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AMERICAN Wholesale News

Vol. XX.—No. 3.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.

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MONTREAL.—THE OLD WINDMILL, AND MORGUE ON WINDMILL POINT.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

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PROSPECTUS OF VOL. XX.

We have the pleasure to announce to all our friends and patrons that this is the XXth Volume of THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and in it we introduce a number of improvements tending to make it still more worthy of public encouragement. We have engaged the services of a talented Superintendent of the Art Department, competent to infuse new energy and excellence in our illustrations; and to show what we intend to accomplish in the Literary Department, we have only to publish the names of the following Canadian writers of note who have kindly consented to be occasional contributors to our columns:

- J. G. BOURINOT, Esq., Ottawa.
- REV. A. J. BRAY, Montreal.
- S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.
- F. M. DEROME, Esq., Rimouski.
- F. L. DIXON, Esq., Ottawa.
- N. F. DAVIN, Esq., Toronto.
- GEORGE M. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.
- BARRY DANE, Esq., Montreal.
- MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, Esq., Ottawa.
- JAMES HARPER, Esq., Montreal.
- J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL.D., Toronto.
- W. D. LESUEUR, Esq., Ottawa.
- J. M. LEMOINE, Esq., Quebec.
- CHAS. LINDSEY, Esq., Toronto.
- MRS. R. E. LEPROHON, Montreal.
- H. H. MILES, LL.D., Quebec.
- HENRY J. MORGAN, Esq., Ottawa.
- HON. E. G. PENNY, Senator, Montreal.
- REV. JAMES ROY, M.A., Montreal.
- JOHN READE, M.A., Montreal.
- MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS, Montreal.
- LINDSAY RUSSELL, Esq., Ottawa.
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- FENNINGS TAYLOR, Esq., Ottawa.
- THOMAS WHITE, Esq., M.P.
- REV. S. W. YOUNG, M.A., Toronto.
- COUNT DE PREMIO REAL, Spanish Consul at Quebec.

In addition to these attractions we beg to call attention to the following special features of the NEWS:

- I. It is the only illustrated paper in the Dominion; the only purely literary weekly, and in every respect a family paper.
- II. It contains the only Canadian Portrait Gallery in existence, numbering already over 300, and containing the picture and biography of all the leading men of the Dominion in every department of life. This collection is invaluable for reference, can be found nowhere else, and ours is the only paper that can publish it.
- III. It gives views and sketches of all important events at home and abroad, as they transpire every week.
- IV. It has been publishing, and will continue to publish, illustrations of the principal towns, manufactures and industries of the country, which, when collected in a volume, will constitute the most complete pictorial gazetteer ever printed.
- V. Its original and selected matter is varied, spicy, and of that literary quality which is calculated to improve the public taste.
- VI. It studiously eschews all partisanship in politics, and all sectarianism in religion.

The expenditure of an illustrated journal is double that of any ordinary paper, and to meet that we earnestly request the support of all those who believe that Canada should possess such a periodical as ours. The more we are encouraged the better will be our paper, and we promise to spare no effort to make it worthy of universal acceptance. A great step will be made if, with the new volume, all our friends help us to the extent of procuring for us an additional subscriber each.

OUR NEW STORY.

In this number we continue the publication of our original serial story, entitled:—

MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

This story will run through several months, and we bespeak for it the favour which was accorded to "The Bastonnais," originally published in these columns two years ago. The subject is new and interesting. The book will deal, *inter alia*, with the mysteries of Voudouism, and touch delicately upon several of those social questions which have so thoroughly agitated the North and South since the war. Begin your subscriptions with the opening of this story.

NOTICE.

To prevent all confusion in the delivery of papers, our readers and subscribers are requested to give notice at this office, by post-card or otherwise, of their change of residence, giving the new number along with the old number of their houses.

NOTICE.

Subscribers removing to the country or the sea-side during the summer months, are respectfully requested to send their new addresses to our offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, and the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be duly sent to them.

TEMPERATURE.

As observed by HERRN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING			CORRESPONDING WEEK, 1878				
July 13th, 1879.							
Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	74°	61°	67° 5'	Mon.	88°	68°	78°
Tues.	76°	54°	70°	Tues.	87°	75°	81°
Wed.	83°	61°	72°	Wed.	91°	77°	84°
Thur.	81°	63°	72°	Thur.	88°	75°	81° 5'
Frid.	79°	65°	72° 5'	Frid.	78°	67°	72° 5'
Sat.	87°	60°	73° 5'	Sat.	79°	63°	71°
Sun.	88°	66°	77°	Sun.	85°	63°	74°

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 19, 1879.

A DARK SPOT.

The PRINCE IMPERIAL has been laid beside his father in the Chapel of Chiselhurst. Her Majesty was present for several hours to console the afflicted mother during the last solemn rites. The pall-bearers were four English Princes of the Blood and the Crown Prince of SWEDEN. One hundred thousand people took part in the ceremony and military honours were rendered to the youth who had died a soldier's death. All this was well, and will go far toward lessening the concern which the whole British nation is bound to feel in regard to the death of the late Prince. The latest news received at the present writing seems to leave no doubt, not only of mismanagement on the part of superior officers, but of neglect and cowardice on the part of those who accompanied him. It is evident that at least ordinary prudence should have been exercised in his regard, and he should certainly have been the last to be sent out ten miles in the heart of the enemy's country with such inadequate escort. As an English officer has rather sharply put it—if the Duke of CONNAUGHT had been there, would he have been sent on such a reconnaissance? Furthermore, it is now beyond doubt that the officer who accompanied him did not perform his duty. Scarcely had the appearance of Zulus been announced by a friendly Kafir than every one started on a gallop and left the Prince to take care of himself. All that Lieutenant CARY was heard to say was: "Let us make haste and go quickly." How different this from the conduct of Major LEET and Lieutenant SMITH at Ylobane who remained side by side, all the time, one on horseback, the other on foot, to defend themselves against a band of Zulus that was pursuing them! By an

almost superhuman effort, Major LEET was at length enabled to save his companion by hoisting him up into the saddle. Furthermore, the desertion was not due to a merely temporary fright, for when CARY and his men reached a ravine, three hundred yards away, they looked back, and seeing the Prince's horse riderless, imagined that the Prince was dead. At that time no Zulus were near them and they should have returned to search for the corpse. If they had acted thus, they would have found their companion, because it was in that very ravine that the body was afterwards recovered. It appears very probable that if the Prince had been assisted to his horse, when that animal proved refractory, he could have saved himself, as the Zulus came up on him while he was on foot and some time after his horse had abandoned him.

Lieutenant CARY has been court-martialed and sent back to England. Pending the official result of the inquiry, it may be best not to allow ourselves to form a definite judgment, but we unfortunately know enough to make us fear that the death of the PRINCE IMPERIAL will be regarded as a double loss through the cowardice of those who rode with him on the memorable 1st of June.

A PEACEFUL DAY.

There was a marked contrast in Montreal between the 12th of July this year, and the same date last year. Twelve months ago our beautiful city sat on the brink of a crater and only the slightest spark was required to cause such an explosion as would have laid many buildings in ashes and opened the sluices of terrible bloodshed. Nearly two thousand troops patrolled the streets, bayonets were fixed in the squares and loaded cannon was stationed at points of vantage in exposed districts. All day long an atmosphere of anxious expectation hung stiflingly over the city and business was entirely suspended. The thoroughfares were crowded with men and boys bearing arms, while women and children pressed in and around and among them increasing the disorder where they did not help to inflame the popular passions by their wild discourses. It was a providence that Montreal was spared on that day, and to whatever cause we may attribute the final tranquility of the scene, we must be no less grateful for the fact.

This year everything was different. From the aspect of the streets no one would have been reminded that it was the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. It being Saturday, the afternoon half holiday was generally enjoyed without misgiving, and thousands took excursions by rail and water, cheered with the assurance that they might do so and leave no fear of trouble behind them.

There is no need to inquire particularly into the reasons of this change. Even if the lull is only for one year, much benefit will flow from it, because in that short space passion and prejudice will have time to cool considerably. It is idle to believe, however we might hope, that the divisions made hereditary by the events which the 12th July commemorates, will be removed in our day and generation, but the exercise of a little compromise now and then will necessarily go a great way toward taking off the edge of animosity. We cannot too often repeat that a young country like ours ought to have nothing to do with the rivalries of the old, and that it has quite enough difficulties of its own to engage its whole attention. The heterogeneousness of our population, which will constantly increase instead of diminishing through immigration, should ever be set up as an incentive to mutual good-will and forbearance. In this matter the leaders on both sides have a great responsibility resting upon their shoulders. The masses, when left alone, are gentle and quiescent enough, being absorbed in the ceaseless toil for bread and butter, and it is only when stirred up by their superiors that they rise into hos-

tilities. If their superiors, therefore, would try to imagine a *modus vivendi*, each giving and taking a little, we have no doubt that in future we should be spared the lamentable scenes which disgraced us last year.

LIGHT AHEAD.

The harvest promises to be splendid. From all quarters the intelligence which we receive is to the effect that the yield will be considerably over the average. There are a few exceptions here and there, but these only serve to confirm the cheerful fact. The heart of the farmer will be first gladdened by the reaping of the abundant hay, and the click of the scythe will be the opening music of the concert. It will then be the turn of the sickle in the uplands where the grain is ripening in golden umbels. Then will come the root crop which is also represented as looking very well indeed. The Colorado beetle has done slight, and that only local, damage, so far as our information goes.

It is a matter of course that we should congratulate the farmer on this favourable result, but there is a much wider scope for felicitation. The whole country has been looking to the fields for a change in our present distress, and it rejoices to find its anticipations largely fulfilled. All must come from mother earth, and it is from her fruits that the whole range of commerce depends. The farmer stands first in the economic series. If he has a good crop, he gets money. That money pays the country retail dealer for his advances. The country retail dealer pays the wholesale dealer of the cities. The wholesale dealer pays the bank for its accommodations and loans. And so the ball turns ever and thus circulates the money which is the life of trade and the foundation of prosperity. There need be no plethora of money, but it must be constantly moving to ensure a healthy condition of business. Our present position is a proof of this. The banks are full of money, but it lies idle through lack of investment. If once it can get started, investments in all spheres of activity will be made and the change for which we all sigh will have commenced. The fine appearance of the crops gives the first hope that a start for the better will be effected this fall.

In this connection we may be allowed two remarks. First, our farmers should hoard as little as possible in the dubious anticipation of high prices. Let them sell at fair figures, especially as there is ground for belief that the market will be buoyant, owing to deficient harvests in England and the Continent. The longer they keep back their crops, the longer will the break in the cloud be delayed. Secondly, we must all look for a slight rise in cotton, woollens, linens and prints in the early fall. The stocks we have been using so far were bought before the new tariff was enforced, but they are gradually thinning. This rise, however, need not concern us, if better times come, because then work will multiply with the opening of new manufactures, and wages will rise. If wages increase in proportion to the increase in prices, the equilibrium will be maintained, and the further advantage gained that all hands will be employed and that the country will in a measure be providing for itself.

LITERARY.

- MR. HUXLEY and Sir Joseph Hooker are collaborating in a new and important scientific work.
- THE first number of "Life," a new weekly journal of art and literature, has just been issued in London.
- JULES VERNE, who has been quiet for some time, is about to publish in the Paris *Temps* a story entitled "The Troubles of a Chinaman in China."
- THE first edition of 3,000 copies of George Eliot's "Impressions of Theophrastus Such" was subscribed for before publication.
- COUNT NOER (Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein) has now in the press the "Life of Akbar," upon which he has been occupied for several years.
- THE French authors are anxious for an international copyright convention with America. They complain, in a memorial addressed to their Government, that "France has not concluded a convention with America, whose writers, however, enjoy all their rights in our country."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ANCIENT COINS.—A description will be found under a separate head.

PRINCE ALBERT SETTLEMENT.—A full description of this future Chicago of the Northwest will be found in a separate column.

THE EXECUTION OF SOLOWIEFF.—Having given at the time a portrait of the man who attempted the life of the Czar, with a view of the scene at the winter palace, we close the drama to-day with a picture of the execution.

PRINCE NAPOLEON AND LORD CHELMSFORD.—We couple the portraits of these two in our present issue, repeating that of the Prince Imperial because larger and more characteristic of the soldier than that which we published a fortnight ago. The biographies of both have already appeared in the NEWS.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP LACROSSE MATCH.—This took place at Montreal, on Saturday, the 5th inst., between the Toronto Club and the Shamrock Club of Montreal. The prize was the championship of the world. The latter club won in three straight games, one of the Toronto men being injured in the first game and not replaced.

THE OLD WINDMILL.—Our front page contains a very effective picture—the old mill on Windmill Point, at the head of the Montreal harbour—for years a prominent landmark. It was afterward used for the ghastly purposes of a morgue or dead-house. As it is now demolished to make room for the harbour, its preservation will be welcomed in our pages, where alone it will be looked for by the antiquarian years hence.

PALACE CARS.—We present to-day a sketch of the magnificent new palace cars lately placed on the line of the Q. M. O. & O. Railway. They were inaugurated about four weeks since on a pleasure trip to Ottawa, which a number of the representatives of the press were invited to join, and where they were treated in the most courteous manner by the officers of the line, especially Messrs. Starnes, Leve & Alden. These cars are surpassed for beauty, finish and comfort by no railway carriages in the country.

LAKE MEMPHRENOGAG.—The country about Lake Memphrenogag has been termed the Switzerland of Lower Canada. We have often illustrated it, and present another beautiful view to-day. On last Wednesday, 9th inst., a representative of the NEWS, with other members of the Montreal and Eastern Townships press, was favoured by Mr. J. B. Futroye, Supt. Vt. C. Railway, with an invitation to visit the Lake, and the trip was a most enjoyable one. Every attention was tendered by Mr. Futroye, Capt. Fogg, commander of the *Lady of the Lake*, and the proprietors of the Camperdown House, Georgeville, and the Park House, Magog. For scenery the locality is unexcelled; while for summer recreation its facilities by rail and water are every year more appreciated. We may have occasion to publish other views of the lake at some future time.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.—On Saturday afternoon week the children of the Protestant Orphan Asylum were invited to Temple Grove, and were kindly treated by Mr. and Mrs. McCord to a feast of strawberries and cream, with the usual substantial accompaniments. There were over 30 of the little ones present, and we are sure they carried home with them very kindly remembrances of the thoughtful generosity of their host and hostess and the friends whom they had gathered to assist in entertaining them.—We subjoin a sketch of one of the numerous crowded pilgrimages by boat to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, below Quebec. These have taken rank of late years among the most characteristic incidents of summer travel with our French Canadian friends.—We add two views of the Crystal Palace, Montreal, as it appeared at the grand picnic of St. Patrick's Society on Dominion Day.

SEA-BATHING COSTUMES.—The *Dicque Bathing Dress*. For young girls, made with short drawers and Bretonne blouse, trimmed embroidery, and belt round waist. Cap of serge.

The *Brighton Costume*. Of navy blue serge, made with knickerbockers, edged embroidery, and yoke blouse; pleated down the entire front, neck finished with sailor collar and trimmed embroidery to correspond with rest of costume. Cap of serge, gathered up to size of head.

The *Westergate Costume*. This is a neat and serviceable costume, for sea-side wear; it is intended for serge or linen, made with a short skirt, over which is worn a polonaise, slightly draped each side, and the back put into a pouff. A sleeveless jacket completes this costume for promenade, which is trimmed a piped biais band to match the polonaise.

The *Longueville Dress*. This bathing costume is a combination one, with bodice and trousers cut in one. It is intended for serge, trimmed embroidery or braid as may be preferred.

The *Bartelle Bathing Cloak*. This cloak is made of thick serge, and is intended for slipping over one's bathing dress while resting or passing from the bathing machine to the water, &c. It is loose-fitting and has a monk's hood for protecting the head from any draught; our design is ornamented with embroidery in crewel wool.

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.—The present eruption of Etna seems to be even more serious than was at first supposed. The mountain has broken out at three different points, distant from each other twelve or fifteen miles. It may

be said that there are three separate eruptions going on at the same time. The most serious of the openings are those between the Monte Frumento and Monte Nero, an equal distance between Randazzo and Linguaglossa. At this spot the land is more highly cultivated. The flow of lava here seems to be immense and ever increasing in bulk. Here once stood the bridge of the Pisciaro, which carried the national road over the torrent of that name, as it descends from the mountain to the Alcantara River. This bridge—the lava, no doubt, availing itself of the bed of the water-course—has been carried away by the avalanche of boiling lava, and the road is overflowed with lava for about 100 metres. The other two points of outbreak are—one between Bronte and Aderno, on the western slope; the other between Giarre and Aci Reale, on the southern. The former seems to send out a small quantity of lava, in the first instance threatening the town of Aderno, but now considerably lessened in force. The whole population in the neighbourhood of Etna is in a state of panic; the awful roars of the mountain heard from all sides, the vomitings of lurid smoke, and the rain of ashes and cinders are not calculated to restore the confidence disturbed in the first instance by the shocks of earthquake, the precursors of this calamity.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

END OF THE MANITOBA CRISIS—THE LETELLIER BUSINESS—SIR JOHN'S HEALTH—WINNIPEG ROAD.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

OTTAWA, July 12, 1879.

I wrote you a narrative of the Manitoba Ministerial crisis up to the point of the formation of Mr. Norquay's new English Ministry, and the passage through the House of the chief measures of its programme. I may further mention that in so far as the Ministry are concerned the proceedings of the session came happily to a close, and His Honor Lieut.-Governor Cauchon prorogued the Chamber in a somewhat gushing and congratulatory speech from the Throne. But of course His Honor had to speak the words put into his mouth to say by Mr. Norquay. Mr. Cauchon has been everything by turns, but I suppose he calls himself really a Conservative, although appointed by a Government of Liberal persuasion. The point in reference to this on which I wish to remark is that from his lips came the declaration that the Re-distribution Act which will forever deprive the French of their majority in Manitoba, was a measure of justice; and that the Act respecting printing, which cuts out the French language from public documents, was a measure of economy. So we go.

I sent you word last week that Sir John A. Macdonald was far too ill to sail by the steamer of the 5th, as he had intended. He left on Thursday last for the West, in the hope to get a little quiet rest, his physician, Dr. Grant, having prescribed the laying aside for a while of even the ordinary cares of State. But I am afraid Sir John will not be able to do this long. I think I told you he was again threatened with his old painful disease which caused so much anxiety among his friends ten years ago. It is doubtful now if he could endure another such attack. Let us hope it may be averted by the timely precautions which have been taken.

Mr. Langevin is expected to arrive from England as I write these lines; and of course he will bear news of interest as respects the feeling of Imperial Ministers in relation to the position of the Marquis of Lorne in the Letellier affair, which has been so warmly re-discussed by the Legislature of Quebec. He may bring home news; and in fact, I think he will, that the Imperial Ministers would side with Lord Lorne in thinking that it would be better not to dismiss Mr. Letellier on the simple merits of the papers which do contain the material facts in issue. Sir John and his Ministers may also have a very profound respect for such high constitutional opinions, and perhaps at another stage the expression of them might have greatly influenced their action. But what can they do now in the face of the crushing vote of the Parliament of Canada? They are the Ministers of Parliament, and cannot set aside its deliberate vote upon any mere opinions expressed from whatever high authority.

If they attempt to do so, they would have to cease to become its Ministers. Again, Sir John A. Macdonald stated in Parliament that he had advised His Excellency that it would be better to remove His Honor for the reason that in consequence of the events in question his "usefulness was gone." Sir John was careful to announce in Parliament that His Excellency had not declined that advice, as in fact it is plain he could not and Sir John has remained in his position of Minister. These two things are incompatible. When a Minister gives advice to the Crown he does so on the responsibility of his Administration. It is a grave matter, not to be done lightly, as if the Crown cannot accept the advice the Minister's own "usefulness is gone," and he must resign. Sir John A. Macdonald is therefore fenced in between two stone walls; the vote of Parliament on one side, and the advice he has given on the other. He has no option. He must go on; and that those writers in the Liberal newspapers who are urging upon him to gracefully reconsider his position, know right well. They would very

soon pounce down upon him if he should for any reason listen to their counsels. This sort of advice is in fact that which the spider gave to the fly. I dare say that Sir John might like to be agreeable to the Imperial Ministers and to the Marquis of Lorne, and that there are some features in this case itself which he may not like. I can see a great deal which may be said on these points, but to me it appears to be mere idleness to discuss them in the face of the sharp, square issues which the case presents; and it was really on the point of those issues as respects the competency of the Canadian Ministers as responsible to deal with this question, that it was referred to the advisers of the Queen. It comes back with an affirmative answer.

There is still a further political point which arises if weight were given to any outside opinion, however high, against the expressed wishes of the Canadian Parliament. What kind of discussions should we have on the setting up of Downing Street opinions over the expressed wishes of our Parliament? It is much better that we should have nothing of this kind.

There are some points in Mr. Joly's resolutions on which the Liberals will ring the changes both in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario; and they may meet with a good deal of Provincial sympathy as such. That is all fair political warfare, and each side may appeal to what kind of sympathy it chooses to fan its sails. But there is nothing in those resolutions which meets the points of the issues which control Sir John.

One hundred miles of the road from Winnipeg westward have been advertised for contract, and it is understood are to be immediately built. This will be a great boon to the Province of Manitoba; and the question of its railway system and connection with the old Provinces is one of very great importance for the whole Dominion.

FROM THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

Last week closed with the opening scene of one of the most important debates of the session, if not of the Assembly, since Confederation, by M. Joly introducing a series of resolutions which are, as he claims, to preserve the autonomy of our Province, or, at all events, amount to a protest against the autonomy being destroyed by the Federal Government and Parliament, to which Mr. Chapleau proposed in amendment a series of resolutions which negative the statements contained in those of Mr. Joly, and affirm the principle that the Legislative Assembly had no right to interfere with the actions of the Federal Parliament.

The debate, which was brought to a close Thursday night, has been characterized throughout with a moderation of tone and an absence of party feeling that does honour to the House. One feature of the debate, perhaps the most notable one in the eyes of a large proportion of the inhabitants of our Province, is the marked interest and attention with which the House listened to the speeches made by the English members, and it might be added that those speeches carried more weight than any others made during the debate.

As a rule, it has been only necessary for an English member to rise, and a general exodus from the House and galleries followed immediately. On this occasion, however, every ear was bent to catch the opinions of the four eminent lawyers—Messrs. Irvine, Church, Flynn and Lynch, the latter having especially distinguished himself by a clear and able argument of the whole question, based, as he himself acknowledged, on the legal opinions given by Messrs. Irvine and Flynn on the point as to whether the Governor-General could act without the advice of his responsible advisers, a point on which those gentlemen differed from the learned Solicitor-General, who argued that the Governor-General not only could, but should act in this matter, independently of his Ministers.

The speeches of Messrs. Chapleau, Mercier, Loranger, Racicot and Wurtele were each excellent efforts of those gentlemen, whose numerous admirers claim that each made the best speech. With regard to the hon. leader of the Opposition, an extract from a paper published in this city, and which has on previous occasions lost no opportunity of abusing and ridiculing that gentleman, will be read with interest. *L'Evenement*, the paper I refer to, now takes an independent position, one that its editor, the Hon. Hector Fabre, is peculiarly fitted to fill. The extract reads as follows:

"It is impossible, when listening to him, not to be struck with the progress made by him since he has been the leader of the Opposition—not as an eloquent orator, for as such he had no progress to make, and the public had already lavished upon him all the admiration it had to bestow—but as a Parliamentary debater. His voice, from which he banishes every declamatory note, when he has to treat a question which does not lend itself to oratorical effects—his serious arguments, his Parliamentary tact, will ever bespeak for him the attention of those serious thinkers, whose sound suffrage he obtains, in addition to the more frivolous culture he has received for many years from those who love fine speaking, for his eloquence. Although the leader of the Opposition, he is probably the member of the Left who is most liked by the Right, and M. Joly appears to be the first to show that he appreciates the good faith and moderation with which, under all circumstances, he leads the debate."

The Hon. Honoré Mercier, Solicitor-General of the Province of Quebec, who followed Mr. Chapleau, was the cause of some anxiety to those supporters of the Government who have never before had the pleasure of listening to him; but they soon found their anxiety was groundless. In his usual deliberate manner he delivered about the best speech he ever made. His reasonings were clear and his arguments short, sharp and to the point; there was no trouble in understanding him, and even his opponents were obliged to award him their praise for the manner in which he made his *début* in this House.

The debate resulted in the amendments of Mr. Chapleau being defeated, and the Resolutions of Mr. Joly being adopted by a majority of 3 out of a House of 61 members.

The usual formal proceedings followed, and the Resolutions, embodied in an address, were ordered to be sent to the Lieutenant-Governor for presentation to His Excellency the Governor-General.

It is somewhat remarkable that, on the same night, the House adopted, and this time unanimously, a second address to the Governor-General, being a welcome to His Excellency and H. R. H. the Princess Louise. The address is short and sweet, and will be publicly presented during the coming week.

This is rather dry reading; so, to conclude, a little episode of the times which occurred yesterday will somewhat sweeten the taste of the previous details.

During the session of June, 1873, Mr. Gauthier, member for Charlevoix, was pestered by different people who endeavoured to persuade him to support the present Administration. Of course he had read in the papers the charges against the Lieutenant-Governor of having interviewed members in the rooms of the President of the Legislative Council situated in the rear of the Legislative Council Chamber, so his feelings can be readily imagined when yesterday afternoon, while occupying his seat in the House, a page came to him and said: "Mr. Gauthier, the Lieutenant-Governor wishes you to come to him in Mr. Starnes' rooms." Mr. Gauthier stammered out that he did not want to go, that he had no reason to see the Lieutenant-Governor, and insisted on there being some mistake. The page departed and in a few minutes returned with an apology that he had made a mistake, it was the aide-de-camp (Capt. Gauthier) whom His Honor wished to see and not the hon. member for Charlevoix.

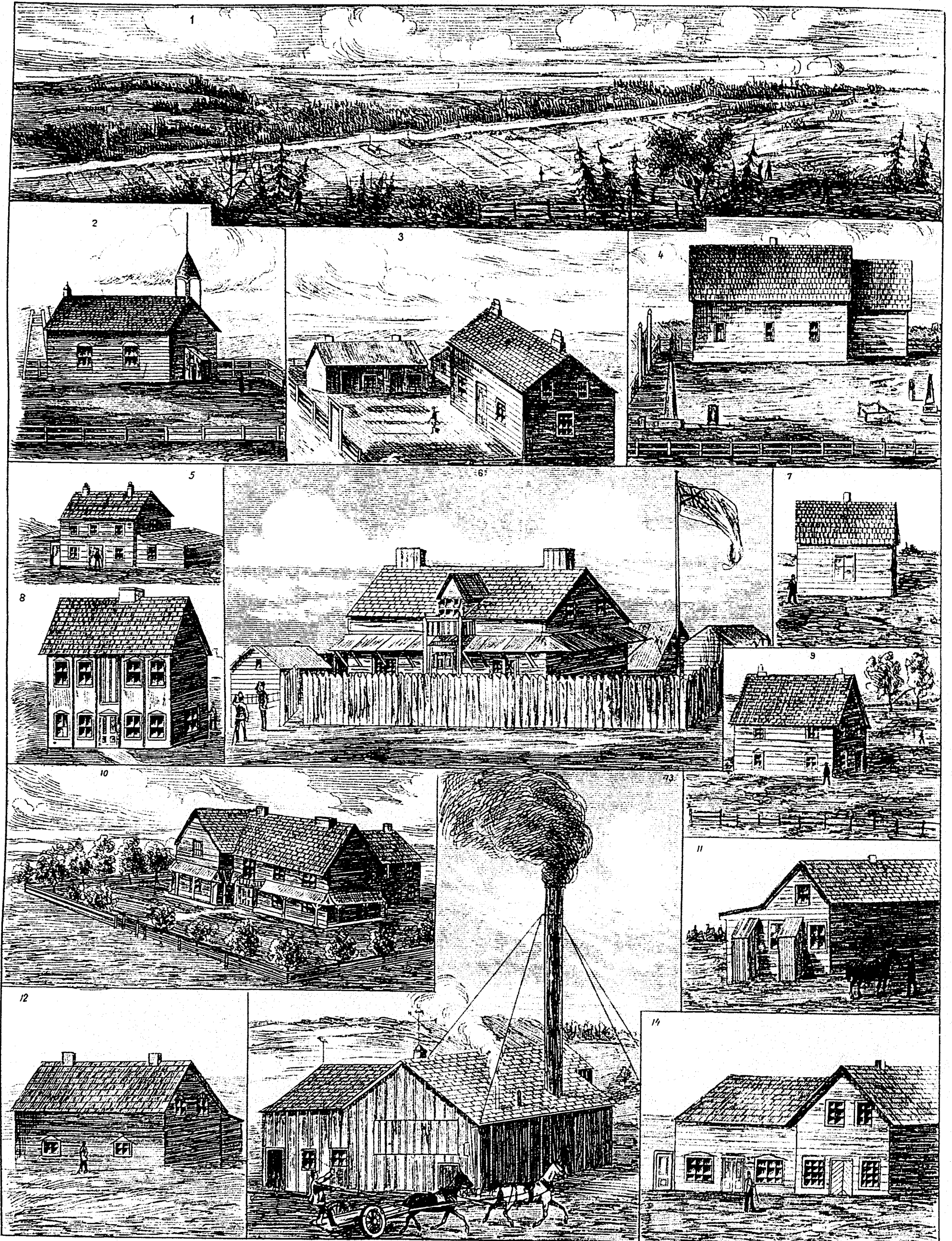
BEHIND THE SCENES.—No respectable manager of a theatre would dream of allowing "outsiders" behind the scenes. The business of the evening is far too serious to admit of the interruptions which would naturally be caused by "visitors." Managers and artists are accordingly by turns highly diverted or justly indignant when they hear and read the monstrous fables told of what goes on "behind the scenes." Indeed the very artists themselves often hardly see each other except on the stage itself while at the theatre. The stage lover who is leading off with such apparent tenderness the young lady who has just accepted his addresses, parts with her in the wings with but scant courtesy, for he has probably to hurry off to his dressing-room for the change of costume necessary for the next act, and she has the same reason for flying up the opposite staircase which leads to the dressing-rooms assigned to the lady artists. The Green Room, except in cases of long "waits," is a deserted place, and even then the momentary expectation of the call boy's summons keeps the attention ever on the alert. It is all hard work and "business;" there is no time or opportunity for the mischief to which a generous public always imagines actors to be so readily inclined. The so-called "players" are earnest men and women, working for honest support of themselves and their families, according to the special gifts God has given them. They may be simply amusing those who sit on the other side of the foot-lights, but they themselves are working hard, sometimes with aching hearts through the illness or loss of those nearest and dearest to them, sometimes struggling with physical pain and suffering because they know that their bread depends upon their faithfulness to their duty. They are as true to their trust and as diligent in their work as the members of any other profession, and as deserving of honor.

AN Ohio lady writes: "When I went to housekeeping I made a vow (to myself) that I would never use one drop of liquor in my cooking. I have kept house for eight years, have been called a good cook, and have never broken my vow."

CORRECTION.—In the News of July 12th, article *The Asiatic Christ*, for "When Joshua sent twelve spies," read "When Moses sent," &c. JOSHUA was one of CALEB'S fellow-spies. (*Numbers XIII., 3, 6, 8.*)

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. ISMAN, Station D, New York City.

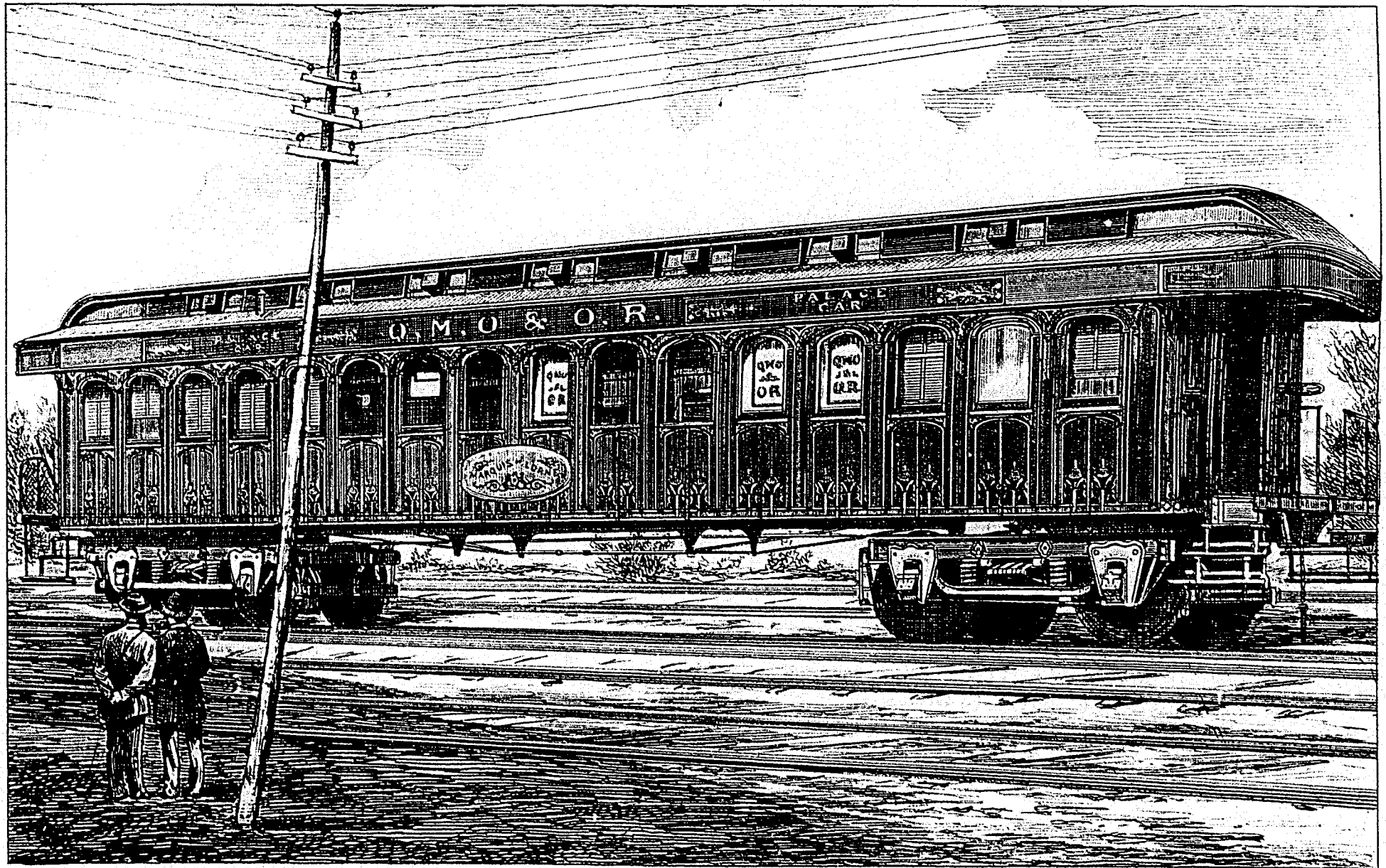


1. General View.—2. Presbyterian Church.—3. Residence of J. J. Campbell, Esq.—4. St. Mary's Episcopal.—5. Restaurant.—6. Old Mission House occupied by Mounted Police.
 7. Study of Anglican Clergy.—8. Sam. McKenzie, Esq.—9. Residence of Thos. McKay, J.P.—10. Holmewood, Residence of C. Mair, Esq.—11. Office of H. B. Co.
 12. Rev. John McKay's House.—13. Capt. H. S. Moore's Steam Saw and Grist Mill.—14. C. Mair's Store.

PRINCE ALBERT SETTLEMENT, N.W.T.—FROM SKETCHES BY MR. HAYTER REED



THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL.



PALACE CARS OF THE Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

DOOMED TO DIE.

As the shadows of evening are falling,
And the stars glimmer out through the gloom,
Weird, mystical voices are calling
My soul to prepare for its doom:
And I eagerly gaze from the casement
On the drear, gloomy picture outspread,
Endraped in a dark, dismal vestment,
As if mourning the day that is dead.

Both near and afar through the night-fall
Come the tidings intoned on the air
To my soul to prepare for the death-cry,
To prepare with deep, penitent prayer,
And deeper as darkened the shadows,
The chorus grows wilder in strain,
Till the forests, the fields, and the meadows
Seem shrieking with anguish and pain.

Ah, see! there's a something uncertain
Yonder, veiled in a shadowy mist,
The mist is uplifting its curtain,
And there is the face that I kissed—
That I kissed in its beauty and splendour
In the days when I thought her divine,
That I afterwards struck, though her tender
Eyes looked up as beseeching to mine.

I dare not repeat the sad story!
There, now, her voice floats on the air,
And her face is as radiant with glory,
As if never clouded with care:
But the harsh and the horrible howling
Of the ugly and jibbering throng
Of demons, that round me are prowling,
Drown the sense of her beautiful song.

As I gaze on her glorified features,
I know she has pardoned me quite,
Though these howling and horrible creatures
Try to force her away from my sight,
And fast o'er my heavy heart stealing—
My heart, that seemed turned into stone—
Thrills a wild and tumultuous feeling
With my life for her life to atone.

There she smiles now and beckons unto me,
As she fades far away into gloom,
While the demons throng round to undo me
And drag me down, down to my doom.
Oh, God, in thy mercy look on me!
I am weary and weak as a child,
Oh, God, pour thy mercy upon me,
A demon, by demons defiled!

Through the bars of my prison-house peering,
In the ghastly gray morning, I see
The workmen in silence appearing
The scaffold intended for me.
Oh, Jesus, in pity behold me!
When buried from the world and its strife,
May Thy loving hands ever unfold me!
Pity me, though I murdered my wife!

I loved her! I loved her! 'twas liquor
That caused the foul deed to be done!
I loved her! I loved her! Ah, quicker
Ye workmen, then rises the sun!
And I wish not to wait any longer
Than the time that's allotted for me!
Oh, Christ, aid me now to be stronger—
Walt me up to my wife and to Thee!

Stayer, Ont.

C. E. JAKWAY, M.D.

A NARROW STREET.

It was so narrow, this little back street in the quaint, old-fashioned German town, that Hans Gottlieb could, if he had so wished, have shaken hands out of his window with his opposite neighbor.

The sun that shone so bravely elsewhere was seldom visible here: only in the early morning a few golden gleams found their way in, and gave faint encouragement to the two or three flowers that blossomed in pots on the window-sill.

On such occasions Hans would pause in his work, knowing full well what was coming—how the casement would be flung open, and a girl's voice, singing a blithe little French song, would ring across the silent street to his listening ears; how a slim, pretty figure, would for a moment stand framed in the blossoming scarlet runners, a pretty figure, with dark French eyes, and black hair, drawn up under a white cap, a beautiful contrast, so Hans thought, to his comely, yellow-haired country-women. As soon as this vision appeared Hans would pause in his work and turn his eyes toward it; would wait till the watering of the flowers and the singing of the song were alike ended, and then would approach his window.

"Good morning," his neighbor would call across in that pretty foreign German that was so enchanting in his ears—"Good morning, Monsieur Gottlieb," and then with a nod and a smile the trim little figure would vanish into the dark shadows, and Hans return to his work.

But though life was too busy with these two, and bread difficult enough to win, even when one worked hard for it, so that neither could afford to idle away the minutes in talk, yet Hans as he worked dreaming of the days when stone-carving should not mean daily bread, but honor and glory to those he loved, was pleasantly conscious all the time of a dark head bent over a table drawn close up to the window opposite—a table covered with bright-coloured scraps of muslin and paper—which in due course, under those deft, small hands, became summer flowers at this short distance seeming to the looker-on the spoils of a June garden.

Thus they worked day after day, these two, so near together, yet so far apart, abstaining from all conversation which might have made the days pass more quickly: but then an hour's idleness might mean going supperless to bed, so that even Rose Cordier, dearly as she loved the sound of her own voice, refrained from making use of it, except for an occasional song. But when the day was over, when the coolness in the little close street, and the shadowy gray of the strip of sky overhead, gave notice that the long summer day was drawing to an end, when the small room grew dark, then Rose would rise and

open the door, to interchange greetings and gossip with the neighbours—with the women sitting on their doorsteps, knitting in the peaceful twilight, their children playing about them; with the fathers returning from their work; with the young men loitering about smoking, for Rose had always a bright word and look for every man, woman, and child she knew.

And they were all fond of her—of this little foreigner who had come among them four years ago with an old mother, since dead, and who earned her daily bread honestly among them.

Then as it grew even darker, Hans Gottlieb would become aware that the day and its work was over, and would lay aside his chisel, and also seek what little fresh air there was at the door of his dwelling. He did not laugh or gossip with his neighbors, as did Rose Cordier; it was not his way, and this fact was quite recognized by the dwellers in William Street. Beyond a "Good evening, neighbor," they did not seek to disturb him in the enjoyment of his evening pipe, only occasionally Rose would step across and ask him what he was at work upon, or if he had a good order, and then poor Hans, flushing all over his fair face, would proceed to describe his work, his prospects, until Rose, with a pretty shrug of her shoulders, would tell him in her foreign German she could not understand him; he must speak slower, much slower: it was too late now, but to-morrow, yes to-morrow, he must try and explain it all again, it was interesting, so interesting. But for now it must be "good night to every one," and the slight trim figure had disappeared and the door was closed.

The neighbors watching Hans as he strolled up and down the little street afterward, pipe in mouth, nodded and smiled to one another. "Ah, when there is enough for two over yonder, there will be a wedding!" such was the form the whispering took.

Even the hardest workers take a holiday now and again, and the feast of St. John the Baptist is esteemed in Friedrichsburg the legitimate summer holiday of all its industrious inhabitants. The happy day is spent according to an old custom at a small village some three miles distant from the town, where a time-honoured fair is held.

Lion-tamers, fat-women, dwarfs, giants, all the hundred and one shows that are the rightful property of a fair are to be found there, and later on there is dancing under the soft evening sky, and after that, home early, so as to be up and about on the morrow, to work, if possible, harder than ever, to make up for the wasted day.

To Rose Cordier, with her quick French blood, her youth, her light-heartedness, this fete was one to which she looked forward for many weeks beforehand, and the little foreigner knew she was never likely to want a cavalier, and this was looked upon as almost a *sine qua non* of the entertainment.

The neighbors smiled more than ever when they saw Rose come out of her door the morning of the 24th of June, looking as fresh and bright as the red in her belt, and Hans appear immediately afterward, a rose in his button-hole.

They were all standing about in little groups preparing to start themselves to the scene of festivity: many of them with babies in their arms and little things clinging about their skirts, but they had time to give an admiring glance at this other couple first.

"Before we start," said Hans suddenly, a little constraint apparent in his voice, "would you come into my atelier, Mademoiselle? I have been working at something I should like to show you."

"Yes, truly, I should like it. I have never been there yet. Let us go."

They turned back as she spoke, and he pushed open the door.

"See," he said, "it is not finished yet, but it is to be a wreath of roses."

He led her as he said these words to where on one side, out of the way of dust and dirt, it lay—the half completed circlet of carved flowers.

"It is pretty," she said. And then, "Is it an order! What will you get for it?"

"No, it is not an order," he said, a little sadly. "I have been doing it in the spare moments after my day's work."

"I is pretty," she repeated, touching with her small fingers the delicate curled leaves, which surely had the stamp of genius upon them: "but it wants something," she added, after a pause.

"What?" he inquired eagerly. "I have looked at it so often that I cannot find out whether it is right or wrong."

"I know," she exclaimed, triumphantly. "Color! Ah, monsieur, if you could but see the wreath of roses I made last week for the Grafinn von Adeldorf for a ball you would know what I mean."

"Oh"—with a little clasp of her hands—"it was perfect! Perfect as Love!"

Her thought had quite wandered away from the delicate flowers before her; indeed, she did not remember them until they stood once more in the street, with the door closed behind them, when it came across her that she might have been rude.

"They are very pretty," she said softly, "but you see they are not finished yet. When they are, perhaps, who knows, you might sell them."

"Perhaps," he said, "I could try if you wish it; but when I made them I thought"—the color swept into his face—"that you would like them."

"Yes, so I should if you were rich enough to give presents, or if— Well, you will not mind

my speaking the truth to you? You are rather a dreamer, are you not? This is a bad thing," shaking her pretty head. "It does not make a fortune, and money, you know, one must have. So take my advice—leave off carving things no one cares to buy, and only do what you can sell."

"You are not angry?"

"Angry," repeated Hans, "when you are so kind as to take an interest in me and wish me well! Why—?" But here they had reached the merry, laughing crowd and the spot where the omnibus was awaiting them, and the rest of the sentence had perforce to await completion at some future time.

And it was a sentence Hans had not intended to complete. Not yet. By and by when there was a little more money in his pockets and a home worthy of offering to a wife, then it would be time enough to finish that sentence. But on this as on other occasions, it was a case of "man proposes," at least so far as Hans was concerned, for the long joyful day over, and tired holiday-seekers, beginning to consider the quickest way home, he found himself under a soft starry sky walking toward by the side of Rose Cordier.

"It would be pleasanter to walk," he had said, standing by the crowded omnibus, filled with drowsy, crying children and wearied mothers. "Are you tired, mademoiselle?"—after a second's pause—"would you rather drive?"

"No, I will come with you," she had replied. "It will save the sou's."

So they had started homeward together, so desirable under these circumstances, that it was difficult to think of waking up on the morrow to the hard day's work and the knowledge that where it is so difficult to keep one, what would be done if there was yet another.

"It is selfish of me to ask you, Rose, when I have nothing to offer, but I am young, and strong, and willing to work—and I love you, Rose."

Hans stood still as he spoke, and his voice trembled as he clasped the girl's small hands in his.

Rose was moved too. The tears stood in her bright eyes, her cheeks looked pale in the starlight.

"Yes, dear Hans," she said timidly, in that sweet foreign tongue he had learned to love, "but you see—"

"Yes, I see. We could not live upon nothing. No, alas, no! But, Rose"—the color flushing up into his face again as he said hesitatingly, "we might be engaged! Could you—oh, I know it is asking a great deal, but could you wait for me?"

"Ah, Hans, you must not think me unkind, but—it would be so long, and—." There was no mistaking the girl's tones, even if the words were a little vague.

"And there is Andre Leroux?"

"He is from my country," cried the girl quickly, blushing a bright rosy red. "It is natural, among strangers, I should like to see and talk to a countryman of my own."

"Yes, dear Rose, I am not blaming you. Do not think that. As you say, among strangers, it is pleasant to meet one who speaks your language. It must be often lonely for you."

"Yes, Hans," Rose replied brushing the tears out of her eyes. "If it were not for you, I should find the little street but dull and sad since the poor mother died. And, ah," as they entered the said street. "Here we are at home! How quickly we have come! Good night, Hans."

She stretched out her hand as she spoke, and again Hans took it in his, and looked down at the pretty face.

"It is such a pity," she said softly, "that you have no money."

"Such a pity," he echoed sadly, losing her hand as he spoke.

"And you are not angry with me?" she went on.

"Angry! no, certainly not. Why, I see of course you were right. It was silly of me to ask you to wait; you might be an old woman before I had enough for us to marry on!"

"Yes, dear Hans. It would never do. I knew you would agree with me when you thought it over. But you will still remain my friend?"

"Always your friend, Rose. It does not matter, you know, how poor a friend is." Thus they parted; Rose to weep a few tears, and then to fall asleep and dream of Andre Leroux; Hans to ponder over whether there was nothing to be done, nothing he could do, to better his position. It was so difficult, more difficult in the prosaic light of day even, than when dreaming over it pipe in mouth, in the soft summer evening.

Carving the letters of a dead friend's name—more often painting them on common black wood, for the customers who sought out the little atelier of Hans Gottlieb were not often well-to-do—is not a swift road to a fortune.

And although he was not proud, and after Rose's remarks about the time wasted over the wreath of roses, which might perhaps have been turned to better account, had he done what little odd jobs he could after working hours, still even then the little heap of savings did not seem to increase much.

And oftener and oftener now, Hans noted a certain M. Andre Leroux come up the narrow street of an evening, to walk up and down in the twilight with his opposite neighbour.

Each time the sight of the spruce French flower-maker—for Andre's trade was the same as Rose's—sent a throb of pain to the great honest heart of Hans Gottlieb. But he did not

repine, did not blame Rose. It was one of the many misfortunes of not being rich, that was all. But not a cause for complaining, only a burden, like so many others that fall to the lot of the poor man—a part of his day's work.

It was not so often now that Rose Cordier ran across in the gloaming to ask how his work progressed, and the neighbours ceased to gossip and nod their heads when they saw them speak to one another. "It was changed, all that they had thought likely to come to pass—the wind was in another quarter now—they could see, ah yes, it was not difficult to see what was coming."

Only the children did not forsake Hans, but were just as eager to talk to him and run after him as in the days when there was no spruce Frenchman to share with him the honour of the narrow street.

Then came a morning when Hans, as he worked, saw a couple issue from the opposite house, followed by as many neighbours as could spare an hour's holiday; Rose, with a late Gloire de Dijon in her belt, a bright colour on her cheeks, and her dark eyes shining with pride and happiness, and her hand on Andre's arm.

"Good morning, Hans," she cried in her sweet voice, as she passed his open door. "I am going to be married this morning, but we shall not take the wedding holiday till Sunday. If you can come, do." And then passed on before there was a chance of saying more than "A happy future." That evening, as Hans worked at the rose-wreath—it was nearly completed now—he chanced to look across to the window where he had so often seen the bent head and the trim figure. But to-night the lamp was lit, for it soon grew dark now, too soon for work to be relinquished with the twilight, and on the blind was the reflection of two heads, of four busy hands.

Hans did not look again; he drew down his own blind then, and with a sigh went back to the carving of his delicate rose-leaves.

But after that evening he gave up his little room, packed his few goods, and made up his mind to go away—to go to home, that haven of ambitious minds.

Now that the little savings were not all to be hoarded against the day when they might be wanted for another, it was no use guarding them any more. Better, so Hans decided, use them in going away to where daily bread might perhaps be easier come by than in this narrow German town; where, perhaps, even the carving he was so fond of might gain him congenial work, and allow him to put on one side this other work that occupied him now.

Besides, if the worst came to the worst and he did drift into utter poverty, it did not so much matter now.

And with that "now," Hans buried the past and started forth on his travels.

First, however, he went across the street, and for the first time entered Rose's domain, Mme. Leroux, as he had to call her.

"I have come to wish you good-by, madame," he said. "And see, I have brought you as a parting present the little wreath. It is finished now."

He laid it down as he spoke among the colored roses on the table, between monsieur and madame as they sat at work.

"Oh, that is good of you, very good," cried Rose, the ever-ready tears coming into her eyes. "And so you are going away! Ah, my husband," turning toward spruce, neat-hungered M. Leroux, "thou must also wish Monsieur Hans 'God-speed,' for in the old days before I was married, he was always a kind friend to me. And see also, what a beautiful present he has brought us!"

At his wife's words M. Andre stood up.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of Madame is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux! Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Gottlieb had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"It is graceful, very graceful," said the Frenchman, lifting the parting gift of Hans. "One would scarcely have thought his great hands could have fashioned such a thing. When it grows dark, dear wife, if you fetch a nail and a piece of cord, I will myself attach it to the wall!"

"It is pretty," said his wife. "I always thought so, but now, Andre, that I see it among all these red roses, I am sure that what I said of it at first is quite true—it wants colour!"

"You have it exactly, my wife," replied M. Leroux, with fond appreciation of Rose's cleverness. "That is just what it needs—but, then, we cannot have everything." And M. Andre's gaze returned with much satisfaction to the crimson roses before him.

It would have surprised this couple, perhaps, if they could have seen on into the coming years, if they could have listened to the words of a world-renowned collector of the beauties of art.

"He only did two of them"—he was addressing some three or four eager listeners in a London ball-room—"the one that he did for Levison, and which first made him famous. You never saw it? Why it is a marvel! The curl of the leaves, the very dew on the fresh petals, it is wonderful. I would have given him anything he asked for one like it. But, poor fellow, as you know, he only just lived long enough to know he was famous."

"However, when I was last in Friedrichsburg, his native town, and striving to find out all I could about him—if he had done anything before he went to Rome—there in that wretched narrow street, as I was telling you before, I

found this fac-simile of his greatest work—a present to a sweetheart, I suppose. They had told me she knew him, that he used to live opposite to her, so I called to see if I could glean anything about him, and there, hanging up on the wall, I saw that very wreath that had been haunting me for months!

"How did you persuade her to part with it?"
 "Ah, Lady Grace, that was not very difficult—honest English gold. Her eyes glistened at the sight of it! Very pretty eyes they were too! She cried when I took it down, cried when I told her Hans was dead. But her husband comforted her. 'See, my wife,' he said, 'I will make for thee a wreath of these lovely roses of just the same size'—did I say they were artificial-flower makers?—'and we will hang it up in its place, so that you will not miss the other. And as to him, poor fellow, life is difficult, and perhaps he is well out of it!'"

"So madame dried her tears."
 "Ah, that will be lovely," I heard her say, as I carried my treasure away; "and I like the colored ones best. And the money, you see, my friend, is far better; it will feed and clothe the children, whereas the wreath—we could only look at it!"
 "You are interested in it now, are you not, Lady Grace? You will all come and have tea in my rooms to-morrow afternoon and see the wreath of roses. Poor fellow, what a sad pity it was that he died so young!"

PRINCE ALBERT SETTLEMENT.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

Our full sheet illustrations have been received from Prince Albert, North-West Territories, and as the place has of late been brought rather prominently before the Canadian public as a new and magnificent field for immigration, we feel sure that the page will prove of no little interest throughout the Dominion.

Some twelve years ago, a Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mr. Nesbit, founded on the banks of the North Saskatchewan an Indian mission, to which he gave the name of Prince Albert. The good man died in 1874, the Indians migrated from the locality, and nothing remains of the mission save a few wooden buildings, just now occupied by a small detachment of Mounted Police. However, if the Indians had left, the locality was not to remain desolate. Hardy Half-Breeds, who have been, and will ever continue to be, pioneers throughout the Territories, during the latter year began to straggle in, and at present the original handful of settlers has increased to 900 souls. After once viewing the settlement from the beautiful ridges which are to be found about the place, we cannot but admit that, besides a due regard to the fertility of the soil, an eye to the picturesque was had by the original occupiers. The settlers extend twenty odd miles beyond the river, scattered back to the south branch and contiguous to St. Laurent, containing an almost equal number of inhabitants, who divide their time between the plains for buffalo and farming, this again being joined by Duck Lake, a rapidly-increasing settlement, the headquarters of Messrs. Stobart, Eden & Co., the most extensive fur traders in the North-West—the two latter places, as regards their spiritual welfare, being looked after by the Revs. Pères Fourmond and André, of whom too much cannot be said in praise, in their endeavours to change the nomadic habits of a vast majority of their parishioners to those of settled tillers of the soil, besides having a most marked beneficial effect in a moral point of view.

Of course the chief industry carried on is agriculture, still there are some who are fairly large stock raisers, the abundance of splendid hay lands producing food containing wonderful fattening qualities, neither the swamp or the ridge or pea-vine hay being surpassed in the Territories.

The Hudson's Bay Company and several private traders do a fair business, which, however, is chiefly on the system of barter, as there is little cash in the country as yet, though it is to be hoped that the proposed bank agency will shortly be established, as it would obviate the necessity of merchants and others sending all the way to Winnipeg to make deposits and transact other financial matters, and necessarily keep in the country, for a more lengthened time at least, the moneys which otherwise find their way out as soon as possible, for security's sake, if for nothing more.

But had it not been for the venturesome and pioneering spirit displayed by Captain H. S. Moore, the prosperity which now reigns throughout the settlement would, in all probability, be less general, for it can safely be asserted that he has done more than anyone else for the advancement of the community by erecting a steam grist and saw mill, which is in successful operation, running both night and day in order to meet the demands upon it.

The religious wants of the people are ministered to by two Anglican churches and one Presbyterian. The Anglican parishes are: St. Catharine's, in charge of the Rev. Rural Dean Forneret; and St. Mary's, under the Rev. Ernest E. Woo. Each of these parishes has an elementary school attached to it, under the care of a native teacher. The old church erected by Mr. Nesbit is now used by the Presbyterian congregation, under the pastorate of the Rev. James Duncan. The Rev. D. C. Johnson conducts a good school in connection with this church.

The Dominion Government last opened a Lands Office, with Mr. George Duck as agent, and it is anticipated that ere long the threatened tide of immigration will render his position anything but a sinecure, for, besides its being the intention of several large merchants from Winnipeg to start branch establishments at this place, it is understood that a large colony intends settling in its immediate vicinity. There is room for one and all that choose to come, being abundance of good land awaiting settlement, with and without fine river frontages, no lack of water and a fair supply of wood.

Prince Albert, although 550 miles from Winnipeg, enjoys advantages over other settlements nearer to the civilized world, in that it is on the Saskatchewan river. This is sure, sooner or later, to be served by regular steamers, besides those now owned by the H. B. Co., while other settlements such as those on the "Little Saskatchewan" must be wholly dependent on railways not yet built. Professor Hind, in discussing the Hudson's Bay route as the future outlet of the North-West grain trade, prophesies that Prince Albert will become the Chicago of the Territories. The next generation may see this prophecy fulfilled.

One must not in this concise sketch of a place, which affords abundance for a more lengthened theme, forget to make mention of its mineral properties, as gold has been taken from the river sand bars, though not in sufficiently-paying quantities, owing to the primitive manner adopted in its collection, and the high rate of the necessities of life; and, but a short distance below the steam mill, a coal seam has been opened, which experienced ones assert to be of the best, but the abundance of firewood will no doubt prevent its being extensively worked for some time to come, except it be for transshipment to Winnipeg and elsewhere.

THE "PINAFORE" PLAGUE.

THE ALARMING EXPERIENCES OF ADMIRAL BINNACLE.

A New York paper tells of the second disappearance of the venerable retired sea-serpent, Admiral Horatio Binnacle. A few weeks ago he went away, stout, jolly, and bright-eyed. He came back emaciated, bent, dimmed.
 "For weeks," he said, "I had attended the 'Pinafore.' I thought I should never tire of the fresh, bright music, and the delightful nonsense. Like all the rest of you, I heard it played and sung and whistled everywhere, and it was always grateful. But early one morning, as I was coming home from the lodge, I neared an ash cartman, who was going through Seventy-Seventh street. He emptied the barrels and boxes with a great noise, and slammed them down on the sidewalk with a bang that kept the neighbourhood awake. And as he tugged at the ash barrels he sang in a strange voice the song of Buttercup, just come aboard:

"Oim called little Buttercup, dayer little Buttercup. Thou I could never tell why; But still I'm called Buttercup, poor little Buttercup. Swate little Buttercup, I."

"It may have been the engrossing nature of the business at the lodge, perhaps the walk, or, possibly, the night air, that predisposed me, but the ash cartman's singing made me uncomfortable, and I was suddenly conscious that the 'Pinafore' had become distasteful to me. To use a marine figure, what had before seemed the swinging melody of summer seas seemed now the discordant surf of a lee shore. I wrestled with this uncomfortable oppression, but it grew worse. Then I fled, hoping to find some spot in which the 'Pinafore' had not cast anchor.

"Passing along a street, in Milwaukee, I saw a sign: 'New York Lager.' I ordered some of the genial German who manned the bar, but, as he turned to draw it, I heard, mingling with the gurgling of the beer, this floating up from the broad-backed demon:

"Man nennt mich Kleine Butterblume, liebe Kleine Butterblume. Obwohl ich nie gewusst warum. Doch nennt man Butterblume mich, arme Kleine Butterblume. Süsses Kleine Butterblume, ich. Ich hab schnupf-und Rauch Tabak, und—"

"I left him still bending over the spigot, and went to Omaha. There I engaged board with an exemplary French gentleman, whose family, like himself, could not speak a word of English. I thought I had found rest here, he seemed such an amiable man; but on the first morning, when I came down stairs, I heard that Frenchman at the piano, and singing softly to himself:

"On m'appelle Petite Beurtesasse, chère Petite Beurtesasse: Mais pourquoi je n'ai pas une idée. Mais néanmoins je m'appelle Beurtesasse, pauvre Mignonne Beurtesasse. Douce petite Beurtesasse, moi!"

"Then I began to lose flesh. I didn't stop till I had reached Ogden. On the first night, while I was sitting in front of the hotel, two Italian musicians came along. For an hour and three-quarters they played the anvil chorus. There have been times, gentlemen, in the last twenty or thirty years, when the anvil chorus seemed a little worn; but out here, after six months of 'Pinafore,' it was a blessed relief, and when the violinist stopped playing, and passed his hat, I put a dollar in it; but, while yet he was on his rounds, the harper struck up alone, and played and sang:

"Io sono chiamato piccolo Rannucolo, caro piccolo Rannucolo. Quantunque io non abbia mai potuto dirne il perché. Ma io sono sempre chiamato Rannucolo, povero piccolo Rannucolo. Sonno piccolo Rannucolo."

"I was getting desperate now. My only hope seemed to be a cattle ranch, but the first thing I heard there, above the lowing of the cattle and neighing of the horses, was the singing of a ran-chero, whose song, in measure with the loping of his horse, was:

"Me llam Copita de Mantequilla, pequena Copita de Mantequilla. Sin saber nunca porque Con todo soy Copita de Mantequilla, pobre Copita de Mantequilla. Carita Copita de Mantequilla, Yo. Tengo rapé, y Tabaco, y—"

"I hoped to find peace in San Francisco. Striking off into the Chinese quarter, I asked of a washerman, who was placidly beating the buttons off of some clothes, the way to the inmost recesses of the settlement. 'Me no speakee Melican,' he said, but as I turned away I heard him singing:

"Mi call little Buttercup, dee little Buttercup. Allee same mi not nevel tell why; But still mi call Buttercup, poo little Buttercup. Sweet little Buttercup mi."

"Then I thought I might as well come back. Life had lost all charms for me. Upon my nephew at college my hopes centered. I noted with pride the proficiency he displayed under examination. And a new hope budded in my bosom when I saw the grave, grey-haired professor; but this last hope faded, for, as I turned away, I heard him humming, as he wiped his spectacles:

"Nomen mihi Rannucula, dilectæ Rannucula. Nominis rationem hujus mehercule nescio. Attamen sum Rannucula, parvula Rannucula. Blandula Rannucula ego."

The old sea serpent writhed, and continued:
 "Now I am with you again, I ask but one favour in my declining days, which may be few, and that is, that I shall not hear 'Pinafore' in this house while I live."

The promise was given, and a compact signed, and it seemed probable that the Admiral would have a chance to recover his equilibrium. But, unhappily, it was forgotten to inform the servants of the new departure. Thus it fell out that on the following morning Matilda, the round and rosy chambermaid, whose voice to most men is pleasing, while passing along the hall upon which the Admiral's room opens, sang, as she flourished her feather duster:

"I'm called little Buttercup, dear little Buttercup. Though I could never tell why. But still I'm called Buttercup, poor little Buttercup. Sweet little Buttercup, I."

The Admiral reached under his pillow for his pistol. Some thoughtful friend had removed it the night before. Then he dressed himself, snatched his valise, and disappeared.

FASHION NOTES.

A SILK of a sea green hue, arranged with a pearl pink silk, has only the basque and train skirt in combination.

MOUNTAIN dresses for young girls have single skirts, plain in front and kilt plaited behind, and trimmed with three rows of white braid.

LACE goods are very cheap; they are sure to be wanted on almost every occasion while you are enjoying the charms of bon ton rusticating.

A BEAUTIFUL ornament for a fireplace is a stuffed peacock, with its tail spread out. It should stand in the place made for the grate, and before the empty fireplace.

DEEP apron overskirts remain in favour, notwithstanding the introduction of shorter aprons. Their style depends on their simple drapery, and in a measure on their plainness.

THE latest fancy in silk for summer wear is found in foulard, which comes in fancy stripes and a printed brocaded design of tiny brilliant blossoms scattered in wild confusion on pale grounds.

THE most elegant style of dress seen at the recent races in Paris was the Parabire costume, recently introduced by two leading dressmakers of that city. It is of any material and has always three flounces in front and paniers at the back; sometimes these paniers are in one with the bodice, and sometimes they are fastened on the skirt.

AMONG the new French linen fashions are coloured tablecloths, to throw up in greater distinctness and relief the ornamental dishes and glasses, and vases which now adorn the dinner-table. Among these tablecloth patterns is one entirely floral, in water lilies, rushes and waving masses, inclining toward the centre of the cloth and drooping down: toward the border are roses, jasmines, violets, etc.

CHARMING deshables for the country or seaside are now made of toile d'Alsace, with floriated multi-colored patterns upon either a black or very dark ground. These consist of a skirt trimmed with ruffles a la veille, and of a jacket bodice with paniers of the same material, tight-fitting at the back, loose in front—in a word, extremely uncomfortable for morning wear, and yet sufficiently elegant for presiding at the breakfast table.

PRETTY and effective coverlets may be made of white sheeting, with corners of dark-blue satin sheeting, and an edge of wheat ears and oats in gold-coloured filoselle all around, with a small cluster here and there, and also at the upper points of the corners, of half-blown poppies and blue cornflowers. The wheat ears and oats are continued from the corners toward the centre, but only to the distance of about a quarter of a yard. They do not meet to the centre—that is left plain and unornamented.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE Earl of Caithness and Lord Lonsdale visited Toronto and Montreal last week.

THE crops of Prince Edward Island are injuriously affected by the late continuous cold weather.

It is stated that the 97th Regiment, now in garrison at Halifax, N. S., will shortly be relieved by the 46th Regiment from Bermuda.

SIXTY agriculturists, natives of Scotland, arrived at Quebec last week. They intend settling on land in the neighbourhood of Hamilton, Ont.

AN invitation has been received at Montreal, from Colonel Austin, of the 13th Regiment of Brooklyn, for two regiments to visit Brooklyn on Decoration Day, May 30th, 1880.

It is rumoured that the British Government contemplates the embodiment of one or perhaps two regiments in Canada for foreign service. The men can be obtained here.

THE Rev. Dr. McCaul and Professor Croft are about to vacate the chairs they have long filled in the University College, Toronto, and retire on an annual allowance equivalent to two-thirds of their present salaries.

CAPTAIN J. GRAHAM, of the Allan steamship "Moravian," is engaged compiling a memoranda and data to prove that if the Straits of Belle Isle were stopped up it would considerably change the climate of Canada.

ARTISTIC.

ABOUT thirty art exhibitions of various kinds are now open in London.

A RAPHAEL exhibition is to be held in Dresden in August and September.

M. FERRARI, the young artist who has obtained the first prize for sculpture at this year's Salon, has received the unusually large sum of 6,000 francs from the Municipal Council for his group representing "A Gladiator Playing with a Panther." The work will be cast in bronze and set up in one of the public places of Paris.

AMONG the recent discoveries at Olympia are many marbles of the Roman period. There is an excellently preserved head of the elder Faustina, wife of Antoninus Pius, whose neck exactly fits a female torso found in the exedra of Herodius Athoris; one of the river gods Cladeus, a headless draped female figure, and two nude male torsos.

THE death is announced from Munich of the landscape-painter Bernhard Fries. Born at Heidelberg in 1820, he studied in Karlsruhe, Düsseldorf and Munich. He then resided for some time in Italy, where he acquired the idealistic style that distinguishes his works. His most important paintings are a lot of forty landscapes from Italy and Sicily.

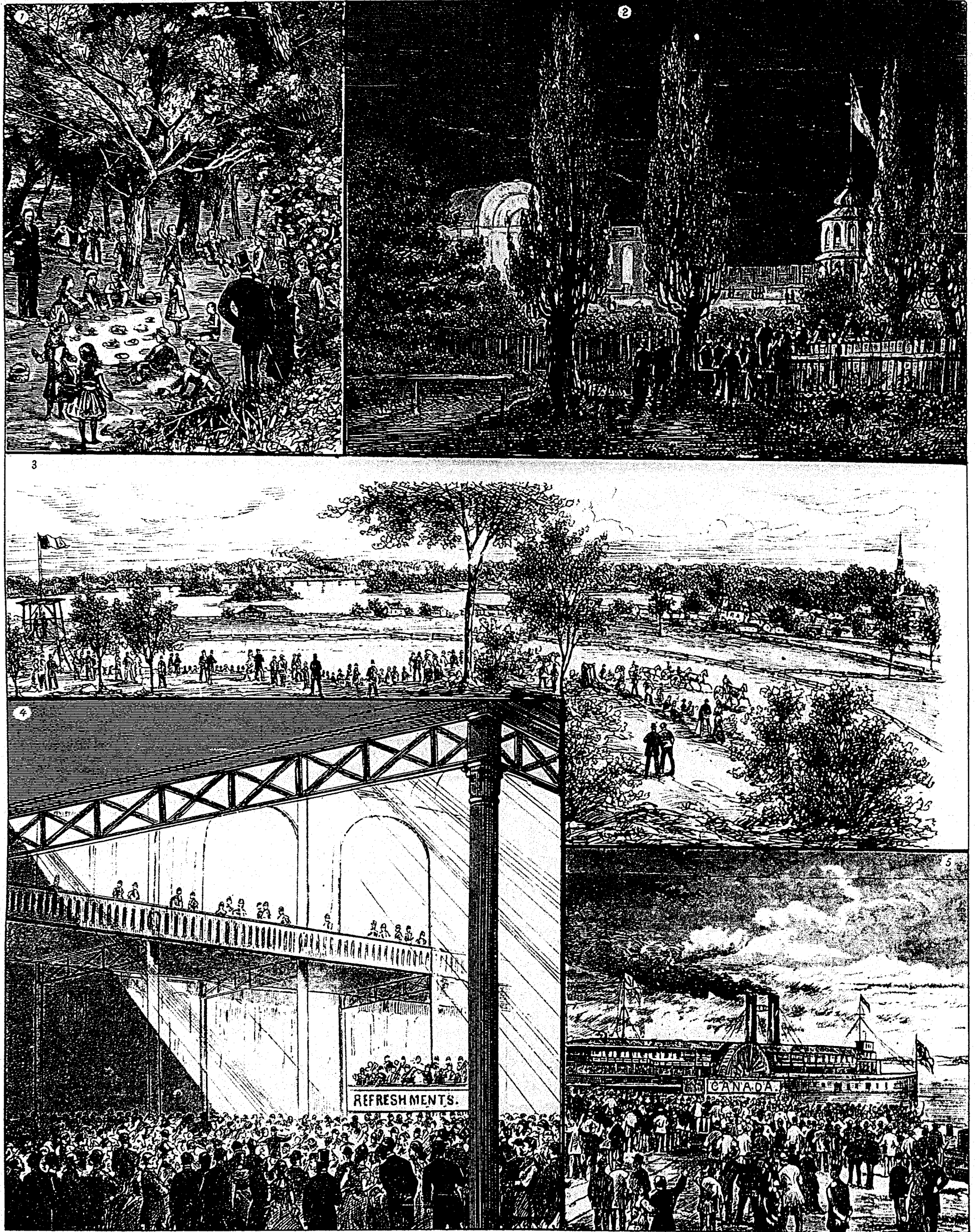
THE present Afghan war has naturally called attention to that other and disastrous one of 1842, and Miss Thompson vividly reminds us of that calamity by painting the solitary survivor of the large army, Dr. Brydon, faint and weary on his faltering horse plodding towards the walls of Jellalabad. This is in every respect better than "Listed for the Connaught Rangers," her other work.

THE sculptor Costa has carried off from fifty-four competitors the prize for the Victor Emmanuel monument at Turin. His design is said to be very fine. Four Doric columns, with symbolical figures, form the pedestal on which the King stands, bare-headed, on a carpet bearing the arms of Rome, the date 1870, and an inscription.

IN Rome a few weeks ago, while some workmen were excavating for the foundation of a building near the new Via Nazionale, they found an antique statue which is described as magnificent. The head was missing, but the drapery indicated it to be a representative of a Greek philosopher or orator. Old coins were found in the same place.

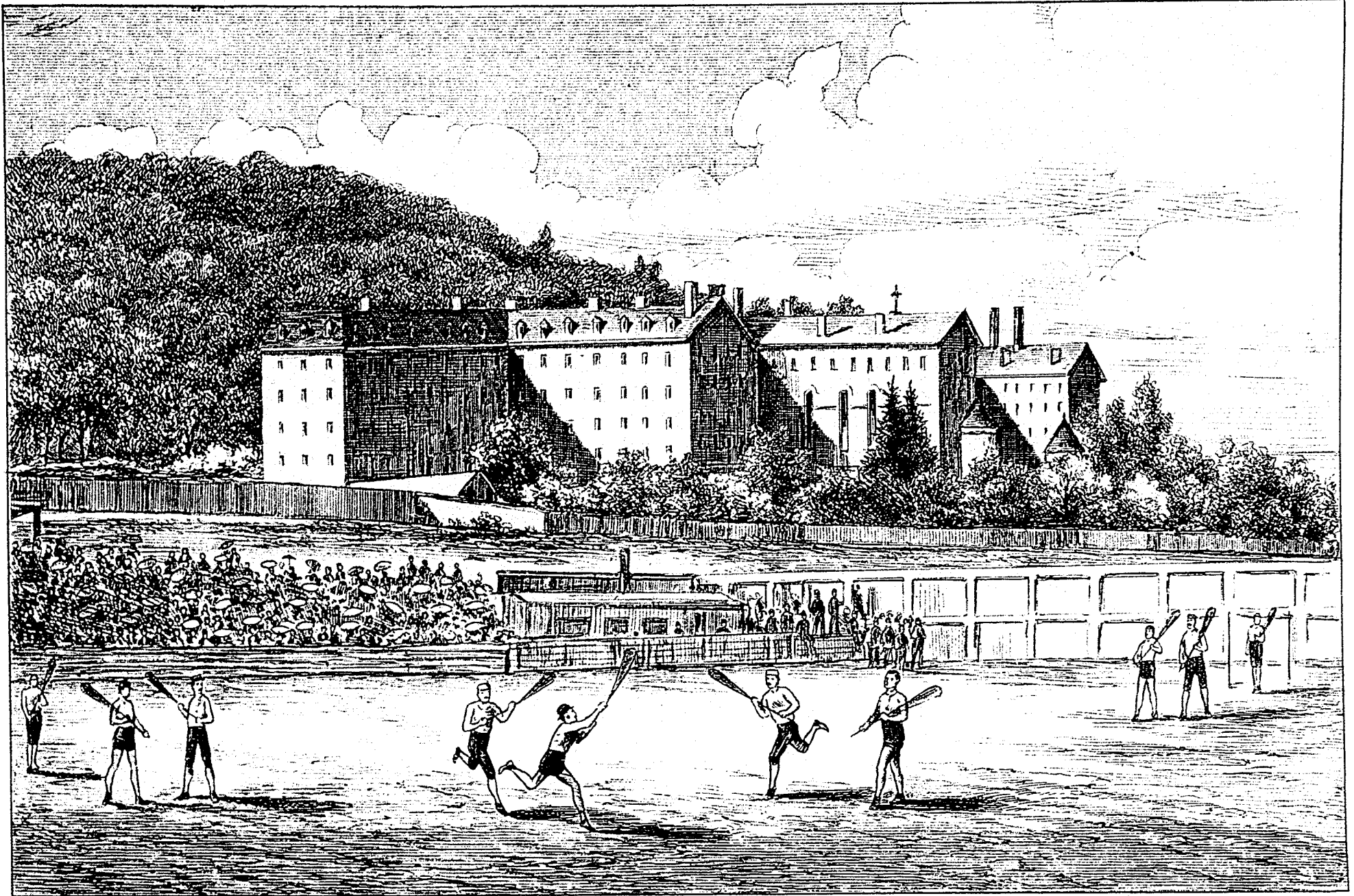
BRITON RIVIERE'S "In Manus Tuas, Domine," a knight who, from his youth and white armour, may be Sir Galahad, holding his sword-handle up for a crucifix as he rides down into a gloomy forest. The white charger shrinks from entering the haunted spot, whilst three bloodhounds slink in abject fear beneath his legs. Pleasantly conceived and admirably carried out, this is one of the best pictures in the Exhibition, and worthily upholds a distinguished name.

AGASSIZ.—The late Louis Agassiz had a wondrous power over animals. He would o up to the most obstinate of pigs, and after a few soft words and a movement of his stick over the bristles of the creature in the right direction the pig would lift its head erect, its small eyes would glisten with vague intelligence, it would remain motionless in a kind of pleased surprise almost and emit a grunt of comfort. The professor even carried serpents in his hat and in his pockets with a grand unconcern, and dropped them sometimes in his bedroom, so that his wife was frequently troubled by finding them coiled up in her boots. And whenever he entered a menagerie he was eagerly welcomed by lions, tigers, wolves, hyenas, and other beasts of prey. There is said to have been not a single instance of his having been injured by any serpent or beast.

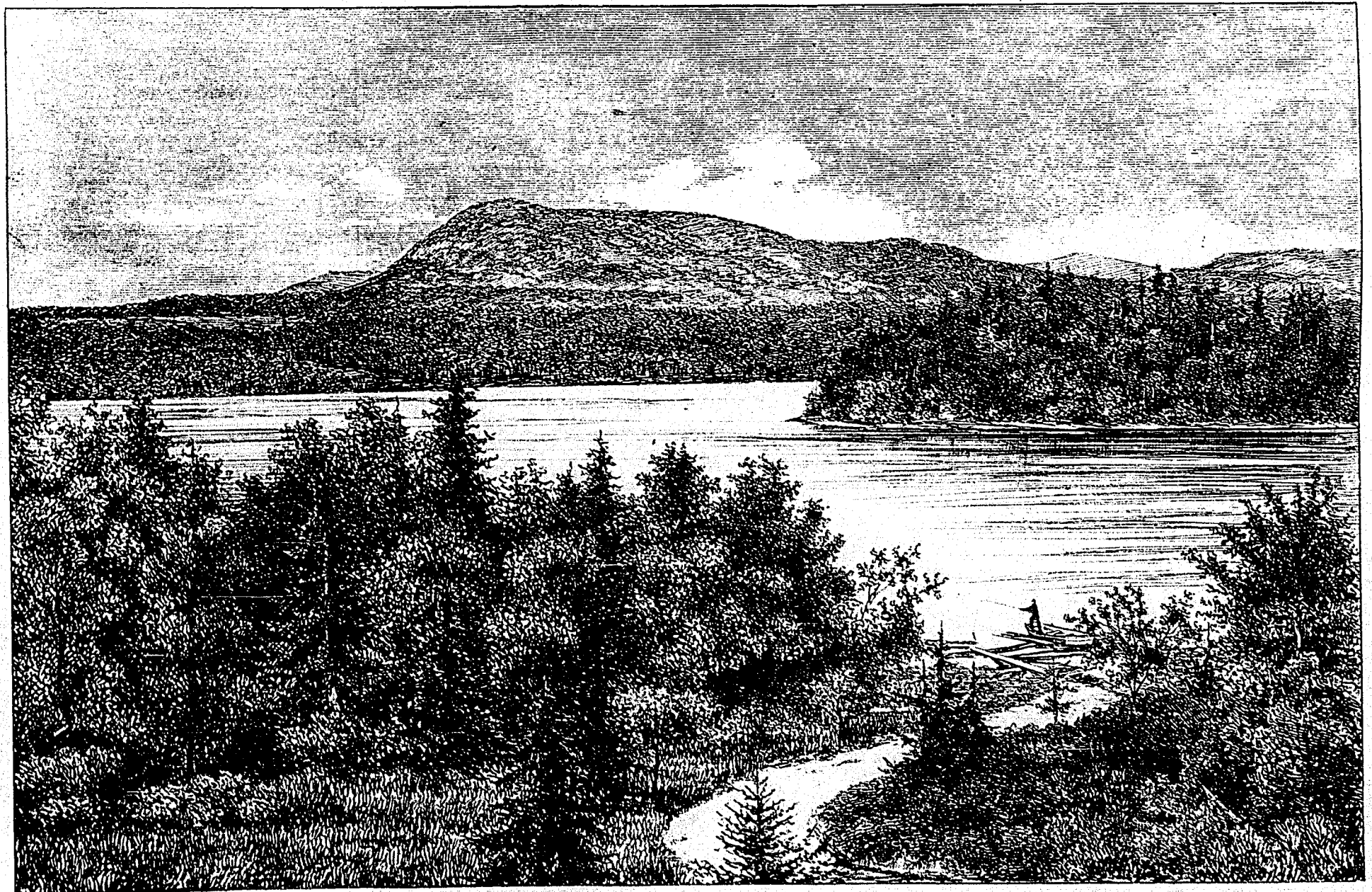


1. Strawberry festival of the Montreal Protestant Orphan Asylum. 2. Crystal Palace, Montreal, by Electric Light. 3. Races at Vaudreuil. 4. Interior of the Crystal Palace, Montreal. 5. Pilgrims to Ste. Anne de Beauré.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.



MONTREAL.—LACROSSE MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD BETWEEN THE TORONTO AND SHAMROCK CLUBS.



VIEW OF MOUNT ELEPHANTUS FROM FERN HILL, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & SANDHAM.

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MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE,

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

Book I.

AT THE QUARRIES.

V.

EX FUMO DARE NOMEN.

The next half holiday I got leave to go to town. "Go to town," in college jargon, means to visit your friends outside. I dressed my best and walked straight to The Quarries. On my way down I reflected how I should introduce myself. What should I call the old man? Strangely enough he had not given me his name. Was there an entrance to the house other than that which I had taken? Not for the world would I venture into the enclosure again.

Instead of taking the usual route across the open country, I followed the river until I came to a thick and elevated hedge, which stretched down to the margin of the water. I was stopped, of course, by this, and soon discovered that it was a third boundary to the hidden house which I was going to visit. I could not see over this fence: climbing it was out of the question, after my former experience, and nothing remained but to follow it into the interior to see whether it would lead me. I was about doing so when I heard the rattle of oar-locks on the other side in some inlet or little bay which I fancied must be there. This was soon after accompanied by the panting breath of a rower. Presently the boat shot into the river, and the old man was in it. He sat straight and stern, gently rowing hand over hand, till he got out of the shallow water, then suddenly turning, put his boat's nose to the shore. He must have perceived me, for a dark shade gathered over his face and his brow bent in a formidable scowl. I walked forward to meet my fate, whatever it might be. When I got within earshot, I cried out gaily:

"Well, sir, here I am, prowling again."
He leaned forward on his oars a little, half-closed his eyes and fortunately recognized me.
"Ah! it is you, Carey. Couldn't find the front door, could you? Well, come along with me. I will show you the way to the house."

Saying this, he advanced his boat to the bank and I immediately stepped into it.

"I was out for a spin," said the old man gaily, "but since you have come, I'll put it off till later. No! no! I'm giving myself no inconvenience. I'd rather have it so. Here we are; just step out and fasten her. There! Now, come on."

He moored his boat in the loveliest little basin I ever saw. It was of horse-shoe shape, shaded by willows and belted with rose-bays and lilacs. The boat-house was in the form of a kiosk, divided into two compartments, the one reserved for the boat, its gear and a variety of fishing tackle; the other fitted up as a swimming and bathing-room. The latter was luxuriously furnished with lounges, cushions, arm-chairs, mirrors, and a dazzling array of perfume bottles. An unwound garter lay on the marquetry floor.

We passed through these without stopping, my host preceding me at a rapid step. In a few minutes we reached the garden by a side door.

"It is somewhat warm yet," said the old man. "We will come to the garden a little later. I am rather proud of my garden and anxious to show it to you. Fond of flowers, eh? So much the better. Something of a botanist, too? Well, that is better still. Then I will be able to show you some rare varieties. That is excellent. In the meantime we will go in and have a quiet talk together."

I was quite taken by this cordial manner and followed into the house. We found a little table set for us and furnished with a magnificent bouquet, a round cake and two bottles of Chateau Yquem. I particularly remember this label, for it was the first time that I had seen it.
"You smoke, Carey? School boys all smoke. Isn't that so?"

And he spread out the leaves of his cigar-case on the table.

If you drive with a horse fancier, you will notice that for the first quarter of an hour he does not speak. He is absorbed in showing off the good points of his trotter, and he believes you to be similarly interested. So, also, when anybody offers you a cigar, neither of you is expected to say a word for full five minutes, being engaged in analyzing and enjoying the subtle flavor.

On lighting my cigar, however, I was thinking of something else. I was anxious to get possession of my host's name. My conversation had already felt awkward from the want of this knowledge. The cigar itself came to my assistance.

"How do you like that cigar, Carey?"
"Very much, sir. It has a mild, delicate taste quite unknown to me."
"Ah! I thought you would like it."

"What is the brand, sir?"

"The brand?"

"Yes, sir; I mean the name."

"Oh! It has no name, unless, now I think of it, we should call it the Paladine cigar."

He probably saw that I was none the wiser, for he continued:

"Yes, henceforth they will be known as the Paladine cigars, for it is I that make them. I am a very great smoker, you must know, Carey, and I have found from experience that smoking is unlike other pleasures in this that its enjoyment must be equable. Smoking now a dry cigar, then a fresh one, now a weak cigar, then a strong one, is very unsatisfactory. And yet you cannot find the same quality of cigar all through a box. The first two or three rows are true to their name; the rest are miserable counterfeits. I have long since decided on making my own cigars. I import the leaf and manufacture the rolls myself. These are right well made, are they not? Where do I import them from? Directly from the Vuelta Abajo. I have had to do it. For, perhaps, you are not aware that though the Missouri leaf, like its parent leaves in Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky, makes good smoking and chewing tobacco, it is only Havana tobacco that can make respectable cigars."

I confessed I was not aware of that important fact, but I rejoiced to learn it, together with the name of my kind host. Yes, his name was Paladine. Hector Paladine, as he afterwards pronounced it in full.

And she? The beautiful white apparition of the quarry, who has been in my heart all this while, and whom I have been looking out for everywhere—her name must be Paladine also. But that is not enough for me now. In aristocratic old countries the family name of the girl is everything. In our country, where all are equal, it is the sweet personal name that lovers seek, and which I at present must find.

VI.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

A remark of mine concerning the quiet and picturesqueness of the residence gave an unexpected turn to the conversation.

"Don't you recognize this place, Carey?" said the old man.

"Indeed, sir, I never was here before the other day."

"Is that possible? Never heard of Les Carrières?"

"Never."

"Why, my boy, this for you is holy ground."

"Holy ground?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"This house is the cradle of your family. Your mother was born here. She was married from this house. Your grandfather built it. He and your grandmother died in it. The quarries just beyond were the mines from which your forefathers drew their fortunes. You seem surprised that this domain is in my possession. You may well be surprised, for it should never have gone out of your family. But that is a misfortune; a painful misfortune. It appears the secret has been kept from you. That is right enough. Some people imagine that oblivion and silence can atone for wrong. I think differently. But I will not explain further. Maybe even I was wrong in broaching the subject at all."

I did not disguise the interest I took in these words, and with the view of having him say more, assured my host that my curiosity was thoroughly aroused and that he certainly had not done amiss in mentioning the matter to me.

"Well, perhaps not," he answered. "But at any rate I must not go further. Your cigar is out, is it? Throw it away and take another sip of wine. Not bad claret, that. Cooling. Now break off a slice of cake and come into the garden."

I meekly obeyed instructions. When we reached the steps of the veranda the old gentleman stopped abruptly, took the cigar out of his mouth and flung it into a side yard.

"Bother," said he, "I had forgotten to throw up my cigar before coming out. Smoking among flowers is disgraceful. If I caught anyone smoking in my garden, I would put him out. Bright Hesperus of blossoms! Look at my evening primrose yonder. Just out. Isn't it grand? Didn't look for it till to-morrow."

He walked up to it, seized it between two fingers, skillfully and delicately detached it from its stem and with the same dexterity inserted it in the button-hole of my coat. I cried sacrilege, but it was all done before I could prevent it. Indeed, with this self-willed man remonstrance would have been useless.

"Wear it as a token," said he, casting a last glance at the flower. "I mean it for a special compliment. It is the first flower I have given any one in many years."

Saying which he bent down again and tore the plant out of its bed. He took the root, broke it in two and, thrusting a piece before me, said:

"Take and inhale. Is it not exhilarating? They laugh at these fancies of the ancients. But don't you perceive a sharp, searching smell of wine? I dare not breathe it too strongly, for it intoxicates me. There, I have taken one long draught and it is enough."

He threw the root aside and we continued our walk. He was excited and enthusiastic, as he led me step by step through the garden, making garrulous comments everywhere and in several cases narrating some bit of history connected with his plants. I saw at once that he was far more than a mere horticulturist. He was a devoted florist. Books and flowers, as I afterward more fully discovered, were his sole companions. His two studies were the study of nature in himself and the study of nature in his garden. Whether he used botany for the purposes of theory, like Rousseau, or for the sake of song and enjoyment, like Saint Pierre, is what we shall soon determine.

Apart from its wealth of flowers, the garden was remarkable for the picturesque manner in which it was laid out. There were no rectilinear alleys meeting at right angles, no parallel-gram beds, no circular parterres, but the garden seemed to follow its own windings at hap-hazard, peeping into all kinds of nooks, creeping into cool, cosy bosks and bowers, running up mossy banks, running down into marshy bottoms that flashed this afternoon with marigolds and cresses.

Being pressed for time I took only a hasty view of all these things. But I promised myself many other visits. I wanted to see the house, too, even if I only passed through it, and I ventured to hint as much to my host, who immediately assented.

The house was of stone, two stories high, and both sides were adorned with a spacious and light veranda, enlaced at this season with morning-glories. The first story was divided into four apartments: facing the garden, a drawing-room on the right of the hall, and M. Paladine's study on the left. To the rear, adjoining the drawing-room, was the dining-room; adjoining the study and communicating with it, the old man's bed-chamber. I was not shown upstairs, somewhat to my surprise, but I imagined that there, too, was a four-fold distribution of rooms.

What particularly attracted my attention below was the old man's study. That seemed to me a little paradise. Books piled from floor to ceiling; between the book-cases at regular intervals, brackets on which were set bronze busts of celebrated men. In the central place of honor was Voltaire, and as a work of art the bust was remarkable. The fine, sharp lip was particularly prominent, revealing the wit rather than the philosopher, and in no way giving suspicions of the cynic. After him I expected to find, and did find, his companions and disciples—Jean Jacques, Diderot, d'Alembert and the lesser fry of the Encyclopædia. In another part a large and splendid bust of Pyrrho was flanked by Spinoza on the one hand and Tom Paine on the other. Holbach stood a little below.

My host made no remark about these philosophers of his, but pointing to the other wall, he said:

"Here are my satirists. They are the true philosophers. They are the surest of guides, the most honest of teachers. There is the father of them all, Democritus of Abdera. There is the dearest of them all, my own genial Flaccus. There are Cervantes, Rabelais, Lesage, Swift, Defoe, Heine, Gresset, Scarron, Molière, Goldoni."

I gazed at all this with undisguised wonder. I had never seen such a library before. There was a much larger collection of books at the college, but ranged as they were in endless shelves, without any breaks in the wall, they appeared inaccessible to my vulgar touch. Here, however, they were all within my reach, and I thought they invited me to come and enjoy them.

As to the collection of statuary, it impressed me strangely too. Those old, rugged features in bronze, those massive brows, those hollow eyes, revealed genius, indeed, but not, as I instinctively felt, the genius that regenerates the world.

The study faced the cheerful south-west, and besides being lighted by a large French window, had a door opening on a private porch which led to the garden. The porch was strewn with flower-pots and boxes containing the richest varieties of plants.

I may mention that the bed-room was of the simplest. None but indispensable furniture. No carpet, no pictures, no hangings of any kind. There was a trestle-bed, more suited for a tent than a chamber, a little wash-stand, a single chair. It was clear that the occupant was no Sybarite. There was nothing there to tempt him to retire early or to rise late.

The afternoon had passed without my perceiving it, and not till the shadows came creeping in through the doors and windows was I reminded of terminating my visit. I then expressed my thanks to the host who very earnestly assured me of the pleasure my company had afforded him, and pressed me to call as often as I possibly could. I gave this promise, for my curiosity was by no means satisfied. In fact, if I must say it, my visit was in one sense a great disappointment. This house was certainly tenanted by others than the master. But I saw no one else, not even a servant. I did

not hear a voice in any part of the house or grounds. The old man volunteered no explanations, and I durst ask none. However, he was perfectly natural in his manner; there was no mystery about him. He appeared utterly unconscious of my desire to see any one but himself.

In passing out through the hall I happened to glance into the open drawing-room, and there on the edge of the piano saw a small yellow kid glove stretched out and still preserving the warm mould of an exquisite hand.

The sight thrilled me, and I vowed to come again at the next half.

VII.

A DIAGNOSIS.

I do not well remember why, but I kept my visits to the Paladine house a secret at the time. Perhaps it was because there was a mystery in it, and we all naturally seek privacy in our investigations of the unknown. If I had made inquiries, I should probably have obtained valuable information in regard to my strange host, but, as it was, I had to make out everything for myself. This I did in the course of four or five successive visits, and I may as well summarize my impressions at once.

M. Paladine was intended by nature for great things, but ended only in producing a new corn flag, which he christened *Atrophie*. I saw this variety; it has a black streak in it. He had extraordinary talents, but he never went beyond reading. He wrote nothing. His education was vast. His father, before removing from Louisiana to Missouri, had sent him to Paris to pursue his studies. He remained there from 1798 to 1804. It was during his stay that Napoleon sold Upper and Lower Louisiana to Jefferson for sixty millions of francs. This circumstance, which would have passed unnoticed in the lives of most youths, had a powerful influence on the formation of his opinions. He was now an American; that is, a democrat—one of the emancipated. He joined radical clubs, became rigidly imbued with Jacobinism. His philosophy became his religion. Left to himself in a corrupt city, when the principles of the Terror were still believed in, though no longer enforced, when the clergy were hardly reinstated, and none but military law was obeyed, young Paladine could hardly help being brought up in mere naturalism. Eclecticism, the special boon of periods of transition, was impossible under the Consulate. There was only one good book then in France: "Le Génie du Christianisme," by Chateaubriand. Paladine would not read it, because, he said, it was silly. There were plenty of bad books in literature, philosophy and theology which had the vogue of a morbid fashion. Paladine read them all, and when he left France brought along with him several immense cases with which he stocked his library. He made brilliant studies at the Polytechnique, but would not complete them. He was one of those who foresaw the inevitable lapse of the Consulate into the Empire, and rather than witness the event he started for home. He reached New Orleans in May, 1804, at the age of nineteen. Napoleon was crowned Emperor in December of the same year.

Though he kept up with the literature of the day—especially the French and German literature—M. Paladine never read the newspapers.

"Then," said I to him, when he mentioned the fact to me, "you cannot know what is going on in the world."

"There is where you are mistaken," he replied, laughing. "News comes into my solitude here, borne by the winds or birds, whispered by the leaves, repeated by the echoes of the quarries, Heaven only knows how. Catechise me if you will. I can tell you who is President of the country, who is Governor of the State, who is Mayor of the city, who are the leaders of parties. I can count you every plank of the different platforms, repeat the divers watch-words of the electioneers, give you the materials for the next budget, foot up the figures of immigration for the last decade, and detail whatever bit of scandal you may relish about the most prominent of our public men. So you see I need not lose time reading the papers. I am better employed reading my dear books."

On my expressing surprise at all this, he added more seriously that, at his time of life, and after the many tempests which he had weathered, what he most sighed for was peace. And, as if further to impress upon me the wisdom of the solitude and silence which he kept, he pointed to a motto above the door of his study, where I read in gilt gothic letters these words:

Vivere et vix tempore in Pace,
Adspice, Auscultat et Tace.

"That," said he, "is the maxim of Solomon versified in mediæval sing-song."

From the character of his library, the fetishes on his wall, and scraps of his conversation, I was at no pains to find out that he was a thorough sceptic. He believed in the central, pivotal fact—God, but beyond that was a blank to him. His logic—and he was one of the closest reasoners I ever knew—never led him to trace the clear and necessary relations between the ideas of Deity and universe. He had no form of worship. Perhaps he was utterly unconscious of anything of the kind. We have seen that he was rabidly violent against the clergy. Priestcraft was to him the most atrocious word in the language. It expressed all his concentrated sarcasm, scorn and hate. Not only did he revolt against the priestly idea, which

he denounced as impossible and absurd, but he had real or fancied grievances against the institution, as a usurpation, a despotism, a mockery and a swindle. The sight of the black robe threw him into an ecstasy of rage. If an innate sentiment of chivalry made him respect the female in the Sister of Mercy, the serge gown and the black veil produced a singular feeling which was an excess of contemptuous pity. "I can understand the virgin," he was once heard to say, "but the vestal—never." Hence he avoided meeting a priest or a nun. When I knew him it was twenty years since he had spoken to either. No wonder that he boiled over with passion when he learned from me that my professor was in the proximity of his hedge. As a consequence, too, it is easy to conclude that he never entered a church, never listened to a sermon, never heard the roll of an organ, never breathed the subtle perfume of incense, never knelt under the prayerful swaying of tapers, never knew the healing balm of a sacrament. What else could he be, then, but a heathen?

And yet this man sought peace, quiet, rest and a kind of selfish enjoyment. Could he have them? To see the comforts by which he was surrounded, the abundant resources which he possessed to satisfy his intellectual and æsthetic tastes, to notice his occasional placid smile, his bright sallies of wit and his usual attitude of self-possession, you would lean to an affirmative answer. That was my first inclination. But the unnatural silence of his home, his reserve on certain occasions, his reticence on certain topics, the sting of some of his comments, the shadows which at times crossed his face, the habitual introspection of his large grey eyes and that nondescript something, which, after intercourse with him, made you feel, in spite of yourself, that you were in the presence of a moral anomaly—all these were circumstances adverse to a favourable opinion of the old man's happiness.

The remark I made to myself after our second interview was this: No man can be happy merely on regrets. The solitaires of Thebas, the cenobites of Valombrosa, the beadsmen of Chartreuse were happy, because they had a hope. This man has no hope, because he has no faith. He *must* be unhappy.

VIII.

A DARK FIGURE IN THE DARK.

Within four weeks—from the middle of May to the middle of June—I had paid five visits to M. Paladine. At each of these I got insights into his character, the total impression of which I have analysed in the preceding chapter. But my main object was not attained. At the end of the fifth interview I was as far removed from it as I had been at the termination of the first. My patience was exhausted. The Annual Commencement was coming on, the final examination would absorb all my time, and I would have to give up my excursions to The Quarries for a considerable period. If then I wished to get at the secret which weighed upon my mind and had seriously interfered with my studies, I must act at once and boldly.

I called on M. Paladine for the sixth time, and found him, if anything, more serene and cordial than ever. We made our usual rounds in the garden, then retired to his study for cigars and wine. Now was my opportunity.

"M. Paladine," said I, abruptly, "I have long wished to put you a question."

The old man's face altered suddenly, but recovering, he said:

"What is it, Carey?"

"Are you all alone here?"

He turned full upon me, with a searching look, his brows lowering a little.

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because," said I, now almost out of countenance, and feeling my ears tingling with heat, "because it seems to me that so large a house and such extensive grounds cannot be kept in such fine order as I find them, by one person alone, and yet in all my visits here I have never seen a soul about the premises but yourself."

"Indeed!" said he abstractedly.

There was a moment of silence, during which I felt the ground slipping from under me. I must, therefore, recover myself at once.

"Sir," said I, "I hope you will not charge me with vulgar curiosity or impertinence in my inquiry. If it is a breach of hospitality, I withdraw the question."

The old man drew a long sigh, sat up in his chair and looked at me kindly.

"You are a gentleman, Carey. You have retrieved a false step with a frankness which I like. Now that you have withdrawn your question, I will speak openly to you, and I know you will be satisfied. You are right in supposing that these grounds are tended by others than myself. I have servants to whom they are confided. But because I like to be alone during the day, I make them do their work early in the mornings. In the evenings, too, about sunset, they take another look around and receive my orders. Besides, they live away from the house, in a retired part of my property. When I want to see them all in a body I go there myself. I do not allow them to come to me. As to the house itself, you must have suspected that the upper part is inhabited, and that by females. Yes, there are two ladies living with me. The one, without being at all menial, is here in a subordinate capacity and, of course, I could not introduce her to you. The other does not wish to be introduced, or rather she cannot be introduced at present. The reasons—well never mind. I

must not say more now. Under these circumstances you will not wonder that these two persons are kept out of your way, so that you never saw them."

In my excitement I was about to mention that I had seen one of them on the platform of the quarry, but, fortunately, I restrained myself in time. I remained silent, pondering the singular words which I had heard.

"But, by the by," broke in the old man, "I am surprised you did not learn from others the composition of my household. It is no secret that I know of."

"You need not be surprised, sir, for I never inquired of anybody."

"Is it possible? None of your family told you?"

"None of them knows that I come here."

"Hum! How is that?"

"I never had occasion to mention the fact to them. I see very few of them at College."

The old man looked at me with a serio-comic face.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "that accounts for everything. Why, my dear boy, you will find out that you know nothing about me. For full particulars I refer you to your Uncle Pascal, to your cousin Djim and to the ladies of your family. If you come here, after hearing their stories, I shall be much surprised. They have driven others away from here before now. You will learn that I have converted *Les Carrières*—that is the name of my house—into a Trianon. You know what that means. Or, renewing the metamorphoses of old, you will be surprised to find that I am a Polyphemus in his cavern; that I have an Io with me whom I do not chase, indeed, with a gad-fly over the earth, but keep immured and estranged from the world through a refinement of devilish caprice."

After a pause, during which I remained quite puzzled at what I had heard, the old man added, sternly:

"My battles of life are over, I hope. At least I will do nothing to renew them. But I am still untamed and unconquered. I keep away from the world, but I am as defiant as ever within my own boundaries. Let the world wag its tongue; I laugh or I pity as my mood may be. But let it not come here to attack me, or it will find that the demon is not out of me yet."

As he said this he brought his hand down with a crash on the table, arose and walked across the floor.

I did not know what to say or what to do. The situation was awkward, if not ridiculous.

Just then a loud shriek was heard from the upper story at the head of the stairs. M. Paladine threw up his hands to his head, then rushed out of the door.

I did not stir from my seat, so as to listen more acutely. My curiosity was at the highest pitch. I heard moans and low words at the first landing, whence I fancied that some one was picked up and carried further up stairs. A little after I distinguished the tread of M. Paladine's boot in the room over my head. But gradually all sounds died out, and the disturbance was followed by a dead silence. Full twenty minutes passed, during which I listened with feverish excitement for some further sounds. But none came. Then I suddenly caught hold of another idea. The stillness perhaps meant a catastrophe. If so, could I sit there idle?

At length I was drawn from my suspense by the echo of the old gentleman's footfall. He slowly walked along the upper passage, slowly came down the stair. On entering the study his look met mine—two flames leaping at each other.

"It is nothing," said he, resuming his chair; "only a little faintness brought on by the heat."

I murmured my satisfaction, while I turned my hat in my hand, as a sign of departure.

"Don't go yet, Carey," said my host. "Put by your hat. Here is a volume of *Fabliaux* that I got the other day, and I want to go over some of it with you. I want to give you a lesson in Provençal, if you will take it."

Saying which, he reached up to his library and took down a little twelve-mo., which he opened on the table before us. I laid by my hat and the lesson began. What I heard during the next hour I never could remember, except that it was quaint French, but so wild, so sweet, that I left the house at sunset with a troubadour's love in my heart.

When I reached the extreme edge of the wood that led out of the grounds, I was startled by the rapid rustling of a dress, and before I had time to look around, a light figure darted by me, pressed a paper into my hand, and disappeared, bending low among the bushes. I thought of Shakespeare's lapwing Beatrice. Who was it? Where was she gone? It was useless to search. I heard nothing more. I then held up the letter in the waning light. The address was in a beautiful female hand and it bore these words: "To Carey Gilbert, pressing and secret." I broke the seal with trembling fingers and read what follows:

"I heard all. Now is the time to act. Come to me to-night, between eleven and twelve, at the platform of the quarry. I have something to tell you which I cannot trust to paper, much less to a third person. A great danger threatens. Follow this route: A boat will be in waiting for you at the exterior of the hedge which abuts on the river. You know the place. Take it and drift to the mouth of the third quarry opening on the water. Leave it there. There is a path at the bottom of that quarry. Follow it. Another path lies over the debris of the second quarry. Follow that too. Another path in the

third quarry leads to the foot of the stairs. Take it and you will be safe. A light from the platform will guide you. Fail not. ORY."

I was continuing my walk slowly as I read this letter. I had barely reached the signature when I felt myself rudely jostled and nearly thrown off my balance. Turning, I encountered the face of a young African, who looked at me with an angry scowl. He was a fine specimen of his race—thick-set, broad-shouldered, leonine, handsome, yet hideous. It was getting dark now, and I walked on. After a moment I stopped to look back. He, too, had stopped, and was looking at me. A second time I stopped and looked, and a second time he had stopped to look at me.

"Decidedly," I said, "that nigger will know me the next time he meets me."

Then, quickening my pace, I thought no more of him, but only of the singular letter which I held in my hand.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

"The ghost walks" is a humorous theatrical phrase, meaning that the salaries are being paid.

The Bornean soldier on march carries his rations in his walking-stick—a stout hollow bamboo stuffed full of sweetened rice.

The rumored alliance of the King of Spain with an Austrian Princess is declared to be no longer in contemplation.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Manchester to organize a subscription to present Lord Beaconsfield with a coronet.

The health of Prince Leopold has of late so sensibly improved that His Royal Highness has intimated his intention to go into society much more.

The paper on which the Bank of England notes are printed is made of new linen or cotton, and a note will support a weight of 36 lbs. before it is sized.

The Prime Minister has refused to present a petition to the House of Lords for a further investigation into the Tichborne case, or to assist in any way in having the case re-opened.

The caricaturists have already begun to fasten on Prince Jerome Napoleon, one of them giving him in Imperial robes under the heading of "Un César Reclassé."

The bones of another mammoth mastodon have been dug up at New Windsor, N.Y., within a short distance of the place where the now famous monster of 1845 was found.

"Le Club" is the name of a new hygienic liqueur analogous, if not superior, to those known by the familiar titles of Chartreuse, Benedictine, and similar appellations.

THERE is no doubt that the Zulus were afraid to touch the reliquary hung round the neck of the Prince, for fond as they are of jewellery, it was supposed to be a fetish, and as such too sacred to touch.

The cabman's hour has come. An Italian engineer has invented a register by which the distance traversed by the cab is accurately estimated. He makes the cab wheel itself record on a dial the number of its revolutions.

It is proposed to run a cable across the American Falls at Niagara, and suspend a car from it, from which one may be lowered perpendicularly up and down directly in front of the middle of the cataract and close to it.

PRINCE Louis Napoleon was not the first foreign Prince who had served as a volunteer with an English army. In the Sikh war a member of the Prussian Royal Family accompanied the British army throughout the campaign.

ZULUS have a regular symbolic language of grass-fires, and by this means convey messages from one part of the country to the other. Private signs are also made among the natives, by tying grass into knots of different shape, which would pass unnoticed by the ordinary observer.

A NOVEL auction sale has taken place at Blyth, the articles offered being "Hallelujah idols," comprising poultry, canaries, parrots, bird cages, rings, meerschaum pipes, and dress ornaments, which have been given up by persons on their conversion by the "Hallelujah fesses."

A MEMBER of the Opposition met Lord Beaconsfield on one of the late cold summer days and thinking of Egypt and Turkey remarked that things did not look well in the East. The Prime Minister, however, readily turning the point replied, "Yes, the wind from that quarter is very trying at this time of year."

THE idea of a monument to Prince Imperial has been eagerly seized upon. Mr. Algernon Borthwick, of the *London Post*, will receive subscriptions, and it is probable enough that the sarcophagus enclosing the Prince's remains will be erected by the voluntary contributions of the English aristocracy. The sarcophagus in which the Emperor lies was the gift of the Queen.

THE last vestige of Temple Bar has been taken away. Not a stone of the old historical structure now remains, and shortly the southern footway which joins the Strand and Fleet street will be perfectly cleared of obstruction, as the rebuilding of Child's bank being nearly completed, the boarding will be taken away, and so

on both sides of the great thoroughfare there will be an unobstructed footpath for pedestrians.

THE will of the late Prince Imperial was found to contain no political allusion. He has left the whole of his property, including his life policies, to his mother, the Empress Eugénie. The Empress did not attend the first reading, but the will was afterwards read to her; and Her Majesty also read and derived much consolation from a prayer which was found in the Prince's book of devotions in his own writing.

SHORTLY before he left England the Prince Imperial allowed M. Gédid, of Bayswater, to dedicate to him a set of quadrilles called "Le Tricolor." It is a merry set, eminently suitable for dancing, but one failed to see the reason for its being especially named as it is, until the very last melody is reached, and that has a sad association now. It is "Partant pour la Syrie." One can scarcely help identifying the young and brave Dunois with the poor "petit Prince."

ONE of the objects of interest at the present moment to the lounge in the Strand is a copy of an English newspaper displayed in a window in the condition it reached a subscriber in Russia, after passing through the hands of the Russian authorities. An article on Russia is entirely obliterated. The manner in which the Russian authorities manage these things is wonderfully simple and effectual. They take the printer's roller, covered with printer's ink, and run it up and down the objectionable columns till not a word can be deciphered.

THE Duc de Bassano has afforded some additional information as to the will of the Prince Imperial. The Prince, he said, stayed up late the evening before he left Chiselhurst, and wrote a will with his own hand, which, however, was not legally attested. The will made no reference to anything of politics, but confined itself to his household affairs. Before leaving in the morning he called together the servants of the house and said to them, "I am leaving Chiselhurst for a time, but if I should not come back you will know that you have not been forgotten."

THE Bonaparte family, once so numerous, is now considerably reduced. Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde, the latter childless, are the only descendants of Jerome, King of Westphalia, while the elder branch, resulting from the fusion of the lines of Joseph and Lucien, consists of Cardinal Prince Lucien, four sisters, and Prince Charles, who has only two daughters. There are also three sons and one daughter, the issue of Lucien, Prince of Canino's second marriage, but none of these have direct heirs, the daughter being a nun at Rome, Prince Lucien being remarried, and Prince Pierre's marriage being deemed invalid.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A SON is born to Madame Albani. WILHELMJ will remain in America, and appear in the provincial towns unsupported, excepting by local talent.

WIENIAWSKI, lately reported sick and travelling in Russia, has reached London, having recovered from his indisposition.

CARLOTTA PATTI and a concert company will begin to tour the country next winter under De Vivo and Chizzola's directions.

THE child of a French bouffe singer who died in New Orleans last year is being educated at a convent school at Alimée's expense.

MR. GEORGE CONLY, the well-known basso, signed a contract recently to sing in Mr. Rosa's next winter season at Her Majesty's, in London.

MR. HENRY IRVING will undoubtedly come to this continent next season and play at Booth's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Dion Boucicault.

ADELINA PATTI, it appears, has lost some of her upper notes, but on the other hand she has gained immensely in dramatic power.

MR. HENRY IRVING has given the chain which he has worn as "Hamlet" for 100 representations to an enthusiastic lady admirer, who sent him another in exchange. This, too, is to go to somebody else after 100 wearings.

MR. W. H. WOODS, well known in the Southwest as an actor several years ago, is preaching eloquent sermons at the Church of the Messiah in Louisville.

THERE seems to be a general impression that the musical season of '79 and '80 will be exceptionally brilliant, and that old-time prices will be more nearly reached than ever.

AT Niblo's Garden, New York, will be introduced, in August, a spectacle intended to eclipse the Black Crook in gorgeous glitter and grand ballet, under the direction of the Kiralyis and the management of Mr. Ned Gilmore.

AT a recent appearance of Miss Tuorsby in Paris, it is said that 10,000 persons were present. The musicians dropped bassoon and trumpet, and with the audience rose to their feet in a tempest of delighted applause.

THERE is a rumour in London that Messrs. Gye have got their eyes on the States, with the ultimate intention of sending over a splendid Italian opera company for a three months' season in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Patti and Albani, it is said, will be the main attractions, with Middle, Valleria and possibly Zaré Thalberg for the off-nights.

IT has been decided to create a Theatrical Order of Merit in France. The ribbon is to be red, but it is not settled as to whether it is to be of a darker or a lighter shade than that of the Order of the Legion of Honour. The new order will contain several classes, boxes, stalls, pit and gallery, and the members of the *Comédie Française* are to be the first decorated.

THE award of the prize of \$1,000 for the best musical composition by a native American composer, to be sung at the musical festival in 1880, has been referred to a board of five judges, as follows: Theodore Thomas, President; Dr. Leopold Damrosch, of New York; Asger Hamerick, Baltimore; Otto Singer, Cincinnati, and Carl Zerkow, Boston.

VARIETIES.

"LIFE" OF RAILWAY MATERIAL.—The Illinois Railroad Commissioners have obtained returns from 26 railway companies, which show that the "life" of a locomotive engine varied on these railways from 8 years to 24, and that the general average duration was 15½ years. Passenger cars endured from 8 years to 20 years, the average being 15½ years; the average life of stock cars being 10 years, and that of freight cars 11½ years; and the railway bridges, built so largely of wood in the United States, endure from 5 to 20 years. As to the "life" of rails, the statistics seem to indicate that those of iron last from 3 to 12 years, the mean being 7; while steel rails are credited with from 9 to 20 years' service—and an average of 14 years is obtained from the returns.

HEART AND BRAIN.—At the fifty-first meeting of German Naturalists, in Cassel, Dr. Wiedemeister made some remarks on the connection between heart-disease and mental diseases. Practitioners who are not exclusively psychologists are much inclined to consider cardiac affections as one of the causes of madness, while psychologists are of a totally different opinion. If his memory did not fail him, Aazin had found, in making *post mortem* examinations of lunatics, that in 1 per cent. of the cases there was disease of the heart. Witkowsky had found this in more than 7 per cent., and Karrer, of Erlangen, in 30 per cent. Wishing to find some more definite numbers, he had for some years past carefully measured the hearts of lunatics, especially the left ventricle, and had found that in 75 per cent. of the cases there was thickening of the wall of the left ventricle, and that the latter was hypertrophic.

THE PRESERVATION OF FORESTS.—Since the year 1835 the forest area of the western hemisphere has decreased at the average yearly rate of 7,500,000 acres, or about 11,400 square miles. In the United States alone this rate has advanced from 1,600 square miles in 1835 to 7,000 in 1855, and 5,400 in 1876. Between 1750 and 1835 the total aggregate of forests felled in South and Central America (especially in South-eastern Mexico), and in the Eastern, South-eastern, and South-western States of the Republic, may be estimated at from 45,000,000 to 50,000,000 acres. In other words, the moisture supply of the American soil has been wasted at the average ratio of 7 per cent. for each quarter of a century during the last 125 years, and is now fast

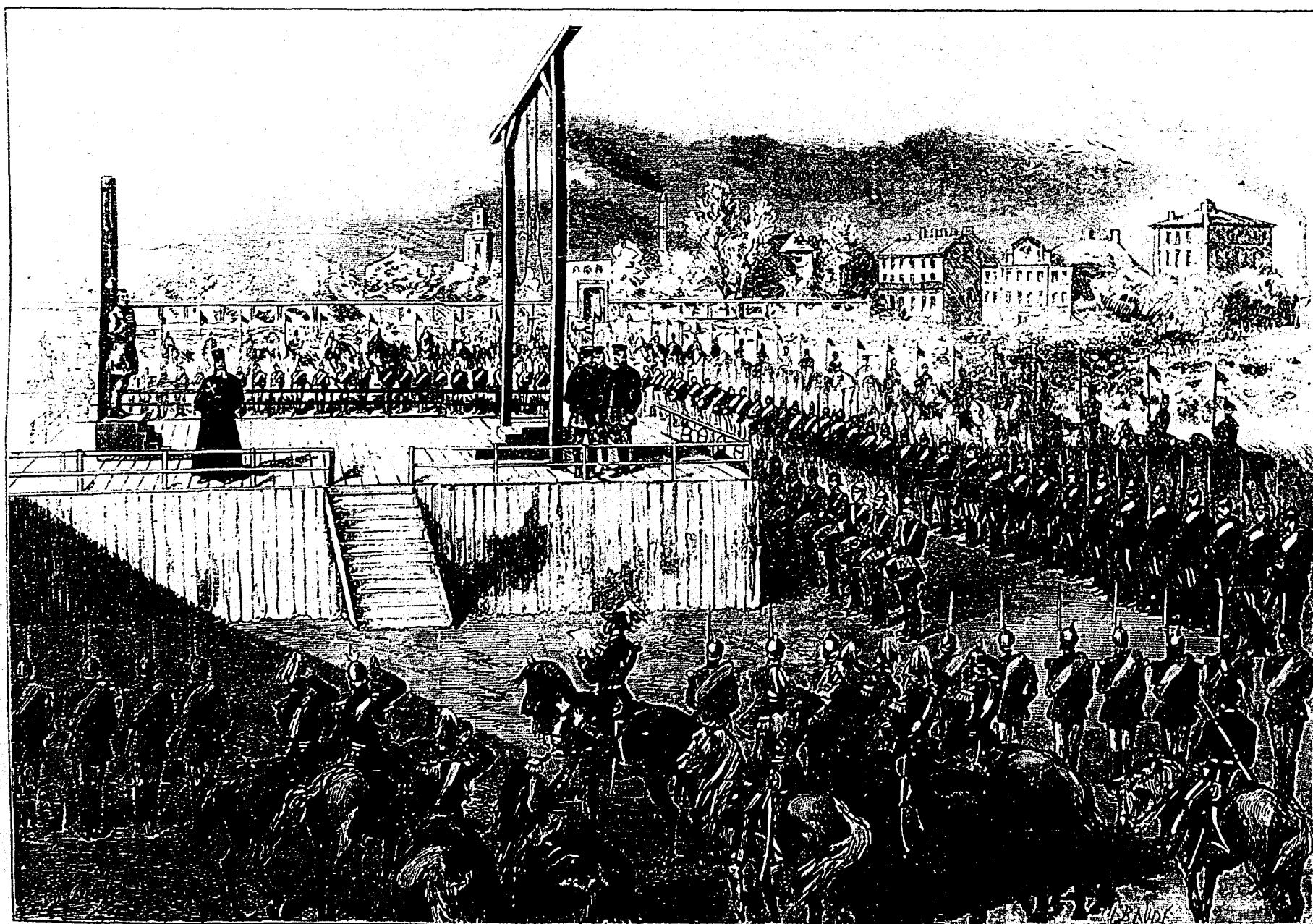


LORD CHELMSFORD.

approaching the limit beyond which any further decrease will affect the climate phenomena of the entire continent.

JENNY LIND IN OLD AGE.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* caught a glimpse of the Queen of Song, whose name is prominent among the celebrities of the past, who is living in London. The house stands back in the street, and a garden that must, in summer, be a very bouquet of flowers and verdure, extends in front of it. A bust of the great singer, life size and in marble, stands in the large bay window that fronts the garden. And beside the bust sat an elderly lady, in a white mob cap and white cashmere shawl, engaged in partaking of the afternoon cup of tea that forms so prominent a feature of English social life. She was talking to some one in the room, and as she turned to the window I saw again the face that I had last looked upon, crowned with roses and lighted with inspiration, on the stage of Tripler Hall, twenty-eight long years ago. Under the disfiguring cap, the fair hair, now plentifully streaked with gray, was seen rolled back in precisely the same fashion as that which set all the American girls to twisting back their tresses in those bygone years.

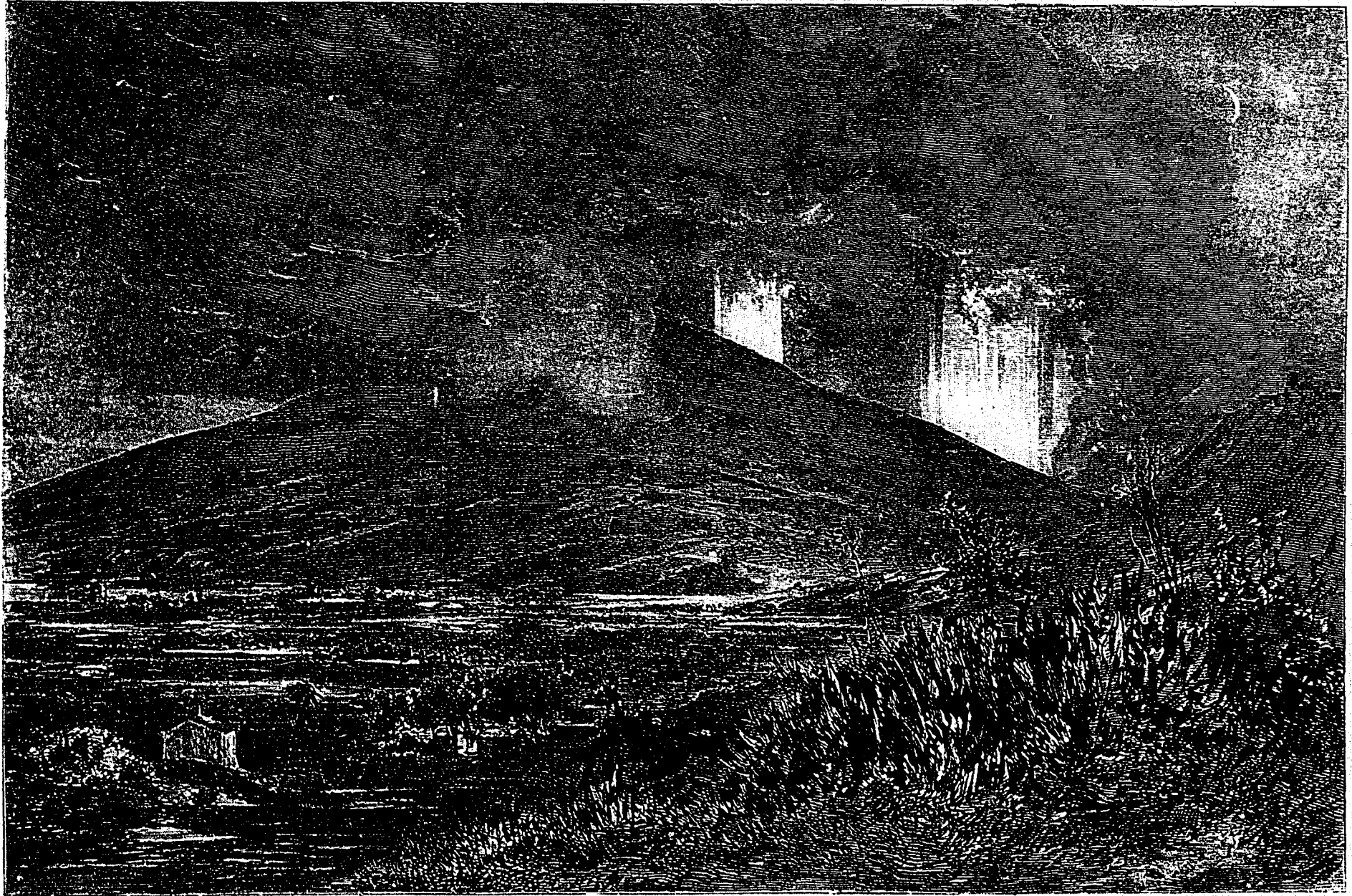
THE CHROMOGRAPH.—One of the most simple, cheap and effective copying apparatuses that we have ever met with has been recently introduced to public notice under the above designation. For the almost instantaneous reproduction of letters, circulars, plans, or drawings, it is unequalled, and must prove invaluable to solicitors, bankers, merchants, artists, and many others. The apparatus is composed of two zinc boxes, in which a white composition not unlike India-rubber has been cast. It is used without either press, inking, or steeping, and with any description of paper. The writing is done in the ordinary way, using the ink supplied with the apparatus; it is then allowed to dry. The circular or drawing is afterwards placed on the composition, face downward, the hand being lightly passed over it. It is left for a minute, and the negative of the original is thus obtained with absolute precision. A sheet of paper of any kind is then placed on the negative, and smoothed down lightly with the hand. In two or three seconds the impression is completed and comes out perfectly clear; the operation is then repeated in the same manner. From eight to ten minutes suffice to obtain from forty to fifty copies. It has already met with much approval and is certain to meet with more.



EXECUTION OF SOLOWIEFF, AUTHOR OF THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE CZAR.



SEA BATHING COSTUMES.



ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

TULIT ALTER.

Honors? Shall I thus complete thy plaint, O elder brother! Or, the actual wrong, Is it much lighter? Those who would thy quaint, immortal verse have claimed could not for long Deceive or prince or peasant. If the song Worthless had been, Bathylus had not sinned— That is thy praise, my great, long silent friend, And Heaven's best gifts to all mankind belong. Birds, sheep and bees and oxen, are they less Happy because they go uncrowned of men? Or better for thy praise, Pythagoras, Who would have brought the golden age again? Like them should we to duty yield our days, Careless alike of human blame or praise.

Montreal. JOHN READE.

SONNET.

On a perilous sea, in a perilous night, A sailor sailed through the thick black mist; Did never a thought or a doubt exist, As he struggled with the ocean in its might, As he waged this terrible, awful fight. That his homeward journey stopped might be, "I'll conquer old Ocean and Night," said he. Love fights for me, and Love has might. But the good ship struck a sunken reef, And the sailor was lost in the deep. Old Ocean laughed, "Ha, ha!" in his glee, And mocked the sailor and his unbelief: Old Night sank into a fitful sleep. Sighing, "Alas! for thy love and thee."

Ottawa, Ont. F. H. DEVERREUX.

EUGENIE AT CHISELHURST.

HOW THE EX-EMPRESS RECEIVED THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Camden House, Chiselhurst, always somewhat gloomy and doleful in appearance, had early on that afternoon reassumed the more mournful appearance which it had worn nearly seven years ago, when the Emperor Napoleon died. Now, as then, the blinds were closely drawn; police slowly pacing backward and forward in front of the entrances repelled the curiosity of strangers. Carriages filled with friends arrived at the gates, and ladies and gentlemen attired in black, first of all signing their names in a book at the lodge, passed up the dark avenue of trees to offer their sympathy to the inmates of the house beyond. It was not difficult to see, even long before Chiselhurst was sighted, that many of the passengers in the train from London were members of the great Bonapartist party which had just lost its head. Little groups of Frenchmen clad in black, Spaniards who remembered the nationality of the Empress Eugenie, attaches of embassies, representatives of royalty, were all to be seen ere the train drew up at the well-known station. Passing by twos and threes into the house they had been received by the Duc de Bassano, expressed to him their sense of sorrow and so departed. At length it came to my turn to enter, and passing through the curious panel door which opens into the reception-room of Camden Place, I found the Duc de Bassano waiting to receive me. As he read the telegraphic despatch which told of the Prince's death and the finding of the body, he nearly gave way to the intensity of his feelings, protesting the while that he had had no part in the voyage which had terminated so fatally, and that, indeed, it had been undertaken against the advice and wish of all the prince's friends. "But he was so ardent, so courageous and such a capital horseman," His Grace continued, taking apparent pride in this last accomplishment of his youthful chief, "he was so anxious to be with his comrades of Woolwich and to share their dangers, that nothing would persuade him to give up the enterprise. The empress," the Duc remarked, "learned the news, in fact, by an accident last night. Some friend of M. Pietri, hearing of the disaster which had befallen the prince, wrote him a letter, which he sent by rail, warning him to prepare for sad and, indeed, painful intelligence. Somehow or other the empress opened this letter and, although unable exactly to comprehend its import, feared unhappy tidings. She knew her son had been ill, and she naturally dreaded to hear that he was worse. However, no more intelligence came till this morning, when Lord Sydney, who had received a message from Lady Frere and also the queen, came round to communicate the terrible news to the empress, together with the expression of Her Majesty's sympathy. I received him, and upon me the duty devolved of breaking the fearful news. I asked permission to see the empress, who, noticing probably from the expression of my countenance that I was greatly troubled, begged to know at once all I had to tell her. I said, "Madame, the prince is very ill, more dangerously than he was when we last heard." Immediately Her Majesty exclaimed, "I will go to him; I must go;" to which I replied nothing, and retired. A quarter of an hour elapsed and then I returned to her. I told her that further news had come which made the aspect of affairs still graver. She cried out, "I will go at once; where is he?" To which I replied, "It is too late, madame," on hearing which Her Majesty burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming, "Non fils, non pauvre fils," and I left her.

Passing through the outer hall as I entered was Gen. Sir Dighton Probyn, who had brought a message of condolence from the Prince and Princess of Wales. In the same hall it had been my lot, the last time but one that I saw the deceased prince, to see him lead his weeping mother into a somewhat hastily improvised court of her faithful adherents, on the death of Napoleon III. The apartment had been draped in black; even the pictures had been covered with the sombre-colored cloth; the Bonapartists,

ladies and men, stood round in solemn silence waiting till the empress should come. Presently there was heard a rustle as of silk; then appeared the young Louis Napoleon with his mother's hand in his. A deep obeisance was being made by all; there were ladies who reverently courtesied as they kissed the imperial widow's hand, and the rest were waiting to offer their expressions of fealty when a lady, overcome with her feelings, rushed forward and, embracing the youthful prince, kissed him on both cheeks and quickly retired. On the day before the members of the imperial family, together with the leaders of their followers, had met in solemn conclave at Chiselhurst and concluded an agreement by which the prince should henceforth be the object of their aspirations and hopes. He was, so ran the document which M. Rouher dictated and the Duc de Grammont wrote, to be called for the present Louis Napoleon, and not Napoleon IV. Under the tuition and guardianship of his uncle Jerome and the Empress Eugenie, he was to be brought up, and by the imperial party of France he was henceforth to be regarded as head. Next day he led the way bareheaded to the little Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary's, Chiselhurst, the chief mourner for his exiled and departed father.

I quitted the hall and went across the common forthwith to the place where the remains of Napoleon III. lay. There, as in the old days, the Rev. Father Goddard still rules, the faithful and trusted counsellor of the Imperial house. He has been, as was to be expected of one under whose religious care the prince had been brought up, terribly shocked by the sad news, yet to him there came also some comfort in the remembrance of the fact that, no matter how busily occupied, the prince never forgot the obligations of the church. "I remember," says the good abbe, "that, just as his Imperial highness was going away to Zululand, I wrote him reminding him of the duties which the church imposed at that season of the year and begging him to remember these even though he might be otherwise busily engaged. His letter to me was one I shall never forget. He expressed some surprise at my having thought that he could by any possibility be unmindful of the calls of the church, and next morning—on the day of his departure—he came round to me, confessed, took the holy sacrament very shortly after 7 o'clock, and kissing his father's tomb, departed. I think that the chain round his neck bore a scapular and a piece of the wood of the true cross. There was a locket attached to it too, and for the rest I cannot speak with certainty. All I know is that he left with every expression of religious and happy confidence. He did not once think of the danger which might come to him. His whole mind was set upon going. Some endeavoured to dissuade him from the enterprise, but he insisted upon carrying it out, and I do not think that even the command of his nearest friends, to stay at home would have weighed with him. Several times after he went away he wrote home the most charming letters all full of hopefulness. And it is strange that only this very morning a letter was received from an officer named Bigg, a friend of the prince, saying how splendidly he behaved, how glad they all were to have him there and how careful they would be that no harm should come to him." Speaking of the empress, Father Goddard, remarked that, on learning the news from the morning papers, he went to Camden Place, and there found that the empress had been already informed of her terrible loss. "She had almost lost her senses," said the reverend gentleman—a statement which was otherwise unhappily borne out.

Stepping to the Chapel of St. Mary I noticed that the outer portion of the three that stood on the left front of the altar had been already draped with black. When last I was in the church it was the centre one which bore the dark cloth; the empress sat in the left and the prince in that which to-day bears the emblem of mourning. The emperor's grand marble sarcophagus, "offered," as the inscription runs, by Victoria Regina to the Empress Eugenie, and underneath which is the wreath which the Queen herself placed there on the first of the two visits which her majesty has paid to the tomb, was surrounded by wreaths of immortelles and violets and many another souvenir. Over it floated the banner of Napoleon, Knight of the Garter and the tricolor of France; at the head was a little altar, at which on the 9th of each month mass is said for the repose of the emperor's soul. "I do not quite see where we can place the body of the poor prince, which cannot, however, arrive here before July 19," said Father Goddard, "unless we put it in the little recess which is at the foot of his father's grave."

A TOUR THROUGH CANADA.

It is so seldom that we find appreciative notices of our country in the papers across the border, that the following from the *Scottish American Journal* will be found particularly interesting:— "There are many circumstances which have latterly given an unwonted prominence to the Dominion of Canada. These are partly of a political, and partly of a social nature. Ever since the completion of the Confederation scheme the country has steadily grown in population, in wealth, in interest, and in influence. Nor have even the bitter party struggles which have been waged in Provincial and Dominion elections served to impede the progress of the country, or to detract from the general interest felt in its prosperity. In one respect, indeed, they have given fresh importance to Canada as a rising power, since it has been manifest there-

by that the principles of political economy and constitutional government are thoroughly understood, and that among the Canadian people there are men of all parties both able and determined to maintain the constitution which has been adopted in all its integrity.

In addition to this, as one cause of public notoriety, there has sprung up a fresh interest in Canadian affairs from the social prestige it has received in connection with recent visits and displays. During the administration of the Earl of DUFFERIN, society in Canada assumed a more settled and, perhaps, fashionable aspect; and the graceful courtesy and genial hospitality of the Earl and Countess certainly contributed much to the formation of a distinctive Canadian sentiment, to the harmony of the different classes, and to the development of the vast resources of the country. Nothing is lost in these matters by the appointment and residence of the Marquis of LORNE and the Princess LOUISE. The arrangement which led to their transfer to Ottawa implied a compliment to the Canadian people; and the manner in which they have departed themselves since their arrival has tended in an eminent degree to win the admiration and love of the whole community. Under their administration Canada seems destined to advance socially and politically more rapidly than before; and the very fact that some of the most prominent personages of Great Britain are visiting, or intending to visit, the Dominion is proof of the interest felt in the development of the country, and of a commendable anxiety to gaze upon its more notable features.

There is at least a probability that all such visitors will be amply repaid for the time and money they expend. It is simply impossible for any intelligent observer to pass through Canada without adding to his fund of knowledge and his sources of enjoyment. No country is more highly favoured with natural advantages, and in few, if any, are there presented stronger evidences of civilization and culture. The country, indeed, is rich in all the physical elements which are necessary to greatness; and in the hands of the enterprising people who are now settled in every part of the Dominion, those elements are evidently being utilised with skill, and to the utmost possible advantage. The water power of Canada, in lakes, and rivers, and streams, is prodigious. In mineral resources there are treasures of inestimable worth. Nowhere can there be found a finer soil for agricultural operations; and whether by railways or steamboat communication, the facilities for travelling, for enterprise, and for pleasure, are certainly unsurpassed. It would be strange if such a country did not arrest public attention, and the phenomenon would border upon the mysterious if there were not seen on every hand signs of prosperity and growth.

In its present settled form Canada can boast of a number of cities which are in all respects creditable, whether considered in size, in population, in trade, in public institutions, in architectural skill or in education and intelligence. Among these it is not invidious to single out Halifax, in Nova Scotia; St. John, in New Brunswick; Quebec and Montreal, in Quebec; Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, Hamilton, and London, in Ontario; Winnipeg, in Manitoba; and New Westminster, in British Columbia. In all these cities there are well-arranged streets, extensive parks, handsome dwellings, spacious warehouses, magnificent churches, commodious schools, &c., and almost every other sign of refined taste and advancing civilization. In public buildings take McGill College in Montreal; the University in Toronto, the Parliament Houses in Ottawa, the citadel and other places in and around Quebec, and the question might well be asked where are they surpassed? As to natural scenes, what can rival Niagara Falls? or the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence? or the picturesque beauty of the whole tract of country in Ontario running from Hamilton to Brantford, and to Goderich and Windsor? or the bold romantic grandeur of the scenery on the shores of Lakes Huron and Superior? or among the rocks and cliffs of the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, and others Rivers? Some of these scenes have afforded constant themes for the artist's pencil, and the poet's song, and the historian's sketch; and the more closely they have been inspected in all their changing wonder the more warmly have they been admired. The experience of former travellers is a sure index for the guidance of future tourists; and any persons who desire rest and recreation, amusement and profit, health and pleasure at a limited expense, and with a comparatively short and easy trip, should turn their faces towards the Dominion of Canada, in one of its many attractive spots.

The routes to Canada are now so numerous, and the facilities for travel are so abundant, that no delay need be occasioned, and no difficulty may be found. Visitors from Great Britain may disembark at Halifax, and then proceed by the Intercolonial Railway to Quebec; or at Quebec, and then take the Grand Trunk Railway, or the steamer up the St. Lawrence, to Montreal; or at New York, and thence proceed by the Hudson to Albany, and afterwards by rail to Ontario; or by either the Erie or the Hudson River Railway. From the United States visitors may cross over at Ogdensburg for the St. Lawrence, or go to Montreal by the Delaware and Hudson Railway or by one of the aforementioned lines to Niagara. Assuming Niagara Falls to be one of the grand objective points, a magnificent tour might be made thence through some of the principal parts of the Dominion by water and rail.

In little more than four hours the Great We-

tern will take the traveller to Toronto, whence he can proceed by the Northern Railway to Collingwood, and thence to Fort William and Manitoba; or he can take the steamer and sail over Lake Ontario to Kingston, and thence down the St. Lawrence to Montreal; or branching off at Brockville or Lachine, he may find his way to Ottawa, and revel amongst the glories of the Gatineau, &c. From Montreal the journey may be pursued to Quebec and thence to Murray Bay, up the Saguenay, and on to the borders of the Maritime Provinces. At every turn and in every form there would be found objects of interest. The eye would be delighted; the mind would be entranced; and both soul and body would gain fresh funds of health and vigour. With such resources at their command the Canadian people have reason to feel proud of their country; and with their proverbial cordiality they will extend to visitors a hearty welcome.

On the opening of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt's exhibition of paintings and sculpture, at 33 Piccadilly, on Monday and Tuesday, the public flocked in such crowds that upwards of 800 persons each day inspected the works of the versatile artist. Prince Leopold has become the purchaser of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt's largest oil painting, which represents a Spanish beauty selling palm branches, and has been on exhibition in the Bernhardt collection in Piccadilly during the past week.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper received. Thanks.
J. B., Hartford, (Conn.) U.S.—Did you get our postal card?
E. H., Montreal.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 228.
R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 229, and, also, of Problem for Young Players No. 228.

In the Chess Column of the Toronto *Globe* of Saturday, June 27th, there appears a statement respecting a difficulty which occurred in a recent Telegraph Chess Match between Toronto and Seaforth. We do not intend to go into the particulars here, as they must at this time be known to all who take an interest in chess either in Ontario or Quebec. Our only object is to call attention to the importance of a Society such as the Canadian Chess Association, and the duty which devolves upon all our chess players to maintain it in a strongly efficient condition. In the case referred to the differences of opinion can be brought before the next meeting of the Association and thoroughly discussed. We have every reason to believe that this will be done. That the rules which are to be found in "Staunton's Praxis" are not broad enough to cover all the difficulties which may arise in every mode of play is very evident, and that the regulations of the Association for playing the game by telegraph need revising is equally plain from the fact that they are useless when consulted with reference to the dispute between the clubs of Seaforth and Toronto. It is gratifying, then, that we have an Association which can be useful under such circumstances, and, perhaps, in this respect, trifling though it may appear to some, we are in advance of many other communities.

We invite the careful consideration of our readers to the following end game between Messrs. Blackburne and Mason:— White K on King's B's 2, P on K's 4, Q's 4, and K Kt's 4, Rook Q's Kt's 4, Black K on Q's B's 2nd, B on Q's 2d, P's on K's Kt's 4th, Q's 4th, Q's B's 6th, Q's Kt's 6th. At this point Mr. Blackburne, (Black) played B K's 3d and succeeded in drawing the game. Mr. Steele of Calcutta, however, has shown that Black had a won game. We should be glad to hear from some of our readers how it was done.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*.

With the access of cooler weather, chess is ravaging in Australia and New Zealand. A tourney of fifteen players has been commenced in Sydney for three prizes by the President of the Club, value, respectively, £5 5s., £2 10s., and £1 5s.; and in Brisbane a handicap for nominal prizes is being organized, the lists comprising seventeen competitors, including Mr. Waker, who will, of course, yield large odds. In New Zealand a tourney for the championship of the colony will be played at Christchurch in the autumn. There will be three prizes, the first £100, and the others proportionate amounts.—*Illustrated London News*.

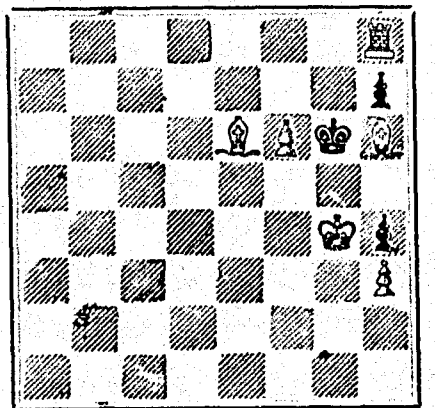
Henry Thomas Buckle, the author of the History of Civilization, was one of the very foremost of English chessplayers.

PROBLEM No. 223.

By Ph. Klett.

(From his collection of problems.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 372ND.

Played in London, (Eng.) some time ago between Mr. MacDonnell and a skillful amateur at the odds of a Knight.

(Remove White's Q K L)

- WHITE.—(Mr. MacDonnell) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4 4. P to Q Kt 4 5. P to B 3 6. P to Q 4 7. Castles 8. P takes P 9. B to Kt 2 10. B to Q 3 11. P to K 5 12. P takes P 13. K to R sq (a) 14. P to K 6 15. Q to B 2 16. Q to B 3 17. Kt takes B 18. Q takes Kt 19. Q to K 4 20. Kt takes B 21. Q takes K P (ch) 22. Q to R sq 23. R to Q 7 24. P to B 4 25. R to K sq 26. P to Kt 6 (c) 27. R takes K Kt P

NOTES.

- (a) A preparatory move. (b) Hastily played (c) The play on the part of White is very skilful and forcing.

GAME 373RD.

Played at the beginning of the year by Mr. Blackburne in his blindfold match against eight representatives of as many different London Chess Clubs.

(French Opening.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 3. P takes P 4. K Kt to B 3 5. B to Q 3 6. Castles 7. Kt to B 3 8. B to K Kt 5 9. Q to Q 2 10. Q R to K sq 11. B takes Kt 12. Kt to K 5 13. P to B 4 14. R to B 3 15. P to B 5 16. R to Kt 3 17. P takes B 18. R takes P (ch) 19. R to K B sq 20. Q to R 6 21. R takes P (ch) 22. P to B 6 23. Q takes R 24. K to R sq 25. B takes R 26. Q takes Kt P 27. Q to K 5 (ch) 28. P to B 7 29. Q to K 5 (ch)

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 131.

- WHITE. 1. R to Q Kt 5 2. R to B 7 3. R mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 220.

- WHITE. 1. Q takes Kt 2. Mates acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 230.

- WHITE. Kt at Q Kt 7 R at Q Kt 4 R at K R 4 Kt at Q 4 Pawn at K 2, K 5, K B 2 and K Kt 3

White to play and mate in two moves.



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F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 16th June, 1879.

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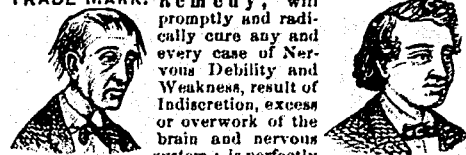
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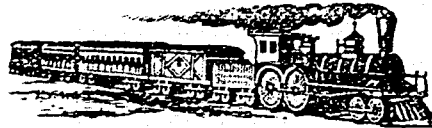


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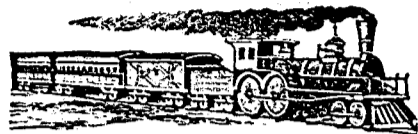
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 (Arrive Tro's Pistoles (Dinner)..... 3.00 "
 " "..... 4.49 "
 " Campbellton (Supper)..... 10.00 "
 " Dalhousie..... 10.21 "
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 " Newcastle..... 2.10 "
 " Moncton..... 5.00 "
 " St. John..... 9. 5 "
 " Halifax..... 1.30 P.M.
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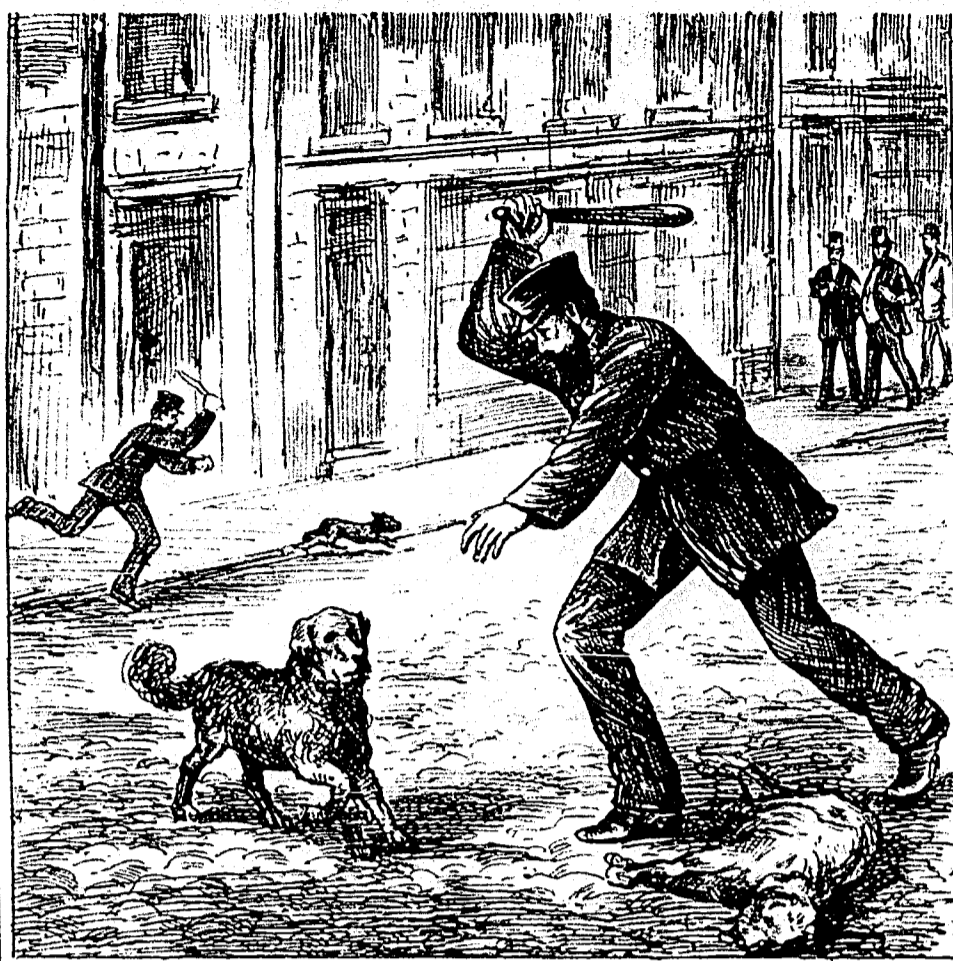
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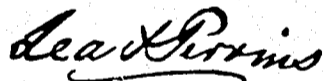
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