

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.

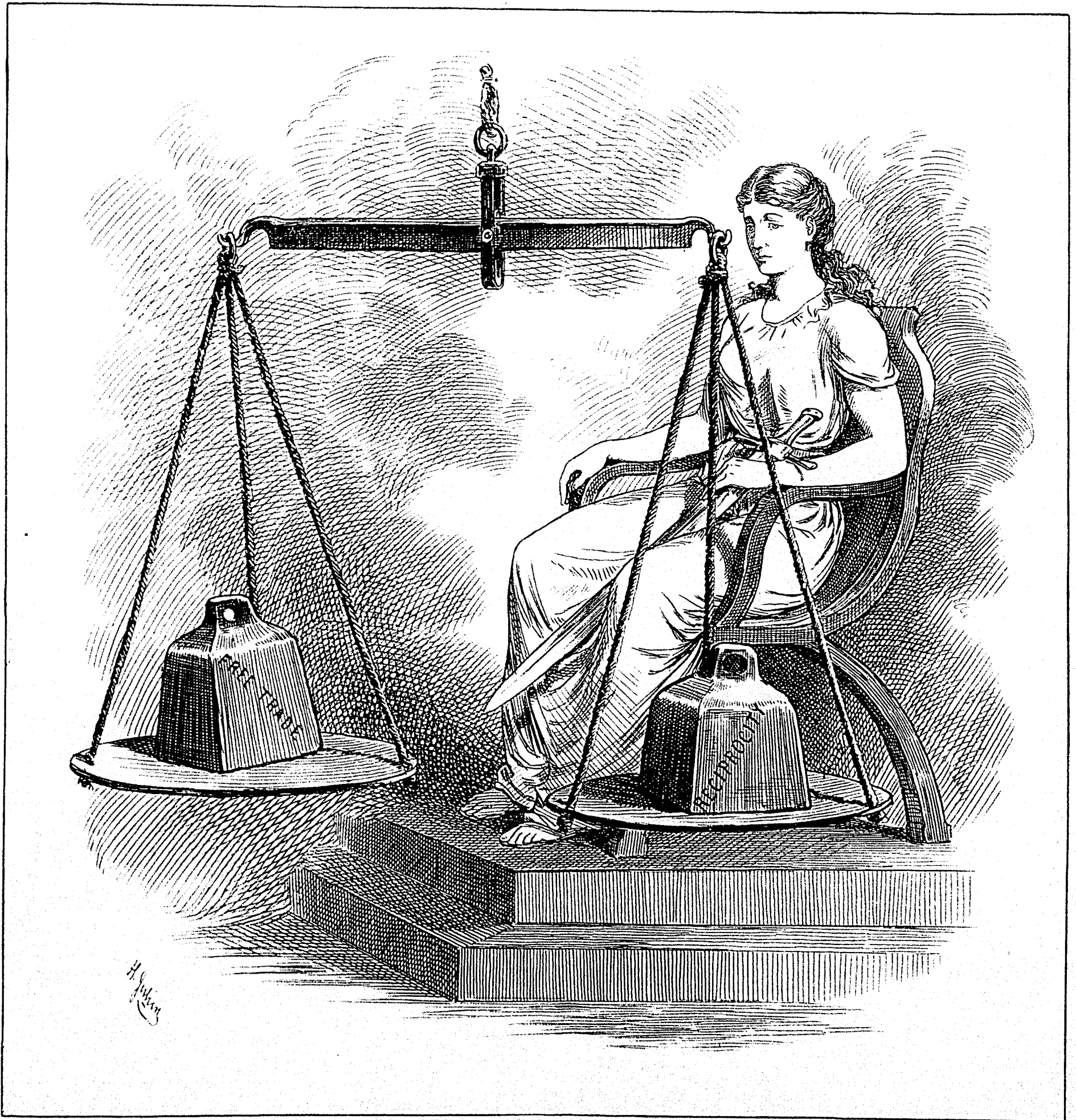
- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print 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.

AMERICAN Wholesale News

VOL. XVI.—No. 21.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1877.

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



CANADA (log.): "THIS LOOKS LIKE EQUALITY."

NOTICE.

OUR AGENT, MR. W. STREET, who collected our accounts west of Toronto last year, is again visiting all the places on the Grand Trunk, Great Western, Canada Southern, Northern and Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railways. Subscribers are requested to settle with him all accounts due.

Subscribers are once more requested to take notice that the dates to which their subscriptions are paid are printed on their wrappers with each number sent from the office, thus: 175 would signify that subscriptions have been paid up to January, 1878; 7.77 up to July, 1877. This is worthy of particular attention, as a check upon collectors and a protection to customers who, not seeing their dates altered after settling with the collector, should after a reasonable time communicate with the office.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 24th, 1877.

OUR POLITICAL HISTORY.

It has been a frequent subject of rightful complaint that the study of Canadian history is not sufficiently cultivated in our schools and colleges, and the neglect of this important branch of instruction has been so widespread and continuous that writers and publishers have not felt encouraged to put forward suitable textbooks. If the reproach be grounded in regard to the general history of the country, it is still more truthful with respect to its political history. Not only have we no work which treats of the legislation of these Provinces from the Conquest to the present day, but we have not a single volume descriptive of the special periods which may be denominated the turning points of our political life. That this is to be regretted will be generally admitted, not only because of the intrinsic importance of the study, but also because the political history of the Canadian Colonies presents many curious phases of peculiar legislation, which are absolutely necessary to a proper understanding of their present condition, and of their varied relations to the Mother Country.

In view of the dearth here alluded to, it is with pleasure that we receive a pamphlet from the house of Dawson Bros., presenting, in a revised and extended form, the remarkable lecture lately delivered by Sir Francis Hincks, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's National Association. This pamphlet contains the political history of the country during the momentous years extending from 1840 to 1855, written by one who was not only a witness of its principal events, but a leading actor in nearly all of them. The work of Sir Francis has not that lucid sequence which we expect to find in a strictly historical treatise, but it covers the whole ground conscientiously, narrating all essential facts, commenting on them in a spirit of admirable moderation, and drawing several portraits with a sureness of touch and a warmth of colour which the advance of years has not impaired. We have perused the pamphlet with pleasure and instruction, and, if space permitted, we should have liked to analyze it thoroughly in these columns. As it is, we must confine ourselves to only one or two remarks, intended to show precisely the use of just such contributions to our political history as this of Sir Francis. Most of us, for instance, have been led to believe that Lord DENHAM, in his celebrated report, recommended a federal union of the Provinces, notwithstanding the inconsistency which the recommendation, in view of the then existing circumstances, bore on the face of it. Sir FRANCIS now shows clearly, by an apt citation, that the noble Earl, on the contrary, argued strongly against a federal and in favour of a legislative union. Again, the Metcalfe crisis, as it has been justly called, has never, to our knowledge, been so studied by historians as to reveal the secret motives of Sir CHARLES, and the nature of the hidden support which made him so earnest in the pursuance of his policy. The writings of the Hon. D. B.

VIGER have been constantly used as authority in favour of His Lordship's Constitutional orthodoxy. But Sir FRANCIS puts a new face on the matter by distinctly and repeatedly charging that Sir CHARLES METCALFE was sent here by Lord STANLEY, who was later the Earl of DERBY, for the express purpose of overthrowing Responsible Government. However inclined we might be to accept this statement, we must confess that the author does not make it sufficiently clear by the authorities which he cites, and we apprehend that, out of respect to the memory of the late Earl of DERBY, if not of that of Lord METCALFE himself, he might substantiate his charge by stronger proofs. Sir FRANCIS does ample justice to Mr. BALDWIN, a great man, a monograph of whom it would repay any competent man to write. While he says less of Mr. LAFONTAINE than he might have done, he gauges the character of Mr. PAFINEAU correctly when he expresses the fear that that distinguished man almost undid the labours of the first half of his career by his conduct in Parliament after his return from exile. These are a few of the many points to be culled with advantage from this pamphlet, which we recommend to general reading, and which, we trust, will be followed by others of a similar nature.

A NATIONAL SOCIETY.

A movement has sprung up in Montreal favourable to the establishment of a society which shall bear the distinctive name of National and whose aims shall be to foster a Canadian spirit of fusion and harmony. Two preliminary meetings have already been held, the first steps at permanent organization have been taken, and we are promised, in the near future, such a basis for a constitution, with such a series of by-laws, as shall meet the approval and encouragement of every well-wisher of the country. A similar organization has been attempted at Quebec, and as will be seen, from a paper to be published in our issue of next week, in Hamilton and other parts, the results of the measure are being watched with a great deal of patriotic interest.

We need hardly say that, in theory, we are at one with the movement. The need of some such society is painfully patent on all sides; its object is a noble one, and the results it would achieve, if at all successful, would be potential for good, not only in the political, but also in the social domain. We, therefore, sincerely trust that the generous impulse may quicken into a breath of vitality, and that the leaders may be enabled to carry the masses with them. But we shall be allowed to say that the practical operation of such a society is a matter of difficulty with us, and that we really do not well see how the problem can be solved in the direction traced by the Montreal founders.

When the idea of "Canada First" originated in Toronto, three or four years ago, we expressed the same dubiety as to its realization, and although we received many replies to our query regarding its *modus operandi*, there were none which appeared satisfactory to us, and the ultimate result has proved that our scepticism was well grounded. And the reason is that a dilemma presents itself at the very threshold of the scheme. Either the society is political or it is not. If political, as avowedly intended by the Ontario Nationalists, it must form a distinct party, otherwise its *ratio essendi* falls to the ground at once. But the question immediately arises—whence is this distinctiveness to come? As we have always held, there are only two real parties in Canada—that which favours British Connection everywhere and in everything, and that which leans to gradual Separation from the Motherland and ultimate Independence. Now, between these there is no room left for a National party, or rather that party finds itself at once amalgamated with the latter of the two just mentioned. And experience has proven that, in practice, it has always acted with that party wherever an electoral test was demanded. If, on the

other hand, as with our Montreal leaders, the society is to be entirely non-political and purely social, the difficulty becomes one of fusion, and that, we apprehend, will be found a very serious one. It is not intended, of course, to supersede the St. George's, St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's and St. Jean Baptiste Societies. That were an impossibility, and had best not be attempted. But the object is, as we understand it, to establish a grand organization which shall, as it were, include or dominate all others, and to which members of any of these societies might affiliate themselves, without the sacrifice of any material principle. In other words, there would be a National Canadian Society to which Scotsmen, Irishmen, Englishmen and French Canadians might belong, at the same time that they remained true to the Rose, the Thistle, the Shamrock and the Maple Leaf. If so, how are these men to be got together, what tangible object will retain them together, what special work will enlist their energies and thus cement their union? For there must be practical work to do. No mere sentiment, no mere theorizing will bring on a lasting coalition. In a narrower sphere, if it is designed to include in the new Society only the Canadian born, then the French element will be eliminated, because they will not give up the St. Jean Baptiste. Altogether, we see great obstacles in the way of the project, and shall be curious to learn how they will be overcome. Under the circumstances, the sole chance of success appears to us to be in a quiet beginning and a patient perseverance, until a Club House shall be built, where the social phases of the movement may be developed and gradually lead to broader and more substantial results.

A FINANCIAL PROBLEM.

The return to specie payments has long been a subject of serious preoccupation to American statesmen, involving the material prosperity of the United States at home, and their financial credit abroad. At the late Presidential election it was made a principal issue, and during the present session of Congress it is by all odds the most absorbing topic. A knowledge of the conditions of the problem is not only necessary to a comprehension of the actual state of American affairs, but the subject itself has an intrinsic interest of its own, for which reason we deem it well to lay it down in all its parts for the benefit of our readers. It is in no wise necessary to take sides in the discussion, and we have therefore confined ourselves to a synoptical view of the opinions urged by the two ranks of contestants.

In order to do this we shall first set forth the present condition of legislation respecting specie payments.

I. When the legal-tender acts were originally passed, it was with the distinct provision that the notes were absolutely necessary to float the bonds which were to be offered to the public. Hence the notes were made convertible into the five-twenty bonds which it was hoped and believed would rapidly absorb them.

II. Later this wise provision was repealed, and thus the legal-tender notes, which could have been retired immediately after the war, were continued in indefinite circulation resulting in the inflation which brought on the crisis of 1873.

III. After many futile attempts to check this inflation, Congress, in March, 1877, passed the Resumption Act pledging the Government to the redemption of its notes in gold on the 1st day of January, 1879. The present circulation of paper money is about \$700,000,000, but the same Act prohibits the reduction below \$300,000,000, so that the amount of reduction between this and the 1st January, 1879, is not a total, but a difference of about \$400,000,000. The modes of the reduction are not specified in the Act, as they should have been, but left to the decision of the Secretary of the Treasury.

IV. The principal method of gradual reduction open to the Secretary, under

existing laws, is the retiring of these notes by sales of bonds for gold, and sales of gold for notes.

V. Ostensibly to facilitate this reduction, the Western people have imagined the re-monetization of silver, which forms the basis of the Bland Bill, now occupying Congress. That means the making silver a standard of value, along with gold.

The state of the question being thus exposed, it remains to summarize the views of the contending parties.

The opponents of resumption hold:

I. That the Resumption Act was the result of Parliamentary trickery and is not approved by the majority of the people.

II. That resumption, even to the limit of \$300,000,000, is impracticable in the next fourteen months, that is, to 1st January, 1879, without a ruinous depreciation of values, a ruinous rise in taxation, and a wide spread stoppage of labour. Some very startling figures are adduced in support of this pretension, but we have no space to reproduce them.

III. That the proper course is to postpone the date of resumption and adopt strenuous measures for gradual contraction. In favour of this course it is argued that paper can be brought to stand on a par with specie by at once allowing the sale of four per cent. bonds at par with greenbacks. There would be no danger of too great rapidity in this process, for if money became scarce, holders of paper would find more profitable investment than funding it at four per cent.

IV. That so far from contracting them, the avenues of circulation should be extended, and hence the restoration of the silver dollar to its old standard.

The advocates of resumption state:

I. That the Act was and is supported by a fair Congressional majority.

II. That, while it is admittedly not perfect, it is the first practical and feasible method of reaching specie payments adopted by Congress, after the unsatisfactory trial of innumerable other methods.

III. That the Act does not contemplate such an imprudence as the total extinction of greenbacks, as is evident from the limit clause of \$300,000,000. Later, if Congress so determines, the \$400,000,000 of greenbacks, when redeemed, may be re-issued, and the National Bank currency may be used simply to meet the ordinary and indispensable everyday necessities of currency.

IV. That the silver question may prove an aid to resumption if confined within proper limits. If issued without limit, on the demand of the depositor of silver bullion, the silver dollar would soon supersede the gold dollar, making gold an article of commerce and driving it out of the country. In that case it would hamper resumption by injuring the government credit and preventing its funding its six per cents into bonds bearing a lower rate of interest.

The coming season is very likely to prove a somewhat dull time for many of the fairly educated young men in our cities, and most important consequences in the future may turn upon the way in which its hours shall be employed by them. It may either become an avenue for temptation for the unemployed, or be made, by their own thrift and energy, a period to be looked back upon with pleasure during the remainder of their lives. They cannot always be engaged in snow shoeing and skating, and they have interests of the mind that are well worth attending to. Our respectful advice to them is that they should employ their spare time in some systematic course of study, whatever be the subject selected, from philosophy to history, with a pleasant leaven of poetry, to the severer exercises of abstract or applied science. Thus they may succeed in obtaining good fruits from the dull days, and such as will rescue them in all the future from that worst of oppressions, an ill-regulated and vacant mind.

We are informed that there is rather a gloomy prospect for the unemployed in our cities during the coming winter. It will doubtless be the means of putting the governing classes on their mettle. Agricultural settlement, in a systematic way, and by qualified persons, is always open to us, but it cannot be organized in a day. The remedy that we would first suggest itself, would be the introduction of new industries. There is the proposed Beet Root sugar manufacture, now engaging attention. Extensive fire-wood operations, in cutting, piling, and carriage, might be started on the new lines of railway out of Montreal. For women there might be the manufacture of ready-made clothing, for the Manitoba market, and there is the new stocking knitting, if the machine were a little more acceptable in price, and should some trifling effort be made, perhaps also the manufacture of real lace such as is obtained from the counties of Huntington and Bedford, in England. A few of the lace ribbons, and patterns, have already been imported into our cities, as specimens, and of these we could give further description if desired.

The sad accident from a runaway horse which has resulted in the death of a young lady in this city should be a warning to those who have to do with horses to learn something of the animal's nature and capacities. By cultivating the tenderness of the horse's mouth, never allowing a frozen bit to enter it, along with the use of two bits, when necessary— one for ordinary use, and the other as sharp as we please, for any risks of temper, runaway casualties ought to be very rare indeed. But, as things are, new found, the mouth is hardened, and there is no arrangement fitted to control it. The late excellent horse-tamer, Prof. PRATT, was doing a good work in his circuits through Canada and the United States, but has now, been carried off by typhoid fever. He has however, left us a skilful treatise, which we may, if we please, turn to good account.

We have all along had an undefined faith in the loyalty of Marshal MACMURDO to keep his hands clear of a *coup d'Etat*. The last week was a stormy one in the Legislative Assembly, and rumours of an impending crisis were flashed across the wires, but we are gratified to learn, from latest accounts, that the "head and front of the offending," the Duke de BROGLIE, and his more determined associate, M. de FOURMAY, have been forced to resign, and that the Marshal seems disposed to attempt some measures of conciliation. The Constitutional Senators deserve credit for advising the Marshal-President to come to an understanding with the moderate Left, backing their counsel with the declaration that they—holding, as they do, the balance of power in the Senate—will not agree to a second dissolution.

The panic in regard to Savings Banks in the United States has not subsided, although it has lasted all the summer, throughout a startling series of shameless embezzlements. The latest iniquity of the kind is that of JOHN TYLER, President of the Loan Savings Bank, of Chicago, who made away with the entire deposits of that institution. These facts will doubtless induce us in this country to strengthen still more our present system of bank supervision and responsibility, in order that there may be no danger of any loss in any of them.

It is at Rimouski, now, that the train wreckers are pursuing their fiendish work, in heaping timber and other obstacles upon the railway track. We have no doubt that MR. BRYDGES will bring all the energies of his staff to bear in protecting the Government line, but it will need a detective police upon the ground for the work of bringing the inhuman wretches to justice.

The season of political picnics has closed, much to the relief of newspaper readers, who have seen their favourite journals crowded with the reports of speeches, all summer, to the exclusion of other and more interesting matter. But a few harangues are still made, here and there, and we are sorry that some of these, emanating even from very high sources, have been surcharged with the vilest personal abuse and the most approved forms of billings-gate. He is a blind man, indeed, who does not understand that such language does far more injury than benefit, and recoils upon the speaker with a double vengeance. We trust such disagreeable exhibitions will be discarded for the future, because, if they are not, we shall deem it our duty, along with our fellow journalists, to hold up the perpetrators to public animadversion.

The electoral contest in Quebec East is being conducted with unwonted animation, not to say animosity. Of the result it is impossible at this early stage to speak. One point, however, appears to us sufficiently clear to base an opinion upon. It is that Hon. Mr. LAURIER cannot have been into this contest without nearly the absolute certitude of victory. It would be cruel to expose him to a second discomfiture, and extremely impolitic for the Government to hinge its fortunes on a dubious issue. Consequently we regard the election of Mr. LAURIER as very probable, and his defeat as only barely possible. We make the latter reservation because, short of wholesale bribery, no man can make an infallible forecast of a popular election.

The lacrosse and the snow-shoe resemble each other in make and material. They are both of Indian origin, and both equally popular among Canadians. The one is now being laid aside, after partaking in many contests; the other will soon be heeled on for competitive tramps over hillside and plain. At no time, within our remembrance, have the national sports of the country been in such general favour as at present, and we trust that they may long maintain this popularity, which is an argu- ment of pluck and manliness.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR CARTOON.—The figure of Canada contemplating the scales is intended to express pictorially what we have already advanced in our editorial columns, that Free-Trade, pure and simple, is out of the question for a young country like Canada, overshadowed by the proximity of a powerful American rival. If there were reciprocity with the United States, Free Trade might be intelligible, but not otherwise.

THE PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL, FREDERICTON, N. B.—We present our readers with a fine illustration of the new Normal School, at Fredericton, opened in August last. It is a building in every way suited to the uses to which it is to be applied, elegant in its proportions, imposing in exterior appearance, and in its interior arrangements all that the requirements of modern teaching demand. The building is nearly a square on the plan, the extreme dimensions being about 150 feet. The rear portion is two stories, and the front portion three stories in height. The materials of which it is built are brick and stone, the facings of pressed brick, with freestone bands, window heads and sills. The basement above ground, and the main cornice are of freestone. The upper cornice is of galvanized iron, the pitched roofs are slated, and the flat roofs covered with tar and gravel roofing. The roofs are finished with ornamental, cast-iron cresting. The main entrance to the building is through a portico of three arches of molded freestone, supported upon polished red granite pillars. The walls and ceilings of the portico are finished with black ash and Georgia pine panelled. The floor is tiled. The outer doors are of black walnut, and the inner doors are hung to swing both ways. The main hall is fourteen feet wide, and opens into a cross hall of 10 feet wide. This cross hall runs through the building, and at each end is carried up as a tower with an entrance door for pupils at the west end, and a door at the east end leading to the girl's playing ground. A passage runs from the centre of the hall to a door in the rear leading to the boy's play ground. On the ground floor are four large rooms used for Model Schools to each of which is attached a room for clothes, umbrellas, &c., and a room for the use of the teacher. A large room is provided on this floor as a dressing-room for the use of the female pupils attending the Normal School. Near the west entrance is a reception room, and adjoining it is a room for apparatus. The second floor contains four large rooms used for Normal

School purposes, two teachers' rooms, and a room for the principal, a large dressing room for the male pupils, a library and a museum. The whole of the front section of the building on the third floor, which is in the mansard roof, is occupied as a Hall for assembling the whole of the pupils for general exercises. This room is 16 ft. high, 50 ft. wide, and 107 ft. long, with three sun-burners for lighting at night. The rooms on the other floors are 14 feet high. All the rooms are thoroughly ventilated by air-tight tubes leading into the two ventilating shafts. Pure air is brought into the rooms directly from the outside and carried over the steam pipes. Lavatories are provided on each floor, and electric bells in each room. The Normal School is essential to the success of the great educational work now being carried on by Dr. Rand, the Chief Superintendent of education. He has labored most earnestly on its behalf, and spent no little time in connection with the arrangement of the building and the carrying out of the details of construction.

THE HALIFAX COMMISSION.—We give to-day a second picture of the Fisheries Commission, representing only the Commissioners themselves, grouped together, by Notman of Halifax. For the history of each of these distinguished gentlemen we refer the reader to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of June 23rd, 1877, where full particulars will be found.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT BRANTFORD.—At the 4 p. m. train on the Brantford, Norfolk, and Port Burwell Railway, consisting of one first-class luggage and express van, one freight car, and an engine, was crossing the Grand River, the west span of the bridge fell through, taking with it the engine, freight car, and luggage van, leaving the passenger carriage on the center of the bridge, about three feet from the broken end. The driver, Wm. Pitt, was injured, but not seriously. James Crosby, fireman, was also injured, but not seriously. Conductor J. W. Lewis, and J. Law express messenger, were slightly bruised, and the passengers were all saved, but a little frightened. The engine, as represented in our sketch, stands on end in the river against the west pier, with the cab and tender broken up. The freight car is lying on its side in the river, and the luggage van is standing on end against the west abutment. It is supposed that the passenger carriage struck the end of the luggage van and thus prevented it going any further. We are informed by a correspondent from Brantford, that the conductor of the express messenger, J. Law, was very plucky, as in the luggage car was some barrels of coal oil which had sprung a leak and were piled up amongst the coal from the upset stove. Instead of getting out as he had a good chance to do he stayed and picked the fire away from the oil, thereby saving a good deal of property. We are indebted to Mr. J. W. Searl for courtesies in obtaining this information.

VARIETIES.

CANADA'S TERRITORIAL ACQUISITIONS.—Since 1871 Canada has had ceded to her by treaty with the Indians in the Northwest territory land representing the enormous amount of 457,600 square miles. By Treaty No. 1, effected August 1871, Canada came in possession of the Province of Manitoba, 152,000 square miles. Treaty No. 2, effected August, 1871, adjoining the Northwest of Manitoba, 32,000 square miles. Treaty No. 3, effected October, 1873, east of Manitoba and extending to the limits of Ontario, 49,700 square miles. Treaty No. 4, effected September, 1874, west of Treaty No. 2, south of Saskatchewan, and extending from Lake Winnipegosis southwest to the Cypress Hills, 75,700 square miles. Treaty No. 5, effected September 1875, embracing territory generally surrounding Lake Winnipeg, 102,000 square miles. Treaty No. 7, effected last month embracing the country between the Cypress Hills and the Rocky Mountains, and extending northerly from the international boundary to the southern boundary of treaty No. 6, 52,000 square miles.

THE PEOPLE WHOM RUSSIA IS FIGHTING FOR.—A letter in the *New Wiener Tagblatt* from the Russian headquarters of the army of the Danube says that the Czar is very indignant at the conduct of the Bulgarians. It was expected that after the Russians had crossed the Danube they would have been able to organize a Bulgarian army, the cadres of which had already been prepared in Bessarabia. This project has proved quite impracticable. A levy of 20,000 Bulgarians was ordered some time ago, but hitherto it has not been found possible to collect more than 1,000 recruits in the country, for the able-bodied Bulgarians have all fled to the districts occupied by the Turks. The collection of taxes from the Bulgarians has proved almost equally difficult; it is scarcely possible for the Russian authorities to obtain payment of taxes from a Bulgarian except by seizing his goods. But what most disgusts the Russians with the conduct of the Bulgarians is that these people take every opportunity of serving the Turkish Generals. They are constantly betraying their "liberators," and the Russians ascribe many of their reverses to the treachery of Bulgarian informers. The Czar is said to have exclaimed, on hearing of several instances of Bulgarian faithlessness, "These men are without feeling or conscience, and do not deserve that we should shed our blood for them."

THE INTRODUCTION OF MRS. PARTINGTON.—Mr. B. P. Shillaber writes to a Boston paper concerning that good old lady, Mrs. Partington.

Her first innocently wise saying was inspired by a remark of one of the newspaper men, on a night when a steamer from England had brought news of an advance in breadstuffs, who said he did not care as he bought his flour by the half-dollar's worth. "Mrs. Partington was then made to say, in a little paragraph that Mr. Shillaber wrote, that it "made no difference to her whether flour was dear or cheap, as she always received just as much for a half-dollar's worth." This was copied the next day, and the inducement was thus offered to try again. This meeting with like success, they were kept on, until Mrs. P., as she expressed it had attained a "memento" she could not check. Mr. Shillaber adds: "Mrs. Partington was an entirely original creation, for I had never seen 'The Rivals' acted, nor read it, and though I knew, from extracts in comic compilations of Mrs. Malaprop's existence and character, it moved no pulse of my ambition. The real inspiration which prompted the effort to continue the Partington sayings, when the idea took positive form, was the constant hearing of expressions, by very excellent people, that seemed too funny to be allowed to pass into forgetfulness—queer errors, inadvertently made, and otherwise."

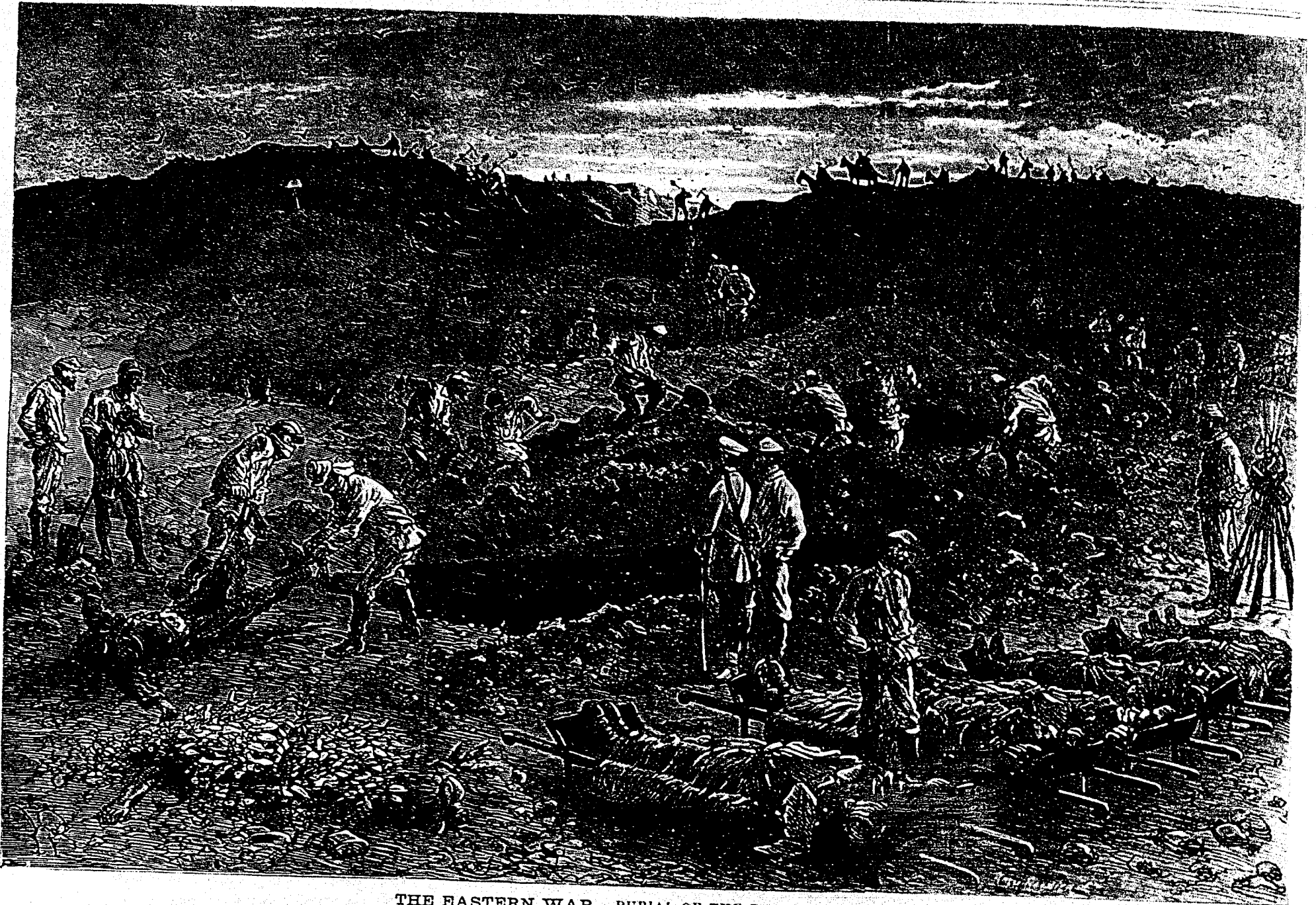
ROYAL FANCIES.—Her Majesty Queen Isabella has a perfect passion for lace, and possesses a collection which is valued at over \$1,000,000. This collection is a perfect museum of lace, of all kinds, epochs, and nationalities. One dress alone, composed of point d'Alencon, is valued at \$20,000, and there is a set of flounces in an antique guipure which is even more costly. Of the Spanish mantilla veils, her Majesty owns a large number, some of which are worth from \$5,000 to \$6,000 each. Queen Victoria has a passion for India shawls, and her collection is said to equal in value the laces of Queen Isabella. It includes shawls, the art of making which has long been lost, beside all the finest and most delicate marvels of the India looms of the present day, including webs of golden thread, and embroidered with diamonds and pearls. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria possesses the finest emeralds ever worn by woman. They are mounted in a diadem necklace, and a girdle of flowers, the leaves of which are all formed of single emeralds, and the blossoms are composed of diamonds. But for a general collection of jewels, the Grand Duchess of Sax-Weimar owns the richest and most perfect collection in the world. The finest and largest turquoises are among the crown jewels of Russia; and the finest sapphires in the world form a part of those of England. Bavaria possesses among her crown jewels a *parure* of pink diamonds that is perfectly unique.

AN OLD SONG OF A YOUNG TIME.

(From *Les Contes de V. Hugo*)
 I went for a woodland walk
 With Rose, whom I hooded not;
 'Twas in old, old time—our talk
 Was of trides long forgot.
 I was marble-cold, and shy,
 As I roamed with listless strides;
 We babbled of flowers—her eye
 Seemed to ask, "Is there none but besides?"
 The dewdrops hung like pearls,
 On the cope of shady dales;
 I listened eye to the merles,
 And Rose to the nightingales.
 I was sixteen—*some court*—
 She twenty—blithe and free—
 The nightingale sang to her,
 And the blackbirds whistled to me.
 With white arms raised, she stood
 Stretched to her utmost height,
 To pluck some fruit in the wood—
 I saw not her arms so white.
 A streamlet, fresh and deep,
 Over velvet mosses strayed,
 And Nature seemed to sleep
 In the grand wood's solemn shade.
 Rose lifted her robe of white,
 And dipped, with an innocent air,
 Her naked foot to the waxy wet bright—
 I saw not her foot so fair.
 We roamed in the woods long while,
 But never a word spoke I,
 Though I saw her sometimes smile,
 And I heard her sometimes sigh:
 I felt not how fair that maid,
 Till we left the deep woodland glen;
 "Amen! we won't think of it more," she said—
 I have thought of it oft since then!
 Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

ARTISTIC.

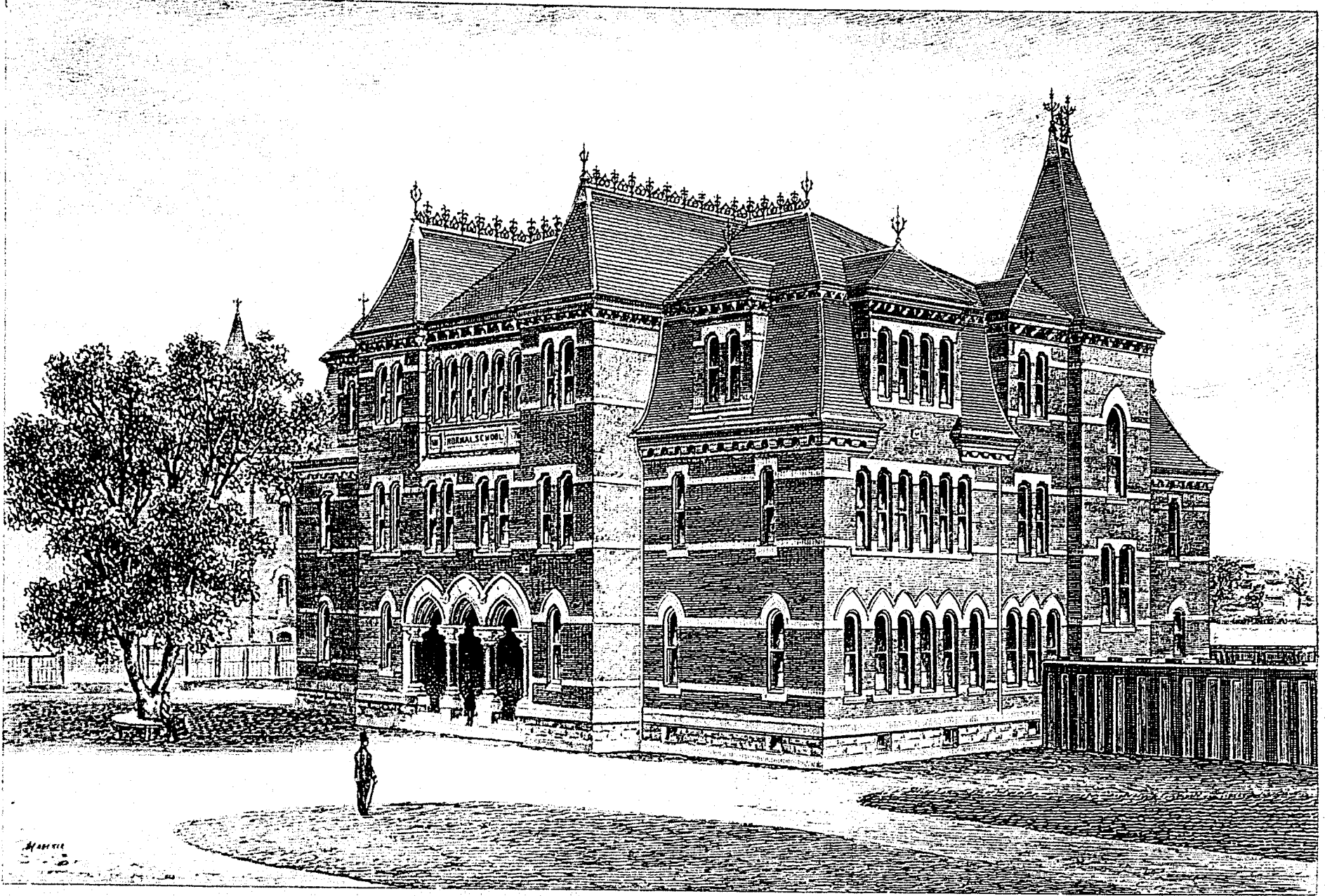
A COLOSSAL statue of the late Mr. John Laird, M. P. for Birkenhead, has just been cast in bronze, and is to be placed immediately in Hamilton Square, a central position in Birkenhead.
 MR. POYNER'S picture of "Atlanta's Race," painted for the Earl of Warrington, has been put up at Wortley Hall, and it forms one of a series of decorations to the drawing room, where hang "The Dragon of Wantley" and "Andromeda," by the same painter. A fourth picture, the subject of which it has been suggested should be "St. George and the Dragon," will close the series.
 MR. MADDOX-BROWN has just finished a picture which will rank among his masterpieces—"Cromwell, Protector of the Vaudois."—Cromwell dictating the despatch to the King of France, in which he protested against the cruelty of the Duke of Savoy to the Vaudois Protestants. Cromwell is seated on a table on the right of the picture, having just entered from reviewing his troops, with a scrap of paper in his left hand on which he has jotted down what he wants to have said, and is all eagerness and fiery impatience to have it at once put into the diplomatic Latin form by his Secretary, John Milton. The blind poet and secretary sits opposite, searching in his mind for a phrase, while he waves his left hand to his assistant and amanuensis, Andrew Marvell, begging him to pause a moment till he has thought out something suited to his fastidious taste.



THE EASTERN WAR.—BURIAL OF THE DEAD AT PLEVNA.



ASSAULT ON THE GRIVITZKA REDOUBT.



FREDERICTON, N. B.—THE NORMAL SCHOOL BUILDING.



THE BODY OF THE LATE SENATOR MORTON LYING IN STATE AT INDIANOPOLIS.

(COPYRIGHT SECURED FOR THE DOMINION.)

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIROY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

A NIGHT UP THE HARBOUR.

(Continued.)

"Tell me now," she whispered, "tell me the good tidings of the bells."

I thought of Leonard's last secret which he told me when he left me on the platform of the station. "Tell Cis," he said, "that would spoil all." Yet I did tell Cis. I told her that night.

"The bells said, Cis, that there only wanted a fortnight to Leonard's return. He will come back brave and strong."

"And he will make all right," she cried, eagerly, clasping my hand in hers. "Go on, Laddy dear."

"He will make all right. The German shall be sent about his business, and—"

"And we shall go on just as we used to, Laddy."

"N—not quite, Cis. When Leonard went away, he told me a great secret. I was not to tell anybody. And I should not tell you now, only that I think it will do good to both of us, that you should know it. Tell me, my sister, have you not forgotten Leonard?"

"Forgotten Leonard? Laddy, how could I?"

"You think of him still. You remember how brave and true he was; how he loved—us both—"

"I remember all, Laddy."

"When he left me, Cis—he told me—Hush! let me whisper—low—low—in your ear—that his greatest hope was to come back in five years' time, a gentleman—to find you free—and to ask you, Cis—to marry him."

She did not answer, but as she lay in the boat, her hands holding mine, her face bent down, I felt a tear fall on my finger; I did not think it was a tear of sorrow.

"You are not offended, Cis dear," I whispered, "I have not done wrong, in telling you."

"Let it be a secret between you and me, Laddy," she said, presently. "Do not let us ever speak of it again."

"Cis, you told me once that you would hide nothing from me. Tell me—if Leonard asked you—"

She threw her arms around my neck, and hid her face upon my shoulder. "Laddy," she whispered, "there is no day, in all these five years, that I have not prayed, night and morning, for Leonard."

Then we were silent.

The hours sped too swiftly, marked by the bells of the ships in commission. About two in the morning the tide began to turn, and the day began to break. First, the dull black surface of flats became wet and glittered in the light. Then the water slowly crept up and covered all; it took time to reach us, because we were on a bank. And all the time we watched, the grey in the east grew tinged with all colours; and the wild fowl rose out of their sleeping-places by the shore, and flew screaming heavenwards in long lines or arrow-headed angles. And presently the sun arose, splendid.

"Laddy," whispered Celia, for the Captain still slept, "this is more glorious than the evening."

At six bells, which is three in the morning, we floated. I noiselessly stepped over the sleeping form of the Captain and took the sculls, dipping them in the water as softly as I could. He did not wake till half an hour later, when our bows struck the beach, and at the noise the Captain started up. It was nearly four o'clock; no boats were in the harbour; the stillness contrasted strangely with the light of the summer morning.

"Laddy," grumbled the Captain, "you've kept double watch. You call that sailor-like?—Celia, my dear, you have not caught cold?"

When we reached home, the Captain insisted on our going to bed.

"We have passed a night I shall never forget, Laddy," said Celia at her door.

"A sacred night, Cis."

She stooped down, my tall and gracious lady, and kissed my forehead.

"What should I do without you, Laddy? To have some one in the world to whom you can tell everything and not be ashamed, nor be afraid. To-night has brought us very close together."

I think it had. After it we were more as we had been when children. My Celia, the maiden of sweet reserve, came back to me a child again, and told me all.

No need now to speak again of Leonard. It remained only to look forward and hope and long for the weary days to pass away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. PONTIFEX ASKS WHAT IT MEANS.

That was a night consecrated to every kind of sweet memories. It was quite in the nature of things that it should be followed by one of a more worldly kind. In fact, the next day, to put the matter in plain English, we had a great row, a family row.

It began with Aunt Jane. She came to tea accompanied by her husband; and she came with the evident intention of speaking her mind. This made us uneasy from the beginning, and although Mrs. Tyrrell attempted to pour oil on the troubled waters by producing her very best tea service, an honour which Mrs. Pontifex was certain to appreciate, she failed. Even tea services in pink and gold, with the rich silver teapot accompanied by a lavish expenditure in seed-cake, and Sally Lunn's, and muffins, failed to bring a smile to that severe visage. Mrs. Pontifex was dressed for the occasion, in a pyramidal cap trimmed with lace, beneath which her horizontal curls showed like the modest violet peeping between April leaves of grass. She wore her most rustling black silk robes, and the most glittering of her stud-clasps in the black velvet ribbon which girt her brow. She sat bolt upright in her chair; and such was her remarkable strength of character, testimony to which has already been given by her husband, that she struck the key-note to the banquet, and made it joyless.

Who could be festive when Mrs. Pontifex icily refused sugar with her tea, and proceeded to deny that luxury to her husband?

"No, John Pontifex," she said. "It is high time to set less store upon creature comforts. No sugar, Celia, in my husband's tea."

Mr. Pontifex meekly acquiesced. He was already in the most profound depths of depression when he arrived, and a cup of tea without sugar was only another addition to his burden of melancholy. I conjectured that he had passed the afternoon in the receipt of spiritual nagging. In this art his wife was a proficient, and although nagging of all kinds must be intolerable, I think the religious kind must be the most intolerable. The unfortunate man made no effort to recover his cheerfulness, and sat silent, as upright as his wife, the cup of unsweetened tea in his hand, staring straight before him. Once, his wife looking the other way, he caught my eye and shook his head solemnly.

Under these circumstances we all ran before the gale close reefed.

It was a bad sign that Mrs. Pontifex did not talk. If she had been critically snappish, if she had told her niece that her cap was unbecoming, or Celia that her frock was unmaidenly, or me that an account would be required of me for my idle time—a very common way she had of making things pleasant—one would not have minded. But she did not speak at all, and that terrified us. Now and then she opened her lips, which moved silently, and then closed with a snap, as if she had just framed and fired off a thunderbolt of speech. Her husband remarked one of these movements, and immediately replacing his cup upon the table, softly rose and effaced himself behind the window curtains, where he sat with only a pair of trembling knees visible. Mr. Tyrrell pretended to be at his ease, but was not. His wife was not, and did not pretend to be. As soon as we reasonably could we rang the bell for the tea-things to be removed, and began some music. This was part of the regular programme, though no one suspected Mrs. Pontifex or her husband of any love for harmony. And while we were playing came Herr Räumer, at sight of whom Mrs. Pontifex drew herself up more stiffly than before, and coughed ominously.

He looked very fresh and young, this elderly foreigner. He was dressed neatly in a buttoned frock (no one in our circle wore evening dress for a gathering under the rank of dinner party or dance), and had a rose in a button hole. A little bit of scarlet ribbon in his breast showed that he was the possessor of some foreign Order. In his greeting of Celia he showed a Romeo-like elasticity and youthfulness, and he planted himself on the hearthrug with an assured air, as if the place and all that was in it belonged to him.

In front of him, upon a small couch, sat Mrs. Pontifex, her lips moving rapidly, and her brow darker than ever. Either Herr Räumer was going to interrupt the battle, or he was himself the cause of it. Celia rose from the piano, and sat beside her great-aunt. Mr. Tyrrell was in an easy chair on one side of the fireplace, and his wife on the other, fanning herself, though it was by no means a warm night. As I said before, Mr. Pontifex was in hiding. I sat on the music stool and looked on. Had there been any way of escape I should have taken advantage of that way. But there was none.

The awful silence was broken by Aunt Jane.

"Be ye not yoked unequally with unbelievers," she said. Then her lips closed with a snap.

No one answered for a while. The curtain alone, behind which was her husband, showed signs of agitation.

"John Pontifex," said his wife. "Assist me."

He obeyed immediately, and took up a position behind her, standing opposite to the German. He looked very, very meek.

John Pontifex and I were talking this afternoon, Clara Tyrrell and George Tyrrell, and we naturally discussed the strange—the very strange—rumours that are afloat with regard to Celia

Her name, George Tyrrell, has been coupled with that of this—this foreign gentleman here."

Mr. Pontifex shook his head as if more in sorrow than in anger.

"It is—alas!—the fact that such rumours are prevalent."

"You hear, George Tyrrell!" she went on.

"I hear," he replied. "The rumours are not without foundation."

Poor Celia!

"I announced to John Pontifex, this afternoon, my intention of speaking my mind on this matter, and speaking it in the actual presence of Herr Räumer himself, if necessary."

"I am infinitely obliged to you, madam," said that gentleman, with a bow. "I wish I was already in a position to ask for your congratulations."

"Flap-doodle and fudge," said Aunt Jane. I do not defend this expression, but it was her own, reserved for use on those occasions which required the greatest strength of the English language.

All trembled except the German. Celia, by the way, except that she looked pale, took no apparent interest in the conversation.

"Congratulations are useless ornaments of conversation," he said. "That, I presume, is what you mean, Mrs. Pontifex?"

She snorted.

"Pray, Sir,—will you tell us first, to what religious persuasion you belong?"

The unexpected question staggered him for a moment. I thought he was lost. But he recovered.

"My excellent parents," he said, "who are now no longer living, brought me up in the strictest school—Mrs. Pontifex is, I believe, a member of the Anglican Church—of German Calvinism."

"And what church do you attend in this town?"

"Unfortunately there is no church of my views in this town. The English churches, however, approach my distinctive doctrines near enough for me." He said this meekly, as if conscious of a superiority which he would not press.

"No blessing shall come from me on any marriage where both members are not communicants of the English establishment."

She said that with an air of determination, as if the matter was settled.

Herr Räumer laughed softly.

"If that is your only objection, my dear Madam, it is easily removed. *Mademoiselle vaut bien une messe.*"

"I do not understand French."

"I mean that love, coupled with a short conversation with your learned husband over a few doctrinal difficulties, would permit me to present myself to you in the novel character of a communicant."

He overacted the speech, and no one could fail to see the sneer behind it.

"John Pontifex."

"My dear, I am—in point of fact—behind you."

"You hear what this gentleman says. You can hold a discussion with him in my presence. If, in my opinion, he proves himself worthy of our Communion I shall withdraw that part of the objection."

"It is true," said John Pontifex, "that I am not at the present moment—alas!—deeply versed in the points which—ahem—separate us from German Calvinism. But no doubt Herr Räumer will enlighten me."

"Or," said the suiter, rolling his head, "let me refer myself to a fairer theologian. Celia herself shall convert me."

Celia made no sign.

"This is mockery," Mrs. Pontifex ejaculated. "But it is what I expected, and indeed said to John Pontifex as we drove here. That a foreigner should value Christian privileges is hardly to be looked for."

"That is, I believe," said Herr Räumer, with the faintest possible suspicion of contempt in his smooth tones, "the prevalent belief among English people. And yet no Englishman has yet publicly doubted that even a foreigner has a soul to be saved."

"Or lost," said Mrs. Pontifex sternly.

Her husband, who was still standing meekly beside her, his long arms dangling at either side, looking exactly like a tall schoolboy afraid of his schoolmaster, groaned audibly.

"Or lost," echoed Herr Räumer.

"And pray, sir, if I may ask, what are your means of existence? No doubt Mr. Tyrrell knows all about your family and the way in which you get your living, but we have not yet been informed, and we also have an interest in Celia Tyrrell."

"I have private property," he replied, looking at Mr. Tyrrell, "on the nature of which I have satisfied the young lady's father."

"Perfectly, perfectly," said Mr. Tyrrell.

"How do we know but what you have a wife somewhere else—in Germany, or wherever you come from?"

"Madam's intentions are no doubt praiseworthy, though her questions are not perhaps quite conventional. However, there is no question I would not answer to secure the friendship of Celia's great-aunt. I have no wife in Germany. Consider, Mrs. Pontifex, I have resided in this town for some twelve years. Would my wife, if I had one, be contented to languish in solitude and neglect? Would you, Mrs. Pontifex, allow your husband to live as a bachelor—perhaps a wild and gay bachelor—at a distance from yourself?"

The Rev. Mr. Pontifex smiled and sighed.

Did he allow his imagination even for a moment to dwell on the possibility of a wild and rollicking life away from his wife?

"My wild oats," he said, very slowly, with emphasis on each word, and shaking his head.

"My—wild—oats—are long since—ahem!—if I may be allowed the figure of speech—sown."

"John Pontifex," said his wife, "we are not interested in your early sins."

"I was about to remark, my dear, that they have produced—alas!—their usual crop of repentance—that is all. The wages of youthful levity—"

"We will allow, Herr Räumer," Mrs. Pontifex interrupted her husband, "that you are what you represent yourself to be. You have means, you are a bachelor, and you are a Christian. Well—my questions are not, as you say, conventional, but Celia is my grand-niece, and will have my money when my husband and I are called away. It is no small thing you are seeking."

"I am aware of it," he replied. "I am glad for your sake that your money is not a small thing."

This he should not have said, because it was impolitic.

"I have one question more to ask you," said Mrs. Pontifex, drawing herself more upright than ever. "You are, I understand, some sixty years of age."

"I am sixty-two," he replied blandly. "It is my great misfortune to have been born forty-four years before Miss Celia Tyrrell."

"Then, in the name of goodness," she cried, "what on earth do you want with a young wife? You are only three years younger than I. You might just as well ask me to marry you."

"My dear," cried John Pontifex, in natural alarm.

"I cannot, madam," Herr Räumer replied,—"however much one might desire such a consummation.—I cannot ask you in the very presence of your husband."

Everybody laughed, including Celia, and Aunt Jane drew herself up proudly.

"You disgraceful man," she said. "How dare you say such things to me? If John Pontifex were not in Holy Orders I should expect him to—"

"I fear I should do so, my dear," John Pontifex interposed. "I am sure, in fact, that, without the—ahem!—the deterrent influence of my cloth, I should do so."

"I am unfortunate this evening," the German went on, still bland and smiling. "I am advanced in years. All the more reason why a young lady—of Christian principles—should assist me in passing those years pleasantly."

"Pleasantly?" she echoed. "Is all you think of—to pass the last years of your life pleasantly? Would I allow my husband to pass his time in mere pleasantness?"

"You would not, my dear," said John Pontifex, firmly.

"Mere pleasantness: a Fool's Paradise.—George and Clara Tyrrell, I am your aunt, and entitled, I believe, to be heard."

"Surely," said Mr. Tyrrell. "Pray say what you think."

Celia laid her hand on her aunt's arm.

"Dear Aunt Jane," she said, "Herr Räumer has done me the very great honour of asking me to be his wife. He has also very kindly consented not to press for an answer. I feel—I am sure he feels himself—the many difficulties in the way. And if those difficulties prove insuperable, I trust to his generosity—his generosity as a gentleman—not to press me any longer."

"To be sure," said Aunt Jane, "people can always be put off. We can tell them that Herr Räumer felt for you the affection of a grandfather."

The German winced for a moment.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Pontifex," he said. "You would smooth all the difficulties for us, I am sure."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Let us have no more explanations. I have to thank Celia—Miss Tyrrell—for putting the position of things clearly. If she cannot see her way to accepting my addresses—there is an end—and things—looking at Mr. Tyrrell—" must take their own course. If she can, she will have in me a devoted husband who will be proud to belong to the families of Tyrrell and Pontifex."

Aunt Jane was not, however, to be mollified. She kissed Celia on the forehead. "You are a sensible girl, my dear, and you will know how to refuse a man old enough to be your grandfather,"—then she gathered her skirts together. "George and Clara Tyrrell, when you have got over this folly, we shall be glad to see you at our house again. If it comes to anything further I shall alter my will. John Pontifex, I am ready."

She swept out of the room, followed by her husband.

Then Mrs. Tyrrell sat up and began to express her indignation.

"When young people desire to marry," she said to her future son-in-law, who was not much more than twenty years older than herself, "they speak to each other, and then to their parents. That is regular, I believe?"

"Quite regular," said the Herr.

"When they have asked each other, and then spoken to the parents," she went on, exhausting the subject, "what else remains to be said?"

"Clearly, nothing."

"There certainly is a difference in age," said the good lady, "but if Celia does not mind that—"

"Quite so," he interrupted.

"Religion, too, the same," she went on.

"Actually a coincidence in religion."
 "Then what Aunt Jane meant by going off in that way, I cannot conceive. The very best teachings, too!"
 "My dear Mamma," said Celia, "the conversation is useless. I am not engaged to Herr Raumer."

Nothing more was said, and the lover presently withdrew.
 Mr. Tyrrell led me down stairs to his own office.

There he took the step common among Englishmen who are anxious and nervous, especially when they want to deaden repentance. He drank a tumbler and a-half of brandy and water strong.

"I wish he was dead, Laddy," he murmured; "I wish he was dead."

"Can you do nothing?"

"I can put him off—I can gain time—and perhaps something will happen. If not, she must marry him. She must. Else—"

He finished his glass of brandy and water.

"She must not. Face anything rather than bring such a fate upon your daughter."

"Face anything?" he repeated. "What do you know about it?"

"At least, I know that there is nothing in common with him and your daughter."

"What have I in common with my wife? Stuff and nonsense. What has any man in common with his wife? The husband and the wife lead different lives. When they are together in what they call society, they pretend. Rubbish about things in common."

"Then look at the difference of age?"

"So much the better, Ladislus," said Mr. Tyrrell, fiercely. "I hardly knew him to-night in this unusual mood. 'So much the better.' He will die soon, perhaps; the sooner the better."

"Will he treat her kindly?"

"They shall live in this town. I shall watch them. If he ill treats my little girl—my pretty Celia—I will—I will—but that is nonsense. He will make her his plaything."

"Is that what Celia looks for in marriage?"

"Why, Ladislus," he resumed his talk, "how foolishly you talk. One would think you were a girl. What Celia looks for in marriage! What is the use of looking for anything, either from marriage or anything else in this world? Disappointment we shall get—never doubt it—and punishment for mistakes—never doubt that. Probably also had men, unscrupulous men, will get a hold of you, and make you do things you would rather afterwards have not done."

"If I had the key of that safe," he murmured, sinking into a chair: "if I only had the key of that safe"—I was the small fireproof safe, with Herr Raumer's name upon it—"Celia should be free."

I came away, sick and sorry. I had heard enough, and more than enough. I knew it all along. My poor Celia!

"If I had the key of that safe!"

Then it occurred to me that the German must have it somewhere. I went to bed, and dreamed that I was prowling round and round his room, looking for a key which I could not find.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CONSPIRATOR.

The Polish question was not forgotten. In truth, it was not easy altogether to forget it. The burning fervour of Wassielewski, his glorious indifference to the probabilities of death, his scorn of failure provided the sacred fire was kept burning, all this could not but impress the imagination. When I thought of them my heart burned within me, and it seemed for the time a light thing to join my countrymen, and march with them to certain death, if only to show the world that Poland was living yet. Celia thought this kind of patriotism, the carrying on of a vendetta from father to son, was unworthy. But I never could get her to see the beauty of war, even in the palmy days of Crimean victory.

I laid my case before her, as much as I knew of it, then the loss of my inheritance, the death of my father, my long line of brave progenitor, the obligations of a name.

She could not be persuaded.

"You are not a soldier, Laddy," she said.

"You are a musician and an artist. It is not for you to go fighting. And think of all the misery that you and I have seen. Why does not every man resolve that he for one will not fight unless he has to defend himself? Be one of the peacemakers. After all, you foolish boy, it is not you that the Russians have injured, and you have grown up an Englishman. Why, you cannot even speak your own language."

"Wassielewski will be my interpreter."

"Poor old Wassielewski! He will run against the first Russian bayonet he meets, and be killed at the very beginning."

That was, indeed, just what the old man would do. He came to see me one day, with eyes full of fervour, and a voice trembling with excitement.

"Come out, Ladislus, I have much to say to you."

He took me into St. Faith's Square, a large irregular place, with the red brick church at one end. He dragged out of his pocket a pile of papers and letters tied round with ribbon. It struck me disagreeably that Herr Raumer was walking on the other side of the Square.

"They are all with us," he whispered. "See, here are the men from Exeter, here are the London men, here are the Paris men, we have emissaries in Vienna and in Rome; for the present the country is kept quiet, no suspicious are

awakened yet; no movement of Russian troops has been made towards Poland; we shall strike a desperate blow this time."

I mechanically took the papers which he gave me to read. There were lists of names, copies of compromising letters, mysterious notes dated Paris, Vienna, Rome. This old enthusiast was a sort of Head Centre, or, at least, a confidential and trusted agent of a wide-spread conspiracy. My heart sank when I saw my own name at the head of a long list.

"The plan of the campaign is being considered. I have sent in my ideas. They are, after making a feint in Warsaw, to—"

We will not follow the conspirator's plans through all its details. I thought, five years later, when the rising of 1863 took place, of Wassielewski's projected campaign, and for my country's sake regretted that they had not been adopted.

"In a very short time—it may be to-morrow—it may be in six months—we shall receive our orders to move."

"And am I to see no one first—to obey orders blindly?"

"Not blindly, Ladislus Pulaski. I shall be with you."

I suppose there was something of uncertainty in my face, for he quickly added:

"You shall see some of our people before you go. Ladislus, your heart is not yet wholly with us. I have seen that all along. It is my fault. I ought to have educated you from the beginning into hatred of the Muscovite. There ought to have been no single day in which you should not have recited the catechism of Poland's wrongs. My fault—mine."

"Forgive me, Wassielewski."

"But another day of retribution is coming. There will be another massacre of Polish patriots to rouse Poland out of her sleep, and fill the hearts of Polish women with renewed hatred. You and I shall be among the slain, and yet you do not rejoice."

He looked forward to his own death with exultation, much as a Christian martyr brought before Nero may have looked to the cross or the stake with the fiery fervour of a confessor who glorifies the faith. And he lamented that I, fifty years younger than himself, with no personal memories of struggle and of wrong, could not rise to his level of self-sacrifice.

"I do not rejoice, Wassielewski. I have no wish, not the slightest, to be killed, even for Poland."

He groaned.

"You must wish. You must go with me as I go, ready to be killed—because we shall not succeed this time—for the cause. You must feel as I feel. The others think we shall not fail; they know nothing; those of us who have better information know that Russia is too strong. I want to take you with me knowing all. I pray, night and morning, that you may come to me of your own accord, saying, 'Son of Roman Pulaski and the Lady Claudia, I belong to Poland.'"

I was deeply moved by the old man's eagerness.

"What can I say, Wassielewski? When I am with you my spirit leaps up at your words. Helpless hunchback as I am, I am ready to go with you and do what you command. Away from you, my patriotism is feeble, and I care little for Poland. Forgive me, but I tell you the simple truth."

"There is one thing I have never told you. I meant to keep it till I landed you on the sacred soil of Poland. But I will tell you now. No; not now. I must go home and think before I can tell you that. Come to me to-morrow at this time, to my room, where you and I can talk alone. You will need to be alone with me when you hear all, Ladislus Pulaski—with that knowledge ringing in your brain, the scales will fall from your eyes and you shall see."

What was he to tell me? Were there not horrors enough that I had heard already? Men beaten to death; men tortured by the knout; men sent by thousands into exile; women insulted; brides robbed of their bridegrooms, mothers of their sons; was there one single outrage in the long list of possible crimes that had been committed in that dark story of Polish revolt and Russian repression? Needs must, but war brings misery. The annals of the world are red with tears of blood; "woe to the conquered" is the inevitable law; but such woe, such tears, such misery, as fell upon Poland by the will of the Czar are surely unequalled since the days when a conquered people all fell by the sword, or were led away to a hopeless servitude. What more had Wassielewski to tell me?

By some strange irony I always met Herr Raumer after Wassielewski had been with me. That same evening, as I came home from a walk with Celia, I was saluted by him. He looked down upon me with his white shaggy eyebrows and his green spectacles, as if half in pity, half in contempt. In his presence I felt a very small conspirator indeed.

"I saw you this morning," he said, "walking and talking with your old rebel, Wassielewski. Brave old man! Energetic old man! Useful to his friends. And, oh! how useful to his country!"

Nothing could surpass the intense scorn in his voice.

"He is getting up another little rebellion, I gather from certain Cracow papers. At least, there are indications of another rising, and it is not likely that Wassielewski will be out of it. Such a chance does not come often."

"You mean, such a chance for Poland?"

"No, I mean for a conspirator. You do not understand—how can you!—the charm of rebel-

lion. Once a rebel—always a rebel. It is like acting. Those who have faced the footlights once are always wanting to go on again. Wassielewski is seventy years of age, and for sixty, or thereabouts, has been conspiring. It would have been a good thing for Poland had some one knocked him on the head when he first began. And a good thing for you."

"Why for me?"

"Because Roman Pulaski would still be living and still be a great proprietor in Poland; because you would have been, as he was, a friend and protégé of the Imperial Court."

"How do you know so much about me?"

He laughed.

"I have read current history. I read, and I remember. And I knew the story of Roman Pulaski. It was Wassielewski who took your father from his quiet chateau, and launched him on the stormy waters of rebellion. Thank him, then, not Russia, for all your misfortunes. You ought to be very grateful to that old man."

This was a new view of the case, and, for the moment, a staggering.

"That is for the past, Ladislus Pulaski. Now for the future."

"What of the future?"

"It is a Paradise of Fools. In the Future, Poland will be restored; there will be no more wars; nationalities will not be repressed in the Future—"

"At all events, it is better to believe in the Future than in the Present."

"You think so? That is because you are young. I believe in the Present because I am old. I love the Present, and work for it. When I am dead people may say of me what they like, and may do what they like. That is their own business. I eat well; I drink good wine; I read French novels; I smoke excellent tobacco; what more can the Future give me? Your friend Wassielewski fought once for the Future. He gets tenpence a day for his reward; he fiddles for sailors; he conspires for Poland; he will die in some obscure field leading peasants armed with scythes against Russian troops armed with rifles."

"I would rather be Wassielewski than—"

"Than I! Ça va son dires. You are young," he laughed, and showed his white teeth. "Mean-

time, remember what I told you. Where there are three conspirators there is one traitor. Have nothing to do with them; refuse to be murdered for Poland; go on with your music-lessons—anything you like—but do not join conspiracies."

He seemed to know everything, this man. For the first time a strange thought crossed my brain. Could he have possessed intelligence of the intended rising?

"I mean well by you, Ladislus Pulaski, although you suspect me, and do not love me. That does not matter. I wish to see you kept out of the fatal business which killed your father."

"Crack-brained idiots!" he ejaculated. "There is in the Kremlin a box. In the box is a most valuable document, shewn to strangers as a curiosity. It is the constitution of Poland. Reflect upon that fact. Again, there is outside Cracow a mound erected in immortal memory of Kosciusko. It is a mound so high that it dominates the town. Therefore, the Austrians have turned it into a fort by which, if necessary, to crush the town. That is another inspiring fact for a Pole to consider."

"It is like the Austrians."

"Doubtless. Otherwise they would not have built their fort. You would have preferred seeing them sympathize with the fallen hero. England and France have made of Poland a beautiful theme for the most exalted sentiments and speeches. But they do not fight for Poland. Voltaire, who did not share in the general enthusiasm, even wrote a burlesque poem on the Poles. Then England puts clauses in the Treaty of 1815 to ensure the government of the country by her Constitution. When Nicholas laughed at the clauses and tore up the treaty, England and France did not fight. Who keeps treaties when he is strong enough to break them? Who goes to war for a broken treaty when he is not strong enough? What does the new Czar say to the Poles? 'No dreams, gentlemen.' It is a dream to believe that Poland is not abandoned. It is a dream that a few madmen can get up a successful rebellion. *Frais Polonois!*"

He inhaled a tremendous volume of smoke, and sent it up in the air in a thick cloud.

"Look—There goes the liberty of Poland. Say I will, Ladislus Pulaski!"

"No," I replied, bluntly.

"Did you ever hear what a great Pole said when they wanted him to conspire? '*Mourir pour la patrie! Oui, je conspire cela; mais je vivrai Jamais!*' And he did neither."

I was filled with strange forebodings; with that feeling of expectancy which sometimes comes over one at moments when there seems impending the stroke of Fate; I could not rest; wild dreams crossed my brain. Nor was Celia happier. We wandered backwards and forwards in the leafy and shady retreat, restless and unhappy. The great elms about us were bright with their early foliage of sweet young June; the birds were flying about among the branches where they were never disturbed; the thrush with his low and cheerful note, surely the most contented among birds; the blackbird with his carol, a bird of sanguine temperament; the blue tit, the robin, the chaffinch—we knew every one of them by sight because we saw them every day. And the meadows at the foot of the walls were bright with golden cups.

"How can I give it up, Cis?" I asked.

She answered with her sweet sad smile. We had been both brooding in silence.

"I am selfish," she said. "I think of nothing but my own troubles. You must give it up, Laddy. You belong here, to the Captain, and to me. You must not go out among strangers." I shook my head.

"Wassielewski says I must. It would be hard to tear myself away, Cis—not to talk to you ever again, to see you no more."

"Why no more, Laddy?"

"I am to give more than my presence to the revolt, Cis. I am to give what Wassielewski gives—my life."

Just then we saw him marching along the ramparts towards us. His eyes were upon us, but he saw nothing. He came nearer and nearer, but he took no notice; he swung his arms violently to and fro; his long white hair streamed behind him in the wind; he carried his black felt hat in one hand; he halted when he came to the wall of the bastion, leaned for a moment upon the rampart, gazing fixedly out upon the bright waters of the harbour. What did he see there? Then he turned and faced us, but spoke as if he saw us not.

"The time is at hand," he murmured, in the low tones of a prophet. "The wolves and the ravens may gather in the woods and wait for the dead. The mothers shall array their sons—the wives shall buckle the sword of their husbands, the daughters for their lovers; once in every generation the sacrifice of the bravest and noblest, till the time comes; till then the best must die."

"Not Ladislus," cried Celia, throwing herself in front of me. "Take any one else, take whom you please to be murdered. But you shall not take my brother Ladislus."

He made no answer; I suppose he did not hear. Presently he stepped lightly from the breastwork, and walked slowly away, still waving his arms in a sort of triumph.

"He is mad, Laddy," Celia whispered. "You must not trust your fate to a madman."

"He is only mad sometimes, Cis. It is when he thinks too much about the past."

"Laddy, if you go away and leave me; if Leonard—but that is impossible. God will be good to us—yet. I could not bear my life without you."

"Tell me, Cis dear, has he pressed for an answer?"

She shook her head.

"It is not that," she said. "He is patient. But it is my father. Do not put my thoughts into words, Laddy. They are too dreadful. And my mother sees nothing."

(To be continued.)

HYGIENIC.

EMERALD green is the proper English name for the Paris green now so much spoken of in connection with the destruction of insects.

To cure inflammatory rheumatism take half an ounce of pulverised sulphate, and put in half a pint of sweet oil; bathe the parts affected, and a sound cure will be speedily effected.

All fruit intended for keeping should be gathered just before it is fully ripe; by this precaution it is less liable to injury, and keeps longer. Fruit thoroughly ripe and intended to be eaten the same day should be gathered in the morning.

SLEEPING-ROOMS are a more serious consideration than many people imagine, as so much of our lives, especially those of our children, is spent in them. The old custom of huddling a whole family of children into one apartment, rows of beds being placed close together, is going out of date, but we are still many degrees removed from perfection in this respect.

HOMEOPATHISTS are said to have discovered a certain remedy for sea-sickness in apomorphia, a very small dose of which taken once an hour in water will remove the qualms. They are so certain of its success that they are going to procure a gratuitous circulation of it among the vessels that carry passengers. It is also useful for beasts, the sufferings of which are often extreme.

IF any considerate medical man wants to bring his name before the public, let him publish a series of sound rules for preventing those who will follow them from taking cold. No danger is more serious; there is none that physicians can do so very little to cure, except of course by regimen, of which the sufferers are impatient, and there is none against which the population of all classes is more reluctant to take precaution.

THE majority of people are not aware of the beneficial effect of wearing flannel next to the body, both in cold and warm weather. Flannel is not so uncomfortable in warm weather, as prejudiced people believe. Frequently cold and hacking coughs have disappeared on adopting flannel garments. There is no need of great bulk about the waist, which condemns the wearing of flannel to those who prefer wasp-waists to health, for in that case flannel can be cut as a loosely fitting bodice, always fastening at the back. There are scarcely any of the bad effects of sudden changes of weather felt by those who wear flannel, and mothers especially should endeavour to secure such for their little people in preference to all those showy outside trimmings which fashion comments.

PERSONAL.

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR CAUCHON has left for Manitoba.

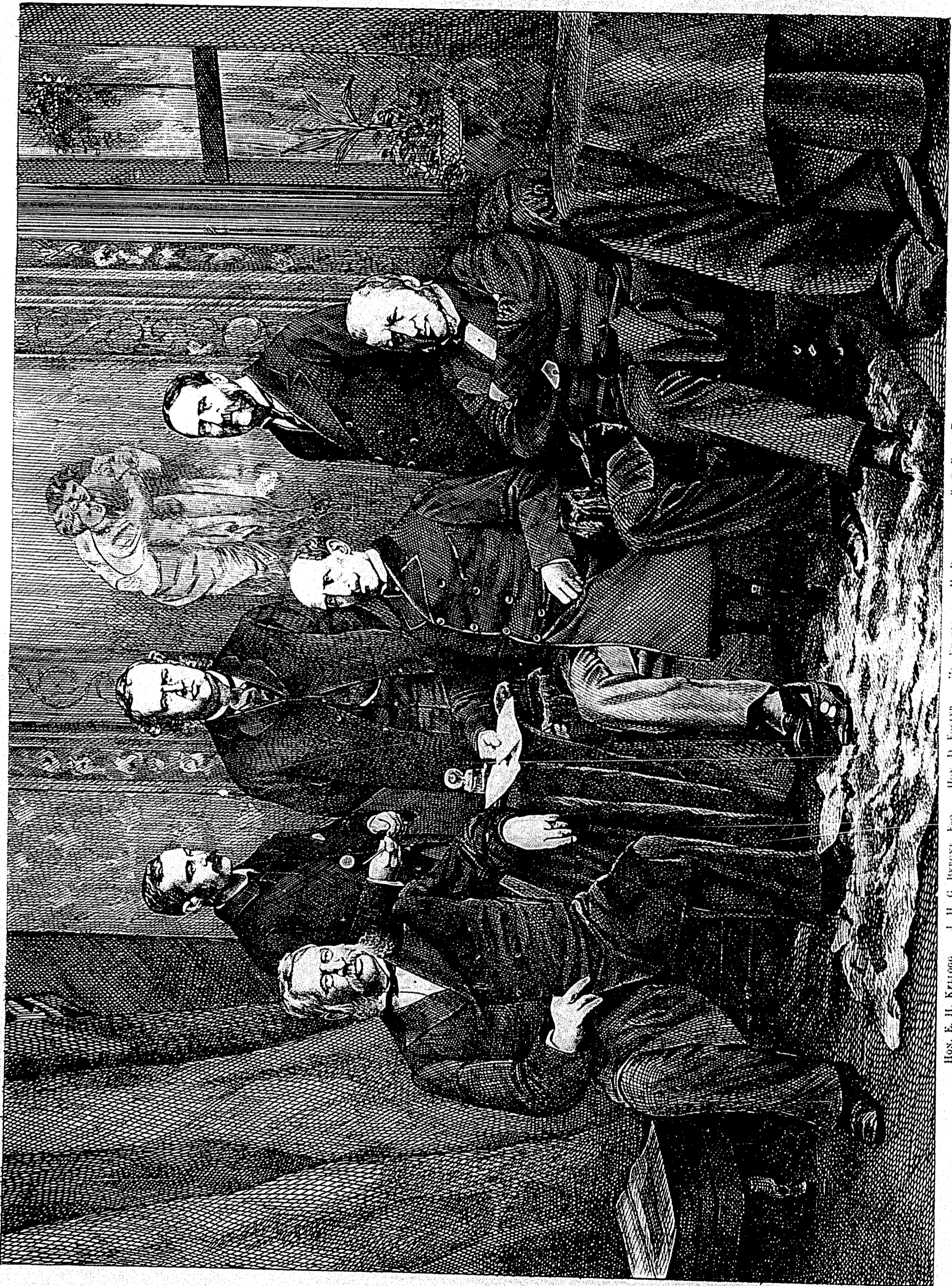
HON. D. A. SMITH, M. P. for Selkirk, has arrived in Montreal.

BARTLEY, the Brauce murderer, is hiding in Maine with a party of some ten or eleven men, some of them deserters from H. M. S. *Bellerophon*.

DR. DAVID ALLISON, Principal of the Sackville Collegiate Institution, has been appointed Superintendent of Education for the Province of Nova Scotia in the room of the late Rev. Mr. Hunt.

THE prosecution against Col. Bond for conspiracy in connection with the Montreal City and District Savings Bank has been discontinued, on the receipt from defendant of a written statement that he never conspired against the bank.

At the annual convocation, the new Convocation Hall at Trinity College was formally opened on the 15th. Hon. G. W. Allen was installed as Chancellor. In the evening a brilliant gathering was present at dinner at the College.



HON. E. H. KELLONG. J. H. G. BREWSTER, Esq. HON. D. FOSTER. HIS EXCELLENCY M. DELFOSSE. F. C. FORD, Esq. SIR A. T. GALT, K.C.M.G.
 THE FISHERIES COMMISSION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN OF HAGREAV.

THE LATE REV. W. H. TILLEY.

This revered clergyman, as we glean from the *Toronto Mail*, was a son of the Hon. S. L. Tilley, the present Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and born at Fredericton, N. B., April 26th, 1844. Having acquired the education necessary to admit him to the life of a University student, he, in the year 1860, and at the early age of sixteen, entered the University of New Brunswick, where, in the course of two years, he took honours in Mathematics and Natural Science, and won the "Alumni gold medal" for Classics. The summer of 1863 was spent by him in European travel. In 1864 the degree of B. A. was conferred upon him. In the same year he entered the University of Windsor College, Nova Scotia, as theological student, where he studied till 1866. Retiring from the college he studied privately until his ordination to the office of deacon by the Lord Bishop of Fredericton, which took place on the first Dominion Day, July 1st, 1867. He was ordained priest in December of the following year; his first ministerial charge being that of assistant minister to the Rev. Canon Harrison, Rector of St. Luke's, Portland, N. B., the appointment to which preferment he received immediately after his ordination. In August, 1871, he married the only daughter of M. S. Mathews, of St. John N. B.—sister of Rev. C. R. Mathews, of Grace church, Toronto—who, with three children, survives him. In 1872 he was appointed assistant minister of St. Paul's Cathedral church, London, Ont., and on March 24th, 1873, he became incumbent of the Bishop Cronyn Memorial Church in the same city. He held that position until July 1st of this year—the tenth anniversary of his ordination—when, having accepted a call from Toronto, he resigned his pastoral charge, and became assistant minister of St. James' cathedral. While in London he made many friends of all denominations, and his withdrawal from that city was a matter of great regret. Up to the time of his death he had not been in Toronto quite five months, and it is safe to say that no clergyman new to Toronto, has, within so short a space of time, made so many friends. He was an eloquent preacher, a zealous worker in the Sunday school; an earnest temperance man; a man of liberal views; and a true Christian. These facts were no doubt, the secrets of his many friendships, and of the respect which, wherever he was known, was entertained for him. He was a man of great mental powers, and it was no doubt from the over exertion of

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 279.



THE LATE REV. W. H. TILLEY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER, TORONTO.

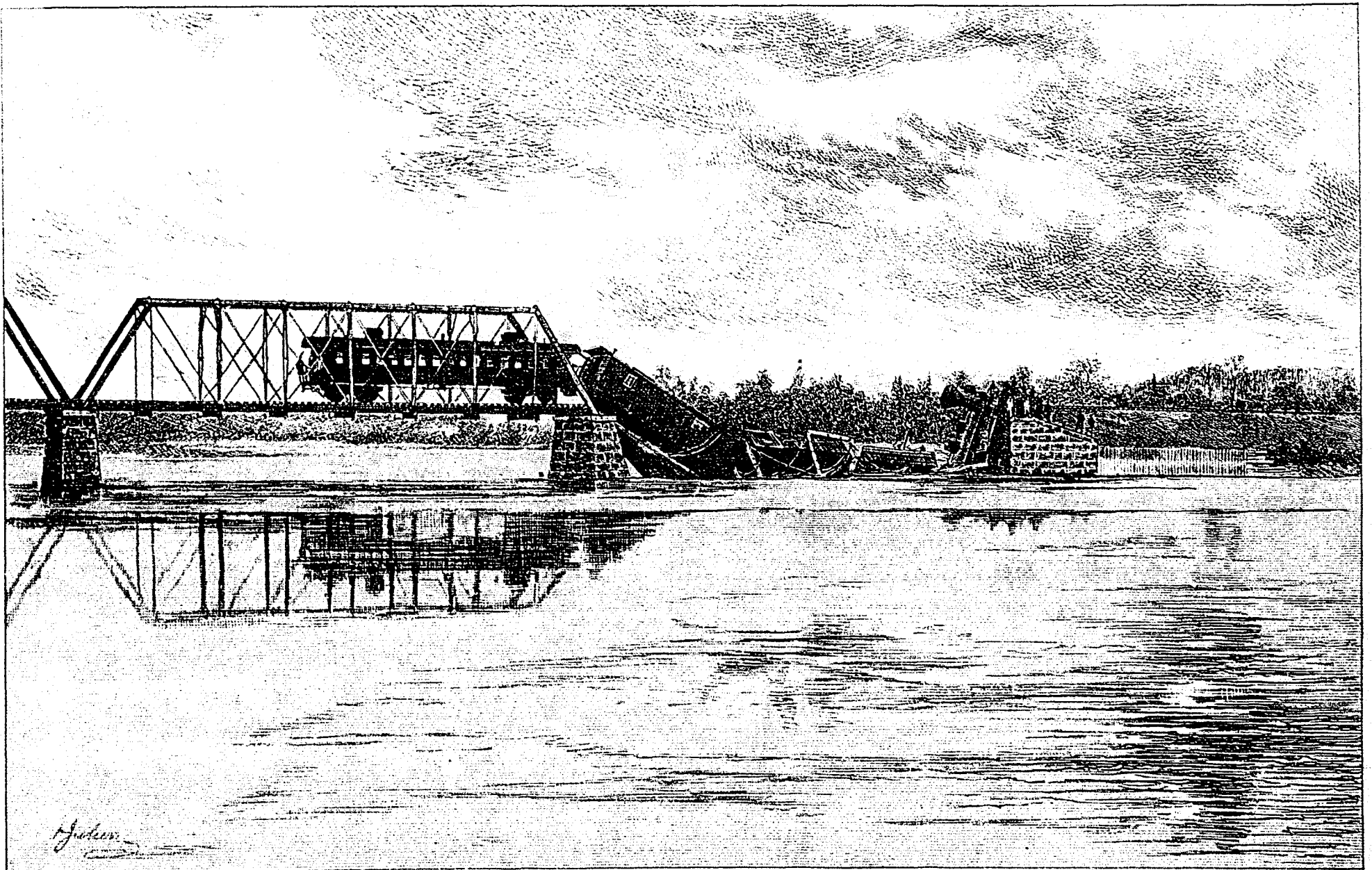
these powers in the cause of his Master that he brought on the disease—brain fever—from the effects of which he died.

A WOMAN who has tried the experiment says: "When a man finds a place that is pleasanter to him than his own home his wife should put two extra lumps of sugar in his coffee and double the quantity of sunshine in the front room."

"ANGELINA, when will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?"—"Oh, Frederick! I could never guess that."—"Why, it's when U and I are made one."—"What a nice conundrum, Fred! Do you know any more?"

A WEST TROY man purchased a tool chest for a little boy, who seemed to have considerable mechanical genius. Up to the latest accounts, the boy had sawed off two table legs, six knobs from the bureau, bored seven holes through the doors and three in the piano case, and, by the aid of the glue pot, stuck the family supply of napkins firmly to the parlor carpet.

A BRILLIANT MARRIAGE.—The engagement is announced of Miss Antoinette Polk, of Tennessee, a daughter of the late Mr. Andrew Polk, a niece of Bishop and Lieutenant General Polk, and a cousin of Dr. Mecklenburg Polk, of New York, to General Baron de Charette, who commanded the Papal Zouaves at the battle of Castel-Fidardo. General de Charette is a descendant of the loyalist hero of the war of La Vendée, and inherits all the devotion of his race to the Church and to the Crown. He was born in 1828, and was married a number of years to an Irish lady, Mrs. Fitz-James, who died not long afterwards, bearing him two children. Miss Polk has resided abroad for a long time past with her mother, principally in England and Rome, where she has been greatly admired not only for her beauty and accomplishments in the ordinary routine of fashionable life, but for her daring and grace as a horse-woman, riding fearlessly to the hounds in the English hunting shires and on the Roman Campagna. General de Charette, after the Papal Zouaves were disbanded on the occupation of Rome by Victor Emmanuel, organized his corps into a legion and fought gallantly in the Franco-German war. He was dangerously wounded at Patay, and though twice elected since to the Assembly, he has positively refused to enter political life under the republic. Miss Polk has joined the Catholic Church, and will be married at the chateau of Kernlic-Lambion, in Brittany.



ACCIDENT AT BRANTFORD, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. SEARLE, BRANTFORD.

KERAMOS.

Mr. Longfellow's new poem in *Harper's Magazine* for December, has for its subject Pottery—under various national types. Considered simply as a realistic description of ceramic wares and their ornamentation, it is a work displaying an almost magical skill. But it is far more than this—it is an imaginative poem of the highest order, interpreting the subtle analogy which connects art with nature and human life. The poem, with the exquisite illustrations by Fredericks and Abbey, of Harpers', occupies fourteen pages, and we can lay before our readers only a few extracts.

INTRODUCTION.

Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound:
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay!

Thus sang the Potter at his task
Beneath the blossoming Hawthorn-tree,
While o'er his features, like a mask,
The quitted sunshine and leaf shade
Moved, as the boughs above him swayed.
And clothed him, till he seemed to be
A figure woven in tapestry,
So sumptuously was he arrayed
In that magnificent attire
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.
Like a magician he appeared,
A conjurer without book or beard;
And while he plied his magic art—
For it was magical to me—
I stood in silence and apart,
And wondered more and more to see
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay
Rise up to meet the master's hand,
And now contract and now expand,
And even his slightest touch obey;
While ever in a thoughtful mood
He sang his ditty, and at times
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,
As a melodious interlude.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change
To something new, to something strange:
Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

DELFT.
What land is this, that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea?
This land of sluices, dikes, and dunes?
This water-net, that tassellates
The landscape? this unending maze
Of gardens, through whose latticed gates
The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze;
When in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through a screen;
Where over fields and pastures green
The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and every where
The sails of windmills sink and soar
Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore?
What land is this! You pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;
The pride, the marker-place, the crown
And centre of the Potter's trade.
See! every house and room is bright
With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser shine;
Flagon to foam with Flemish beer,
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,
And pilgrim-flasks with fleurs-de-lis,
And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter-topped, and queer
With grotesque mask and musketeer!
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles;
The parlor walls, the chamber floors,
The stairway and the corridors,
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,
That never droop in winds or showers,
And never wither on their stalks.

PALLISSY.
Who is it in the suburbs here,
This Potter, working with such cheer,
In this mean house, this mean attire,
His manly features bronzed with fire,
Whose finelines and rustic wares
Scarce find him bread from day to day?
This madman, as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his chairs
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
Who goes unfed if they are fed,
Nor who may live if they are dead?
This alchemist with hollow cheeks,
And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks,
By mingled earths and ores combined
With potency of fire, to find
Some new enamel hard and bright,
His dream, his passion, his delight?

O Pallissy! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees, it finds,
Or what it can not find, creates?

EGYPT.
And now the winds that southward blow,
And cool the hot Sicilian isle,
Bear me away. I see below
The long line of the Libyan Nile,
Flooding and feeding the parched lands
With annual ebb and overflow:
A fallen palm whose branches lie
Beneath the Abyssinian sky,
Whose roots are in Egyptian sands.
On either bank huge water-wheels,
Belted with jars and dripping weeds,
Send forth their melancholy moans,
As if, in their gray mantles hid,
Dead auchoories of the Thebaid
Knelt on the shore and told their beads,
Beating their breasts with loud appeals
And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set
With glittering mosque and minaret,
Is Cairo, in whose gay bazars
The dreaming traveller first inhales
The perfume of Arabian gales,
And sees the fabulous earthen jars,
Huge as were those wherein the maid
Morgiana found the Forty Thieves
Concealed in midnight ambushade:
And seeing more than half believes
The fascinating tales that run
Through all the Thousand Nights and One,
Told by the fair Scheherazade.

More strange and wonderful than these
Are the Egyptian deities—
Ammon, and Emoth, and the grand
Osiris, holding in his hand
The lotus; Isis, crowned and veiled;
The sacred Iris, and the Sphinx;
Bracelets with blue-enamelled links;
The Scarabee in emerald mailed,
Or spreading wide his funeral wings;
Lamps that perchance their night-watch kept
O'er Cleopatra while she slept—
All plundered from the tombs of kings.

CHINA.

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,
O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,
Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,
And bird-like poise on balanced wing
Above the town of King-to-toing,
A burning town, or seeming so—
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly, and fill the air
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,
And painted by the lurid glare
Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,
Spotted and veined with various hues,
Are swept along the avenues,
And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,
So from this grove of chimneys whirled
To all the markets of the world,
These porcelain leaves are wafted on—
Light yellow leaves with spots and stains
Of violet and of crimson dye,
Or tender azure of a sky
Just washed by gentle April rains,
And beautiful with celadon.

No less the coarser household wares—
The willow pattern, that we knew
In childhood, with its bridge of blue
Leading to unknown thoroughfares;
The solitary man who stares
At the white river flowing through
Its arches, the fantastic tree,
And wild perspective of the view;
And intermingled among these
The tiles that in our nurseries
Filled us with wonder and delight,
Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold!
The Tower of Porcelain, strange and old,
Uplifting to the astonished skies
Its ninefold painted balconies,
With balustrades of twining leaves,
And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves
Hang porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with soft melodious chime:
While the whole fabric is ablaze
With varied tints, all fused in one,
Great mass of color, like a maze
Of flowers illumined by the sun.

NATURE AND ART.

Art is the child of Nature; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude,
All her majestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and subdued
Into a more attractive grace,
And with a human sense imbued.
He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler needs,
As he who sets his willing feet
In Nature's foot-prints, light and fleet,
And follows fearlessly where she leads.

THE
GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY
SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND
CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE.

The purchases for Chickaree and the Hollow, the various packages that found their destination in Dr. Maryland's house, had all been sent straight off where they were to go. There were however many things bought during those two days of New York work, which had no destination; at least, none as yet known. Such articles had been ordered to the hotel. And it followed, that in the course of a day or two thereafter, the rooms of the suite occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Rollo presented the appearance of a house from which the inhabitants are meditating an immediate journey with all their effects. Packages of all sizes and descriptions had accumulated, to a number which became intrusive upon the notice of said inhabitants.

"What shall we do to make a clearance?" Rollo had said, laughing, as his eyes went round the parlor. "I wish, Hazel, you would look at these things, and see what use you can find for them. Take Byrom to open packages and do them up again, and let him ticket them according to your orders. Will you? and when I come I will help. It is a most ridiculous assortment!"

Accordingly, after luncheon, Hazel put on an apron and summoned Byrom, whom she could not have earlier; she was not afraid of interruptions, not being supposed, as she thought, to be in town. The task set her was an amusing piece of work enough, remembering as she did how and where and why many of the articles had come to be bought. Here were baskets, what an array of baskets! which had been purchased from a poor little discouraged seller of wickerware. A large order had first gone off to Morton Hollow; then as Rollo walked round the store he had picked up this and that and bade the woman send it to the hotel; till the dim eyes had brightened up and the hopeless

face had taken quite another expression. Here was a package of stationery. Hazel remembered the sickly-looking man who had sold it, in a little shop, far down Broadway; she recollected Rollo's cheery talk to the man and some counsel he had given him about his health; which counsel, coming from so free a purchaser, who paid cash with so ready a hand, stood a fair chance of being followed. Here were books, and there were books; here were pictures; there was a package of hardware. Well Hazel remembered a little corner shop into which her husband had turned to get a dog-chain; and where, finding a slim girl keeping shop, and learning that she was doing it for her father who was ill, he had gone on to buy a bewildering variety of things, which he would not order sent to Chickaree, there being perhaps no one in the shop to pack them. Hazel smiled as she recollected how Rollo found out that he wanted all sorts of things from that little establishment, and how the little girl had looked at him and sprung to serve him before he got through.

Byrom was busy unpacking and Hazel examining; the room was in a confusion of papers and twines and ropes; when the door opened, and there entered upon the scene no less a person than Josephine Charteris, née Powder. The lady's look, on taking the effect of things, it is impossible to describe. Hazel was gloved in dainty buff gauntlets, the folds of her scarlet dress half smothered in the great white apron, ruffled and fluted and spotless,—and looked indescribably busy.

"Josephine Powder!—I am not receiving company!" she exclaimed.

"Nonsense! I am glad of it. I want to see you, and I don't want to see other people. How you do look, Hazel! Well—have you really gone and got married, and told nobody? Is it true?"

"Telling people is not one of my strong points," said Hazel. "Phœbe, bring a duster to this chair for Mrs. Charteris."

"It is one of your weak points, I think," said Josephine. "Never mind the chair. What made you do things in that way?"

Wych Hazel dismissed her attendants, and went back to her foot-cushion among the packages. "What makes one do anything?" she asked, beginning upon a series of troublesome knots.

"Him!" said Josephine.—"Not being able to help yourself."

"O is that it?" said Hazel. "There—happily for you, I have found some sugarplums. Do you buy so many now-a-days that you have no taste for more?"

"What on earth are you about?"

"Hard at work on chaos—!"

"What sort of chaos?"

"Don't you see?" said Wych Hazel. "Here are six brackets together, for instance, which should be one in a place; and I am puzzled in what light to hang these pictures;—and these books have no place where to be. And if you want needles, Josephine, or a thimble—or a sewing bird, or any little trifle like notepaper or a clotheshamper, help yourself!"—And her sweet laugh rung out, half for nervousness and half for fun.

"How long have you been married?" was the other lady's impetuous question.

"Since some time last year," said Hazel, dragging up another package.

"Don't be wicked, Hazel! Were you married at Christmas? Kitty Fisher says so, and I didn't believe it. Were you really?"

"I suppose Dr. Maryland does such things 'really,' when he does them at all."

"Yes!" said Josephine, after a moment's pause and with a half groan, "that's the worst of it. I wish I could know it was a sham. I think marriages ought to be broken, if people want them broken. The law ought to be so."

Hazel was silent.

"Don't you think, that when people are tired of each other, they ought not to be bound to live together?"

"But you were tired to begin with."

"No, I wasn't; not so. I thought I could get along with John Charteris. He wasn't a beauty, nor a distinguished speaker, but I thought I could get along with him. Hazel, I hated him before I had been married a week. Men are at your feet till you are tied to them, fast; and then—it's very hard, Hazel!—the man is the master, and he likes it."

"Is that Mr. Charteris?" said Hazel.

"It is every man!"

"Some flourish their sceptres with a difference," said Hazel, her lips at play. "Take another bonbon?"

"It's nothing to laugh at!" said the girl bitterly. "I know you will tell me you warned me,—but what could I do? They were all at me; mamma said I must be married some time; and I thought it didn't make much difference; and now—I think I'll run away. Do you like your husband?"

"No," said Hazel with an indescribable arch of her brows, which was however extremely stately. But as she spoke, the very flush of the morning—all light and joy and promise—stirred and mantled and covered her face. It was unmistakable; words could not have been clearer. She bent down over her parcels, and Josephine, watching her keenly, saw and read. It was very bitter to her.

"Why," she said incredulously, though she was not incredulous, "you used to hate him a year ago. Do you remember when he would not let you ride home with us from the Seaton's one night, and how furious you were? Has he changed?"

"As I never remember hating anybody in my life," said Wych Hazel, "it is perhaps useless to discuss the question. Do you spend the winter here?"

"He had money enough of his own," Josephine went on,—"he had no business to marry you. Well—marriage is a lottery, they say; and I have drawn John Charteris. I suppose I must wear him out. If I could wear him out!—If it was only Jack Charteris!—but he is the sort of man you couldn't say 'Jack' to. Spend the winter here? No, I think not. I shall go to Washington by and by. But I don't see that it signifies much where one is; life is flat when one can't flirt; and John won't let me do that any more, unless I do it on the sly. Do you expect to have anything in the world your own way, with Dane Rollo?"

Hazel felt herself (privately) getting rather "furious" now. Yet the girl at her side stirred her pity, too.

"What sort of a man can you say 'Jack' to?" she inquired, as if she had heard no question.

"You know. A fellow that's anyhow jolly. What are all these things here for?"

"If I were you," said Hazel, "I would make Mr. Charteris so 'jolly' (lend me your word for once) that he would be delighted to have me say 'Jack.'"

"I don't want him to be delighted," said Josephine, "nor to call him Jack. And a man that smokes all the time can't be made jolly. He didn't use to let me see it, you know; and now he don't care. He ought to live in a house by himself, that's all chimney!"

"Counter actions would work a cure," said Wych Hazel, ready to laugh at her own suddenly developed wisdom. "If you make yourself disagreeable, Josephine, I should think he would smoke, and hide you in a haze."

"I don't!" said the girl indignantly. "And nothing on earth will cure a man who smokes. He likes it better than anything except money; far better than me. Try to get your husband—"

Josephine broke suddenly off. The door had opened noiselessly, and Mrs. Powder entered, followed immediately by Miss Molly Seaton.

Greetings and congratulations passed of course, according to form.

"Dane is not at home, my dear?" said the elder lady.

"Husbands are not gallant in these days, mamma," said Josephine.

"But Mr. Rollo is!" said Molly rashly.

"So it seems," said Josephine laughing. "Left his lady-love to put his affairs in order; while he is having a good sleighride somewhere, you bet! But you see, she is busy, like a good child."

"And what are you doing, my dear?" said Mrs. Powder.

Just then the set of Hazel's head would have told keen eyes what she was doing *mentally*. She was still in her camelhair morning robe; the scarlet folds and the white apron, and herself, making a brilliant spot down among the packages.

"I am putting Mr. Rollo's affairs in order," she said composedly.

"My dear," said Mrs. Powder benevolently, "I am sure he does not want you to open his packages for him."

"I should think you were going to open a shop, if I didn't know better," remarked Molly in evident great curiosity.

"She won't tell," said Josephine. "I suppose she is keeping her own secret. She wants me to believe that she don't feel the chains of wedlock a bit."

"Maybe it is too soon for that," said Molly.

"O is it!" said Mrs. Charteris. "I should like to see that. Just as soon as the minister has done, and said, 'I pronounce you man and wife,'—from that minute a man is changed. He is your very obedient servant when he walks up the aisle; dear me, when he comes down!"

"But you are joking, Mrs. Charteris," said Molly, half alarmed.

"After that, he has the power, and you are queen no longer, but must follow him round the world if he beckons; and he knows it, and he lets you know it too."

"That is a foolish way of talking, Josephine," said her mother. "Of course, there is a certain truth in it, and there ought to be. A man is the head of his house. The only thing to be desired is, that he should rule it well."

"I don't care whether it is well or ill," rejoined Josephine. "What I object to is being ruled at all. It is horrid! You can't talk, mamma, because you know you always held the reins yourself. It's intolerable to have to ask a man for money, unless he is your own father; and to have him put his nose into your affairs and say this must be and that mustn't be. Women know just as well as men how things ought to be."

"I think they do," said Molly.

"And better," added Josephine.

But at this point Hazel gave way and laughed. Such a ring of appreciation and merriment and gladness of heart, as was good to hear. The soft notes made Mrs. Powder smile; but poor Josephine, who could not laugh so, turned aside quick to hide the very different change which came over her face. Before anything further could be said, the door opened again and Rollo came in. He came in with a look upon his face which changed when he saw the three people he had not expected to see. It did not grow less bright, but it changed; the look that was for his wife was for no other on earth; not even for her in the presence of others. He went through the necessary greetings and congratulations with a manner of courtly carelessness, which involun-

tarly made Hazel think of those first days when she knew him at Gatskill.

"Do you want to buy anything, ladies?" said he then, setting on the table a bronze standish which Hazel had just freed from its wrappings.

"Will you tell us what all this means, Dane?" said Mrs. Powder.

"Santa Claus's spillings out of his sleigh." "Spillings!" echoed the lady. "What must the sleigh load have been?"

"O that's the way these people do things," said Josephine. "What I would like to know, is where the sleigh load went to."

"Down various chimneys, of course," said Dane.

"Do you know," the lady went on, "it is very mean of you, Dane Rollo, to have gone and married the only rich woman in our part of the country. You ought to have left her for somebody else."

"If you would like a basket," said Rollo coolly, pulling some of his wickerware into line, "you may have one. I can afford it."

"May I have one too?" queried Molly.

"Help yourself.—Mrs. Powder you are a housekeeper—are there none among all these varieties that would serve a purpose for you? Mrs. Charteris, aren't you fond of flowers? I will bestow upon you this big flower-holder."

It was one of the best specimens of the poor basket-maker's work, being a delicate wicker stand, pretty enough for the drawing-room or a boudoir. Josephine silently accepted the gift, looking at it with strange eyes; while Molly set about a search for what might serve her turn. Mrs. Powder sat as a spectator, curious, and at the same time amused.

"We have got more than baskets here," Rollo went on, pulling off twine and paper. "Here is a tea-kettle. Who wants this article?—Here is an hour-glass."

"O let me have that!" quoth Molly Seaton. "I never saw an hour-glass before. What's this in it?"

"Minutes and seconds," said Josephine. "No, but really. It would be dreadful to see one's minutes and seconds running away in this manner. What is this in the glass?"

"Did you never hear of the sands of life, child?" said Mrs. Powder.

"They were brought from the shores of time, too," added Josephine, "by an adventurous traveller."

"What is it?" cried a lively voice from the again opening door. "A reception at the opening of spring goods? I come in, because I hear sounds—" And Miss Kitty Fisher presented herself, stepping just inside the door. "I do vow!" she said. "What is it?—All for Love? or 'She stoops to Conquer'?" Katharine and Petrusino seems to be played out. Well, if I were a turtle-dove in a big cage!"

"You would *do*, I suppose," said Josephine scornfully. "Turtle-doves always do, and they are a great humbug."

"I should doubtless bob my head to the other turtle-doves," said Kitty, making a profound reverence to the gentleman present.

(To be continued.)

AN ICE BRIDGE.

It was in January, 1877, when, with a large crowd of people, I stood upon the Durham Terrace, of the city of Quebec, and looked down upon the river St. Lawrence. The thermometer had that morning marked fifty degrees below zero, and all around there was nothing but dazzling snow, covering city, plain, and mountain alike, while from the basin of the great river rose a mist which wholly concealed its bleak waters from view. What could induce human beings in such an extreme atmosphere to pace up and down the exposed promenade, which in summer commands a view unrivalled in the whole world? The formation of the ice-bridge was momentarily expected, the ferry steamers, whose traffic would be put a stop to by the ice-bridge, had been prevented from leaving their wharfs, under penalty of heavy fines, and being fired into, by order of the authorities, were they to attempt to break it. Facing the bitter cold, all looked down upon the hidden stream, vigorously they walked the snow clad terrace, when suddenly a cry was heard, "It is taken!" instantly all rushed to the railing and anxiously peered down upon the waters; slowly the mist arose and in its place appeared a smooth surface of dark blue ice, extending far down the river to Indian Point and up as far as the eye could reach. Under the cloud of mist nature had done the work, and in a few minutes had improvised a bridge, out of the power of man to construct, a glorious crystal bridge, as wonderful as it was beautiful. The opposite shore, which, up to within a few minutes, was almost unattainable, had been, as it were, in a moment of time, brought into a few minutes communication. Minute by minute the bridge was strengthening, the intensity of the cold thickened the ice, and an hour afterwards, a boy in a sleigh, drawn by a dog, ventured on its surface. As they progressed towards the opposite shore, a sound as of distant thunder rose from the river, for the ice was as a sounding board; and even when the sleigh became but a speck, the rumbling sound continued, reverberating between the opposing highlands; then followed, as it seemed to me, fool-hardy skaters, who, venturing on the brittle surface, sped on in sweeping circles, hither and thither; then hundreds followed, and then the bridge presented the view of countless men luxuriating in the enjoyment of skating on virgin ice. It was barely more than an inch in thick-

ness, and it appeared mad temerity to trust such fragility, but still the crowd increased and its delirium grew wilder. Each moment, I knew added to the general safety, but each one had to keep separate from all others, and it was noticed, that when three or four approached the same locality, the India-rubber-like surface sank as if it were ready to engulf the reckless individuals. On the wharfs and quays along the river side, were collected hundreds of on-lookers and I descended after my bird's-eye view to have a closer inspection. Over the edge of a wharf was suspended a ladder, from the foot of which were planks laid on the ice, and by them the skaters gained access to the bridge; a continual row of people ventured down shod with skates and were soon eddying over the glassy surface. I watched one after another to see if there were any feeling of bravado in their actions, but there was none except the simple one of anxiety to join the river revel. Suddenly there was a tremor in the shining mass, and on shore and on bridge a paralysis seemed to strike all; the ice was moving. Instantly the skaters rushed towards the shore, rapidly they crossed the planks and scaled the ladders, many were immersed in the death-cold waters, but all save one escaped a watery grave; he was carried home to a disconsolate widow and helpless orphans. The bridge was broken up and a human being was ushered into eternity. The morning sun rose next day clear and bright and shed its rays upon a night-formed bridge as clear and smooth as any mirror; the first had descended with the falling tide but the works of nature are rapidly carried out and in its place another spanned the broad St. Lawrence. Even now upon its bosom the venturesome skaters, careless of yesterday's grief, rushed wildly on the surface, and ice-boats in scores swept across it with the rapidity of race horses, their white sails reflecting back the sun's rays as the wings of sea gulls. It was a gala festival and men and women revelled in the rare enjoyment. From the city's height it was a panorama, a kaleidoscopic view of changing forms of boats, of men, of vehicles. A bond of harmony and conviviality had been made between the old city of Quebec, Point Lévis, the Island of Orleans, Beauport, and other villages, and representatives from each place met in unison on the river plain, from which, midst the sound of ever tinkling sleigh bells, rose the strains of music and the shouts and laughter of men and women. It was a mirage, for the ice bridge was as a glass and everything on its surface had its reflection, and the steep cliffs of Lévis threw their shadows on the ice as on a peaceful lake. "We," that is, myself and two friends, were standing on the Durham Terrace, looking down upon this novel and exciting picture, and were carried away with enthusiasm and a desire to join in the glorious carnival. Quickly we provided ourselves with skates and descended to the Lower Town, and soon found ourselves upon the smooth ice. Near by was an ice boat, waiting to be chartered for a voyage to any part of the surrounding shores, so we closed a bargain with the master and stepped into the cozy cabin whose roof was the cloudless sky. Voluminous buffalo robes were wrapped around us and we felt as comfortable as though we sat before a parlor fire. Our faces alone could tell how cold was the westerly breeze, which soon carried our vessel, with the flight of a bird, over the shining surface. Meeting small boats was as a flash of lightning, and skaters and horses were distanced by us in every passing moment. Rapidly we passed up the river; on one side of us were the frowning battlements and citadel of Quebec, while, on the other, were the higher heights of Lévis; anon we were beneath the plains of Abraham, rushing past the now desolate timber coves which in summer are crowded with vessels, and which now showed, at the foot of the cliff, the long line of the white-washed dwellings of the hard-working lumbermen. On the one side were the churches of St. Colombe de Sillery, and St. Augustin, and on the other of St. Nicolas, and then the Falls of the Chaudière. We had swept upwards for over ten miles, when with a slight twist of the tiller, our boat wheeled round with marvellous velocity, and we were on the home stretch. Again we passed villages, churches, and coves, and now and then a winter frozen-in vessel; then Quebec and Lévis rose above our heads, and our bow pointed to where the Montmorency Falls threw their vapory column high into the rarified atmosphere; already the cone had begun to form and we could even see dark objects ascending and descending its slippery sides. Onward we swept past the villages of Beauport, L'Ange Gardien, and Chateau Richer, when again we turned and, doubling Le Bout de L'Isle d'Orléans, we stretched over towards the village of St. Joseph de Lévis and skirted along the south shore of the St. Lawrence till we struck across to our starting point, after a wild ride of forty miles, accomplished with the speed of a mail train. Our limbs were a little stiff, and we put on our skates to revive the circulation of the blood. No sooner had the steel touched the clear brittle ice than we felt the freedom of a liberated eagle and we swiftly glided over the silvery surface, seeming hardly to touch the ice, but rather to be carried through the air. Hundreds of skaters were madly rushing hither and thither, ice-boats with their white sails were sweeping upwards and downwards, and horses, as if in delirium were galloping in every direction. I remained with my lady friend, while her husband sped onwards; we followed him at a distance, for we were unable to keep up with his rapid movements. The bride of a few months glided joyfully by my side, and I could see her proudly watching the move-

ments of her husband, as he skilfully gyrated and executed difficult figures on the keen ice—her loving eyes did not lose sight of him for a moment, and in human sympathy I rejoiced in her seemingly unalloyed happiness, and the glad expression in her brown eyes showed me that love and life were to her synonymous. As I watched her I was startled by her sudden look of intense horror. I looked in the direction and saw nothing but the crowd of skaters. In a moment, however, there was a rush among them to a central spot and loud cries, but my attention was taken away from them by a piercing shriek from the woman by my side. I had just time to prevent her from falling and was holding her in my arms when I chanced to look at the ice beneath us, and there, under its cruel surface, in the cold, cold water, swept down by the rushing tide, was the struggling form of her husband, vainly clutching and grasping to break through the icy fetters; as he passed beneath us, he gave one despairing look upwards and was then swept away forever from our sight. Fortunately his young bride had fainted and was mercifully spared that despairing anguished look, which shall never be forgotten by me through life's longest day. I conveyed to her home the young widow bride, who that day had been so happy, so loving, so loved, who that night lay on her couch, and for many a succeeding day and night, the helpless prey of brain fever and from which couch she rose bereft of reason, to become the inmate of an asylum.

Quebec T. J. O.

FASHION NOTES.

Seal, which has been steadily advancing in favor for some time past, still retains its eminent position as the leading fashionable fur, and saques manufactured from the finest English dyed seal will undoubtedly prove to be the most desirable garments offered by the more prominent furriers in all of our large cities. Parties desirous of damaging the reputation of seal have been busily circulating reports to the effect that its present popularity could not be maintained for another season, and that seal-skin saques would not be accorded the same degree of favor as formerly, particularly by ladies wearing the goods of superior quality; but the rumor is without any foundation in truth, as seal has never been more highly appreciated than at the present time. The great beauty and intrinsic merits which it possesses insure a present and future popularity beyond doubt. Its acknowledged durability, and the reduced prices at which it is being sold, are favorable considerations regarding the economy of seal, as compared with other fur.

Saques this season are cut so as to fit somewhat more closely to the figure of the wearer than they did last season, and are from thirty-two to thirty-four inches in length. Plain and fur-trimmed saques will be equally fashionable for the coming winter. Except in special instances, and in the lower grades, the trimming will be slightly wider than heretofore, and the furs employed for the purpose will include plucked and unplucked otter, natural colored and silvered beaver, sea otter, black marten, grebe and genet. Seal-skin covered buttons and crossbars with ornamental seal pendant will form the more stylish fastenings for saques and cloaks. Muffs of seal, sable, mink, black marten, and a variety of other fancy furs, including silver fox and chinchilla, have been made a little larger than usual. Brown satin gree, of fine quality, is the preferred material for lining, and plain ribbon or bows of ribbon having either fringed or embroidered ends constitute the fashionable trimmings. In some instances the muffs are made up perfectly plain, no trimmings of any kind being used. Muffs of the tails of the Russian and Hudson's Bay sables are among the attractive novelties of the season.

In style, bows remain about the same as last year—the flat shape of two yards in length being the most desirable.

Ladies' seal-skin hats and caps, for which there is a large demand, are, according to the tastes of the wearer, either quite plain or richly trimmed with ostrich plumes or other dressy feathers. The popular Gainsborough hat is one of the leading shapes, and round hats and turbans will also be worn extensively. The newest style of hat introduced this season may be worn either as a bonnet, skating, or riding hat.

Furs for gentlemen have been provided in liberal variety of styles and material, and the seal-skin coats, both for walking and riding purposes, are especially worthy of mention. Caps, with or without bands or visors, are made of seal, beaver, otter, nutria, and several other furs usually employed in the manufacture of caps. The round cap with a deep band is the shape most in favor. Gloves have been manufactured in an equal variety of furs, and with a cold winter the demand for these will undoubtedly be very great, as they are offered at reasonably low prices.

The assortment of children's furs embraces saques of gray squirrel, muffs and boas of gray kimmer, coney and similar furs and caps in a variety of tastefully designed styles. There is an increasing tendency to dress children in furs, and it is very probable that this commendable taste upon the part of parents will be more generally indulged during the ensuing winter than ever before.

Considerable attention has been devoted to the importation and manufacture of the fashionable styles of elegant silk cloaks, which are being made of the very best qualities of

French silk, sicilienne and plain and figured poplin. These cloaks are lined with ermine, gray and white squirrel, and furs of a like character. Dolmans, which are now cut with flowing sleeves and made nearly long enough to reach the bottom of the dress, and fur lined silk cardinals, appear in both Parisian and original designs, and are meeting with marked appreciation and success.

The assortment of sleigh and carriage robes for the season is extra large and varied, and in addition to buffalo robes, which are always in good demand, there is a superior collection of grizzly, black and white polar bear, natural and colored beaver, wolverine, Hudson's Bay wolf, red and white fox, lynx, genet, prairie wolf, wildcat, and Angora and Japan goat robes are finished with heads of the polar bear, genet or wildcat. Some of the black genet robes are handsomely lined with gray and white squirrel; and a limited number of beautiful sable and mink robes are exhibited and are very attractive. The materials principally used for robe linings are felt, plush and cloth of very fine texture. A carefully selected assortment of mats is displayed, including those made of deer skin, wolf, bear and other robe furs, many of them being finished with a border of Angora goat hair and the full-sized heads of the animals.

LITERARY.

MR. HAIN FRISWELL, the author of "The Gentle Life," has been ill and suffering for many weary months.

LONGFELLOW considers Thackeray the master of English prose and Esmond the best written English fiction.

THERE will be published before long a novel, entitled "An Innocent Sinner," from the pen of the daughter of the late Mortimer Collins.

THE scene of Mr. Black's new story, "MacLeod of Dare," which will begin in *Good Words* in January, is laid purely in the Highlands, but mostly in London.

MR. SWINBURNE'S forthcoming volume will contain a selection from his translations of Villon's poems. It will also contain some of Mr. Swinburne's Latin verses.

CARLYLE once told Charles Sumner that the £50 he received from American publishers for his "History of the French Revolution," was the only copyright he had yielded him.

THE poet Shelley had a morbid taste for turpentine and other resinous matter. He would eat the exudations from fir trees with much relish whenever it happened to find any in his rambles.

MR. GLADSTONE has in the press a collection of "Essays, Letters and Addresses." They will be divided into the following sections: Personal and Literary, Ecclesiastical and Theological, European and Historical.

THE author of "Blue Roses," the scenes of whose stories have hitherto always been laid abroad, with their interest depending more or less on great public events, is now engaged on a tale of middle life in Scotland.

IT is more than possible that early in the new year the London *Picador*, which is now issued twice a week, will appear as a daily. In that event, it will be the first illustrated daily paper published in England. It will have an evening edition, and in size will be similar to the *Globe*.

IT is announced that the word "Dublin" will be omitted from the title of the *Dublin University Magazine*, so as to make the title correspond with the character of the periodical. It has borne the title for thirty years. For seven years past the magazine has been published in London.

ROUND THE WORLD.

A ROYAL Decree subjects the Basque Provinces to the same direct taxes as the rest of Spain.

MACMAHON has accepted the resignations of Ministers de Broglie and Fourton.

THE assault on Kars, fixed for the 13th, has been indefinitely postponed on account of bad weather.

ORDERS have been issued by the Russian Minister of War for stores, preparatory to the mobilization of the rest of the army.

THE army appropriation bill, with an amendment prohibiting recruiting beyond 25,000, has passed the United States Senate.

A COMPANY has been organized for the construction of a Trans-Pacific cable from San Francisco to Japan, by way of the Hawaiian Islands.

DE BROGLIE, speaking in the French Chamber, distinctly stated that MacMahon would not choose a Ministry from the Left.

A TERRIBLE explosion of fire damp occurred at Jermyn Colliery, near Scranton, Pa. A number of men were killed and others frightfully injured.

IT is asserted that Germany is urging Belgium to accept a German protectorate, and to make her military system conform to that of Germany, accepting in return territorial compensation, and a guarantee of her independence.

THE chief of the new Catholic Hierarchy of Scotland is to be styled Archbishop of St. Andrew, and reside in Edinburgh. There will also be Bishops of Glasgow, Lismore, Aberdeen, Whitehorn and Dunkeld. At the consistory, in December, the following will be created Cardinals: the Papal Nuncios at Vienna and Paris, and the Archbishops of Venice and Palermo.

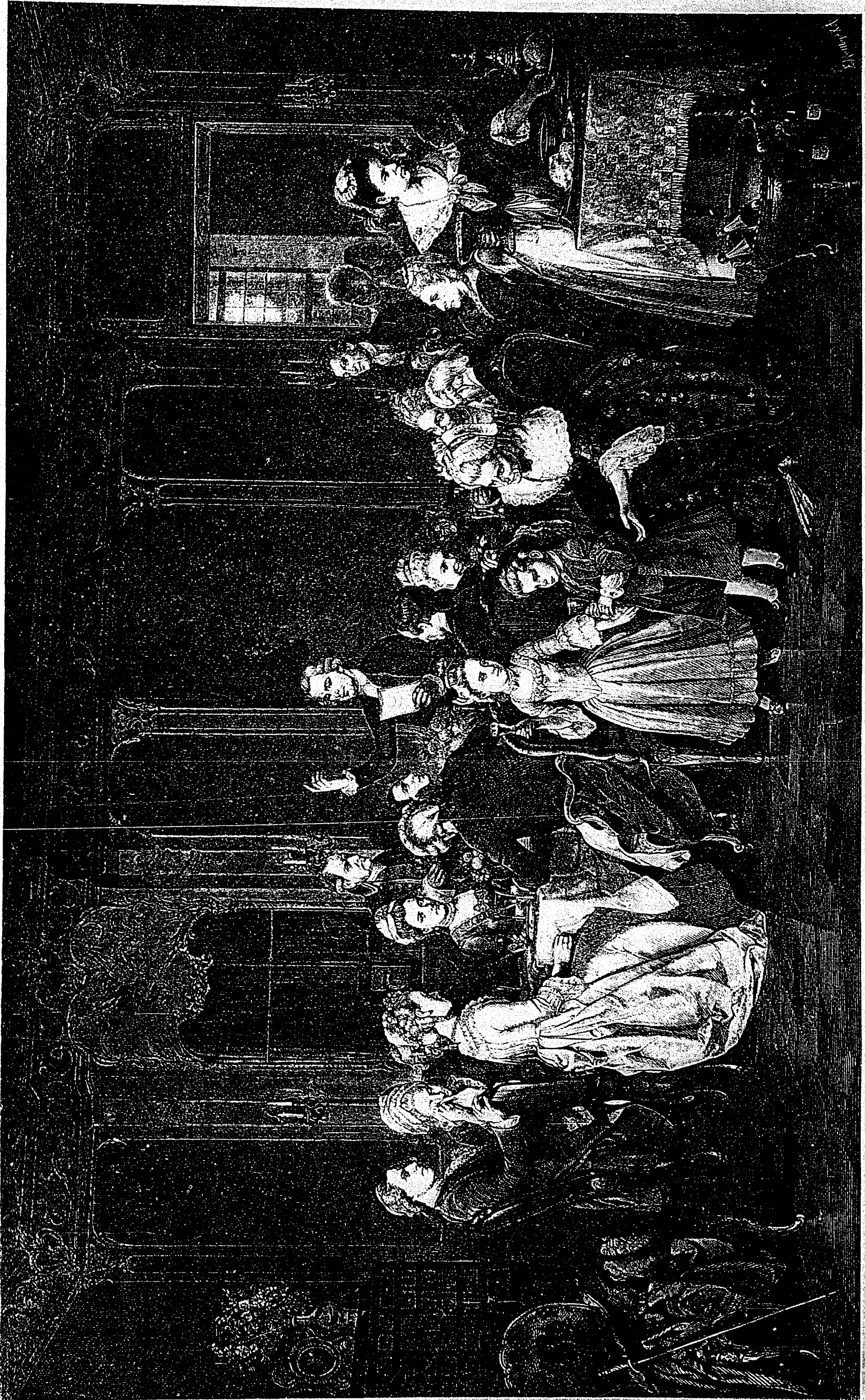
NOTICE TO LADIES.

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.



THE CLEOPATRA ABANDONED OFF FERROL. RESCUE OF THE CREW.



TOASTING THE BRIDE.

THE EDITOR.

The editor who will to please
Must humbly crawl upon his knees,
And kiss the hands that beat him;
Or, if he dare attempt to walk,
Must toe the mark that others chalk,
And cringe to all that meet him.

Says one, your subjects are too grave—
Too much morality you have—
Too much about religion;
Give me some witch or wizard tales,
With slipshod ghosts, with fins and scales
Or feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies—
In other words, those novels,
Composed of kings and queens and lords,
Of border wars and Gothic borders,
That used to live in hovels.

No—no, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded love-sick stuff
To craze the fair creation;
Give us some recent foreign news,
Of Russians, Turks—the Greeks and Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of drilled scholastic lore
Would like to see a little more
In scraps of Greek or Latin;
The merchants rather have the price
Of Southern indigo and rice,
Of India silk or satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A riddle or a fiddle;
Some long for missionary news,
And some—of worldly, carnal views—
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gander quill,
And scrawl against the paper;
Of all the literary fools,
Bred in our colleges and schools,
He cuts the silliest caper.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled up variety—
Var var in all things;
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed—I only give the hint—
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss,
To hear of weddings plenty;
For in a time of general rain,
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain,
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one,
Of people totally undone,
By losses, fire, or fever;
Another answers, full as wise,
I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of raccoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a savoury dish
Of politics to suit them;
But here we rest at perfect ease,
For should they swear the moon was cheese,
We never should dispute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble;
And every editorial wight
Has nought to do but what is right,
And let the grumbler grumble.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

We are not, as a rule, partial to sheet music. It may be a prejudice, and doubtless the authors, publishers and vendors of such productions will contend that it is such, but our experience, dating back from the dear solfeggio days, and continuing to the present, has not divested us of the same. However, we trust we are still capable of appreciating "a good thing" when we see it, and especially when it is the offspring of Canadian talent and industry. Such, in our opinion, is a song entitled "A Year Ago," the music of which is written by Mr. George T. Bulling. The melody is simple and appropriate to the words, except, perhaps, in the last lines of the third stanza. Mr. Bulling has written several musical compositions which have enjoyed considerable popularity in the United States, where his publishers are John Church & Co., of Cincinnati. He deserves to be better known and appreciated by his countrymen, and the present song may serve as well as any as an introduction.

The first number of Russell's Musical Library, Boston, contains three pretty little songs, two by Keens, entitled respectively "The Kiss, Dear Maid," and "Gently Lead me by the River," and one by Leslie called "Little Golden-Haired Nell." The work is elegantly printed, with a stiff crimson cover, and in quarto form, very suitable for use. We trust this new attempt at popular music may meet with encouragement.

We regret to state that the Academy of Music has been obliged, once more, to close its doors. The company established by Mr. Morris has utterly failed, after only a six weeks' engagement, to secure the public favour. It was idle, and perhaps ungracious, under ordinary circumstances, to inquire into the causes of this ill fortune, but, inasmuch as the dramatic reputation of Montreal is at stake, we may be allowed to say just a few words both of explication and of counsel. In the first place, the late company was too good, in one sense, and not good enough in another. It was too good for the known average receipts of a theatre like the Academy, entailing expenses which the revenue could not cover. It was not good enough to force the average above its prevailing figure, and hence the nightly deficiency soon accumulated to the dimensions of a crushing figure. The inference to be drawn from these facts is either that a company should be perfect in all its appointments, so as to stimulate popular taste and appreciation up to the standard of remuneration, or else that it should be reduced to the modest

proportions of a simple auxiliary to itinerant "stars." For the first we fear the city is not yet prepared, and we apprehend that the second alternative will have to be chosen.

Is Montreal really an undramatic city? We long had the suspicion that it was, but our more deliberate opinion is that it cannot fairly be ranked lower in this respect than other cities of its size. We see from our exchanges that in all the great cities of the United States, St. Louis, Chicago, and Cincinnati in especial, that stock companies are not paying their expenses this season. The sole reliance of lessees and managers, to keep out of bankruptcy, is in the engagement of stars and combinations. New York, Boston, and Philadelphia fare better in a few of their theatres, but by no means in all, because, first, they have the pick of the profession in their companies, and, secondly, because they have the advantage of a large floating population.

We cannot dismiss the late company at the Academy without a sincere expression of regret, and a line of commendation for at least four of its members. At the head stood Miss Gertrude Kellogg, who, taken all in all, was the best leading lady whom we have had since the days of Amelia Waugh. In the higher walks of the drama—the interpretation of lofty thoughts or the rendering of tragic passion—she ranks very high indeed; while in the attributes of declamation, she has few superiors that we know of. Mr. Neil Warner's departure will be a loss to the city. A scholar, a gentleman, and a tragedian of rare power, his presence among us had a refining influence. Miss Isabella Morris may be said to have done her training among us, and her gradual successes will be among the pleasantest reminiscences of this and last season. With "Jo" as her challenge to public recognition, she ought to be able to go through the United States, winning fame and emolument. If, as he has told us, Mr. Morris leaves us with "a heavy heart," he may be assured that our farewell is no less tinged with regret, but the regret is tempered with the assurance that his future is secure. We have no sort of anxiety about him. A gentleman of his character, and an artist of his remarkable versatility, will have no trouble whatever, not only to maintain himself in the profession, but to attain rank among the first comedians of the day.

THE FREE LANCE.

The City and District Savings Bank is out of Bondage.

A love-sick swain, being forcibly absent from his inamorata, relieved himself by writing letters to her. In one of them he begged her to give him one of her tresses.
"Well, I like that," said she. "Give him one of my tresses when I have to buy them!"

Two women of the world, and of a "certain age," were conversing together.
"How old are you?" asked one.
"Really, I don't remember, having been so busy of late trying to find out your age."

A charming word from a grandfather.
The old gentleman was fondling on his knee the young child of his daughter, whom the latter was already beginning to set to rights, in order to give the father a specimen of her maternal authority.
"Ah!" said he, "I shall at length have the luxury of raising a second family of children without being obliged to scold them."

He was a very ardent partisan, and having property in the County of Drummond, left his home in Montreal, at great inconvenience to himself and family, and went off to vote for the candidate of his choice.
The same evening that he arrived at the county seat he received a telegram containing these words:
"Come home immediately, your wife is dying."

He reflected a moment after reading the summons, then exclaimed:
"Too thin. That's a dodge to get me back and make me lose my vote. I won't go."
He stopped where he was, and duly voted. The next day he returned to town.
And was his wife dead?
Ah! now, don't be too inquisitive.

The miser is perhaps the most incorrigible of men.
Piggledy was a young man of means about town, always ready to accept the invitation of his friends to an oyster, a glass, or a cigar, but who has never, in a solitary instance, been known to return the compliment.
One day, as he was standing on the sidewalk, in front of a fashionable St. James Street restaurant, three of his comrades spied him from afar, and Laws, the wag of the party, said:
"There's Piggledy. Let's make him treat."
"Impossible!" exclaimed the other two.
"I'll bet you I succeed."
Piggledy was accosted, the usual salutations were exchanged, and the four entered the gilded saloon.
The first treated to a Malpecque.
The second, to a toothful of Amontillado.

The third, to a Golden Eagle.
Piggledy enjoyed all these, but still made no sign.
Laws was sharply eyed by his companions, who were inwardly chuckling over the winning of their wager. He saw his straits, and resolved on a *coup d'état*.
"Piggledy," said he abruptly, "do you know that I had a very curious dream last night?"
"Indeed!"
"And all about you."
"Ah!"
"Yes. I dreamed that I had died and gone down to the wrong place. When Satan saw me at the gate, he expressed surprise and even pity, saying that he didn't believe I was so bad as all that. I replied, of course, that the thing couldn't be helped, and put on such an air of resignation as I could, which so moved the old fellow that, after mumbering a while, he suddenly said:
"Laws, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a chance. If you can mention three things, any one of which I can't perform, I'll let you off. Now reflect."

"I knew it was an almost hopeless undertaking, but as there is nothing like trying, I returned thanks to my benefactor and began to reflect.
"At last I said:
"I see a wall yonder, five million feet high, and as many million feet thick. You can't knock it down."
"Satan quietly raised his hoof, and the masonry toppled as erst the walls of Jericho.
"I hesitated a long time before making a second attempt, but after looking hard at a mountain that was about two thousand miles off (vision is very keen in the lower regions,) I said:
"You can't blow that away."
"Lucifer gave a gentle puff, and the mountain disappeared.
"I was desperate now, and inclined to give up, but my friend encouraged me to make a final effort. I took courage, and began to think again. Finally an inspiration seized me, and, looking steadily at the devil, I said:
"Do you know Montreal?"
"Very well. Have plenty of friends there."
"And do you know a man by the name of Piggledy?"
"Yes. He is one of my best customers."
"Then, clapping my hands, I exclaimed:
"I'll bet that you can't make him treat."
"Get out of here, you rascal, as fast as you can," roared the Prince of Darkness, in a voice of thunder, as he opened the black gate for me.
"I awoke, and found that I was safe."
The whole crowd received this story with shouts of merriment, in which Piggledy joined loudly, but . . . but . . . he didn't treat.

LACLEDE.
BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.
WHY is a schoolmistress like the letter C?—Because she makes classes of lasses.
GREAT domestic contest after the honeymoon—which shall be the speaker of the new house?
WOMEN will not hold office in the Episcopal Church hereafter, as they must be twenty-five years old before they are allowed to do so.
Two things in nature are detestable—a girl who is trying to be a woman, and a woman who is trying to be a girl.
"WHAT is patience?" asked a teacher of a class of children.—"Wait a wee, and dinna weary," answered a little Scotch girl.
It was a little hard on the boy, for he meant well and had a sincere admiration for the girl. They were sitting at the tea table with a company of young people, and as he passed her the sugar he murmured, in an undertone, "Here it is, sweet just like you." The compliment was a little awkward, to be sure, but he meant it, and it seemed more than cruel when, a moment later, she had occasion to pass the butter to him and drawled, "Here it is, soft just like you."
THE principal attraction at the recent Germantown, Ky., fair is a woman who has a beard ten inches long and as fine as silk. She once tried to shave, but not being able to hold still long enough gave it up in despair.
DR. PARKER is surprised at the increase of insanity among women. There has been an increase of ten per cent. in ten years—all owing to the present style of wearing the hair and the modern substitute for a bonnet.
SERVANT: "Good morning, mum. Come after general servant's place."—LADY: "You were to be here at eleven. You have kept me waiting two hours."—SERVANT: "Can't help it, mum. Forgot to wind up my watch, and overslept myself this morning."

In a mixed train of luggage and passengers from Glasgow were a lady and her son, a youth of goodly dimensions, the latter travelling on a "half-ticket." After innumerable stoppages and delays, by which the patience of the passengers was exhausted long before they reached their destination, the collector made his appearance for tickets. Glancing at the pasteboard received from the boy, he looked first at him, then at his mother, and then at the ticket, and remarked that he was "a large boy to be riding at half-fare." "I know he is, sir," said the lady; "but he's grown a good deal since we started."
"A MUM meeting" is the latest church novelty in Wisconsin, where it was held in aid of the defunct treasury of the church at Oconomowoc. The point of the meeting was to see which of the Oconomowockers could longest keep silence.

After a solemn pause of fourteen minutes, during which there had been much inaudible smiling, one good sister varied the monotony of the meeting by bursting into a loud laugh and exclaiming: "Oh! isn't it funny?" The receipts from admission fees and forfeits helped the finances of the church bravely.

LADIES who wear high heels know how difficult it is to walk down stairs with these coquetish encumbrances. They will appreciate the sufferings of a lady who has been staying at a country house where the stairs are of stone. Her heels were so high, and her shoes so tight withal, that to walk down stairs with any chance of feeling comfortable or looking graceful was out of the question. Her ladyship was reduced to the expedient of watching her opportunity when the stairs were clear, sending her maid in advance to the foot of the stairs with the formidable little shoes, and running down herself lightly and fleetly in all the freedom of a *chausure* of silk stockings only. The maid however proved faithless, and whispered the secret to the other maids!

HUMOROUS.

How to keep moths out of old clothing—Give it to the poor.
"THERE'S one thing," said a seedy-looking man, "in which I'm always sure to get full measure, and that's a peck of troubles!"
A SHOPKEEPER of great experience says that however talkative clerks may be during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.
AN observing politician says that the difference between those going in and those going out of office is mainly this:—The former are sworn in, and the latter go out swearing.
THE principal resemblance between a man who stops his team on the sidewalk of a crowded street and half a barrel of flour is that both make about a hundred wait.
"MUSING on the infinite, eh?" said a facetious chap to a melancholy-looking individual who was walking along the road with bowed head and serious countenance. "Well, yes; same thing—thinking of my debts."
THE leaves are turning slowly yellow, their hue is hence, the ripening fruit is on the mellow, the small boy is on the fence. He looks around, he views the ground, and thinks the moment suits: he fills his pockets full and round, then jumps the fence and scoots.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

VERDI has been appointed delegate for Italy to the Paris Exhibition.
THE wife and children of Aptommas, the harpist, are said to be starving in London.
FORREST used to take a nap before going on the stage, so as to be fresh and at his best when acting.
TITIENS was once very slender. The fatal tumor was produced by some of her heavy falls on the stage, in the excitement of the play.
CAPOUL has had a fresh success in Paris in "Paul and Virginia." One of the journals calls him "the incendiary singer."
UNPUBLISHED masses by Palestrina, and an autograph manuscript of J. S. Bach's, have been discovered in a convent at Graz.
AN Italian *impresario* proposes to take Salvini and Rossi on a tour through Europe, the two great artists to appear in the same plays.
CONTRARY to all reports, Sims Reeves will not retire from the concert stage.
WAGNER is reported to be so embarrassed pecuniarily, that unless he receives substantial help, he will not be likely to have much time in the future for new compositions.
AN Italian paper states that our Queen so much admired an organ transcription of themes from Verdi's Mass, performed at her private chapel, that she has expressed a wish to hear the entire work.
THE late M. Thiers was not only a great statesman, but also an intelligent lover of music, and the friend of the struggling artists. It was through his influence that the composer Boieldieu, when in reduced circumstances, obtained a professorship at the Paris Conservatoire.
CAPOUL, the tenor singer, is continually pestered by the attentions of a crowd of female admirers. The other night, while he was singing in "Virginia," a Parisian duchess, who was tired of writing him letters which he would not answer or return, flung a crimson bouquet at him. He paid no attention to it till his part of the scene was over, when he rose and coolly and contemptuously drove, with a single kick, the bouquet into the wings. Well done, Victor!

ROUND THE DOMINION.

LUMBERING will be prosecuted this winter on an extensive scale in New Brunswick.
THE manufactories at Hamilton, Ont., are running on full time, and with the full complement of hands.
OATMEAL mills are being built in New Brunswick, and many new ones are reported in various sections of the Dominion.
It is stated that Sir Peter Coats, of Paisley, has determined to erect a large spool factory at Hochelaga, near Montreal.
THE trains on the Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway now run within three miles of the Gatineau Bridge, Ottawa.
PASSENGER trains on the North Shore Railway will begin to run by the 15th December, between Quebec and Three Rivers.
St. Catharines, Ont., has spent \$100,000 in new buildings, and claims that many of the private residences there are as handsome in appearance as can be found in any city in Canada.
THE Government steamer *Newfield* will leave Montreal about the 24th inst., with exhibits for the Paris Exhibition, and will call en route at Halifax for exhibits from the Maritime Provinces.
AT a convocation of Royal Black Knights held at Pakenham, and presided over by the Provincial Grand Master, a series of resolutions unanimously passed among which were an expression of warm attachment to the principles of the institution and a firm adherence to the Constitution of British America.

THE GLEANER.

EX-MARSHAL BAZAINE is still living at Madrid.

The only live specimen of the gorilla in Europe, recently on exhibition in London, died there suddenly on Monday week.

GARIBALDI has again been suffering from severe rheumatism. His physicians urge removal from Caprera to Rome.

The German papers announce the death of a schoolmaster named Johann Ernst Luther, a direct descendant of Martin Luther.

ANOTHER attempt to marry off King Louis, of Bavaria, has failed. He thought the proposed bride had too low a forehead.

A FRENCH millionaire has invented a new dessert. He takes a watermelon, red to the rind, pours it into a bottle of champagne, and then has it chilled over night.

GOLDSMITH MAID has been retired by her owners, leaving the throne of the queen of the turf vacant. Her time, (2:14) is the fastest on record, and her total winnings are upwards of a quarter of a million of dollars.

SIR JOHN HOOPER has returned home after a three months' travel in the United States. He is of opinion that the key of the botany of the United States is to be found in Colorado.

In the new form of velocipede specially constructed for ladies, the high wheel is on the left side, and on the right are two of about half the size. Between is a cloth cushioned seat—like a miniature gig box. It is a most complete and capital thing.

The new helmet for the British Army is already in difficulties, the metal screw by which the spike at the summit is attached to the crown being found so unsteady that it has been condemned by the War Office, and the issue of the new head-dress to the army is postponed.

READER! If you are SUFFERING from Nervous Prostration, or your health is endangered by morbid influences, such as unhealthy occupations, sedentary pursuits, and those which tax the system to the physical or mental strain, use a RELIABLE MEDICINE.

PHOSFOZONE!

and though you may have tried other remedies a hundred times before without much benefit, you will bless the moment you read this and used PHOSFOZONE.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems given by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and contents received. Very acceptable. Many thanks.

M. J. M. Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 14 received.

Alpha, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 147 received.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 147 received. Correct.

E. A. R., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 147 received. Correct.

J. M. W., Newport, U.S.—Letter received. Many thanks. The games shall appear. Shall be glad to have the Problems.

From an article which appeared recently in the *New York World*, we learn that Chess has begun this winter in that city under the best auspices. It also says that since the advent of Paul Morphy, in 1857, the game has been increasing in public favour, and that the present season is likely to be a most interesting one. More than a dozen clubs are now in existence, and these, comprising such chess resorts as the Cafe International, the Cafe Cosmopolitan and Cafe Longing, afford votaries of the game every facility for the practice of their favourite amusement. Mr. Ford, our visitor of last winter, is said to be the presiding genius of the Cafe Longing, and we must congratulate those resorting thither on having so talented and genial a player in their midst.

The following is officially published in English Chess circles respecting the Association we alluded to in our last column. We copy from the *Glasgow News of The Week*.

BRITISH CHESS PROBLEM ASSOCIATION.—It is proposed to form a Society under the above title for the purpose, first, of holding periodical tournaments with adequate prizes; secondly, of forming a code for the guidance of those who take part in them. The subscriptions will be five shillings per annum, or for solvers only two shillings and sixpence. Most of the leading composers have agreed to join, among these being Grimshaw, Pierce, Callander, Ke., The working Committee are: Abbott, Andrews, Thomas, W. P. Pierce, Nash, and J. Paul Taylor. British born subjects, wherever resident, are eligible. Letters to be addressed to

H. J. C. ANDREWS, ESQ.,

The Ferns,

Addington Grove,

Sydenham, Kent.

(From the *Detroit Free Press* of November 19th, 1877.)

CHESS BY TELEGRAPH.—The Chess Editor of the *Detroit Free Press* has received a letter from Dr. Coleman of Southport, Ont., conveying a challenge from the Seaford Chess Club to the Club of this city to play a series of matches during the present season. It is proposed that five Seaford gentlemen shall play an equal number of Detroit players over the wires. The Seaford Club has for several years past been the acknowledged champion Club of Ontario. Its match team consists of Drs. Coleman, Verrill, and Gutinlock, and Messrs. G. E. Jackson, H. Jackson, and E. Crosswell.

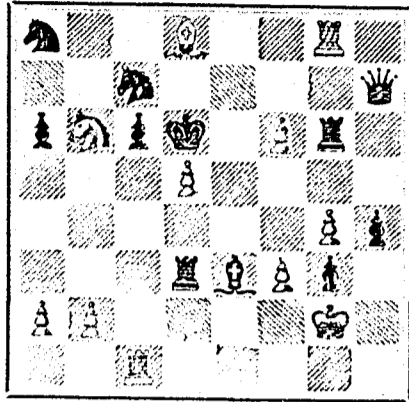
We insert a problem this week sent expressly for our column. It is by A. Townsend, Esq., one of the problem composers whose productions appear in *Pierge's English Chess Problems*.

Owing to an accident to the type, the B K did not appear at K B 4 in Problem No. 147 in some of the copies of the second edition of last week's CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

PROBLEM No. 149.

By A. TOWNSEND, Newport, (Mon.) England.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and draw the game in seven moves.

GAME 2081.

Played in a match between Messrs. Harrington and Weeks, at Newport, U. S.

(King's Knight's Gambit.)

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| WHITE —(Mr. Harrington.) | BLACK —(Mr. Weeks.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | P takes P |
| 3. K to K B 3 | P to K K 4 |
| 4. B to Q B 4 | B to K K 2 |
| 5. Castles | P to K K 3 |
| 6. K to K sq | P to B 6 |
| 7. K takes P | P takes K |
| 8. Q takes P | Q to Q B 3 |
| 9. B takes P (ch) | R to Q sq |
| 10. Q to K R 3 | K to Q 4 |
| 11. Q to K B 3 | K to K B 3 |
| 12. P to Q 3 | R to B sq |
| 13. Q to B 2 | P to Q 1 |
| 14. P takes P | P takes B |
| 15. B to Q B 3 | Q to Q 3 |
| 16. P to K R 4 | B to K K 5 |
| 17. Q to B 2 | B to K R 6 |
| 18. R to K sq | Q takes P |
| 19. K to K 2 (ch) | K to Q B 3 |
| 20. B takes K (ch) | K to Q 2 (ch) |
| 21. Q K to B 3 | Q to Q 4 (ch) |
| 22. P to Q 4 | K takes P |
| 23. Q R to Q sq | B takes P |
| 24. K to K 4 | K to Q B 3 (ch) |
| 25. Q to B 3 | K to B 6 (dbl ch) |
| 26. K to B sq | K takes B |
| 27. B takes K | Q to Q 5 |
| 28. Q to K B 3 | Q to Q 4 |
| 29. P to K R 4 | Q R to K sq |
| 30. P to Q B 4 | Q takes P |
| 31. K takes B (dbl ch) | K to K 3 |
| 32. Q to K B 2 | K to R 3 |
| 33. B takes R | Q to B 3 (ch) |
| 34. K to K sq | R takes K |
| 35. Q to K 2 (ch) | P to Q K 4 |

And White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) The position is interesting at this point.
- (b) The right move.
- (c) It is evident the B could not be taken without immediate ruin.
- (d) An embarrassing move, considering the losses White has experienced.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 147.

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to Q K 3 | 1. Anything |
| 2. Q or K mates | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 145.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to K K 4 | 1. P to Q 4 (best) |
| 2. P to K 5 | 2. Any move. |
| 3. K mates. | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 146.

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| K at K sq | K at Q K 2nd |
| Q at Q 5 | |
| Pawns at Q K 2nd & 3 | |

White to play and mate in three moves.

MONTREAL DENTAL SURGERY,
610 PALACE STREET.

(Corner of Beaver Hall.)

Teeth extracted without pain by condensed Oxide Gas, and Artificial Teeth inserted same day. Particular attention bestowed to the performance of Dental Operations without pain.

BERNARD & LOVEJOY.

\$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.

\$100 PER MONTH MADE BY SELLING our letter-copying book. No press or water used. Send stamp for circulars. Money refunded. A. ELKIN, Room 11, No. 46 Church Street, Toronto. 15-18 52-238

MEN WANTED to sell goods in Merchants. No PRUDING from house to house. HOTEL AND TRAVELLING EXPENSES PAID. QUEREY ONLY THREE & FOUR WEEKS. Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED DETECTIVES.—A few men in each State for the detective service. Pay liberal, position permanent. Send stamp for particulars. U. S. Secret Service Co., 230 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, O. 16-15-4



FIRST PREMIUM Fur Establishment,
CORNER
NOTRE DAME & ST. LAMBERT STS.
NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS.

LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S CHOICE FURS in great variety, of the latest and leading styles, can be obtained of the above establishment. Orders and alterations will be promptly attended to. 16-20-63-205

J. K. MACDONALD,
BLACKSMITH, BELL HANGER, LOCK SMITH
&c., 24 Latour Street, Montreal.
REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. 15-18-52-238

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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

Passengers by Day boat leave Montreal and Ottawa every morning at 7 a.m. By Night boat leave Montreal and Ottawa at 5 p.m., except on Saturday. Baggage checked through. Tickets at 13 Bonaventure St. and at Railway Station, Montreal, and at Office, Queen's Wharf, and Russell House, Ottawa. R. W. SHEPHERD, President. 15-21-26-250

THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER
Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Paucakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity use in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.



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, 15-17-52-249 53 College Street

BODY FOUND
OF A WOMAN

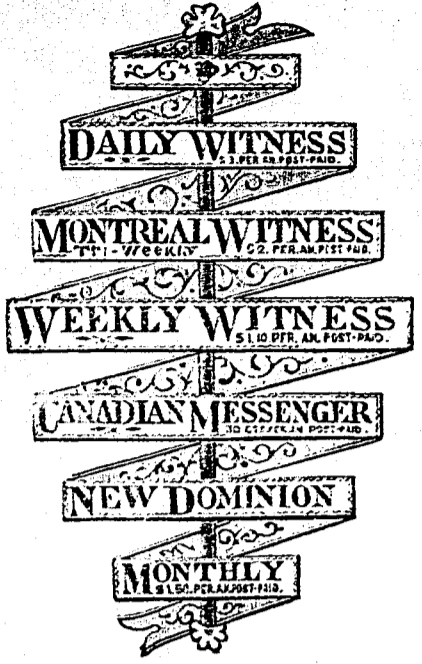
ELEGANTLY DRESSED!!
ON ST. JAMES STREET,
(Opposite the New Post Office.)

VERDICT!!
Of an intelligent Jury (the People) as being the result of a visit to

The Fashion Parlor,
435 NOTRE DAME ST.,
WEST END AGENCY FOR

Butterick Patterns,
AND SALESROOM OF
HOWE SEWING MACHINES.
16-13-9-3

CHEAPEST AND BEST.



JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal.
Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and Plain cheaply and neatly done.



VICTORIA RINK SKELETON SKATE
for ladies and gentlemen. Call or write for prices. REEVES & CO., 987 Craig Street. 16-17-13-250

WORK FOR ALL

In their own localities, canvassing for the **Fireside Visitor**, (enlarged) Weekly and Monthly. **Largest Paper in the World**, with Mammoth Circulation. Free. Big Commissions to Agents. Terms and Outfit Free. Address **P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.** 16-12-26-250

DR. A. PROUDFOOT,
OCULIST AND ACRIST.
Artificial Eyes inserted. Residence, 37 Beaver Hall, Montreal. 15-8-52-240

CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA.

Dividend No. 3.
NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of **Three and One-half Per Cent.** upon the Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches, on SATURDAY, the FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT. The Transfer Books will be closed from the Sixteenth to the Thirtieth of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board, J. B. RENVY, General Manager. Montreal, 25th October, 1877. 16-12-4-351

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

CANADIAN MECHANICS' MAGAZINE
AND
PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

This VALUABLE MONTHLY MAGAZINE has been much improved during the past year, and now embodies within its pages the most Recent and Useful information published connected with Science and the different branches of Mechanical Trades, selected with particular care, for the information and instruction of **Mechanics in Canada.** A portion of its columns is devoted to instructive reading, suitable for the younger members of a family, of either sex, under the title of the

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY FRIEND,
SUCH AS

FLORAL CULTURE, NATURAL HISTORY, POPULAR GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS, LADIES' FANCY AND NEEDLE WORK, AND SHORT PLEASANT STORIES.

SELECTED NEW MUSIC,
DOMESTIC RECEIPTS, &c.

The Canadian Mechanics' Magazine, with the addition of the *Illustrated Family Friend* AND

PATENT OFFICE RECORD,
Contains 16 full pages of Superior Illustrations and about 125 diagrams of all the Patents issued each month in Canada; it is a work that merits the support of every Mechanic in the Dominion, whose motto should always be **"SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRY."**
Price, only \$2.00 per annum. BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO., PROPRIETORS AND PUBLISHERS, 5 and 7 BLEUVEY STREET, MONTREAL. F. N. BOXER, Architect, Editor.

Gray's
SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
FOR COUGHS & COLDS

WE WILL mail one and one-half dozen of the most beautiful new Chromos in French oil colour, ever seen for \$1.00. They are mounted in 8 x 10 black enamel and gold mats, oval opening, and outsell anything now before the public. Satisfaction guaranteed. Two samples for 25 cents, or six for 50 cents. Send 10 cents for grand illustrated catalogue with chromo of Moonlight on the Rhine. W. H. HOPE, 25 Bleury Street, Montreal, Canada, Headquarters for Chromos, Engravings and Art works. 16-17-13-28

THOMAS CREAN,
MERCHANT & MILITARY TAILOR.
(Master Tailor to the Q.O.R.)
Officers' Outfits of the best materials supplied at the shortest notice.
The New Regulation Helmet in stock.
Price lists sent on application.
No. 435, Yonge Street,
15-25-24-272 **TORONTO.**

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine

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 Ailments.
3.—Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and Feeble Digestion.
4.—Salt Baths and their Efficacy in Nervous Ailments.
5.—The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.
14-25-22-197

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

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.
15-24-52-268

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.
The Great English Remedy will promptly and radically cure any and 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. After Taking, with great success. 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.
Sold in Montreal by all Druggists, and by all Druggists in Canada. 16-7-52-294

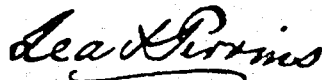
THE CANADA SELF-ACTING BRICK MACHINES!
Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES.
244 Parthenais St., Montreal.
15-17-52-222 **BULMER & SHEPPARD.**

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Herringham, near Warminster, Wills:—
"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 78 years old."
Remaining, Gentlemen,
Yours very respectfully,
L.S.
To the Proprietors of
NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON.
16-5-52-286

CLOTHING LARGEST STOCK. BEST OF GOODS. LOWEST PRICES.

AT *Every Taste and every Purse can be suited from our Large and Fashionable Stock.*
KENNEDY'S. All Garments equal to best Custom Work.
31 and 33 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

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: Crosse 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.
16-19-52-302

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL.

FIRE.	LIFE.
CAPITAL,	\$10,000,000
ASSETS, OVER	\$18,000,000
Unlimited liability of Shareholders.	Agencies in all the Principal Cities and Towns.
W. E. SCOTT, M. D., Medical Adviser.	H. L. ROUTH, } W. TATLEY, } Chief Agents.
JOHN KENNEDY, Inspector.	

15-1-52-301 **OFFICE: 64 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.**

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, LAFRICAIS & 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, DIE SINKING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING, EMBOSHING, PLAIN, GOLD, & COLOUR PRINTING, ELECTROTYPING, 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.

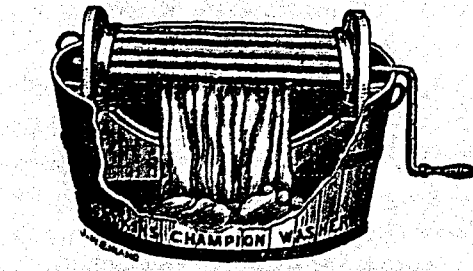
REMEMBER THE ADDRESS:

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

\$55 to \$77 a Week to Agents. \$10 Outfit FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

R. RITCHOT, COACH MAKER,
No. 159, St. Antoine St., Montreal. A large assortment of Phinetons, Hook aways, and Broughams always on hand. Repair promptly attended to.
16-13-52-391

MARVEL OF THE AGE!
No House can be comfortably conducted without a
CALKINS CHAMPION WASHER.



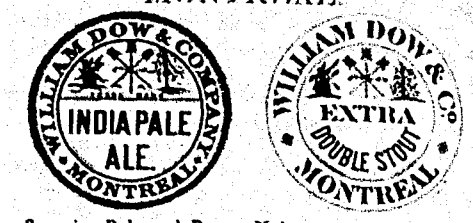
The most complete success of any invention that has ever been introduced. It washes perfectly and easily, without any hard work or wear to the clothes. Saves its cost, which is only \$7.50, in six months. No Family ought to be without one. Manufactured and sold by STOCKTON, HORNITER & Co., 102 King Street West, Toronto. JARMONTH & SONS, 33 College Street, Agents for Montreal. 16-9-52-282

USE DR. J. EMERY CODERRE'S
EXPECTORATING SYRUP,
Infants' Syrup & Tonic Elixir,
61, ST. DENIS STREET,
Corner of Dorchester.
AND FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
15-19-54-225

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.,
Advertising Agents,
186 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.

25 TRANSPARENT CARDS, with your name finely printed, for 20 cents. RICH, HARE and PANOLY, 1000 AGENTS WANTED. Samples 3c. stamp. No Postals. Address A. W. Kleney, Yarmouth, N.S. 16-6-20-281

WILLIAM DOW & CO.
BREWERS and MALT STERS
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. 16-6-52-282

BELFORD BROS.,
PUBLISHERS,
60, York Street, Toronto, Ont.

BENNER'S PROPHECIES
OF
Future Ups and Downs in Prices.
What years to make Money on Pig Iron, Hogs, Corn and Provisions, by Samuel Benner.
Paper; Price 75 cents

New and Cheaper Editions.
THE SCRIPTURE CLUB OF VALLEY REST. Cloth, 50c; Paper, 30c.
OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN. Cloth, 50c; Paper, 30 cents.
THE BARTON EXPERIMENT. Paper, 30c.
LEWIS' READINGS AND RECITATIONS. Cloth, 50c; Paper, 30c.

IN PRESS:

THE STORY OF
The Life of Pope Pio Nono,
BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.
For sale by all booksellers, by the publishers, or by

DAWSON BROTHERS,
Agents for Eastern Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.
15-24-52-267

THE BATTLE HAS BEGUN
Furs & Facts

We have been manufacturing the past season a large and magnificent stock of Furs. We can offer extra inducements, as our goods are all new and fresh; no old stock. Having imported the bulk of our skins from best English houses, we are enabled to sell at lowest prices. As we sell only for cash, and make no bad debts, the cash customer reaps the benefit. A call is solicited to prove the above facts.
Job C. Thompson & Co.,
416 NOTRE DAME ST., corner St. Peter.
Repairing done neat, quick and cheap. 16-2-13-225

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 out free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

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.

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED), at its office, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street Montreal.