, such a flavour of turnips about, that one ceases to remember the stifling air of West-End parlours."

"Saloons," whispered Kite.

"Just so," said Tom.

"I am so glad you like the country," said Miss Tippits, rolling her eyes at Tom, and settling down into the ottoman cushions in a fond, languishing manner, calculated to impress any beholder with the kitten-like innocence of her nature.

"The country," exclaimed the Colonel, arriving magnificently upon the scene, "the country, Mr. Pigeon, is England's glory. But for the country, this degenerate nation would sink to the deepest depths of poverty and crime; and it is for a constituency which is about to exercise the noblest privilege of Englishmen, to pause in their wild career before they give their votes to any person who is not imbued with a sense of what is due to the country, to his constituents, and to that grand *esprit* in the play of nations which England is destined to fill, and always will fill, and must fill—I say, and must fill—to the last syllable of recorded time!"

Mr. Thornton said, "Hear, hear!" and continued his description of the absurdities of the last new play, which entertained Miss Austin immensely, and astonished in an equal degree the unsophisticated Jessie, who could not understand the meaning of a bad play, the theatre, to her small experience, being always delightful and exciting in the highest degree.

Tom Pigeon tried to fix the Colonel with his eye-glass. Failing by that means to bring the candidate's oration to an end, he began talking to Mr. Kite; but the Colonel went on until he was pulled up by an overwhelming roar of laughter from old Pigeon. The Colonel had expressed a hope that he should meet his young friend, Mr. Tom Pigeon, as a brother-member in the Commons House of Parliament.

Fortunately for the Pigeons, two new arrivals were announced at this juncture. Miss Tippits, with as grand a Society air as she could achieve, came forward to meet the new comers, who were evidently persons of some distinction. Presently the company was increased by several other visitors. A general ripple of small talk commenced, turning chiefly upon the weather, the shooting season, the scarcity of birds, autumn tints, the large crop of wheat, and the latest novel. The Colonel availed himself of this opportunity to get Tom Pigeon into a corner, and follow up an interesting conversation which he had initiated in the Castle gardens.

"And you think you could be happy with my daughter, you

sly dog," said the Colonel, beaming with generosity. "Too bad to commence a siege upon her heart within the first four-and-twenty hours of meeting her; but youth is hot and headstrong. Well, I like you, Mr. Pigeon—I like you. We have a distinguished party here to-night—all the *élite* of the county. It would be pardonable on such an occasion to introduce your health in a few words after dinner, alluding to our probable new relationship—Beauty and Fashion going into Society with Wealth and Intellect, and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, yes," said Tom, overcome by the Colonel's condescension, and dazzled by the splendour of Miss Tippit's blue satin dress and golden hair. "I'm not a man to do things by halves. No, sir, 'Onward!' is my motto. Your daughter, Colonel, is a very fine woman, and, as you say, in Society to begin with; knows what Society is, and could sit beside a fellow in the Park, four-in-hand, and all that, and preside at one's table. That's my style. I mean to see life, and mean to go into Society with a dashing woman. Miss Tippits is all that; Miss Tippits took my eye the moment I see her; and if Miss Tippits will say the same of me, why, I'm on, Colonel, and ready to say the word at once."

As the last words escaped his lips, Tom started from his seat as quickly as he had sprung from his father's overcoat at the hotel.

"Who is that young lady?" he asked, seizing the Colonel's arm, and fixing his eyes on Jessie Miller.

"Which, sir, which?" asked the Colonel, slowly raising his eyeglass.

"In the white dress?"

"Near my daughter?"

"Yes, yes. Can't you tell me at once? It is not much I ask."

"Oh, that is Jessie Miller, my daughter's companion," said the Colonel, as if he thought it almost necessary to apologize for the very existence of so ordinary a person.

"Companion?" repeated Tom, looking vaguely at the Colonel.

"Yes; a sort of menial, a dependant, whom Miss Tippits has taken pity upon. Her father has come to grief. Miss Tippits would not allow the girl to become a common servant, and has, in the kindest and handsomest way, taken her in the position of companion."

"Ah, I see," said Tom. "She's not in Society, eh?"

"Oh dear, no!" said the Colonel, scandalized at the very idea of such a possibility.

"I like your daughter for taking pity on her," said Tom, gravely.

"My dear Mr. Pigeon, you are a kind, human man" said the Colonel.

"By Jove, sir!" said Tom raising his voice, "I like your daughter more for being kind to that poor girl than for anything she could have done."

Tom was very much in earnest, and seemed inclined to go and speak to Jessie; but the Colonel detained him.

"You have met that poor girl before, eh?"

"Yes," said Tom, a little awkwardly; "yes, once, some months ago."

"Ah, you sly dog! you sly dog!" said the Colonel, taking Tom's arm, and walking with him as far away from Jessie as possible. "Just like you young sprigs of fashion. A pretty girl is not safe—companions, barmaids, nurse-girls, anything if it has a pretty face. Well, well, that is excusable in you young millionaires. The canons of Society do not forbid it."

There was consummate skill in the Colonel's coupling of companions, barmaids, and nurse-girls; it put Jessie Miller at once out of the pale of Tom's consideration, and the "sly-dog" compliment just suited his present mood and temper.

"Yes, yes, Colonel," said Tom; "I flatter myself I know a little of the world. It is not much I ask—a pretty girl, a good cigar, and let me have my sherry dry."

"Good, good!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Society will open her arms wide to a man of your mettle."

Dinner was announced as the Colonel was introducing Mr. Pigeon junior to the Rev. the Vicar of Inglenook.

"Dinner is on the table," said six feet of plush and buttons, with the solemnity of a mute.

"Best news I've heard today," said old Pigeon to Kite.

"There he goes again," said Tom Pigeon to himself.

"Nothing will polish the governor."

"Mr. Pigeon junior, will you take in my daughter?" said the Colonel.

"With pleasure," said Tom.

"Mrs. de Smythers, may I have the honour?" said the Colonel, offering his arm to an Indian widow, at the same time firing off a series of suggestions and commands for pairing the remainder of the guests.

Old Pigeon had been duly considered by the host; but the scene altogether had been too much for him. The lady assigned to his care had found some more gallant gentleman, and Pigeon was left to bring up the rear, muttering to himself as he did so, "Well, I never see such a fuss! They might be going to a dance instead of a dinner."

(To be continued.)

TYPE OF BEAUTY—JUANITA OF SEVILLE.

We this week present our readers to a donna from the southern portion of the Iberian Peninsula. We are particular on the point of etiquette. Her milder and somewhat more facile cousin of Castile would have not the slightest objection to being trotted out before her admirers, always supposing that her toilet was in her estimation the exact thing. Juanita of Seville will stand on her dignity, and will require her would-be admirers to approach her ceremoniously, and do obeisance after the fashion of her own requirements. A strongly despotic government, allowing of no diversities of creed, political or religious, has done much to fuse the different races inhabiting the Peninsula together. Still there is as much difference to be observed amongst them as between the Celtic and Saxon populations of England and Scotland. If Mercedes of Castile was Gothic or Gothic-Latin in her origin, Juanita has had added thereto no small amount of the Moorish element in her veins. Probably she is of pure Moorish descent, with the exceptional admixture of a touch of gipsy blood. Her Eastern origin is witnessed by her hair and eyes of the deepest black, her pale complexion, remarkable for the absence of anything approaching to red in it, and her perfectly exquisite hands and feet. Why is it that the Moorish woman, drudge as she is, and toiling all day with naked feet under a burning sun for the behoof of her lazy lord

and master, never loses the immaculate proportions of her manual and pedal extremities? In structure these portions of her frame are as delicate and apparently as fragile as the limbs of the wild horse of her country; but no amount of rough usage seems to mar their symmetry. Juanita, according to unanimous consent, has the most beautiful feet in the world; but she is wary of showing them except on very solemn and exceptional occasions—at the dance, for instance. In fact, so chary is she in this respect, that the old saying, "The Queen of Spain has no legs," merely alludes to the decorous length of garment prevalent in the best circles. Juanita has many points that recommend her to the painter. She is, in fact, the painter's favourite. She has no objection whatever to sitting. She knows she is handsome, and is quite content to have her advantages in this respect perpetuated on canvas. In this respect she is unlike the Italian or French woman, both of whom—among all classes above the peasantry—are exceedingly difficult of approach on this point; and as for Juanita's Moorish ancestors, or rather relatives, generally no consideration whatever will induce them to pose for the artist, being convinced that the possessor of their effigy has thereby a magical power over them which nothing can oppose. In another respect the Spanish belle stands almost alone amongst her European sisters. Beauty of form and figure, more especially feminine beauty, is the characteristic of the well-to-do and of the upper classes, rather than of the peasantry, who are, as a rule, heavy in form and coarse in expression. Juanita, take her altogether, is an agreeable, and in some respects an admirable being. She is sincerely devotional, and a perfect miracle of punctuality in her religious duties. She is conversational, and altogether amiable. It is to be feared, however, that her stock of learning is of the scantiest, and that she is somewhat lazy, from the nature of her education. She has the most limited supply of mental resource or occupation to fall back upon; consequently, the three grand employments of her life would seem to be her devotions, fanning herself, or pretending to do so, and a never-failing punctuality at the bullfight. It is often supposed from this last-named predilection that there is a touch of the sanguinary in her disposition; but those who know her well avow that no assumption can be more erroneous.—*Queen.*

THE GRAND-DUCAL CASTLE AT SCHWERIN.

On the whole of the sea-board of northern Germany there is no finer building than that occupied as a residence by the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg. It occupies an advantageous situation on an island, close to the old ducal city of Schwerin, where its curious architecture, its *bizarr* outline, turreted and pinnacled on every side, show to the greatest advantage. Its architecture is of the northern Renaissance style, with additions here and there which give to the building a quaint old-fashioned appearance that possesses an indescribable charm for the lover of the picturesque. The front of the castle, which rises to a height of some two hundred feet (German measure), is ornamented with numerous statues and inscriptions; among the former a colossal equestrian statue of the Slavonic prince, Nielot, the last of the leaders of the heathen Obotrites (1) in their struggles with their Christian conquerors. Nor is the interior less imposing than the exterior. With the exception of the magnificent armoury—a hobby of the Duke's—there is little to attract the antiquary; but the gorgeous decorations of the state apartments, the painted windows, and the snow-white marble stairs almost compensate for the want of other attractions.

With the city of Schwerin (Slavonic *Zuerin*—a neighbourhood rich in game) and the vicinity are associated many historical reminiscences. This neighbourhood was the scene of the many conflicts between the Wends and the Saxons, and of the final triumph of the champions of the Cross over the pagan tribes of the Baltic. Here stood the old castle of Slavenburg, where Nielot, the last of the princely line of the Obotrites, dwelt. In 1159, the Saxon duke Henry the Lion marched against him with an overpowering force, and the pagan, having lost all hope of success, set fire to his castles and to the town of Schwerin, and with a small band of faithful followers threw himself upon the invader. In the battle that followed Nielot lost his life, his troops were dispersed, and his dominions were immediately annexed to the Saxon dukedom. During five centuries the castle—or what remained of it—lared badly. Alternately rebuilt, fired, repaired and sacked, it soon became useless as a stronghold and was allowed to fall to ruins. In this state it remained until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the reigning duke undertook to have it rebuilt with the view of occupying it as the ducal residence. Plans were drawn up and the work commenced, but the duke soon tired of his brief-lived fancy, and the old castle was once more left to its solitude. Finally the present duke, who succeeded to the duchy in 1842, took a fancy to the castle and its surroundings, and gave orders for the work of restoration to proceed. In eight years the repairs were completed, and the old castle—beautified and rejuvenated—stands, as seen in our engraving, a monument of architectural grandeur.

(1) The Obotrites formed part of the great Wendish race, and occupied the territory now known as Mecklenburg.

THE EDUCATION OF AZOR.

This spirited little picture of home life is after a painting exhibited last month by M. Perrault at the French *Salon* (corresponding to the English Royal Academy Exhibition.) The artist, who is still young, particularly excels in this genre of work, and his pictures, though condemned by some critics for the frivolity of their subjects, are generally much admired. In the case of the "Education of Azor," M. Perrault has been "catching it" more than usual from the hands of the writers in the press, who complain that "the dimensions of the picture are out of all proportion with the insignificance of the subject." The subject is to our taste a very pretty one and very skilfully handled, and as we have nothing to do with the dimensions of the canvas, we are content to let it adorn our pages and meet with what criticism it may.

The *Galaxy*, the Ladies' fashionable newspaper of New York, 6th May, says:—It has been very noticeable since the introduction of that Italian preparation, the Concentrated Water of Tivoli or Bath of Beauty, that in society or at the theatres the toilets of our Ladies have been vastly improved. 5-25 d



TYPE OF BEAUTY—JUANITA OF SEVILLE.



THE EDUCATION OF AZOR.

FROM THE PAINTING BY PERRAULT.

TADPOLES.

No one can say they are beautiful. A lot of unfinished looking, disproportioned, meaningless things wriggling about in the most absurd manner, and apparently doing nothing in the world of green waters to which they belong but create confusion and make a fuss—little beasts with big heads, frilled throats, pulpy bodies, and tapering tails. Who can say they are beautiful, who but people of exceptional faith can believe in their future use and dignity as frogs? Why, their very name is enough to set the aesthetic mind on edge! Tadpoles! Can anything less lovely be imagined? Is it not the very synonym for transitional unpleasantness—for contemptible no-meaningness? What can a tadpole do? Absolutely nothing. It cannot build like a bird, nor burrow like a rabbit; it cannot throw up earthworks like a mole, nor shape a cell like a bee; it cannot fly, it cannot walk, and its swimming is only make believe, after all; it only wriggles about, and calls it swimming, waiting on time for more perfect development and the fulfilment of its reason why.

Now, nothing in this great world of ours being single in its law, and all things owning some kind of analogy, tadpoles have been taken to typify boys. Those poor boys! No one has a good word to say for them, and no hand wants a stone to fling at them. Just as they themselves pelt the tadpoles and "fly" the cat, so are they pelted and flown, and cuffed and bullied on all sides, and made very plainly to understand that they are among the nonsensical nuisances of creation, and that no one thinks he does an ill turn when he fires a particularly good shot at some round bullet-head, or brings down his lash with a cut sharper than ordinary across some squared humped-up back. Parents groan over the return of their lively tadpoles from school; and write indignant letters to the newspapers, complaining that the schoolmaster cannot endure for all the year what they, the fathers and mothers, find so irksome to bear for six weeks at a stretch. and sisters look forward with mingled dread and pleasure to the day when Jack and Tom and Harry will swarm through the house with a multiplying power of noise and presence that might almost stand for miraculous. They know that if there will be more life for them, there will be no peace; that dolls will be broken and dolls' houses invaded, the pet kitten tormented, and Fido rendered savage by the compulsory education that will go on whenever the poor brute escapes from the safe asylum of mamma's lap; that the canary will be let to fly, and probably lost; that they will not be able to go into the yard and look at Bunny in his hutch, because of the nasty sights of skinned moles and nailed-up jays and weasels that will shock their sensibilities, and make them feel sick. To be sure, there will be lots of boating and riding in the summer, and fine fun with skating and snow-balling if it is a winter such as a winter should be; and there will be "jolly larks" with paintpots and burnt corks; and mamma's old wardrobe, tossed to them as *spolia magna* they may use as they will, and have no rebuke whatever they do; and there will be children's parties, which the girls will like but the boys—the tadpoles—will probably dislike, till the supper comes, when they will avenge their enforced quietness of behaviour by an onslaught that creates alarming visions of the family doctor in constant attendance for a week after. So that, on the whole, the girls will be divided in their sentiments when the time for the return of their brothers draws near; the tomboys inclining to jubilation, but the elder sister element breathing soft sighs to itself, and lamenting with mamma—if mamma will let her—the sure falling back of Ella and Ada and Jenny, and all the still less developed tadpoles of the nursery, when "the boys" come home; and how she wishes—staid, sweet elder sister!—that they were gentler than they are, and not so rude and rough! Perhaps mamma will coincide with the elder sister, and sight her sights too, as she thinks of her house turned into the metaphorical bear garden, whence peace and quiet and all sense of security will be banished till Dr. Swishtail's young friends are summoned to reassemble. Perhaps she will check her staid half-Puritan daughter with a light and tender hand, saying wise things about the need of patience in a family, and the value of liberal judgments, with affectionate appeals to such love as she may be fairly assumed to possess for her schoolboy brothers—the tadpoles of the parental pond; or, perhaps, she will say sharp, and therefore foolish things, and make our Eldest feel in disgrace and misunderstood, and a martyr and sacrificed—sacrificed to the tadpoles—all because the rollick of schoolboy health and spirits accord ill with her more responsible condition, and she wants to see Ella, and Ada, and Jenny, and all the rest of them well bred, and quiet, and kept out of mischief. In which case she, in her turn, cannot understand all poor mamma's embarrassments of thought and feeling, nor read the sympathy of disturbed fear in the very snappishness which seems to condemn her own. Anyhow the tadpoles come; they swarm through the rooms and passages, and are always on the stairs and wherever they should not be; and with their advent flies peace till the next term begins.

Now we have a fellow-feeling for the tadpoles. We sympathise with them, and think the horror in which their superabundant energies are held unreasonable, and not a little crude. If they are of the stuff which makes men worth their salt, they must necessarily be what a strictly regulated household call troublesome. What can you do with the seething, tumbling turbulent life that fills the soul of youth as wine fermenting in the cask? It must have vent, else the whole thing would go to the bad. Either the cask will split, or the wine was sour. The boy will burst his bonds while he is yet immature and needing direction—he will run away to sea, or maybe to Australia, and work off his ferment at the diggings after he has got rid of a little as a sailor before the mast, escaping from the narrow life of home and the hard hand of parents' authority—probably losing all the possibilities which lay in him by such premature escape, like the squandered wine that bursts the cask and floods the cellar. Or he will become toned down and subdued to the regulation pattern of the well-bred house; and the world may look in vain for generous deed or noble thought, for manliness, or daring, or aught that makes men worthy, from the thin and acid nature that was soured into what it is because denied all right to ferment, all room for expansion, all liberty of natural "working off." But while a youth he will be held up as a pattern to the unruly tadpoles of his acquaintance; and it will not shake the judgment of parents—who so miraculously forge their own boyhood—that no one of his age and kind loves him, that the very girls laugh at him as a prig and a milksop; that even our Eldest, sweet and staid,

thinks he might be just as good as he is, and yet have a little more manliness in him; and that all the tadpoles in a crowd—all, without excepting one—hold him to be the most awful snob, and sneak, and coward, and everything else dishonouring in schoolboy's morals; while fathers and mothers quote him as an example, and wish with many sighs that their own boys were like him! He never gets into trouble, because he never does anything wrong. Apples are as sacred as bank notes in his eyes; and he would as soon think of stealing a child as robbing a bird's nest of its eggs; while burglary itself would be no worse to him than taking off the nest itself. He never plays near the pond to the detriment of his fine velvet knickerbockers and smart purple hose; he never runs helter skelter through the wet grass, and so gets his feet wet and a bad cold in consequence; the most keen-eyed detective never spied him out in the process of making an apple-pie bed; of poking surreptitious caps into the nursery fire; of studying the problem of gaseous expansion by tying down the tea-kettle lid and stopping up the spout when in a state of boil; of cutting off his own long locks or his tiny brother's eye lashes; of punching in dolly's head or picking out her eyes; or joining in any of the many nefarious pastimes usually indulged in by tadpoles when practising "holiday larks" at home—larks only to themselves! Always neat and clean, and nicely brushed, and carefully got up, the pattern boy moves through his little world with the precision of a watch wheel, and the harmless niceness of a wax doll. He is the "best boy that ever lived," say his parents, and "never gave us an hour's anxiety;" with which they are perfectly satisfied. And it never occurs to them that the goodness which they praise so enthusiastically is due to a low condition of vitality for the one part, and the severity of their own compression for the other; and that what is now a tractable temper, perfect obedience, and no sign of an opposing will, will in all probability lead to priggishness and unmanliness hereafter. But, as tadpoles have before them the proud future of frogdom, so have boys the worth and weight and importance of manhood; and what they will be then is of vastly more moment than what they are now. For which cause it may be well that parents have a little patience with the unruly tempers and exuberant vitality of their offspring; that they allow youth to be youth and do not expect it to be age; and that even our sweet staid Eldest, with the quietness and modest responsibilities of young womanhood just dawning on her, understands the difference between disturbing energies and moral faults; and that when her tadpole brothers, home for the holidays, are troublesome after their kind, it is only after their kind, and not real sinfulness, and that she sees how that they are to be borne with generously.—Queen.

EXTRAORDINARY HALLUCINATION.—A writer in the *Journal des Débats*, tells of an extraordinary hallucination at present raging in many parts of Germany and France similar to those moral and mental epidemics which have at intervals broken out among mankind, and for which it is impossible to assign any reasonable cause. The superstitious mania in this case seems to have originated on the French borders, in the neighbourhood of Wissembourg, but first took solid root at Rastadt, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and now embraces Strasburg and the whole of Alsace, besides many other districts both in Germany and France. For months past thousands of people—including many even of intelligence and education—have professed to see all sorts of strange characters traced upon the window-panes of their houses, especially those of public functionaries, the figures being generally of a religious or warlike character. Thus, for instance, Madonnas, Zouaves, Turcos, cannons, and iron-clad vessels of war seem to be the apparitions most commonly met with. Nothing can convince these people that it is nothing but a delusion. In most of the villages the inhabitants are sitting for long hours during the day anxiously watching their window-panes for these miraculous manifestations, while their fields are remaining uncultivated, and scarcely a day passes but some little village has its new apparition to publish to the world. To make matters worse a portion of the priesthood seem to be using this unhealthy excitement for enforcing the doctrines of faith in the miraculous. Alluding to this particular feature, the *Débats* says: "People speak of the necessity of restoring faith in order to restore France to the position of a great nation; but they need not, on that account, lead us back to the dark days of superstition."

Now that the hot days have come on the "scientists" are going mad again on the sunstroke question. Every year they would have us believe something new on the subject. First they told us sunstroke was caused by the rays of the sun beating on the head; then it was on the neck; and last year they said the stomach was at the bottom of it all. But now it appears we are all wrong, and must begin all over again. An exchange says: "According to a late writer sunstroke is due to the action of light upon the brain, exerted through the eye, and not, as generally believed, to an elevation of temperature; and it is asserted that if the eye be properly shaded from the glare of the sun, any extra or unusual precaution in the way of protecting the head and back of the neck may be dispensed with." We await with eager anticipation next year's theory.

The revision of the prayer-book seems to afford much cause for amusement to the Right Reverend Fathers in Synod assembled. One of the bishops recently quoted, in the midst of a grave debate on *Quicumque vult*, the advice of some friend of his, that over the Synod hall should be inscribed, "Mangling done here." A witty southern rector of strong anti-revision tendencies recommended that the debate on the revision report should be preceded by the prayer to be used by persons "at sea." Lastly, a prelate, on being told that the Synod would "sit for twenty-one days," replied that such was the exact period of incubation of a not over-brilliant member of the ornithological family.

"SHARP CONVERSATION."—"Are you really wet through?" "I was never wet through in my life—never beyond my skin." It is curious that in popular parlance the rain penetrates deeper the nearer one goes to the Equinoctial Line. Thus, for example, while the pachydermatous Briton says he is wet to the skin, the Frenchman affirms that he is wet to the bones, and the Spaniard, exaggerating yet more, says he is wet to the marrow.

VARIETIES.

The "Rogue's March" has been foisted upon the innocent public of Davenport, Iowa, under the title of the "Greeley and Brown Polonaise."

An ironical story comes from St. Louis to the effect that a bar of iron fell on a man's head from a height of twenty feet and it didn't hurt the iron a bit.

A Californian jury, in a suicide case lately, found the following verdict:—"We, the jury, find that the deceased was a fool." They had it that time.

An exchange says that a member of Congress for a Western State, seeking re-election, and being taxed with intoxication, met the charge by stating that he was never too drunk to represent his constituents.

Considerable amusement has been created in certain social circles in London by some American families now residing there, who have printed on the back of their invitation cards a map of that part of London in which they live.

Stout ladies may take some comfort from this smart *bon mot*. A gentleman was praising the beauty of a rather meagre young lady, and in his polite frenzy he called her "a perfect Venus." A *Venus de mille os*, remarked a bystander.

Alas for the believers in the Munroe doctrine, and the upholders of Republicanism. An unregenerate son of America has written a book to prove that the United States is a Kingdom—the Kingdom of Heaven. His name is Jones.

A Boston minister says that he once preached on "the recognition of friends in the future," and was told after service by a hearer that it would be more to the point to preach about the recognition of friends here, as he had been in the church 20 years and didn't know any of its members.

The Paducah *Kentuckian* tells this: "In one of our neighbouring towns, one evening, recently, some Good Templar posted up a notice, calling for a meeting at one of the churches in the place, for the purpose of organizing a lodge of Good Templars. In a few minutes after the notice had been put up, the saloon keepers stuck up, immediately under it, the following offset notice: "Attention!!! Free drinks to-night at all the saloons in town." No lodge was formed there that night."

A Hartford young lady engaged herself to nine young men living in that city, and also to a youth residing in New Haven. After a time she resolved to drop the Hartford group, and keep the New Haven. The rejected immediately sent the following telegram:—"Mr. —, New Haven: Your affianced known to be engaged to nine fellows. Rest of Trinity College not heard from. Come quick or you may lose her." The New Havener arrived on the first train, learned the situation of affairs, and then—well, he returned to the City of Elms a sadder and a wiser man.

At a party the other evening a young lady was standing in a draught, when an elderly gent in the law, and a bachelor, stepped up and remarked, "Miss —, I will protect you from the draught by standing between you and it." She replied, "Do you promise always thus to guard and protect me?" Through his proverbial gallantry, he replied, "I do." Extending her hand she remarked, "Dear sir, you will remember this is leap year." The man in the law was for a moment nonplussed, but finally he succeeded in saying, "You must ask my mother."

There was considerable fun at a representation of *Romeo and Juliet* in a little French theatre. Madame Deharme, the Juliet of the occasion, was lying dead on a tomb. It was raining torrents; a drop came through the roof and fell on Juliet's nose, she made a face; another drop fell on her eyelids, she winked. It was a facial expression not taught by Delsarte. Finally, she took to watching the drops and dodging them. The audience caught the idea and sympathised with her. "Look out, Mrs. Juliet," said one fellow; "there's a whopper a-comin'—I see it!" "Mind your eye!" said another. "Madame," said a third, rising, "will you accept the use of my umbrella?" Of course the tragedy ended.

That bank in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, will never buy another patent combination lock. And the reason why it never will is that they put one on their safe the other day, and placed their valuables within and went home. Next morning they were alarmed to find that the combination for the key had been forgotten. So they suspended business for a week while they worried that lock, and eventually they were compelled to take the whole bank building down in order to lift the safe out from the wall in which it was built, and then they had to blast that safe six or seven times with gunpowder before they reached the interior. So now they are disgusted, and they want to find the man who invented that lock and interview him.

The Concentrated Water of Tivoli is specially recommended for Ladies. It imparts a peach-like bloom to the features, and emits a most fragrant perfume. For invalids the Concentrated Water of Tivoli is invaluable. Business men will find this *Bath* a great boon. Its invigorating powers are immense, after which it produces a calm soothing effect, very grateful to the man of business during the sultry summer months. Price \$1.00 per case, being 4 cents per bath. Sold by all druggists throughout the Dominion of Canada. Sole Consignees in Canada and United States, Gordon & Co., Manufacturing and Wholesale Chemists of Glasgow and London. Branch Depot, 32 St. François Xavier Street, Montreal. 5-25 d

HOW THANKFUL WE SHOULD BE.—Almost all disorders of the human body are distinctly to be traced to impure blood. The purification of that fluid is the first step towards health. The Indian Medicine widely known as the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills commend themselves to the attention of all sufferers. No mistake can be made in their administration. In Scrofula, Bronchitis, Indigestion, Confirmed Dyspepsia, Liver and Lung Complaints, Rheumatism, &c., &c., the most beneficial effects have been and always must be obtained from the wholesome power exerted by this Indian Medicine over the system. Persons whose lives have been restored to ease, strength and perfect health by the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills, after fruitless trial of the whole pharmacopœia of physic, attest this fact. 5-22 e

A CURATE'S TROUBLE.—In the first place, I want to know why church carpenters make the kneeling-boards at reading-desks with such utter disregard in the conformation of the human leg. A curate's leg is human—very human. For twelve months I have alternated between slipping down, till my head was lost in the big prayer-book, whilst I felt as if in a douche-bath, and perching myself up like a frog on the look-out for flies. If I knelt up all the time, my back ached. My back is not strong. If I let myself gently down into a state of occultation, people rebelliously said I was asleep. Fanny said it looked irreverent. N.B. Fanny could not see me when I subsided below high-water mark. She liked to see me. She said so. Talking of marks: there are book-marks. I wonder who first invented those infer—I beg pardon—those infamous machines for the confusion of curates. They are sweetly pretty. Fanny's were. I tried to use them. For her sake; that was how she put it. But they acted like half a dozen pairs of braces mixed up among the leaves of the prayer-book. If one was in the right place it never would work with another that wasn't. The psalms interferred with the collect, and the collect clashed with the litany; and both objected to the Athanasian Creed. I was always reading in wrong places and tearing the book to get the right ones. My conscience tells me that I did incalculable damage to that portentous volume. At last I managed it. I stowed all the book-markers away by themselves out among the Thirty-nine Articles, and having an occasional loss of place, and substitution of morning for evening service, and vice versa (I am so fond of classical quotations), got on pretty well. I used to start it at the neighbouring village church sometimes, when I got a Sunday out. It led me into difficulties. In the first place, Fanny said I was "wandering." I thought I was, mentally, sometimes. I have wandered alas! bodily and mentally now. The first church I officiated in was Stickyford. There they were very correct, and had the altar on a "foot pace." In plain English, there was an unnecessary inequality of six inches in the limited amount of floor I had to stand on. I forgot this, and came down with a gasp in the middle of the Fourth Commandment. It shook me. I suppose I was "wandering" then. I only wanted to get my pocket-handkerchief. I had a cold. I often have colds, and they always come on in the longest places, like the Fourth Commandment. The doctor said it was nervousness. It felt to me like tickling. Then in the pulpit there was an elaborate brass desk that worked up and down with complicated machinery. I am tall. Fanny says graceful. Some persons allude allegorically to a lamp-post. They are rude. That desk at Stickyford brought my manuscript about the level of the lower part of my stomach. I cling to my manuscript, and dislike rant. The fact is, I am not equal to it. In a misguided moment I tried to alter the desk, and the whole of the top came off in my hand. I turned a screw with the other hand, and then nothing would persuade that refractory top to go on again. I tried it, and it wobbled. If I had left it, it would have fallen over and hurt an old lady. My manuscript did, but that (in Fanny's silk velvet case) was not so heavy. I need not say I was covered with confusion. I blush very readily. That is not meant for a pun. I hate puns. I felt like an ecclesiastical Marquis among the ruins, and the clerk had to come up and repair the thing with a hammer before I could get on. I needn't say it ruined the sermon. I never officiated at Stickyford afterwards. I never shall again, or anywhere else. I am reckless, as I think I said before, and, when my moustache has grown, shall turn bandit or pirate—or I would if the sea agreed with me.—Collaris's New Monthly Magazine.

The Liverpool Courier, June 11th, says:—Mr. Charles Moore, the Dominion merchant who was robbed at "the Stork," is to be complemented on the astuteness he displayed on Saturday. The phenomenon of a "chock full" portmanteau would not strike every one as being a symptom of felony; but Mr. Moore has seen the world—two worlds—and is "up to" the ways thereof. Through his smartness he saved himself and others from serious loss, and secured well deserved punishment for a

"respectable-looking young man" who might otherwise have been preying upon other hotel lodgers at this time. William Moffit is the name of the thief, who took lodgings at the Stork Hotel, and filled his own bag at the expense of his neighbours, and was seized and given into custody by Mr. Moore. Young Moffit has been sent to gaol for six months. If he again operates in hotels he will, doubtless, avoid Canadian visitors.

A lady of Newburg, Maine, has framed the verdict a jury gave in her favour in a suit for breach of promise of marriage, and has hung it in her parlour, as a warning to triflers.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

TUESDAY, 11th Day of June, 1872. PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and in pursuance of the provisions of the 8th Sec. of the Act 31st Vic., Chap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency in Council has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Silver Islet, Lake Superior, be, and the same is hereby constituted and created into an Out Port of Customs, under the survey of the Port of Sault Ste. Marie.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

SATURDAY, 25th Day of May, 1872. PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and in pursuance of the provisions of the 8th Section of the Act 31st Victoria, Chapter 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Salmon River, in the County of Albert and Province of New Brunswick, be, and the same is hereby constituted and created into an Out Port of Customs, and placed under the survey of the Port of Hillsborough.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

SATURDAY, 25th Day of May, 1872. PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Militia and Defence, and under and in virtue of the provisions of the 12th and 15th Sections of the Act 31st Vic., Chap. 4, intitled: "An Act respecting the Militia and Defence of the Dominion of Canada," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the County of Soulanges, one of the Regimental Divisions in Military District No. 6, established by Order in Council of the 1st day of Oct. 1868, be divided into two Regimental Divisions, to be known as the 1st and 2nd Regimental Divisions of Soulanges, respectively, and that such first Regimental Division shall consist of the Parishes of St. Joseph de Soulanges, St. Ger and St. Leonie du Coteau du Lac and the Village of Soulanges, and that such second Regimental Division shall consist of the Parishes of St. Pelicarp, St. Telesphore, and St. Zotique, and the Village of Coteau Landing.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

SATURDAY, 25th Day of May, 1872. PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under the authority conferred by the 12th article of the 123rd Section of the Act 31st Victoria, Chapter 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Horses and Mules or other pack animals, bringing provisions or other merchandise from the United States Territory across the Southern Boundary of the Province of British Columbia, be admitted without payment of duty on Bonds being given in an amount equal to double the duty on the animals brought in and conditioned for the due exportation thereof within a period of three months from the date of their entry into such Province, or the payment of the duties upon due entry before the expiration of that delay.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

TUESDAY, 21st Day of May, 1872. PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Public Works, and under the provisions of the 5th Section of the Act 31st Victoria, Chap. 12, intitled: "An Act respecting the Public Works of Canada," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the following rate of toll be, and the same is hereby imposed and authorized to be levied and collected on Timber passing through the Government Slide on the River Dumoine, that is to say:

On Red and White Pine Timber fifteen cents per piece.

W. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

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PUBLIC NOTICE.

Concerning the Cadastration

OF THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE PARISH OF MONTREAL.

IN ORDER to facilitate the correction of or any errors which may have occurred in performing the CADASTRATION of the Parish of Montreal, previous to the Legal Examination, which should take place at the REGISTRAR'S OFFICE during the two years following the date of the Proclamation of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor of this Province:—Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that the Plans and Books of Reference of the above Municipality are now completed, and that these documents will remain in the Cadastre Office, No. 3 Place d'Armes Hill, for one month, open to the inspection of all who wish to verify there the correctness of the description of their properties.

J. O. BEAUBIEN, Commissioner.

Department of Crown Lands, Quebec, 2nd July, 1872.

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DR. MACBEAN'S IMPROVED TURKISH BATH, 140 St. Monique Street, near Crystal Palace, Montreal. Gentlemen's hours (with the exception of Monday morning) 6 to 9 a.m. and 3 to 9 p.m.

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NOTICE.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, June 6th, 1872.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT His Excellency the Governor-General, by an Order in Council bearing date the 3rd instant, and under the authority vested in him by the 3rd Section of the 34th Vic., Chap. 19, has been pleased to order and direct that the following articles be transferred to the list of goods which may be imported into Canada free of duty, viz.:

- "Precipitate of Copper." "Aniline Salts used for Dyeing Purposes."

By Command, R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

Ottawa, June 10th, 1872.

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