

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

GRAND

Wholesale News

VOL. XVII.—No. 24.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1878.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
{ 4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE BALANCE OF POWER AT QUEBEC.

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

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

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

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

NOTICE.

PRESCOTT (ONT.) ILLUSTRATED.

The next number of the NEWS will contain the last series of the Prescott views. We were unable to give it this week as promised.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, June 15, 1878.

CANADA AT THE EXHIBITION.

A correspondent of the *Mail* says:—Canadians will have been proud to see, in the *Times* and other papers, how highly applauded and admired they have been for their section. Besides the attraction offered by the industries of this section, there is a novel inducement to the Frenchman in the rocking chairs, which are unknown here, and all day they are occupied by people, delighted with the new sensation. There is not one left unsold, but of course nothing can be removed until the close of the exhibition. The labels put on the goods also attract a good deal of attention. For above the description of the article, exhibitor's name, etc., there is a coloured map of the Western Hemisphere, which is so turned that North America in its full length appears with a little of South and the Northern parts of Europe and Asia. This shows the astonished foreigner, and oftentimes Englishmen, the vast extent of Canada, which is coloured red, and they will hardly believe their eyes when they see that in size it competes most favourably with the United States. On it also are dotted lines to show how much shorter the route *via* Canada to Japan, etc., will be than that *via* San Francisco. Above the globe is printed, "Canadian Commission," and below, "Paris Exhibition, 1878." The label was done by Waud A. R. Johnston, of London and Edinburgh, a decided success, except that it is a little too large for the small things. The number of exhibitors from the most important towns are as follows: Montreal, 86; Toronto, 71; Halifax, 44; Hamilton, 36; Ottawa, 23; London, 13; Guelph, 12; Quebec, 9; Kingston, 9; St. Catharines, 5. It will be seen that the cities of Ontario show out well, and, in fact, with regard to the exhibits sent by the various Provinces, Ontario comes far ahead, having 339 in number, of which are grains and agricultural implements, besides all other branches of industry; Quebec has 111, Nova Scotia 27, mostly tins of lobsters and salmon. Prince Edward Island 24, chiefly grains. New Brunswick 6, also canned lobsters for the most part; while Manitoba has sent over three exhibits of grains, and British Columbia one of canned salmon.

THE CONFERENCE.

The German Government having issued notes of invitation to the Powers that signed the Treaty of Paris in 1857, to attend a Congress to meet in Berlin on Thursday of this week, for the purpose of discussing the stipulations of the preliminary treaty of San Stefano, concluded between Russia and Turkey, that signal event has already taken place. Acceptance of invitation is held to involve an admission that the whole of the contents of the San Stefano Treaty is open to discussion, though, of course, no Power is expected to hold itself absolutely bound by

the decision of the Congress. Only, if any Power chose to go to war to enforce pretensions which the Congress has refused to admit, it is obvious that it would hereby place itself under the ban of Europe. It is hardly conceivable that, the main difficulty of getting together a congress having been overcome, its deliberations should not have the result of patching up some temporary settlement of the Eastern question. While, however, we entertain this opinion, we are not sanguine that the Congress will succeed in securing peace, or, having secured it, that that peace will be more stable on that account than other treaties that preceded it. Bismarck is said to wish to push the Congress through in a fortnight, and that, with this view, he has prepared a scheme of accommodation or a solution of the Eastern question *en bloc*. We do not believe that Bismarck will carry his point. The points in dispute between Russia and England are essentially different from those which threaten to embroil Russia and Austria. There will thus always be a decided majority of the diplomatic representatives of the Congress prepared to discuss the most dangerous issues in a judicially-minded fashion, and the chances of any armed protest against the stipulations which the Congress may resolve to impose upon Turkey and those who are squabbling over the "sick man's inheritance" are therefore proportionally lessened.

The following tribute to Lord Beaconsfield and his Government is well deserved, and, coming from the *Times*, it is very significant: Seldom has a more honourable triumph been won by diplomacy, or rather statesmanship, by any country than that which, as recorded in the invitations to Congress, has been definitely achieved by England. The Great Powers are summoned to Berlin by the German Government not to consider a few details of the Treaty of San Stefano, but to discuss the whole Treaty in its relations to subsisting engagements, and thus practically to review the whole position of the Eastern question. The hasty generalizations and reckless outlines of General Ignatieff will be keenly criticized, and it will prove a very different thing to draw a map of Bulgaria at San Stefano, with no critics but Pashas in hourly dread of the occupation of Constantinople, and to justify such a map before the impartial criticism of the most experienced statesmen in Europe.

The Prince Imperial and Cardinal Manning were, next to Lord Salisbury, at the London Newspaper Press dinner, the most honoured guests. The young Prince, says the London correspondent of the *Birmingham Gazette*, made a speech which may very well have inspired his friends with confidence, and have cast some amount of dismay into the hearts of those who are not friendly with the dynasty he represents. He has been represented as a strapping, weak in both mind and body, and one who if fortune should be ever so kind, would never have his father's courage, and who could never become the central figure of any political movement. No one who heard him on Saturday night or a fortnight ago at the Royal Academy can any longer hold this opinion. The Prince has a powerful and manly presence, a deep voice, and his training and culture have evidently been very carefully looked after by some one.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WHITEHEAD TORPEDO.—The general arrangement of the Whitehead "fish" torpedo may be described in a few words. It is a cigar-shaped case of thin steel built in sections well screwed together. Those recently on view at Woolwich Arsenal were about 17 ft. long from end to end, and each section was 15 inches wide in its widest part, and the steel about a sixteenth in thickness. The first compartment, at the head, contains the charge of gun-cotton, to be fired by the forcing of a roughened pin into a cap of fulminate, on the torpedo coming into contact with anything after it has been set in motion. The second compartment contains Mr. Whitehead's great secret contrivance, which

gives the operator control over the machine, so that he can make it run at any required depth under water. The next section of the torpedo is the reservoir for compressed air, the motive power by which it runs along under water; then comes the machinery; and last of all the screw and rudders. The screw is four-bladed, in appearance exactly like that of a steamer; but of the rudders there are two, one placed horizontally and the other vertically. It is the horizontal rudder which submerges the torpedo and keeps it at the required depth until, its force being spent, it rises to the surface or sinks to the bottom, as may have been arranged in the manufacture. Outside the case nothing is to be seen but a smooth, polished surface, with a small trigger on the upper part of the air-chamber, and a few screws recessed for the reception of keys. One of these, at the side of the second section, has an index attached, marked in feet, and this has merely to be turned to the required number for setting the torpedo to submerge itself and proceed along at the depth indicated. The trigger above mentioned is merely a lever for opening the air-valve; and this is either done by hand when the torpedo is merely launched from a boat, or it is drawn back by a catch at the muzzle when it is shot out of a tube. In order to prevent accidents there are two safety-pins, which will not allow the fuse to act. The one is drawn at starting, but the other can be so arranged as to remain in its place until a certain number of revolutions of the screw have been made, by which the torpedo is carried to a safe distance. The preparation and use of the Whitehead "fish" torpedo on board ship may now be described. The sections of the torpedo are put together below, outside the torpedo-room, and it is run along the flats on a small truck until it is beneath a hatchway in nearly the centre of the battery deck, or citadel; through this it is hoisted by means of two Western's tackles and one rope tackle, and placed in a light framework carriage, in which it is run from the hatchway to the torpedo-tube; here the carriage is placed so that the nose of the torpedo is pointing into the tube, and the tail is close to the torpedo-charging column. The torpedo crew consists of six men, No. 6 being stationed at the torpedo magazine below, the remaining five men with the torpedo. Now, the torpedo being in its place, it is charged with compressed air by means of a small copper pipe, one end being screwed to the charging column, the other to a hole in the left side of the torpedo. No. 1 of the torpedo crew opening the valves in the charging-column to admit 750 lb. of compressed air; this is the amount usually used for practice, 1000 lb. to 1200 lb. being the amount that the torpedo would be charged with for actual warfare. On the gauge showing 750 lb. No. 1 shuts off his valves and unscrews the charging-pipe, and then proceeds to set the wheel for the number of fathoms ordered by the officer, the little wheel in the stern regulating the distance the "fish" is required to go, as it runs forty yards for every fathom. This wheel also pulls out a safety wedge when the torpedo has gone eighty yards from the ship. The depth having been set, and the amount of pressure in atmosphere for the required speed which works up to twelve knots and a half an hour, the pistol or firing apparatus is screwed in, the safety-pin is withdrawn, and the torpedo is run into the tube. The impulse tube is then put on, and the torpedo is reported, through a tube to the pilot tower, ready for firing. The impulse tube is an affair very much resembling a telescope in form, which is forced out by compressed air, and, pushing the tail of the fish, gives it a good start on its journey clear of the ship, the compressed air afterwards forcing the telescope in again. As the torpedo is forced out, a small projection on the top of the inside of the tube catches a small lever on the top of the torpedo, and throws it back. This action opens the air valve, and admits the air from the air-chamber to the engines, and so sets the screws going. For practice, a boat is sent out about 200 or 300 yards from the ship, either to pull past her or remain stationary, and a shot is taken at the boat, the torpedo being set to sufficient depth to pass under her. The effectiveness of the shot requires at present very good judgment on the part of the officer firing the torpedo; but when Commander Wilson's torpedo-director is supplied to ships generally, the correctness of the shot will be almost a certainty. When the torpedo has finished its run, it rises to and floats on the surface of the water, and the boat then attaches a line to its nose and tows it back to the ship. Brought alongside, a pair of tongs is lowered over the side and placed over the center of the fish, and when fairly placed the catch that keeps the tongs open is pulled up, and the tongs close firmly round the body of the fish, the safety-pin having previously been put in over the air-lever, so that by any accident the engines should not be again started and the fish run away with its tongs. When the tongs are firmly secured, the torpedo is pulled inboard, and is either taken to pieces, or stowed away, or put together again and treated with another run.

BURIAL OF MRS. JOHN BRIGHT.—The burial of the late Mrs. John Bright took place in the graveyard attached to the Friends' Meeting-house, in George street, Rochdale. Shortly before noon the funeral procession set forth, a simple hearse and nine plain carriages, without any of the customary undertaker's pomp, attended by 150 of Mr. Bright's factory work-people, from his house at One Ash. Crowds of spectators along the route witnessed, in reverential silence, but with looks and gestures expressive of their concern, the passage of the un-

adorned funeral to the Quaker place of worship. In the adjacent ground there presently assembled the sorrowing members of the Bright and Leatham families, with some of their private friends, and leading persons of their religious Society. The scene differed only from an ordinary largely-attended funeral by the utter absence of ceremonial parade, and of any sort of ecclesiastical attire, which distinguishes this sober, steadfast, God-fearing community of old-fashioned English Puritans. Two of the Friends, Mr. W. Braithwaite, of Manchester, a barrister, and Mr. W. G. Turner, of Liverpool, spoke as they felt themselves moved to speak the words of divine consolation and of devout Christian resignation. There was no clergyman in gown and bands, with book in hand, to recite a prescribed form of lessons, prayers and exhortations, beautiful and touching as is that portion of the Church of England's liturgy. But the deep solemnity of the occasion was, nevertheless, fully realised. Mr. Bright, whose emotion was of course manifest to all near him, was accompanied by his sister, Mrs. McLaren, his youngest son, his brother, Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P. for Manchester, and Mr. Leatham, M.P., his brother-in-law. Among those present also were Mr. Arthur Pease, of Darlington, and Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., with several ladies.

THE HON. ARTHUR TURCOTT was born on the 19th January, 1845; he was educated at St. Mary's College, Montreal, and at Stonyhurst College, England. He was admitted to the Lower Canada Bar in 1867, and after representing his native town in several municipal capacities, was elected to represent it in the Provincial Legislature in 1876. He was re-elected by acclamation in 1878, and although still adhering to the Conservative party, consented to be chosen Speaker of the present Legislature on the motion of Mr. Joly.

THE LATE JUDGE DODSON. In presenting the portrait of this distinguished Judge on the occasion of his decease, we may refer for his biography to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of December 4th, 1875, which we published at the time of his elevation to the Bench.

MR. MACKENZIE IN TORONTO. This is a sketch of the magnificent reception which the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie received at the hands of the workmen of Toronto, and of the scene during the delivery of his oration.

ST. OCTAVE STATION, METIS, QUE.—Sketched by Rev. T. Fenwick. This station is the lowest on the Inter-colonial Railway, near the St. Lawrence. For engineering reasons, it was put in a very inconvenient situation for the public. The inhabitants of the village of St. Octave—4 miles west—and neighbourhood, have, however, by dint of perseverance, obtained the grant of a station there. It is now being built, and, when opened, will be a great benefit to the place. To the right of our picture is the end of a snowshed, the longest, we believe, on the line. It covers what is called the "Summit Cut," which is 4,200 feet long, and 35 feet at the deepest, and from which 113,000 cubic yards of rock and earth—chiefly the former—were removed. Owing to the siding, the cutting is for a long way of double width—all in the rock. Here the road makes a very great bend. Not far from the station, to the south, is "The Big George," which is crossed by an embankment 80 feet high and a quarter of a mile long, containing 202,000 cubic yards of stuff. Two steam-drills were used in making this section, the only part of the Inter-colonial on which such things were used. Metis is fast becoming of considerable importance as a watering place. For this it is greatly indebted to the Inter-colonial Railway, as the Quebec and Gulf Ports Co.'s steamers call only once a week. At Little Metis, a few miles from the station, there are two hotels, one kept by Mr. W. Astle, the other by Mr. R. Turrell. Not fewer than three of the professors of McGill College—Dawson, Murray, and Dury—have houses at Little Metis, where they "unbend the bow." Besides these, Mrs. Redpath, Miss Miller, Messrs. Savage and Bottrell, Drs. Nichol and Tremblay, and Rev. Mr. Bond, all of Montreal, have summer dwellings there. Miss Jenking and Mr. M. Laing, of Montreal, and Mr. A. Ferguson, of Edwardsburg, have houses at Metis Point. The Rev. Mr. Stevenson, of Montreal, and Mr. Woods, of Quebec, have bought ground there for building purposes. Mr. J. C. Grant, late of Rimouski, is building a hotel at the Point, not far from the landing place of the steamers. He expects to have it ready for the coming season. Good private board can be had, and houses rented. "Let Metis flourish."

THE SAILOR PRINCES.—Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, aged fourteen, and Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, who is nearly thirteen years of age, were placed naval cadets on board H. M. S. *Britannia*, the training-ship in Dartmouth Harbour, in October last; a step in their education which proved that their father, the Prince of Wales, and doubtless their mother also, the amiable Princess of Wales, appreciate the manly virtues of a sailor's life. Their uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, has set them an excellent pattern and personal example in that profession; and we believe the two royal sailor boys are likely to do much credit to her Majesty's sea-service, as well as to their illustrious family, and to the instructors who are set over them, from the boatswain teaching them how to splice a rope up to their preceptors in scientific navigation, and Fairfax in command of the ship. They are accommodated with separate apartments and a servant of their own.

and they have a private tutor, the Rev. Mr. Dalton, to direct their general studies; but they will pass through the same course of instruction, in four successive classes, as the other one hundred and thirty cadets on board the *Britannia* and her consort the *Hindostan*.

MILITARY RECORD

OF THE PRINCIPAL OFFICERS WHO FIGURED IN THE CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT MONTREAL.

LIEUT.-COL. COUNT D'ODET D'ORSONNES.

Brigade-Major 4th, 5th and 6th Brigades, 6th Military District, is descended from a Swiss patrician family. Born in 1842, he joined the 1st Battalion of Rifles as Ensign on the 17th November, 1859; in 1862 he exchanged into the 2nd Troop of Cavalry, was gazetted a Cornet in 1860, and Lieutenant on the 3rd June, 1861, having command of the troop for nearly a whole year. He resigned his command in order to study law; having gone through his studies before coming of age, he embarked on board the schooner "La Canadienne" as super-numerary and went on a cruise down the Gulf under Commander, now the Hon. Pierre Fortin. On being admitted to the Bar he again took service in the 4th Battalion Canadian Chasseurs, was made Lieutenant 15th December, 1865, served on the frontier at Niagara in 1866 as Ensign and Adjutant, being promoted to the rank of Captain in the 4th Chasseurs on the 8th March, 1867. His subsequent promotions are Brigade-Major, January 3rd, 1868, and Lt.-Col. 19th February, 1867. In 1871 he held the temporary command of the 6th District of the divisional camp of 1871. Lieut.-Col. D'Orsonnes is the only staff officer who holds certificates from all the schools, viz: 2nd class, Military School, 13th August, 1864; 1st class, 24th August, 1864; 1st class Gunnery, 4th July, 1865; 1st class Cavalry, 27th March, 1869. We may add that in 1874, the titles of Lieut.-Col. D'Orsonnes' family were recognized by His Holiness Pius IX., whom they have ever faithfully served, notably in Rome and Naples.

BERGESSON M'EAHRAN, F.R.C.V.S.

Professor McEachran is a native of Campbelltown, Argyshire, Scotland; he is the eldest son of Mr. David McEachran, Senior Bailie of that ancient borough. He studied in Edinburgh under the late Professor Dick, graduated in 1861, and the same year obtained the Membership of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. He came to Canada in 1862, since which time he has been engaged in the active duties of his profession. For twelve years he has filled the position of Consulting Veterinary Surgeon to the Council of Agriculture. Two years ago he suggested to the Government the necessity of establishing cattle quarantines, the organization and management of which he has successfully conducted. In 1866 he founded the Montreal Veterinary College of which he is Principal, an institution which has now a world-wide reputation. In August, 1876, he received the Fellowship Degree of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, the highest honour the profession can confer, and he is the only one in Canada to whom it has been paid. Recently he was elected a member of the United States Veterinary Medical Association, the highest compliment in their power to bestow. Except as a member of the "Royal Guides" for two years, his connection with the volunteers has been confined to one year with the Battery under Col. A. A. Stevenson, into which he enters with the enthusiasm which characterizes all his undertakings.

LIEUT.-COL. JESSE LYMAN

served as private and non-commissioned officer in Montreal Rifles during the rebellion of 1837-38. At the organization of the militia on the Oregon difficulties, 1845, appointed Ensign in Montreal Light Infantry under the command of Lieut.-Col. Dyde. In conjunction with Lieut. Montgomery enrolled a company of 55 men. At the reorganization of militia on the North Eastern Boundary question, February 26th, 1847, promoted to Lieutenant. During the Administration of His Excellency Sir Edmund Head, a new militia law was enacted and came in force 1st August, 1855. Lieut. Lyman waited on the Commander-in-Chief with a roll of 64 men, and was gazetted August 31st, 1855, as Captain of No. 1 Company Montreal Rifles, the first Company organized under the new law. Lieut. John Haddimand and Ensign J. E. Malhiot being the other officers. This Company became subsequently No. 1 Company of the 1st or Prince of Wales' Rifle Regiment of ten companies. It is not too much to say that Capt. Lyman's Company was a model Company and furnished officers for most of the Companies subsequently formed; three of its members obtained commissions in H. M. Army, while the Captain and Lieutenant declined corresponding positions in the 100th Royal Canadians at its formation. Major, November 20th, 1856. Extract of General Order. "And His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief is further pleased to direct that the two Senior Captains of the Volunteer Companies in Montreal, Captains Theodore Lyman and John Fletcher, shall likewise be promoted to the rank of Major, these officers having formed the first rifle companies in Montreal, and command the organization of a force in that city whose discipline and appearance are not excelled." Appointed Assistant Quartermaster General, May 26th, 1860. Appointed to

the temporary command of the 6th Hochelaga Light Infantry, January 14th, 1864. Resigned command of the 6th Hochelaga Light Infantry, January 5th, 1865. Promoted to be Lieut.-Colonel for special services in the militia under General Order of 17th May, 1861. January 18th, 1865, at the request of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, accepted the Chairmanship of the Board of Examiners of candidates for admission to the Military School of Instruction for the 5th Military District, sitting at Montreal, February 10th, 1865. Served on the Militia Brigade Staffs Assistant Quartermaster-General in both Fenian Raids, 1866 and 1870. Retired retaining rank, January 28th, 1876. On the Staff of His Excellency the Governor-General at Review on Queen's Birthday, 24th May, 1878.

COMPANY "B" (BARLOW GRAYS)

1st Regiment National Guards of Vermont, was organized May 22nd, 1872. Mason B. Carpenter was chosen Captain; Matthew G. Gilder, 1st Lieutenant; Frank L. Roberts, 2nd Lieutenant. He was succeeded by Orderly-Sergeant Emerson W. Bordo, who still retains his commission as Second Lieutenant. Fred. A. Lewis was, in 1871, elected Company Commander in place of Capt. Carpenter, resigned, and on the 4th of February, 1875, Captain J. Newton Culver was commissioned to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of West of Captain Lewis. The Barlow Grays were the first Company of the regiment to procure a new uniform, and to provide at their own expense a dress different from the State regulation suit. Their company room in the Lake street armory is fitted up and furnished in a style that is probably not surpassed in the State. It is finished in ash and black walnut, handsomely carved, with lockers, gun rack, settees, officers' desks, &c., of fine workmanship. The walls are frescoed with taste and hung with oil paintings, and altogether it is an attractive place. The Company have their regular drills and meetings on Thursday of each week. All of the six commissioned officers of the Company and one-third of the men wore the blue during the late war, several being officers. Their reputation for field movements has been excellent, and Captain Culver has reason to be gratified that his efforts in this direction have met with public recognition and received the flattering commendations of the officers of the regiment. The Barlow Grays were honored at the Bennington Centennial by being detailed on the battle day to do duty at the President's reviewing stand, and also at the banquet tent. The beautiful silk flag they carry was the prize won by the Company at the muster of 1873, when in competition with Company A, of Burlington, Vt., the superior drill of the Grays bore off the palm. Their ranks contain sixteen veterans, the largest number of any Company in the regiment. All of the commissioned officers are veterans as follows:—Captain J. Newton Culver, Company H, 11th N. H. Volunteers, private; hit in the head in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., December, 1862; was in the engagement at the siege of Vicksburg the following June where he remained until the surrender. Served until the close of the war. First Lieutenant M. G. Gilder, enlisted August 19th, 1861, as private Company A, 5th Vermont; served four years. Mustered out as Second Lieutenant same Company. Second Lieutenant E. W. Bordo, enlisted November 24th, 1862, as private, Company F, 7th Vermont. Served four years; was mustered out as a corporal. Sergeant J. C. Gowey enlisted August 1st, 1862, in Company F, 106 N. Y.; taken prisoner July, 1864. Corporal Frank Osborn, 11th Vermont Battery H. Corporal Joe Young, Company A, 1st P. S. Artillery. Private A. Fallert, 12th and 19th Ills., and 187th Ohio and 7th Regular. L. W. McKay, Company K, 7th Vermont. F. W. McGettrick, Company E, Second Regiment, U.S.S.S.; wounded at the battle of Spottsylvania, May 18th, 1864. B. C. Richardson, 2nd Regiment, U. S. sharpshooters, 17th Vermont; wounded and taken prisoner September 30th, 1864. C. L. Spicer, 5th Vermont, Company K. E. Varney, Company C, 9th Vermont; wounded at Chapin's Farm, September 30th, 1864. Frank L. Roberts, Company B, 15th N. Y.; wounded at Five Forks, April 1st, 1865. L. A. Green, drum-major, 8th Vermont. L. S. Ingraham, Company C, 5th Vermont. B. Wilkins, Battery I, 1st Vt. H. A. In the manual of arms they seem to excel, and in their conduct and appearance we do not think the reputation of either the National Guard of Vermont, or of the town of St. Albans will suffer. They are named after Hon. Bradley Barlow, and he has no reason to bear any discredit from the boys of Company B.

The following beautiful letter, which explains itself, deserves to be put upon record here:—

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

OTTAWA, May 30th, 1878.

SIR,—I hope you will not consider I am taking a liberty if I venture to ask your acceptance of the accompanying little volume as a souvenir of your visit at the head of your company to Montreal on the occasion of the Queen's Birthday. I trust you and your comrades will not have to complain of the reception you met with. I have written in my own hand to Her Majesty to acquaint her with the pleasing incident, and the friendly spirit with which a United States corps joined with our troops in saluting her birthday. I regret very much not having had the pleasure of a private conversation

with you, as you are aware the multitude of my engagements did not leave a moment's leisure.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient, humble servant,
DUFFERIN.

To Capt. J. N. Culver,
Commanding "Barlow Grays," Co. B.,
Vt. N. G.,
St. Albans, Vt.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

SIR GILBERT SCOTT'S autobiography will appear very shortly.

"Beaconsfield houses" and "Beaconsfield streets" are springing up all over London.

THE Great Western Railway Company is said to have constructed a Royal saloon carriage at a cost of £6,000.

THE betrothal is announced of Archduke Friedrich with Princess Isabella, the second daughter of the Duke of Croÿ Dülmen.

THE 24th of August has been fixed upon as the date of the marriage of the Princess Marie of Prussia with Prince Henry of the Netherlands.

DR. AUSTIN, who has recently acted as the special correspondent of the *Times* at Pera, has been ordered to Paris to write about the International Exhibition.

IT may interest some to know that the poet Southey was the originator of the phrase, "By the living Jingo!"

THERE are rumours afloat that it is in contemplation to get up a Universal Exhibition in London in the year 1880. It is said that Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales have been consulted, and approve highly of the proposition.

CAPTAIN Sir George Nares is named for a second command of the discovery ship *Alert*. This cruise will not, however, be to the North, the Antarctic rather than the Arctic being the intended scene of her future explorations.

THE Countess Brownlow has loaned to an exhibition of ancient needlework in London, a white satin cap once worn by auburn-haired Queen Elizabeth. Her Majesty's satin boots are also shown, decked with embroidery and silver, and suitable to a sovereign who trod in spacious times.

A SHOP for the sale of horse meat has been opened in London. The event created great excitement in the neighbourhood, and the demonstrations of aversion on the part of a large and not particularly cleanly mob were so pronounced that a large force of policemen had to be called upon to keep order.

QUEEN VICTORIA recently ordered that two German Wesleyan musicians who were dismissed from her band for refusing "to practice on Sunday," should be restored, adding, "I shall not permit any of my people to suffer on account of their religion; and shall not allow any rehearsals on Sunday."

IN an English poor-house were found several persons who had lived there for thirty years, including one who had been born in the house and had resided there all that time. Three generations of one family were found, and an able-bodied man had been there for seven years. Pauperism, says an English critic, is hereditary.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

KING HUMBERT intends paying a short visit to the Paris Exhibition.

It has been remarked that foreign princes visit all the prisons of Paris save that where editors are incarcerated for difference of opinion.

A FEATURE of the amusement at one of the Parisian cafes chantant, is an artist who paints a very good marine view in six minutes to the music of a waltz.

IN connection with the Exhibition the Paris hair-dressers announce an international competition, in which they will not themselves take part, and for which they offer as prizes two medals and a diploma.

THE better class of the residents of Paris look upon the Exposition as a means of exerting signal good, not only pecuniarily to France, but in bringing representatives from different lands under influences of an ennobling character.

THE Paris Municipality propose, if the Government gives its sanction, to celebrate the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille by unveiling Clésinger's statue of the Republic in the Exhibition grounds, as also by illumination, music, and a reception for provincial and foreign municipalities; 300,000f. was on Tuesday voted for this purpose.

IN a restaurant—a gentleman and a Paris snob are seated at the same table. The snob is just finishing his dinner, the gentleman just be-

ginning his. The snob lights a cigar and blow a cloud of smoke over his coffee. The gentleman rises and says in the politest tone: "Excuse me, sir, will it annoy you if I eat while you are smoking?"

THE natives of Zanzibar are very much elated at the promise of nine Algerian missionaries to visit them shortly. The reverend gentlemen have already embarked from Marseilles. The head of the party, the Abbé Debaize, is said to be old and lean, but there are several young and tender youths in the party. The Zanzibarbarians are not slow to appreciate delicacies of this nature.

A NUMBER of gipsies have followed in the wake of the princes, and are now astonishing the Parisians with their darkskins, black hair, piercing eyes, picturesque dress, and semi-barbarous manners. They appear to know but two French words, "Un sou," and these they use with great importunity. They have encamped on the plain of Courcelles, and are quite an exhibition in themselves.

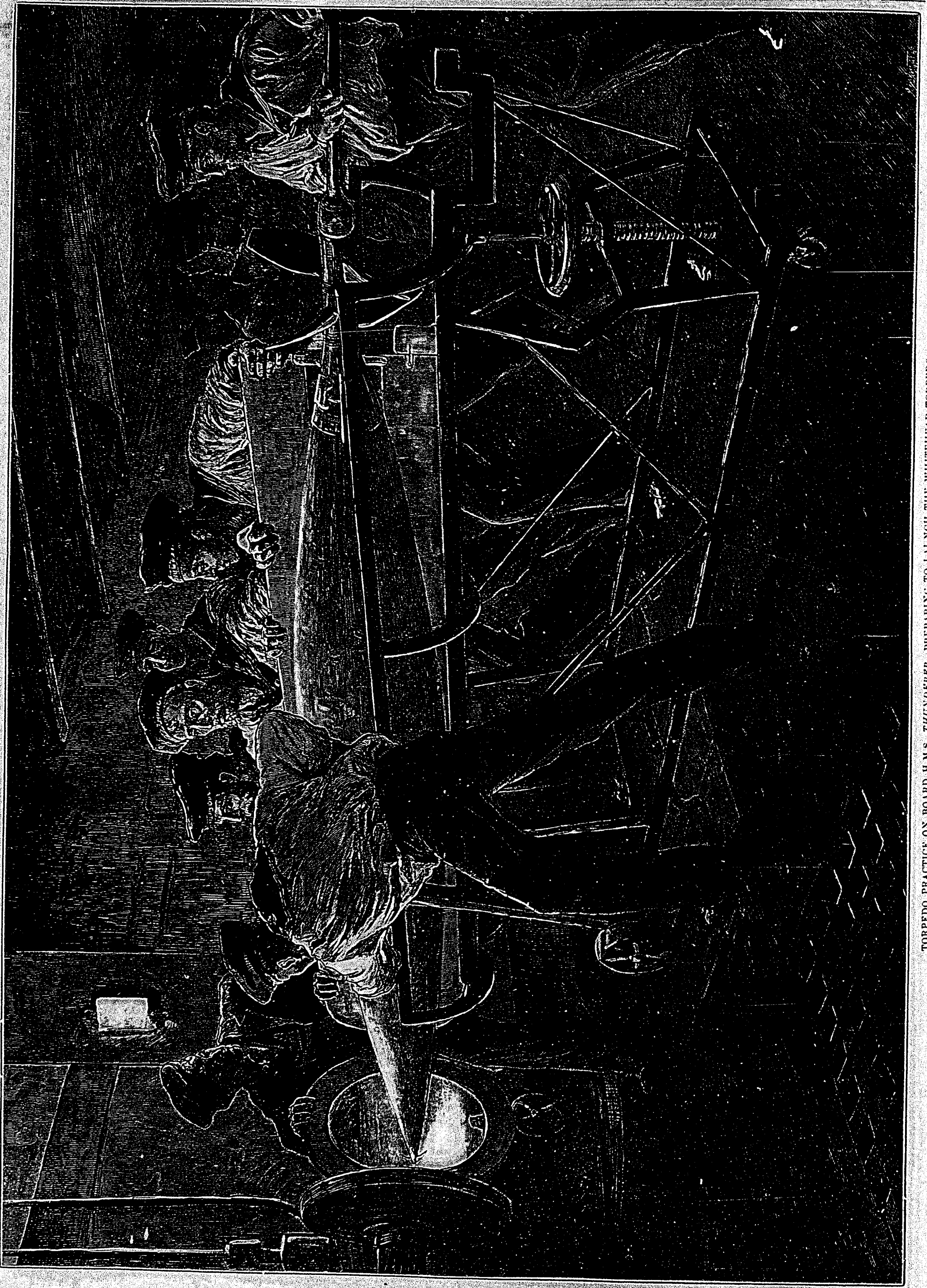
THEY are showing plenty of forethought at the Paris Exhibition. They have actually provided a medical staff and ambulance, so that if any one is taken ill in the building medical attendance may be at once forthcoming. Thus far there has been no demand for the doctors' services, but as an average weekly attendance of 300,000 persons is anticipated, it can hardly be expected that there will be no urgent case requiring medical relief.

THE Paris newspaper *Figaro* is most flattering in its mention of English women at the Exhibition. It says that "their decided walk, the *crânerie* of their appearance, their air of interest, frankly shown; the cut of their garments, made so as not to embarrass their movements, is altogether very picturesque and fresh." The further exclamation "that out of ten eight are generally young, and five actually pretty," completes the elegant compliment.

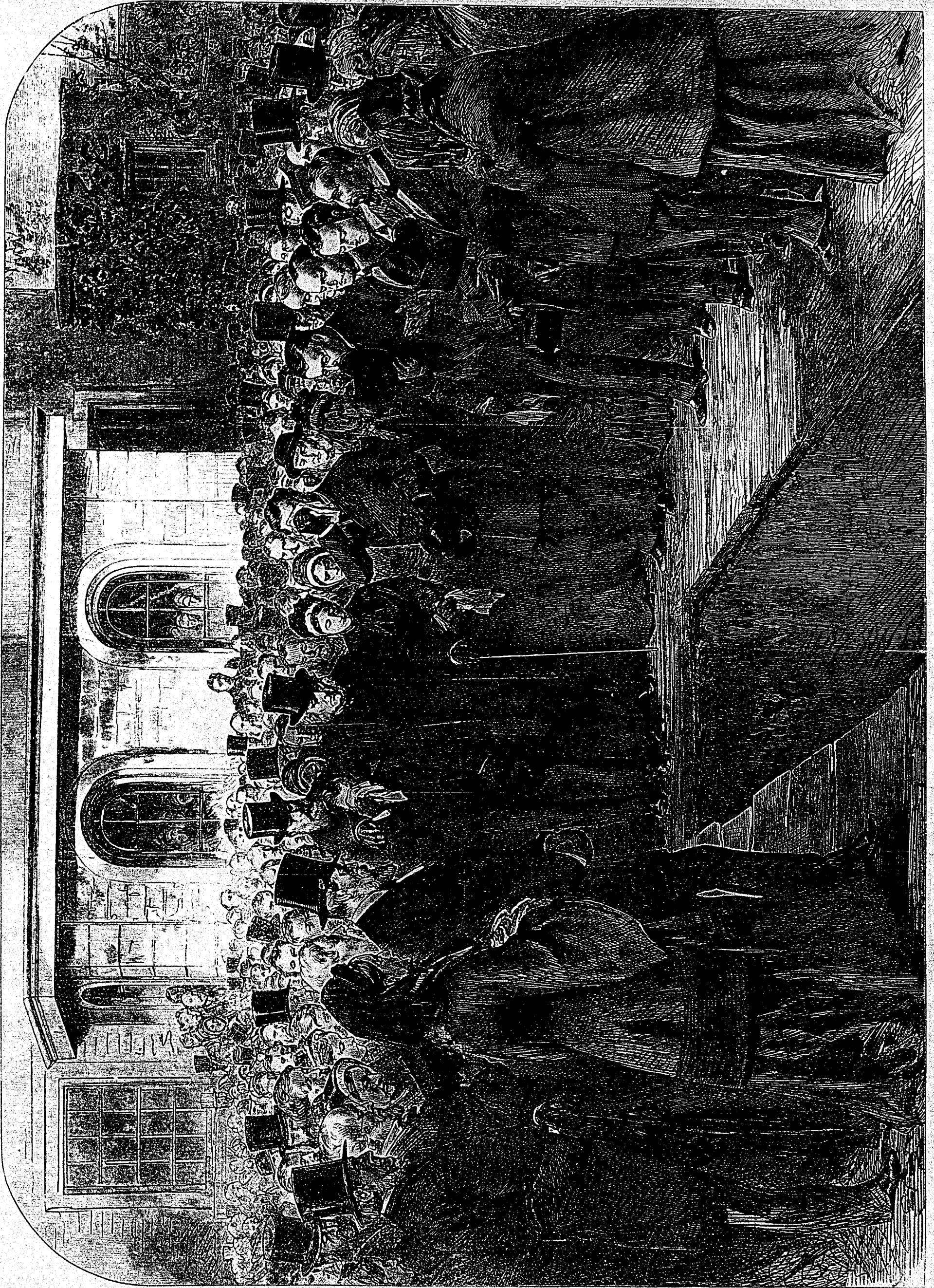
DURING the Exhibition visitors will have a free entrance into nearly all those public establishments for which admission by ticket has hitherto been required. The proposal to give an open-air banquet to the constructors, the labourers at the Exhibition, is being very favourably received. Indeed, every day some new and seductive project is proposed, and the feeling is gaining ground that to France and her Exhibition may fall the rôle of securing peace and prosperity in Europe, after, in past years, having so frequently disturbed it. There is certainly most extraordinary vitality in this land, and there is not an inhabitant that does not in his heart of hearts wish for tranquillity, confidence, and work.

ONE of the Paris journals relates a pretty episode which took place on the day of the inauguration of the Exhibition. A member of the Italian Commission, a short while before the arrival of the Marshal's guests, perceived that the flag floating on the facade of his section carried no crape in mourning remembrance of King Victor Emmanuel. There was little time left to repair the neglect, and the Commissioner dreaded the censure of the Duke of Aosta. So without a moment's hesitation, he addressed a lady wearing a long black veil, explained the situation, and begged her to relieve him from his anxiety. The lady immediately handed him her veil, and when a few minutes later the cortege passed by, the tricolour flag of Italy was draped with the sombre sign of national bereavement.

THE USE OF BIG WORDS.—Nothing sounds more imposing to my mind than Greek. I do not mean real Greek, pure and simple, but bits of Greek inserted in English, not to make one's meaning clearer, but, on the contrary, to wrap it in such an amount of sound as shall invest it with a dignity calculated to humble and prostrate the hearer or reader before his informant, and so reduce him to the desired docility. Tell me, for instance, that I am descended from a primitive man who had a very long head and a chin like that of a pantolon in a Christmas pantomime, and I resent and reject your witness; but say he was "very dolicephalic and prognathus," and I feel both humbled and instructed by such hard words, so that I am half prepared to admit the further statement that my immediate ancestor was half-witted, semi-vertical, without articulate speech. One of the fashions of the day appears to be that of calling very simple things by very fine names. All the railway stations and spare spaces everywhere afford instances without end of this practice. Smelling salts have no chance apparently of being snuffed by anyone except under the name of Aleximorbygiastikon, which being interpreted after all only amounts to saying that he who sniffs will be the better for it. Similarly, if you talk or write some unintelligible stuff destined to show that you believe in nothing—and have not the wit to discern that this is so much the worse for you, but on the contrary regard it as a very fine thing indeed, and worthy of all admiration—you are called, or call yourself (which is the first step towards it), a "thinker," whereas, considering that what you have to say is usually a *refinement* of some one else's thoughts less skilfully put, it would seem almost more accurate to bid you drop the *h* and stand revealed a mere thinker.



TORPEDO PRACTICE ON BOARD H.M.S. THUNDERER. PREPARING TO LAUNCH THE WHITEHEAD TORPEDO.



THE FUNERAL OF MRS. JOHN BRIGHT.

FRESH TYPES OF CHARACTER.

Though no compound of this earthly ball, as Mr. Tennyson says, "is like another all in all," yet the compounds have a way of falling into a few distinct and well-marked sets. Either there are not many types of character, or dramatists, novelists, and satirists are singularly dim-sighted people. In whatever age we take up a comedy that is neither by Shakespeare nor Molière, we find that the same persons furnish the fun. The stupid husband, the frisky wife, the gallant (who is generally a lay figure), the valet, the *soubrette*, the miser, and the man of common sense, a dull foil to the rest, make up the *dramatis personæ*. The human comedy notoriously includes many more actors, but it is difficult to make them prominent, or hard to disengage their ludicrous qualities. Different epochs have their different bores and social tormentors: there is a fashion in nuisances of that sort, and the bores are put on the stage. The man with a mania for hunting, for gambling, for the collection of curiosities, the pushing man and the sycophant, are not hard to draw, and they are brought in as minor characters. The learned lady, the prude, the philanthropist, the affected lover of art, are persons of whom a novice can show a recognizable caricature. The self-made man and the attorney are also ancient supernumeraries, and a spurious freshness is obtained by the trick of making the former generous and the latter honest.

Near the end of the last century there was a kind of controversy among French critics as to whether Molière and other writers had not exhausted the stock of comic characters. Temporary varieties in the expression of folly might exist, it was said, but *le contempteur* had appropriated every distinct species of man and woman. Ingenious writers cast about in their minds to discover unworked veins of absurdity, and were more or less successful in exploring, though they carefully abstained from working the mines they pointed out, and from sifting or fashioning the metal.

If one might be permitted very humbly to follow in the track of the French critics of the last century, a few characters not wholly hackneyed might perhaps be detected, a few "potential energies" might be marked down in the hunting-ground of the novelist. For example, the Festive Philosopher has not very often been trotted out. So much is mankind the slave of custom that it is usual to speak and write of philosophers as if they were hard and dry, dull and forbidding, the foes of pleasure. Keats's Apollonius represents the novelist's idea of an elderly man of science,

With curl'd grey beard, sharp eyes, and smooth bald slow-stepp'd, and robed in philosophic gown.

The aged and distinguished student is the enemy of enjoyment, he sees the snake's teeth glittering behind Lamia's coral lips, his eye is "keen, cruel, perçant; stinging;" in short, to quote a very different poem, "he comes and spoils the fun." The fleeting phenomena of amusement, the mirages of youth and wealth, and the society of young ladies wither and fade under the gaze of the stern philosopher of fiction. He refuses to hear of imprudent marriages, and would like to shut up boys and girls in libraries and laboratories. Can anything be less like the successful philosopher whom we all know, whose articles are in the *Nineteenth Century* and in the mouths of advanced ladies? He is a diner out, an after-dinner lecturer too; he goes to the festivals of art, and you may meet him giggling in corners of galleries at private views with the Lamia of the hour. He is no bigot and does not mind meeting clergymen; he will jest with an archbishop, and he is thoroughly well acquainted with the scandal of the minute. Having long ago read everything that he thinks worth reading, and made up his mind on all topics natural and supernatural, he can give his day to enjoyment. The young philosophers may attack him with a fierce new learning that has come in since his time; young men are always cautious and irreverent. They have found out something with the microscope, or they have deciphered an Etrurian inscription, or unrolled a manuscript from Pompeii, which demonstrates the elderly philosopher to be a pretentious old humbug. The genial thinker is quite unmoved; he possesses the public ear; his theory of the origin of life is the theory to talk about; his history of the Latin League is the history that sells; his view of Timothy of Malvern is the picturesque view, the view that ladies understand. Johnson, himself a festive philosopher, who loved a lark with young men about town, knew the type. In a short but spirited poem he represents a hermit utterly declining to "smite his bosom":—

Come, the smiling sage replied,
Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

It is in their youth, while they are making their names, that philosophers are intolerably severe. When once they have acquired a reputation they show that philosophy is not a vain and useless pursuit by proving that they alone know how to enjoy themselves after they have retired from active business. They return to what other men began with, and find the hours rosy and glad just when the rest of us suspect them of being rouged and dreary harri-dans.

A procession of people rises in the wake of the jolly philosopher who has tried all things and found that social success is not vanity. There is the Lion retired—the poet, or painter,

or preacher—who knows that he could roar and be listed, and charm drawing-rooms with the sweet modulations of his voice, but who gives out that loneliness, is what he prefers. If only some social Gordons, Cummings or Du Chailu would go and stir up this lion in his desert retreat, and chain him, and lead him away, how pleased, to be sure, he would be. He would enter the menagerie with joy, and leave the trackless solitudes of Bayswater or the austere heights of Hamstead with the faintest pretence of nostalgia. But the intrepid traveller does not appear, and the tameless poet wanders free, unfettered, and rather disconsolate. Perhaps he associates with a person too little observed by students of character, the modern Hypochondriac. Even Hippolyte in *Richard Feverel* seems a faint and antiquated sketch in pastel when one thinks of the rich varieties of folly in which the modern hypochondriac indulges. Hippolyte belonged to the pre-scientific age; it is almost hinted that he was capable of eating patent loafs, and of writing impassioned testimonials to the inventors of those tasteless abominations. His modern successor is a man who keeps up with the foibles of fashionable doctors. He has the latest "tip," if we may use a vulgar, but appropriate term, about alcohol. He knows whether it is a form of food or not, and what effect a glass of sherry has on the pulses of a vivisectioned frog. He knows what tobacco does when introduced into the cerebellum of a mole, and he draws tremendous inferences about the consequences of an occasional cigarette. He has a theory that he would languish and disappear if he did not have potatoes at luncheon, or if he failed to eat a poached egg at five o'clock in the afternoon. When he buys a horse, he thinks of his own liver rather than of his sport. He knows the chemical composition of some unheard-of mineral water, and carries about cases thereof, and keeps bottles in his bed-room. He is always either starving or over-eating himself on system, and living entirely on cabbage or on pork alone. The new sort of scientific doctor, who lectures to ladies and pours out floods of twopenny rhetoric in the magazines, is the begetter of the modern hypochondriac. To think of this new kind of doctor is to have a vision of highly original and strikingly "differentiated" quacks, novel types of folly who almost require a new *La Bruyère* to portray themselves.

THE GLEANER.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD is coming North to live.

THERE are 30,000 French people in New York.

EIGHTEEN families in New York count up \$240,000,000 among them.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA is suffering from Bright's disease and is believed to be dying.

FATHER CUCCI will not re-enter the Jesuit Order, but will reside at Rome.

THE herring and cod fisheries on the coast of Prince Edward Island are proving very successful.

THE Pope has sent a despatch to the Emperor of Germany regretting the attempted assassination.

A LARGE portion of Crankshank's pictures, drawings, and sketches have already been sold at good prices.

EDISON is perfecting an ear trumpet without wires, enabling one to hear conversation from a distance of a mile.

MIDRAT PASHA is now luxuriating at Mr. Crawshaw's love seat in the northernmost county of England, Northumberland.

THE state of Prince Leopold's health causes the greatest anxiety to the Queen; the slightest exertion completely prostrates him.

MGR. DUPANLOUP will not have the next cardinal's hat. It is, *dit-on*, to be conferred on Archbishop Langenieux, of Rheims.

MAY Fair says that it is thought in Ireland that Lord Leitrim was murdered by men from America whose families had been expropriated.

A LEDGE of the finest kind of jet used for jewelry, worth \$100,000 a ton, has just been located and is being worked in a California canon.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, the *Daily News* correspondent, has volunteered to serve England in the event of war with Russia as leader or member of a reconnoitering party.

THE celebration at Paris of the Voltaire centenary was on a large scale. The clericals counteracted its influence by a special service in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which was crowded.

HER Majesty's new saloon railway car is one of the most beautiful of its kind ever built, as may well be imagined from the fact that its construction and fittings cost over \$30,000.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON and wife are invited by the King and Queen of Italy to spend a few weeks with them in Florence, where the Court will be from August to October.

IN nearly 200 houses in Boston where there have been cases of diphtheria, it was found that in every case there had been a derangement of the waste-pipes before they entered the sewers.

To make and sell intoxicating liquors as a beverage is declared a Masonic offense by the Grand Lodge of Michigan, worthy of suspension or expulsion, if persisted in after due admonition.

THE population of St. Louis, Mo., is now, in authentic figures, put down at 503,000. The city measures 40,000 acres. The river frontage is over eighteen miles. There are 2,017 acres devoted to public parks.

MR. SCOTT RUSSELL asserts that it has been found commercially advantageous to build large steamers without sails. They make four times as many voyages and pay much better than those which use sails.

AN International Postal Treaty has been concluded and signed by the representatives of the Governments participating in the Congress at Paris. All the changes look towards uniformity. The treaty takes effect next April.

SOME students of the coincidences of history note that the year 1769 saw the birth of Napoleon, Wellington, Soult, Ney, Cuvier, A. von Humboldt, Chateaubriand, Lavallette, Mehemet Ali, and John Quincy Adams.

ENGLISH Catholics are reported to be very desirous that Pope Leo should adopt Jerusalem as his permanent home, in which case they would buy him territory enough for a suitable principality and render him independent.

REV. MR. SPRIGGS finds answering letters, particularly stupid questions, a heavy tax. He thus remonstrates: "Why should a person be expected to pay a penny for the great privilege of giving advice gratis, for which he uses his own stationery and gets no thanks?"

DR. WELL is a Munich dentist, who, according to the *Lancet*, has adopted the plan of first extracting decayed teeth, stopping them and then replacing them. He takes the tooth out while the patient is under the influence of anaesthetics, keeps it out of the socket for one or two hours, as may be necessary, and yet the tooth is firmly fixed.

THE Imperial Government have promised to supply the Dominion Government with two hundred copies of the report of the Halifax Fishery Commission, thus saving Canada the expense of printing a very bulky volume. The question now arises whether it will be necessary to translate and print the report in French, which will involve the outlay of \$8,000.

PETER RICHINGS' HEAVEN.

Thirty years ago, Peter Richings was considered the most accomplished and gentlemanly light comedian on the American stage. As years came on apace, his eccentricities grew stronger and stronger, until his name became a by-word in the dramatic profession.

An amusing story concerning old Peter was related to me some years ago by an old prompter who also has passed "to that bourne whence no traveller returns."

It was in a Western Theatre, Cincinnati, I think, on one occasion old Peter found that it was almost as important for a "Supernumerary" to know his part as for the leading people.

In the transformation scene, with which he used to end one of his dramas, the flats drew off for the last tableaux and discovered his daughter, Caroline, and himself in apotheosis in the clouds.

At one representation he was a little slower than usual in changing his dress, and all the actors had taken their positions for the scene, as he came rushing on with Caroline to complete the picture, when, to his horror, he discovered on the elevation which they were to occupy a great gaunt "super" in dirty cotton tights, dilapidated armour, tin helmet and shield, already in apotheosis.

Peter suddenly came to a halt: "Stop, Caroline, something has gone wrong. What are you doing there, sir?" he managed to articulate as soon as he could find breath.

"What der yer suppose?" "Why I'm standing in this yer hypothesis," replied the intelligent (?) "super," who was proud of his position and fired with histrionic glory.

"Come down, sir! come down, you villain! come down at once!" ejaculated old Richings, who imagined the man was gaying him.

"The Captain told me to stand here in this here hypothesis, and I'm blowed if you can make me go," and he straightened himself up and looked like Cranmer going to the stake.

"But do you know where you are, sir?" shrieked Peter; "you are in heaven, sir,—in heaven, and d—m you, sir, no one is allowed there but Caroline and myself, no one!"

That "super" came down.

FRANK OAKES ROSE.

IT WAS FUNNY.—"Confound them for tinkering at our currency," exclaimed one of our business men as he laid down his cigar and looked over the papers in his wallet. "A man steps in, buys goods of me, makes a few figures on a piece of paper, and lo! its value to me is \$300! I take it to the bank, write my name across the back, and they hand me out pieces of other paper called money. No coin to lug around—no base alloy to detract from beauty. I say that they should let the currency alone."

Half an hour after that he entered a bank, threw down the indorsed check and remarked to the cashier—

"I was just thinking how funny it is that a simple bit of paper like that has such intrinsic value."

"Yes, it is very funny," was the grim reply, "for the maker of that has'n't a cent on deposit here."

"Let us tinker the currency" is now the motto of that business man.

FASHION NOTES.

SPIRAL bracelets are the latest novelty. Some are so large that they extend from wrist to elbow.

THE hygienic garments introduced by strong-minded women have been adopted by women of fashion.

TRAINED skirts have the back breadths laid in kill pleats, or in wide double box pleat, to the end of the train.

THE jauntiest of spring wraps is a coat that fastens over the chest with one button and shows a waistcoat below.

DRESSY costumes for watering places are made of damask silk of light quality, combined with plain silk of a contrasting colour.

IN the way of a trained skirt the mercedes is graceful and elegant, the overskirt separated in front, and apparently tied up by flounces.

IT will be fashionable to sew the new style large collars and cuffs of white lace on the dark silk dresses that will be worn this summer.

GOLD embroidery, in fringes, lace, tassels, galloons, passementeries, in everything, in fact, is worn in Paris, both in the morning and evening.

CHEEKS, flukes and other figured materials for combining with self-coloured skirts are always used for overdresses. The patterns are small and informal.

RUSSIAN laces, which are lighter than Smyrna laces, are largely taking their place—particularly as a trimming for summer morning and washing dresses.

LACE sleeves have become so popular that a lace has been manufactured expressly for the purpose. It resembles the silk Mechlin lace, and is dotted with pearl or *claire de lune* lace.

CREPE batiste is one of the novelties for summer dresses. It is a thin hoop fabric woven in crepe effects. It comes in all delicate shades of pure, bright colour for evening dress.

AMONG the most comfortable and best wearing material for summer wear are printed silks, which have black grounds, with peach-dot, stripes, or a delicate little flower in white.

WIDE galloons of silk and velvet, and plush mixtures are seen on ball frocks in delicate colours, shot with threads of gold and silver, or seeded with Roman pearl or fine glass beads.

WHITE muslin dresses for afternoon wear are made with long princess puffed sleeves, with embroideries down every seam, and trimmed with satin bound neck-ribbons or cover boxes of colour.

THE newest satin ribbons have fringed edges in contrasting colours, and there are also narrow broad-cord ribbons, the fringed edges of which show the different colours, blue, olive, pink, etc.

LITERARY.

LOVELL, the author of "Love's Sacrifice," and other plays, has died in London.

JOHN BROUHAM is busily engaged on his "Personal Recollections of the Stage," and will probably publish them in the fall.

PROF. E. M. JOHNSON and W. H. BROWN, of Baltimore, are compiling a book entitled "Recollections of Alexander H. Stephens."

MR. NIMMO, the English publisher, says the Bible has the largest sale of any book in England, next the dictionaries, and thirdly "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress."

It is proposed to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the issue of the "Pilgrim's Progress" by publishing a cheap form of the original edition, published by John Bunyan in 1688.

WE hear of a forthcoming commentary on *Spenser's Faerie Queene* which claims to catch, for the first time, the clue to the poetical meaning of the poem, and to show its rebuke, as well as its praise, of Queen Elizabeth.

The author of "German Home Life" is preparing a pamphlet on Count Moltke, somewhat similar to the *brochure* upon Prince Bismarck and his policy which she published recently. It is stated that the Chancellor was rather pleased with "German Home Life," although it provoked general indignation in the Fatherland.

"JOHN BULLING" (Henry W. Shaw) is reported to have made more money than almost any American author by persistent working of his peculiar vein of humour. Some years ago, reports the *New York Times*, he has got \$4,000 from a weekly newspaper for his exclusive contributions; has made \$25,000 or \$30,000 by lecturing, and has had a profit from his Almanack of \$2,000 or \$3,000 more—\$32,000 to \$35,000 per annum. This is five or six times as much as Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell or Holmes ever made.

IN England no one thinks of buying a new novel. The circulating libraries take a thousand or two copies at a high price, and the publisher and author make more out of it than they would from an increased edition at lower figures. If a work is a popular success it will gradually come down in price until eventually cheap editions are published, but this does not take place until it has been read by everybody who wants to read it in the libraries, and until it has been thoroughly reviewed in all the leading newspapers and periodicals.

THE first edition of the Dictionary of the French Language, prepared by the French Academy, appeared in 1634, the sixth in 1855, and the seventh will soon be published by M. Fernin Didot, of Paris. Its preface will contain a sketch of the history of all the previous issues, and pay a merited compliment to M. Littré's Dictionary. It reflects phonetic spelling as chimerical, and makes but few orthographical changes. These include the omission of the double "n" in consonance, the substitution of the grave for the acute accent in "piège, sige, collige," and of the grave accent for the diacritic in "poème, poëte."

VICTOR HUGO has made a present of the pen with which he wrote the "History of a Crime," to Senor Bonier-Ortiz, of the museum. In the letter which accompanied the present occurred this paragraph:—"When I was a child I was Spanish, now I am a man and French, but Spanish still." This poetic license may perhaps be explained by the fact that Victor Hugo was born in the old Spanish town of Besaçon. His father served with distinction in Spain during the Empire, and was offered the title of Prince by King Joseph on the condition of renouncing his nationality. The General refused. A short time ago, alluding to this fact, Victor Hugo, according to the *Gazette*, remarked: "If my father had accepted, Victor Hugo would not be living. Perhaps there might have been on the other side of the Pyrenées a Spanish poet, but in the nineteenth century what is a poet who is not French?"

Luck and temper rule the world. Choiceest assortment of French Cambrie, Chorot and Oxford Shirtings in Canada at Treble's, 8 King Street E., Hamilton. Send for samples and price list, and have your Shirts made properly. Treble's, 8 King Street E., Hamilton.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

THE CHURCH CHANT BOOK.—Davies.—We have received from Mr. C. C. DeZouche, the above book, which has been edited by Dr. Davies, the well-known organist, of this city. The object of the compiler has been to secure not only a selection of chants appropriate to the Psalms to which they are herein allied, but also to arrange them in a sequence of related keys; for, as a rule, if the chants selected for the Psalter are not considered with due regard to key relationship, imperfectness of attainment, or, in other words, non-appreciation of the new key-temperament results, and the choir will rarely begin to sing in tune, until they have arrived at the "Gloria." The work is neatly got up, and is sold at the low price of 25 cents. We have no doubt it will prove of invaluable service to many an organist and many a choir.

"LA COMPAGNIE IRLANDAISE."—M. W. Kirwan. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. We have perused with much interest this book which deserves a place amongst the numerous works composing the history of the late Franco-German war. The writer was in command of a Company of Irishmen who formed part of the Legion étrangère, and had therefore ample opportunity for watching and describing the stirring times through which he passed. His tale is modestly and unaffectedly told, and we must pay a tribute of admiration to the tone of moderation which runs through the book; French and Germans are written of in the same impartial spirit. The narrative is interspersed with anecdotes which make it most attractive; altogether, the book is one which we can strongly recommend to our readers.

SHY SIXTEEN.

She is home for the holidays, and she is close on sixteen years of age. Seventeen may be sweet, but sixteen is unrhythmic, unlovely, angular. There is no poetry in her movements, no music in her voice. The hue of her cheeks, which in a twelve-month's time may soften to the velvet ruddiness of the peach, changes with startling rapidity from its normal tint to an unromantic scarlet. Her action is jerky; she has a way of coming into awkward contact with every available article of furniture, and at as many points as possible; she takes her seat at the table with an air of sudden and sharp decision, which causes her friends to open their eyes and herself to subside into silence, blushing, ashamed, and terrified; she addresses herself to her plate, her cup, but her arms and hands are unmanageable—they fly off at a tangent, and plate and china are sent spinning on the floor. She has long fits of moody silence, and when she opens her lips to monosyllabic replies, it is with the alarming effect of the patent snap action. Her eyes wander restlessly round the room, first dwelling upon one object or individual and then on another, till she seems suddenly to recollect herself, and to be filled with remorse and awe at the curiosity of her gaze; her face puts on the deep crimson of the pony; she gives her body a violent wrench as if to straighten the distorted conscience within, and, with vision dejected lapwards, seems lost in some strange trance. The conversation passes by unheeded, and her meal remains untasted before her. Presently her eyes begin to wander again; but this time the truant orbs are more readily reduced to obedience, and the expression of penitence which comes over her countenance is not so agonisingly patent. She appears comparatively at her ease; she has dared to nibble a morsel or even lift her cup to her lips. Growing bolder by degrees, she displays some intention of taking more active part in the social life around her; she ventures upon a little laugh, and then is agast with horror at the audacity of the sound. And the ordeal continues; a series of internal struggles, of desperate attempts followed by manifest penitential qualms—to show that she is at ease, a combination of innocence and elusiveness born of that morbid ever-haunting self-consciousness which is the bane of the transition period of feminine hobbledehood. The British schoolgirl of sixteen may be said, so far as those to whom she is an object are concerned, to exist in the future and the past. She is a pretty memory and a fond prospect. She has been a charming child; she will yet be a delightful maiden. But her loveliness is that of anticipation and her grace is that of hope. She may be on the threshold of fairest womanhood, but in watching her we stand in a closed vestibule, midway between a landscape of fascinating freshness and a vision of perfection. Her childhood was a thing of beauty, her riper girlhood will be a joy; her present is as crabbed, harsh, and unmusical as the dulllest fool ever supposed philosophy to be. She is, in fact, now passing through a stage which is analogous to what will be the experience of her brother a few years later. It may be questioned whether it would not be desirable for a brief space of time to seclude her completely from the social world. A year hence she will be the most charming of companions. Now she is but an incarnation of blushing, shuddering self-consciousness. Perhaps she has the misfortune to have lost her mother, and her father prematurely thinks that her education is completed, and that she is fit to take her place at the head of his household and to be the associate of his leisure hours. For the sire who hopes such things there is the bitterest of all disillusionments in store. She takes her place opposite to him, a mass of erubescing giggling humanity. He has been paying for some years

past the income of many a respectable English household in order that she may become endowed with all manner of graces and accomplishments. He finds to his chagrin that she has little or nothing of either.

Whatever there is unpoetic, ungraceful, uninviting in girlhood, that she possesses. She has all the impressionableness of the girlish nature, but she has none of the charm which made that quality so attractive a year ago, and which will make it attractive a year hence. She has picked up some odd ways, and she is ready to pick up any number more; but they are not pleasant ways. She has a fatal capacity for imitating the eccentricities of her seniors, and for reproducing the least agreeable idiosyncrasies of her contemporaries. As she has odd ways, so she has odd fancies. At school—and a girls' boarding-school is probably the most purely mischievous institution under heaven—she has assimilated many grotesque, and some not too healthy, ideas. She has read books—worthless novels and silly romances—which have inspired her with the airs and affectations of a mawkish sentimentalism. She assumes the mien of one who has an unutterable secret, which is inwardly a consuming fire, wrapped up in her breast. She has made, or she affects to have made, romantic friendships among her schoolfellows. She corresponds with other petticoated anomalies like herself, and reads the letters which she receives with many contortions of countenance and changes of colour. She sighs for the society of her friends, and her fond relatives wonder what can be on her mind. There is no just ground for their anxiety. It will all be right enough in the end. But at present it must be allowed that our school-girl is impracticable, hopeless. It is a passing malady incidental to girlhood, and it is entirely the result of that self-consciousness which in a few months hence will have changed to self-possession.

BURLESQUE.

A TRAMP STORY.—A story has been told us which seems to go far in corroboration of the late Boss Tweed's theory of chances. It is said that something like a year ago a tramp called at the house of Mr. Bailey, in the township of Mosa, and asked permission to stop all night. A little persuasion led to his request being granted, and he was also asked to take supper. During the meal Mrs. Bailey called to her little daughter, but the young one paid no attention. Again calling, the mother used the full given name of the child:

"Isabella Stevens, don't you hear me?" The tramp looked up as if interested, and remarked, musingly: "Isabella Stevens? Isabella Stevens? Have you got any relations of that name?"

"Yes," said the lady, "that was my mother's maiden name."

"There is," said the tramp, "an immense fortune in Cornwall, England, which has been for twenty years awaiting a claimant of that name who is supposed to be in America."

He then proceeded to give all the details he could, and the result was that Mrs. Bailey wrote to her mother, who resides within a few miles of the city, and the last-named secured the fortune, and is now enjoying the fruits of her daughter's hospitality to the tramp.

MUTUAL FRIENDS.—Human nature is the same the world over, as the following incident will help to show. A Danbury Insurance agent called on two of his customers, whose premises adjoin, for a renewal of their policies. The first one is a grocer. The agent said to him:

"I suppose, Mr. —, that you will renew your policy which expires next week? I have called to see about it."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to," said the grocer. "As far as I'm concerned there is no need whatever that I should insure. I am here all day to look after things, and there ain't a bit of danger of fire from my place. But there's no telling what the fellow next door will do, and as long as he's there I've got to keep insured."

The agent called on the customer, next door, who is a baker. He could not help reasoning that if the danger in that establishment was so great, there was a possibility of having the amount of its policy doubled, at least.

"No," said the baker, scratching his head thoughtfully. "I don't believe I'll add any to it. I wouldn't insure at all if I wasn't where I am. You see I'm up all night, baking, and can watch things, so there's no danger here, but there's no telling what that chap next door will be up to. If it wasn't for him I wouldn't insure a cent; but, as it is, I've got to do it."

Got WHAT HE CALLED FOR.—Len Smith's tavern at Waltham used to be, in days gone by, a favorite stopping place for the farmers who from further up the road were accustomed to bring their truck to Boston for a market. Some of the knowing ones who were a "little near" would manage to get around just about the time breakfast or dinner was nearly over, and calling for a "cold bite" would be seated at the table, and for half the price of a dinner would get as "square" a meal as those who came early and paid full price. One old chap who had got his dinners in this manner for several months, and who was never known to spend an unnecessary cent in the house, was marked by the jolly landlord for a victim. On a certain day in winter, when he was known to be coming a boiled dinner was prepared and set out the night before to cool.

Punctually the next day "Barkis" put in an appearance and called for a "cold bite." A

goodly plate full of frozen beef, potatoes, etc., was set before him. The first dab at a potato with his fork sent that article flying across the table, and a turnip slid from under his knife quite as rapidly. Feeling that he had been caught, he worried through, thoughtfully and silently. Having finished his meal he walked up to the bar (behind which was the smiling landlord) to settle, and thus unbosomed himself: "Look a' here, Len, I've been stopping at your tavern for fodder for the last three months, and I'll be hanged if to-day ain't the first time I've ever got what I called for."

A BOY'S POCKETS AND A GIRL'S POCKET.—Tommy is twelve years of age. His sister Mary is sweet sixteen and a half. The other morning Mary accosted her mother with, "Ma, see what a lot of stuff I found in Tommy's pockets," and she deposited on the table the following articles, to wit:—Eight marbles, one top, a broken bladed knife, a leather strap, a buckle, bunch of old keys, a fishing line, piece of lead, a smooth stone, four pieces of slate pencil, a worn-out pocket-book, an oyster shell, a wounded jewsharp, a piece of blue glass, a rubber ball, lump of chalk, two dried fish worms, a sling-shot, piece of India rubber, two corks, a fractured comb, piece of licorice root, a song book, two medals, and a juvenile land tortoise. Tommy looked thoughtfully, as the contents of his pockets were deposited before the eyes of his mother, and sullenly remarked that it "was none of his sis' business, and he wanted her to let his trousers alone."

Next day Tommy captured the outside pocket of his sister's dress, and carrying the contents to his mother, sarcastically observed, in the presence of Mary: "Ma, just see what a lot of trash I found in sis' pocket!" and he produced from his hat the following knick-knacks, viz.: Three hair pins, a soiled glove, piece of chewing-gum, three cards, a broken locket, elastic garter, piece of ribbon, two slate pencils, another piece of chewing-gum, photograph, piece of orange-skin, a love letter, broken tooth brush, more chewing-gum, spool of silk, a thimble, a piece of cotton saturated with white powder, one tinkle, two sour-balls, gaiter heel, ivory ornament belonging to a parasol handle, handkerchief perfumed with jockey-club, gaiter buttoner, withered geranium leaves, ivory-handle pen knife with broken blade, a fan, five visiting cards, belt-buckle, box of zongee, another piece of chewing-gum, fragment of looking-glass, a peach-stone, a cigar-holder stolen from "Charley," a piece of damask silk of the pattern of her friend Lucy's new dress, an artificial flower, horse-hair ring, a long brown hair entangled in a hunk of tatty, and a slip of paper containing directions for handkerchief flirtations.

Tommy placed the last article on the table and slid from the room with a grin of triumph on his rughish face. His sister made an ineffectual grab for him, and as he passed into the street he heard her voice calling, "You nasty little brat, if you get at my pocket again I'll slap your face." Tommy thinks honors are easy.

DIED at his residence, Plymton, Digby County, N. S., on the 1st of May last, Sabine Savory, Esq., in the 91st year of his age. The deceased, before the memory of the present generation of business men, occupied a conspicuous place in the commercial arena of his county, and at one time exercised a large social and personal influence. He was the father of Judge Savory, of Digby, formerly M. P., and father of R. P. McGivern, Esq., a leading merchant of St. John, and of James R. Garden, Postmaster at Gibson, New Brunswick.

HUMOROUS.

THE railroad track is like the ship when you can see a cargo on it.

THE train is like a naughty boy, because the switch will change its course.

SWELL: "I want you to make me a short coat, without tails or seams in the back. Do you know what I mean?" German tailor: "Yaas, yaas, I know vat you vant. You vant a straight jacket."

A MAN who was noted for his economy of the truth was once asked if he had dined. He replied: "I have, upon my honour." The questioner said: "If you have dined upon your honour, you must have had a scanty meal."

Now that the phonograph makes it possible for sounds to be canned the same as beef, milk, lobsters, fruit, etc., missionary sermons can be bottled and sent to the South Sea Islands ready for the table, instead of the missionary himself.

A YOUNG minister was preaching in Seabrook, N. H., from "I am the light of the world," and made poor work of it, stammering and stuttering and almost stopping, when an indignant huckleberry-picker, a sort of masculine woman, shouted out: "If you are the light of the world you needs snuffing."

"WHAT will you be helped to in the way of earthly vegetables?" said McDonald yesterday to a lady customer. "Lettuce, pray," was the quick reply. McDonald looked sharply at the lady, and concluded that she was a lay preacher, until she pointed to the lettuce basket.

AN Irish gentleman writes to *Truth* to say that he has never found a Frenchman who can pronounce this: "Thimbering Thistlethwaite thievishly thought to thrive through thick and thin by throwing his thimbles about, but he was thwarted and thwarted and thimysed and thrashed with thirty-three thousand thistles and thorns for thievishly thinking to thrive through thick and through thin by throwing the thimbles about."

SCENE in a horse car. Seats all occupied. Enters a person dressed as a lady. Bright little boy rises and offers her a seat. Lady drops into it, with an air of slight disdain. Boy—"O. I beg your pardon, did you speak?" Lady—"No. I did not say anything." Boy—"Excuse me, I thought you said thank you." Lady, in high dudgeon—"You may have your seat." Boy (resuming it)—"Well, I'll thank you." Passengers convulsive. Lady disappeared at next street crossing.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AIMEE is reputed 31, and worth \$300,000, of which a third is in diamonds.

SOLERA, the Italian poet and author of some Verdi's libretti, is dead.

Mlle. ALBANI will marry Mr. Ernest Gye, of the Royal Italian Opera, on August 5th.

DION BOUCAULT is having built at Newburg what will be the largest steam yacht in the United States.

MAPLESON, sr., the London operatic manager, is negotiating for the control of the Academy of Music, New York.

OLE BILL, who has already bidden his friends in the United States several tearful farewells, is coming back to give thirty "farewell concerts."

BELLINI is to have a Chinese play—scenery, dresses and all. The text was translated under the supervision of the interpreter of the Chinese Legation.

A POWERFUL English committee is organizing a Mario concert, and the two greatest singers in the world—Nilsson and Trebelli—sing for the great tenor.

MISS MARY ANDERSON has sailed for Europe to be absent two or three months, and on her return will devote herself to dramatic study. Her season has been very successful.

EIGHT thousand gallons of real water are used nightly in the storm scene in "Dinorah" at Her Majesty's Theatre, in London. This necessitates a gigantic tank on the stage and a similar receiving tank beneath, besides many square yards of waterproof scenery.

THE latest Parisian success, Lecocq's new opera "Le Petit Duc," will soon be produced in English at the Union Square Theatre by the Hess English Opera Troupe. The adaptation has been made by Mr. Myran A. Cooney, who has performed a similar task for "Les Cloches de Corneville."

TASTES differ. Southern's "Crushed Tragedian," which delighted New Yorkers, has proved a flat failure in London, and is withdrawn from the Haymarket Theatre after a week's trial, and "A Celebrated Case," the strongest dramatic bit in the United States this season, does not draw over there.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT is a most fortunate musical conductor; he has never been a struggling musician, for his papa was a rich Milanese banker. Sir Julius has himself amassed a large fortune and is a civil knight; his comb has three teeth, and is well able to combat with the dozen remaining dyed hairs which encircle the maestro's brow. Owing to advanced age he is a trifle tottery.

ADELINA PATTI'S necklace, which cost \$50,000, was exposed for sale recently in Paris and \$16,000 was the highest bid made for it. By the terms of the deed of separation she was obliged to divide all her property with her husband and so paid him half the value of such jewels as she did not wish to have sold. When this necklace was valued the Marquis de Caux refused to accept the estimate of the expert, and forced Mme. Patti to offer it at public sale.

A NEW YORK theatre has introduced a new idea of a box-office. In its lobby stands a square box, mounted on a handsome pedestal, the box containing an exact model of the interior of the theatre. There is a glass front, through which you look at the theatre as if from the stage. There is a tiny model of every seat in the house, and its number and letter plainly indicated, so that you may choose your seat, or see just what the position is of that which you are offered at the box-office.

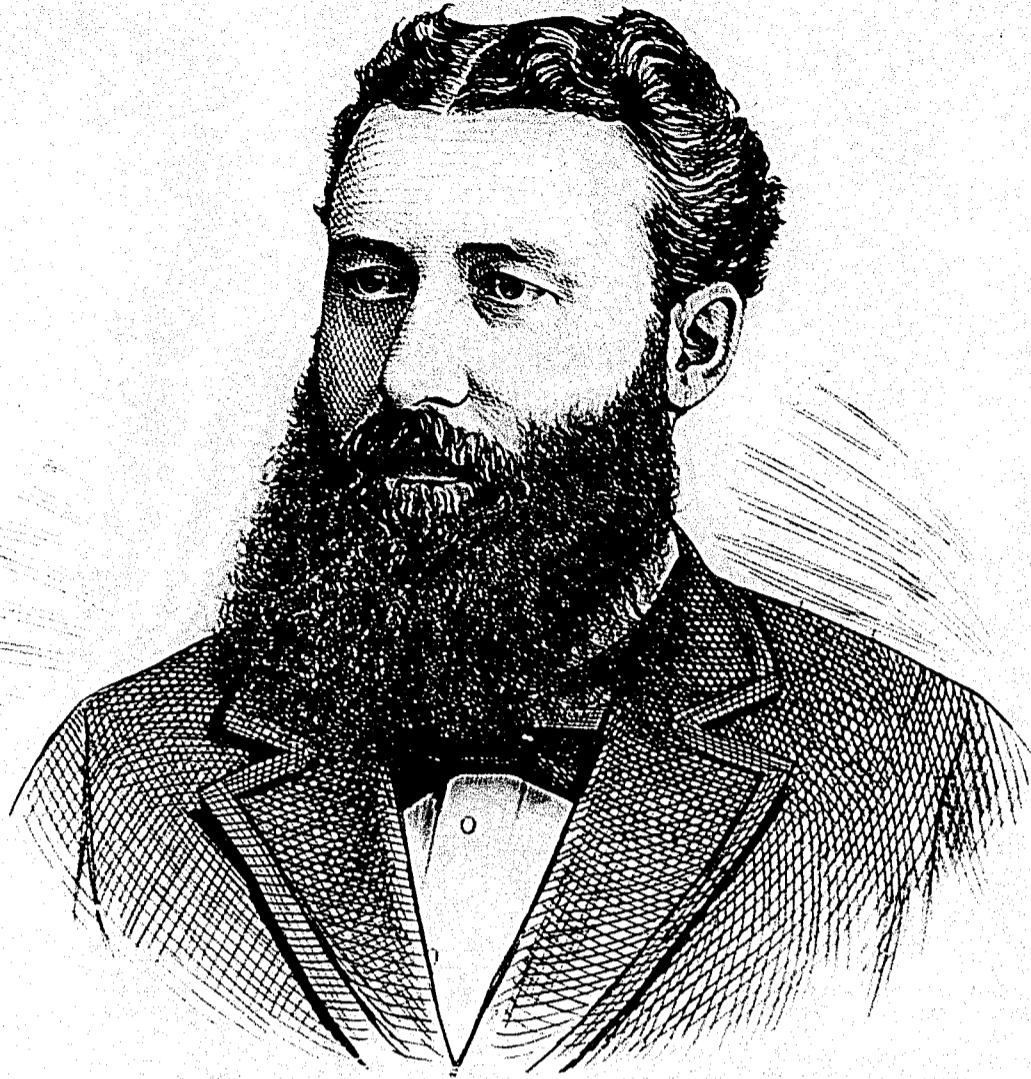
FANCY buttons, with bank-notes, postage-stamps, and so forth, on them, in enamel, are very fashionable in Paris as trimmings for dresses.

THE CRISIS.

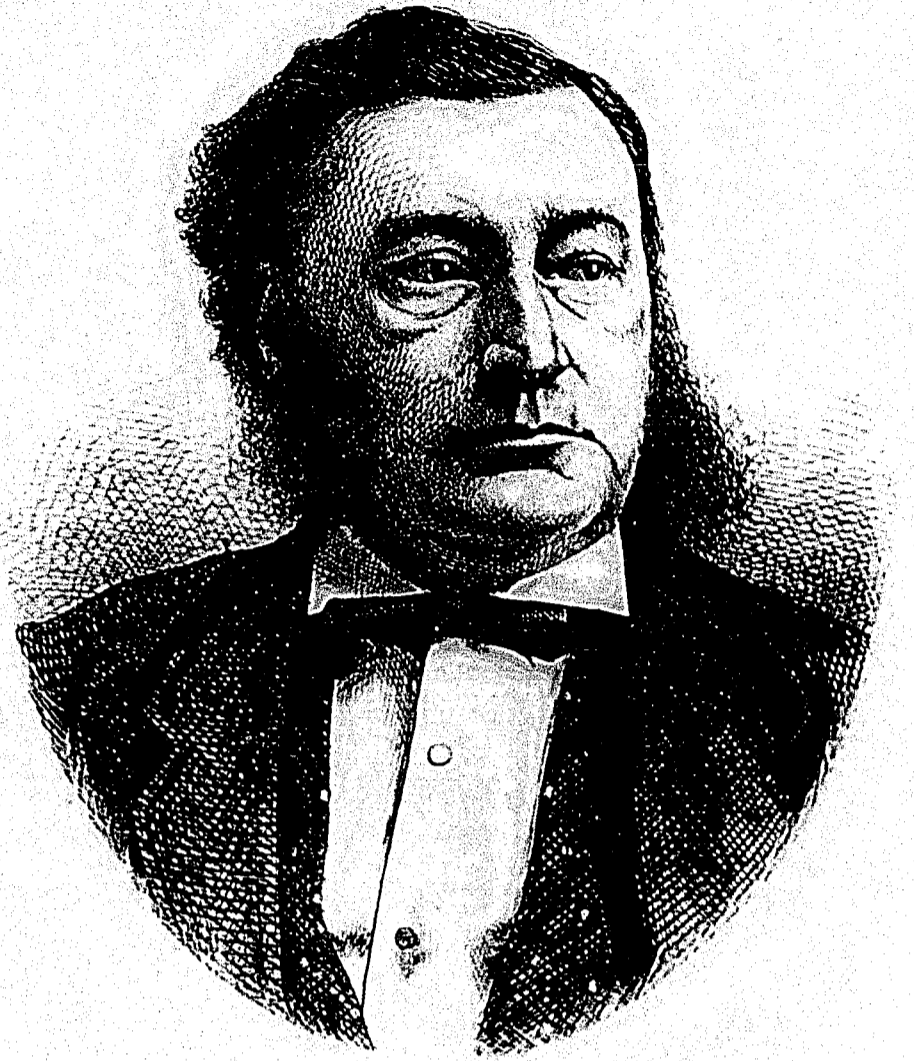
What think you would be the result if the earth should stop spinning around the sun? Were you ever near a large and intricate machine when one of its wheels became clogged or broken—near enough to hear the grating, jarring clash, the sudden, deafening crash? Astronomers assure us that precisely similar effects, only on an inconceivably grander scale, would be produced if our earth—one of the wheels in the universe machine—should suddenly cease its revolutions. In other words, there would be a general crash and crash of satellites, planets, and systems. What we term financial crises are due to similar causes. One of the wheels in the finance-machine becomes clogged, perhaps shattered. The terrible Wall-street "crash" which follows is communicated to every part of the financial mechanism of the country. But analogies do not stop here. There is that other mechanism, the most intricate of all—sometimes called an organism because it generates its own forces—the human machine. When one of its members fails to perform its office, the whole system is thrown into disorder. Members before considered unassailable, break down under the unnatural pressure. The shock comes, and utter prostration is the result. Reparation can only be effected by the restoration of the impaired parts and the re-adjustment of its levers,—the physical forces. There is one part of the machine more liable to disorder than any other,—the liver,—the great balance wheel of the machine.

The liver being the great depurating or blood-cleansing organ of the system, set it at work and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood, and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, used daily, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, taken in very small doses, are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch, or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. Virulent blood poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terrors, and by their persevering and somewhat protracted use the most tainted systems may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents.

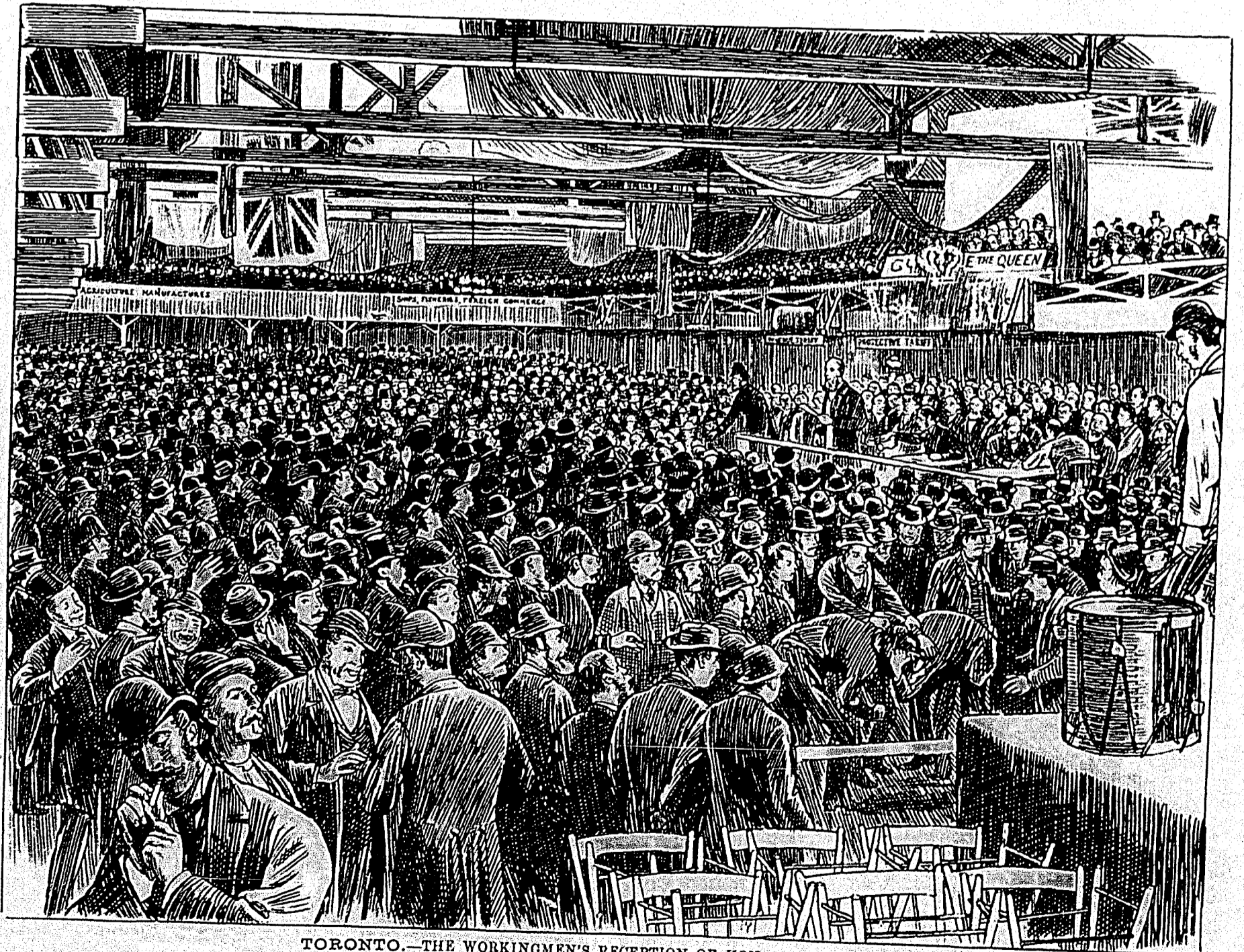
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 298.—THE HON. ARTHUR TURCOTTE,
SPEAKER OF THE QUEBEC LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.



No. 299.—THE LATE HON. WILFRID DORION,
JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF QUEBEC.



TORONTO.—THE WORKINGMEN'S RECEPTION OF HON. MR. MACKENZIE.



SURGEON McEACHRAN.



LIEUT.-COL. LYMAN.

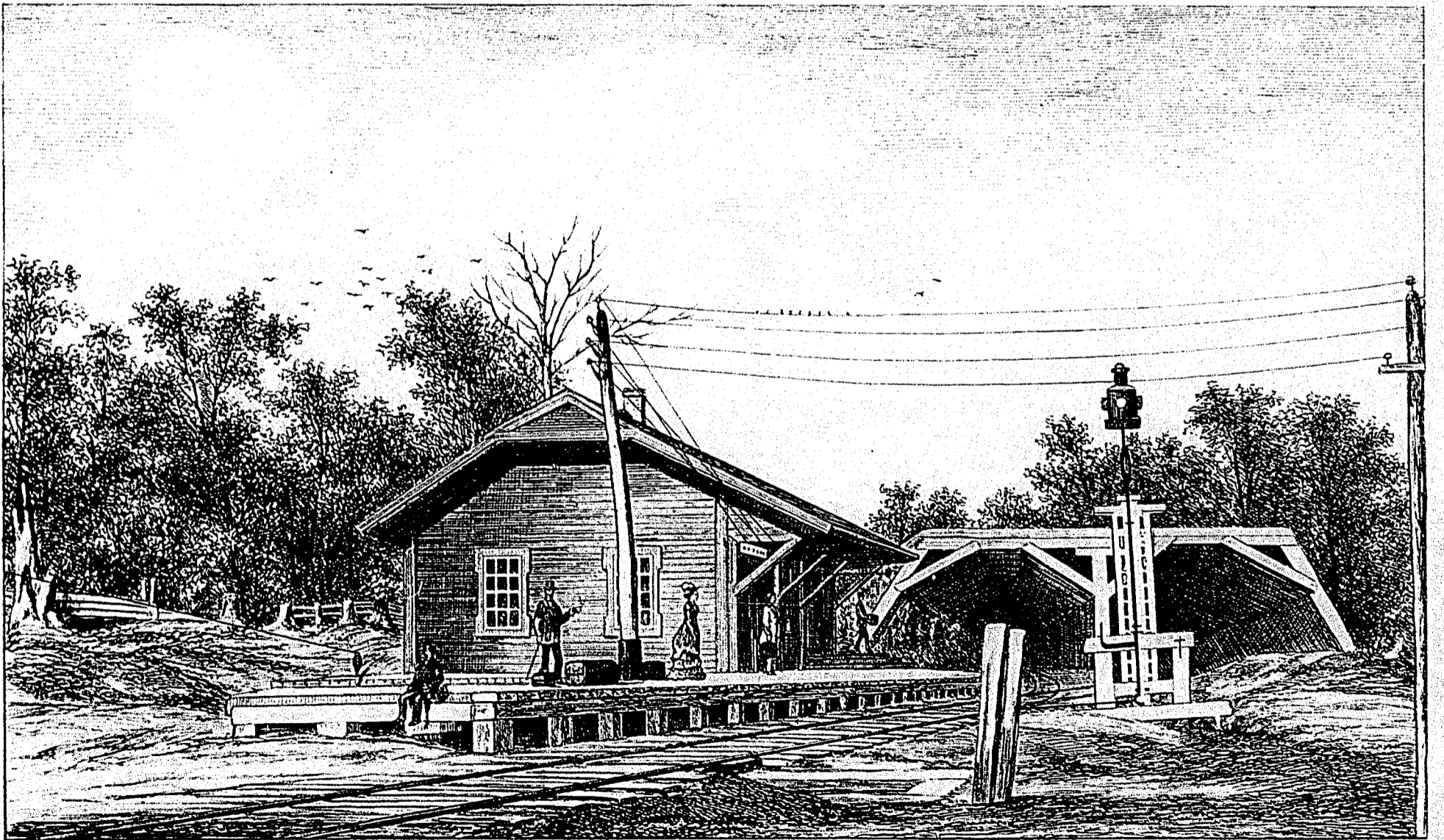


LIEUT.-COL. D'ORSONNENS.



CAPT. CULVER, BARLOW GUARDS, ST. ALBANS, VT.

MILITIA OFFICERS WHO FIGURED AT THE LATE CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN MONTREAL.



SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL.—ST. OCTAVE STATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY REV. T. FENWICK.

NENUPHAR: A FANCY.

(Concluded from our last.)

JULY.

Almost a month has passed away since Nenuphar's midnight confidences, when we take our next look at her. It is after dinner, and she is seated on a low chair by an open window in the drawing-room, contemplating with a faint, troubled look, most unusual on her calm face, Mr. Long and Heather playing chess in the furthest corner of the room.

John Clermont, looking older and perhaps somewhat harder than he did on that June morning nineteen years ago, is conversing in low tones with Mrs. Favens on the unusual beauty of the weather they have had of late. "There will be a grand harvest," he says, conclusively; and then he rises, and goes over to the window where Nenuphar sits, and for a few moments watches her in silence. Indeed a silence seems to have fallen on the whole party. One might have said there was an angel pausing overhead, but Mr. Clermont breaks it.

"What are you thinking of, Nenuphar?" She raises her great eyes to his, and half sighs, as she says, "Thinking of? Really I do not know."

As she thus looks up, you can see that in this month—since that day when Sebastian's shadow fell across her—a change has come over her, though wherein the change exactly lies it would be hard to say. But it is there nevertheless—a half-troubled look in the blue eyes, which gives them a depth they did not possess in the days when no sorrow or joy seemed to have any power over her.

And what is it, then, that has come over her? Not jealousy of Heather, surely; for Nenuphar is a beautiful woman, and has seen so many men bow down and do homage to her, that it is impossible for her to grudge Heather her one conquest. And as to love, why, she herself acknowledged not so very long ago that the very meaning of the word was incomprehensible to her.

At first, after his return home, Mr. Long had believed, as so many men had done before him, that in Nenuphar Clermont he had found his ideal of all that was perfect and lovely in womanhood. But after the first few days it seemed to his passionate nature there was something almost repulsive in the cold beauty, that nothing could stir out of its unnatural calm. Then he had begun to think of the other girl, so full of fire, and life, and activity; of whom his dreams had been the first night of his home-coming, and whose voice had once welcomed him back so warmly, and whose eyes had now learnt to brighten at his approach; and this vision gradually blotted out that other one that had stirred his fancy for a little while with the wonderful fascination of its beauty.

"Do you think," asked Mr. Clermont, after another pause, spent by him in speculating as to the likeliest question to gain him an insight into Nenuphar's thoughts—"do you think that these two," with a half movement in the direction of the chess-players, "are likely to make a match of it?"

"By you?"

"Yes, it would not surprise me." Nenuphar lifted her eyes then, and looked in the direction indicated. "What makes you think it?" she said; and though she spoke quietly, the very faintest tinge of pink passed over her cheeks—a very unusual show of emotion for her.

"It seems like it," said old Mr. Clermont. "To think that my little, rough, careless Heather should have lived to be preferred to a beautiful woman like you—for you are a beautiful woman, Nenuphar, there is no denying that. 'Eyes, and no eyes,' is it not?"

"Beauty is not everything."

"Perhaps not. But it is nearly everything—or rather, it is a royal road to nearly everything."

"Beauty only turns heads; it does not win hearts," said Nenuphar, softly. "Oh, I wish I knew," she went on, almost appealingly, "what it is that is wanting in me—what it is that makes me so different to every one else! why he," looking towards the far-off players, "finds something almost repulsive in me. What can it be?"

"His bad taste," retorted Mr. Clermont. "Be satisfied with yourself just as you are—it is the best way. And besides, it would be folly to wish a change; for you are lovely to look upon, and nothing more should be required of a woman. Directly they grow learned they become argumentative,—and a woman who argues, ah!" and John shrugged his shoulders expressively. "No,—ignorance and beauty for women."

"But that is not what I mean: it is not learning that makes so many lovable,—women a thousand times plainer than I—women in every way insignificant. What is it? Oh, I wish I knew! or rather, I wish I possessed it, whatever it is."

"Do not strive after it, my dear, or you may lose the blessings you have, and perhaps gain nothing in exchange. There are peonies and water-lilies, wallflowers and mignonette—and they are all prized, though for different reasons. You must not be grasping, and try to seize all the blessings; you may be sure they are equally divided."

"But I am not a flower," urged Nenuphar, still with that faint tone of pleading in her voice.

"Are you not, my dear?" said old John, mockingly. "I am not so sure of that!"

Now let us cross over to the chess-players for a few minutes, and see how their game is progressing.

"Check to the queen," said Sebastian. And at his words, and perhaps also at a certain inflection in his voice, and a certain tender look in his eyes, a quick, bright flush passed over Heather's face.

"Check!" she repeated, inquiringly.

Sebastian touched a black knight with his finger. "Do you not see now?"

"Then I may as well give up the game at once," she replied, somewhat petulantly, "for there seems nothing left for me to do. I do not feel in the humour for playing to-night."

"Then you will give up the game to me, will you not?" said Sebastian, in a low voice.

"No, I will not," said Heather, as she rose from her seat. "I never could bear to give up a game without fighting for it; so we will leave the pieces as they are, and put off the conclusion of the game till to-morrow, when perhaps I may have discovered some way out of my difficulties."

"That is hard upon me," said Sebastian; "for very likely if we wait till then you will have thought of some way of conquering me, whereas if I pressed my advantage now—"

"You are too generous to do that," replied Heather, softly. "So good-night: I will think all to-morrow, and perhaps I shall beat you yet."

"Have you ever heard," said Sebastian, rising also, "that, next to victory, there is nothing so sweet as defeat,—if only the right adversary overcomes you?"

And Heather turned away, feeling that so far Sebastian had had the best of it. As to the game itself it was written in the Book of Fate that it should never be played out; for the next evening, when Heather should have been making her final effort to extricate the white queen from the difficulties that surrounded her, she was out on the terrace-walk, listening to the old story.

So the white queen was conquered; though the defeat was, as Sebastian had said, as sweet as a victory would have been; for when she re-entered the drawing-room, it was as the affianced wife of Sebastian Long. In this way the game of chess was forgotten; and the next morning, the housemaid, who had been much annoyed all the previous day by the untidy appearance the pieces presented, took upon herself to return them to their box, and thus all chance of re-deciding her fortunes was taken away from Heather.

"I am glad of it," she said, when she discovered what had occurred; "for it is a sort of satisfaction, after, to know that I gave up the game—that I was not beaten."

"Were you not?" said Sebastian—and there was a smile in his dark eyes as he spoke. "I am not so sure of that; but perhaps," he added, "I was the right adversary."

And then Heather, with a blush on her cheeks, and a soft light in her eyes, that transformed her from a somewhat plain girl into a beautiful woman—beautiful, at least, in Sebastian's eyes—dropt into his arms, and laid her head upon his shoulder; and for the time being they two had reached that "kingdom far and wide,"—that kingdom wherein lovers stand alone, seeing no footprints around of those who have trodden it before them, hearing no echo of those who have lived to descend the mountain from which they have gained their view of the promised land.

As he left the house that night, and was making his way across the garden to his own home, Sebastian was startled by Nenuphar appearing suddenly before him.

She looked whiter and more lovely even than usual, was his first thought; the second, that it always seemed to be by moonlight that they met.

He was going to pass her with a simple "Good night," knowing her fondness for solitary moonlight strolls, when she stopped and held out her hand as though to arrest his steps.

"Mr. Long."

"Yes?" he questioned, stopping also.

"Tell me," she said, more impulsively than he had ever heard her speak,— "what it is that I want to make me liked? Liked as Heather is, for instance. No, you need not fear to pain me by telling me the truth," she went on, seeing that Sebastian hesitated. "I am not afraid, for I really want to know. I asked Heather, who is fond of me, you know, and she says I need nothing. That she would not have me changed, if she could; then I asked my father, and he—well, you know him well enough to be able to guess what he said. Please do not think me vain for repeating it: That I was beautiful, and that a woman should require nothing else; but I am not satisfied. So now I come to you; tell me, what is it other women have, that I have not?"

Then she looked up at Sebastian with those wonderful blue eyes, which used to be so cold and unmoved, but in those depths he fancied there was a something of softness, which for the moment made them look almost tender—or was it only a combination of moonlight and shadow on a lovely face?

"What is it?" she repeated; "tell me."

And Sebastian looked down at her, and said quietly, "Love."

"Given or received?" she questioned; but she spoke so low that it was more like the sighing of the wind than the utterance of a human voice.

"There you puzzle me," he answered, "and I do not exactly know how to answer you,—for

love begets love, she who gives most, receives most!"

"But how am I to gain it?"

"Give your own freely to those about you; do not try to stand apart from the world—not even above it—but mingle freely with its inhabitants, and you will find one day, when you least expect it, that you have won that for which you are seeking."

"And when one has gained," she queried, "is it rest, is it happiness?"

"When you have felt its power, you will not doubt its happiness," said Sebastian, confidently. "Heather's soft kisses returning to his remembrance as he spoke. "It is the only foretaste of heaven that is granted us here; and it is granted, I believe, to make us long more than ever for that place where there is no death, no parting to separate us from our beloved ones," replied Sebastian, reverently.

"Yes, I see," said Nenuphar, slowly. "So you think that to love some one is all I need. But supposing that I learnt this love, and that then—"

"Well?"

"That then the one I loved did not return it?"

"Even then," said Sebastian, gently, "even at such terrible cost, I should think the lesson well learnt. For we should always try and remember, hard though it seems at times to believe it, that we gain more from what we give than from what we receive."

"Thank you," said Nenuphar, suddenly raising her eyes from the ground, and looking up into his face. "then you think that it is only love that is required to make me more—what shall I say—human?"

And the shadow of a smile passed over her face.

Sebastian did not reply.

"Good night," at length she said.

He took the hand she held out, and without another word turned homewards, his thoughts suddenly reverting from this strange conversation to where they had been before Nenuphar's appearance—namely, to Heather, and her tender eyes and loving words.

AUGUST.

One more month has come and gone; the summer, such a lovely summer as it has been, is nearly over; and now John Clermont, following a study which has always been particularly interesting to him, can note the change that has come over those about him in the last three months.

Perhaps, after all, it was not so much a change as a gradual development—a gradual development of character wrought by love, the great motive power for good or evil, in much the same way as the sunshine during these long, hot months has brought to perfection many bright, delicate flowers, but has also caused to droop and wither away their slighter, trailer sisters, that could not bear the piercing heat of its rays.

No one would ever call Heather plain now. Indeed, sometimes Sebastian, looking from her to Nenuphar, finds himself wondering how he could ever have compared the two to the disadvantage of the former. Even Mr. Clermont himself, pondering over this and that, and striving as he had striven for so many years to forget that his fellow beings were anything else but a curious study for those who, by reason of some inward bitterness of spirit, had determined to slip aside and let the world go by,—not joining in its revels, nor yet sorrowing with its griefs, but becoming, as he had fancied he had become, a looker-on—one who would amuse himself by laughing at the slips and falls of those who passed him by, and never heed the cries of distress from those who needed help,—even he, watching Heather's eyes as they rested on Sebastian's face, would half wonder whether he had gone quite the right way to work to forget the grief that had so bowed him down; whether, if he had mingled more with those around him, and had not tried so long to stand above them, he would not perhaps have hushed his grief to a gentle sleep.

And when thus perplexed, a glance at Nenuphar would cause his conscience to prick him fresh. The study that had interested him so long was almost completed now. He knew it; the human soul he had so often laughed at her for lacking, was coming to her at last—coming slowly and surely, and bringing with it grief immeasurable, such as only those quiet self-contained natures can feel.

Sometimes as he looked at her, and saw her watching Sebastian and Heather as they walked together in the garden, he would see come into her wide blue eyes an expression of such intense bitter pain, that, startled and horrified, he would turn away. At such moments he would seem to hear his dead wife's voice; his dead wife's figure would rise before him, pleading by her motherhood for the motherless girl—reproaching him for the years of selfishness that were now bearing such bitter fruit. Then Mr. Clermont would answer the accusing voice by saying that, after all, he could not attach any blame to himself. He had acted most generously by her, and so the world must acknowledge.

He had saved her from certain death as a child—he had brought her up in his own home—he had denied her nothing; and now, was he to blame himself because the girl, when she was grown up, had chosen to fall in love with a man who had no thought for her?

It was nonsense—so he argued; but, all the same, the voice would make itself heard at times. He had left her alone; he had not, indeed,

blessed her for evil; but, unfortunately, the mind has to be strongly biased for good, not left to find its own way out of the evil that surrounds it.

So poor Nenuphar—for surely she needs pity now, if she never needed it before—had grown up quietly and calmly, with never a quicker pulse-beat than was strictly healthy; never a flush of pleasure at any one's appearance; never a feeling of pain at any one's departure; just living, that was all, calmly and evenly from day to day, hearing from John Clermont, or rather seeing from his manner to her, that there was something about her different to all other women; until at last, so firmly did she become imbued with the idea that she was different to those around her; that she began in a manner to feel that she ought to act up to the character assigned to her. All this till that June evening when she first saw Sebastian Long's face, and Sebastian's shadow fell across her. Then, into her tranquil mind was borne a feeling that there was something greater to be got out of life than the mere pleasure of living from day to day, and also the knowledge that there was something essential to a perfect woman wanting in her; and whatever it was, she felt that it was making her, despite her beauty, less pleasant in Sebastian's eyes than Heather.

So she asked him that question in the moonlit garden, and from his own lips she had the answer; and then she saw him go away into the light of Heather's smiles, leaving her—having learnt her lesson, although as yet she was scarcely aware of the fact—to struggle with the knowledge, and to conquer the grief that it brought with it, as best she might, all alone.

Even now she did not give the sorrow that possessed her a name; or rather, she did not know that, like the tendrils of the vine when first they begin to grow, love must have something near at hand round which to twine; and failing a right support, it will seek about, and cling to whatever is nearest—and always supposing that there is absolutely nothing near, that it will fail and die for want of support.

The fine weather is going, Nenuphar. Do you see those black clouds on the horizon? They mean rain, I am sure," said Heather, laying a caressing hand on her friend's shoulder—"but we ought not to grumble, we have had a lovely summer."

"It makes it all the sadder to think that it is coming to an end. I cannot bear the idea. The winter always seems so terribly long."

"I enjoy it," said Heather. "Of course I like these long cloudless days we have had lately; but, all the same, I think it would be very dull and monotonous if there were no such things as storms—if it were always sunshine."

"That is just what Sebastian told me," said Nenuphar, dreamily.

"Did he?" and Heather blushed a soft, rosy red. "I entirely agree with him. And in the same way that life would be dull, I fear, if it were not for its storms, which come at intervals. I am afraid we are not capable of enjoying uninterrupted sunshine at present."

"Ah, but you are so strong!" sighed Nenuphar. "I cannot bear storms." And she raised her eyes, in which that shadow of pain had now become habitual, to Heather's face.

"Cannot you?" said Heather, simply. "I should have thought you were so calm, and so far above all the rest of us, that storms would scarcely have had the power to disturb you. Now I—I am different. I feel things dreadfully."

Nenuphar half smiled at the energy in her friend's voice.

"Do you! I think I envy you then; for perhaps it is that which makes you so lovable."

"Lovable? Scarcely that; for until Sebastian came, I do not think any one ever cared for me, but his love seems to have changed me altogether. I seem now to carry my summer about with me; perhaps that is what makes me so careless about the red summer's departure."

Into Nenuphar's eyes again came a look almost of envy.

"And you are really quite, quite happy?"

"Yes, indeed I am," Heather replied, and then turned away at the sound of Sebastian's voice calling her name.

"What is it," cried Nenuphar, clasping her hands, and looking towards the place where the sun was setting, amidst red angry clouds—"oh, what is it I need? He says that it is love—love given, he thinks; but whatever it is, I will discover it before I die."

She had spoken impetuously; but the momentary energy died away immediately, and the quiet apathetic look habitual to her stole over her features, and she was outwardly calm at least as she also made her way back into the house.

Night,—not a soft, balmy, moonlit June night like that first one on which Sebastian came, and cast his shadow across Nenuphar's white dress—but dark and stormy, with black clouds scudding across the sky before a westerly wind, which caused every now and then little rifts and chasms in their blackness, through which a watery moon appeared.

A night, when any one who had a roof under whose safe shelter he could rest, would seek it and leave the outside world to those to whom a home had been denied.

But there is some one apparently who thinks differently; some one who prefers being out of doors, notwithstanding the darkness of the night to the comfort of a sheltered room, where two lovers are playing a game of chess; a careless game, in which no move has taken place on either side for the last half hour—and where an

old man sits alternately reading and dozing in the lamp light.

"Heather, where is Nenuphar?" Mr. Clermont rouses himself at length to ask.

"I do not know, father. I think she must have gone to bed."

But no. Out in the garden, without even a shawl over her white dress, is Nenuphar, pacing up and down, heedless of cold and rheumatism, in the narrow path that leads to the gate, through which the road runs to Sebastian's house.

In the centre of the path is a fountain; and as its waters rise up into the air, the westerly breeze, which though strong is not cold, plays with them, and tosses them about, causing them to spread themselves out, and fall in a silver shower around.

Presently down the path from Wykeham Manor comes the tall dark figure of a man—a man who, as he nears the gate that separates Heather's home from his own, starts, and looks in some bewilderment at the white form before him.

"Nenuphar?" he cries, incredulously. "What are you doing out here, you foolish girl?"

"I am thinking," she replies, lifting her eyes quietly to his.

"You should think indoors on such a night as this. And what, if I may ask, were your thoughts about, that they required such a solitary spot to bring them to perfection in?"

He had turned back as he spoke, as she did not seem inclined to stand still, and walked down the path by her side, until they stood close to the fountain—almost, indeed, within reach of its waters.

"Take care—you will get wet," he said, "if you go on;" and he himself stood still, but she continued her walk two or three steps further, and then looked back to see if he were following.

Seeing he was not, she also stood still; and for a minute they both remained motionless, one on either side of the fountain, with the spray falling softly between them—for there was a lull in the tempest.

And as they thus stood, all Sebastian's old feeling of fear and dislike of the girl returned upon him, and almost with a shudder he turned intending to leave her, without breaking the silence by so much as one word, but some spell seemed laid upon him which prevented his moving. Then it was she spoke, and her voice came softly and gently over to where he stood.

"You know," she said, laying her hand on the marble basin of the fountain, and leaning slightly forward, "that I am unlike every one else; that I have no heart, or if I have one it is different to those of other women: you yourself have told me so, so also has Mr. Clermont." She had of late rather avoided giving him the title of father. "Other men have told me so, and I have believed them, and yet been satisfied with myself; but now, Sebastian," taking a step towards him, and looking up steadily into his face—"now I have determined, whatever happens, to cross the boundary that separates me from those around; and I have a fancy, a belief—call it what you will—that if you were to kiss me once, I should wake up to a new life, should break the spell, or whatever it is that has overshadowed me from childhood, and become like other women."

Her voice never faltered once as she made her strange request; and it did not sound in Sebastian's ears, at least, that of some sweet siren luring him away from his true love, but rather, so it seemed to him, that of a fair statue, which had been endowed with life and motion and all the outward semblance of womanhood, but who had at length discovered that the human soul with all its capabilities of joy and sorrow had been denied her, and for that human soul was pleading.

For a minute after she had spoken all was dark overhead; then through a rent in the clouds the moon appeared, and shed a soft light on the girl's white figure, and on Sebastian's dark, earnest face, as he gazed at his companion, half in surprise and half in pity. Between them the waters of the fountain ceaselessly rose and fell, causing Nenuphar, as seen through the silvery veil of spray, to appear more lovely than she had ever done before.

She moved a step forward, heedless of the shower around, which penetrated her thin dress, and even rested in bright, glittering drops on her golden hair, and waited.

Waited in silence. Not one word to break the intense stillness; not one word of self-justification, of pleading for pardon; and Sebastian, looking down at the quiet eyes and lightly-clasped hands, hesitated no longer, but stooped and kissed her once—still in utter silence—then turned to go.

But before he had time to leave her side, there rang through the air one sharp, bitter cry—the cry of a breaking heart; and before the word "Heather" could pass his lips, he saw her standing beside them.

Such a world of grief and horror in her eyes as she stood thus, and looked from the one to the other.

And thus they all three remained for a moment. Nenuphar, her head bowed on her hands that rested on the edge of the fountain; and Sebastian and Heather gazing upon each other, wondering who would speak first, and what the first words would be.

But after all, it was Nenuphar who broke the silence. Lifting her head and looking at Heather, and speaking as though she were repeating some lesson learnt by heart: "It was

all my fault, Heather," she said; "you must not blame him in the least—not even in your thoughts, Heather," she cried, going over to the girl's side, and touching her hand. "You must believe me, however hard it may be; I have never told you a lie in all my life—have I? Well, on the strength of that, believe me now, and do as I bid you. Ask Sebastian to tell you everything, and when he has done so, believe him implicitly, and try to forgive me, will you? Promise me that you will."

"Yes," said Heather, speaking slowly, and as if she were not quite awake; "I will try. But, oh! what are you, who are you, that you could do such a thing?"

"What am I? I am only Nenuphar, you know," said the other sadly; then, before Heather could speak again, she turned towards Sebastian. "You must not try to shield me," she said, half pleadingly; tell her everything." Sebastian did not answer. What was this girl, with her strange wild fancies, to him, compared with Heather's shattered love and trust? So he looked away from her white face—away from her eyes, into which had passed at length a woman's loving, grieving soul—to the slight figure beyond.

"Heather," he cried, stretching out his arms towards her, "you have loved me, have you not? Cannot you trust me a little?" And Heather after one second's hesitation, in which she had a glimpse of what a future might be, from which both love and faith had been swept away, moved closer to him—into the shelter of his outstretched arms.

"I trust you, Sebastian," was all she said. "Yes, I trust you implicitly."

"Then you must prove it, dear, for I will not tell you anything until to-morrow. You really must not stay here any longer," Sebastian said, kissing her. "What made you come out this chilly night?"

"I thought I should like one turn before going to bed;—one turn in this garden that always speaks to me of you," she replied, low and tenderly.

"Well, good-night again, for there is the rain; I knew it must come soon. And to-morrow I will tell you everything; till then, farewell!"

Then as she turned in silence to go back to the house, he drew her towards him again, and whispered, "Once more, Heather, let me tell you that if you had not trusted me,—if you had refused to hear me, and had left me—as I at first feared you might, without giving me a chance of explaining myself,—ah," he broke off abruptly, "I cannot bear to think what my life might have been!"

"But I love you, you see," said Heather, simply.

And neither of them, as they stood thus, looking in each other's eyes, and reading there the happiness that was so surely in store for them, had one thought for the girl who had for a moment come between them, and who had then crept away into the darkness, alone with her sorrow.

Heedless of the rain that was now falling heavily, Sebastian stood and watched Heather's retreating form; then he too turned to make his way to his own home, and as he did so, a heavy clap of thunder sounded overhead,—the summer was indeed over!

The morning dawned dark and unpromising; and what with the war of elements without, and the remembrance of last night's work within, it was with something of a heavy heart that Heather made her appearance.

"Where is Nenuphar?" her father questioned.

But Heather had not been into her friend's room, and had as yet seen nothing of her; very likely she was not up. "You know, father, how she dislikes a dreary day."

Afterwards when Heather went up-stairs to look for her, she found the room deserted.

"Surely she has not gone out in all this rain! What can she be thinking of?"

But on closer examination she saw the bed had not been slept in.

And at that sight a foreboding of evil crept into Heather's heart, that she hastened downstairs to confide to her father.

"Father, you do not think it possible, do you, that Nenuphar has run away?" she said, after relating what she had seen.

"Run away, child! What do you mean?"

"Only, father," said Heather, brushing the tears out of her eyes, "we had a quarrel last night,—Nenuphar and I,—do not ask me what it was about, for indeed I could not tell you; and I have never seen her since. Perhaps she has gone away to try and find a new home!"

"Nonsense, child! where would she go to?" But despite his decided tones John Clermont half doubted his own words: for he seemed to see before him the eyes which had haunted him so of late, because of the shadow of pain that had crept into them, and troubled their calm depths. Far and wide they hunted for any trace of the lost girl, but nothing could be heard of her.

Towards noon down came Sebastian to aid in the search; and he and Mr. Clermont, both somewhat remorseful, though for such different reasons, started off afresh through the steadily pouring rain, leaving anxious, miserable Heather behind them.

It was four o'clock when the two men at length found themselves down by the lake where the water-lilies grew; and then John's cheek grew suddenly white, and even Sebastian's bronzed complexion paled; for amongst the broad green leaves and white blossoms that

covered the surface of the lake, was something else that lay there almost as still and white—Nenuphar!

The boat that was always chained at the entrance into the boat-house had been loosed from its moorings, and had drifted out a little way from land. It may have been that, having loosed it, she had attempted to step into it, and had slipped and fallen in the darkness. Any sadder, more terrible fate, they put away from their thoughts as they lifted her out of the waters that had been her cradle as a child, and had now become her grave.

The lilies looked just as calm and peaceful as they did that summer morning long ago. They did not droop or fade because their sister—their namesake—had found her death amongst them; only the reeds and rushes that grew by the edge seemed to murmur to each other sorrowfully of the sad fate that had befallen the lily who had gone away out of their sight, and had only returned to die.

This was Nenuphar's requiem. This, and Heather's soft words of pity over Sebastian's recital of the events of the night before. Heather, who, sure of the love she had won, was able to afford love to the memory of the girl who had lived such a calm, self-contained, only half-comprehended life amongst them for so long, and had then passed away in such a terrible storm.

"After all," said John Clermont, returning once more to his dreams and fancies of the girl whom, if he had not exactly loved, he had at any rate admired, and in whose life and future he had grown to take an interest—"after all, she was nothing but a flower; a beautiful one, I grant you—still nothing but a flower!"

"Pardon me," said Sebastian gently, remembering, as he spoke, the sorrowful eyes that had looked into his that dark stormy night,— "pardon me—but I think she was a woman before she died!"

HEARTH AND HOME.

PLAIN TALK TO GIRLS.—Your every day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or sloven in the morning, is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz: a mirror, wash-basin, soap, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth brushes. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good and free use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances, not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over, improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress may, or need not, be anything better than calico but with a ribbon, or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction, that invariably comes with being neatly dressed.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.—Love is never indolent; it is always ready for toil and self-sacrifice. Look within your heart, and see if this is not true. If you love anyone truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in the loved one's service. Love would die if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist. What man could see the woman he loved lack anything, and be unable to give it to her and not suffer? Why, love makes one a slave! It toils night and day, refusing all wages and all reward save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose service it finds delight, at whose feet it alone discovers its heaven. There is no danger that language can be too strong or too fervently used to portray the services of love. By cradle and couch, by sick bed and coffin, in hut and palace, the ministers of love are being wrought. The eyes of all behold them: the hearts of all are moved by the spectacle.

FLATTERING UNCTION.—And in what lay the simplicity of olden times? Said simplicity is a myth. In those days, the dresses of those who could afford it were more attractive than anything which the present age can show. The ruffles, frills, silk stockings, swords, silver knee and shoe-buckles, perukes, topknots, high-heeled shoes, and a thousand other expensive devices of attire, make modern costumes simplicity by comparison. In manners and customs it seems like a joke to speak of the simplicity of the olden times, when the most ridiculous ceremonies were practised in the first circles of society, and imitated by all the rest. Writers and orators tell us we are pursuing the high road of extravagance, but the fact is our forefathers, with all their virtues, travelled it quite as often and recklessly as do their posterity. The idea that our race is tending to decline is the merest nonsense. We are progressing as fast as humanity can progress.

AN IMPORTANT FACT.—Exercise for the body, occupation for the mind—these are the grand constituents of health and happiness; the cardinal points upon which everything turns. Motion seems to be a great preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject: for the winds, waves, the earth itself are restless, and the waving of trees, shrubs, and flowers is known to be an essential part of their economy. A fixed rule of taking several hours' exercise every day, if possible in the open air, if not, under cover, will be almost certain to secure one exemption from disease, as well as from the attacks from low spirits, or ennui, that

monster who is ever waylaying the rich and indolent. "Throw but a stone, the giant dies."

THE BEST LOVE.—Home love is the best love. The love that you are born to is the sweetest you will ever have on earth. You, who are so anxious to escape the home nest, pause a moment and remember that this is so. It is right that the hour should come when you, in your turn, should become a wife and a mother and give the best love to others; but that will be just it. Nobody—not a lover not a husband—will ever be so tender or so true as a mother or a father. Never again, after strangers have broken the beautiful bond, will there be anything so sweet as the little circle of mother, father and children, where you were cherished, praised, and kept from harm. You may not know it, but you will know it some day. Whomsoever you marry, true and good though he may be, after the love days are over, and the honeymoon has waned, will give you only what you deserved of love or sympathy—usually much less, never more. You must watch and be wary lest you lose that love which is through the eyes because they thought you beautiful. But those who bore you, who loved you when you were the dreadful little object, a small baby, and thought you exquisitely brilliant—they do not care for faces that are fairer and forms that are more graceful than yours. You are their very own, and so, better to them always than others. To leave home should be a sad, not a glad thing. It should not be so easy to turn away from the "old folks" and forget them as it seems to be to many. I have said it once, but I say it again: There is no love like the love you are born to, no home like the first home you knew, if you have good parents, and that home is what it should be. When you leave it you leave your best behind you.

FIELD STATE

of divisional parade in honour of Her Majesty's Birthday, under command of Lieut.-General Sir Edward Selby Smyth, K.C.M.G., held at Montreal, 24th May, 1878:—

CORPS.	General Officers.	Officers.	N. C. Officers and men.	Total all ranks.	Horses.	Guns.
Divisional Staff	1	13	2	16	14	
CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY BRIGADE.						
Staff	2			2	2	
Cavalry	3	30		33		
"B" Battery, C. A.	19	133	33	185		4
Ottawa Field Battery	3	73	143	229		
Montreal Field Battery	6	64	76	146		2
Montreal Garrison Artillery	14	250		264		
Engineers	5	63		68		
INFANTRY BRIGADE.						
Staff	2			2	2	
G. G. Foot Guards	22	287	269	578		1
Fifth Royal Fusiliers	32	358	270	660		3
Sixth Fusiliers	16	278	274	568		3
St. Jean Baptiste Infantry Company	3	39		42		
1ST RIFLE BRIGADE.						
Staff	4			4	4	
1st or P. of W. Rifles	20	261	281	542		4
65th Mount Royal Rifles	21	221	221	443		4
3rd Victoria Rifles	19	203	202	424		4
2ND RIFLE BRIGADE.						
Staff	2			2	2	
8th Royal Rifles	23	222	245	489		4
2nd Queen's Own	25	479	434	913		5
United States Company						
Barlow Greys	3	33		36		

REMARKS.—Canadian militia, all ranks—1 Lieut.-General, 245 officers, 2,822 non-commissioned officers and men, 10 guns, 183 horses. Grand total, all ranks, 8,088.

THOS. BACON, Lieut.-Colonel, Brigade Major.

COPY OF TESTIMONIAL JUST RECEIVED.

93 ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL, 5th April, 1878.

To the Proprietors of "Phosfozone," MONTREAL.

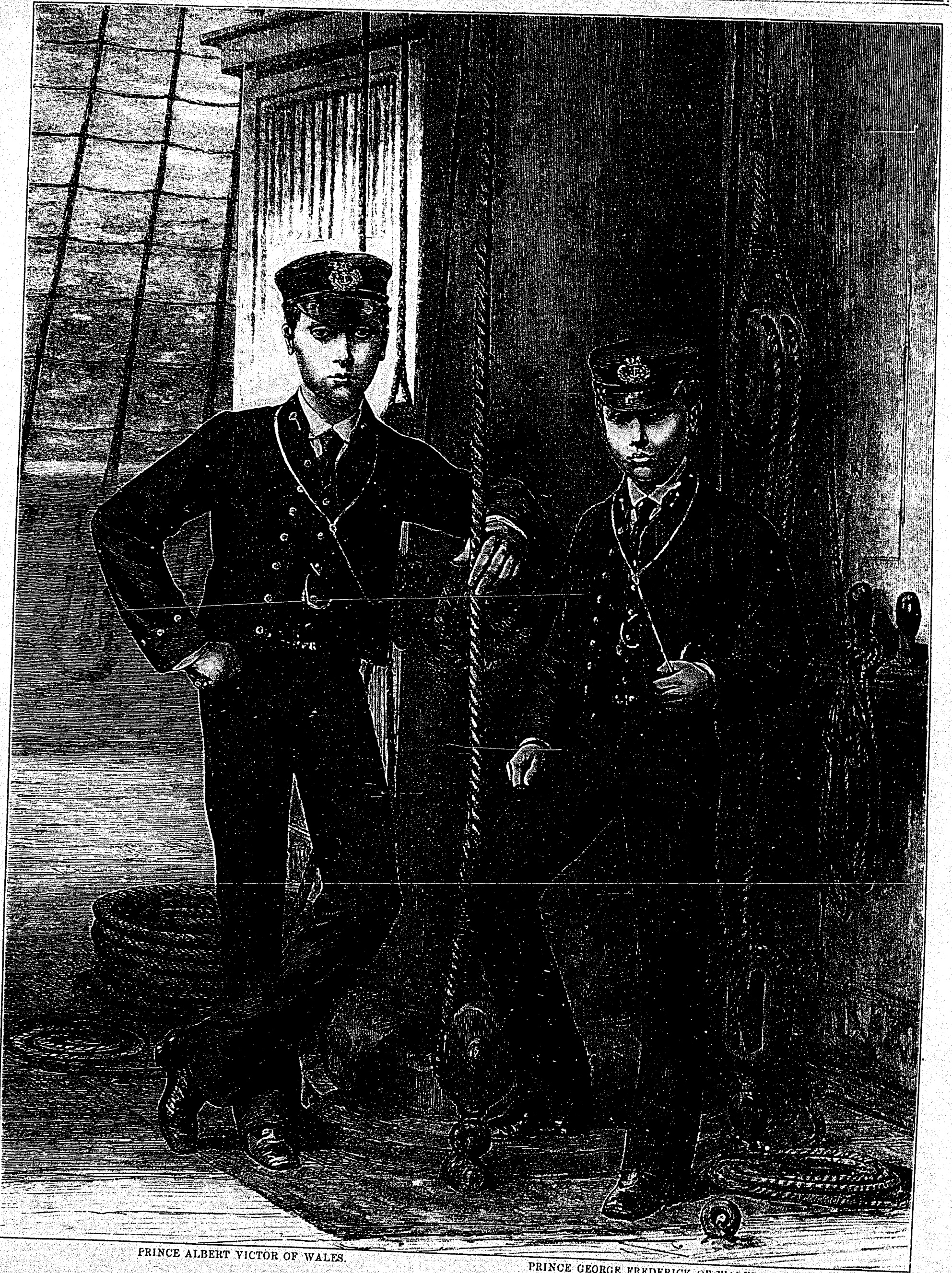
Gentlemen, I have been using your PHOSFOZONE for the last two months, and I have thus derived very great benefit from it in the cure of a DISORDERED LIVER and of INDIGESTION, and I can therefore most cordially recommend it to all suffering from either of these ailments.

Respectfully, (Signed,) JOHN FORHAM.

"Phosfozone" can be had from every Chemist and Druggist throughout the Dominion. Price, \$1.00 per bottle.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

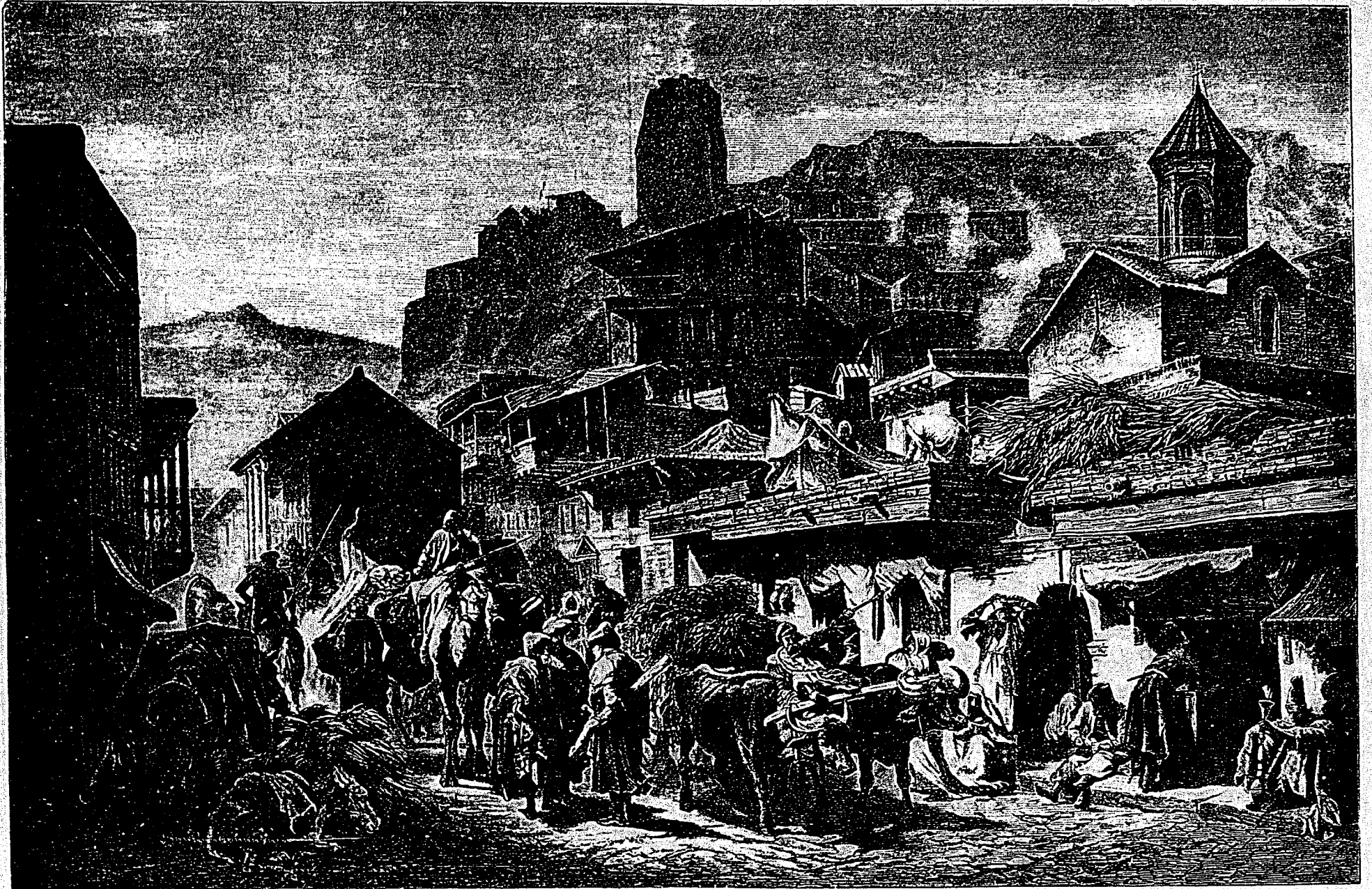
The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES.

PRINCE GEORGE FREDERICK OF WALES.

OUR SAILOR PRINCES.



A STREET IN TIFLIS.



THE CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

III.

QUEBEC IN 1751.

The following description of Quebec was furnished the Governor of New York in 1751 by one Stoddart:

Quebec, the metropolis, stands upon near as much ground as the city of New York, but it does not contain above half the number of houses.

It is situated on the west side of the river St. Lawrence, where a small river to the westward, which is called by the French *La Petite Rivière*, and empties itself into the river St. Lawrence, forms a point on which the town is built, and is almost in form of a triangle.

It is divided into two parts—one called the Upper, and the other the Lower Town. The last lies on the river side, and has two batteries of eight pieces of cannon each, though of little consequence in case of an attack. In this part of the town the streets are regular, and the houses well built, chiefly of stone. From that part of the Lower Town next the river St. Lawrence, there is but one way to ascend to the Upper, which is cut shelving along the hill, or rather road, and is about 120 feet in height, and overlooks the Lower Town. It is certainly one of the strongest natural fortifications in America, being almost perpendicular, and an entire rock.

On the top of this hill stands the part called the Upper Town, from whence there is a beautiful and extensive prospect of the river and country for several leagues. Here are several good buildings of stone, the Seminary and Convent of Friars of the order of St. Francis; two Nunneries, part of one of which is the King's Hospital for sick and wounded; seven churches, beautifully adorned and very rich, but the Jesuits' College is yet more magnificent.

On the back or south part of the town they are building a strong stone wall of a considerable height and thickness, which extends from the river St. Lawrence to the *Petite Rivière*, they having no occasion to carry it any farther, as nature has fortified the other parts of the town much stronger than art could have done. On this hill, or Upper Town, are four batteries; the grand battery on that part which forms the point between the two rivers, and looks directly down the St. Lawrence, has 43 pieces of cannon—four, six, and nine-pounders, and two mortar pieces of 14 inches diameter each; it has no parapets or breast-work to cover the guns, nor do I think there is any occasion for them, as the hill is of such a prodigious height and the access to it so difficult. At about 100 yards' distance to the westward is another small battery of four pieces of cannon, two of nine and two of eighteen-pounders. About 60 yards further west is another of the same sort, both intended to command the other side of the *Petite Rivière*, if any force should land below the town and take that route to get to the back part. It is plain they cannot command any part of the river where ships or vessels of any great bulk can pass, neither can they do much damage to forces that should land or march that way, the opposite side of *Petite Rivière* being a fine land country, where the troops might pass far enough out of reach of these cannons. The last of the four is to the southward of the Grand Battery about 250 or 300 yards. It has twenty-six pieces of cannon of four and six-pounders, and a cover or breast-work of stone about four feet in height. The design of this battery seems to be to prevent ships passing by the town to land forces above, to come down to the back part, as it only commands across to the river St. Lawrence. These are all the batteries they have in Quebec. I saw several other pieces of cannon in different parts of the town, but understood they were to be sent about three leagues down the river to a place where they told me the channel was so narrow and difficult that but one ship could pass at a time, and that there were travelling carriages always ready to transport them to that place in case of fleets coming up the river.

IV.

AN IRISH FOOTPRINT IN QUEBEC HISTORY.

Died, on the 27th December, 1793, in the Workhouse belonging to the Parish of St. Mary la Bonne, London, England, in his 78th year, Lieutenant John McCulloch, a native of the North of Ireland. When very young, his father emigrated with his whole family to North America, and young McCulloch, as he grew up, was trained to the use of arms, and employed by Governor Tryon, of New York, with the celebrated Major Rogers, in various excursions against the Indians, as a Provincial officer.

The first employment McCulloch had under the British Government was at the commencement of what has frequently been called "Brad-dock's War."

In 1775 he was appointed Commissary Assistant of stores to the garrison of Oswego, but on the 14th of August, 1756, that garrison surrendered to the French, and they were all carried prisoners to Quebec. The faithful services of this unfortunate gentleman are well attested by the late Major Kenner, Captain Carden and Captain Kempenfelt, all of whom signed a certificate for him on a late application, preparatory to his getting into the Invalids, one of which, particularly flattering as to the character of McCulloch for nearly the last 40 years of his life, is here given *verbatim*:

"These are to certify that I knew Mr. John McCulloch in the year 1755 and in 1756, in the

station of Assistant Commissary of Stores at Oswego, where he bore an exceeding good character, and ever since that period have known him as Lieutenant of the army, and always entertained a good opinion of him.

Signed, G. A. KEMPENFELT.

"Dec. 3, 1789."

A few circumstances relative to this gentleman's chequered life, will, it is presumed, prove not uninteresting, and may be the happy beacon to others in avoiding the distresses which he frequently suffered in his last moments, and particularly his miserable exit; and here it may not be improper to premise that, to his sagacity and love of his country, we in some measure owe our success in the reduction of Quebec, a few years subsequent to his imprisonment in that garrison.

Mr. McCulloch, although a hero in the field, and upon duty no man more strict to the discipline of a soldier, preserved in an eminent degree every virtue of human kindness towards others in misfortune, regardless oftentimes of his own personal fortune and happiness, and even his own safety. His tenderness for his fellow prisoners at Quebec, and his general passive and affable manners, wrought so forcibly on the Commander of the garrison, that he was permitted to range about wherever he pleased, as well through the garrison as in its vicinity. This privilege gave McCulloch an opportunity of surveying the rocks and fortifications above the town, which he reported to General Shirley with a view to reduce Quebec to the British arms. The French, however, began to think he had seen too much, and November, 13th, 1756, he was charged with being a spy, was closely confined, and underwent an examination before the Governor, which examination lasted two days, but, on his pleading ignorance, and not knowing the French language, he was released from prison, and from Brest to Durant, and thence, September 19th, 1757, to England by a cartel. After this he was recommended by General Shirley to General Wolfe as a proper person to assist in the reduction of Quebec. The General took his memoranda in writing the morning before he left London, and Mr. McCulloch was to have been in the expedition, but, by a mistake about the time of sailing, he was unfortunately left behind. This much is certain, General Wolfe made the attempt first, according to a different plan, at Montmorency, where he was repulsed, and the second attempt, agreeably to the plan of Mr. McCulloch, which proved successful.

On 8th February, 1760, Mr. McCulloch was appointed a Lieutenant of Marines, and served on board the "Richmond," Captain Elphinstone, and was solely the cause of taking the "Felicité," French man-of-war. In a council held between the officers of the "Richmond," Mr. McCulloch alone insisted that the ship they saw was French; he knew her by a particular mark on her head, whilst the Captain and every other officer suspected her to be the English "Arethusa." The judgment and persuasion of Mr. McCulloch, however, prevailed; the ship was attacked and taken, and every degree of credit was given Mr. McCulloch for his superior sagacity and courage on this occasion. See Mr. Renworth's report of this action to Sir Joseph Yorke, then at the Hague.

(It is to be regretted that this memoir of McCulloch was never completed.)

Ottawa, 26th May, 1878.

J. M. O'L.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A MISS-take—getting married. Not if you marry a widow.

"TIME and tide wait for no man," which is proof positive that time and tide are not females.

A BACHELOR merchant's advice in selecting a wife: "Get hold of a piece of calico that will wash."

THE woman who maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a tart reply.

A MAN is obliged to die before his will amounts to anything, but that of a woman is always in force.

"Can love die?" inquires Mary E. Nealy in a recently published poem. It cannot, though it gets dreadfully adjourned occasionally.

THE fact came out in a trial in San Francisco the other day, that a woman had carried \$20,400 in greenbacks in her bustle for nearly six months.

A DEVOTED husband says that the phonograph is simply a machine that "talks back," and he has had one of that kind in his house ever since he was married.

A SUNDAY-school boy in Maysville, Ky., was asked by the superintendent if his father was a Christian. "Yes, sir," he replied, "but he is not working at it much."

No young lady should wear a blue bow under her chin, because a rich Cuban pirate is coming over here to select a wife, and he will not look at any young lady wearing blue.

IT is now that the sentimental young lady wanders through the garden and throws her delicate eyes on the budding roses, and wonders if last year's straw hat will stand remodelling for this summer.

AN English writer says. "White hair is so becoming to the face that many women are never pretty till they are old—the long reign of hair-powder which lasted through a century is an immortal tribute to the beauty of old age."

A KANSAS school ma'am has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word, the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. As a result the girls are becoming very poor spellers, while the boys are improving.

A FRISKY Briton bit his wife's nose off, and the patient woman testified in court that she bit it off herself.

They met, that is, she went to the store, and made him turn his department o'er, Till he vanished behind the goods, and then She pleasantly said she would call again.

ONCE upon an evening dismal, I gave her a kiss paroxysmal and called her name baptismal; precious name I loved of yore. Ah, she was a darling creature, pert of speech and fair in feature; but egad, you couldn't teach her, for she had been there before, and only murmured, "Talk no more."

A COUPLE of young men were out fishing the other day, and on returning were going past a farm-house and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters: "Girls, have you any buttermilk?" The reply was gently wafted back to their ears: "Yes; but we keep it for our own calves." The boys calculated that they had business away—and they went.

"How did you come to know her?" asked a mother of her little girl, as she saw her bidding good-by to a poorly-dressed child at the church door. "Why, you see, mamma, she came into our Sunday-school alone, and I made a place for her on my seat, and I smiled and she smiled, and then we were acquainted."

THE other evening, when four or five young rosebuds which gallop o'er the hearthstone of a Cass avenue family, became too uproarious, the mother called out: "If I have to speak to you again, I shall punish some of you." The youngest of the lot slid off the lounge, reflected for a moment, and then soberly remarked: "Well, then, I advise you to hold in your speak."

A BRIGHT little fellow of four years, whose correctness the father questioned, asking: "If Mary should tell you anything that was not exactly so, what would you say?" He answered, "I'd say she told a lie." "If brother should say anything that was not so, would you think it right?" "No; I'd think he told a lie." "Well, supposing you should say something that was not exactly so; what then?" "I'd say I's mistaken."

JARVIS, aged five years, is given to original expressions. He has frequently heard his mother say "Little pitchers," but has never heard the sentence completed. The other day he was naughty; his mother reproved him. She told him that God did not love naughty children; that God saw everything he did and heard everything he said. The child was silent for a moment, then came to his mother and said: "Mamma, does God know everything I do?" "Yes, Jarvie." "And, mamma, does God hear everything I say?" "Yes, Jarvie, every word." And there was silence. Jarvis thought a moment, and arrived at this conclusion: "Well, mamma, do you know what I think? I think God is a little pitcher."

VICTOR HUGO'S NEW POEM.

Le Pape is a didactic, controversial poem, and comprises nearly three thousand verses. It is divided into scenes. In the opening of the first the Pope is represented in bed in his room in the Vatican, and falling asleep. "Ah! je m'endors! Enfin!" The whole of the second scene is occupied with his waking next morning with the ejaculation: "Quel réve affreux je viens de faire!" The rest of the poem records his experience in a dream, where he has become an ideal Pope. Shelley employed the same machinery with a more humorous purpose in the "Witch of Atlas," where the priests of Egypt, walking in their sleep,

would write an explanation full, Translating hieroglyphics into Greek, How the God Apis really was a bull, And nothing more. They bid the heralds stick The same against the temple doors, and pull The old cart down; and licensed all to speak Whatever they thought of hawks and cats and geese, By pastoral letters to each diocese.

The perfect Pope of the dream imitates in extreme poverty and ostentatious humility the typical saint of the middle ages. His traditional purple is exchanged for a robe of the coarsest stuff; he wanders over the earth a pilgrim, preaching the truth, and performs miracles of conversion. He addresses the kings of the earth as men. "Priest," they answer, "we are kings." "Why?" "Kings forever." "And God?" "Afterward they ask him if he is not a king himself. "Moi! régner! Non!" "Alors qu'est-ce que tu fais?" Le Pape: "J'aime." Then, addressing the people from the door of the Vatican, the Pope denounces the sceptre, the throne, and the purple, and declares himself a mere monk, "comme Basile, comme Honorat, comme Antoine."

Je rends aux Romains Rome, Et je rentre chez Dieu, c'est-à-dire chez l'Homme, Laisse-moi passer, peuple. Adieu, Rome.

The Pope attends a Synod of prelates of the Eastern Church, and preaches against ecclesiastical pomp and power, and especially against the gold in the mitres of the bishops and the gems with which their vestments are decorated. He warns them against imitating kings who steal from one another—

Les Alsaces, les Metz, les Strasbourg, les Hanovres. An address to the poor and suffering is eloquent

and pathetic. Misery, want, and disease are invited to come to a friend and supporter:

Quiconque est hors l'espoir, quiconque est hors la loi, La Douleur m'appartient. J'appelle autour de moi L'esprit trouble, le cœur saignant, l'âme qui sombre; Et je veux, entouré des détreuses sans nombre, Qui naissent sur la terre, à toute heure, en tout lieu, Arriver avec tous les pauvres devant Dieu! Venez, vous qu'on maudit! Venez, vous qu'on méprise! Un passant. Qu'est-ce que tu fais là, vieillard? Le Pape. Je tésaurise.

As might be expected, the dreaming Pope rejects infallibility. God, he ironically exclaims,

A, certes, besoin d'un guide en sa nuit noire, Et grâce au compagnon qui l'aide, on aime à croire, Malgré Pascal doutant et Voltaire niant, Que Dieu peut-être aura moins d'inconvénient, Donc son chiea est le pape, et je comprends qu'en somme L'aveugle étant le dieu, le clairvoyant soit l'homme.

An archbishop, addressing the builders of a church, exhorts them to adorn it with treasures of art, including pictures of Adam and Eve, of Moses on Sinai, and of other scriptural subjects. The Pope adds, "Et mettez-y des lits pour les pauvres l'hiver."

The earth groans under the oppression of "prêtres, juges, bourgeois, scribes, princes, ministres." The thrones and palaces of kings are sources of war; the priest crawls like a reptile before the tyrant:

Caïphe, âme où l'enfer profond se réverbère, Interprète Moïse au profit de Tibère.

In despair at the misery of human life and destiny, the Pope sees a gleam of hope:

Soudain il me sembla, comme dans leur souffrance, Pensif je re-artais les peuples douloureux, Voir l'ombre d'une main bénissante sur eux; Il me sembla sentir quel'un de secourable Et je vis un rayon sur l'homme misérable, Et je levai mes yeux au ciel, et j'aperçus Là-haut le grand passant, mystérieux, Jésus.

One of the journeys of the Pope brings him to the scene of an execution for murder. He arraigns the processes of justice. Human tribunals are taunted with destroying what they have not constructed. There is the bloodshed of crime, and the bloodshed of law; the execution balances the assassin: The culprit becomes a victim. The man is a monster, and you mimic him. Is one crime an excuse for another crime? Men are a mystery to themselves, and it is not lawful to tear off the mask. Perhaps the criminal committed the murder to feed his wife and children; but the judge is not starving. We are all tares, and we cannot see the sickle which is in the hands of to-morrow. The earth is a dark point surrounded by boundless mists and by terrible space, and infinity shudders when an atom is touched. The manipulation of thoughts and phrases is wonderfully skilful, and the effect is sublime. The image of a little child supplies M. Victor Hugo always with genuine inspiration. "All the works of all the best of men are not worth the ignorant and transcendent smile of the child when he looks and is astonished and loves us."

Rayonnez, innocents, et donnez-nous l'exemple, Croyez, priez, aimez, chantez; soyez sans fiel. Qu'est-ce que l'âme humaine, ô profond Dieu du ciel, A fait de la candeur dont elle était vêtue?

The pilgrimage ends at Jerusalem, where the Pope sums up his teaching by exhorting the world to cultivate "liberty before the blue sky, equality in the presence of death, fraternity before the Father."

Riches, c'est en donnant qu'on s'enrichit; semez— Pauvres, la pauvreté n'est point la haine; aimez.

Concluding with blessings given and received, the Pope wakes in the Vatican with the sense of a frightful dream.

THE POPE.—Pope Leo XIII. is said, by a correspondent of *The Pilot*, to be thin even to meagreness, and tall. His fingers are almost fleshless, and his whole figure and the outlines of his face ascetic to a degree. His hands are tremulous with nervousness. His voice is clear and ringing; his sentences are long, but admirably arranged. He has a noble head, snowy-white hair; a high, wide forehead, not smooth and shining, but rough with bumps that would delight the heart of a phrenologist; eyebrows bushy and overhanging, deep-set, kindly and intelligent eyes; a large, very large nose, thin and fine; a wide mouth, which lends itself most readily to a very attractive smile, deep, straight lines bounding it, and a good clear, pointed chin, with well-defined, firm jaw. He is remarkable for his kindly and courteous manners, his gracious speech, and the affectionate interest he takes in those with whom he comes in contact.

Conceit causes more conversation than wit. If you want a first-class fitting Shirt, send for samples and cards for self-measurement to **Treble's**, 8 King Street East, Hamilton. Six open back Shirts for \$9.00; open front, collar attached, six for \$10.00.

CANCERS ARE CURED AT THE LONDON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE by a new scientific, painless, and speedy process. The knife is never used, and a cure is warranted in every case when undertaken. Ulcers, tumors, fever sores, and all diseases successfully treated. One or two of the physicians of the Institute will be at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on Wednesday, the 15th day of May, and will remain a few weeks for the purpose of effecting cures of cancers and other diseases during their stay. Ladies will receive attention by the Principal of the Institute. Call early.

A PSALM OF MONTREAL.

[The city of Montreal is one of the most rising and, in many respects, most agreeable on the American continent, but its inhabitants are as yet too busy with commerce to care greatly about the masterpieces of old Greek Art. A cast, however, of one of these masterpieces—the finest of the several statues of Discoboli, or Quoit-throwers—was found by the present writer in the Montreal Museum of Natural History; it was, however, banished from public view, to a room where all manner of skins, plants, snakes, insects, &c., and in the middle of these, an old man stuffing an owl. The dialogue—perhaps true, perhaps imaginary, perhaps a little of one and a little of the other—between the writer and this old man gave rise to the lines that follow.]

Stowed away in a Montreal lumber-room. The Discobolus standeth, and turneth his face to the wall; Dusty, cobweb covered, dimmed and set at naught. Beauty creeth in an attic, and no man regardeth. Oh God! oh Montreal!

Beauty by night and day, beautiful in summer and winter. Whole or named, always and alike beautiful.—He preacheth gospel of grace to the skins of owls. And to one who seasoneth the skins of Canadian owls. Oh God! oh Montreal!

When I saw him, I was wroth, and I said, "O Discobolus! Beautiful Discobolus, a Prince both among gods and men. What doest thou here, how earnest thou here, Discobolus. Preaching gospel in vain to the skins of owls?" Oh God! oh Montreal!

And I turned to the man of skins, and said unto him, "Oh! thou man of skins, Wherefore hast thou done this, to shame the beauty of the Discobolus? But the Lord had hardened the heart of the man of skins, And he answered, "My brother-in-law in haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon." Oh God! oh Montreal!

"The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar.—He hath neither vest nor pants with which to cover his limbs: I, sir, am a person of most respectable connections.—My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon." Oh God! oh Montreal!

Then I said, "O brother-in-law to Mr. Spurgeon's haberdasher! Who seasoneth also the skins of Canadian owls. Thou callest 'trousers' 'pants,' whereas I call them 'trousers.' Therefore thou art in hell-fire, and may the Lord pity thee!" Oh God! oh Montreal!

Preferrest thou the gospel of Montreal to the gospel of Hellas. The gospel of thy connection with Mr. Spurgeon's haberdashery to the gospel of the Discobolus? Yet none the less blasphemed he beauty, saying, "The Discobolus hath no gospel.—But my brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon." Oh God! oh Montreal!

—London Spectator.

[The foregoing poem was originally published in the Irish World, four or five years ago, and its reproduction now by the London Spectator, with a few words *parce detorta*, is an instance of the ease with which even such a paper as the metropolitan journal can be taken in. Ed. C. I. NEWS.]

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Thanks for letter and score of Tourney game. Solution of Problem No. 170 received. Correct.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 177 received.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Solution of Problem No. 175 received. Correct.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 174 received. Correct.

J. B., Montreal.—Solution not correct. Try again.

H. S., Montreal.—The rules may be found in Staunton's Chessplayers' Handbook.

We notice that the enterprising members of the Quebec Chess Club opened their new rooms a few evenings ago, and celebrated the occasion by a social entertainment. The rooms were tastefully decorated with English, French, and Canadian flags, and there was a large attendance of the members.

Several impromptu games were played, and at the close of a very pleasant meeting, the players separated well satisfied with the success of the evening. It appears that the rooms are well fitted up, with every requisite to add to the convenience of the members, and are calculated not only to promote the comfort of those now belonging to the Club, but also to draw the attention of others who have not as yet been fascinated by the noble game.

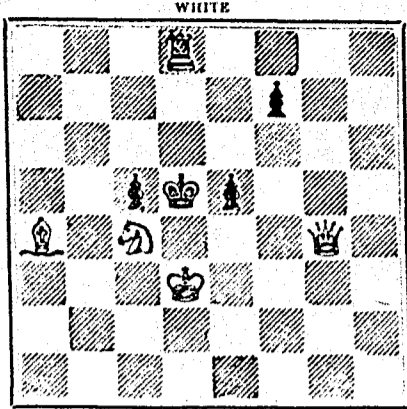
We are informed by the American press that Captain Mackenzie has sailed for Europe, in order to take part in the Paris Tourney. Mason and Mackenzie, it appears, will represent the United States in the contest. With reference to the latter, it is stated that his appearance at Paris in connection with the Tourney will arouse much interest, as he is looked upon as the Champion of America. The following Chess magnates are also expected to be present: Anderssen, Bird, Blackburne, Earnshaw, Hoffert, Paulsen, Rosenthal, Schwartz, Winawer, and Zukertort, and considering the Chess repute which each of these gentlemen has earned for himself over the board, we may expect the record of the great Paris Tournament to afford a full share of excitement and gratification to the amateur of today, and to remain for the study of those to whom it may come as a part of the history of the game during the present century.

Mr. Pater lately played a match of simultaneous Chess at the City of London Club, against twenty-two opponents. Of these he defeated seventeen, lost with one, and drew the game with the others.

Subjoined will be found the score of one of the games recently finished in the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney. It is inserted without notes, as we think that it is better, whilst the match is pending, that there should

be as little as possible said of the comparative merits of those who are still engaged in games which form part of a contest of some months' duration.

PROBLEM No. 178. (From the American Chess Journal.)



White to play and mate in two moves.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

GAME 265TH.

Played between Mr. J. E. Narraway and Mr. J. Clawson, both of St. John, N. B.

(Ray Lopez Opening.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Narraway.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to Kt 5 4. B to R 4 5. Castles 6. Kt to Q B 3 7. P to Q 4 8. B to Kt 3 9. P to Q 5 10. Q to Q 3 11. P takes Kt 12. K to R sq 13. P to K B 4 14. B takes P 15. Q R to K sq 16. B to K Kt 3 17. Q to K 3 18. P to K 5 19. P takes B 20. Q takes P 21. P takes Q 22. B P takes Kt 23. K to Kt sq 24. P to Q B 4 25. R to Q B sq 26. K R to Q sq 27. P to Q B 5 28. B takes P 29. R to Q 4 30. R takes R P 31. P takes R 32. P to 33. P to R 6 34. R to R 5 35. P to R 7 36. B to Kt 6 37. K to B sq 38. K to K 2 39. K to Q 3 40. K to Q 4 41. R to R 3 42. K to B 5 43. K to Kt 6 44. R to Q B 3 45. K takes P 46. K to Q 4 47. K to K 5 48. K to B 6 49. R to B 5 50. K takes P 51. K takes R P 52. R to B 2 53. K to Kt 3 54. B to B 3 55. R to K 3 (ch) 56. R takes P 57. K takes B
- BLACK.—(Mr. Clawson) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. P to Q R 3 4. Kt to R B 3 5. B to K 2 6. P to Q 3 7. P to Q Kt 4 8. B to Kt 5 9. Kt to Q 5 10. Kt takes Kt 11. B to R 4 12. Kt to Q 2 13. P takes P 14. B to B 3 15. Castles 16. Kt to B 4 17. P to Kt 5 18. P takes Kt 19. Q takes P 20. Q takes B 21. Kt takes Q 22. B to B 6 (ch) 23. B takes P 24. B to K 3 25. K R to Q B sq 26. P to Q R 4 27. P takes P 28. P to Q 4 29. P to R 5 30. R takes R 31. B takes P 32. B to Q 4 33. R to R sq 34. P to K R 3 35. K to R 2 36. P to Kt 4 37. P to K B 4 38. K to Kt 3 39. K to R 4 40. K to R 5 41. P to B 5 42. B to Kt 7 43. K to Kt 5 44. P to B 4 45. P to R 4 46. P to R 5 47. B to B 6 48. B to Kt 7 49. K to R 6 50. K takes P 51. K to Kt 8 52. P to B 6 53. K to B 5 54. R to K 7 55. K to Q 7 56. B takes R

And White resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 176.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K sq 2. Kt to K 4 3. Q, B, Kt or P mates
- BLACK. 1. R to K Kt 8 2. Anything

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 174.

- WHITE. 1. K to K B 2 2. Q takes R 3. Mate accordingly
- BLACK. 1. R to Q B 7 (ch) 2. Anything

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

(A position occurring in actual play.) No. 175.

- WHITE. K at K K: sq Q at K B 4 Kt at K 6 Pawns at K B 2 and K Kt 2
- BLACK. K at Q R sq Q at K B 3 R at K Kt sq Kt at Q R 5 Pawns at K B 4 K Kt 3, Q R 2 and Q Kt 2

White to play and mate in four moves.

THE GREATEST FEAST ON RECORD.—The Banquet of Nations, at Paris, which has been talked of for some time, and is to comprise several thousands of guests, reminds one of the most formidable repast perhaps ever given. The persons who sat down to the feast were 10,000 in number, all victorious soldiers, brought back triumphantly to Paris by Napoleon I. As usual large enough to contain such a company could be found, tables were placed in the Champs-Elysees, and on the occasion were served up 27 oxen, 75 sheep, 1,000 partridges, 2,500 fowls, 1,000 carp, 1,000 tench, &c. To wash down these solids, 842 barrels of wine were consumed.

RUSSIAN CREDIT.—The London Statist, in an

article on Russian credit, points out that Russian stocks have fallen twenty-five per cent. since the beginning of the late war, and would probably fall twenty-five per cent. more in the event of a war with England, but concludes, "that while a further heavy fall in Russian stocks is inevitable in a war with England, and Russian credit must fall to a very low point in a long war, yet there is little reason, during a short war, to apprehend failure in the payment of the foreign debt interest or any other overwhelming embarrassment to Russian finance. The war, again, will most probably be short, because Russia must be disposed to make peace as soon as the first clear advantage is gained by England. Of course, war is full of accidents, and Russia may gain some early successes which would be more fatal to her financially than the worst defeats; but, short of such accidents, there seems no reason why Russian credit should not again be maintained during a war with England."

The Smith American Organ Co.

OF BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

which has been established over twenty-six years, and has made over EIGHTY THOUSAND INSTRUMENTS, would respectfully call the attention of the people of the British Provinces to their

NEW & ELEGANT STYLES FOR 1878.

The Smith American Organs are distinguished from all others for their pure, resonant and voice-like quality of tone. Their excellence is the result of long and careful experiment: the mechanism is perfect and without fault; the best materials only are used; and no instrument is sent out until after thorough and repeated inspection.

THIS EXCELLENCE IS CONSPICUOUS

in the cheapest as in the dearest Organs. The Company employs an architectural designer of rare taste and experience, and the cases are all models of beauty and symmetry, as well as adapted to use, either for private houses or churches.

Those who live within convenient distance of Montreal may address the Company's Agents,

Messrs. LAURENT, LAFORCE & Co.

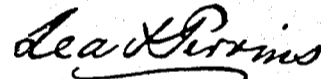
Correspondence solicited. Catalogues, &c., sent free on application to any address.

THE SMITH AMERICAN ORGAN CO., Tremont Street opposite Waltham Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A. 17-21-26-365

AGENTS WANTED, male or female, to sell the Greatest Sensation of the Age, \$5 per day. Outfit 10c. Address A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, and all DISEASES OF THE BLOOD and SKIN radically cured by using NEPENTHE BITTERS. Ask for NEPENTHE BITTERS. Make no other, and you will obtain immediate relief. 16-25-46-266

In consequence of spurious imitations of LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,



which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine. Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL. 16-19-52-391

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

The Engraving, Die Sinking, Lithographing, Printing and Publishing Business

heretofore carried on at No. 115 St. Francois Xavier Street, by the late firm of BURLAND, LAFRANCA & CO., and at 319 St. Antoine Street, by GEO. E. DESBARATS, being merged into the

BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY,

has been REMOVED to those substantial, commodious and spacious premises, erected for the Company at 3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, NEAR CRAIG, MONTREAL.

The double facilities acquired by the fusion of the two firms, the conveniences provided by the removal, and the economy and efficiency introduced by the united management, enable THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY to execute orders for every kind of

ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING & ELECTROTYPING,

AT SHORT NOTICE. IN THE BEST STYLE. AND AT LOWEST PRICES. Our friends and the public are invited to leave their orders for every description of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING, ELECTROTYPING, PLAIN, GOLD, & COLOUR PRINTING, STEREOTYPING, &c., &c.

At the Office, Bleury Street.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY A SPECIALITY.

To this branch the attention of ENGINEERS, SURVEYORS, ARCHITECTS, &c., is particularly requested; the Company being prepared to reproduce MAPS, PLANS, and DRAWINGS, in an incredibly short space of time and at a trifling cost. ENGRAVINGS, BOOKS, ILLUSTRATIONS, &c., &c., reproduced same size or reduced to any scale. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES for manufacturers done by this process at very cheap rates.

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS:

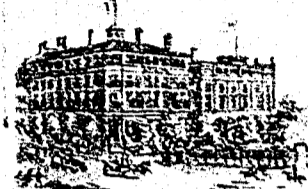
THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY, 5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

WILLIAM DOW & CO. BREWERS and MALTSTERS MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt. India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied.

MONTREAL HOUSE, CUSTOM HOUSE SQUARE.



MONTREAL P.O.

This old and favourably-known Hotel, situate in the centre of the city, fronting the river St. Lawrence, lately closed, has been re-opened by MR. GEORGE T. MOREHOUSE, as proprietor—formerly U.S. Consul at St. Johns, and later of Boston—and has been thoroughly repaired and re-furnished, and will be kept as a Family Hotel, where the travelling public will always find a quiet home with good catering, clean and comfortable apartments, with moderate charges.

MR. MOREHOUSE has hosts of friends in Canada and the United States, who will be pleased to learn that he has opened this Hotel, and will make his house their home when visiting Montreal for business or pleasure.



Self-measurement Card and Samples of Colored Regatta Shirts sent free by mail. Large stock of Underwear, Ties, Dent's Gloves, &c., always on hand. YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, Victoria Square, Montreal.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Warminster, Wiltshire:—"I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 72 years old."

"Remaining, Gentlemen, Yours very respectfully, L.S. To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON. 16-5-28"

THE Canadian Spectator, A high-class Weekly Journal,

EDITED BY THE Reverend A. J. BRAY. SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM. OFFICES: 162 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

THE MILTON LEAGUE.

"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton."

- PUBLICATIONS: BRAY, REV. ALFRED J. The Churches of Christendom, cloth. \$1.00 BROWN, REV. J. BALDWIN. The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love. 50 DALE, REV. R. W. Protestantism: Its Ultimate Principle. 60 The Ten Commandments. 60 DAWSON, GEO. M.A. Prayers, and a Discourse on Prayer. 50 MCLEOD, NORMAN, D.D. Scotch Pebbles. 15 TIPPLE, Rev. S. A. Echoes of Spoken Words. 50

"Here is a new wave of literature, and of the deep and wide sea of religious thought, but sparkling and bright and gratefully refreshing."—Literary World.

R RITCHOT, COACH MAKER. No. 159, St. Antoine St., Montreal. A large assortment of Coupes, Drolets, Victoria Phaetons, Rockaways, T. Carriages, Buggies, and all kinds of Family Carriages on hand, cheap. Repairs promptly attended to. 16-13-32-31

Gray's SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS. FOR COUGHS & COLDS.

OTTAWA RIVER NAV. CO.'S STEAMERS BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

Passengers by Day boat leave Montreal every morning at 7.15 a.m. for Lachine to connect with steamers for Ottawa. Baggage checked through. Daily Excursions over Lachine Rapids, 50c. for round trip; leave by 5 p.m. train. Daily Excursion for Carillon; fare for round trip, \$1.25. Tickets at 13 Bonaventure street, Windsor Hotel, St. Lawrence Hall, and at Railway Station, Montreal, and at Office. R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

The Great English Remedy will promptly and radically cure every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, result of indiscretions, excesses or overwork of the brain and nervous system; is perfectly harmless, acts like magic, and has been extensively used for over thirty years. Before Taking, Price: \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address: WM. GRAY & CO., WINDSOR, ONTARIO, CANADA.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Girdle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVE TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. MCLAREN, UNION MILLS, 55 College Street.

\$10 to \$1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St. N. Y.

CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

The great Canadian Summer and Health Resort. White Sulphur, Saline and Gas Waters and Baths. Specific in all RHEUMATIC, DYSPEPTIC, Blood, Skin and kindred Affections. The GRAND HOTEL, accommodating 300 guests, open from 1st JUNE to 1st OCTOBER. For guide giving routes, rates and full detailed information, address THE GRAND HOTEL COMPANY, OTTAWA.

TADOUSAC.

THE Subscribers have been honoured with instructions to offer for sale the splendid property of Tadousac belonging to His Excellency the Governor-General. The property is delightfully situated in this most beautiful and favourite watering place on the Lower St. Lawrence, and the dwelling house (which was built for and has been occupied during the past five seasons by His Excellency) is exceedingly well constructed and commodious, combining every convenience and comfort of a perfect summer residence. The furniture may be had with the property if desired. Full particulars on application to MUIR & BOOKER, House, Land and Estate Agents, 235 St. James street, MONTREAL.

SUMMER COMPLAINT, WEAK BACK, RHEUMATISM and SEXUAL EXHAUSTION, immediately relieved and permanently cured by using IMPROVED GALVANO-ELECTRIC BELTS. Circular free. A. NORMAN, 4 Queen Street, Toronto. 16-25-46

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS., Advertising Agents, 36 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O., Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application. Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

Elegant Mixed Cards & Name, 15c. No Amateur or Yankee trash. Agents' outfit, 10c. Catalogue and sample, 3c. 8 Chromos, 10c. All post paid. NATIONAL CARD HOUSE, Ingersoll, Ont. 17-15-13-365

J. K. MACDONALD, BLACKSMITH, BELL HANGER, LOCK SMITH &c., 24 Latour Street, Montreal. REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. 17-20-52-354

JOHN McARTHUR & SON, OIL, LEAD, PAINT, COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS IMPORTERS OF English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass, PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES, CHEMICALS, DYE STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c. 310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST., AND 253, 255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST. MONTREAL. 15-24-52-368

ROBERT MILLER, Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER, IMPORTER OF Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS, 397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL. 14-6

New Work of Vital Interest. Post Free 12 Cents or 6d. stig. FROM J. WILLIAMS, P. M., 22, MARISCHAL STREET, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND, NORTH BRITAIN.

A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE. CONTENTS: 1.—Medical Advice to the Invalid. 2.—Approved Prescriptions for Various Affections, including Exhaustion, Loss of Nerve Power and Debility. 3.—Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, Loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and Nervousness. 4.—The Coca Leaf as a Restorer of Health and Strength. 5.—Hints on Self-Treatment and Cure. 17-1-52-369

CARRATRACA MINERAL WATER.

We are now receiving daily supplies of the above well-known, invaluable Water direct from the Springs at PLANTAGENET, ONTARIO. For sale, in quantities to suit all. P. B. WINNING, SON & CO., 203 St. Paul Street.

P.S.—The only fault with Carratraca Water (in Canada) is that it is "Canadian," but notwithstanding that melancholy fact, it is superior to, and more certain for all purposes for which it is recommended, than any other Mineral Water known. 17-23-13-367

WANTED Men and Women in every Dominion town to work for the family paper, The Contributor. 15 departments; 64 columns. Royal Art Premium, Cole's Voyage of Life (plates alone cost \$12,000). Goes everywhere. The Contributor, Boston, Mass.

25 CARDS, 25 styles, 10 cts., or 20 Chromo Cards, 20 cts. with name. J. B. HUESTED, NASSAU, N.Y.

50 TRANSPARENT CARDS, [Nobly Scored] with name 15c. Agent's outfit 10c. H. T. WILLIAMS, So. Framingham, Mass.

British American BANK NOTE COMPANY, MONTREAL. Incorporated by Letters Patent. Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers Bank Notes, Bonds, Postage, Bill & Law Stamps, Revenue Stamps, Bills of Exchange, DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS, Promissory Notes, &c., &c., Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving. Portraits a Specialty. G. B. BURLAND, President & Manager.

TO LET. Several rooms, suitable for WORKSHOPS or OFFICES, Corner of Craig and Bleury Streets, with or without Steam Power. Apply to G. B. BURLAND, Burland-Dubarats Lith. Co., 5 & 7 Bleury Street.



RUSSELL'S Hotel, ST LOUIS STREET, QUEBEC. The Russell Hotel Company, WILLIAM RUSSELL, President.

This Hotel, which is unrivalled for size, style and locality in Quebec, is open throughout the year for pleasure and business travel, having accommodation for 500 Guests. 17-21-13-363

Rose-Belford Publishing Comp'y, 60, York Street, Toronto, Ont. AN IMPORTANT BOOK FOR AGENTS.

CANADA Under the Administration of LORD DUFFERIN. BY GEO. STEWART, Jr., Author of "Evening in the Library," "Story of the Great Firm," &c., &c. Demy 8vo. \$3.00.

CONDITIONS.—The book will contain upwards of 700 pages printed on rich, fine paper, with clear, new type, besides a well written historical account of Canada during Lord Dufferin's administration, giving a full authentic description of the political, social and moral aspect of the country. There will be given in extenso His Excellency's speeches which are in themselves perfect literary gems; an elegant cabinet-size steel portrait of the Earl will embellish the work, executed in the best style of art. The cover will be beautified by a gold embossing of His Excellency's Escutcheon, and other appropriate ornamental designs. In conjunction with the book there will be published a lithograph portrait of His Lordship 24 x 30 inches, similar in style to those issued in connection with the Atlantic Monthly, of the poets Longfellow, Whittier and Bryant, and will be sold at the extraordinary low figure of 50 cents to subscribers for the book. Agents' complete prospectus containing the steel portrait, showing the various styles of binding, letter-press, &c., will be ready shortly. EXPERIENCED CANVASSERS by communicating at once can secure choice of territory.

Address, ROSE-BELFORD PUBLISHING CO'Y, 60 York street, Toronto.

JUST PUBLISHED: CHILDREN OF NATURE, A STORY OF MODERN LONDON, BY THE EARL OF DESART, Author of "Only a Woman's Love," "Beyond these Voices." Paper 50c.

POGANUC PEOPLE, Their Loves and Lives. BY HARRIET BECHER STOWE, Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "My Wife and I," "We and Our Neighbours," etc., etc. Paper 50 cents.

THE PHONOGRAPH AND ITS FUTURE, AND THE AURIPHONE AND ITS FUTURE. BY THOS. A. EDISON, "The Inventor." Paper 25 cents. DAWSON BROTHERS, Agents for Eastern Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces. 15-14-52-267

AGENTS WANTED for The Human Body and Health, an illustrated book for the million. By a Christian physician. Endorsed by leading men. Tells what every one should know. Extra terms. JAMES H. EARLE, Boston, Mass.

HATS! NOBLY STYLES, constantly on hand and receiving from best English and American Houses. JOB C. THOMPSON & CO., 416 NOTRE DAME STREET. 17-17-13-348 The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the BURLAND-DUBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.