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# Montreal Free Press

# Wholesale News

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THE MAYOR AND THE BOARD OF HEALTH.  
HOLD TIGHT, MR. MAYOR, OR THE IMPS OF DEATH WILL SLIP FROM THEIR LEASHES AND DEVOUR US.



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All we ask of each subscriber of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is that he will procure us ONE additional subscriber. This can be easily done, and it will go far towards increasing the efficiency of the journal. We are doing our best to put forth a paper creditable to the country, and our friends should make it a point to assist us. Remember that the Dominion should support at least one illustrated paper. Remember too that the "NEWS" is the only purely literary paper in the country. We invite our friends to examine carefully the present number of the paper and judge for themselves of our efforts in their behalf.

## L'OPINION PUBLIQUE.

Such is the title of an illustrated paper, written in French, and published from the offices of this Company. It is now in the seventh year of its existence and has prospered from the beginning, but since the month of January of this year, special efforts have been made to improve it, both pictorially and editorially, and the result has been of the most satisfactory nature. It is in the hands of two or three of the best known and most graceful writers of the Province of Quebec, who have, besides, the inappreciable advantage of assistance from the first pens in Quebec, Ottawa, Montreal, Three Rivers, and elsewhere. The literary movement among the French Canadians has never been so pronounced as it is at present, and most of us have really no idea of the variety, abundance, and general excellence of French Canadian literature. We feel therefore justified in calling attention to this fact among our English-speaking friends throughout the Dominion. The knowledge of French is almost a social and commercial necessity in Canada, while in the circle of polite education it cannot be omitted. Hence the English-speaking people of Canada, who wish to learn the language, or improve their acquaintance with it, cannot do better than subscribe to this beautiful weekly, which will furnish them with choice reading, written in good French, and edited with a single view to the entertainment of the fireside. The form of the paper is a large quarto, the size of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, containing twelve pages of matter—four devoted to illustrations and eight to letterpress. The price of subscription is only \$3.00 in advance. Colleges, convents, academies, schools, and public institutions are particularly invited to give the paper a trial and they may rely upon being treated with due consideration. For further particulars apply to the office of the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company, 5 Bleury Street, Montreal.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, April 21st, 1877.

### THE DECLARATION OF TURKEY.

It would appear that we are on the eve of an Eastern war. There is a faint hope that the calamity may be averted, but should hostilities be determined upon, it will be well to know from the beginning the standing of the participants therein. About the famous protocol, of which so much has been said and written of late, we have kept our readers fully advised. We present them to-day with the declaration of Turkey, which is a document of a very high character indeed. It affirms that the Imperial Government is prepared to apply all promised reforms, but these, in conformation of the fundamental provisions of the Constitution, cannot have a special or exclusive character, and it is in this spirit that the Imperial Government with

entire liberty will continue to apply its instructions. The Imperial Government is ready to replace its armies on a peace footing, as soon as it shall see the Russian Government take measures to the same end. The armaments of Turkey have an exclusively defensive character. The Imperial Government believes Europe is convinced that the disturbances which have troubled the provinces were due to foreign instigation; that the Imperial Government could not be held responsible for them, and that consequently the Russian Government would not be justified in making demobilization of its army dependent upon such circumstances. Concerning the despatch of a special envoy to St. Petersburg, to treat of the question of disarmament, the Imperial Government, which would have no reason to refuse an act of courtesy reciprocally required by diplomatic usages, perceives no connection between this act of international courtesy and disarmament, which there was no plausible motive for delaying.

The concluding section declares that Turkey cannot allow foreign agents, or representatives charged to protect the interests of their compatriots, to have any official supervision over it. The Imperial Government does not see how it deserves a humiliating position without example in the world. The document refers at length to the Treaty of Paris, and says it cannot be abolished by a protocol in which Turkey had no share; that the Imperial Government sees grave complications in the clause of the protocol which, in case of the non-execution of reforms, would seek to confer upon the Powers the right of recurring to ulterior measures. No consideration can arrest the Government in its determination to protest against the views enunciated in the protocol, and to treat it, so far as Turkey is concerned, as destitute of all equity and all obligatory character. Exposed to hostile suggestions, to unmerited suspicion and to violations of international law, Turkey feels that she is now contending for her existence. Strong in the justice of her cause and trusting in God, she determines to ignore what has been decided without her and against her; resolved to retain in the world the place which Providence has destined for her, she appeals to the conscience of the Cabinets. Immediate and simple disarmament would be the only efficacious means of averting dangers by which the general peace is threatened.

### THE ART OF TEACHING.

There is no doubt that the International Exhibition of Philadelphia did relatively more for Canada than for any other nation that was represented there. We may rely for testimony on this point, not only on the reports of our own people, who might be charged with a certain patriotic enthusiasm in the matter, but on the authority of several foreign commissioners, and especially on the increase of Canadian trade in several departments, which may be traced directly to the Philadelphia exhibits. It is safe to say, however—and it is a source of sincere congratulation—that in nothing did Canada give so good an account of herself as in the department of education. Not only did numerous foreign correspondents call attention to our superiority in this respect, but the French and Japanese commissions were so impressed with what they witnessed at Philadelphia, that they made it their business to visit some of our schools in Ontario and judge for themselves of their satisfactory working.

While we have every reason to feel gratified with the work already accomplished, it is satisfactory to know that our teachers and professors are disposed still further to improve their methods and thus secure even more handsome results. We have just risen from the perusal of a handsome little volume issued by Dawson Brothers, of this city, with a feeling of admiration for the mission of the school-master and the conviction that it contains the most admirable hints for the advance-

ment of the cause of instruction. The work is entitled "The Art of Teaching," and is the work of FREDERICK C. EMBERSON, M. A. The claims of the author to be heard and followed in his lessons are that he is a Scholar and Greek Exhibitioner of Wadham College, Oxford, and late Commissioner to inspect the Model and High Schools of the Province of Quebec. We may add our personal tribute to Mr. EMBERSON'S wide learning and skill in pedagogy, as it so happened that many of the chapters embodied in the present work were originally contributed as separate papers to the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, thus affording us the occasion of meeting the author and enjoying the benefit of his intercourse.

It is not our purpose to analyze Mr. EMBERSON'S book, inasmuch as the several chapters are so many analyses in themselves, being the condensation of an immense amount of thought, experience and reading. Indeed, the little book is worth studying as a rare specimen of clear and sententious composition. We may state, however, that a vast range of subjects is gone over, nothing, so far as we can judge, having been overlooked that could redound to the benefit of the teacher or the pupil. Throughout the pages, too, there is a vein of quiet pleasantry which goes far to relieve the aridity of dogmatic rules. The book is one which we can confidently recommend not only to all teachers and advanced scholars in the Dominion, but to the general reader as well. The perusal of it will acquaint the reader with many things which he did not know before, and remind him of many others which he has perhaps never seen so well put elsewhere.

### CAXTON.

One of our leading literary men, in this city, has proposed that Canada should join in the four hundredth anniversary of CAXTON'S introduction of the art of printing into England. He proposes generally that there should be an exhibition of Canadian printing and book-making from the earliest time until the present day. This exhibition would serve the double purpose of a tribute to the memory of the first of English printers, and of a proof that we, in this country, have not been backward in the cultivation of the art preservative of all other arts.

In England, a movement in the same direction is meeting with powerful encouragement, and the mode of celebration decided upon seems to be a loan collection of the works of CAXTON, and of other British and foreign antiquities, and appliances connected with the art of printing, the exhibition of which is to take place in London, in June of this year. Her Majesty has countenanced the project to the extent of promising to contribute some of the literary treasures of the Royal Library at Windsor.

CAXTON was a native of the county of Kent, where he was born in the year 1411. In 1428 he was apprenticed to a member of the Mercer's Company, named JOHN LARGE, with whom he remained up to the time of the latter's death in 1441. He then took up his abode in the Netherlands and corresponded with the Merchant Adventurers of England, promoting the commerce of his native country to the best of his ability. In 1464 he was employed by the Government of England to negotiate a treaty of commerce with the Duke of Burgundy, the brother-in-law of Edward IV. About the time that printing was invented in Germany, he translated and printed his first book, "The Historie of Troye." He learned the noble art at the Colard Mansion of Bruges, and in 1470 was working in the turret chamber of the palace of that city. In 1471 he set up his press in the Almonry of Westminster. Of the many works which he issued from this press it is needless to speak in detail, as the enumeration might prove a curiosity only to the professional printer or the antiquarian. It will suffice to remind our readers that in the history of English literature, of which we, in Canada, are part

inheritors, no name stands higher in the light of benefaction than that of CAXTON, and we trust that we shall be found doing our whole duty in this quatercentennial tribute to his memory. Our columns are thrown open to any persons who will suggest the means of making the celebration an unqualified success.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MAYOR AND THE BOARD OF HEALTH.—Since his accession to office we have done our best to support and encourage the new Mayor of Montreal. But his attack on the Board of Health has disappointed us, and we believe we are the organ of public sentiment when we say that he has seriously undermined his claims to public endorsement. In the first place, he is not entitled, on mere financial grounds, to underrate a body of scientific men who give their labors gratuitously towards the sanitary service of the city; and he should have consulted men of competence before he launched a judgment which is calculated to do infinite harm to the city, on the eve of the summer season, when so many strangers visit us. Our cartoon expresses exactly what we mean. The Mayor has in his hands the fate of the health of Montreal. If he destroys the Board of Health, he takes upon himself the dread responsibility of opening the sluice-gates of epidemic disease upon the city. And we tell him as much in our cartoon. Let him beware. The responsibility lies upon him and it is a terrible one. Happily, he is not omnipotent in the matter, and the Board of Health will subsist in spite of him. The Board of Health might be better, but such as it is, we owe a debt of gratitude to its efforts.

JESUITS' RESIDENCE AT SILLERY IN 1637.—This very ancient structure, with its walls four feet thick, was built as much for a fort against Indian treachery as for a residence for the Jesuit Fathers. Sillery was founded in July, 1637. We know of no dwelling in Canada as old. It has been from time to time, carefully repaired; nay, its aspect, at one time, was quite festive when tenanted by a gay bachelor, now a grave member of the influential and respected firm of R. R. Dobell & Co., whose stately homes embellish the Sillery Heights in the rear. The Residence, or old MANSION HOUSE, on the north side of the Sillery Cove lower road, four miles from Quebec, faces the Sillery Chapel, within which the body of Father Evremond Massé, has rested since 1695. An antiquarian discovery made in 1871 by the Abbé Laverdière and Casgrain, resulted in the erection of the picturesque little monument to Father Evremond Massé and to the Commandeur de Sillery, recently put up. This Sillery settlement founded in 1637, has been described in detail by the historian Ferland in his *Notes*, and also in *Maple Leaves* for 1865. Indeed it is to Mr. LeMone that we are indebted for all this information. The Residence is now occupied by an employee of Messrs. R. R. Dobell & Co. The locality, from its connection with incidents of early history, attracts each summer tourists innumerable.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.—The Oxford eight were lucky enough to win the toss for choice of stations, and precisely at eight o'clock they put off from the London Boat Club boat-house in their Clasper boat, which they had at last determined to use in the race, and took the Middlesex side. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before the Cambridge men appeared, and another quarter elapsed before the word "Go" was given by Mr. Searle. The Oxford men started at 39 strokes to the minute, against the 35 of their opponents, and at once drew slightly in front; but at the Duke's Head the Cambridge boat had drawn level. There was nothing between them at Craven Point; but at Rosebank the dark blues were slightly in advance. This advantage was only maintained as far as the Crab-Tree, where the Cambridge coxswain kept much the better course, and in making the shoot for the Soap Works drew out with a lead of about half a length. This advantage, however, was but momentary, as a spurt from Marriott rapidly closed up the gap, and as the two boats passed under Hammersmith Bridge, Oxford, if anything, had the advantage. The curves in the river were now all in favor of the light blues, who began to creep away. They were perhaps half a length in advance at the foot of Chiswick Foot, from which point the Oxford men began to row much better together, and gradually gained, in spite of Shafto quickening up to 37, and shortly afterwards to 38. At Chiswick Church the Oxonians were fully half a length to the good, and were rowing in better form than was shown by their opponents. Passing under Barnes' Bridge, the leaders had increased their advantage to more than a length; and, as they were gaining slowly but surely, the race was apparently over, when bow caught a crab and broke his oar, which was only held together by the leather. Of course, after this he could only sit and swing, and, in spite of the desperate exertions of the other seven men, the Cambridge boat rapidly gained; and, though the general opinion was that Oxford won by about a couple of yards, the decision given by John Phelps was a dead-heat, a result with few parallels in the history of rowing. Thus appropriately ended one of the most sensational of the Inter-University boat-races.



**FALL NEAR TRURO.**—Truro is a wealthy and flourishing town, two miles above the Cobequid Bay, on a handsome and picturesque site. Its first inhabitants were Acadians; after them it was settled by Irish and Scotch. The country contains rich mines. A large market is held here regularly. Fishing and ship-building are also carried on. The Intercolonial Railway forms a junction there with the Nova Scotia Railway. Its population is 3,000.

**CARLTON HOUSE, SASKATCHEWAN.**—We sometime ago presented our readers with a sketch of the meeting which took place near Carlton House, between the Saskatchewan Crees and the Commissioners sent out by the Dominion Government, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty with them. We have in this day's issue a photograph of Fort Carlton, where the Commissioners resided during the time of the negotiations with the Indians. Fort Carlton (or Carlton House, as it is generally termed), is situated on the south-west of the North Saskatchewan river, about 15 miles from the Red River crossing of the south branch of the Saskatchewan—500 miles by the overland route to Fort Garry, and the same distance from Edmonton House—80 miles from Battle Ford. It is a post belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, of considerable importance from its central position. It is the depot for the storage of supplies transported overland, and by Lake Winnipeg, from Fort Garry, Manitoba, for transshipment to the northern districts and Upper Saskatchewan. Fifty miles down stream from Carlton on the side of the river, is the prosperous settlement of Prince Albert, where there are already 300 settlers. The soil is well adapted for agricultural purposes, with abundance of timber; there are a saw and grist mill in the settlement. The Presbyterian missionary, the late Rev. Mr. Nisbet, founded this colony, and since then the Presbyterians have had missionaries resident there, and latterly the English Church has been represented. Two years ago the first steamer built by the Hudson Bay Company at Grande Rapids, near Lake Winnipeg, successfully navigated the Saskatchewan River as far up as Fort Edmonton, a distance of over 1,200 miles; but, last summer, owing to an unprecedented state of low water, the steamer on her second trip, could not ascend the Rapids known as "Col's Falls," some 70 miles below Carlton House. This year the Hudson Bay Company imported from England an iron steamer which will be conveyed to the Grande Rapids, will be put together there, and is intended to run from the head of the Col's Falls to Fort Edmonton—the other vessel remaining below the Falls. These steamers are about 100 tons, with stern wheels and of little draft of water. They are intended solely for the transport of the Company's freight, and have no accommodation for passengers.

**THE PLAIN OF MARATHON.**—The battle of Marathon was fought on September 25, 490 B.C. The Greeks lost only 192 men, who were buried on the field, and a mound was raised over them, which is shown in our sketch on page 252. This is the only thing remaining connected with the battle, except the landscape. The bay of Marathon, with its deep blue water, where the Persians landed; the village of Marathon, which gave the name to the plain; and the village of Vrani, where the Temple of Hercules stood, and where there is now a small convent—are still to be viewed. Here is the gorge down which the Plataeans came, and the position which was occupied by the Greeks. All these places of immortal renown are pointed out to visitors. The plain is very level, and is cultivated. The mound does not seem to have been opened; a mud house or look-out station appears to have been made on the top which makes the summit irregular. The mound is about fifty or sixty feet in diameter, and about twenty-five feet high. The snowy peaks in the distance are in the island of Euboea, and the view here given of the mound is taken with the back to the Greek position in the famous battle.

**THE CHARITY OF THEOLOGY.**

It was the custom of the old medieval schoolmen—separated from the world and debarred from all its connections by the stern law of celibacy—to push the logic of their philosophical and theological ratiocinations to the furthest conclusions; regardless of the practical consequences which these might entail upon the mind clouded by ignorance, or the heart made morbidly sensitive through an abnormal training in youth. The inquisition with its wheels and gibbets, its thumb-screws, and impenetrable dungeons, only carried out the teachings of the cloistered masters, and since those days, religion has gradually sunk into the vulgar arena of disputation until there seems nothing so calculated to stir up strife and ill-feeling as a divergence of religious sentiment. Men of the world may differ in origin, nationality and politics without thereby alienating friendship, but it is sad to think that sectarian divergences lead to domestic and social separations, and that of all morbidly deleterious influences, the *odium theologorum* is universally allowed to be about the worst.

The best men in every denomination make it precisely their mission to allay this feeling of hostility arising from theological differences, and from our humble experience we may say that no teacher—be he priest or parson—is worthy of being hearkened to unless he inculcates in very literalness the sweet and simple Gospel of Christmas night.

"Glory to God unto the Highest, and Peace to good men upon the sea and land."

In our peaceful community, the elements of discord have not been wanting of late, but the apostles of concord have likewise lifted up their voices, and among these we take pleasure in signaling Rev. James Roy, M. A., whom we had the opportunity to introduce to our readers on a previous occasion. This gentleman has just published a volume entitled "Catholicity and Methodism; or, the Relation of John Wesley to Modern Thought," which we have perused with much benefit for the information which it contains, and which yielded us much gratification from the clarity of its tone, the lucidity of its logic, and the terse Anglo-Saxon of its style. The author has fully confirmed the opinion we had previously formed of him, as a man of varied reading, of conscientious instruction, and of genuine eloquence.

The work is primarily written for members of the Methodist Church. Its object, as stated by the author, is to ascertain the limits within which a minister of the Methodist Church of Canada is allowed by the legal standards of that body to exercise his private judgment, and to show the bearings on Protestant and Christian work of that liberty of thought and speech which those standards sanction. In other words, the author wishes to inquire whether members of his creed may not, without proving recreant to the fundamental principles of their creed, join conscientiously the universal brotherhood of that ideal charity, which is the sum and substance of the Law, the *medulla* of the Master's teaching, and which delivers a generous mind from the trammels of mere ecclesiasticism. The writer refers only to the ecclesiasticism of Rome; but we believe we are justified in saying that it exists more or less in every sect, and that priestcraft, in its modern acceptation, is precisely one of the greatest obstacles to the spontaneous religious profession of thousands of otherwise well-meaning laymen.

Mr. Roy's pamphlet is partly historical and partly didactic. In both spheres he displays research, culture and evident impartiality. He inquires first whether Methodism was ever catholic, in the strict Greek etymology of the word, and his reply is an affirmative one. He next asks how it ceased to be catholic, going into particulars which are well worth reading. He then dives into the core of his subject by investigating how it can become catholic again, and it is here that his rare powers of reasoning and honest analysis are displayed. We are, of course, not competent to follow him in this study; but we may record an opinion, that he has exhausted the subject, and we shall be curious to see how his views will be met by professional theologians. The practical part of the inquiry lies in the fourth and last chapter, entitled the Relations of Methodism, which are set forth as triplicate—the connection with modern religious thought, with the future prosperity of Methodism, and with Protestant Unity. In treating of these crucial points, the author puts forth all his powers, and his language, prompted by his convictions, rises to the full dignity of the occasion. He concludes by affirming that the Methodist Church should be the leader in the movement towards this comprehensive unity against sacerdotalism; and he quotes a saying of Goldwin Smith, that Methodism, having arisen from opposition to no existing form of Christianity, but only from opposition to sin, has the best opportunity for becoming the nucleus of a reunion of the Church of God.

Altogether, we may recommend this work for its honest purposes, its scholarly treatment, and its eloquent exposition. It is printed in handsome style by the Burdell-Desbarats Company, and we have no doubt whatever that it will excite much attention among laymen as well as clergymen of all denominations.

**EPHEMERIDES.**

The following is furnished me by an antiquary:—At the Kingston assizes in 1826, eleven convicts were had, out of which six were sentenced, in addition to other punishments, to be publicly and privately whipped—five of whom had the *feeling* appendage of "twice" attached to the punishment of whipping. One criminal, for returning from transportation, was sentenced to be hanged on the 1st December next. The crime for which the whipping and other punishments were inflicted were grand and petit larcenies. In another part of Upper Canada, a short time since, a criminal, formerly from Coeymans, N. Y., was sentenced to be hanged some day in November for stealing a sheep, valued at twenty shillings. The Chief-Justice of the Upper Province decided in a recent trial that "a man has a right to chastise his wife moderately, however ungallant such conduct may be considered." Verily the administration of justice hath taken a curious turn.

The humorous and satirical treatment of public questions must be looked upon as a good symptom in a country where politics are cultivated with a morbid earnestness and where acrimony is made the chief ingredient of discussion in the press and on the stump. Among these humorous writers, Paul Ford, of the *Montreal Gazette*, has attracted merited attention by his series of articles, lately entitled "Unparliamentary Papers." The last of these is done in verse, after the style of the old-country pantomimes, and some of the "bits" are both well conceived and cleverly expressed. Sir John, whom we did not know before as a

poet, thus discourseth on "some mixed tea." He addresses the Speaker:—

"You have attempted to choke discussion  
And ruled the roast like some Imperial Russian,  
But yet of you I guess I'll be the starter,  
You'll find in me that you have caught a Tartar.

This tea tariff policy works revolution,  
I'm now resolv'd to shake this *resolution*,  
And beg to move some substitute there be,  
To put a tax on in the place of tea.

The married ladies of this great Dominion,  
An important factor, numbering a million,  
At nightly conference meet in tribulation,  
And there decide, with urgent animation,  
This tax to be a fraud, all other frauds outvie-

ing;  
The poor dear creatures' eyes are red with cry-

ing;  
The subject's one you cannot lightly handle,  
You cannot, will not tax this aid to scandle  
As scandles go this House I'm sure's no

novice.  
The latest (scandle) it was lit by Norris.  
That kind of flame's too weak for honest

fellers,  
They burn it mostly on played-out propel-

lers.  
The stench it makes, by no means healthy  
quite.

For it won't stand the good old *Solar light*.  
Its *wick* burns low before approaching day,  
A *wicked* thing at best, you will say.  
But to continue:

Against these women's wits you're basely plan-

ning;  
The public tea-pot sadly needs *Japin in*.  
The wisdom of your policy I muchly doubt,  
Your *grounds* of argument are not *drawn out*.  
They lack in *strength* what they have lost in

savor  
And but retain a stalis sort of flavor.

A STEELE PEN.

**THE FREE LANCE.**

Mrs. Meetington will hereafter contribute to the Free Lance column, aided by her son Timothy. She says the latter has been laid up with ulcerated throat, but hopes he will be better before the economical gales come on.

Timothy said to Mrs. Meetington: "I saw yesterday an antiquarian at the druggist's. I wish you would get one. I like to see the gold fish *gobble* in the water."

"Post-mortem showed heart-disease," exclaimed Mrs. Meetington.

"Why did they not have the *post mortem* while the poor man was alive and cure him?" asked Timothy.

Raymond played *Colonel Sellers* at Lynn, Mass., the other night, and at the close of the performance an ardent temperance man begged him to sign the pledge, saying, "You played your part to perfection till you got drunk, and then you made a confounded fool of yourself."

At the Kuklos meeting, the other night, one of the members, a distinguished tragedian and a ready wit, proposed the following as the motto for the next edition of a certain almanac:

"Facilis descensus a-Vennor!"

At the same meeting, a well-known humorous physician christened St. Vincent street, as he had formerly done Little St. James street—THE VALE OF AVOCA!

Outsiders should know that these narrow streets are crowded with advocates' offices.

The antiquity of the Scotch may thus be exemplified: the clan *Forbes* also takes precedence of the Macphersons and Mackenzies, for we find among the shades that haunt Eneas in the sixth of the *Æneid*, there was a Scotchman of the name of Hugh Forbes. The ghost exclaims:

"Olim Euphorbus eram."

One of the chiefs of the Kuklosians is responsible for this—not I.

"Blue glass, Timothy? What is that kind of glass they make such a fuss about? I always thought they blew glass, and I have seen them do it."

"Some folks" said Tim, solemnly, "have blue on the brain, and old Ryer had it when he blew his out."

"How can you talk so, Tim? You can't persuade me there is anything in blue, if you talk till all is blew."

"I am going to try it, mother," said Tim. "I'd be blowed if I don't."

The editor, who has a surfeit of other good things for his paper and can therefore afford to be generous, has kindly handed over to me at my request, made on bended knees, the following verses sent in manuscript from Amos Pitt. They will therefore first see the light in the FREE LANCE column, and I willingly leave out some of my best jokes, in order to make room for them. I preserve the orthography, syntax, and prosody, just as they are in the original text:

**THE MAGPIE.**

About the home of my childhood,  
A tale I now will relate.  
We had in a cage of the wild-wood  
A magpie sitting in state,  
"Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry,  
Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

One day, we boys had a whim  
To let poor magge go free,  
And give him the use of his limb,  
And give him sovereignty.  
"Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry,  
Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

The girls they scorn'd the wild act  
With balls of cotton and thread,  
I know it were so for a fact,  
They wish'd poor magge were dead.  
"Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry,  
Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

They swore the devil had risen  
A pandemonium of hell,  
And Magge was thrust into prison.  
A thief! he had learn'd to excel.  
"Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry,  
Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

The school boys came in a hurry,  
And the girls laughing with glee  
To see him penn'd up in a hurry,  
No more a bishop to be.  
"Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry,  
Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

And next a court martial was held,  
"Go! free him every one sesh.  
Alas! the first time we beheld  
He'd nothing worthy of death."  
"Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry,  
Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

The Squire went out with his gun,  
The fields were ripen'd with grain,  
And magge his chattering begun  
In a bough right o'er the main.  
"Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry,  
Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

The Squire, I'll never forgive him,  
He cap'd his gun on the mound,  
And through poor magge's misgiving,  
Magge came down to the ground.  
"Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry,  
Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

LAUCLIDE.

**FISH BREEDING.**

Fish culture by artificial means has become one of the most important of Canadian industries, and is now under the direction of a Minister of the Dominion, assisted by Mr. S. Wilmot, Superintendent of the Ontario Fish-breeding Establishment, situated near Newcastle, who has spent years in perfecting the art of Fish Culture, and to whom a large amount of the honor is due for the good that is accruing from the re-stocking of our lakes and streams with finny beauties. The *Canadian Illustrated News*, of Montreal, of March 24th, contains a full description of the process, together with a double page engraving, giving views from different parts of the premises. The first page of the same number contains a full page engraving of the Hon. A. J. Smith, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and smaller cuts of Samuel Wilmot, Esq., and Mr. F. W. Whitaker, Commissioner of Fisheries. The number also gives several able articles on Fish Culture and a brief sketch of the manner of operation in the Newcastle institution. The *News* is deserving of special praise for placing so prominently before the public this very important branch of our resources.—*Pictou Times*.

**HUMOROUS.**

DEADHEADS never want the doorkeeper to pass them. They only want to pass the doorkeeper.

SOME New York clerks carry their lunch down town in sardine boxes in their vest pockets, and use their handkerchiefs as napkins when eating it. The hypothesis is that they are prospective millionaires.

HEREAFTER U. S. postal cards must be stamped on the face, and not on the back. This is a righteous order, though we're constrained to believe it will deprive the rural postmaster of a chance for a good deal of interesting postage.

THERE never was a time when the insurance-business was so safe as it is now. All that a man wants to do after he gets insured is to die right quick before the company does. But he doesn't want to be fooling around living and having a good time.

"THIS is George the Fourth," said an exhibitor of waxwork, pointing to a very slim figure. "I thought he was a very stout man," said the other. "Very likely; but if you had been without victuals half as long as he has, you'd be twice as thin."

**DOMESTIC.**

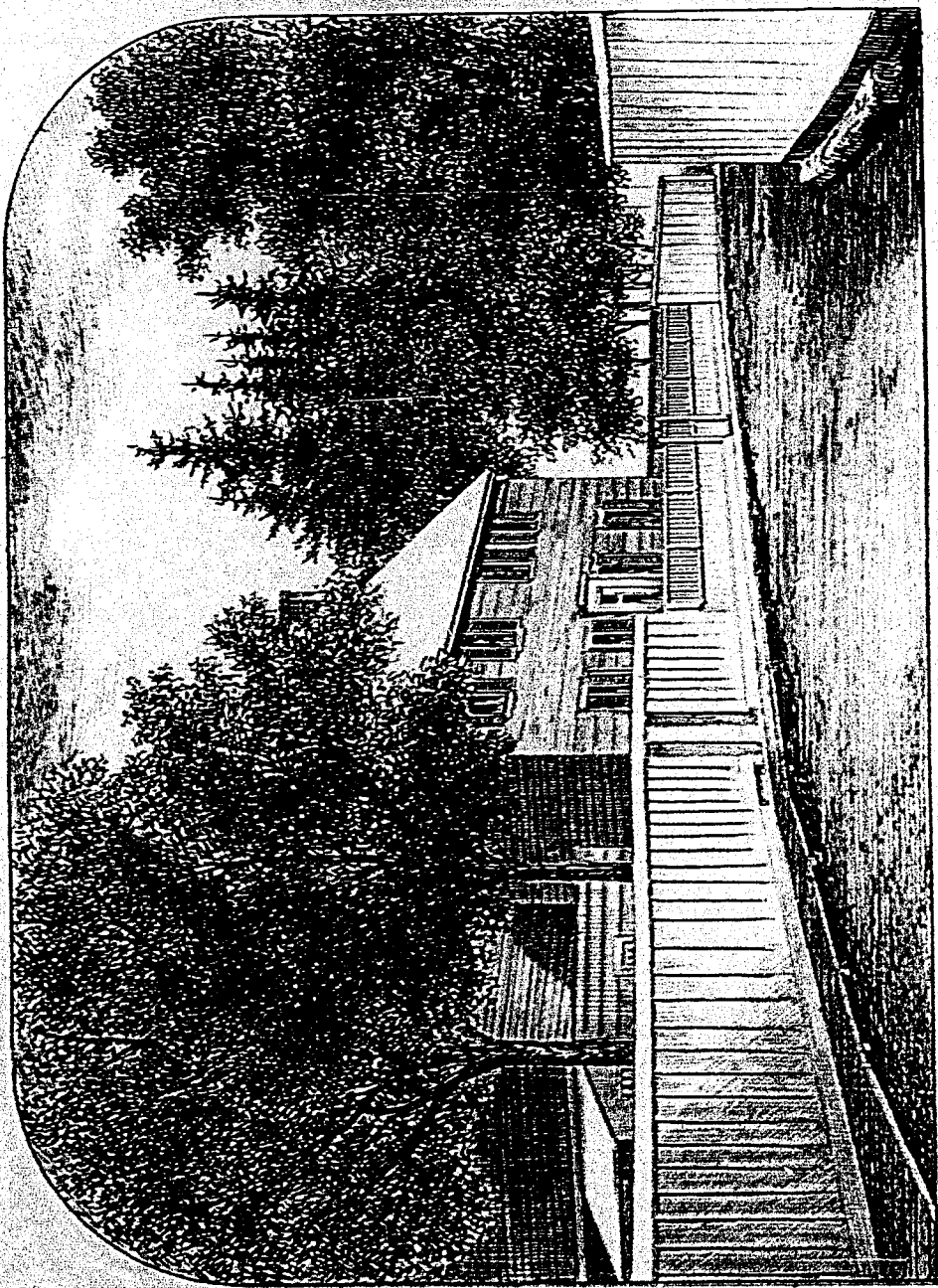
CARROT PUDING.—One pound of currants, one pound of flour, one pound of suet, one pound of treacle, one pound of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, one pound of carrots and one pound of potatoes (these to be well boiled and mashed), a little mixed-spice flavouring and peel. Mix well together; boil in a basin eight hours.

MINCED MUTTON.—Trim off from some slices of cold mutton, all fat, gristle, and outside parts, mince the meat finely, and sprinkle it with a little flour, pepper and salt to taste, and a dust of nutmeg; put a piece of butter into a saucepan, when melted add the mince and as much stock as will bring it to the proper consistency; let it simmer very gently for at least an hour; serve with fried sippets. Walnut or mushroom cats-up may be added, as also a little Worcester sauce.

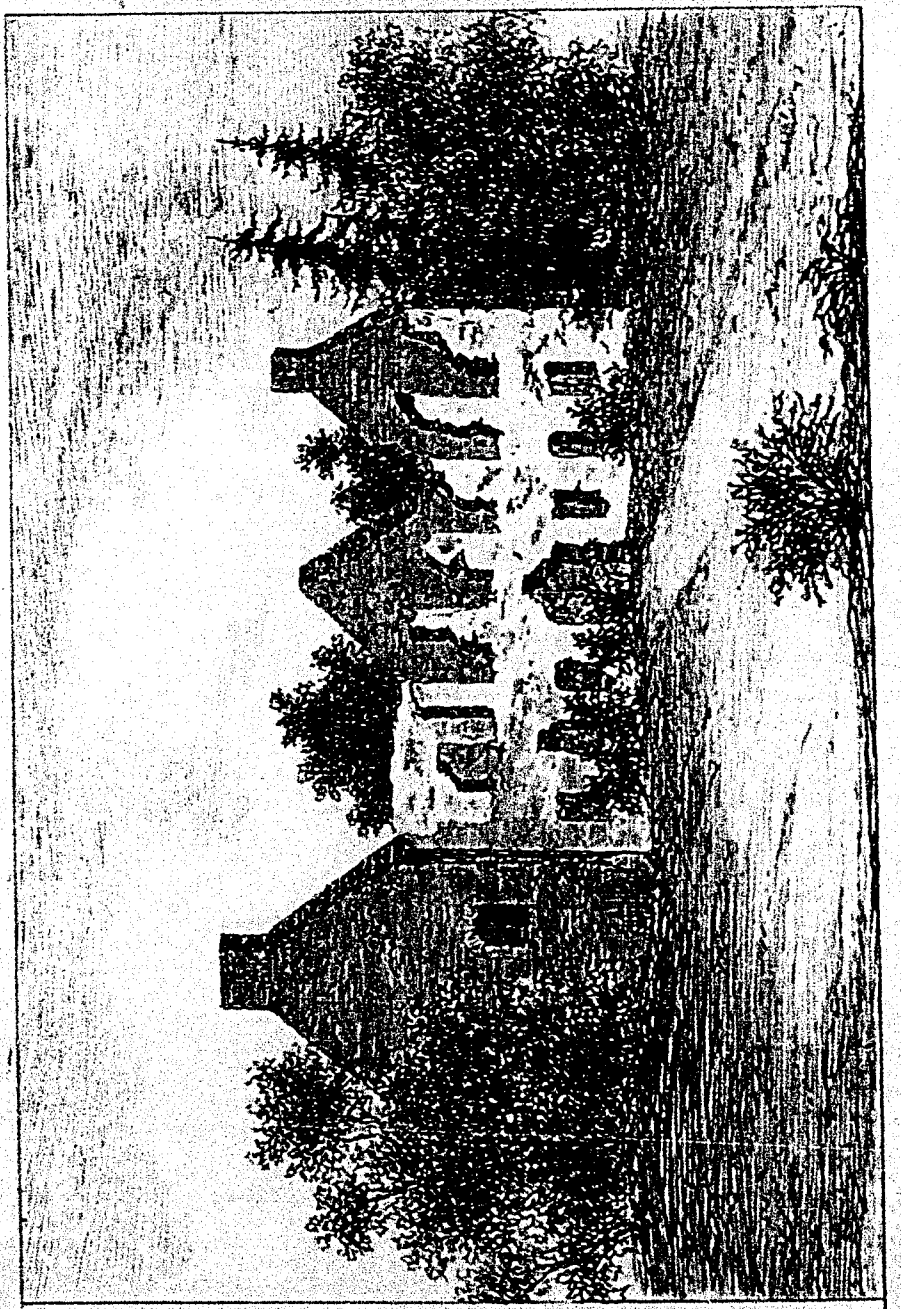
A SAVOURY DISH FOR SUPPER, BREAKFAST, OR DINNER.—Skin and parboil some potatoes, and cut them into slices about as thick as a crown piece; heat up a couple of eggs, and mix with them about a teaspoonful of fine bread-crumbs and the same quantity of finely-chopped lean ham or tongue, and season it with a little salt and pepper. Into this mixture dip the slices of potato, and fry them in plenty of hot lard or good dripping, but let it be quite hot before they are put in; also, let the slices of potato be well covered with the mixture, which, if not thick enough to adhere like a batter, should be made so with the addition of a few more bread-crumbs. When done, serve on a hot dish; but be careful to drain them well from fat by putting them into a cullender or sieve, and keeping them before the fire until they are all done.

"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Doby's Parisian Hair Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.

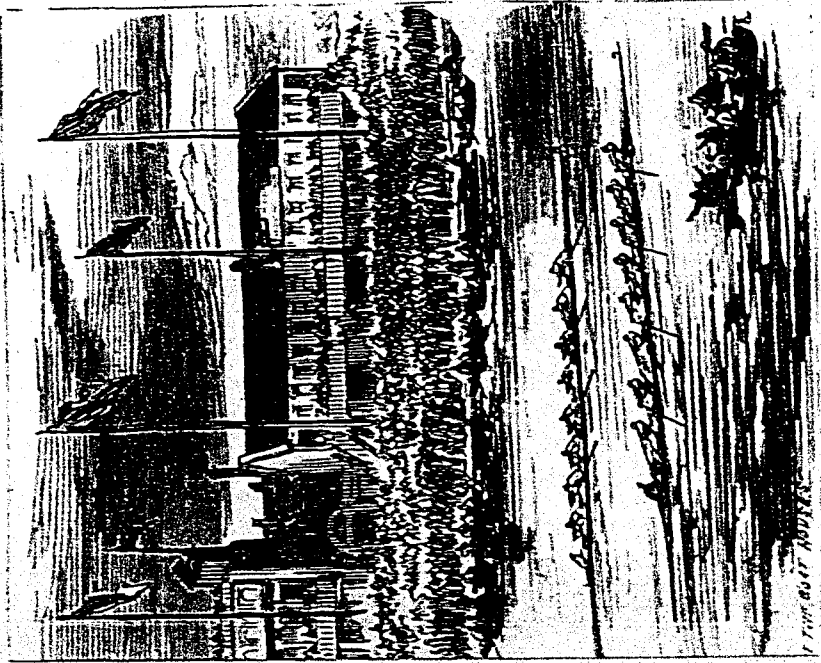




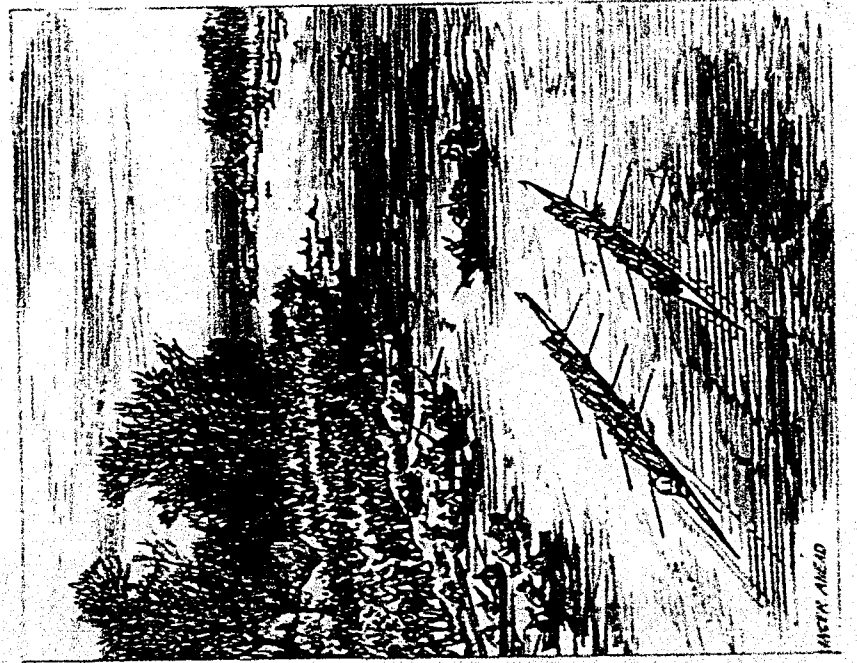
JESUITS' RESIDENCE AT SILLERY, QUEBEC, IN 1687.



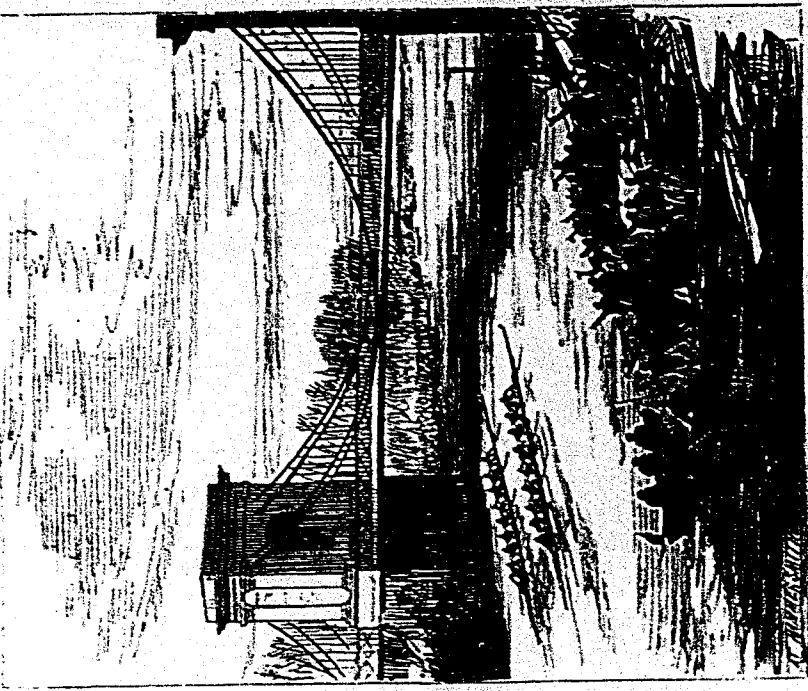
THE HERMITAGE, OR BEAUMANOIR, QUEBEC.



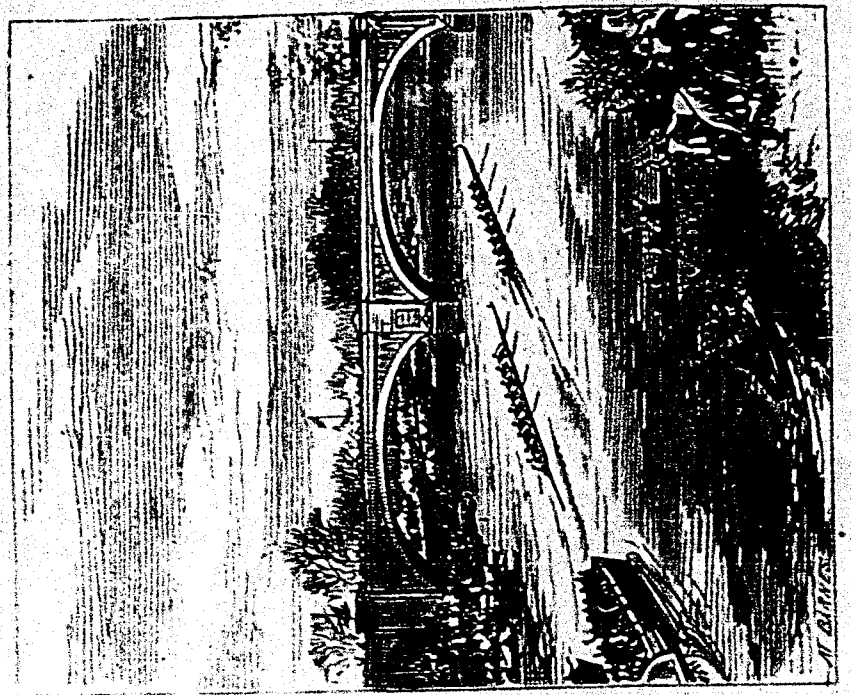
FIRST BOAT RACE



ASTRA AHEAD



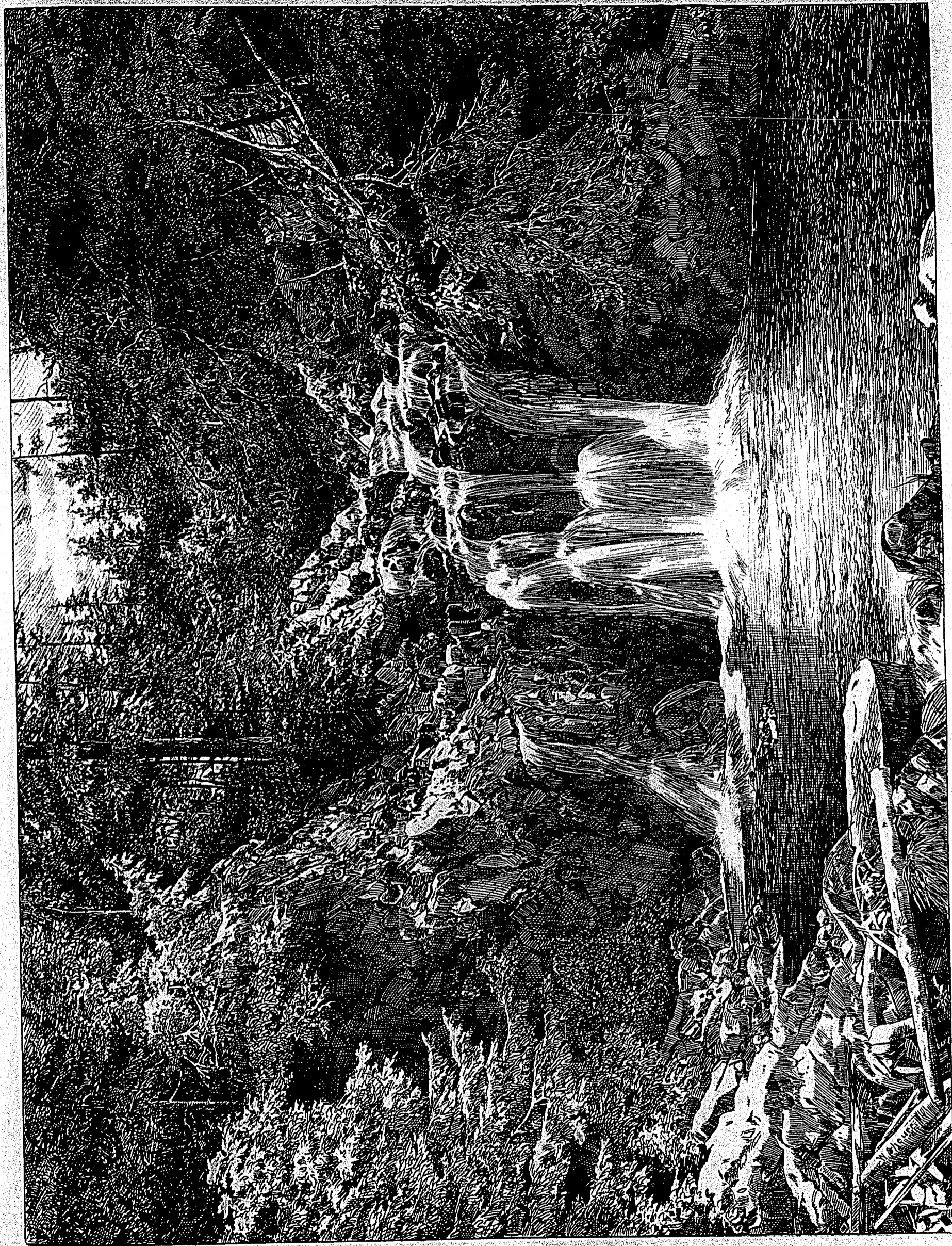
THE BRIDGE



THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.





FALLS NEAR TRURO. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX. HENDERSON.



MARCHE-LES-DAMES.

A WALLOON LEGEND.

Beside the Meuse's shimmering sands, Beneath Marlagne's incumbent wood, The ancient monastery stands, Still beautiful in its widowhood.

I viewed the chapel low and dim, Its oaken panels, chairs and stalls, The altar's faded cherubim, The tarnished frescoes on the walls.

I.

The Hermit spoke of the holy war, The Pontiff blessed the high emprise, And loud there pealed from near, from far, A hundred thousand battle cries.

"Our wives are not safe on our castled steep," Said Hugo to the Suzerains; "Nor in our valleys sheltered deep," Said Samson, chief of Namur's plains.

II.

'Twas complin hour—the golden light Of sunset flushed the chestnut wood, The lapsing waters rippled bright, And silence thrilled the solitude.

"What cravest thou, Sir Palmer?" said The gentle nun in pitying mood; "A shelter for this weary head, And, in the name of Jesu, food."

The blessing of the hallowed roof, Thus shall we have the grace to bear, With patience and with fortitude, Whatever tidings we may hear.

III.

The lone religious eager pressed Around the suffering pilgrim guest, But, though scanned by every one, He was to all, alas! unknown.

With bended head and drooping eyes, The ladies listened in surprise, To the Crusader's wondrous tale; And when he finished, gathered near, Some tidings from their lords to hear.

IV.

When he had done, the stranger knight Gazed round upon the ladies there, And with beseeching, haggard air, Mourned o'er his own most wretched plight.

According to the vow she made, Matilda left the cloister's shade, And crossed the narrow ford, Up to the castled heights she rode.

V.

The Holy City was stormed at last, By Godfrey and his Cavaliers, And thus the first Crusade was o'er, And now that scenes of war were past—

The stately walls of Marche-les-Dames Thus stood for many an age; Their annals form a brilliant page Upon the scroll of cloistral fame.

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.

MY MISFORTUNE AT MARSH COMMON.

It was in the good old times, before competitive examinations were even dreamt of, that I was placed in a Government office. A little parliamentary influence provided me with my berth, and punctual attendance, and a knowledge of the multiplication table, enabled me to keep it.

I must now give a slight description of the household of which I became a member. Mrs. Vere had been left a widow with two grown-up daughters to provide for, and but a small income upon which to manage it.

Mrs. Vere was, unfortunately for herself, one of those proud unhappy people who are constantly striving to appear more important than they really are. She had a wonderful idea of what she called "society," a few indeed were the families at Marsh Common that she cared to visit.

ty or a Miss Thompson; and I had so far decided in my own mind on the latter lesser evil, that it only remained for me to consider which of the Thompson family kind Fate and my own discretion should assign to me.

About this time a circumstance occurred which, for some days, banished matrimonial schemes from my mind. The children at Mrs. Vere's were taken suddenly ill. At first it was thought that a mere heat-rush had affected them, but the doctor soon pronounced it decided measles.

About a week after the children were taken ill, invitations came to us for a grand ball at the Thompsons'. Mr. Thompson had for some years been a member, the Common Council (ill-natured people called him a very common councillor); however, the omission of a few h's, and other flowers of our language, did not prevent him becoming an alderman, and his recent elevation to this dignity first suggested the idea of this ball, which was to eclipse anything of the kind which Marsh Common had ever seen.

We found the Thompsons' house ablaze with lights and flowers; no expense had been spared to make the ball a thorough success. Mr. Thompson was evidently a liberal man. I wonder, thought I in parenthesis, what he will feel inclined to endow my Laura with? He had employed for the party the same firms who contracted for the gorgeous City dinners where aldermen love to dine.

Helford's Magazine. JOHN LESTERANCE.

They could paint in water-colours, and sing—O ye gods, how they could sing! They could also make all kinds of things out of cardboard, silk, and stamped leather; which were so useful to sell at charitable bazaars, but useful, alas, for nothing else!

But to resume my story. The ball was at its height; the rooms were not alone crowded, but the very staircases were packed, sardine-like, with human beings. Merchant princes, sheriffs, common councilmen, the county members,—all were there. In fact, Mrs. Thompson had committed the usual error of inviting double the number of people that her house could comfortably hold. There is no doubt that in these crowded assemblies there are many poor wedged-in mortals who suffer much, but whose politeness preserves a happy smile on their resigned features. I cannot complain that I was one of these unfortunates, for my intimacy with the family prevented it. Nevertheless, there was a sickness of my heart for which I could not account. I at first attributed my uneasy feelings to over-exertion; but when I saw in one of the mirrors that my face was very much flushed, I felt sure that my old enemy, indigestion, was the cause of my trouble. I took what I thought to be the best remedy for such a complaint, by joining in every dance; but the more I waltzed the more giddy and uneasy I became. I had already caused some remark by having chosen Laura for my partner, but I had as yet made no particular advances to her; indeed, the uneasy feeling which oppressed me seemed to take all such thoughts out of my mind. This was all the more provoking, as I had beforehand imagined a very pretty little drama, of which she was the heroine and I the hero. I would, I had thought, dance with her only, and, after a time, would lead her to a quiet seat in one of the conservatories, and there declare my love for her. But now all the pretty thoughts that I had framed for the occasion had deserted me. The very bouquet, which I had composed of a few flowers having sweet meanings, had long ago been crushed to pieces in the struggle of mounting the stairs. But I regretted them not, for my memory was now a perfect blank as to the emblems they bore.

The evening wore on heavily enough for me; for I now began to really feel so ill that I excused myself for any more dancing, and walked off to the library, which room was reserved for the amusement of those whose agile days were past.

At one table sat two dowagers, with a chess-board between them; but judging by the whispered conversation, which they kept up behind their fans, chess had for some time given way to scandal. In another place, a clergyman and an elderly dame were playing draughts.

The worthy alderman kept fussing in and out of the room, "hail-fellow-well-met" with everybody. As he passed me, he inquired if I had left the ballroom to cool myself, for I looked "hot." He accompanied this remark with a stinging slap on my back. Now if there is anything which disturbs my usually serene temper, that thing is a slap on the back. It is bad enough when I am in good health; but now, when I felt really seedy and uncomfortable, it seemed a cruel addition to my sufferings. However, my host had vanished before he could see the disgust with which I received his kindly-meant blow.

I had been sitting here for some time, when I found that I was gradually becoming an object of attention. The dowagers forgot their scandal, and looked at me through their eye-glasses. The parson evidently regarded me with some suspicion, for he actually shifted his seat, which before had been close to mine. Every one was staring at me, and seemed to be whispering about me. "What could be the matter?" thought I. "I will go away from these ill-mannered people." But when I tried to rise I tottered on my legs, my brain became confused, the room seemed to swim round me, and everything but the rushing noise in my ears was a horrid blank.

When I awoke to consciousness I found myself, with a bandage round my head, in my own room. Mrs. Vere, her daughter Eleanor, and the family doctor, were standing round my bed, and were apparently holding a kind of inquest over me. While the doctor was congratulating me on the favourable sleep which I had enjoyed, I entreated him to tell me what on earth was the matter.

"Matter enough," replied he. "Why, you not only frightened all the guests at Thompson's party last night into the belief that they had a smallpox patient in their midst, but you battered their waincoat with your unfortunate head. Don't be afraid, though; for, as far as I can judge, it is nothing more serious than measles." "Measles!" cried I; "why, I had measles years ago!"

"That is no reason," replied the doctor, "why you should not have it again. It is a common error to suppose that measles can only appear once in a man's life, for I have now several cases which quite negative the idea."

I soon resigned myself to my fate, and measles it most undoubtedly was. Mrs. Vere and Eleanor proved themselves to be capital nurses, and I had much reason to rejoice in having fallen into such kind hands.

The time that I was confined to my bed seemed at first to drag along very heavily, for I could not help thinking about Laura Thompson, and brooding upon the ill-luck which had overtaken me. But as the time advanced, and as I daily saw Eleanor Vere moving noiselessly in and out of my room, my thoughts took a new turn, and I could not help blaming myself

for overlooking this treasure of a woman. I had before this bestowed very little thought upon Eleanor; but now, when I saw her in a new light, as a ministering angel in a sick-room (she had been from home when the children were ill), I eagerly watched for her visits, and rejoiced in the illness which privileged me to be tended by such gentle hands. A thousand little attentions, such as only a woman could devise, materially helped to hasten my recovery. When I thanked her for any new proof of her kindness she would pretend that it was her mother's thought, and not hers; but I always found, after questioning Mrs. Vere, that her daughter was the source from which the kindness originated.

It may easily be imagined that my thoughts of Laura Thompson now became less frequent, the more so as none of her family either came to see me, or even sent a messenger to inquire after me. This unaccountable behaviour on the part of such intimate friends somewhat puzzled me, until Mrs. Vere furnished me with very good reasons for their neglect. In the first place, both she and I had mortally offended everyone by going to the late ball so soon after the illness of the children, the nature of which illness, by some strange chance, had not been known to the Thompsons. In the next place—it is with abject shame that I recall it—every girl with whom I danced on that unlucky night I had most innocently inoculated with my complaint. Such a load of guilt on my conscience would have infallibly sent me to a premature grave, had not Eleanor Vere helped me to bear it. Indeed, her sympathy was so agreeable to me, and I found her comfort so necessary to my happiness, that I implored her to give me a life interest in it, and to be mine both in sickness and in health.

Her answer was as I hoped it would be; and in contemplation of my good fortune I almost forgot the circumstances which led to it. Others however, had better memories. Every post brought me angry letters—some from comparative strangers; in fact, it is my belief that everybody within six miles of Marsh Common who had the measles at that time laid his or her misfortune at my unlucky door. The alderman was furious at the "indignity," as he called it, of his daughters—young ladies of their position—being subjected to such a vulgar thing as the measles. With shame I acknowledge that it was through me that these estimable creatures were prevented from attending the Queen's Drawing-room. I tried hard to make peace; but there was no such thing for me. I was from that time disgraced at Marsh Common. Neighbours never happened to be at home when I called upon them; and when I met them in the street, so much had the measles affected their eyes that they did not see me. Luckily I had abundant consolation for being thus sent to Coventry, not only in my engagement, which was an intense happiness to me, but in an unlooked-for improvement in my official position, which enabled me to press Eleanor to fix our wedding-day.

We chose a new neighbourhood for our home; and from the number of kind friends that are gathered around us, I feel confident that I am not recognised as the same being who perpetrated such villainies at Marsh Common.

### HEARTH AND HOME.

**FORCED MORALITY.**—Many persons, when they find themselves in danger of shipwreck in the voyage of life, throw their darling vices overboard, as other mariners do, only to fish them up again after the storm is over.

**DRESS.**—There is nothing that will so disarm and depress certain sensitive natures as conscious inferiority of dress. Until a degree of familiarity with the world has been acquired, or a man has learned that he has a recognised place in it, his dress either holds him up in his own self-respect or compels him into abject self-contempt.

**NO DEPTH.**—Avoid the companion who jests at everything. Such people disparage, by some ludicrous association, all objects which are presented to their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them. They bring upon the moral being an influence more withering than the blasts of the desert.

**POWER OF MUSIC.**—Many animals enjoy music. The fondness of the camel for music is a well-attested fact, and when the Arabs wish to get extra work out of these animals, they play upon some favourite instrument bright and cheerful airs. Blows are of no avail, but music spurs the animal to exertion. A spur for the horse, and music for the camel, say the Arabs.

**LOOK ON THE CHEERFUL SIDE.**—It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it be sternly repressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.

**DELIVERATE WORKERS** are those who accomplish the most work in a given time, and are less tired at the end of the day than many who have not accomplished half as much. The hurried worker has often to do his work twice over, and even then it is seldom done in the best manner, either as to neatness or durability. It is the deliberate and measured expenditure of strength which invigorates the constitution and builds up the health.

**A REFINED MAN.**—A refined man is never "loud" in his dress, for refinement is always allied to simplicity and a judicious and tasteful employment of the means of the good and happiness which it has at command. It seeks to divest itself of superfluities, and aspires continually to the utmost possible purity. Refinement leads to personal cleanliness and elegant neatness, good taste and simplicity. Needless display and bashfulness are alike repugnant to its spirit.

**LIFE'S OBJECT.**—Men know how thunder and lightning come from the clouds in summer, and they want to thunder and lightning sometimes themselves; but it is better that the contents of the clouds should drop down in gentle rains, and make something grow, than that there should be flashing and resounding in the heaven, and that the oak should be crushed to pieces which has been growing for a hundred years; and it is better, not that men should produce a great racket in the world, and work destruction round about them, but that they should create happiness among their fellow men.

**CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.**—No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavours or rewards his labours with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his occupation, meet difficulty, and encounter danger. He knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labour will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solicitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half-provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for his happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

**OVER-SENSITIVENESS.**—A great deal of discomfort arises from over-sensitiveness about what people may say of you or your actions. This requires to be blunted. Consider whether anything you do will have much connection with what they will say. And, besides, it may be doubted whether they will say anything at all about you. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre with the assembled world as spectators; whereas all the while they are playing to empty seats. They fancy, too, they form the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they might, at any rate, defy the proverb and insist upon hearing themselves well spoken of.

**PLEASANT BEDROOMS.**—There is nothing more indicative of refinement and genuine culture in a family than bright, cheerful, and tastefully-decorated bed-chambers. Tasteful decoration does not necessarily mean expense, and it is possible to make a chamber look very pretty at a very small outlay. Indeed, in many instances no outlay at all will be required beyond what would be incurred under any circumstances. The women of a family, especially, are apt to pass a good portion of their time in their bed-chamber, and in some households the sleeping apartments are used alike for sewing-rooms, sitting-rooms, and nurseries. It is worth while to obtain all the innocent pleasure we can find in this life, and there can be no doubt that life is pleasanter if most of its hours are passed in cheerful-looking apartments.

**SCANDAL.**—It was the saying of an old acquaintance of ours, when his attention was called to anything that had a smacking of scandal in it, "I have so much to do that I cannot hear it. One half my time is taken up with my own business, the other half with letting alone that of my neighbours." How many excellent opportunities of letting alone other people's business are slighted, and the world is troubled with the interference of people with what does not concern them. Neighbourhoods are driven crazy by the reports of idle or mischievous people who watch for occasions of scandal, and lose no opportunity of making it public, regardless of its truth, or of the injury that it inflicts upon the feelings of others. Gossip passes for facts, and surmise for history; and the nimble lie runs many a league while the truth is putting on its boots.

### THE GLEANER.

**DR. A. PETERMANS,** the German geographer, believes that the Pole can still be reached by the East Greenland route.

A CONGRESS of chess-players is to be held at Cologne in August. The congress will begin on the 18th and terminate on the 20th of that month.

THE Arctic medal has been struck, and will shortly be distributed to all who took part in the late expedition. It bears the *Alet* on one side and the Queen's head on the other.

*A propos* of scurvy on board ship, it is suggested that "canned tomatoes," which can be had at a low price in Canada, would form an efficient and welcome substitute for lime-juice.

**GEN. IGNATIEFF** has an obstruction of one of the tearducts, so that one side of his face is constantly bedewed by a gentle flow of tears, whilst the other has quite a happy expression. After this way Garrick was painted.

THERE is a newsboy in San Francisco, Jam's Handley by name, who is rapidly acquiring a fortune by the sale of papers. He is but fourteen years old, yet owns two houses and several building lots on Telegraph Hill. He recently built a third house there for \$1,800, and sold it to his brother for \$2,200. The brother, also a

newsboy, sold it again for \$3,100. Jimmy aspires to a profession, and attends the Lincoln school, where he stands high in his class.

**WORK AND LIFE.**—Does work destroy or preserve the faculties? There are many proofs to support the latter idea. M. Thiers is still working at a book, which he says is to crown his labors. Guizot was 84 when he died, and he was dictating a work but a few nights before his death. Humboldt was even 90 years old when he finished his "Cosmos." Aufer was composing music at 85; and Titian, eager to prove the authenticity of paintings which some people doubted were his, wrote on them "Painted by Titian in the 91st year of his age." Work, if not too exhaustive, seems to varnish and preserve the faculties.

### FASHION NOTES.

NATURAL flowers for dress trimmings are now the rage in Paris, and the latest fashion is a thick wreath of real rose buds, violets, lilac, hyacinths, or camellias, to be worn across the front of the dress like a Marshal's sash—a tasteful but very expensive innovation.

WE learn from leaders of our fashionable circle that the *balguyese*—so unsatisfactory when worn beneath the *fourreau* or close draped costume, is entirely inadequate to sustain the trained robes that now begin to supersede all former styles. The *balguyese* (we explain to outsiders) is a dounced muslin petticoat with a wire inserted at the bottom. When damp air brings out the starch this skirt falls awkwardly in below the knee; it is high-priced and also requires constant laundrying. But the last new style of wire panier-skirts are always in order and satisfactory; they are formed on the *princesse* pattern, but small and of graceful *tournure*, well made, and last well.

THE following paragraphs will be of interest to our male readers:—All coats are cut full length. Short coats never look well, and are no sooner introduced than they begin to go out of date. Pantalons are cut full in the legs, with moderate spring bottoms. These patterns cannot be equalled. Vests are cut single-breasted with four, five and six buttons, in all fabrics. The department devoted exclusively to the display of pantalons is unusually attractive. The prices are extremely low while the cut and fabrics are exactly the thing. The revolution in prices is popular to the last degree with everybody except those who sell goods twenty per cent. too high.

### ARTISTIC.

ALBERT GRANT'S pictures, which are soon to be sold in London, are said to be worth \$50,000.

MR. E. V. VALENTINE, the Virginian sculptor, whose recumbent memorial figure of Lee gave such satisfaction to the Confederate general's admirers, is now busy upon a bust of General Johnson.

DETALLE'S picture of "A French General and his Staff Officers Saluting some Prussian Prisoners," will be among the contributions to the Paris Salon this season. The price of the work was eight thousand dollars.

M. MEISSONIER has painted a portrait of M. Alexandre Dumas for the Paris Salon, the author being represented sitting before a table covered with books. Mr. Jules Breton, as usual, sends a rural subject to the Exhibition, a life-sized figure of a hay-maker.

THERE is a new scheme of picture exhibitions, to be held in London. The idea is to take a certain county, say Northamptonshire, and bring together all the pictures, engravings, and other works of art, illustrative of its history, scenery, life, and famous people. The notion is a good one.

A SMALL replica of Holman Hunt's "Shadow of the Cross" was sold recently in London for 1,450 guineas. At the same sale a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds fetched £540, which, in 1873, obtained as much as £1,400. The subject was "Felina, a Little Girl with a Kitten," formerly in Lord De Tabley's collection.

### HYGIENIC.

CASTOR-OIL is such a simple, harmless medicine that it is much to be regretted that it should be so unpleasant to take. The *Médical* gives the following as a perfect mixture for disguising the nauseous flavor. Mix ten grains of powdered tragacanth with two drachms and a half of water; upon this pour very slowly, drop by drop, half an ounce of castor oil, stirring constantly with the pestle. When the mixture is complete, add about three ounces of water, an ounce of syrup, and a few drops of laurel-water. In this manner a white emulsion is obtained, in which the taste of the castor-oil is quite masked and replaced by the perfume of the laurel-water.

MR. H. PIGEON writes:—"The marvellous success which has attended my treatment of scarlet fever by sulphur induces me to let my medical brethren know of my plan, so that they may be able to apply the same remedy. All the cases in which I used it were very well marked, and the epidermis on the arms in each case came away like the skin of a snake. The following was the exact treatment followed in each case. Thoroughly anoint the patient twice daily with sulphur ointment; give five or ten grains of sulphur in a little jam three times a day. Sufficient sulphur was burnt twice daily (on coals on a shovel) to fill the room with the fumes, and of course was thoroughly inhaled by the patient. Under this mode of treatment each case improved immediately, and none were over eight days in making a complete recovery; and I firmly believe in each it was prevented from spreading by the treatment adopted. One case was in a large school."

### SCIENTIFIC.

KEROSENE oil is good for removing rust from cutlery.

THE squeaking of doors may be prevented by applying soap to their hinges.

A FRENCH chemist makes the remarkable announcement that the mere presence of an iron bar in a box of grain, biscuit, and the like, will prevent both decay and attacks of insects. It is not an experiment. Any farmer can find a broken plough-share of log-chain to put in the grain bin.

### PHOSFOZONE

A NEW DISCOVERY in Medicine which supplies to the system the waste caused by disease or by excesses of any kind. It is composed of Calisaya and the

OZONIC COMPOUNDS OF PHOSPHORUS, and for building up the constitution is unequalled. It has been prescribed for NERVOUS DEBILITY, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM and LUNG DISEASES with great success.

Sold by all Druggists. Further particulars on applying to EVANS, MERGER & CO., Montreal.



## THE CRUISE OF THE CHALLENGER.

I.

To Commander Maury, of the United States Navy, belongs the honor of having first called the attention of the scientific world to the importance of deep-sea soundings and investigation. The great work which he wrote upon the subject may be said to have laid the foundations of this new branch of knowledge. Since his time much diligence has been exercised in the study of the configuration of the sea, the shape and character of its bed, the nature of the creatures and plants that haunt its depths, the force and sets of its currents, the figure and dimensions of the great ocean basins, and the temperature of the water at various depths. Interesting as were the results of the various early sounding expeditions, it was not until 1868 that anything like a systematic examination of the ocean's bed was undertaken in connection with natural history and physical geography. In that year the Royal Society succeeded in getting H.M.S. *Lightning* placed at their disposal for some six weeks, and although no great depth of water was obtained in sounding, dredging was effected in 650 fathoms, a greater depth than had hitherto been attempted. The next year the Council of the Royal Society was successful in securing H.M.S. *Porcupine*, which was fitted out for a more extended exploration of the deep sea; and the experience of the previous year was brought to bear on the improvement of the means for the purpose in view. The first cruise was between the latitudes of Cape Clear and Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, where a series of soundings and dredgings were effected in 1500 fathoms (more than double that of the previous year), and many creatures of great interest obtained. The second part of this cruise extended to the south and west coast of Ireland, where a depth of 2400 fathoms was reached with successful results; and the third extended over some

## THE CRUISE OF H. M. S. "CHALLENGER."



VIEW OF ST. THOMAS, WEST INDIES.

portion of the previous survey, between the coast of Scotland and the Faroe Islands. In 1870 the *Porcupine* was again engaged, and proceeded at first in a south-westerly direction towards the farthest point to which the survey extended the year before, and afterward to the coast of Portugal and to Gibraltar, where a vast quantity of interesting data was obtained. All these results proved so important that the Council of the Royal Society suggested to the Government that a vessel should be fitted out for a three or four years' cruise, during which time sounding, dredging, thermometric observation, and chemical examination of sea-water

should be carried on continuously, with a view to a more perfect knowledge of the physical and biological conditions of the great ocean basins, of the direction and velocity of the great drifts and currents, of the fauna of the deep water, and of the zoology and botany of those portions of the globe which are at present comparatively unknown.

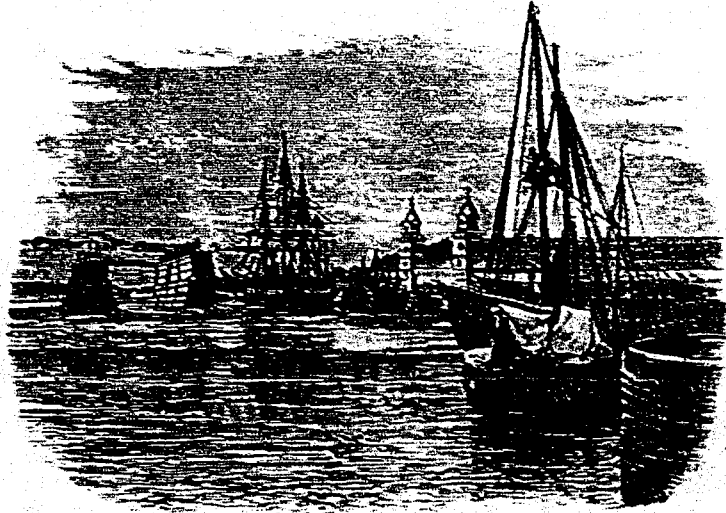
H.M.S. *Challenger*, a spar-decked corvette of 2000 tons displacement and 400 horse-power, was selected to carry out these recommendations; and the necessary alterations to fit her for the service on which she was to be employed were made. In addition to cabins for the cap-

tain, commander, and director of the scientific staff, there were spacious compartments for surveying operations and analysing purposes, a laboratory for the chemist, and a studio for a photographer, all fitted with every appliance which skill and science could suggest. On the upper deck stood an 18-horse double-cylinder engine, with shafting and drums for heaving in the dredging and sounding-lines, extending entirely across the ship; and on the after-part of the deck, besides the usual standard and other compasses, was the Fox-dipping-circle, with which it was intended to make an extensive series of magnetic observations.

II.

The *Challenger* left Portsmouth on the 21st December, 1872, and after a stormy voyage, stopped at Lisbon where the ship was visited by the King of Portugal. She then proceeded to Gibraltar, and remained there till the 28th February, 1873. Thence the cruise may be said to have begun in earnest. On the 3rd February, the lovely isle of Madeira was reached and soundings were made in the Bay of Funchal. Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, was next visited, and the surrounding country explored by the naturalists of the party. From Teneriffe the course of the *Challenger* was set westwardly across the Atlantic, making frequent soundings and dredgings on the way. The greatest depth encountered was 3,150 fathoms, which was the result of soundings made in mid-ocean, at a point of latitude 23 deg. 23 min. north, longitude 35 deg. 10 min. west. The materials brought up hereabouts by the dredging apparatus formed a combination previously unknown to science, consisting of a dark chocolate or red clay, containing scarcely a trace of organic matter, and entirely devoid of animal life.

St. Thomas, in the West Indies, was reached on the 16th of March. Here a pleasant week was passed in climbing the lofty and thickly wooded hills of the island, and in excursions to



CAMBER AND FLOATING DOCK, BERMUDA.

the adjacent islands of Sombrero and St. John's. The accompanying view of St. Thomas shows the port town of Charlotte Amalia, with the *Challenger* at anchor in the harbour. From here the expedition sailed for the Bermudas, where it arrived on the 14th of April. A fortnight was spent in dredging around the reefs, in taking soundings, and in studying the geological structure. Bermuda was left behind on the 21st of April, and the vessel for some time pursued a north-westerly course, crossing the Gulf Stream and taking numerous soundings. When within a hundred miles of Long Island the course was shaped north-easterly, and on May 9th, the expedition entered the magnificent harbour of Halifax, N. S. Ten days were spent here, and the author of the work before us speaks in glowing terms of the hospitality of our Nova Scotia countrymen. The people of Halifax will doubtless take pleasure in procuring this volume as a remembrance of a memorable visit.

On the 19th May, the *Challenger* cleared out of Halifax harbor and returned to Bermuda, taking soundings all the way. Thence to the Azores which were reached on the 4th of July. These islands, which are pronounced to be of sub-marine volcanic formation, are described as being very picturesque, and as consisting of a series of conical hills which are, in most cases, extinct volcanoes, the sides of which are now beautifully clothed with verdant heaths and shrubs. The course was then shaped for Madeira again and onward to the Cape de Verde Islands which were reached on the 27th July. One month later, day for day, the ship touched at the famous St. Paul's Rocks, situated in 6° 55' north latitude and 29° 15' west longitude.

During two days the rocks were alive with surveyors, naturalists, and others. Fish was obtained in abundance. A thorough geological examination was made, with a view to test the practicability of erecting a light house, as a monument to the memory of the late Captain Maury, United States Navy. However, from the observations, the decision was altogether unfavourable. After touching at St. Paul de Neroaha, the *Challenger* moored in the magnificent Bay of Bahia, on the 14th September, where it remained for fifteen days, while its crew enjoyed the luxuriance of the Brazilian landscape.

From this point a course was traced directly across the Atlantic to the Cape of Good Hope. During the passage the usual programme of sounding and trawling was carried out when opportunities offered. "The ocean seems teeming with animated organisms. The drift nets, which are always trailing behind us, get filled in a short time with immense numbers of little living creatures, pretty-looking red and blue cockles, sea-nettle, and various other inhabitants of the deep, many of the most minute size and delicate form and tint."

On the 15th October, a call was made at Tristan d'Acunha, a sketch of which we re-

produce, and two German sealers were picked off the neighboring Inaccessible Island. The Cape was reached at length, and some time spent there in completing stores and refitting the ship.

On the 15th December, sail was again set for the Antarctic cruise. Christmas Day was spent near Marion Island, and on the last of the year the Crozet Group was spied.

III.

The opening of the second year of the expedition found the *Challenger* at Kerguelen Land,

well-termed the "Land of Desolation." Three weeks were passed in exploring the various shores and inlets, in order to ascertain the position where the finest weather might be expected at which to establish an observatory for the astronomers who intended (if the report should be favorable) to visit there in the following December next to observe the transit of Venus. From observations, the results were in favour of establishing a station there, for out of the twenty-five days of the stay sights might have been obtained at least on ten.

Thence forward in loneliness to the Antarctic seas. On February 11th, the first iceberg was encountered, and a beautiful white petrel, *Procellaria glacialis*, was seen for the first time. On succeeding days the vessel proceeded in a straight course, bounded with ice islands from a quarter of a mile to five miles in length. "The question naturally arises, how and where are these masses formed? That they are commenced on the land seems to be considered conclusive from the fact that earth and stones are frequently seen on them. After a time they are probably detached from their original place of formation by some violent storm, and the prevailing winds drive them to the north and west, where they are met with in every stage. Those that had been recently detached were easily detected by their beautiful stratified appearance, while others of older date had lost their original form by the sea constantly washing over them. There is a great variety of opinions as to the time required for the formation of these immense masses of ice, for those met with farthest south, and seemingly showing but little signs of decay, averaged 200 to 250 feet in height above the water. The depth below the surface is supposed to be three times that above. Some of these masses were at least 900 feet in thickness. Assuming the fall of snow to average an inch daily, or 30 feet each year, it would require thirty years to form one of these blocks, which are found floating here in such numbers."

On the 4th of March, in latitude 53 deg. 17 min. south, longitude 109 deg. 23 min. east, the last iceberg was passed, and in about a fortnight the shores of Australia were sighted. The writer is enthusiastic in his descriptions and appreciations of Melbourne and Sydney, a view of the latter of which we publish herewith. Over sixty



TAMARIND TREE AT POINT VENUS, SOCIETY ISLANDS.



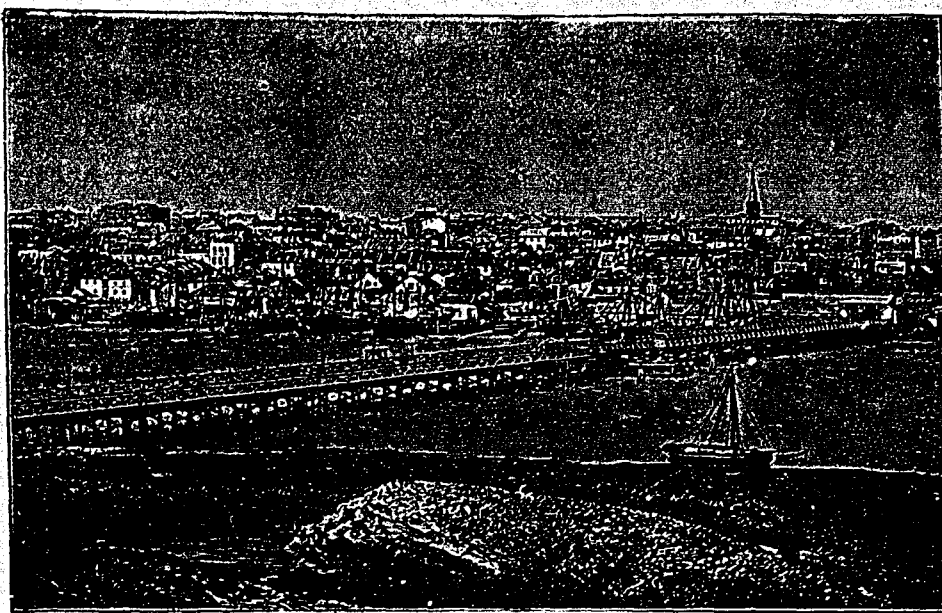
THE CRUISE OF H. M. S. "CHALLENGER."

days were spent here, and the wearied men enjoyed the respite immensely.

On the 28th of June, Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, was reached. The special object of the visit was to ascertain the oceanic section between Sydney and Wellington. The information obtained removed the last elements of uncertainty in the matter of submarine telegraphy between Australia and New Zealand. The soundings showed that the depths increase gradually after leaving Sydney, but that the extreme deepness does not vary much for some hundreds of miles in mid-ocean, the water again decreasing as the coast of New Zealand is approached. For the greater part of the way across, the bottom was found to be favorable for the repose of a light cable, it being composed of mud and sand. It is only when the shores of this coast are nearly reached that the bottom becomes of a somewhat doubtful character; a stronger cable will therefore be required for the shore end. In all probability, now that these correct data have been ascertained, we shall find very shortly that New Zealand, like the Australian colonies, will be in instantaneous communication with Europe and America.

The Friendly and Fiji Islands, the New Hebrides Group, were next visited in turn, and many very interesting particulars concerning the habits of the people, and the natural curiosities of the country are given.

The Torres Straits and Cape York, the north-east point of Australia, were passed early in September, and thence the *Challenger* proceeded to the Arru and Kii Islands, to Banda, Amboyna and Ternate, in the Molucca Islands. "Here were the glorious Tropics, where the wild luxuriance of nature runs riot, for the natural vegetation of the hedges and hill-sides overpowers in picturesque effect all the artificial productions of man. Wending our way along paths where the line of vision is very limited from the dense foliage, we occasionally got, on reaching a clearing, alternate peeps into wooded valleys and



SYDNEY, FROM PYRMONT, DARLING HARBOUR.

fertile plains, and glimpses of the bright blue sea beyond, backed by hills and bordered with low, wooded shores, on the surface of which were numerous coasting vessels, boats and canoes, whose white sails looked bright in the morning sun. Still continuing our walk along shady pathways, and admiring each successive view, we reached the plantations. Delight itself, however, would be but a weak term to express the feelings even of the most ordinary observer of nature here. The lovely sago-palm, with its great bunches of fruit; the fascinating betelnut, tall and tapering; the luxuriant profusion

of pepper, cinnamon, cocoa, nutmeg, and clove trees, with numberless others producing durians, mangustans, lansets, and mangoes, whose wide spreading branches and bright green foliage are offered to the hand of industry for fulfilling the varied purposes of life, whether useful or ornamental—all gave to the general aspect a picturesque beauty only to be met with amongst these lovely islands."

After calling at Manilla, in the Phillipine Islands, the expedition arrived at Hong Kong on the 16th of November. Here Captain Nares received telegrams from home offering him the

command of the Arctic expedition then fitting out in England. He accepted the offer, and on December 10th, he left in the mail-steamer *en route* for England. He was succeeded in his command of the *Challenger* by Captain F. T. Thomson, who was then on duty at Hong Kong in command of the *Modeste*.

IV.

The beginning of the third year, 1875, found the *Challenger* in Chinese waters, where seven weeks were spent. Thence it proceeded to Manilla, thence to the Phillipine Islands and New Guinea, and thence to Yokohama, Japan, which was reached on the 11th of April 1875. The stay in Japan lasted nearly two months, and the descriptions of the scenery and people of that wonderful country are most interesting.

On the 16th of June the *Challenger* steamed out of Japanese waters, and on the 27th of July following reached Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands. Thence the course of the vessel was turned to Tahiti, the loveliest and most romantic of the Society Islands. During the stay here excursions were planned to various parts of the island, amongst them, that made to Point Venus, of which we give a sketch, had a double interest attached to it. It was on this promontory that Captain Cook first made the astronomical observations by which he determined the correct position of the island, and, in 1768, from here he with a scientific party observed the transit of Venus. "The ride thither lay through delicious groves of cocoa palm and bread-fruit trees, mingled here and there with citron, orange, bananas, and guavas. The tree-like oleander and beautiful red-flowered hibiscus towered above all, bright and blooming; the entire scene being one not easily forgotten."

On the 13th November, the classic island of Juan Fernandez was reached, and the ship anchored in Cumberland Bay, as shown in our illustration.

All the places near at hand immortalised by



CUSTOMS GUARD HOUSE, VALPARAISO, CHILI.



INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER PASIG, MANILLA.

Selkirk were visited—the "caves," his "huts," and "look-out" (a gap some 2,000 feet above the level of the sea), where a glorious view, both north and south, was obtained. Here was seen an iron tablet with this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF

ALEXANDER SELKIRK, MARINER,

A native of Lagos, in the County of Fife, Scotland. Who was on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months.

He was landed from the *Cinque Ports Galley*, 96 tons, 16 guns, A.D. 1704, and was taken off in the *Duke* privateer, 12 Feb. 1709.

He died Lieutenant of the *Weymouth*, A.D. 1723, Aged 47 years.

This tablet is erected near Selkirk's look-out by Commodore Powell and Officers of H.M.S. *Topaz*, A.D. 1868.

On the 19th the expedition reached Valparaiso, Chili, where it remained three weeks refitting and laying in stores. Sail was again made on December 11th. The Straits of Magellan were entered early in January, 1876, and after calling at several ports the vessel cast anchor in the harbour of Monte Video on the 15th of February. The course was then changed to the north, and on March 27th anchor was cast off the south side of the Island of Ascension. After spending a week here the course was shaped for the Cape de Verde Islands, which were reached on the 16th of April. Cape Ushant was sighted on the 22nd May and next morning the English coast was reached. A few days later anchor was cast at Sheerness, and the most important expedition that ever sailed from any country was at an end, after a cruise of three years and a half.

The author of the work which we have summarized is W. J. J. Spry, R. N. who was one of the officers of the expedition. His book is very interesting in the simplicity of its style and the author gives proof of being a shrewd observer. The book reads like a novel and the information derivable from it is very great. Messrs. Belford Brothers deserve praise for putting such a book before Canadian readers. The volume is one of the neatest which they have published and the illustrations, as may be gathered from the few specimens which we present in this issue, are very creditable.

A DINNER AND HOW TO COOK IT.

The *New York World* contains the following admirable suggestions for what is termed "a poor man's dinner," but which, well cooked, is good enough for anybody:

A POOR MAN'S DINNER.

- Beef soup.
- Beef *a la mode*. Potatoes in their jackets.
- Macaroni. Cold-slaw.
- Bird's-nest pudding.

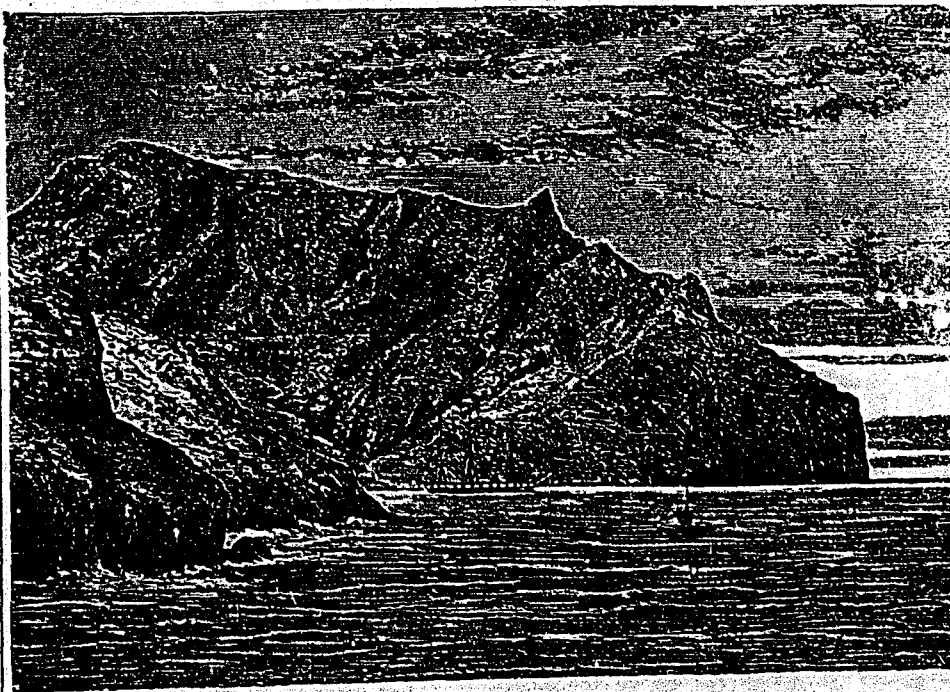
It must be understood from the beginning that a poor-man's dinner is always to be very good eating. The slender purse which forbids the delicacies and fat things of the market must find its compensation in skilful, judicious cooking and neat, deft serving. The bill of fare here offered, in the actual cost of the materials, comes within

the means of the humblest reader. Just so far as he enjoys it, is altogether the affair of the madam, and it is to her assistance we come with a few hints. In selecting beef it must be kept in view that it is to furnish also the soup. As this is the case, it is only as *beef a la mode* that it can do double duty at the same meal. Let no housewife reject any one of the articles necessary for this dish. They add but little to the expense and much to its proper flavor. The provident housewife will always keep her larder provided with the various savory herbs and different condiments which will magically help her to set forth many different dishes from limited and little varied materials. Habit is the foe of the table, as many a weary man, sickening over his potatoes, turnips and cabbage, will assert. But to our recipes:

**BEEF SOUP.**—Take the round of beef, cut off the tough outer gristle, take out the bone from the center, brake it up, throw all into the pot, with half enough water to cover, and stew, allowing half an hour to each pound of meat. Take the broth, to which, if not strong enough, add sufficient stock, which, as a careful housewife, you have always on hand. Meanwhile slice three onions and fry them to a light brown. Take a teaspoonful of celery seed, a teaspoonful of cloves, a blade of mace, half a teaspoonful of pepper, a little allspice, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and stew altogether for two hours. Strain in the soup, and put it again on the fire; salt it to the taste.

**BEEF A LA MODE.**—If the round should be tough it may stew to advantage in the soup pot; after taken from the pot it will have lost some of its richness; this will be supplied by larding. With a larding-needle or sharp knife stab it thoroughly, and insert as deeply as possible a pound of salt pork put into strips as thick as your finger; fill up the holes to the surface with a force-meat made in this manner: Take half a pint of vinegar, chop into it three or four little onions, add a teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful of nutmeg, a teaspoonful of cloves, half a teaspoonful of allspice, half a teaspoonful of pepper, some thyme and summer savory chopped fine and a tablespoonful of brown sugar. Let it simmer awhile, boil up once and then pour over the pork, letting it stand until cold. After using the pork, mix with the liquor sufficient bread crumbs to make a stiff force-meat, fill also with the force-meat the hole from which the bone was taken. Having bound the beef about with a strip of cotton, put it in a baking pan with a little water, and cover tightly to keep in the steam. Baste occasionally; into the pan when nearly done put carrots sliced very thin. Serve garnished with parsley. In carving cut horizontally and very thin, and cover with the gravy.

**MACARONI.**—Take half a pound of macaroni and stew in a saucepan of boiling water slightly salted, until soft and tender. When drained, put a layer in a baking-dish, and grate over it a layer of cheese, adding bits of butter. Put layer upon layer until the dish is filled; finishing with a layer of cheese and half a cup of milk. Bake covered half an hour, then brown and serve in same dish.



THE "CHALLENGER" IN CUMBERLAND BAY, JUAN FERNANDEZ.



## ANOTHER DAUGHTER OF EVE.

BY BEATRICE DUNPHY.

"It is with feelings as with water—  
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb."

## CHAPTER I.

George Russell spent his early life in the beautiful county of Cork, where his father carried on the trade of a blacksmith and farrier. When he was but a child he took delight in alleviating pain, and there was never a sick dog, or a bird with broken leg or wing, that was not brought to young Russell to cure. His father used to take his advice about physicking horses, for they were often brought to him instead of being taken some miles distant to the veterinary surgeon.

When George was twelve years old his father took him away from school and began to teach him his trade. The boy's dislike to the forge was great; and directly the day's work was done he would take long walks far into the country, gathering herbs and flowers, and finding out their names and uses with the assistance of a book on botany, which he had one day found in his wanderings. On one of these expeditions he was overtaken by Mr. Barry, the parish doctor, who asked him what he was so intent upon. Then for the first time the boy opened his heart and told Mr. Barry his dislike to the blacksmith's trade, and that his great desire was to become a doctor. Mr. Barry seemed amused with the boy's enthusiastic answers, and asked him one more question before he rode on.

"What is your reason, my boy, for wishing to be a doctor?"

George answered without hesitation, "Because I wish to do all the good in my power."

Mr. Barry was struck by the boy's reply, thinking he would say to become a gentleman, rich, or some other boyish answer.

Taking no further notice of the boy, the doctor went on his rounds, and ended by calling in at Jim Russell's cottage. Jim was surly, tired with his day's work, and annoyed with George for not having come home; so he merely answered the doctor's greeting by a nod of the head and a whiff from his pipe.

Mr. Barry was not to be rebuffed, but, dismounting, began a conversation about young Russell's dislike of his father's trade. Jim granted an answer, that if it was good enough for the father it was surely good enough for the son; and so saying, went into an adjoining room, leaving his wife to entertain the doctor.

When George came home his father was angry at his staying out so late, and at his grumbling to Mr. Barry, and told him, in a few words, that if he did not like the home he was a liberty to leave it. This was enough for George. Before it was light next morning he had collected his things together, and by eight o'clock was at Mr. Barry's door. The doctor was surprised to see him; but taking the boy by the hand, he led him into the surgery, and told him that he would teach him all he knew himself, and after that would help him to study in Dublin. From this beginning the blacksmith's son rose to become one of the most celebrated physicians of his day.

Dr. George Russell lived in Earley Street, and while still a young man had attained such proficiency in his profession that he was often engaged in consultations where exceptional skill was required. He led such a busy life, and was so wrapped up in his profession, that he never missed the home-life that other men enjoy. It never seemed hard to him to come home to a large desolate house and receive no smile or word of welcome, to find nothing done for his comfort, or any one anxious about him and wondering why he was so late, if he was detained at the hospital beyond his usual hours. He did not mind being called out of an evening, because he took more delight in alleviating suffering than in remaining in his own dreary house, forever studying how to cure with as little pain as possible. In this way Dr. Russell lived in and for work, and did not feel the want of a home, as so many other men in like circumstances would have done.

The evening is a cold bleak one towards the end of November, and George Russell has just returned from a long round of professional visits. He is very weary, and as he sits over the fire, his thoughts revert to the time when he was a boy, and a vague longing seizes him to return to his birthplace. This he attempts to put aside, thinking it useless. Why should he return? His father and mother are now dead, and few in the village of Ballyclochen would remember him; for it was more than ten years since Dr. Russell took his degree in Dublin, and some years before that when he left home. The further he went back in thought the greater the longing to return seemed to possess him, if only to see once more the beautiful blue mountains, and to cast a line once again into the Blackwater river. This desire grew so intense that he felt he could no longer resist it; so he resolved that he would, as early as possible, make arrangements for a month's holiday. According to the old proverb, "where there is a will there is a way;" so no wonder that Christmas-eve Dr. Russell found himself once more in his native Ballyclochen.

Mr. Barry, his first friend, was still parish doctor, and with him George Russell took up his abode. At first he was well enough amused in visiting his old acquaintances; but after a few days he began to feel discontented with his surroundings. He was longing for work or for

congenial companionship. While in this mood Mr. Barry suggested his going to a ball, which was to take place at the military dépôt a few miles off. At any other time the London physician would have laughed at the proposal. He who seldom went into society, except to some grand reception in town, where he was being lionised, and the hostess was pleased to be able to say that Dr. Russell had honoured her "At Home" by standing a few moments in her drawing-room,—this tall stern man felt he would be quite out of his element if he accepted the invitation. At the same time he felt what a thorough change it would be to go to a ball, as other men go, with the purpose of making himself agreeable, and enjoying himself.

After a little consideration George Russell accepted the invitation; and when the night came he was one of the first arrivals.

When the novelty of the scene was wearing off, and he began to feel quite at home in a throng of strangers, he heard his own name mentioned, and looking round, perceived that an elderly man was talking about him to a lady, evidently his wife.

"So that is Dr. Russell, the great London physician who cured Minnie's child. I must speak to him."

"To be sure, my dear," replied her husband as he advanced towards Dr. Russell, saying, "Dr. Russell, I believe? May I introduce you to my wife, Lady Fitzhardinge, who wishes to thank you for your kindness to her granddaughter?"

Dr. Russell was of course charmed, and in a short time found out that Lady Fitzhardinge was the mother of one of his patients, whose little girl he had attended in a dangerous fever.

"And now may I introduce you to our only other child, Sylvia, who to-night makes her first appearance in society?" And with these words Lady Fitzhardinge turned to speak to her daughter.

How can I describe Sylvia Fitzhardinge as she was when George first beheld her? Were I to do so, I should fail utterly; so I shall say nothing more than that she was seventeen, and her hair of the colour of gold. The simplicity of her plain white dress, without flower or ornament, made her appear even younger than she was; and her downcast frightened expression went straight to George Russell's heart as he took her hand for the next waltz.

When it was over, Dr. Russell asked Sylvia if she could favour him with another; and on her complying with his request, he left her with her mother, while he danced with some one else. But during that dance his partner found him strangely pre-occupied; for, truth to tell, he was thinking of the child-like face of Miss Fitzhardinge, and his thoughts were somewhat in this wise: "She cannot be like other women; with such a face, her soul must correspond, and she is the picture of innocence and childishness. Could she ever have a thought beyond the present, or an idea about the future?"

His train of thought was interrupted by Lady Fitzhardinge, who came to wish him good-bye, as they were leaving early on account of Sylvia, who was not strong.

George Russell's disappointment at losing his coveted dance was great; but he promised himself the pleasure of a call on Lady Fitzhardinge before leaving Ireland.

The ball no longer had any charm for him; so he left shortly after the Fitzhardinges, and much to the amusement of Mr. Barry, next morning gave an elaborate description of the ball, and declared that balls were not so bad after all. If any of Dr. Russell's colleagues could have seen him on the following day, they would have thought he had a very troublesome case on hand, for he was so absent and dreamy. Truly his case was a difficult one; for a middle-aged hard-working doctor had no right to be building castles in the air, with Sylvia Fitzhardinge reigning as mistress therein—much less to ask himself all day long, "When shall I see her again?" or "How soon can I with decency call upon them?"

Truly Dr. Russell was in a bad way; and how long he might have remained so would be difficult to say, had not Mike, Mr. Barry's man, put into his hand a telegram, saying,

"Faith, and, doctor, where have you been? For I have been calling ye this long time, and never an answer did I get."

The answer he got now was,

"Bring the tax-cart to the door, I must catch the mail-train to London. I am wanted there at once."

Not long after, Dr. Russell was at the station, and had only just time to tell Mike to give his master the telegram that would explain his abrupt departure, before he found himself once more on the way home to work and duty.

## CHAPTER II.

Dr. Russell's return to his old life seemed strange to him at first; but he very soon got used to it; and it was only in the evenings, when he allowed himself the luxury of dreaming, that his thoughts reverted to his holiday and to Sylvia Fitzhardinge. For he did think of her, and his thoughts in connexion with her were always pleasant ones. He used to wonder what she was like in reality, and if he should ever see her again; and then he would argue with himself on the absurdity of his ideas, and apply himself to some hard reading.

Winter and spring had passed away without bringing any change to George Russell, and summer was at its height when he was summoned to attend a patient in May-fair. Not waiting to

finish luncheon, he ordered his brougham; and on arriving at the house, was much surprised to see Lady Fitzhardinge awaiting him with an anxious face and tearful eyes. Her greeting was simply,

"O, Dr. Russell, I am so glad you have come, for I fear my child is dying."

"Not dying, surely—not dying," slowly faltered George Russell.

"Yes, dying, doctor. We have taken her to all the physicians in Dublin, and they tell us there is no hope."

"Then if there is no hope, why bring her to town or send for me?"

"Because, Dr. Russell, she thinks you can save her; and you will try, won't you?" sobbed the broken-hearted mother.

"With God's help I will not only try, but I will succeed," said the doctor, as he went out of the room to see his patient.

Sylvia Fitzhardinge was very ill, and, as the medical men said, there appeared no hope of recovery, her illness being pronounced a species of consumption. Very lovely she looked in her dress of pale blue, and her golden hair tossed over a pillow. And so George Russell thought as he went towards her.

She raised herself on the sofa, and extending her hand to him, said,

"Dr. Russell, I knew you would come and cure me, for I have never forgotten you since the night of the ball at the barracks."

George Russell felt a throb of delight at his heart. Surely this girl must like him well if she remembered him and wished for him.

"You will make me better, doctor, for I want to live so much!" she urged.

For answer he only took her hand, and his finger felt her pulse.

"Doctor, do say that I shall live, that I shall ride again and be quite well, and I will do anything."

"I hope you will get better, Miss Fitzhardinge. I will do all in my power for you."

This was all he said; while his heart was so full of pity for her, that if years of his own life could benefit her he would have yielded them up readily.

On his way out, Dr. Russell was met by Lady Fitzhardinge. In a few words as possible he told her that Sylvia was very ill; that she was suffering from lung-disease; and that he was afraid his skill would be of no avail, but that he would call again on the following day.

This verdict went to the mother's heart as she remembered how, one after another, three of her children had passed away in the same manner, and that now her last and best-beloved child was likely to follow. But she put on a bright face as she entered Sylvia's room, saying,

"Dr. Russell is coming to see you to-morrow, darling. Do you like him?"

"Mother, I know he will cure me; so I like him."

On his return home George Russell desired that he might not be disturbed; and going into his study locked the door. Then he sat down, and leaning his arms on the table, buried his face in his hands. After thinking in this attitude for some time, he got up and paced the room; while he thought, "Of what avail is all my knowledge if I cannot save her? How many persons have I been instrumental in saving, without caring whether they lived or died; and now this girl, whom I love more than all else, will perish because I have not skill enough to save her."

Then strong stern, Dr. Russell began to weep like a child, as he confessed to himself that he loved Sylvia and that she was going away from him into the great dark valley of death, where his love could neither follow her nor hold her back.

With these thoughts came others—of wonderful remedies he had heard of; and he resolved, before morning came, that he too would find out some mystery in medicine that should restore Sylvia to health and strength again. Then, when he had saved her, he would plead his cause so well that she must love him, if not for himself, out of gratitude.

All night long Dr. Russell considered the symptoms of the case, and when morning came he felt persuaded in his own mind that he thoroughly understood what was the disease which was proving so fatal to Sylvia. He hastened to May-fair as soon as he thought Lady Fitzhardinge would be ready to see him, and told her that he had hopes of her daughter's life, but she must not be too elated, lest these hopes might prove unfounded.

He found Sylvia in better spirits, but decidedly weaker. Casting aside his usual reserve, he sought to entertain and amuse her until she forgot her illness and began to tell him about herself and her home in Ireland.

After leaving directions which were to be strictly carried out, Dr. Russell left, but only to return in the evening to find his patient already better.

Every day Dr. Russell called at Lady Fitzhardinge's house, and each day there was a decided improvement in Sylvia, and soon she could be taken for a drive in the Park, and even go out for short walks. Every one marvelled at the improvement, and thought it was only temporary, except Sylvia, who would clap her hands in a baby way and say, "I always knew that Dr. Russell could cure me, and he has."

In less than six months from the first time Dr. Russell prescribed for Sylvia, she was quite well; and the gratitude of her whole family knew no bounds. With Sylvia's return to health George Russell's love for her increased; and often and often he had hard work to restrain

himself from telling her how dear she was to him when she expressed such confidence in his skill. At length the time was drawing nigh for the Fitzhardinges to return home, and Dr. Russell was giving his last instructions to Sylvia when she took both his hands in hers, and turning her beautiful eyes to his, said,

"Dr. Russell, you will come to see us soon in Ireland, won't you? for I feel that when I am no longer under your care, I shall become ill again, and perhaps die."

This thought was too much for Sylvia, and her blue eyes filled with tears as she continued,

"You won't forget all about me, and take such interest in your work as to cease to remember the woman who looked to you to give her life?"

"I forget you, Sylvia! Is there ever a thought that is not about you? Sylvia, forgive me if I am presumptuous, but, as you value life, Sylvia, do you love me?" And with these words Dr. Russell let fall Sylvia's hands as he waited her answer.

It came slowly and distinctly from her lips.

"I do love you, for you gave me life. I do love you with all my heart because—I don't know why, unless it is because you are George Russell;" and with these words her hands slid again into Dr. Russell's, and her eyes and lips gave assent when he took her in his arms, murmuring,

"You will be my wife soon, Sylvia."

"And how did you come to care for me so much?" he asked her; and she answered,

"I think I loved you always, all the time you were stiff and professional, and so cold to me when I was longing for your love. And then I went on loving you more and more; for how could I help loving you when you brought me back to life? I love you with all my heart, George; and you can only spare me a little bit of yours, away from your horrid patients."

And while she continued her childish prattle, he was thanking God for her love, and vowing to make her life as happy as the days were long.

## CHAPTER III.

Sir Brian and Lady Fitzhardinge were well pleased with the turn affairs had taken. They liked George Russell so well, and his position was so good, that they were charmed to have him for a son-in-law. When he proposed for Sylvia's hand, he told Sir Brian about his early life, and how he had risen entirely through his own energies and the kindness of Mr. Barry. Sir Brian thought none the worse of Dr. Russell and both he and Lady Fitzhardinge congratulated themselves on the proposed marriage. For many reasons it was pleasant to them, and not the least of these was the hope they entertained that as her husband his medical skill would be always available for their precious child.

At length the day of their leaving town arrived, and it was with many tears that Sylvia bade her lover good-bye, notwithstanding his assurances of following them to the south of Ireland in a month's time.

The wedding was to take place at Christmas; but Dr. Russell had promised to pay them a visit before then. On seeing Sylvia in tears he laughingly told her that the time would pass very quickly, and that already he was looking forward to the period when she should never leave him. Nothing he could say comforted her, as she exclaimed,

"It is all very well for you, with your profession to employ you; but I shall be for ever thinking of you, and fearful lest you catch some illness, and perhaps die."

"My child, do not speak of it. God is too good to take me away from you." And before he had time to say more than a hurried good-bye, the train moved slowly away, while Dr. Russell watched it until it was out of sight; he then returned once more to his house in Hatley Street, which was already beginning to wear a different aspect. Sylvia has selected her rooms, and George Russell was having her wishes carried out in furnishing them. He had not much time to spare if he intended to make all the alterations he had planned, for in less than four months' time Sylvia would be his wife.

Life flowed on pretty much the same with Dr. Russell. His great love for Sylvia had not lessened his love for his profession, and his time was fully occupied; but his thoughts were ever of his girl-bride, the one love of his life. When he had a moment disengaged, he would realise how blessed he was in having won the love of Sylvia Fitzhardinge. Every evening he received a letter from her, and in each of her letters she told him how she longed to see him, and how her love for him was becoming greater every day.

The Fitzhardinges had been home a month, and Dr. Russell had made up his mind to pay them a visit in the following week. He was getting anxious about Sylvia, as he had had no letter from her for several days. He could not make out the reason of her silence, and was greatly relieved when the servant brought him a letter written by the dearly-loved hand. It was very short, and apologising for not having written before, it ended by saying:

"A cousin of papa's is staying here, a very boy named Sinclair, whose father is Earl of Glenmore; consequently he gives himself airs, and I have to amuse him. Cannot you come and help me entertain the young cub? Do try and come over at once to your loving SYLVIA."

This missive from Sylvia made George Russell hurry on his departure, and four days from that on which he received her last letter he was ready



to leave town. Just at the last moment he was sent for to attend an old friend, and had to put off his journey till the next day. It was well for him that the Fates had so ordained it, or he would not have received for some days the letter that was awaiting his return. It was from Sylvia, and the stern man pressed it to his lips before opening it, and then read the following:

Thomas's Hotel, Berkery Square, Thursday.

"Dear Dr. Russell,—My husband (Lord Sinclair) has requested me to write to inform you of our marriage, which took place in Dublin yesterday. On further acquaintance I found Lord Sinclair so much more suited to me in age and position than yourself, that I felt certain I could not do better than marry him. Under these circumstances I am sure you will think me justified in acting as I have done, it being only fair to you and to myself. Wishing you all happiness and with kind regards in which my husband unites, I remain very truly yours,

SYLVIA SINCLAIR.

"P.S. Do not the names look well together!"

As Dr. Russell read these heartless words a malediction rose to his lips, but before he uttered it he reperused Sylvia's letter; and after placing it again in its envelope, put it in his pocket, and throwing himself on the sofa, said very calmly,

"It is not her fault, poor child. It was all my own, for thinking her better than other women because she was so young and so beautiful. My idol is shattered; and the woman I trusted above all others has proved false, and is only, after all, another daughter of Eve. What else ought I to have expected? What else did I hope for? And then George Russell covered his eyes with his hands and moaned, 'I did trust you, Sylvia, because I loved you,' and many more incoherent words of bitter disappointment. But in his grief and despair he never by one word blamed the woman who to him had been the only love of his life.

Next morning, Dr. Russell told his servant that he was not going to Ireland, and would see his patients as usual. He was not a man to shrink from duty because his life was recklessly ruined by a heartless woman, but he intended to live down this sorrow in the same spirit that he had attained his present position; so that it was absolute relief to him to throw his whole energies into his work, instead of taking a holiday to find time to revel in thoughts of his disappointment, or to indulge in an attack of brain-fever. On the contrary, he worked harder than ever, but went less into society. So that in the following season he never met Lord and Lady Sinclair. He read in the paper of the birth of their son and heir; and he was generous enough to rejoice at this addition to Sylvia's happiness; but the wound her inconstancy had inflicted was still far from healing, and at the mention of her name or anything which recalled the old days, he felt in all intensity his great grief and bitter disappointment. One difference he made in his mode of living, was to ride a great deal, only using his carriage in severe weather. He felt a relief in horse-exercise, and enjoyed the rides that he indulged in during the long summer evenings.

Lord and Lady Sinclair got on together remarkably well; they were both young and good-tempered, and saw very little of each other, as Sylvia moved in a perfect vortex of gaiety when in town, and when in the country Lord Sinclair had his own pursuits. They were well suited to each other, and enjoyed great popularity.

Sylvia made a charming hostess, and her house was acknowledged to be one of the pleasantest in London. In making out a list of people to be invited to a dinner-party, she suggested asking Dr. Russell, but Lord Sinclair objected, saying,

"As it is nearly two years since you saw him I think you need not ask him now."

Sylvia replied in her old clear ringing voice,

"Just as you like, dear; but I wanted to be on friendly terms with him in case I became ill again; for you know he was the doctor who cured me, and he could do so again."

So like the Sylvia of old, with so much faith in him, so much love of herself that she never thought of the pain she might inflict on another.

So the matter dropped for the time, and in preparations for her party she forgot George Russell.

The following morning, as Sylvia was out driving, she noticed a crowd collected round a steam-roller that was being used to level some flint-stones for repairing the road. As she was watching it, a gentleman passed her on horse-back. She instantly recognised him as her old lover, George Russell, and at the same moment bowed to him. He returned her bow with a smile, and passed on; but the steam-roller was just then set in motion, and so frightened Dr. Russell's horse that it reared violently. For some time he tried to coax him on; but each moment he became more unmanageable, and at last succeeded in throwing his rider on to the jagged flints. In a moment a crowd collected round the prostrate form; and a servant pushed his way through the people, and explained that the gentleman was a friend of his mistress, and that her carriage was in readiness to take him to his house. The crowd opened a way, while the more interested followed the senseless figure, that was placed tenderly in Lady Sinclair's carriage.

Sylvia looked long and earnestly at the closed

eyes and pale features she had known so well; and a great pity took possession of her as she shifted the cushions to make him look more comfortable, for he could feel nothing now. She sent for the best medical aid as soon as she arrived in Harley Street; but it was of no avail, as all agreed that a few hours would end his life. Lady Sinclair was quite calm, and did that was required of her; but as one doctor was leaving the house she followed him down-stairs, to ask if he would be conscious again before his death.

"Most probably for a little time," was the answer.

So Sylvia determined to wait for the end, that she might be with him to hear his last wishes.

For three hours she sat with him in that dreary room. As the daylight was merging into twilight he made a slight movement, and she went over to him. He opened his eyes, and they met hers looking at him with pity and compassion. To George Russell that look was happiness. All remembrance of the past had vanished from his mind; he only clearly understood that Sylvia was with him, and that she was the one love of his life come back to him. He thought he was dreaming; so closed his eyes again, to be only more convinced on opening them that Sylvia was really there.

"Sylvia," he murmured, as he took her hand; but she could not answer. For the first time she thought of the wrong she had done him, and would have recalled the past if it had been possible.

"Sylvia," he again said, "answer me. Have you come back to me? If you are really here, let me feel your kisses on my lips, and so know the past was only a dream, and that I have awakened at last."

There was such an intense longing in George Russell's face, that already had the pallor of death on it, that Sylvia's heart would have been less than human if in her pity she had not bent forward to hear him murmur, "My girl-wife come back to me."

As he said these words he held out his arms to her; but she moved farther from him, and went towards the window. How could she tell him now that she did not belong to him? That yearning look in his eyes was enough to "break the heart of the earth" with sorrow, much less to soften that of even such a faulty woman as Sylvia Sinclair.

Turning round, she saw George Russell's arms still extended to her. She remembered he had saved her life, and that it could be no harm now, when the shadow of death was so near. She leaned forward and pressed her fresh young lips to his, until their coldness struck her as unnatural. She glanced up to find that the last act of this man whom she had wronged was one of devotion to her. He had passed away into that unknown world where all sorrow is turned into joy, and where all tears are dried forever.

BURLESQUE.

**SMALL POX.**—A peddler of cheap oil paintings recently forced his company on the occupants in the house of a well-known judicial officer of the city, wanting to sell the daub. The lady of the house was not in a humor to hear the merits of the work of art discussed. The unabashed peddler boldly walked into the sitting room, where the lady was reclining on a couch, and impudently inquired was she well. "No," was the reply, "I have the small-pox, but don't tell the neighbors." "I never carry news, ma'am," said the terrified travelling merchant, as he hastily beat a retreat, without waiting to expatiate on the tints of the picture or the necessity which forced him to sell a four dollar work of art for half the money.

**SINGLE VS. MARRIED.**—They were very pretty, and there was apparently five or six years difference in their ages. As the train pulled up at Bussey, out on the A.K.D., the younger girl blushed, flattened her nose nervously against the window, and drew back in joyous smiles as a young man came dashing into the car, shook hands tenderly and cordially, insisted on carrying her valise, magazine, little paper bundle, and would probably have carried her had she permitted him. The passengers smiled as she left the car, and the murmur went rippling through the coach, "They're engaged." The other girl sat looking nervously out of the window, and once or twice gathered her parcels together as though she would leave the car, yet seemed to be expecting some one. At last he came. He bulged into the door like a house on fire, looked along the seats until his manly gaze fell on her upturned, expectant face, roared, "Come on: I've been waiting for you on the platform for fifteen minutes," grabbed her basket and strode out of the car, while she followed with a little valise, a band-box, a paper bag full of lunch, a bird-cage, a glass jar of jelly preserves, and an extra shawl. And a crusty-looking old bachelor in the further end of the car, croaked out, in unison with the indignant looks of the passengers, "They're married."

**HOW FAR WILL A GREENBACK GO.**—Mr. Brown kept boarders. Around his table sat Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Andrews, the village milliner; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter; and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant.

Mr. Brown took out of his pocket book a ten dollar note, and handed it to Mrs. Brown, saying:

"Here, my dear, are ten dollars toward the twenty I promised you."

Mrs. Brown handed it to Mrs. Andrews the milliner, saying:

"That pays for my new bonnet."

Mrs. Andrews said to Mr. Jordan, as she handed him the note:

"That will pay for your work on my counter."

Mr. Jordan handed it to Hadley, the flour, feed and lumber merchant, requesting his lumber bill.

Hadley gave the note back to Mr. Brown, saying:

"That pays ten dollars on board."

Mr. Brown passed it to his wife, with the remark that that paid her twenty dollars he had promised. She in turn paid it to Mr. Black, to settle her bread and pastry account, who handed it to Mr. Hadley, wishing credit for the amount on his flour bill, he again returning it to Mr. Brown with the remark that it settled for that month's board. Whereupon Brown put it back into his pocket-book, exclaiming that he "never thought a ten dollar bill would go so far."

Thus a ten dollar greenback was made to pay ninety dollars indebtedness inside of five minutes. Who says greenbacks are worthless?

**PEDDLERS.**—Mrs. Koneistent was sewing when there came a knock. Going to the door she found a boy who begged for something to eat.

"Why don't you go to work?" she asked, with a hard look on her face.

"I can't get any work," he said.

"Well, people who won't work can't expect to eat," she testily replied. "And you shan't get a mouthful here. You are big enough to do something for a living, but as you don't you can leave here at once. I shan't encourage idleness."

And she shut the door in his face, and went back to her work, proud of her firmness and of the great moral lesson she had taught.

Three days later another knock disturbed her. She went to the door and saw a boy with a small tin pail in his hand. It was full of grated horseradish, and he wanted her to buy some.

"Go away, I don't want to buy anything," she snapped.

"It's only fifteen cents for a pint," he said.

"I don't care how much it is. I won't have any peddlers around here anyway. Go away I tell you. Take yourself off at once, and don't let me see you again."

And with a snort she slammed the door to his face and went back to her work, well satisfied with her firmness in resisting a peddler.

As it was the same boy who came begging three days before, and was now on a mission to earn something, it would be interesting to know what he thought. However, that doesn't impair the symmetry of the moral.

**HOW TO GET A MAN OUT OF AN OMNIBUS.**—Moumier, the French actor, and his friend Romien once took their seats in an omnibus which was already pretty well filled, when there entered an enormous man who seemed likely to squeeze two or three of the passengers out of all shape. The fat man wore several gaudy-looking rings on his fingers, and Moumier forthwith devised a plan for getting rid of him on that hot July afternoon. An exchange of glances with Romien was quite enough. Suddenly the latter seemed to undergo a fearful and wonderful change. His eyes assumed the hazy of idioecy, his lower lip twitched convulsively, and slight foam was even visible on his mouth. The entertainment was now commenced. Romien (pointing to the fat man): "Ring! Me want ring!" Moumier (to the gentleman): "Pray hide your hands, my dear sir; it irritates him! don't give him a ring; I beg of you, no; pray don't!" The fat man: "I have no intention of giving him one." Romien (with increased energy): "Me want ring, want ring, oh!" Moumier: "For heaven's sake hide your hands! You'll render him furious!" The Fat Man (putting his hands behind his back): "This is intolerable! They oughtn't to allow these people to get into omnibuses." Romien (now quite furious): "Me will have a ring!" Standing up—"Give me ring!" Moumier: "Hang it man, give him the ring, and let us have a little peace! You see, I've no more power over him." The Fat Man (scared): "Conductor, conductor, stop!" He descended from the omnibus with remarkable agility, and the passengers breathed more freely.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

SOMETHING FOR LADIES' EARS ONLY.—Ear-rings.

WHEN mothers-in-law fall out, then we get at the family facts.

SHOULD you become the father of triplets, never communicate your ecstasy to the newspapers.

IT is affecting to hear an "old maid" singing her poodle to sleep to the air "If ever I cease to love!"

THE woman who has never been courted by a sea-captain, can form no idea of how it seems to be hugged by a grizzly bear.

A YOUNG man named Ben married a girl named Anna, and the match was declared to be both animating and beneficial.

A MAN in Wisconsin saved a young lady from walking off a bridge, and so far from being grateful for it, she married him.

THE young lady who wants to drown herself about these days should be careful to wrap up warm and take a hot brick with her, as the water is very cold.

"You would take me for twenty, would you?" said a young lady, who looked much younger, to an old bachelor. "Take you for twenty!" he exclaimed; "yes, for life."

A YOUNG lady who was inattentive at whist has broken off her engagement with her lover because he recommended her to "scoop her mind up in a nut-shell, and fix it on the game."

A DOTTING young father boasts that his baby son is so affectionate that he sits up with his parents all night, and so tough that he seems to have no conception of fatigue or the time of day.

A YOUNG gentleman of Kilkenny, meeting a handsome milk-maid near the parade, said, "What will you take for yourself and your milk, my dear?" The girl instantly replied, "Yourself and a gold ring, sir!"

THE happiest moments in a woman's life are when she is making her wedding garments. The saddest, when her husband comes home late at night and yells to her from the front steps to throw him out some key-holes, assorted sizes.

"MY SON," said good old Deacon Revels, benignantly, to his youthful heir, "accustom yourself to be polite to the porter, the servant girl, the coachman, to all the servants; thus you will come to be courteous to all people, even to your parents."

CAR stops; smiling young lady enters; every seat full; an old gentleman rises at the other end. "Oh, don't rise!" says the lovely girl; "I can just as well stand."—"You can do as you please about that, miss," says the old man, "but I'm going to get out."

A SUNDAY school teacher was giving a lesson in Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop large handfuls of wheat. "Now, children," she said, "Boaz did another nice thing for Ruth; can you tell what it was?"—"Married her," said one of the boys.

ANY one would suppose that the employment of sewing was the most peaceful and quiet occupation in the world, and yet it is absolutely horrifying to hear ladies talk of stilettoes, bodkins, gatherings, surgings, hemmings, gorgings, cuttings, whippings, lacings, cuffings, and bastings! What a list of abominables!

A COUPLE having been secretly married, the husband expressed anxiety as to their ability to keep the secret. "Oh," said the wife, "there'll be no trouble about that. All you'll have to do will be to go on behaving towards me just as you've been doing, and nobody will ever suspect you are my husband."

Two old bachelors meeting after a long separation, and each finding that the other continued in a state of "single blessedness," one exclaimed, "Well, I am sorry for your forlorn condition!"—"And I," replied his friend, "am equally sorry for yours."—"Then," rejoined the first, "we are a couple of sorry fellows!"

The following exquisite passage is commended to all novel-readers. We withhold the name of the tale from which it is taken:—"Her large, limpid, lustrous eyes filled with big, billowy tears, Larline leaned over the dying auctioneer's pillow. 'Larline,' he sighed, feebly, 'Aye, Aloyazo,' she answered. 'Larline,' he said, 'meet me in the sweet buy-and-buy!' His breath came fainter and with more difficulty. In a moment more he was going, gone! 'He is dead,' said the doctor. 'Yes, he has gone, absolutely and without reserve,' sobbed his wife."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS SANTLEY, a daughter of the celebrated baritone, will shortly make her debut as a public singer—as an operatic actress. This young lady is reported to be possessed of a sweet and powerful voice, well cultivated.

IT is stated that Mr. Sims Reeves has declined to sing at the Handel Festival, because Sir Michael Costa will not consent to the lowering of the musical pitch, although he has had to give way at both opera houses.

IT was in one of London's transpontine theatres—the Victoria—that the ever-famous dramatic criticism was delivered by a sweep in the gallery—"Ve don't expek grammar, and ve don't expek haeting, but yer might jine yer hats."

DURING his first success at Drury Lane, Kean heard a lot of old stage carpenters discussing the various performers of Hamlet they had seen in their day. "Well," said one, "you may talk of Henderson, and Kemble, and this new man; but give me Bannister's Hamlet. He is always done 20 minutes sooner than the others."

LITERARY.

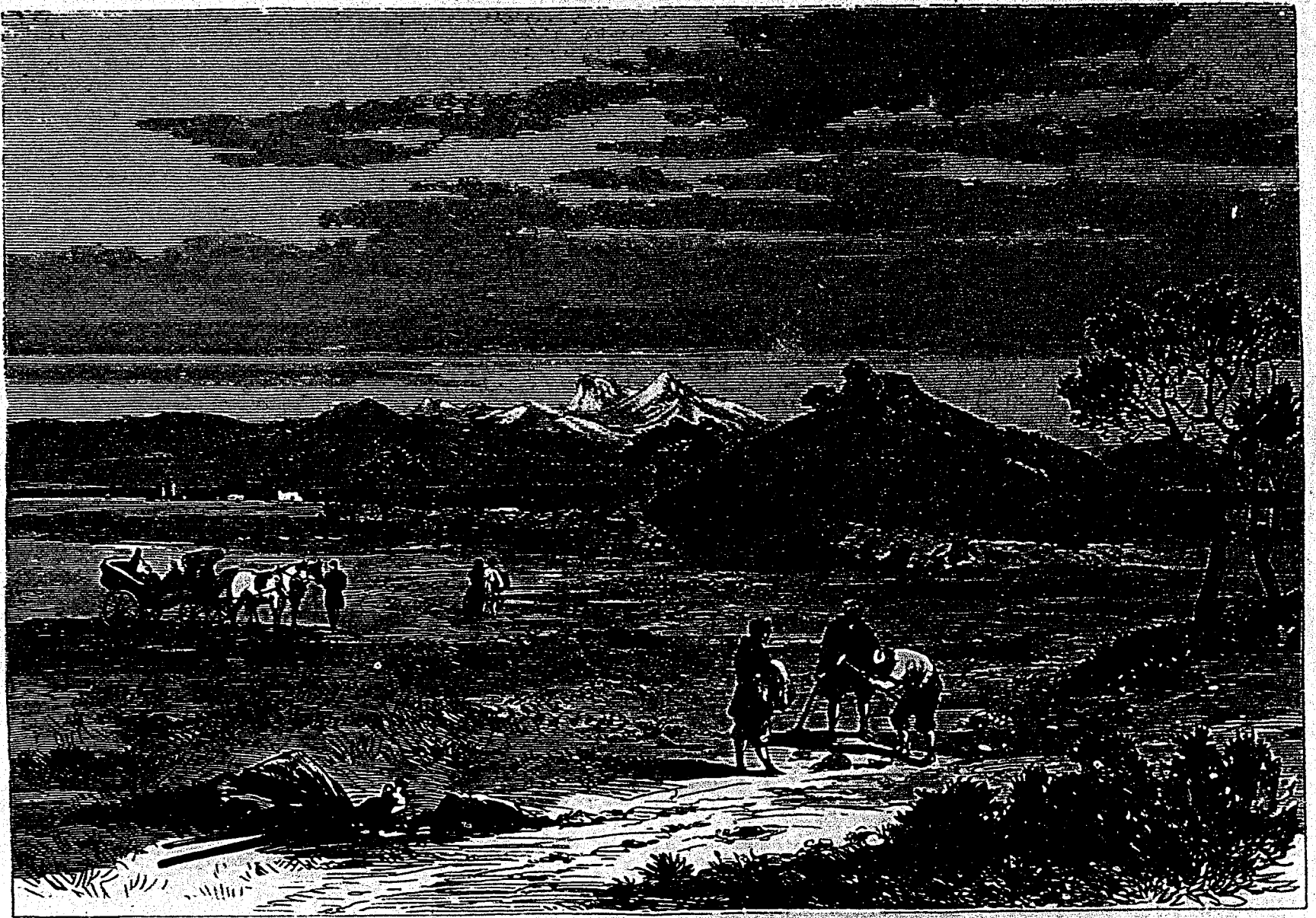
PRINCE LEOPOLD is going to publish a volume of original poems.

THE Chicago Times claims to have the most complete and handsomest building in the world, all departments being connected with pneumatic tubes and telegraphs with each other and with the central telegraph office, distant three blocks.

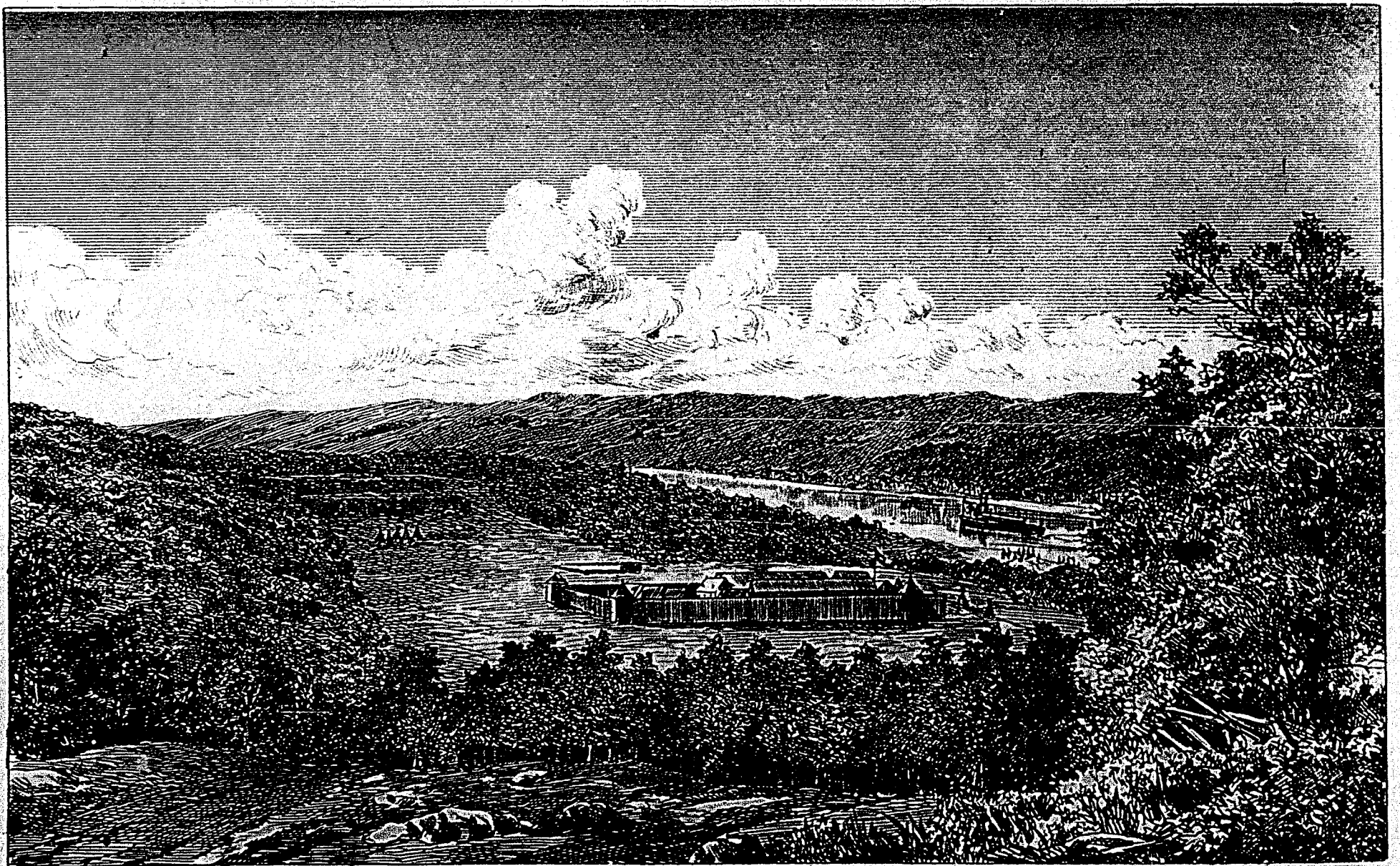
THE Earl of Perth has entrusted to Dr. Chas. Rogers the papers from his family archives relating to the history of Margaret Drummond, the affianced wife of James IV., and ancestress of so many noble families in Scotland. These papers will probably be edited for the Gramphus Club.

MR. HENRY IRVING has made his first appearance as a contributor to periodical literature in the Nineteenth Century for April, for which he has written an article on that mysterious personage, the third murderer in "Macbeth." This article will be followed by one of greater intrinsic importance, dealing with the celebrated scene between Hamlet and Ophelia, which has created the greatest diversity of opinion as to Hamlet's motives and impulses.



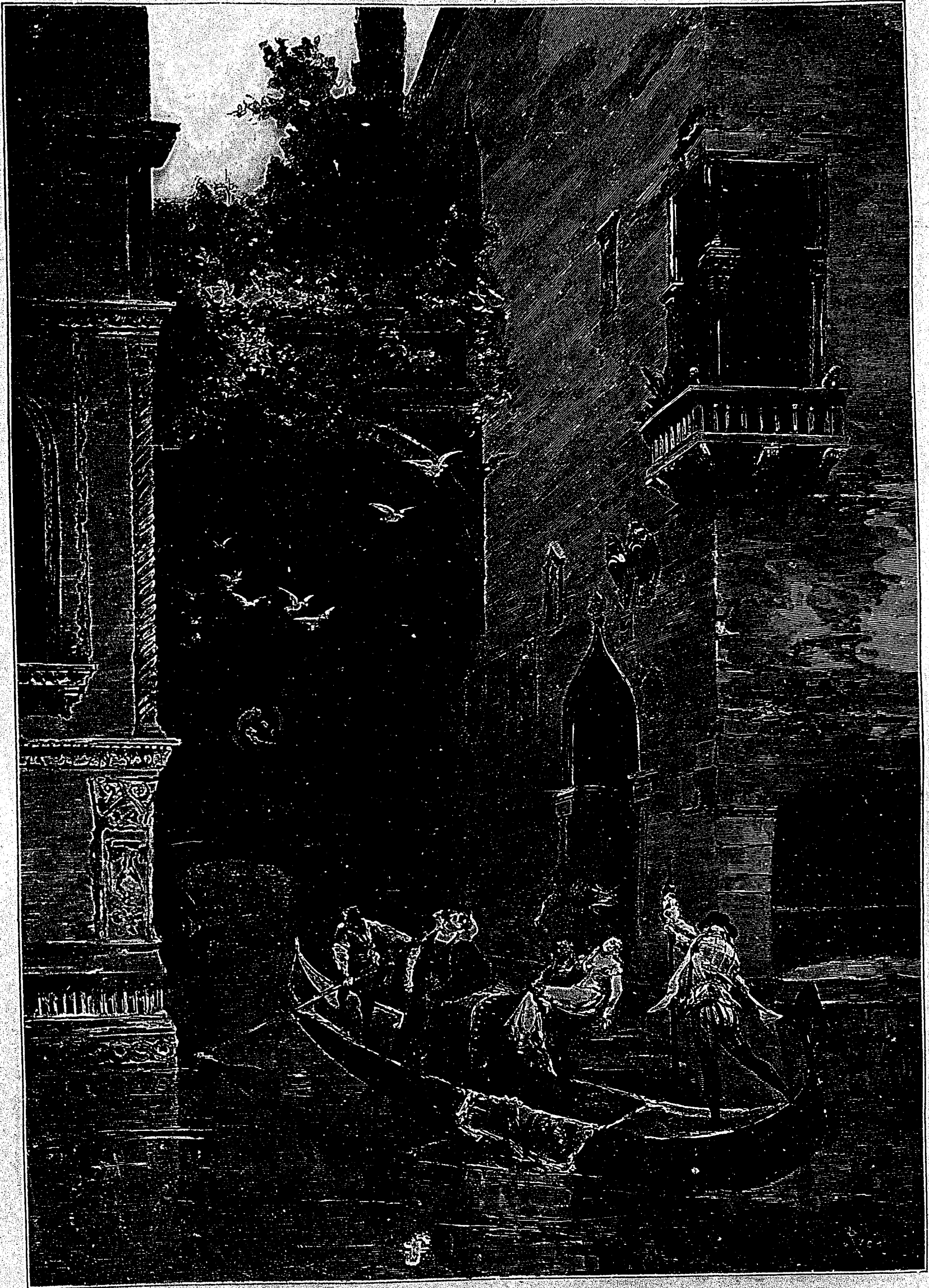


THE PLAINS OF MARATHON.



CARLTON HOUSE:—SASKATCHEWAN.—SKETCHED BY M. BASTIEN, AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. C. MCINTYRE, BROCKVILLE.





THE ABDUCTION.—FROM A PAINTING BY FRANCOISCO GADRILLA.



LIFE AT BEAUMANOIR IN 1775-6.

BY A "PAROLED" QUEBECER.

The following very curious document was handed to the undersigned, by a son of the late Charles Grey Stuart, Esq., late of the Customs, Quebec. It was written in June, 1776, by a member of the family, beneath the walls of Bigot's old chateau, at Charlesbourg, now brought so conspicuously before the reading public of Canada, in Mr. Kirby's splendid romance, LE CHIEN D'OR, and was found amongst the papers of the Stuart family.

It is perhaps the only souvenir of the kind in existence, and depicts very graphically the feelings and fate of Quebec merchants one hundred years ago. It represents a stray thread of a very mysterious and tangled skein.

J. M. LE MOINE.

Quebec, 10th April, 1877.

HERMITAGE, 25th June, 1776.

MY DEAR FATHER,—

I was overjoyed to hear by a letter from Mr. Gray, that you and my dear mother were in good health. Nothing can give me greater pleasure than to hear so. I was very sorry to learn that my sister had been ill. I hope she is now getting better.

We have been here for this winter in a very dismal situation. The rebels came here and blocked up the town of Quebec, at the end of November. I had been not at all well for two months previous, and at that time, had not got better with a pain which obliged me to stay in the country where I had been all the summer, altho' greatly against my inclination. I was allowed to remain peacefully by the rebels, until the middle of January, when I was taken and carried with sword and (fixed) bayonets before their general: the reason why, was that after their attack upon the town on the 31st December, the Yankees were obliged to demand assistance of the country people to join them. I had spoken and had done what I could to hinder the people of the village where I resided from going and taking arms with them. This came to light and was told at their headquarters: their General, one Arnold, a horse jockey or ship master who then had the command, threatened to send me over to the (New England) colonies. After being detained a... and two days, Arnold asked me, if he had not seen me before in Quebec. I said I had, and put him in remembrance of having once dined with him: upon which he said, on condition that I gave my word of honour not to meddle in the matter, he would allow me to go away. I told him the inhabitants were a parcel of scoundrels and beyond a gentleman's notice; upon this I got off and remained for upwards of two months without molestation, till the tracks of persons going to town from Beauport had been observed; the country people immediately suspected me and came with drawn cutlasses to take me; luckily I was from home, having gone two days before about 15 miles to see an acquaintance, and when I came back, they had found out who had gone in (to town). The ill nature of the peasants to me made me very uneasy on account of all the papers I had of Mr. Gray's, and dreading their malice much, I determined to go from them. I found out a place about 5 miles up amongst the woods (the Hermitage) which being vacant I immediately retired to it and carried all my papers with me. Mr. Peter Stuart had gone from his house in Beauport down with his family to the Posts, and gave me the charge of it, and having heard they (the Yankees) were going to put 150 men in it, I sent all his furniture, &c., to the house I had taken, so that I had my house all furnished; this was in the beginning of March; since when I have remained there. The people who left the town in the fall have not been allowed to go back. Mr. A. Violon, one of the most considerable merchants, went in immediately after the 6th of May, (the day when the town people made a sally with about 900 men in all who drove nigh 3000 of the Yankees from their camp and relieved to town) and was sent to prison and kept several days. Major John Nairn was so obliging as to come out 6 or 8 days after that affair to see me: he asked why I had not been in town. I told him the reason; I had yet no pass. The next day he sent me one, except another, this is the only one which had been granted by the Governor as yet, and it is thought some won't be allowed to go in this summer: why? I cannot say. Every person had liberty to leave or stay by a proclamation for that purpose, but as it is military law, no person dare say it is wrong.

\* Charles Stewart, advocate and notary, residing at Quebec, proprietor of the Fief Grand Pré, formerly styled DE LA MISTANGUENNE or MONTPLAINE, at the Casadière, by deed of sale, bearing date 26th June, 1780, before Jean Ant. Panet, N.P., conceded à titre de cens et rentes originaires, &c., to Mr. Jean Les, junior, Simon Fraser, junior, and William Wilson, merchants of this city, ten arpents in front situated in the Fief Grand Pré or Montplaine, at the Casadière, at the place named THE MOUNTAIN or THE HERMITAGE, beginning on one side, towards the south, at the lands of Joseph Bedard and Jean Bte. Le Houz dit Cardinal, and running in depth towards the north, fourteen arpents or thereabouts, to the old orchard fence—said orchard included in this concession and deed of sale; the said ten arpents in front joining toward the south-west, to the Fief de la Trinité, belonging to the (Quebec) Seminary, and on the north-east side, joining the land of Jean Chastellaineau, together with the two-story house, barn and wooden stable, built on the said ten arpents.

On 12th August, 1800, this land was re-sold by John Les et al. to Charles Stewart, Comptroller of Customs, Quebec.

(Extract from the title deeds of Chateau-Bigot, now owned by Mr. W. Crawford, merchant, Quebec.)

I am going soon again to remain in town, having now learned a little of the French. I understand every word almost that is said, altho' I cannot speak it so well; however, I could wish that my brother John knew as much of it. I three days ago wrote him they were gone to Halifax, but am told they are to go from there to New York soon.....

I am at present studying a little of the French law. If do not make use of it, it will do me no harm. I expect you have had letters from my brother Andrew.....

I wish you would send me your vouchers of all your Jamaica debts. I could go easily from here to there. If I cannot get money, I can get rum which sells and will sell at a great price in this place. I can only stay there a few months.

MARKETING.

AN AMATEUR'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE BUTCHERS AND HUCKSTERS.

Few young men have the courage to go to market for the family. That is my only gamesomeness. I have always marketed since I began to keep house in cities. Being in every other respect worthless about the premises, I determined to be a necessity in this; so I bought a big basket, put a slouch hat into it, and guiltily took a street car. It seemed to me that every man, woman and child in that car expressed in their eyes astonishment that a respectable-looking man should go about that way, with a basket like a butcher boy. My heart was in my throat, but I paid my fare and buried myself in a newspaper. After the practice of some years, I think I can confidently say that I don't care a farthing who sees me with a market basket, and to that extent I feel that I am more of a man.

WHY DO WE MARKET?

The object of the slouch hat was to slip it on when I got to market, leaving the graver tile, meantime, in a neighboring hotel. But men who stand in markets are not respecters of persons, generally speaking. After the first freezing day or two, neither giving nor receiving confidence, I felt that in market, as almost anywhere, a genuine errand exacts a genuine respect.

My object in marketing was threefold: To gratify my curiosity and fancy with the sight of fresh vegetables, poultry, and the beautiful things we eat, just as they reach the great city from the country, and to see, also, the life and humor of the market. Next, to get better and fresher food than can be had at all times in the cottage markets, of which there must be 10,000 in New York—little, specious, pocket-picking places where prices are graduated to your dress and verdancy, and the amount of credit you will submit to. Running a book, as most wives do, at the grocery market, is a pernicious practice for a small purse, and once badly in debt, your marketing falls in quality. My last reason might have been first: I went to market to save money. Of course I went to Washington Market, as the larger of two markets and the most accessible by street cars, and the centre of supplies for a great part of North America. That market will be a shock to the nervous system of a strange and delicate person. It has no architecture, and it seems at first to have no permanence or order. It is muddy all around the sides, which are thoroughfares, and blocked up with carts and wagons, beset with clamoring costermongers and boys selling salt-bags and cakes of soap, and it suggests a bloody bedlam. But, after two or three trials, the apparent disorder is hardly noted; the visitor finds method, stability, sobriety and fine natured character all through that huge shamble. Indeed, I have come to believe that butchers and fish sellers are amongst the most upright tradesmen, if you seek them at headquarters. From a rather repellent task it has come to be a pleasure to go to market, and I have no brighter experience than to scour Washington Market on Wednesdays and Saturday, seeing and hearing something fresh and appetizing, and released from twenty little annoyances through the week of something "out."

HOW TO MARKET ALONE.

You shall go to market with me, Hezekiah! and see just how to do it. There is no need to carry a basket. The local express, wherever you are, will take your basket to the office, always near the market, and leave it there until you call. This system is even more perfect for the suburbs than for the city of New York. It costs 35 cents to deliver your basket to Newark, or Elizabeth; the expressman empties it when he arrives and takes the empty basket back to its hook near the market, next morning. But if you live in the city, a boy can be found to go with you to market and return on the car, about twenty-five cents. In any event you will want a boy at the market house; for lugging the basket is not the romance of marketing.

I may be supposed to come in from the country by the Jersey ferry at Courtlandt street. I stop at the express office, where half a dozen expressmen divide the rent, at a neighboring corner. There is my basket, which I know from others by its card. I pick it up and walk three short blocks, down to the corner of the market, where there is sure to be an idle boy, either selling bags or annoying some other boy.

"Do you want to carry this basket?"

"Yes, sir."

Never hire a man to take your basket. The business don't become them and they want to bargain about it after it is done. I give a cheerful boy invariably a quarter, and the last article that goes into my basket is his smile. "Smiling like a basket of chips" seems to mean something. Thirty-five cents to the express and

fifteen to twenty-five to the boy, make fifty or sixty cents. Yet, on a basketful it is economy. The little things of life cost more and more as they are bought further from the mart.

IN WITH THE BUTCHERS AND HUCKSTERS.

The market edifice you will find to be scarcely visible for the sheds stuck against it; nothing appears but an old red gable and a whole square of shanty appendages. There are hundreds of stalls within, and quaint little side aisles lead to quaint little notion stands.

Butchers are to be avoided who have a very great number of baskets and paniers sitting around their stalls, as these men deal with a rich class of customers and fill large family orders for uptown middlemen. There are people in New York who actually pay the beef, either roast or steak, one dollar a pound to the last tradesman who receives it. The cottage market sends the order to a butcher "to mind his cuts." The butcher grows to look upon every private customer as a rich man in disguise, and charges about thirty cents a pound for not extraordinary steaks.

Celery bought outside the market, in the colonnade or sidewalk part, looks better than the large, dull celery within, because it is peeled and kept white. Yet you must pay for the work and get the same celery as the unwashed, in reduced quantity. Radishes now make one of the most reliable articles of sale in New York in winter; the hot house radish is delicate and full of flavor, and rather dear. Lettuce in winter is also dear; much of it comes from Boston.

Very soon the large wagons will begin to arrive around the market laden with cauliflower and early cabbage; they sell at retail or by the barrel load.

About all the butter in the market is from New York State, the best selling at thirty-two to thirty-five cents. Philadelphia's pound butter is found at some of the fancy grocery stores up town, often bringing eighty cents a pound. It is worth fifty to sixty cents in Philadelphia in mid-winter. Almost every cheese made in Europe is now produced in the United States in equal quality. I particularly like the American fromage de brie and Sweitzer case. Hand-made hominy such as negroes break for Philadelphia and Baltimore, is seldom seen in our markets; it is superior to New York hominy for the table. Scraped is sold at only one stand in Washington Market; it is an almost universal article of food in Philadelphia, and is made of Indian meal infused with the boilings of fresh pork, moulded into a loaf and sliced and fried, and is exceedingly wholesome and palatable.

Dried fruits, such as prunes, figs, peaches, etc., are generally found at the German dry grocery stalls.

WHAT IT COSTS.

Here is my last market bill. No apology is made for its plainness:

Table listing market items and prices: 8 lbs. roast beef \$1.44, Apples 1 peck 15, Shad 50, salt mackerel No. 1 40, Lettuce 25, mutton kidneys 25, Celery 15, lobster 20, Soup meat 25, Soup herbs 10, Macaroni 20, Boy 25, Peas 10, Express 35, Saurkraut 10, Salt pork for kraut 20.

Now, distribute this marketing into meals for a plain family of four and servant.

The two mackerel make two breakfasts.

The roast of beef makes two dinners and probably a breakfast stew.

The shad makes one breakfast.

The saurkraut and pork make a family lunch.

The mutton kidneys and lettuce make a lunch or a supper. The soup herbs and soup meat do twice for dinner. There are four vegetables and fruit in your basket.

In short, with the eggs and groceries previously in stock at home, the family is provided for till next Wednesday, market day again.

Washington Market is not merely a meat and vegetable shop; it is full of German stalls, where condiments and pickles, French mustard and catnip, and sauces and dried fruit can be had at prices far cheaper than in stores with expensive rents. It is also beset with peddlers of all wares, selling down to market figures. "Here's yer Castile soap, eight cents a cake." "Ver's yer patent spring scale for housekeepers' weighing, fifteen cents." "Try my nice ham for a shillin' a pound." "A knife and fork for ten cents." "Hand-knit stockings at only sixty cents a pair; they'll outwear five pair o' machine-knit." Such are some of the literal cries.

TIMELY HINTS.

There is a small basket, half or quarter the size of a full market basket, which costs about sixty cents, of flags with covers which fasten down. It is as refined looking as a dressing box or any other nondescript parcel and dispenses with both boy and expressman, for it can be left at market in the morning and called for after business, and on Saturdays the butchers and traders keep open till midnight. Saturday night is a lively sight around Washington Market, with the torches blazing, the costermongers shouting, the surrounding streets light as day and packed with buyers, and skylarking on every side. Here is a snack picked up with a lunch bag the other day:

Table listing items and prices: A beef kidney 18, 1 1/2 lbs. tripe 10, 2 1/2 lbs. Trenton sausage 32, 8 mutton kidneys 22, Total 82.

Soup herbs are bought by the ten cents' worth, or in greater proportions. My man, a heavy, honest man, pulls out a dime's worth as follows: 2 carrots, 2 leeks, parsley, 1 turnip, 1 celery root. This makes a rich vegetable soup, two boilings or four times for dinner. Soup meat in the flesh

costs 6 to 8 cents a pound, and the smaller butchers will generally break a shin or shank for a family customer.

Fish-buying is always a visit of interest. The salt fishmonger with his bunches of bladders at fifteen cents the half dozen, his salted lobster and carefully laid out mackerel, shad and salmon, stands in propinquity to the green fishmonger, whose expert scaler and gutter is in a state of everlasting balance with a knife in one hand and expectation in the other, ready to split a shad down the back for a customer, to discuss the relative merits of taking lobster home alive or boiled, and to clean even a shilling's worth of perch. The fishmonger will divide a string of almost anything; his scollops go in little papers. Behind him is the oyster dealer, smart as a whip, and the next aristocrat below a boss butcher.

N. Y. Graphic.

LAERTES.

THE GOSPEL OF MERIT.

When there is so much rivalry in the manufacture of family medicines, he who would succeed must give positive and convincing proof of merit. This is an age of inquiry. People take nothing for granted. They must know the "whys" and "wherefors" before acknowledging the superiority of one article over another. Among the few preparations that have stood the test, those manufactured by R. V. Pierce, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N.Y., have for many years been foremost. The truth of any statement made concerning them can easily be ascertained, for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are now prescribed by many physicians in curing obstinate cases of Catarrh and incipient Consumption. The discovery has no equal in curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchial and Nervous Affections. It allays all irritation of the mucous membrane, aids digestion, and when used with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, readily overcomes torpid liver and Constipation, while the favorite Prescription has no rival in the field of prepared medicine in curing diseases peculiar to Females. If you wish to "know thyself" procure a copy of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," an illustrated book of nearly 1000 pages, adapted to the wants of everybody. Price \$1.50, postage prepaid. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in 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.

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—The problem of which you speak shall be inserted, but you have not sent us the solution as promised.

W. J. R. B., Montreal.—Correct Solution of Problem No. 116 received.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Many thanks for letter and solutions. The games shall appear very shortly. Correct Solution of Problem No. 116 came to hand.

W. A., Montreal.—We were glad to get the games time for insertion. Many thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 117 received.

E. B. S., Stayner, Ont.—Correct Solution of Problem No. 115 received. The solution of Problem No. 115 as given in our column is correct. The variations of this excellent composition were omitted for want of space.

Supposing Black's first move to be K to K B 4, White checks with Q at K B 3, and mates with the R next move, should Black's first move be K to Q 5, the White Q moves to K R 4 and mates accordingly.

E. A. J. C., Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 116 received.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Many thanks for the Problems. They shall receive early attention.

We insert in our Column this week Mr. Atkinson's letter, and shall be glad to have the opinions of others on a subject which is occupying the attention of Chess players to a considerable extent, at the present time.

To the Editor of the Chess Column, Canadian Illustrated News.

SIR.—Some few months ago you asked your correspondents for their views on chess problems, and especially with regard to the laws which should govern their construction, and the qualities which should be considered as the best test of their comparative merits. Expecting that others would do likewise, I gave you my views in a letter which I inserted in your column last December; but, so far, I am not aware that you have received any other letters on this subject. This is very strange, and is much to be regretted. It cannot be that there is any lack of interest in the subject, for there are many good problem composers in Canada, and plenty of players ready and eager to solve their productions. The city of Toronto boasts of several good players and problem composers; as also Hamilton, London, Seabrook, Cobourg and many smaller towns in Ontario; while, in this province, Montreal and Sherbrooke show a lively interest in the Royal game, and even the sleepy old Capital occasionally sends an excellent problem for your Column. Yet with all these evidences of interest in the game, it seems impossible to find even two chess-players willing to commit themselves to a decided expression of opinion on the subject of problems. As I said before, this is much to be regretted.

There is one point in particular in regard to which I should be glad, in common with yourself, to hear some words from any of your correspondents who may be disposed to state their views: this is the vexed question of duals. Many are inclined to take a lenient view of this fault; while, on the other hand there are a few who are very severe in condemning it. For my own part, I cannot see how a dual can be such an unpardonable offense. It appears to me much like condemning a beautiful thought because it happens that it can be equally well expressed in two different languages; or it is like refusing to visit a highly favoured spot because, forsooth, there are two roads by which it may be approached! In reply to those who condemn duals, an English Chess Magazine quotes the following lines from Pope, which, though used in allusion to music, will equally apply to problem composition: he says that it—

"resembles poetry: in such Are nameless graces, which no methods teach, And which a master-hand alone can reach. If, where the rules not far enough extend, (Since rules were made but to promote their end) Some lucky licence answers to the full, 'Tis instant proposed, that licence is a rule."



Now though it might, perhaps, be difficult to prove that a dual "answers to the full the end proposed," yet there are numerous cases in which an attempt to obviate the dual would altogether destroy the beauty and interest of the problem.

But there are a few who hold up their hands in horror when an unfortunate dual reveals itself. These are the people who are satisfied with the grammatical accuracy of a sentence and the correctness of its orthography, without regard to the beauty or merit of the idea expressed.

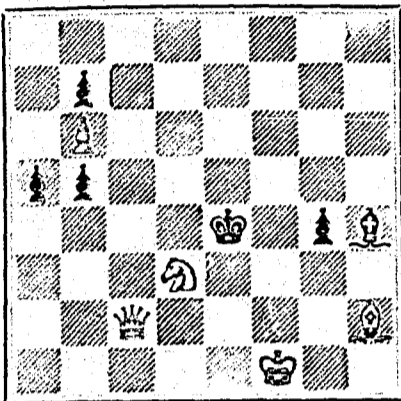
Nevertheless, I admit that all duals should be removed when this can be done without prejudice to the position. Hoping that we may yet hear from some of your correspondents on this subject.

I remain, yours truly, W. A.

PROBLEM No. 118.

By W. GRIMSHAW.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

GAME 171st.

Played some time ago between two members of the Montreal Chess Club.

WHITE.—(Mr. Hall.) BLACK.—(Mr. Atkinson.)

- 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to Q B 4
4. P to Q K 4
5. P to Q B 3
6. Castles (a)
7. P to Q 4
8. P to Q 5
9. Kt takes K P
10. Kt to K B 3
11. Q to Q B 2
12. Kt to Q 4 (c)
13. P to K B 4 (d)
14. P to K B 5 (e)
15. P takes B
16. Kt to K 6
17. Kt takes R
18. Q to Q sq (f)
19. K to R sq
20. Kt to Q 2
21. Q to K B 3
22. Q to K 2
23. P to K R 3 (g)
24. K to R 2 (h)
25. B to Q R 3
26. Kt to Q K 3

And Black announced mate in six moves.

NOTES.

- (a) P to Q 4 is stronger, and is more frequently played.
(b) Threatening Kt to Kt 6, or Kt takes Q B P
(c) B to Q 3 would have been better, winning a piece for two pawns.
(d) Again, B to Q 3, would have been better.
(e) If Q to Q R 4, Black answers with P to Q B 4 &c.
(f) If B takes Kt, Black plays B to Q Kt 3 (ch), and mates or wins the queen; and if
18. Kt to Q 2 B to Kt 3 (ch)
19. K to R sq Kt to K 6
20. Q to Q 3 R to K B 7 &c.
(g) If Q takes Kt, Black mates in three moves by Q to Q (ch) &c.
(h) Still White dare not take Kt with Q, for then
25. Kt to K B sq 24. Q to Q 8 (ch)
26. K to R 2 Kt to Kt 6 (ch)
27. K to R sq Kt takes Kt (ch) &c.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 116.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. B to Q B 5 1. Kt takes B
2. R to Q 6 2. Any move
3. R mates.

There are other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 114.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. Q to K 6 (ch) 1. K takes Q
2. R to K 4 mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 115.

WHITE. BLACK.

- Kt to Q R 4 Kt to Q 5
Q to Q B 8 R to Q Kt 3
B to K 4 B to Q 3
B to K Kt sq Kt to K Kt 7
Pawns at Q 2 Pawns at Q B 3
Q B 2 and Q Kt 3 K 3 and K B 5
White to play and mate in two moves.

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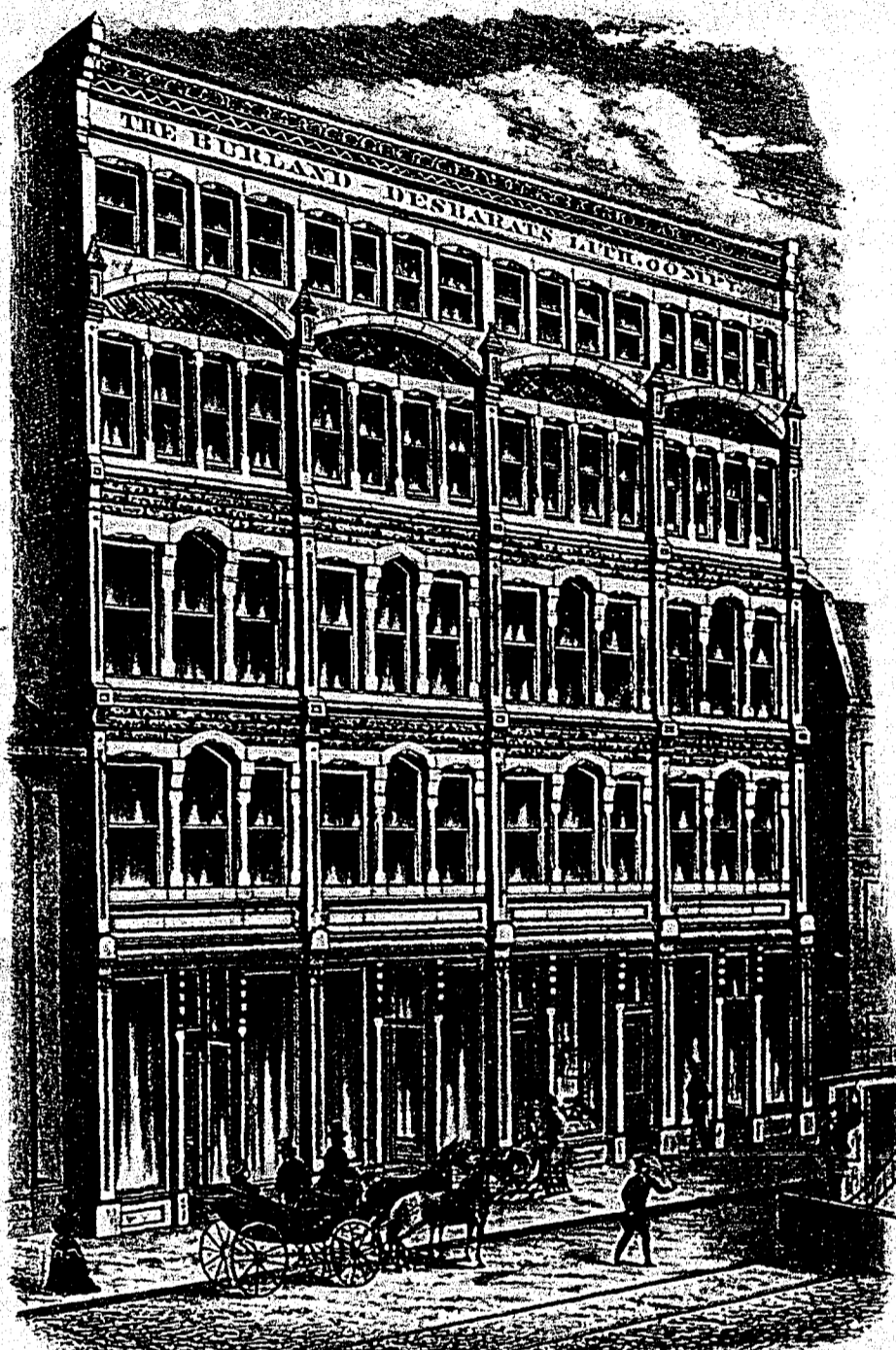
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