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BRITISH COLUMBIA IN A PET.

UNCLE ALECK :—Don't frown so, my dear, you'll have your railway by-and-bye.
MISS B. COLUMBIA :—I want it *now*. You promised I should have it, and if I don't, I'll complain to Ma.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 9th Sept., 1876.

LORD DUFFERIN AT VICTORIA.

We are indebted to a correspondent for an account of Lord DUFFERIN'S entry into British Columbia. It does not at all bear out the reports which in the first place came to us through the medium of United States telegrams. Lord DUFFERIN was well received. There was in fact the same display of loyal enthusiasm which has ever been manifested wherever His Excellency has made a public appearance; and this time the graces of Her Excellency added fresh lustre and *velut* to the occasion. But the British Columbians are no doubt excited to the utmost possible extent, by recent events in reference to the agreement to construct the Pacific Railway, and the Branch on the Island of Vancouver, which was not agreed to by the Senate. These feelings found vent in some of the mottoes which were placed on the very numerous arches erected on the line of march. One of them was: "The Carnarvon Terms or Separation!" and there were others of like import. Lord DUFFERIN could not pass under these and the vice-regal procession, therefore, avoided them by going through other streets. It was proposed also to present an address embodying similar sentiments. One was drawn. But it was negatived by the good sense of the civic authorities, while Lord DUFFERIN was on the sea, and before he reached British Columbia. Had such an address been determined upon, Lord DUFFERIN could not have received it, any more than he could have passed under an arch containing objectionable mottoes. Yet in the face of these facts, the American telegrams told us the very reverse; and also that disturbances were threatened. The address that was presented simply expressed sentiments of loyalty and the need there was for the Railway. His Excellency's reply echoed this; and with his usual good sense and tact he assured the British Columbians it would be his pleasing duty to report their views and feelings as well to the Imperial Government as at Ottawa. All therefore, went off very well; their Excellencies were loudly cheered, and the utmost good humour prevailed. Nobody can blame the British Columbians for feeling very much excited about this railway. Isolated as they are, it is a matter of life and death with them. And it really is so to the autonomy of the Dominion, and its maintaining a separate existence on this continent. But there is no question about abandoning the Pacific Railway proper—that is from Thunder Bay to the head of Bute Inlet. Contracts for sections of this are already given out, and the whole will be prosecuted as rapidly as possible. As regards the part east of Thunder Bay, that will be for the present postponed; and it cannot be denied that it is prudent to do

so. The same may be said of the Branch on Vancouver Island. The portions proposed to be now built are, we understand, estimated by the Government to cost nearly fifty-one millions of dollars.

FALSE ISSUES.

There is perhaps no country better situated to judge impartially of American affairs than Canada. Our proximity on the one hand, and our continuous social and commercial relations give us the opportunity of knowing the United States thoroughly, while, on the other, we are sufficiently independent of them in all the relations, to be able to offer an untrammelled opinion. The English papers, we notice, comment on the present Presidential campaign, according to their own prejudices, and not at all from the American standpoint. We, in Canada, have precisely the advantage of using the American standpoint, without being at all biased by it.

In the election itself our interest need hardly be more than one of curiosity. There are good men in both parties, and the dividing lines between the parties themselves are so slight as to be merely resolvable into a question of office-seeking. Hence it is little or nothing to us whether Governor HAYS is elected President at the November elections, or whether Governor TILDEN succeeds General GRANT in the White House. From a purely Canadian point of view, it is a matter of utter indifference whether it be the Free-Trade Democrats or the Protectionist Republicans that succeed, because from neither have we any reason to expect a return to reciprocal commercial relations. Indeed, so little are we affected in this particular that we may note the singular fact of our Free-Trade Ministerial papers leaning towards the Republicans, while the Protectionist Opposition rather favor the Democrats. There is a deeper reason for this anomaly we know, but we cannot enter upon it.

But in viewing this Presidential campaign, there are two points which we may signalize as specially worthy of attention. They are the brutal personal attacks made upon the candidates, and the revival of the old war feeling. Anything more disgraceful than this personal warfare it is impossible to conceive, and how the American people can have any respect for persons so traduced—if the charges are true—or any respect for themselves—if the charges are false—is beyond our primitive standard of ethics or aesthetics. A certain portion of our Canadian press is bad enough in this respect, but it is immaculate as compared with the first journals of New York. With regard to the war issues the case is more shameful still, because it passes from individuals to a whole people, involving the interests of the entire South. The Republicans ought surely to be strong enough, in their record of sixteen years of power, without raking up the dead issues of the war, and waving the Bloody Shirt. To an outsider it would seem that the course is suicidal inasmuch as it must recoil upon themselves, but we are not so sure that the people of the North will take that view of it. One truly great man—if the Republic had such—might step forward, like the ideal hero of Virgil, and stem at one wave of his hand this uprising of the waters of faction, but where self-seeking politicians alone are the leaders of the people, the old animosities will burn afresh and fire the heart. If the tactics of BELIER, DIX, MORRIS and others succeed, there is no doubt that the Republicans will carry the election. The Democrats are striving to put the issue of the campaign primarily, if not solely, on civil and financial reform, and to support this platform, it is only fair to say that they have chosen their very best men. Should they be able to maintain this stand and rouse the patriotism of the people, the chances of victory are in their favor. So far, the parties are pretty evenly balanced, but it would require

only an accident to make an excitable people wild, and induce them to throw themselves blindly into a false step which would retard the work of reconciliation for another decade.

THE KUKLOS CLUB.

About two years ago, we published an article strongly urging the establishment of a club among the literary men of Montreal. We had no idea then that the suggestion would come to anything, and were, therefore, not at all surprised to find that it fell flat. But it would seem, nevertheless, that others entertained the same project, and were taking practical measures to carry it out. In the sanctum and parlors of one of our best-known and most enthusiastic lovers of letters and arts, there met every Saturday, for upwards of a year, many of the journalists of the city, with other gentlemen of congenial tastes, and among them the happiest evenings were spent in the interchange of thoughts and sentiments. As these meetings came to be known, the privilege of attendance was claimed as a boon by constantly increasing numbers, until, at length, the resolution was formed of organizing a regular club. All the elements were at hand. It needed only the formal work of incorporation. This was done with due care and deliberation, and the result is the existence of the Kuklos Club. This name, which may appear somewhat stilted at first sight, was chosen after much balloting over a large number of other titles, because it appeared to the majority to express exactly the scope of the association—the promotion of the whole *sic* of literary and aesthetic pursuits, and the union of all men addicted to these pursuits. In no ridiculous, ostentatious sense, but in the honest improvement of opportunities as they may arise, the Club was and is intended to be cyclopaedic, and while the aim is doubtless high, as it should be, it is only justice to say that it is not beyond the reach of the literary men of this city.

It is fashionable to say that Montreal is above everything else a commercial city, and, as such, not partial to the cultivation of the fine arts. The premise is true, but conclusion is by no means legitimate. As the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table has remarked, money becomes in time the chief refiner of the age, and, after two or three generations, the children of illiterate rich men are not only devotees of the arts themselves, but patrons as well. It is thus, to a great extent, in Montreal, which is not the same city that it was only fifteen years ago. But apart from all this, a club such as the Kuklos has a hold of its own, and the men who compose it are both able and willing to work in that field. We have, therefore, every confidence that it will succeed, and that its influence will be felt far and wide. For further particulars concerning it, we refer our readers to the elegant paper read at its last public meeting by Mr. W. LESLIE THOM, Associate Editor of the *Star*. There, in fuller and better language than we could use, the origin and aims of the club are clearly set forth.

Our agent, Mr. W. STREET, is now on a tour through that section of Ontario lying west of Toronto, collecting accounts for subscriptions due and in arrears, and also renewing orders from intending subscribers for our publications viz:—The ILLUSTRATED NEWS, *Mechanic's Magazine* and *L'Opinion Publique*. Old subscribers and friends are requested to render him all the assistance in their power, and as it has become a necessity that an increased subscription list should be obtained in order to meet the necessary expense of publication, it is hoped they will be able to induce them to co-operate in supporting publications so necessary to the progress of the country, which when bound in volumes and preserved are so interesting a record of past events and will be such an instructive medium for the generations to come.

In instituting a comparison between our publications and those similar to them issued in other countries, Canadians must remember that perfection cannot be obtained at once in a country so scattered and thinly populated as is this Canada of ours, and rather than attempt to discourage such institutions by disparaging comparisons, it is to be hoped critics will first extend their liberal support and reserve their criticisms till a fair trial under reasonable encouragement has been given.

In addition to the above, Mr. STREET will receive orders for engraving, die sinking, embossing, lithographing, type printing, etc., etc. Visiting cards, embossing crests or initials in gold or colours, notarial and other papers supplied on the shortest notice.

Mr. BOURKE, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has written a letter to a member of Parliament respecting Bulgarian atrocities, of which the following is the concluding paragraph:—"You may be quite sure the Prime Minister and Lord Denny feel as indignant at these events as any other two men in the country, and mean to act in accordance with those feelings, but heartrending as the Bulgarian atrocities have been, we must all recollect that English statesmen are not the rulers of Turkey, and cannot apply physical force in the internal provinces of that Empire upon a few days' notice of danger. The first duty of English statesmen is regard for the interests of this country, but Turkey knows as well as you do that the Government of England will never support tyranny, oppression or cruelty, wherever it may be found, and that as the Queen of England treats her Mohammedan subjects with justice and mercy, we have the right to demand from the head of the Mohammedan faith similar treatment for the various Christian races who live under the territories of the Sultan."

A despatch from St. Petersburg says it is stated in official quarters that Russia has united with the other Powers in their efforts for pacification, and that the Russian representative in Constantinople has declared that should an armistice be concluded, Montenegro would adhere thereto. The conditions of peace have not yet been formulated. Russia, without assuming a prominent part in the steps taken to stop bloodshed, fully participated in the diplomatic action at Belgrade which induced Prince Mmax to request the mediation of the Powers. Russia has constantly in view the necessity of obtaining guarantees for securing peaceful intercourse between the Christian and Mohammedan populations of Turkey. The Russian policy remains the same as at the Berlin conference, and there is no reason to suppose other views prevail at Vienna or Berlin.

We beg to call attention to a paper in the present issue, entitled "Historic Sketches of the Streets of Montreal." It is from the pen of one of our most prominent citizens, who, taking a great interest in the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, would like to see it made the medium of the important and interesting sketches which his article recommends. The subject is one that would be both popular and useful, as the few glimpses, given in the paper itself, abundantly show. "M" informs us that he has a collection of notes on this topic which he is prepared to hand over to any student, but judging from his own writing we think that, if he could command the leisure, no one would be more qualified than himself to begin at least the sketches which he recommends. We would therefore urge him to lay his notes before our readers.

Two of the French Commissioners of Education to the Centennial Exhibition arrived in Toronto last week, for the purpose of inspecting the schools of the city and county. They had seen the Ontario

Provincial education exhibit at the Centennial, and were so struck by it that they determined to come and inspect the schools personally. On enquiry, the county of Wentworth was selected as affording a good sample of the other counties, and accompanied by J. A. Smith, County Inspector of Schools, they proceeded to visit the schools in West and East Flamboro. They next inspected Ancaster and Barton schools, then the city schools. It is a great compliment and speaks well for Ontario city and county scholastic institutions that they are chosen as the models to show our foreign visitors.

Search has lately been made for the remains of the famous Indian Chief, Tecumseh. The dagger found with the supposed bones, is very like a gardener's pruning knife, and has near the hilt the letter "W." a small crown and the letter "R." and underneath the words "Shear steel." The initials probably stand for those of the maker, or the words "warranted real," but what is better evidence that the bones are those of the Indian brave is that Tecumseh was known to limp from a fracture in the leg, and one of the bones found plainly shows the fracture. Only about two-thirds of the skeleton was found.

HISTORIC SKETCHES OF THE STREETS OF MONTREAL.

Pardon me while I call the attention of some one qualified for the task to the importance of supplying a generally recognized want, namely, a history of the streets of Montreal in the past, the design of which would be to furnish an "Historic Topography" of the city. Such a work should not be delayed. If put off much longer it will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to write, as many of the old landmarks have passed away. Houses after houses, and church after church has been pulled down to make way for the "forward march of improvements," obliterating the connection that a few years ago existed between the past and the present of our good city. The general appearance of Montreal had changed but little during the half century previous to the rebellion of 1837-8; since that time, however, the changes have been very marked. About the year 1840, the city commenced to grow rapidly in population and commercial importance, necessitating the pulling down the buildings referred to, and the making of other extensive alterations required to meet its increasing trade. Many of the present generations do not even know the sites of some of the most interesting of our old buildings, viz: Old Christ's Church, Old St. Andrew's Church, Old Jean's Church, Old Market Place, and many others. Now before the memory of these, as well as the actual "landmarks" themselves, shall have entirely faded away, this work should be undertaken. There are in our city many well qualified for the task of writing such a history, which I am sure would be well received and be very popular.

A few words on the general design of the work. It should be a Topographical History of the Streets of Montreal, in which such archaeological matters as can be collected. The writer should go through the streets of the city and suburbs, noting, as he goes along, the present and the old buildings (now remain), and the sites of other ones still, when such and such important passages of the past lived, describing the buildings and giving at the same time the history and traditions, that have been handed down of the actors who formerly figured in connection with the places described. This work should be somewhat like Mr. J. M. LeMoine's "Historical Sketches of the Streets of Quebec," lately published in your paper. Perhaps we may not have as much historic matter to draw from as Quebec, but there is much of interest to be recorded, quite enough to make a good series of papers or to fill a respectably sized volume. Without entering further into details of what the work should take up, I may note that, within forty years, St. Paul, St. Francois Xavier, St. Sacrament, Notre Dame and other streets, contained the private residences of many of the first citizens, where nothing but stores and warehouses are now to be seen. Few of the present generation have any idea of the great changes that have taken place within that space of time. In St. Sacrament street, on the site of the present Merchant's Exchange, stood, a little off the street with lilac trees growing in front, the residence of Mr. St. George Dupre. He was a very distinguished looking little man. The writer recollects him well, every fine morning in the summer season taking his "constitutional airing" on horseback, either down St. Francois Xavier street to the river, or up on his way to the suburbs. The next house to Mr. St. George's was the town residence of the de Lothbiniere family. This still stands, and is the present No. 17. In its day it was no doubt thought a grand building.

Hospital street, thirty years ago, had in it several private residences. In a large building west of the North British Chambers, Mr. Maitland had his stores and lived then over his warehouse. In this street at that time, was located (at present No. 10 or 12) "Workman's Commercial Academy," an institution which turned out a greater number of able and successful commercial and professional men, than any school of its time in Canada. In St. Paul street, forty years ago, most of the merchants lived over their stores, and many of them boarded their clerks with their own families. But little over thirty years ago, the late Hon. George Moffatt lived in St. Paul street next to the extensive warehouses of his firm (310 to 316 or 320 its present numbers), and the late John Torrance, previous to 1840, lived over his store, south-west corner of St. Paul and St. Nicholas streets.

But enough. Let the above suffice to show how much of interest may be collected, even from such sources, for the work which I suggest.

In conclusion I may add that I have a few notes on the subject, which I shall cheerfully place at the disposal of any one inclined to undertake the writing of the "Sketches," and I am sure others will also contribute to the work.

M.

Montreal, August, 1876.

TORONTO FIELD BATTERY.

The Toronto Field Battery was organized in the fall of 1855, gazetted 7th February, 1856, with J. S. Dennis as Captain, and was placed under the command of Lt.-Col. Denison, who commanded the mounted force at Toronto. The effective strength of the corps at its first annual drill was four officers, seventy men and forty-six horses.

In the fall of 1865 the Battery was changed from a Field to a Garrison Battery with new officers. On the 5th of March, 1866, the corps was placed on active service for the first time, and was known as the Toronto Garrison Battery, and served with long Enfield rifles, being stationed in the Old Fort. Part of the time the men were instructed in standing gun drill with the heavy guns; rapid progress was made in drill and the Battery was highly complimented on several occasions by Col. Lowry, of the 47th Regiment, then stationed in Toronto.

On the night of the 4th of June, 1866, orders were received from General Napier to take the guns of the late Field Battery, procure horses, pack the ammunition and report when ready, to proceed to Prescott.

The orders were carried out in a simple and effective mode by Lieutenant Gray. Twenty-one men were routed out of bed in garrison, and went on the double to the gun sheds on the corner of Queen and Bathurst streets, about half a mile distant, the guns were taken possession of and mounted in a short time; the detachment was then divided into four squads, with a non-commissioned officer in charge of each squad, and were instructed to proceed to certain named stables and take all the horses; 57 horses were in the drill yard in less than an hour. The Battery was ready to march off at 3 a.m., when the order was countermanded and the Battery moved into the new Fort.

It was relieved from active service on the 16th June, and was again gazetted as the Toronto Field Battery on the 6th July, the same year.

In 1868, it was brigaded with the Hamilton and Welland Canal Field Battery and 2nd Regiment of Cavalry at Toronto.

On the 18th October, 1869, an order was received to proceed to Goderich by rail with two 9-pounder guns with service ammunition complete, with one officer and twenty men; Lieut. Gray was selected for this duty, and fourteen hours after receiving the order, the Division of Artillery, with everything complete, was ready to go on board the Prince Alfred at Goderich, 140 miles from headquarters, or an average of 10 miles an hour from the time of receiving the order. The detachment returned to Toronto on the 18th November, having served nearly a month as "Horse Marines" on board the gunboat.

The present commanding officer, Major Gray, has served twenty years in the Battery, and is just as enthusiastic now as when he first donned the coat of blue. The drill of 1871 and 1872 was performed in camp at Niagara, the Battery having crossed the lake four times without the slightest injury to man or beast; this speaks well for the care and ability of the officers.

In 1873, the Battery drilled at the new Fort, Toronto.

In 1874, the Battery marched to camp at Holland Landing, in the short space of 15 hours, 38 miles, surprising and opening fire on the camp at 3.15 a.m. The return march was accomplished in 13 hours, a full detail of which is given in the blue book of 1875, page 10.

In 1875, the Battery again marched to camp at Holland Landing, this time accompanied by a newly organized "mounted band," and as this was something new in the north, it created quite a *furor*, the people along the route running helter skelter across the fields to get a better view of the "mounted gunners." One enthusiastic farmer vowed he could follow them to the Holy Land.

In 1876, this year, the Battery drilled at the New Fort, and judging from the standing orders, the men were not allowed to waste their time in idleness. Reveille sounded at 4.30 a. m. Field drill from 5 to 7. Breakfast at 8. Standing gun drill, mounting and dismounting ord-

nance for gunners, cleaning harness, and stable duties for drivers from 10 to 12. Dinner at 12.30. Full drill from 2 to 4 p. m. Tea at 6 p. m. Roll call 9.30, and lights out at 10.30 p. m.

The shell practice was carried out on the 10th July on the Esplanade in front of the officers' quarters New Fort. The target, 4 feet square, being moored in the lake 1500 yards from shore, was completely riddled. The gunners feel confident they could knock a man's head off at a mile range after a little more practice. The Inspector of Artillery, Col. Strange, complimented the officers and men on the very efficient state of the Battery. He said, after a quarter of a century in the regular service, he could honestly say it was the best drilled and most efficient volunteer battery he had yet seen. The officers of the Battery are Major Gray, Captain Commanding, Lieutenants Stoughton Green, Johnson, with Surgeon J. S. Diamond and Vet. Surgeon A. Smith.

RELATIVE VALUES.

In your article on the relative claims of agriculture and other occupations, considered as means of realizing a livelihood, you build your argument on what we may call the communistic basis—in other words, on that of a supposed fair distribution of the general wealth. Now it is useless so to argue in the absence of some general expressed or implied agreement for such fair division. Without any fear of the mere term "communism," when used in its true sense of a mutual interest practically carried out, I cannot see that the thing itself is in actual existence amongst us, except in the case of partnerships and joint stock companies, and, in a degree more limited, in that of employees of such companies or firms. It will be admitted in the latter case, that the remuneration of such employees should bear some fair proportion to the real effects of their services in creating the returns which are divided as profits and wages. That is an altogether limited communism, and one not always easy to adjudge. But between one tradesman and another, while we cannot say that under a different social system it would not be possible to adjust proportionate profits for everybody, it is not so in that under which we live, and by which our various industries are actually regulated. On the contrary every man is supposed to get the highest price he is able for his goods, with the sole alternative of being unable to sell them. The man who produces food and raw materials only, and calls himself farmer, is dependent like all the others upon the open hand of Providence for his success in the first instance—and although he deals with the first necessities of life, and the raw materials of trade, is dependent upon manufacturers and a good level of civilization about him for the degree of success and civilization he himself attains. So that it is only a pretty figment to say that he supports all the others. Man does not live by bread alone. Clothes and instruction, and Christian teaching, have a good deal to say for his welfare, and themselves develop a reactive power which stimulates production. The competition which regulates profits, under our system, may easily be carried to excess. It may easily also be an unfair and deceptive competition—talking much about prices, and almost nothing about the quality of the goods produced—taking advantage of ignorance in the purchaser, or actually adulterating and glossing the goods themselves, so as to put forth the inferior article for the serviceable one. And there results from these practices, by way of antidote, just so much communism in our modern society, as will constitute a general demand that goods shall be what they seem, and that there shall not be so many traders of one class in one place, as will prevent any one of them from getting a living; but even this amounts but to a sentiment and an urgency, and not to a restraint of civic liberty in the premises; and the power which enforces the just arrangements in locating trades, and honesty in those trades when established, is really one, in the main, of resulting success and profits. If two shoemakers cannot live in a village, sooner or later one will have to go, and it is better that one should go before both are ruined. If a tradesman deals in false measures or deceptive qualities, buyers will shun his store. In this way things adjust themselves.

There are two values which it is the business of the agricultural purchaser to ascertain before he closes a bargain for the article offered to his notice, whether a mow and reaper, or hay rake, a threshing machine, or a new arrangement for "getting out the stumps," and these are the market value, and the actual value to himself in the present circumstances of his farm. The real market value cannot be ascertained without more enquiry than is often given to the business, for it must always depend upon actual quality and serviceableness in the implement offered. The only effect of invariably offering the seller "half" he asked, would be to drive him away altogether, or to lead him to ask invariably a great deal more than he meant to take. The market value of an article is always dependent primarily upon wages and raw material, or, in other words, upon the "manufacturing value." Competition, except in the case of special monopolies, which, happily, are not common, will bring down market prices to the neighbourhood of manufacturing values, an unjust and fraudulent competition often reducing them far below them. Neither the farmer nor any other citizen can spend with impunity what he has not earned. Debt, as a rule, is to be avoided, but the farmer when he does make

a purchase should exercise the same intelligence about the real value of the thing bought, and the wisdom of buying it, as any other member of the community.

Quebec.

CANADENSIS.

STAR-GAZING.

Being somewhat addicted to star-gazing and not unobservant of the constant changes in the places of the heavenly bodies, I have been patiently waiting for a newspaper account of the August meteors from the pen of an experienced observer. But I have hitherto been disappointed.

My time and opportunity for observing the heavens at night are limited; but I may mention that, a little after 8 o'clock on the evening of the 9th current, I saw a meteor in that part of sky which is between the stars, Altair and Marcab. It seemed to start from within the border of the constellation Aquila and after a flight of about 20°, it disappeared in Pegasus at about 10° from Marcab, which star was at that time not many degrees from the eastern horizon. The meteor seemed to be a little larger than the planet Jupiter and was very brilliant. On the 11th at 9 o'clock p. m., I was again fortunate in catching sight of another meteor in the same region of the sky, streaming in much the same direction as the other, that is from about W. N. W. to E. S. E. It was however slightly larger and brighter than its predecessor.

At the time I write of, the sky over the city was much obscured with smoke from burning woods. But, though the above two were all I saw during the few minutes I spent in observation, I have no doubt many smaller meteors were visible where the atmosphere was clearer.

While writing of the heavenly bodies, permit me to add that happening to look out of my window at 4 o'clock this morning, I was well rewarded for my pains. The sky was cloudless, and the atmosphere cool and free from haze. The sight was grand and beautiful. The eastern region of the heavens seemed to be studded with exquisite brilliants. The constellation Orion was the centre of the scene before me. Begirt with his jewelled belt, and lighted on his westward journey by the bright torches, Bigel, Betelgeux, and Bellatrix, he might well march proudly. To the west, north, east, and south of him shone Aldebaran, Capella, Castor and Pollux, Procyon, and burning Sirius. And, as if to add her quota to the grandeur of this celestial exhibition, the planet Venus appeared in all her matchless brightness, midway between Pollux and Procyon.

The above sketch is a mere outline of one of the many splendid pictures, which may be seen every clear night all the year round in heaven's great gallery.

Montreal, 29th August.

A. B.

DOMESTIC.

TOMATOES AS GRAVING. - Cut half a dozen tomatoes in halves, remove the seeds, and fill the inside with a mixture of bread crumbs, pepper, and salt, in due proportions; place a small piece of butter on each half tomato, and lay them then close together in a well buttered tin. Bake in a slow oven for about half an hour and serve. They may be eaten hot or cold.

OATMEAL PUDDING. - Mix two ounces of fine Scotch oatmeal in a quarter of a pint of milk; add to it a pint of boiling milk; sweeten to taste, and stir over the fire for ten minutes; then put in two ounces of sifted bread crumbs; stir until the mixture is stiff; then add one ounce of shredded suet and one or two well beaten eggs add a little lemon flavouring or ground nutmeg. Put the pudding into a buttered dish, and bake slowly for an hour.

SWEETBREAD FRIED. - Trim a couple of sweet breads, soak them in water for an hour, then parboil them for five minutes in salted water, drain, and put them in a stewpan with two slices of fat bacon, an onion, a carrot, a bundle of sweet herbs, pepper, salt and spices to taste, and a small quantity of stock, let them simmer gently. When sufficiently cooked, put them in between two dishes with a weight over, and leave them to get quite cold; then cut them into slices an inch thick. Beat up two tablespoonsful of dissolved butter with the yolks of two eggs, a pinch of salt, and some warm water. Add as much more water as will make the batter of the required consistency; keep on beating the mixture until it is perfectly smooth, and lastly add the white of one or two eggs whisked to a froth. Dip the slices of sweetbread into this batter and fry them in hot lard until of a golden colour. Serve with plenty of fried parsley and quarters of lemon.

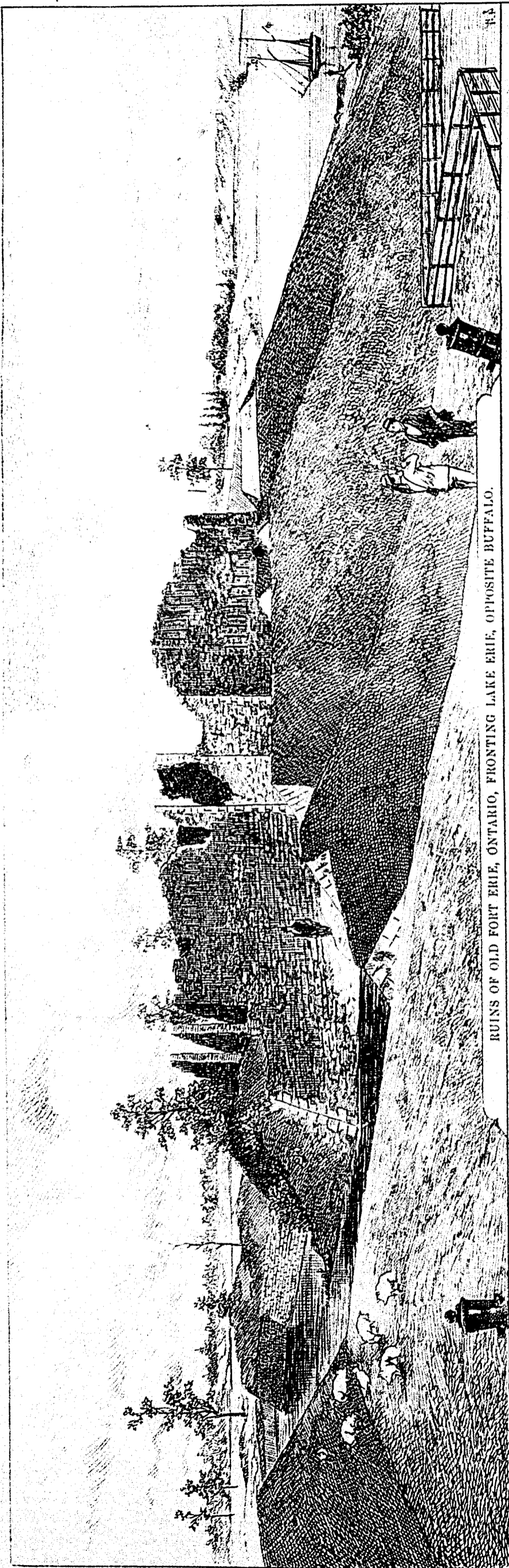
HUMOROUS.

HOPE is said to be brightest when it dawns from fears. This is a very beautiful thought, but it seldom occurs to a man who has just got up off his wife's new hat.

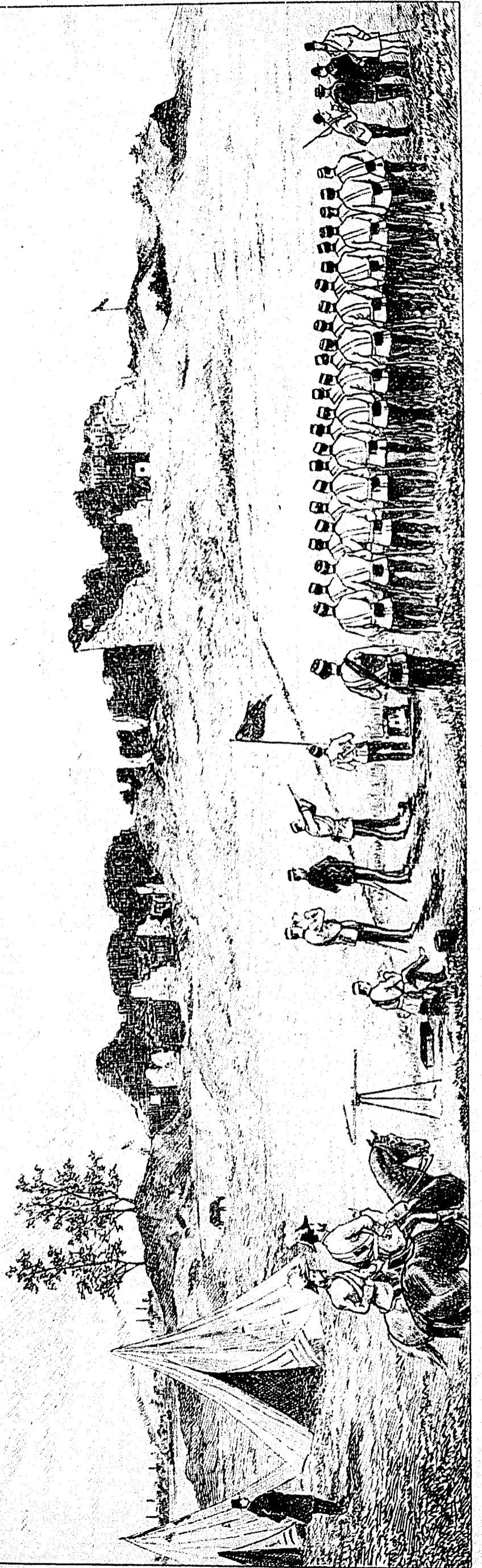
A Scotch minister recently told his neighbour that he spoke two hours and a half the Sunday previous. "Why, minister, were you not tired to death?" asked the neighbour. "Aw nae," said he; "I was as fresh as a rose; but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

Prize commndrum contributed by the Enquiring Mind that sweeps this office: Why is the man who owns the yacht what got beat by the Madeline in the race for the Queen's cup like a tether what lost money on a horse race? Answer: Coz one is a Dueller and the other is a duffer out. Our readers will unite in wishing the Enquiring Mind a pleasant passage up the golden stair.

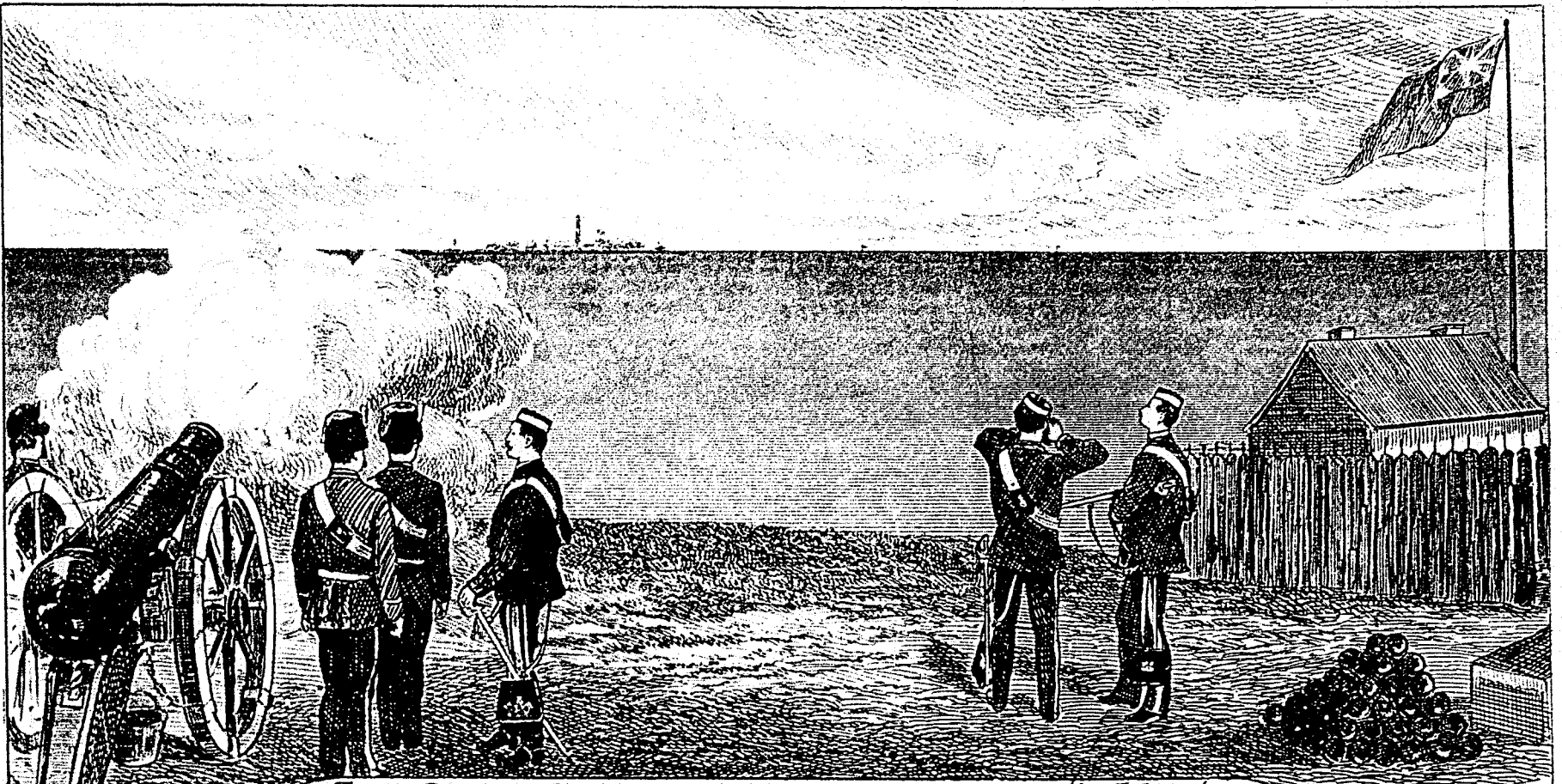
WHEN the intelligent compositor braces himself for a series of particularly exasperating typographical errors, he invariably selects for his work of devastation that paragraph on which the Massive Intellect has labored longest and hardest. And as he twists and distorts its syllables, words and sentences, knocks the bottom out of what little sense there was in it, adding a word here and dropping one there, changes "resurrection" into "rheumatism," and so disguises the paragraph that its own mother wouldn't know it, the horoscope of Fate holds up a dismal picture of a dead proof reader veering in gore and a Massive Intellect wildly gesticulating behind the bars of a mad-house.



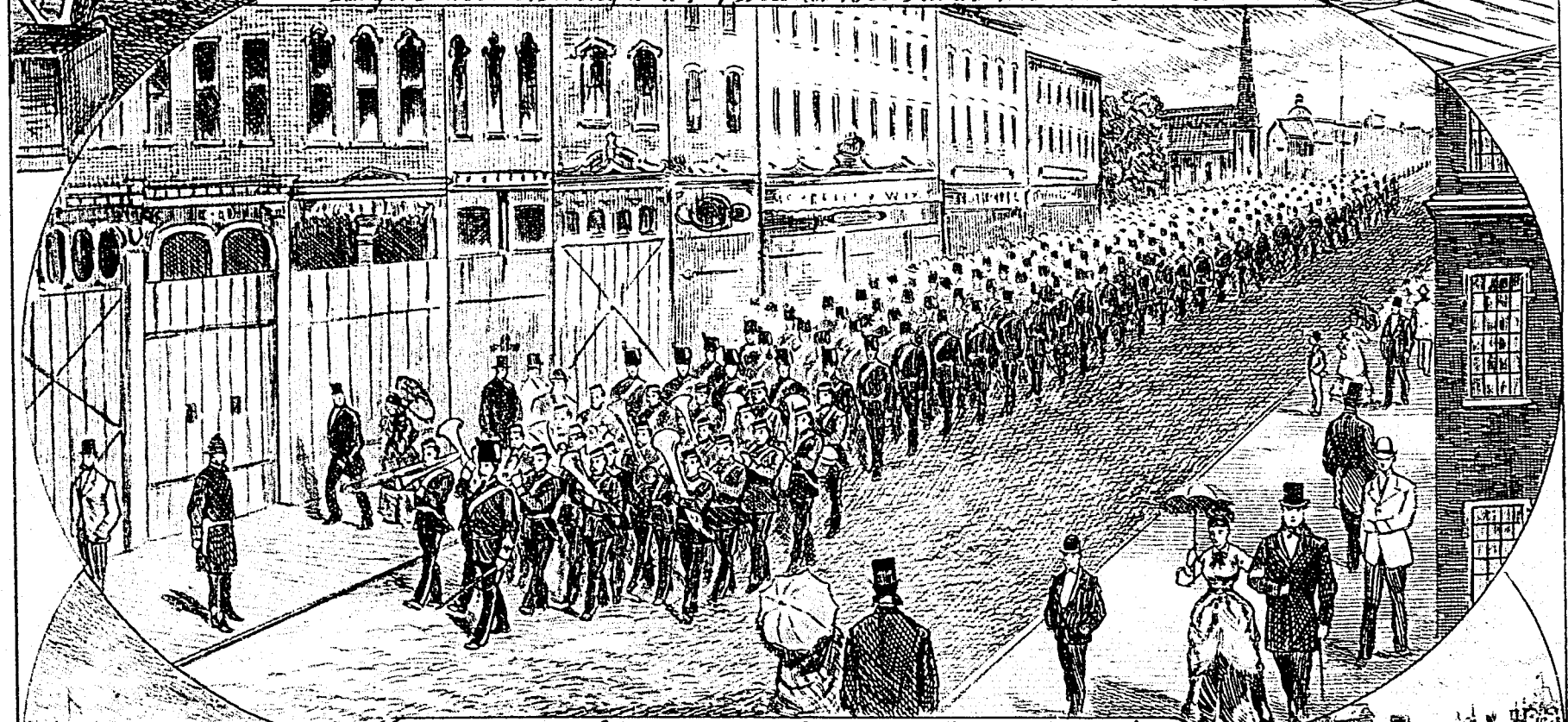
RUINS OF OLD FORT ERIE, ONTARIO, FRONTING LAKE ERIE, OPPOSITE BUFFALO.



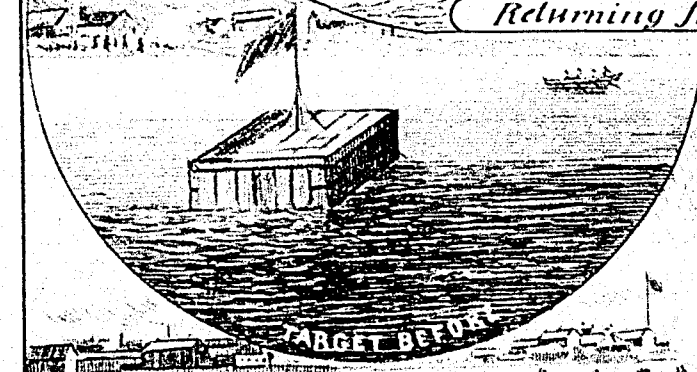
BALL PRACTICE OF THE 4TH CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS, SHEWING INTERIOR OF OLD FORT ERIE FROM THE 600 YDS. RANGE. FROM SKETCHES BY J. C. McARTHUR.



Target Practice. Firing at a 4-4 Box at 1500 Yards near the Island.



Returning from Divine Service at noon Toronto.



TARGET BEHIND

Repelling invaders



TARGET AHEAD



OUR VOLUNTEERS: THE TORONTO GRAY BATTERY UNDER EXERCISE.

QUÉBEC.

Oh! glorious old "City of the Rock"—
How are thy walls o'erthrown,
Thy Gates which bravely stood war's shock,
Now ruthlessly torn down—
And their old sacred stones,
Each one, an emblem fit for thrones!
Scattered—Ah! nevermore
Will hosts victorious, as of yore,
Through thy high Forts proudly march,
Crowned, as by grand "Triumphal Arch!"
Thus wailed my heart in wild despair,
Which all true Patriots must ever share,
As late I saw the stronghold of our night
Abandoned all to ruin—shameful sight—
"And is it thus thy country pays
Thy shelter in war's deadly days?
When the dread "War-Whoop" struck th'appall'd ear
And all their foes in strong array appear,
Did not thy circling walls their rage defy?
Thy stubborn Gates with vain assault to try!
While in thy fond maternal bosom safe for life
Were gathered trembling maid, and weeping wife."
As thus I yet lamented, came a voice unto mine ear
"Comfort ye! Comfort ye!—mourning one,
And these glad tidings hear.
Our Noble Lord with these weeps o'er
Quebec, once Queen enthroned!
Now, like a widow left alone
And by her sons disowned,
He came and saw her ruined state,
Of all her strength—one only Gate!
Her Citadel!—grass grown.
"Alas! Alas! that such should be,
Great city, how I weep for thee.
But, be thy walls renewed again
Thy gates restored, and Victory's Fane!
In honor glorified."
Thus spoke the noble man. And, hark!
With lovely sympathy's electric spark,
Across the broad Atlantic,—e'en
As we bless him—the message came
Of our most Gracious Queen,
Offering her Royal bounty, to restore
The "dear old ruins," and yet more,
A Name, honored of all!
A monumental Portal to adorn!
Rejoice, Oh! Canada, Rejoice!
Lift up in accents grand thy voice,
And sing for evermore Her praise
Who crowns with honor thus thy days.

E. L. M.

Montreal, 15th August, 1876.

WHY WE ARE MET.*

On the occasion of the first general gathering prescribed by the constitution of the Kuklos Club, it becomes my duty, according to promise, to read a paper. It occurs to me that no subject can more worthily occupy attention this evening, than the object of the foundation of the Society which, let us hope, we have established upon a permanent basis, for the mutual exchange of thought and opinion, and the cultivation of relations, at once elevating to ourselves, and tending to the intellectual benefit of the hundreds of thousands to whom some of us daily and weekly speak.

There has been for years a grievous dearth of means of intercommunication among literary people in Canada. The workers have been separated by distance, want of personal acquaintance, by political or personal differences, and in some degree, perhaps, by jealousy. In the cities, party journalism has tended to keep men of kindred spirit asunder, and created feelings of distrust, and even animosity, among writers who really should have been upon the best terms with one another. In the active, unceasing round of daily newspaper work there is at best but little time available for friendly intercourse, and up to the present, it may be said that no effort, in Montreal, at least, has been made to utilize what little time has existed. Some months ago—I cannot speak accurately as to the date—a few brainworkers who felt that there is something better in life than wasting the whole of it in drudgery and spleen, formed a habit of meeting, on Saturday evenings, and enjoying what Dr. Johnson used to call "good talk." Our worthy Dean, whose soul of letters we all know so well, opened his rooms right hospitably, and the fame of the gatherings soon extended from the Dan to the Bearsheba of the press. The existence of a coterie where men of all shades of thought and opinion might, after divesting themselves of their journalistic attachments, meet, chat pleasantly, discuss literary and social subjects, ethics and aesthetics, interchange ideas upon the movements of men and things, compare notes of intellectual progress, talk about books, history, general science, art and music, in short, enter upon a realm of purely mental luxury, was a revelation—it was to myself, at least, and I am sure it was to many another. Around the original few clustered others, until there sprang up a confraternity of brainworkers too numerous to long remain in disorganization. After a little time the foremost spirits proposed and carried out a scheme which has evolved from incongruities a harmonious whole. The area of companionship embraces thinkers and writers of every school, and is appropriately named the Kuklos Club.

I am not in a position to say whether the original few who met in these rooms ever contemplated a fixed organization such as has been established, but out of their gathering grew the scheme, and they have never lost an opportunity of forwarding the idea from the moment it began to assume consistency. What they began has been promoted earnestly and thoughtfully by those who readily saw that there was more in the assemblings of literary and artistic people than appeared immediately upon the surface, and that good, real lasting good, was to be derived from the intercommunication of persons of mind and culture. They saw, for instance, a pleasant method of reconciling jarring animosities and softening the asperity of journalistic discussion. They perceived the feasibility of

gradually bringing about the adoption of the highest possible tone in dealing with the fleeting affairs of the day. It plainly appeared that there was such a thing to be achieved as a movement in the direction of purifying the language of everyday use, and correcting tendencies to looseness of expression that have come to us from across the border. Then again, it was apparent that a court of resort in cases of difficulty was easily to be constructed from the Club. A sort of literary tribunal competent to deal with questions in dispute might be easily constituted, to which might be referred, by common consent points open to discussion, and whose decision might be confidently accepted as satisfactory, if not final. More than this, it was seen that by organization the literary world would be formed into a distinctive and well-defined class, enjoying in combination an indisputable standing. The representative feature could not fail to assert itself, and from this time henceforward, the Kuklos Club will represent the living, moving thought and opinion of Montreal, even though it may not comprise every individual member of the press and every individual man of letters. Thus representative of the literary class, it is placed in a position, through the officers chosen under the constitution of the Club to extend courtesies and hospitality to distinguished visitors to our city. An opportunity was regrettably lost recently through the incompleteness of organization on our part, and the prompt private attention of a gentleman, once one of our profession, but now holding a diplomatic position, to do honour to one of the most distinguished men of letters of the Old World. These, among other motives, actuated the founders of the Kuklos Club, and I submit that they have reason to be proud of the principles which actuated them.

We are now fairly launched into our work. The present meeting may be accepted as inaugurating what shall be, in so far as our power lies to make it, a new order of things. But we have also to recollect that our work lies all before us. The past has served in which to elaborate from an original conception the details of our organization; our harvest is in the future, and as yet the first blade has not appeared above the soil, covering the seed we have sown. Fortunately ours is work that can be entered upon joyously. There is no reason for forebodings, no cause for misgiving. We shall meet after the work of the week, and rest ourselves. When the whirling presses have ceased grinding into print the products of our brains, we shall bid them a glad farewell, to assemble and talk of what we have seen and heard in the world. Few of us will have read and written in a week without having acquired a new idea, without having become impressed with a new truth or having been enriched by a newer, a higher and a better conception of the Beautiful and the Good. For our life is necessarily a learning one. We must keep abreast of the Time, and the Time is an enquiring, searching, persistently active one. We cannot afford to rest content with what we have absorbed of knowledge. We must add to our stock as rapidly as fresh truth is demonstrated. If we do not, we fall behind, and there is little opportunity in our short lives to make up for lost time. He who is unable to keep the pace of the Time is dropped by the Time, and there is a speedy ending of him so far as his connexion with the world of journalism is concerned. Thus forced into the whirl of constantly augmenting facts and newly developed truths, we all acquire, irresistibly, greater knowledge, but by different methods and in differing ratios. We all become possessed of a medium of exchange in the shape of fact, idea, perception, opinion or conception, and this Club is intended to be, in a sort, the place where the exchange may be socially effected. We may exchange more than that which will pass current in helping along the daily round of labour, for if all the bright thought and choice wit of the men who furnish the people with mental aliment were made use of in print, the world would be taxed to the utmost and find material for its circulation. It is one of our privileges to expend upon ourselves, and extravagantly throw away, so to speak, for our own delectation much that is rich and rare, ideas evoked by association and thought bright from the mint of inspiration. We intend that our meetings shall, as far as possible, be freshened by the best of all our intelligence—the only wealth which most of us can afford to squander—and that here may dwell the aroma of wit and wisdom well allied.

The idea of association naturally infers union and harmony among the membership. It must be admitted that the literary world is not always marked by peace and absolute friendship. Such a condition, much as it may be desired, does not exist. Human nature crops out in journalism and gazetteering, as in every other branch of mundane activity. Various well-known causes produce personal antipathies that can never serve good general ends, and the most deplorable result following their existence is a lowering of the tone of the press. When a journalist, in my opinion, essays to take the public into confidence with him in his prejudices and his dislikes, he seldom succeeds in improving his position, and generally fails to injure his opponent. At best he obtains little sympathy or encouragement of a nature to do him any good. And where the enmity that may exist does not extend to publicity, but supply rankles as a raw spot that recollection constantly chafes, it interferes with good work, with that cooperation which produces good combined results and even injures the honest, healthful competition which adds zest and flavour to contemporaneous jour-

alism. In nine cases out of ten there is no earthly reason for personal differences. I do not hesitate to say that if the men who are the most widely divided were closely interrogated, they could not furnish a plausible excuse for their apparent and actual unfriendliness, and a little harmonious association would show them the unwisdom of antagonism. We aim at an ending of bickering by drawing men together and having them understand one another. There has been so little association that no opportunity has existed for newspaper men getting to feel the way, so to speak, into the nooks and crannies of the hearts of their fellows, where their innate good qualities and true beauties of soul are hidden. Association points the way to this end, and we trust before long that the fellowship we hope to bring about will have most desirable consequences.

For "Art is long and Time is fleeting." The hey-day of our lives we enjoy but once, and unluckily age creeps upon us only too swiftly and insidiously. We have no hours to waste upon petty animosities. They occupy time which may be spent to better advantage in striving to perfect ourselves for our work. Living immediately in the new, it is the present and the future we have to toil for. The dead past must bury its dead; the thousands for whom we think and write and print, demand from us our truest energies and our most elevated thought. It is unjust to impose upon them that which is tainted by prejudice, or tinged with jealousy. We should seek to be united so as to deal competently with the unfoldings of Time, which are first of all to us. Through us they are revealed to the outer world, whom we teach perpetually. The moulding of thought, the formation of opinion and the ruling of men are the high functions of the press, though other hands sway the influences we create; and thus our responsibilities are immense. It is one of the aims of this Club to firmly impress the magnitude of these responsibilities, and thus to form a high ideal of honest journalism. We can improve on the past if we choose. The work is all in our own hands, and we owe to ourselves, as well as to the public, to aim continually at a more perfect consummation of our work than we have as yet attained.

It will be understood then, that the aim of the Kuklos Club is elevation in literature; but we do not confine our range to the department of journalistic literature alone. If I have dwelt at some length upon journalism it is because the profession is most largely represented in the membership, and some of its phases have occupied public attention of late. We hope in time to embody in our ranks the active thought of Montreal, and to be in correspondence and association with similar organizations elsewhere. Art shall have a place, and an honoured one, the drama be warmly welcomed, and music cherished at our board. It is our ambition to gather in a circle all that is refining and elevating, equally as it is our firm determination to sternly frown upon what is gross and unlovely in mental and moral association. We will endeavour to benefit ourselves by mutual enlightening intercourse, and if the public will eventually derive good from our efforts to elevate our own standard, our end will be doubly achieved. I counsel earnestness and industry. We have undertaken a good work, and we must carry it out with as careful and thoughtful determination to effect something that will be more than transitional, as we have elaborated the original plan of defined organization. I have every faith of ultimate success if the members of the Kuklos Club will pull together in harmony and good fellowship, resolved upon making it something more than a name, and a memory of what might have been.

W. LESLIE THOM.

Montreal, August 26, 1876.

DON CARLOS.

Lately Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moran, entertained at their residence, New York, his Royal Highness Don Carlos, the Marquis Ponce de Leon, and Vizconde de Montserrat. A few friends were invited to meet him, among those present being Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Moore, Senora Saloum, Dr. G. E. Moore, Mrs. Foster, and Mr. John Moran, *litterateur*. Mr. Moran's parlors and studio were beautifully festooned with various flags, decorated with flowers and *objets de vertu*, and hung with numerous pictures. A native of Tangiers, who acts as model for Mr. H. H. Moore, and who came to America to avoid fighting against Don Carlos, was in waiting, dressed in the rich and picturesque costume of his race. During the evening he played with great skill on a rudimentary guitar, and sang an improvised recitative, giving an account of his own history, and alluding in complimentary terms to Don Carlos. Don Carlos, who is affable in manner and commanding in appearance, entered readily into conversation with the various guests, as did the members of his suite. They all expressed an admiration for America, which exceeds their expectations, but consider our great cities somewhat "tristes," as compared with the more varied distractions of European capitals. The party were favorably struck with M. Moran's paintings, especially with one now on his easel, which, together with a companion, he proposes sending to the English Royal Academy next spring. It is called "The Last from the Wreck," and depicts the fierce battling of the elements. Don Carlos characterized it as "Magnifique et superbe." A life-boat is coming from the left to rescue a solitary sailor who

clings tenaciously to the upper portion of a broken mast. The waves boil and rage, breaking over the wrecked vessel's hulk. The sky, with its cumulus of surcharged clouds, lowers and threatens, and everything combines to convey a grave feeling, from which, however, a ray of hope is not excluded. Don Carlos, who acted as godfather at the Moore's wedding, has, on several occasions, visited this artist's atelier in West Fortieth street, and has commissioned him to paint a picture. Mr. Moore studied under Gérôme, and travelled for ten years in Europe, chiefly in Spain and Northern Africa, and Don Carlos was greatly pleased with his transcripts of Moorish life and character, and with the richly colored fabrics, inlaid weapons, musical instruments, etc., which render his studio a perfect bazaar of Oriental curiosities. The Marquis Ponce de Leon and Mr. Moore were good enough to play several Spanish airs on the piano, and the attendant Moor served to the guests ice cream, fruit, and champagne.

OLD FORT ERIE.

We publish to-day two sketches of the old Fort Erie showing this noted ruin on two faces. The first faces the city of Buffalo, N. Y. with the Highlands of that state in the background, and the village of Victoria with Grand Trunk Railway Co's Iron International Bridge connecting the two countries on the intermediate right. The second sketch shows the interior of this historical landmark and affords a glimpse of Buffalo (across the mouth of Lake Erie) to the left. The 44th Battalion are using the deserted mess room ("where oft the merry laugh was heard," "and song and jest chased melancholy," "while sentries grimly stood on guard," "with train well set to rend their volley" &c.) for their target, which they have propped in at the ancient doorway. The ruins are very picturesque viewed from any side, but our artist has chosen the best. It is now literally alive with snakes which crawl, coil, twist or glide noiselessly in or out of the numerous holes in the mounds or the stone walls. The trench in one part (the S. W. Bastion) is in fair preservation and filled with water, but in most places it is filled or half filled with stones or earth, &c. This is the place which the Fenians bravely took some years ago, and our readers will be enabled to judge of the amount of strategy and military prowess necessary to take so formidable, though un-garrisoned and unarmed a fortress.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BOB BURDETTE is the funny man of the Burlington *Hawkeye*.

AIMEE has married, in San Francisco, a member of her opera-company named Darcy.

THE German Government in Alsace has relaxed its rigor so far as to allow the engagement of a French company for the Strasbourg theatre.

Mr Charles Mathews is writing his life and times, and the book will be published during the coming season. It will be highly interesting. The veteran John Oxenford is also engaged upon a biographical work; and Mr. Toole is about to try his hand at authorship.

THE proceeds of the Balfé Festival, lately held at the Alexandra Palace, are to be devoted to the foundation of a free scholarship for one year in the Royal Academy of Music, to be competed for always at Christmas by female and male candidates in alternate years. The candidates must be British-born subjects, and between the ages of twelve and eighteen. The first election will take place next Christmas.

THE management of the Vienna Court Theatre, which distinguished itself last season by the production of the whole series of Shakespeare's historical plays, intends to produce "The Tempest" early next season with great scenic splendour. We may add that at this theatre the more essential requisites of dramatic art are never made subordinate to scenic display, and that all parts are entrusted to competent artists.

THE New York *Home Journal* says of Bret Harte's new play, "Two Men of Sandy Bar":—"Here and there a gleam of wit or a bit of pathos, is seen, but most of the play is incoherent and dull. In parts the play is actually blasphemous and vulgar. The story is one of Bret Harte's stock-in-trade romances of life in California, of which the public has already had a surfeit. A cruder and more senseless performance has seldom been seen on the New York stage.

MR. W. H. JUDE declares that on more than a single occasion he has been desired to play one of Bach's fugues, and has wickedly responded with a noisy extemporaneous performance, his hearers meanwhile indulging in such eulogiums as "Ah, grand old Bach! How Halle played it at the last Monday Pop!" "Thank you, thank you! Glorious treat! Positively delightful!" Mr. Jude tells this story with the view of showing that many avowed lovers of music are simply ignorant impostors, but he does not state that it is just as well for some musical professors that they are.

CHRISTINE NILSSON is having great success in Sweden, and special trains are run from every quarter to the towns where she is to appear. At Stockholm it was impossible to find a concert room large enough, and the cathedral was opened for her to sing in. She gave the "Ave Maria" of Gounod and the "Crucifixion" of Faure, the air of "Travista," and a number of Swedish songs. She is assisted by the tenor Blum-Dorn, the bass Behrens, and the Dutch violinist Van Biessse. Although her purpose was only to give a series of concerts, she has agreed, on the command of the King, to sing the part of *Marguerite* in "Faust," at the Theatre Royal of Stockholm.

MR. SIMS REEVES says it is impossible to tell how much mischief may have been done by the absurd accounts of the variety of beverages considered indispensable to our former great strength. The notion of drinking so many bottles of beer to create a voice is as obsolete as the idea that no man is hospitable who allows his guest to go home sober. By long experience I find it much better to do without stimulants entirely. A glycerine lozenge is preferable. I formerly used beef-tea, but that was too heavy. If one could limit oneself to a table-spoonful at a time the latter might be the best, but a large draught clogs the throat, and, producing more saliva necessarily induces the desire to swallow often.

* An address delivered by Mr. W. Leslie Thom, associate Editor of the *Star*, at the first public meeting of the Kuklos Club, Aug. 26, 1876.

THE GLEANER.

A Maine girl, has soft, fine hair, very thick and beautiful, seven feet and a half long.

A beautiful Parisian girl, worth \$5,000,000, has found a man willing to marry her.

DURING the present century it is estimated that 200,000,000 copies of the Bible have been distributed.

The bridge across White river, on the Wisconsin Central Railroad, is the largest wrought iron one in the world. It is 1,525 feet long, 107 feet high, and cost \$200,000.

A NEW fruit has been discovered in Queensland, containing the flavor of the pine apple and the pear. It is thought to be of Mexican origin.

It is said that before the Prince of Wales started for India he was placed in a conservatory heated to an Indian heat to test his powers of endurance. He fainted at the first trial.

A COIN of the value of fifty francs, bearing the effigy of the Prince Imperial, and on the exergue the words "Empire Français, 1876," has been found circulating in trade in Paris.

A LAW has been passed in Germany forbidding the construction of school-rooms with windows on the opposite sides of the room. It is said to be proven that rooms so lighted are injurious to the eyes.

The ancient church of All Hallows in Broad street, London, is to be pulled down. Milton was christened in it, and in 1555 the rector, Lawrence Saunders, was executed for heresy by order of Queen Mary.

The son of a washerwoman with whom Byron lived in Venice, before he resolved to study the Armenian language as a means of avoiding dissipation, is now the proprietor of the Hotel de Leptre, a well known restaurant in Rome.

DISRAELI has no children to inherit his estate. He is wealthy. Besides his own fortune, he has received in bequest from admirers about \$200,000 and he has for some time received a pension of \$10,000 a year from the government as an ex-minister.

The head of the Scottish house of Murray, generally known as the Duke of Athol, a young man of thirty-six, holds one dukedom, two marquises, five earldoms, three titles as viscount and twelve as baron—twenty-three titles in all—six more any other nobleman in the United Kingdom.

Master Humphrey's Clock, which furnished the title of one of Dickens' most popular books, has not, it appears, gone to America. Mr. William Humphrey writes from Hartlepool that the original which was placed in the door of his father's shop at Barnard Castle is now in his possession.

It is rumored in London that Disraeli's reason for occupying the peerage he had formerly refused, is that he is about to again enter the matrimonial state. A few years ago he was reported to be engaged to the Countess of Chesterfield, and his present fiancee is said to be a friend of hers. The new peer was born December 21, 1805.

A street engine has been introduced in Paris, which is described as a kind of omnibus or steam carriage. It accommodates twelve passengers and weighs about five tons. A vertical engine supplies the motive power and occupies a place in the rear of but thirty-nine inches high by thirty-one inches broad; and a Giffard injector forces in the feed water, which is taken from the gutters or any other convenient source.

The London Gazette thus announces Disraeli's accession to the peerage: "The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, granting the dignities of a Viscount and an Earl of the said United Kingdom to the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, and the heirs male of his body begotten, by the names, styles, and titles of Viscount Hughenden, of Hughenden, in the county of Hughenden, and Earl of Beaconsfield, in the said county."

Among the records of the rebel Government captured at the fall of Richmond was a letter from the Pope to Jeff Davis, in reply to one forwarded to him by the President of the Confederate States. It has been asserted that this letter contained a recognition of the Confederate Government, but such is not the fact. It is entirely non-committal on the rebellion, and the only point in it is an expression of his desire that "the fatal civil war shall speedily close, and that all the people of America may at length attain mutual peace and concord, and be united in mutual charity."

In the year 1800 Latour d'Anvergne, a descendant of Turenne, fell on the field of battle. He had joined the French army in place of his son, had constantly refused promotion, and so exemplary was his conduct that he was named "the first grenadier of France." Napoleon directed that "the heart of Latour d'Anvergne, first grenadier of the Republic, who fell at the battle of Neubourg, shall continue to be carried ostensibly by the quartermaster sergeant of the grenadier company of the Forty-sixth, in which he served. The name of Latour d'Anvergne shall be preserved on the roll call; and, in answer to his name, the corporal of the squad to which he was attached shall answer, 'Dead on the field of honor.'" This custom is still observed. A short time ago Gen. de Cissey took into his head to confer a similar honor upon a

Sergt. Garnier, who captured an Austrian standard at Solferino very gallantly. But *La France* says that the sergeant is not dead. Garnier, says the writer, fills a very modest post at St. Etienne; and, while the name of the hero is saluted in his regiment with "Dead on the field of honor," he painfully earns his bread in his native town.

HEARTH AND HOME.

NUISANCES.—The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when, by frivolous visitations, they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their bread; and like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honour of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an intolerable load of *causerie*, and he sallies forth to distribute it amongst all his acquaintance.

FLOWERS.—Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's pleasure, and, in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace. To the child and the girl, to the peasant and manufacturing operative, to the woman of the world and the nun, the lover and the monk, they are precious always.

TAKE COUNSEL WITH YOURSELF.—Young men cannot estimate too highly the advice of parents and friends. It affords them the benefit of experience, and is given from sincere solicitude for their welfare. It should be remembered, and weighed, and acted upon. But, after all, every man has his own individual existence; he has his own life to live, for which he alone is accountable. He should derive all the benefit he can from the counsel of those older and wiser than himself. Then he should sit down, and meditate by himself, and make up his own mind, as to the course which he wishes to pursue in the world. Having done this, he should enter upon the execution of his plans, with a determination to accomplish what he undertakes, without reference to the opinions of others. No man is of any real account in the world unless he is something in and of himself.

UNCONSCIOUS EGOTISM.—With what average person do you talk for fifteen minutes without having him make some reference to himself? "I did it," "I think so," "I should have done so and so." Expressions similar to this are continually falling from his lips. Probably no one who stops to think really believes himself so much wiser than his fellows as to be capable of arranging all their lives more wisely than they could do for themselves; but the temptation to give advice is perhaps the one folly from which it is hardest to escape. To each one of us himself is, of course, the central figure in the universe. That we should talk of this wonderful self is not very strange. The misfortune is that we are talking to other selves, each one just as important to himself, just as valuable in his own eyes. While we are telling our companion what we think, we believe, we do, he is impatiently waiting to bestow similar information on us. The recollection of this fact might give us a pause before we inflict on any patient listener too long a chronicle of our own hopes, and fears, and achievements.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE EYE.—The influence of the eye in the discipline of children has not been sufficiently noted, but anyone can convince himself of its power by experiment and observation. Not an angry look at all, but a steady one—an almost magnetic gaze—is the expression required. This gives the impression of superior will, of latent force held in reserve, which arrests the attention and ultimately ensures the submission of the most rebellious. The animals control their young by the eye and voice combined; no violence is used, no reasoning (that we are aware of) attempted, yet perfect obedience is exacted and rendered. A calf or lamb, a few days old, on being for the first time placed by its mother in a fence corner among the bushes, and left hidden there while she grazes, will soon leave its shelter and come out either to seek its mother or to play; but the watchful parent goes at once, without delay of an instant, and leads the little one back again, and yet again, until its learns to obey. Each time that she makes it lie down she stands looking intently at it awhile. Then presently, when it has remained quiet long enough, she, standing a short distance in the field, will call gently, and the little creature immediately leaps and runs to her side. A hen will separate two of her chicks who are fighting, and lowering her head look at the aggressor steadily until he is subdued and peaceable. It is also very interesting to watch a cat training her playful family, who give her but little trouble until they get their eyes open. Then all wish to come sprawling and tumbling out of their basket, and as their mother has hunting to do, she must train them to remain quiet during her frequent absences; and one morning spent in teaching her babes generally suffices for pass. Now, if we were wiser than the animals, what a nation we should become, every child being properly trained.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES

WOMEN think, like historians, that no age is so barbarous as the middle ages.

It is better to be laughed at for not being married, than to be unable to laugh because you are.

A hen-pecked husband declared that the longer he lived with his wife the more he was smitten by her.

WHY are some women very much like tea-kettles?—Because they sing away pleasantly, and then all at once boil over.

EVERY man makes himself useful in this world, if only by holding a sunshade over a young lady who is playing croquet.

SHE looked, dreamily contemplating her coil: "Carrie, how beautiful—how very beautiful is your hair? Where did you get it?"

"AMATEUR gentlemen," says an old lady, "isa pretty good description of a certain class of young men."

A MAN being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

IT was George D. Prentice who declined to discuss the question of woman suffrage because he had considered women, from the creation, as a side issue.

A fashionably-dressed young woman, putting fancy touches to the music, was heard singing, "Backward, pin backward, oh, skirts in your flight, make me look small again, just for tonight."

NOTHING sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul, as the respect and reverent love of woman-kind. A man who is always sneering at women is generally a course profligate, or a coarser bigot.

A DOCTOR recently gave the following prescription for a sick lady:—"A new bonnet, a Cashmere shawl, and a silk dress." The lady, it is needless to say adds our New York authority, entirely recovered.

CON.—In what respect does a spinster who, notwithstanding her frost-sprinkled hair, still looks out for a husband, resemble a young girl who adjusts my lady's toilet?—In being a waiting maid.

"MADAM," cynically observed a gentleman to a leader of fashion, "woman doesn't seem to be as much of a 'clinging vine' as she once was." "That's because of the extreme insecurity of the manly oak," returned the lady.

A LADY who had married an inveterate smoker was once asked if she had no prejudice against tobacco, to which she replied that she had undergone the smoking process so long that her prejudice had been perfectly "cured."

"OH, uncle," said a fond mother to her father's bachelor brother, "wouldn't you like to have a group of rosy children about your knees?"—"No, I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pockets," answered the unfeeling old miser.

The whirligig of fashion may bring round the most sudden and dazzling changes, and the duties of the toilet may multiply like leaves in Vallombrosa, but there is nothing that will make a woman stand before her looking-glass so long as a sunburnt nose.

"HENRY," she said, "you don't know what a soothing influence you have on me."—"My darling," he whispered, softly, while a glad light came into his eyes, "can it be so?"—"Yes," she said, "when you are here, I always feel inclined to sleep."

A YOUNG farmer who was "no orator as Brutus is," having set his affections upon a young lady, recently proposed marriage without any preliminaries. The young lady, equally frank, rejoined, "'Deed, Jamie, I'll tak' ye, but ye maun gie me my duns o' coortin' for a' that."

A returned Enoch Arden was tearing around and railing at a Christian community that would allow a woman to starve to death in the absence of her husband. The truth is he left her, in the days of hoop-skirts, looking like this O, and on his return found her pinned back and looking like this I. The impression that she had starved was natural.

A RICKERING pair of Quakers were lately heard in high controversy, the husband exclaiming, "I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!"—"But how wilt thou be able to get it?" said the taunting spouse, in that sort of iteration which married ladies so provocingly indulge in—"I will keep thee a week after thou art dead," was the Quaker's rejoinder.

THE very latest sensation at Saratoga is dubbed the "chicken step." The novelty of the movement is mainly indulged in by certain young ladies while passing along the corridors or through the parlours of the hotels, and consists of very many rapid evolutions or steps per minute, very similar to the duplex shuffle, the body elevated on toes, and inclined at an angle of forty-five. Like the Grecian bend, it must have its day.

I stumbled over a broken drum
That lay upon the floor,
I bruised my shins, and sprained my thumb
Severely—nothing more!

A tail-less horse from overhead
Came plump upon my crown!
An infant hand that horse had shied—
So, I could only—frown!

Three most alarming spots of ink
Upon my cherished fume;
I know the culprit well, I think—
So, I can only—fume!

I see two broken vases here—
Rare Dresdeners are they!—
Three panes of glass are cracked, I swear!
But then—our boy must play!

At last a horrid crash is heard
(Our dinner-set) above;
But Bella murmurs, "How absurd!
It's only baby, love!"

HANDEL.

Handel was a man of most extraordinary activity of mind, and an intense worker, and one of the most learned men who has ever lived. His opera of "Rinaldo" (the first opera, I believe, ever performed in England, and one which met with an extraordinary success) was so rapidly composed that Rossini, the Italian poet who wrote the words, declared in an advertisement to the reader that the composer was so swift in his work that to his (Rossi's) great astonishment it was entirely produced in a fortnight. The grand oratorio of "Samson" was composed within the space of thirty-five days. The sublime and magnificent "Messiah" appeared in manuscript entire within twenty-three days from the date the composer penned its first note. Handel seems to have been perpetually working. He had no sooner conceived an idea than it took shape, and with a little turning over in the brain appeared ultimately, and in a marvellously short space of time, he it said, either as some elaborate composition of consummate workmanship and skill, or as a less pretentious piece of music of score-harmony and beauty. His life seems to have known no idle moment. Half a mile or more, perhaps, from Whitechapel is a rude wooden shed standing in the main street or thoroughfare of the village of Edgeware. One day, as Handel was on his way to Cannon-street, he took shelter from a shower in an humble cottage which stands at the back of this shed. The cottage was the dwelling place of one Powell, who to his energetic and humble calling of blacksmith united the more exalted office of parish clerk of his grace of Chandos's chapel at Whitechapel. After the usual salutations had passed, between the chapel-master and his colleague, the blacksmith fell to work at his forge in the shed, and being like most blacksmiths, light of heart as well as strong of limb, he sang a song to himself while he wielded the hammer. Handel listened for a moment. By an extraordinary phenomenon, the hammer struck in tune, drew from the anvil two distinct harmonic sounds, which, being in accord with the melody Powell was singing made a sort of continuous bass. Handel fell a-thinking. His brain conceived an idea, and forthwith it began to take shape. The ring of the hammer on the anvil and the voice of the blacksmith should be made to form a piece for Handel's favorite instrument, the harpsichord. At once he drugged home, and in due time "The Harmonious Blacksmith" was given to the world, which after the lapse of a century and a half is still held to be one of the most charming and popular melodies ever composed by man. The shed where Powell sang at his work yet stands.

A GREAT EDITOR.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, is residing with his family at his beautiful island home on the Sound, near Glen Cove, Long Island, to which place he repairs every afternoon after his arduous editorial labors. The steamboat *Saragabaha*, via a Home Journalist reports, carries Mr. Dana to Glen Cove, where a spirited and swift pair of horses impatiently await the arrival of the boat to convey their master to his summer home. Mr. Dana "handles the ribbons" with as much dexterity, and seems to be at least an expert in this amusement as the high official in Washington whose name so often appears in the columns of the *Sun*. Anybody who is driving in the direction Mr. Dana is going must perforce ride in that gentleman's dust, so skilful a driver is the editor, and so full of merit are his sleek and handsome steeds. Each morning, on the return from Glen Cove to Peek Slip, while sailing smoothly down the Sound, Mr. Dana is comfortably seated in his private cabin on board the *Saragabaha*, evidently not anxious to invite public gaze or curiosity. When the boat makes its first landing in its course cityward, as its docks at Great Neck, the morning papers are brought on board the boat, and a copy of each sent to Mr. Dana's cabin. These he peruses, marking certain passages or articles which attract his attention, so that when he reaches the *Sun* office, he is ready to preside at the editorial council, which resembles, in some respects, a cabinet meeting at Washington. Mr. Dana is a man of tall and well-proportioned figure, with a fine, expressive eye, and a strong, intellectual face, partially covered with a full iron-gray beard and moustache. Studied physiognomically, its countenance, even in repose, shows force, determination, and courage. He makes no attempt to dress in style, nor even to don fine clothes. He wears a plain dark "business" suit, and a dark hat of the Derby shape, not because it is fashionable, but because it is comfortable to his head and becoming to his features. The *Sun* editor is in good health, does not seem overworked, and is apparently between fifty and fifty-five years of age.

SCIENTIFIC.

It is certainly the height of imprudence, in hot weather, to lay aside woollen under-clothing in favor of a cotton garment; and yet no error is more common than this. A thin flannel shirt, or, if a cotton shirt is worn, thin woollen under-clothing, would save many of the worst colds of the summer season—colds which are often more dangerous and more troublesome than those of any period of the year.





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 9TH SEPTEMBER, 1876.

THE FLOWERY PATH.

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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS :

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK IV.

AFTER THE STORM.

X.

ON THE BRINK.

Another month had passed. With the middle of April the balmy spring-time was at hand. The snow had disappeared from mountain and plain; the rivers flowed clear and abundant in their channels; the trees were faintly burgeoning, and the heavens palpitated with an atmosphere of genial warmth. The cattle, confined for so many months in the darkness of stalls, lay basking in the sunshine, or trooped to the southern slopes where the young grass was springing. The sheep skipped on the hill sides. The doors and windows of the farm-houses were thrown wide open for a vital freshening. The children played on the stoop. White steam rose from the cracks and fissures of the heated granaries. The barn-yard was vocal with awakening sounds. The dove-cots buzzed with wooings; the eaves grew populous with swallows, and the thatched roofs of the pens and stables were covered with poultry grubbing for the earliest worm.

It was the resurrection of nature, nowhere felt with such keen exhilarance as in arctic latitudes. From the far off mountains, the clouds of murky vapor that lifted and rolled away, leaving the purple summits towering up to receive the first kiss of the rosy dawn and the last embrace of the golden sunset, were emblems of the winter's gloom replaced by that spring-tide brightness which aroused new hopes and a revived interest in the souls of men. The crocus of the glen, the anemone of the prairie, the cress of the sheltered waters, the hum of the first insect, the twitter from the mossy nest, the murmur of forest streams, were all so many types of human rejuvenescence and animation.

There was besides a moral feature to the splendor of the season. The dreary Lenten time was over, with its vigils and fasts, its self-abasement and penitence. The dread Holy Week had gone, with its plaints and laments, its confession of sins and cries for mercy, its darkened windows and stripped altars, its quenched tapers and hushed bells, its fourteen stations of that *Via Crucis* which rehearses the ineffable history of the Man of Sorrows and the Lady of Pain. The glorious Easter morning was there. Bright vestments gleamed, a thousand lights flamed from the sanctuary, perfumed incense circled heavenward bearing the thanksgiving of opening hearts. From hillside to valley echoed the music of bells in very turret and steeple, even the bells of the churches and convents in the old beleaguered town, that had so often sounded the alarm of battle during the night, taking on a new voice to celebrate the "great day" which the Lord hath made. And even as the heavy stone was suddenly flung aside from the sepulchre under the shadow of Golgotha, giving freedom to the Master of the world, so the pall of winter was torn from the face of nature, and from the hearts of men was removed the burden which, during four long months, had made their torpor somewhat akin to that of the great beasts of the wilderness.

It was Easter Monday, a calmer day, but perhaps more enjoyable from the palpable assurance it afforded that the promises of its predecessor were really being fulfilled. The weather was magnificent, and the whole country resounded with the voices of men and women preparing for their work. Zulma Sarpy and Cary Singleton walked along on the bank of the St. Lawrence, directly in front of the mansion. They moved along slowly, frequently stopping to admire the scenery spread out before them, or to engage in earnest conversation. Cary had entirely recovered from his illness, appearing stouter and stronger than ever before. He was clothed in his uniform, a proof that he had resumed active military duty. Zulma was seemingly in her usual health, and as she stood with her grey felt Montepans hat and azure plume, and brilliant cashmere shawl tightly drawn across her shoulders, her beauty shone in its queenliest aspects. No fitter companion for a soldier could well be pictured. Cary evidently felt this, as his frequent glances of admiration testified, and there were moments when to the observer he would have appeared as making the most ardent declarations of love.

Such, however, was not the fact. The young people had not reached that limit. Well as they knew each other, often as they had met, exceptional as were the circumstances which had surrounded their intercourse, they had never gone beyond a certain point of mutual confidence. They had often hovered on the edge, but sudden or unforeseen incidents had intervened, and thrown them back instead of advancing their suits. Zulma was sure that Cary loved her, but she had never ascertained

that fact by any word of his. Cary could not doubt of Zulma's love for him, as her deeds and writings had eloquently shown, but she had never given him the opportunity, or he fancied he had never had the opportunity, of obtaining a decisive answer from her lips. On this day, their conversation was earnest and active, but inconsequent. It is often thus in that game of love which is conducted not in concentric circles, but in eccentric orbits.

To Cary the situation was becoming pressing, and he told Zulma as much in words which deeply impressed her. He foresaw that the end was approaching, that, with the return of the open weather, military operations must take a decided turn, one way or the other. He was sagacious enough to foresee that there could hardly be other than one fatal result—the retreat of the Americans. Arnold had been superseded. Wooster, an aged officer, who had commanded during the winter at Montreal, doing a great deal of harm to the American cause by his inefficiency, and his religious intolerance towards the French-Canadians, had assumed the control. From him little or nothing was expected with the present army. Reinforcements, although often promised and ostentatiously announced to the garrison through deserters and prisoners, were altogether out of the question, while it was known that, now the St. Lawrence was clear of ice, a fleet of British vessels might soon be expected for the relief of Quebec. In a fortnight at furthest, Cary foresaw that a crisis must come. All this he confided to Zulma, knowing well that he was violating no duty in entrusting her with the information. The girl was astounded at the intelligence. It broke all her dreams. Her confidence in the success of the Continental arms had been unlimited. Notwithstanding their terrible reverses she never allowed herself for one moment to doubt that the champions of liberty would capture the last stronghold of British tyranny, and restore the old reign of French dominion in America. She even tried to argue her companion into a reversal of his judgment, but failing in this, her instinct brought her face to face with the further personal result to which Cary had altogether eluded.

The retreat of the Americans then took a more serious aspect. It implied mutual separation. It came to this—that, after six months of the closest intercourse, hallowed and purified by a series of the most cruel vicissitudes, Cary should be sent flying back to whence he came, while she would be driven again to the solitude of Pointe-aux-Trembles. Could this be? Should Cary be thus left to his fate? Would she be able to endure this sudden and enforced loneliness?

Singleton was outspoken and diffuse in his expressions of regret. He repeated over and over again that his failure as a soldier wounded his pride and disappointed his hopes, but that his separation from Zulma would break his heart. Had he foreseen this, he should have sought death at the Intendant's Palace or at Sault-au-Matlot. Death in the house of M. Belmont would have been a relief and a benediction.

It was in vain that Zulma attempted to comfort him. Her heart was not in it, and she could, therefore, not go beyond the range of commonplaces. Finally a deep silence fell upon both. They doubtless felt that they ought to go one step further and face a dread corollary. But they did not. Perhaps they durst not. Why not? Time will tell.

The conference ended in these words: "I must return to camp, mademoiselle. Let us postpone this subject. I have more to say, but require to collect myself."

"I too have more to say, Captain."

Cary almost started on hearing these words, the tone of which struck him as singular. He looked at her, and found that her face was ashy pale. Her eyes were gazing far away across the St. Lawrence. He fancied—was it only a fancy?—that she was a little piqued.

"Shall we walk back to the mansion?" he asked almost timidly.

"If you please," was the quiet reply.

They advanced slowly across the open field, and up the avenue of trees, speaking little, and that little only on such objects as caught their eye on the way. Unconsciously they were fighting shy of each other. When they reached the green-sward in front of the mansion, they paused and suddenly Zulma broke out into a hearty laugh.

"We are both children, sir" said she. "I thought you a great soldier and I find you a child. I thought myself a strong-minded woman and I too am a child."

And she burst out laughing again. Cary was puzzled, but could not repress a smile. He did not ask her meaning and smiled only because he saw that her old serenity had returned.

Just then the setting sun poured through the intervening trees, flooding the green with glory, and lifting the twain as it were in a kind of transfiguration. They were idealized—he ap-

pearing like a knight of legendary days, and she a queen of the fairy land. Both were beautiful and both were happy once more.

Zulma knocked at the door, and the maid who answered the summons handed her a letter. She opened it hurriedly, glanced over the page, and throwing out her arms, uttered a moan of terror, while her eyes were fixed wildly on the young officer.

"What is it, mademoiselle? What is it?"
"Pauline is dying!"

XI.

IN THE VALE OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Cary's presentiment had come true. After his departure, Pauline struggled against her fate for eight or ten days, but had finally to succumb. One evening as she sat alone in her chamber, the forces of nature suddenly gave away, she fell heavily to the floor in a swoon, and was carried to her bed in the arms of her father. The physician treated her at first as for a case of mere physical debility, resultant on her long watches during the eight weeks of Singleton's illness, and the extreme anxiety she had experienced for the safety of her friend. But when the malady remained obstinate to his prescriptions, and other insidious symptoms set in, pointing to a gradual decay of the vital energies, he divined that the ill was a mental one which would baffle his art unless he could ascertain its cause from the patient herself. Her confession of it would be half the cure. But he did not succeed in extracting this confession. Pauline did not know what ailed her. Beyond a great prostration she did not know that she was sick. She was unconscious of any cause for her present condition. This was her language, but of course the experienced old doctor did not believe a word of it. At the same time, however, he was aware that it was quite useless to press his interrogatory further, his knowledge of women being that there is no measuring the length, breadth and depth of woman's secretiveness. He therefore consulted M. Belmont. From him he learned that an observable change for the worse in Pauline's manner was coincident with the young American officer's departure from his house, and even dated back from the latter days of his convalescence when his departure was understood to be only a question of time. But beyond this M. Belmont's perspicacity did not go. He averred that he had not noticed any particular attachment between his daughter and her patient. She was nearly always at his bedside, but this was no more than could be expected from a tender-hearted nurse towards a poor fellow who had fallen among enemies, and whose life depended upon unremitting care. The young man had throughout acted like a perfect gentleman, was cautious, delicate, reserved, and quite above taking advantage of his position to toy with the feelings of Pauline. Furthermore, the girl had long been devoted to Major Hardinge, and the Major was devoted to her. Indeed, their relations might be said to be of the tenderest character. Finally, this American officer, unless he was much mistaken, had contracted a strong affection for the daughter of Sieur Sarpy, an affection which was reciprocated, and he had every reason to believe that Pauline was well acquainted with that circumstance.

"Stop there," said the old doctor, taking a pinch of snuff and smiling slyly. "There is perhaps a clue. Your daughter may have fallen in love with this young rebel—girls cannot help such things, you know—and the knowledge that his heart is turned to another may be precisely the thing that has preyed upon her mind, bringing her to her present pass."

"But she and Zulma Sarpy are intimate friends."

"So much the worse. Her feelings would be the more acute and the struggle against herself all the keener on that account."

"But Major Hardinge?"

"La, la, la! your Major. She may have loved him till she saw the other man, and then, *va fait*—From a Major to a Captain, from a loyalist to a rebel is rather a descent, *eh, mon ami!* But what will you have? These things cannot be controlled. They happen everyday. Do you know that she is plighted in any way to this Major?"

"She is not."

"How do you know?"

"She told me so."

"Under what circumstances? Excuse this freedom, my friend, but with the confessions of women everything depends upon circumstances. If it is under persuasion, a woman may tell you the truth, for their hearts are good after all. But if it is under compulsion, or threat, or by strategy, they are a match in fencing with the best of us."

"It was under a sense of duty, and only a few weeks ago. I was annoyed at Hardinge's manner to me and even to her after the death of that servant of his who was killed, you remember. I told Pauline I would resent that conduct if it were repeated, and on the same occasion I asked her whether she had engaged herself to him in any shape or form. Her answer was a simple, straight-forward negative, and the child is incapable of an untruth."

"This is very well. It removes one difficulty. Her mind does not suffer from any broken pledge towards the Major."

"But her love for him must remain."

"Not heaven or earth can dominate a woman's love. It is strong as death, immense as the sea, deep as the abyss, yet a glance of the eye, a wave

of the hand, a smile, a toss of the head may change it for ever. Listen, Belmont. Your daughter loves the American officer. She grieves for Hardinge, she grieves for Zulma Sarpy. The diagnosis is complete. She is wasting away in a silent, hidden combat between herself and her friends. And I fear the worse."

"You do not mean that Pauline is in danger?"

"It is the duty of friendship to be candid with you. If there is not a complete change, within ten days your daughter will be dead."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the poor father, his wail of horror sounding through the house and frightening Pauline from her trance. She screamed in her turn. M. Belmont leaped to his feet and was about to rush to her room, when the doctor restrained him.

"Do not present yourself in that condition. It might kill her. I will go and pacify her."

He did so. After a few minutes, he informed M. Belmont that he was positive of the correctness of his conjecture, and advised an immediate change of scene for the girl.

"A change of scene? Are you dreaming, doctor? We are penned up like sheep in this unfortunate town. I am under a ban. I can expect no favors. The whole country is deserted or overrun with soldiery. And I must accompany her. Nothing on this earth could separate me from my child. I have lived for her. I will die with her. But oh, doctor, she will not die. Tell me she *shall* not die."

"Then she must leave Quebec."

"But, doctor!"

"It must be done. It is a case of life and death."

A painful silence ensued. M. Belmont bowed his head in his hands and moaned. "What shall I do? Who will help me? Who will intercede for me?"

At this juncture, who should make his appearance but Captain Bouchette? His presence was a revelation.

As soon as he saw him, M. Belmont became calm, and in a few words unfolded his difficulty to him.

"Rest easy, my friend," said Bouchette in his hearty way. "There can be no possible obstacle. I will go and see the Governor at once, and he will not refuse. It is a matter of mercy. General Carleton is the most soft-hearted of men."

Within an hour, Bouchette returned with the necessary permits duly signed and sealed. M. Belmont and his daughter were allowed to leave the town, the reason of their departure being fully stated, and a recommendation was added to the good offices of both friends and foes.

When Pauline was apprised of this measure, she rallied a little and smiled her contentment, but soon after fell into her habitual lassitude. The doctor, who was there to watch the effect, was not overpleased. He had expected a more marked result, and he almost feared that the relief had come too late. He therefore prescribed that the change should be postponed for a few days, until he had applied some stimulants and restoratives to the debilitated frame. It was during this critical interval that Zulma received a letter from her brother Eugene repeating the current rumor that Pauline was actually dying. He added, however, that a supreme effort would be made to transport her out of the town.

XII.

IN THE FIERY FURNACE.

On the third day after these occurrences, Pauline had rallied to the extent of being able to rise from her bed and sit in an easy chair. She signified to her father and the family physician that she felt sufficient strength to undertake the journey on the following morning. But she set a condition. She must see Roderick Hardinge at once. The young officer had all along been most faithful in his attention, calling morning and evening to visit her, but within the preceding ten or twelve days, neither he nor any other stranger had been admitted to her room. When Pauline stated her request, the doctor shook his head. M. Belmont, however, promptly interfered with his permission.

"You shall see him, my dear. I will send for him immediately."

Hardinge was on duty at the ramparts, but he obtained a respite without delay, and hurried on his errand. Why did his heart throb as he hastened along the streets? Why did his hand tremble as he raised the knocker at the well known door. Roderick's instincts were true as are ever those of single-minded men. A shadow had been on him for weeks, and he knew that it was now thickening into darkness. Spite of himself, a presentiment possessed his soul that whereas his military prospect was brightening, his career advancing, and the success of his cause was being every day more assured, his personal fate was waning and the dearest hopes of his heart were verging to the gulf of disappointment. He could not formulate in words what the matter was. Pauline was exteriorly always the same to him, and yet there was a change. Had her love cooled? Had it diverted? Had he done anything to bring about any alteration? Had his political sentiments in any way affected his conduct towards her? Had he taken sufficiently into account the anomalous position in which she was placed by her father's stand during the war? Or were the causes deeper than all this? And his mind reverted to Cary, to Zulma, to a hundred little incidents of the past eventful weeks which his excitement magnified into possible determining causes of the boding change.

This and much more had passed through his mind before reaching M. Belmont's house. But as he mounted the stair leading to the presence of Pauline, a great hope rose above all, and when he reached her room, he was in much the same state of feeling as on ordinary visits. Blessed intervention of Providence which gives one last moment of bliss before the descending stroke of destiny.

"There is no need to dwell upon this painful interview. The dissection of the heart serves no useful purpose when there is no gleam of consolation to come from it. Pauline was quite strong to go through the ordeal. She was tender, too, and natural indeed her own self throughout. After speaking of many things relating to former days, omitting nothing that she thought Roderick would like to have recalled, she came at length to the object of the interview.

"Do you know, Roddy, why I called for you?"

He replied that he had heard of her contemplated departure and that, while he deeply regretted the cause, he could only rejoice at any step undertaken for the recovery of a health which was dearer to him than his own.

Pauline's heart failed her as she heard those words. They pierced like a dagger. Her head became dizzy and she had to fall back in her chair for relief. When she recovered, she held out her hand, murmuring:

"Yes, Roddy, I have called upon you to say farewell. I am going, and we shall never see each other again."

"Pauline?"

"I am going away to die. I should have liked to close my eyes in the old house, but for my father's sake, I am willing to depart and make a show for my life. It is useless, however. I will die."

"Dear Pauline, do not speak so. Your case is by no means hopeless. A change of air and some will revive you. We shall both see better days again."

"You may, Roddy, and that shall be my dying prayer, but not I. Alas! not I."

Still holding her white thin hand in both his, Hardinge threw himself at her feet, weeping and beseeching that she would recall these words of doom.

Pauline sat upright in her seat and, in a strangely quivering voice, exclaimed:

"Rise, Roderick Hardinge. Do not kneel to me. It is I I should be prostrate before you. I called you to say farewell, but there is more. I could not have without asking your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness, Pauline? What wildness is this?"

"Yes, your forgiveness. I have been false to you."

And here the poor girl utterly broke down. She averted her face in her chair and burst into a paroxysm of tears.

Roderick rose to the door. He was in a whirl. Had he heard aright, or was he raving? He was at length brought to his senses by a soft voice requesting him to be seated and hear all.

"I could not help it, Roddy. It was all unmeaning to you. Had I known what I know now, it would not have happened. It was not I who brought the circumstances about. It was all meant for the best by you and me. But the fatality came. It was a terrible revelation to me. That is the blow that has blasted my health and life. But the fault is mine all the same. Your conduct was noble throughout and you did not deserve it. I repeat that the fault is all my own. I am willing to expiate it. I am content to die. My death will end everything. Farewell, Roddy. One parting kiss and your forgiveness."

Strange that through this speech, sounding like the music of a broken harp, Roderick remained perfectly cool and collected. With acute perception he understood everything now. The black cloud was rent and light poured down upon him. It was a light from heaven for it warmed his soul to heroism.

"Pauline," he said in gentle accents, "the spirit is just and I can speak to you, as of old. My words shall be few, because I see that this effort has spent you. You have done an injustice to yourself and me. My forgiveness, dearest? You have none to ask. You have done me no wrong. I had no right over you. We have known each for long years and have loved each other."

"Ah! Roddy, ah! how well!" sweet and low, as waters murmuring over pebbles.

"Yes, how well, Pauline. But love is not our own. It is disposed of by a higher will. We had hoped that it might end in something else—at least such was my hope."

"And mine, Roddy."

"But if this may not be, we must bow to the almighty power. Man is not the arbiter of his destiny. False to me, Pauline! No truer heart ever breathed the air of heaven. You could not be false to any one. Oh! dearest, withdraw all these bitter words. Remember me, remember your old friend. May, the blessing of God attend you. Go forth into a broader atmosphere, and amid brighter scenes to recover your health and that beauty which I have adored. Farewell, Pauline, farewell."

She heard him not. The poor shattered spirit, overcome by exhaustion, had drifted away into a merciful oblivion. He kissed her on the forehead and glided out of the room. At the door, he met M. Belmont, whose hand he silently clasped. Then he stepped out into the world, a new man, purified as if by fire.

(To be continued.)

AMARANTH.

I ask not the fame of the great and the brave,
Nor an epitaph graven in stone;
I care not what spot may be mine for a grave
When the spirit within me has flown.

It may be some place set apart for the dead,
With an underground nation asleep;
Where mourners may sadly stand over my head,
And linger a moment to weep.

Or it may be afar on the hot scorching plain,
Where the culture sweeps by like a cloud;
That the spirit shall rise and shake off the dull pain,
While the sands fold me round for a shroud.

Or beneath the dark wave this weak body may lie,
With the coral reef arching above;
With no one to breathe a fond pitying sigh,
Or weep for the one that they love.

I know not, I care not what grave may be mine,
If the spirit within this frail form
Has but uttered some thought that the angels divine
Have rescued from life's dashing storm.

So that I, when the trumpet shall waken the spheres,
And each spirit re-echoes its tone,
Shall see through the half-blinding mist of my tears,
My thought as a gem in His Throne.

BARRY DANE.

Montreal, August 1876.

COURTING.

The thoughts of the young says the *Liberal Review*, naturally revert, more or less, to love, courtship, and matrimony. By the unsophisticated it is thought that love leads to courtship, and courtship to matrimony. It is to be feared, however, that if there are no marriages which have not been preceded by courtship, there are many courtships which have not been led up to by love. No doubt, the majority of marriages are brought about by affection of a certain sort; indeed, it would be ridiculous to suppose that persons willingly tie themselves for life to others for whom they have but little regard. The man who married a woman whom he disliked, and the woman who united herself with a man whom she regarded with aversion, would very properly be held to be bereft of their senses, notwithstanding that they benefited themselves in a social point of view. But if most people do not positively dislike those whom they marry, many are strangers to the grand passion about which poets have sung and some novelists have well-nigh gone crazy. Liking is not loving, and while a vast number of those who marry really like each other there is reason to believe that but a comparatively few actually love. They may all persuade themselves that they do the latter thing, and may remain the victims of their delusions until after their unions have been consummated. But they are compelled to abandon their fool's paradise sooner or later, and the misfortune is that they often only find out the true state of their hearts when it is too late for them to do anything but bear with becoming meekness the yoke which they have imposed upon themselves. Nothing is easier than for a man to persuade himself that he is in love when he is nothing of the kind; once out of twice when a man so persuades himself, he is in love with a creation of own fancy and not with the woman whom he thinks has captured him. Every man has his ideal woman, and it is not difficult for a man who has an impressionable and romantic nature when he meets a woman who is pleasant to his senses to imagine that she possesses all the admirable qualities of his ideal. In too many cases he is bound to be undeceived sooner or later, but the course of deception is a gradual and often lengthy one. Indeed, it frequently runs on longer than his wooing or his courting. This, perhaps, is not surprising, seeing that but small opportunity is given to him until after the nuptial knot has been firmly tied of proving whether or not he has made a mistake. Neither public opinion nor the law allows that he has any right to make a mistake. This is continually being demonstrated. If a man engages to marry a woman, and then, discovering that he has misread his own heart and formed a wrong estimate of her character, deserts her in preference to running the risk of making her and himself miserable for life, he is branded as a cold scoundrel, and the chances are that an action for breach of promise of marriage is brought against him, with the result that he has to pay heavy damages and a formidable bill of costs. It is seldom, however, that he positively runs away from his word, for an ordinary courtship is not likely to correct any of the errors into which he may have fallen.

Follow the course of an ordinary young man's wooing and courting, and one cannot be blind to the great extent to which he is dependent upon chance for happiness or misery. He meets his sweetheart, perhaps, in the first instance, at a picnic, at a ball, or at some other popular rendez-vous, and is attracted by the brightness of her eyes, the merriness of her laugh, the gleam of her teeth, the ripple of her hair, the tones of her voice, or the flutter of her dress. Thereupon he sets to work to idealise her generally, and does so with such success that he imagines that the conquest of her heart will be a magnificent and soul-elevating triumph, and so the probability is that she is led to make the same mistake in reference to him that he makes in regard to her. She meets him half way. Amiable to the last degree, she bewitches him still further by her smiles and gay sallies; and he may be excused if he thinks that she is so near perfection that it is impossible for her to display irritation or ill-feeling except at the expense of those whom she shows a disposition to regard as rivals, which little indication of the presence of evils in her composition pleases him rather than not. By-and-by he asks her to be his wife, and experiences

a quiver of delight when she shyly answers yes, and he presses a kiss upon her lips. From the time this event takes place until the day upon which he meets her at the altar, the pair spend a large portion of their time in paying homage to each other, and flattery being extremely pleasant, this is very gratifying to both. They are not permitted to meet at a disadvantage. She never appears before him in *deshabille*. When he visits her at the parental home she receives him in a neat costume, and with a face of smiles, and with sweet words; notwithstanding that she may just have been having an angry altercation with her sister, who is not "engaged," and is inclined to be jealous of those who are. Then, though he may be a sloven and a bad-tempered being in a general way, when he goes forth to pay his court to her he does so looking his best and determined to appear amiable, however unamiable he may feel. The pair see each other under the circumstances indicated once or twice a-week and are shortly supposed to know and thoroughly understand each other! They marry, and then comes the honeymoon. This is supposed to be the most delicious period of life. But alas! it is pregnant with awful revelations to many unfortunate men and women. In the few weeks which succeed marriage often a great deal more is learned than is admitted by the recipients of the lessons. But the effect of the lessons is tremendous and permanent. The man and woman find that they have been mistaken in each other. They have been the victims of imposture—unconscious imposture, perhaps, but imposture, all the same; and as the miserable truth dawns upon them they feel very bitter. It may be discovered that their natures are of a kind which utterly decline to harmonise. It would be painful to sketch the career of such a couple. They feel their mistake as much as any one does, especially as it is a mistake which they cannot own. Perhaps they see that it might have been avoided, and perhaps they are led to condemn the laws of society, under which people who know nothing of each other, are daily married by the score. Whatever they do, however, matters will probably remain as they are. Those who draw back before it is too late, and are, in consequence, branded as scoundrels and otherwise punished, may derive what comfort they can from contemplating the wreckage with which the matrimonial sea is covered.

OUR PICTURES.

The cartoon this week refers to the agitation in British Columbia relative to the building of the Pacific Railway, and the strict adherence to the Carnation terms. The details are well known and will be found fully referred to in our editorial article on the subject. Our double page is devoted to a beautiful steel engraving entitled the *Flowery Path*, which depicts a village wedding and one of the village girls strewing the way of the married pair with flowers. May these flowers ever blow with never a thorn. But alas! who will promise it? The picture of Agricultural Hall, at the Centennial Exhibition will give a good idea of the grandeur and magnificence of that spectacle. We give also a sketch of the Montreal Firemen's picnic and games, the chief feature of which was the Lacrosse Match with a team of the Police Force. Some of the games are represented and a view is also given of the prizes presented to the winners by some of the insurance companies. Another engraving is that of Princess Nathalie, wife of Prince Milan, ruler of Servia, nursing her wounded soldiers in the hospitals of Belgrade.

THE NAMES OF STATES.

A propos of the centenary of the United States an exchange gives the origin of the names borne by the several States of the Union. The State of Maine derived its name from the Province of Maine in France; and was so called in remembrance of the wife of Charles I., Queen Henrietta-Maria, who possessed the matrimonial rights of that province. New Hampshire was called after the county of Hampshire in England. Vermont comes from the French words "vert" and "mont." Massachusetts signifies in the Indian tongue "the land of high hills." Rhode Island was so called because of its resemblance to Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. Connecticut means "long river." New York was so named in honor of the Duke of York, to whom Charles II. conceded the proprietorship of the State. New Jersey derived its appellation from Sir George Carter, who, previously to his residence there, had been Governor of Jersey in the Channel Islands. Pennsylvania was called after William Penn, with the termination added of "sylvania." Delaware was so named by Lord De la Ware. Maryland received its designation in remembrance of the wife of Charles I., Queen Henrietta-Maria. Virginia, it is well known, took its name from Queen Elizabeth. Carolina was so called in honor of Charles I.; Georgia in honor of George II. Florida signifies the "fete of flowers." Louisiana was so designated in honor of Louis XIV. Mississippi is derived from a word which signifies, in one of the Indian dialects, "the fathers of waters." Arkansas is derived from the Indian word "kansas," muddy water, and the French "arc." Tennessee is also of Indian origin, and implies "the circuitous river." Ohio means "the beautiful river." Michigan signifies "fishing net." Indiana means the country of the Indians. Illinois comes from the Indian "illini" (men) and "ois" (tribes). Wisconsin is derived from words of the same language signifying "an impetuous tor-

rent." Missouri means "a muddy river;" Iowa, "sleeping waters;" and Minnesota, "dark waters."

Is it possible, Madame Albani? said the family physician, your children after their trip to the country, are still ailing, peevish, and looking so delicate; depend upon it, there is a cause, and that is "Worms!" Send for a box of Devins' Pastilles, the simplest, the safest and best of remedies, and your children will soon thrive and look healthy.

LITERARY.

Edward William Lane, the translator of the "Arabian Nights," is dead.

Martin Farquhar Tupper, the Provincial Philosopher is expected in Brooklyn, the guest of James Miller, the publisher. He will be accompanied by his daughter.

Mr. William Black, the brilliant English novelist is in this country on a visit of two months. He is now at Saratoga and will visit Niagara and Boston before returning to New York.

Mr. B. L. FARJEON, the English author, is spending his summer holiday with Joseph Jefferson, in Scotland. There is a probability that the author of "Griff," "Bride of Grass," etc., may visit America in the autumn. So he writes to a friend in New York. Farjeon is now engaged on his Christmas story.

A LIFE OF EDGAR A. POE, by Eugene L. Didier, is in press and will be issued next month by W. J. Widdellon. It is an authentic account of the life and career of Poe, embracing details of his early years never before published, and making a complete history of the poet from his birth in Boston in 1809 to his death in Baltimore in 1849.

"THE True History of *Punch*," which has for some time been appearing from the pen of Joseph Hutton in the *London Society*, is to be concluded next month, and to be republished in the winter or early next year with considerable additions. It is interesting in the history of journalism to know that *Punch* was sold to Messrs. Bradbury & Evans for \$150,000, and that it owed its publishers \$25,000 before it paid sixpence.

IS the second *annuaire* of the Irish College in Rome, "Father Prout" (Rev. J. Mahoney) among the melodious "Belles of Shandon." During the winter of a sultry summer noon he perched on the wall beside his bed the original poem. Unpopular as this worldly, though genial, priest afterward became to the heads of the college, the students have never allowed the new diu penning to be covered over or erased, notwithstanding the apartment has been papered many times since the writing.

THE French National Assembly has just come into possession of some very curious documents. Owing to a legacy made to it, it has just received the voluminous correspondence of Napoleon III. with his sister, Marie-Cornu. The communications commence with the *Feuilleton*, at the moment when Prince Louis was ten years old, and the last letter was written by the Emperor two months before his death. By the will of Marie-Cornu those papers are not to be published before 1884, consequently they are immediately placed under seal. The restatrix has indicated as editor of that publication M. Rouan, or, in default of him, M. Duruy.

APART from the million and a half of volumes in Paris, there are no less than four and a half millions in the different libraries in other parts of France. The principal libraries in the provinces are: Bordeaux, 24,000 volumes; Rouen, 12,000; Troyes and Aix, 10,000 each; Besancon and Metz, 8,000 each; Grenoble, 7,000; Versailles, 6,000; Toulouse, 6,000; Le Mans, 5,000; Orleans, 4,000; Lille, 3,500; and Le Havre, 2,000. There are 215 towns of France in possession of a library, containing from ten to twenty thousand volumes and more than twice as many with libraries of three, four, and five thousand volumes. New libraries are being formed all over the country. The Vienna library possesses 500,000 volumes; that of Prague, 450,000; that of Brussels, 300,000; and the Royal Library at Copenhagen, 200,000 volumes. The Escurial library, founded by Charles V., contains in addition to 85,000 volumes, a valuable manuscript called the Golden Book, written upon vellum in letters of gold, and said to be seven hundred years old. This library also possesses 3,000 Arabic manuscripts, and, according to general belief a copy of every book printed by order of the Inquisition. Rome has sixteen libraries, of which that of the Vatican is the most valuable, though by no means the largest, having only 40,000 volumes, as against 90,000 volumes and 3,000 manuscripts in the Angelina Library. Of the other Italian cities, Turin has a library of 450,000 volumes, Naples of 350,000, and Milan of 15,000 volumes and 15,000 manuscripts. The library of St. Mark at Venice contains 125,000 volumes and 10,000 manuscripts, and the two Genoa libraries have 100,000 volumes between them. The Imperial Library at St. Petersburg has a total of 400,000 volumes, and the Lisbon Library only 20,000 volumes.

ARTISTIC.

A statue of Thorbecke, the statesman and patriot to whom Holland chiefly owes her reconstruction in 1830, has been unveiled at Amsterdam.

A confessional of Italian workmanship of the sixteenth century and a forged iron pulpit of the same date, have been added to the Cluny Museum.

On September 2, the monument which Germany has erected in honor of Karl Wilhelm, the composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein," was unveiled at Sembrubben.

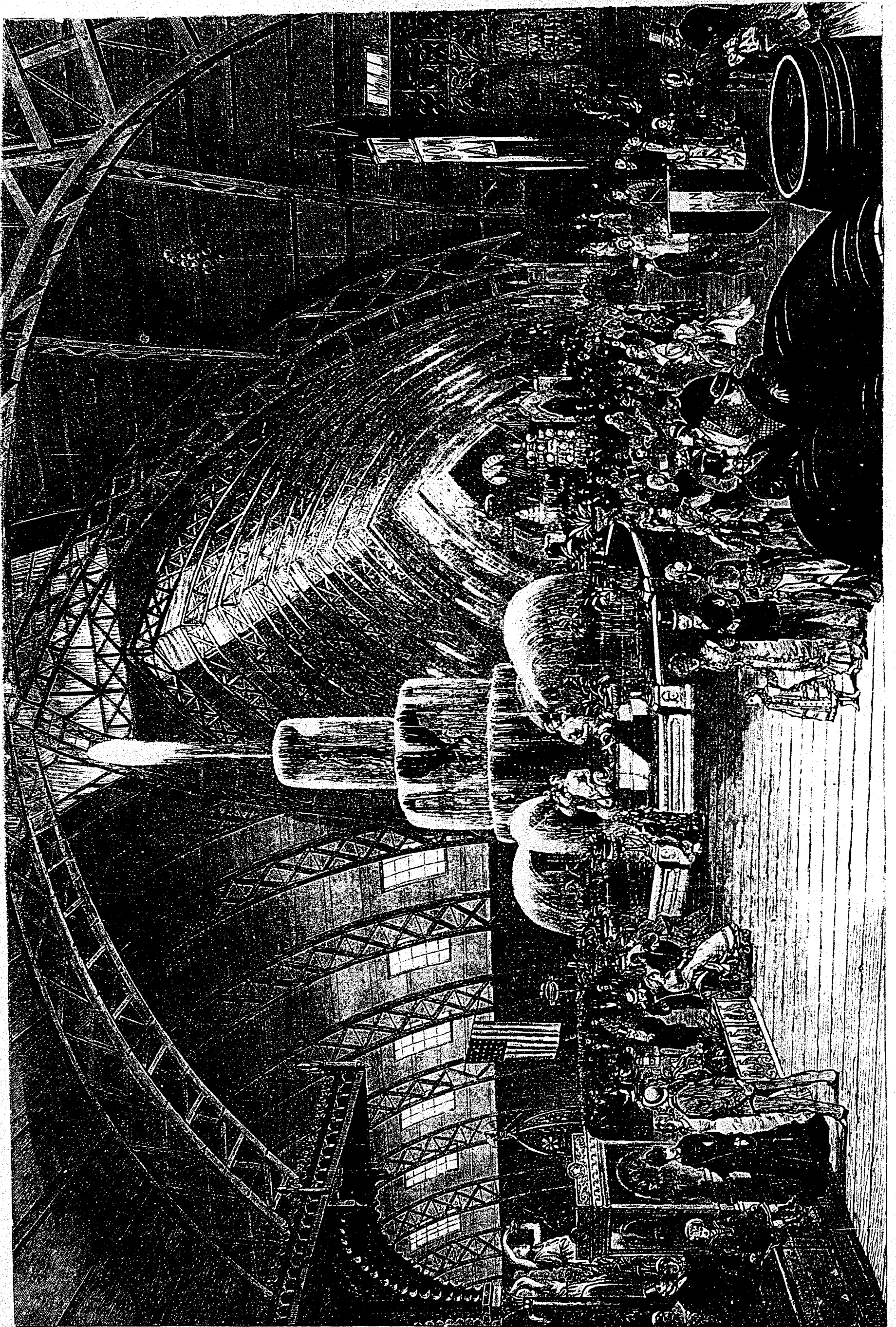
A large and fine piece of Roman mosaic, of elaborate design and in good preservation, has been found at Lyon. It is supposed to have formed the pavement of a room.

THE death is announced in Rome of the Italian painter Professor G. Battista Canevari, at the age of eighty-seven. He was a member of the Academies of St. Luca and Raffaele, and fought in his youth under Napoleon I.

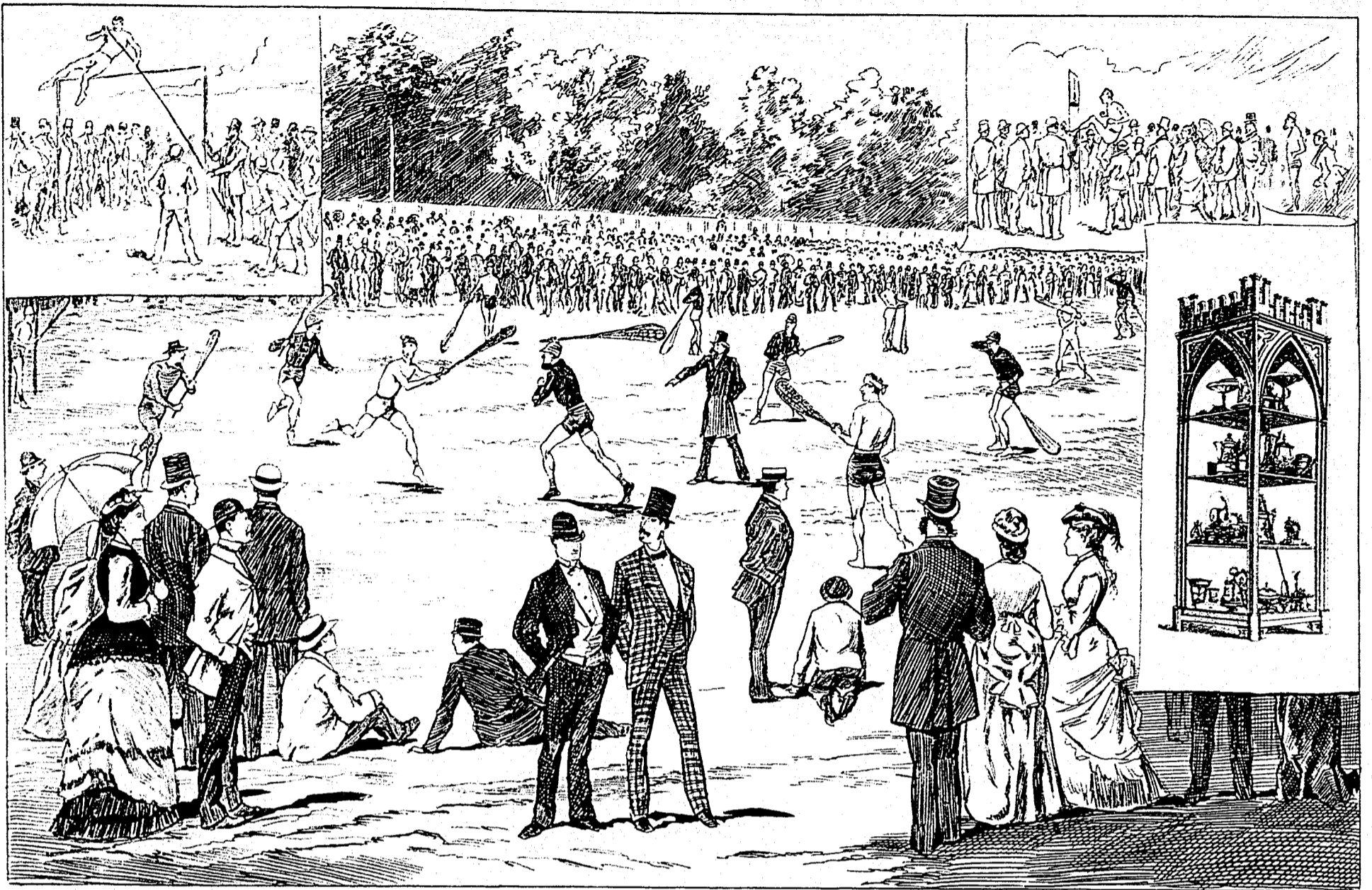
THE statue of the Prince Consort, the work of the late Mr. Foley, has arrived in Cambridge, England. It is of white marble, and represents the Prince in his robes as Chancellor of the University.

A monument to Pellegrino Rossi, the celebrated publicist, who was assassinated in 1848, will be unveiled at Carrara on the 3rd of September. Many distinguished persons will be invited to the ceremony, including representatives of the Universities of Paris and Geneva.

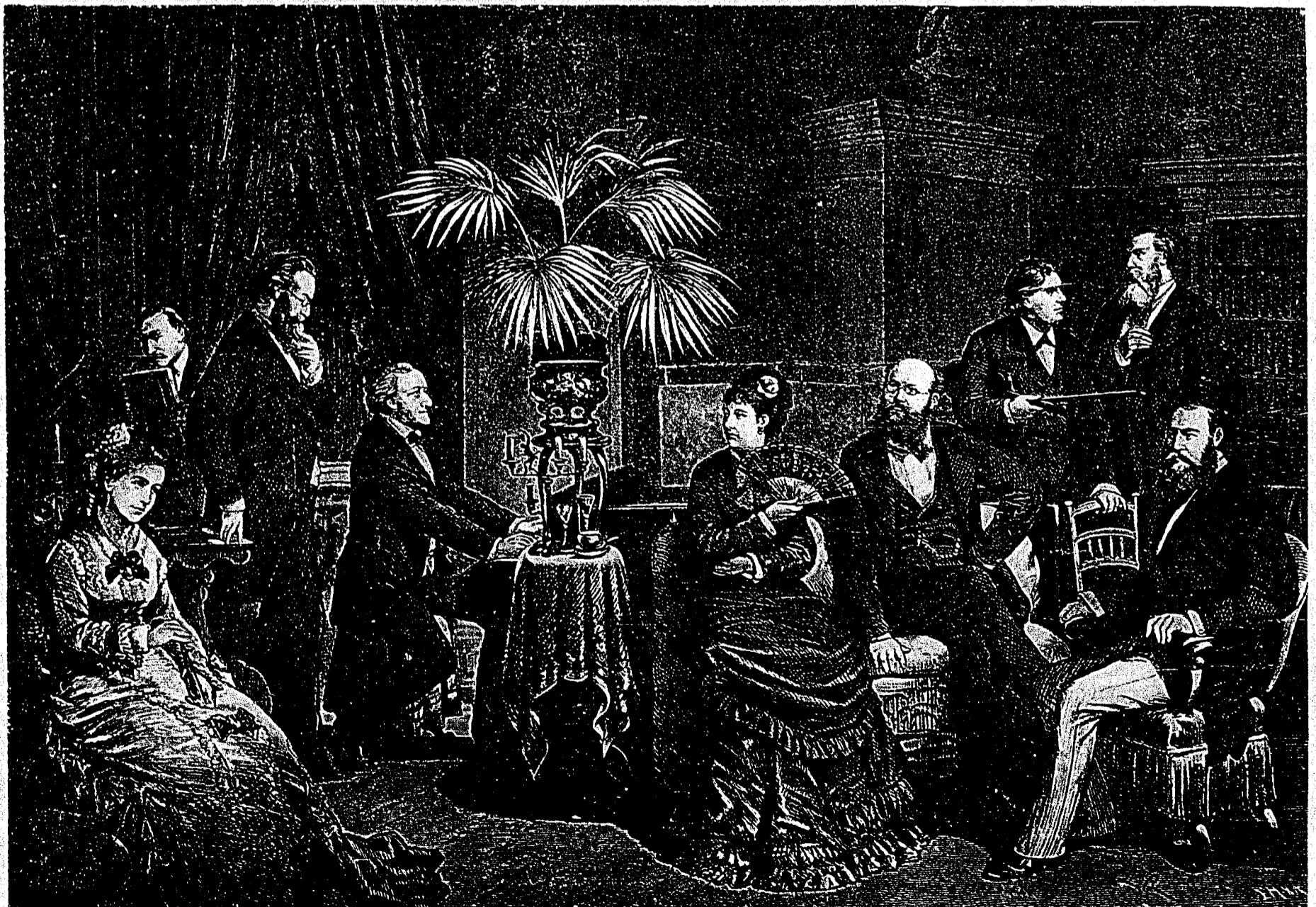
At the Westminster Aquarium is the original plate of the bank note of George Cruikshank which is said to have put a stop to hanging for passing forged notes. He saw two women executed for that offence, and he made a promissory note, signed "J. Ketch," with ghostly necessities of fetters, hammers and gibbets, and Britannia with skulls and crossbones for a border. Such a crowd surrounded the shop where copies were sold that the Lord Mayor ordered the street to be cleared.



THE CENTENNIAL:--INTERIOR OF AGRICULTURAL HALL.



MONTREAL:—THE FIREMEN'S PICNIC AND GAMES ON THE LACROSSE GROUNDS, 26TH AUGUST.



Lilli Lehmann. Rubenstein. H. Richter. R. Wagner. Frau Materna. Betz. Wilhelmi. Nemann. Braudt. (Machinist.)

AN EVENING WITH RICHARD WAGNER.

DOWN BY A RILL.

Down by a rill—a murmuring rill, I walk with a lady fair; In the evening; when the clouds are still, I gaze on her glossy hair, And I watch the fading sunlight dwell On her peerless face I love so well.

THE FRENCH CROWN DIAMONDS.

Upon a day towards the close of April, 1871, said my friend, who is a very well informed person, there came a delegation from the Commune to the Bank of France. It was introduced to the Marquis de Pleuc, Vice-Governor of that financial institution, by Citizen Jourde, and the object of the delegates' visit was to demand that the diamonds of the French Crown should be forthwith delivered up to them for safe keeping.

Accordingly upon the following morning, before the day was even aired, Citizen Jourde, attended this time by M. de Beslay, appeared again in the Vice-Governor's parlour, and they then exhibited a document which seemed to prove to demonstration that the Bank had verily received the deposit in question. This document was neither more nor less than a "procès-verbal," or official narrative, containing a detailed account of the manner in which a casket containing the Crown diamonds had been placed by the Empress Eugénie in the hands of the Governor of the Bank.

was evident that M. Rouland was the only person who could give the desired information, and he had taken refuge with the rest of the Government in the old Royal suburb.

The Governor of the Bank, though grievously deploring the unlucky discovery which had been made by the Commune, and bitterly upbraiding the imprudence of the Imperial Minister who had left so compromising a paper behind him in Paris, at length explained that when the Empress became convinced that Paris would be invested and besieged, she sent for M. Rouland, and with a very high-souled and unselfish patriotism she herself proposed to entrust him with the Crown jewels. The Governor consented to take charge of them, but on condition that the Bank should be absolved from all responsibility, and that it should only undertake to convey these jewels with other precious things to a certain fortress upon the seacoast, where they might be placed beyond the chances of the possible sack of Paris.

OUR TREASURE DRAWER.

FROM A LADY'S NOTE-BOOK.

It is a dreary winter evening. The wind howls with an angry roar. Old Boreas is fierce with rage, the cloud king is sending out his signals. The big drops are falling fast on the window pane. Not a traveller dares venture forth to face the severe tempest or to brave the furious elements.

This dark night recalls many memories and associations of the past, which never lie dormant within our bosoms. We have a treasure drawer in which we have placed the gifts of love, the keepsakes of affection, the pledges of friendship, dearer to us than our rich costly jewels, which lie in their casket, unvalued and useless; these precious treasures are worn for ever in our

membrane, only to part with them when the messenger calls us to the unknown hand.

Who of us, dwelling in experience, waiting at the gate of rest, have not love's recollections of the days gone by—the memorials of young years and early love—lingering near them, keeping themselves within the recesses of their hearts? It is natural human affection should keep such treasures from the prying and curious, therefore we conceal them in some secret nook as sacred property, for around each relic there is a tide of unceasing memories which will never reach the ocean of oblivion or float away on the sea of time.

"Let me sit in tender calmness On memory's silent shore, That still remains."

This a dull, solemn evening. Our maidens are listless, speechless; we will ask them to our boudoir, show them our choice collection; we will talk with the history of our life, that they may learn the shadows of earth that darken every hope, that blast every joy—that here there is ever night, with chilling dews, where storm clouds ever gather—the bright dominions are only in heaven's eternity. Woman's eye is never too dim to glisten, her countenance never too old to become radiant over the sight of the tokens of her virgin love.

We will softly shut the door, for we care not to exhibit to others our gifts, simple as they are, priceless in value to us. To us, they are memory's golden chain with indestructible electrical flame—not a link broken or unclasped—which we will wear around our necks whilst we live. Here lies an envelope, dated some thirty years ago, the delicate offering of a noble lover. It is marked, "For her I love," in his clear chirography. It contains merely a faded rose, which once blossomed on the rosebush near the old home-stead porch; that withered flower carefully laid in the yellow paper tells of a sunny hour of exquisite joy and of rapturous bliss—the close embrace, and warm clasp of hand in hand. How many lips can utter the same moan—"I've nothing but the recollections of his precious love left!"

"These life's flowers keep all their sweetness, Blight not by frost or tear."

We take up this manuscript volume—we turn its pages to read once again thrilling verses, all illuminated with manhood's passion; verses that were dedicated to us, as if we were the goddess of his heart and the idol at whose shrine he worshipped. When this book was given into our keeping, "for you alone," we thought to be the bride of the donor, our first love, our earliest attachment; from the opening years of girlhood he had been the one particular star that nightly rose and set in the firmament above our head.

What is in this blotting paper? The golden curl of a beautiful boy of five summers. I can see his little head covered with his long, shining ringlets, as the summer breeze tossed them. He was then wearing the invisible crown of a cherub—the guardian angels were waiting to carry him away as a lamb in the fold of the Good Shepherd. Long did a waiting mourning Rachel lament, sitting oft, sighing and weeping over her loss; others have filled his place, but left to her is his memory and his great beauty.

These packets of hair tied with all colours of ribbon—a story is attached to each. What changes since these strands were cut from off the precious heads! Let us lay them away, for the dead owners may by their touch return again to us, to haunt our midnight visions by their grim presence.

We dare not read these valentines—they bring back many a painful regret; there are heart scars which are deemed healed, but are opened by the least word of the past. Ah! had we understood his love, when these valentines were received, and we read all the fervent, glowing love of the sender, perhaps he would never have believed our love was not true or genuine. Maidens must play at random even with the hearts they have gained, toy with them until one wonders if in woman's soul there is any love or pity. We did love; but with all our devotion, all our idolatry, the depth and strength was doubted. We had thought there was no truth in a second love—that trust and faith would only be felt once in a lifetime; all other passion was a mere semblance;

but when the lone heart yearned for sympathy—when it was drooping, withering, for want of the warmth of love, the shelter of manly protection—when it needed strength and affection, there was met one radiant in the glory of virtue, worth and excellence; it was not strange the heart was made captive a second time, and that it found joy and rapture in his welcome and greeting.

We must lock up our drawer; you have seen some of its treasures—we have told you some of the incidents of our life—you must not peer deeper into those memories which fill us with the sorrow that human hearts are fettered and imprisoned here; they are only free in the sunny summer clime of eternal love. We wait patiently for that blest May, that balmy June, when the warmth of celestial air will bring the freshness and colour back to our faded flowers and dead leaves—when flaxen locks and raven tresses will shine in the light of the golden sky, and we shall meet our departed love.

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

F. X. Lambert, Ottawa. Correct solution of Problem No. 84 received. Sigma, Montreal. Correct solution of problem No. 83 received.

H. A. C. F., With reference to the dual in the solution of problem No. 83, it is evident that it could only occur in very bad play on the part of the defence. It can hardly be said to be a defect in so fine a position.

C. H. Baker, Montreal. Your problem shall appear next week. Many thanks.

We have been requested to state in our Column that recently in Montreal a Chess Match for an Albert Chain and Locket was played by the following amateurs. Mr. M. Ferguson, M. Guinan, M. C. Charron, Mr. J. O'Brien and Mr. Charles H. Baker. The arrangements were to the effect that each player should play two games with every other player. The player winning the greatest number of games to be entitled to the prize. Time limit five minutes for each move. After playing the stipulated number of games Messrs. Ferguson, Charron, and Baker stood equal, having won five games each. M. Guinan won four games and Mr. O'Brien one. In subsequent play on the same terms by Messrs. Ferguson, Charron and Baker, Mr. Ferguson won three games, carrying off the prize, Mr. Baker two games, and Mr. Charron one.

We are very happy to notice in our Column, any effort on the part of our chess friends to promote the cause of the noble game, but at the same time we must say that it would be well if all its votaries in our city would connect themselves with the Montreal Chess Club, where they would find a number of players who for many years have been doing all in their power to spread a knowledge of the game in the Province. The Club at present fairly represents the players of Montreal, but it would be better if all the young players of the city would lead their aid in increasing its numbers.

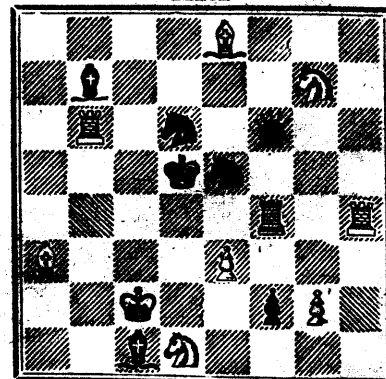
Chess players all over the world will be grieved to hear of the death of the great player, Herr Lowenthal. Our space will not permit us to enter into the particulars of his life; it may be sufficient to say that both as a player of the game, and as an author of chess literature he was equally well known. After Mr. Morphy's successful tour in Europe in 1858, Mr. Lowenthal published a collection of that great player's games, and in several other ways he contributed considerably to our stock of chess literature.

Fears are entertained that the anticipated great Chess Congress at Philadelphia is to fall to the ground. Want of funds is said to be the cause, owing no doubt in a great degree to the depression in business felt almost everywhere.

PROBLEM No. 86.

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.

BLACK



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

GAME 122ND.

(From Land and Water.)

A smart skirmish which occurred recently between Mr. Macdonnell and another amateur at Signy's Tavern, the former giving the odds of the Queen's Knight.

(King's Bishop's Opening.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Macdonnell.) BLACK.—(Amateur.)

- 1. P to K 4 P to K 4
2. B to B 4 Kt to KB 3
3. P to Q 4 P takes P
4. Kt to KB 3 Kt takes P
5. Q takes P Kt to Q 3 (a)
6. Castles Q to B 3
7. R to K sq (ch) Q to K 2
8. B to K Kt 5 (b) Q takes Q
9. R takes B (ch) P to B sq
10. Kt takes Q P to K B 3
11. Kt to KB 5 Kt takes Kt
12. R to B 7 (ch) K to E sq
13. Q R to E sq (ch) K to Q sq
14. B takes K B P (ch) Kt to K 2
15. R to B 8 (ch) R takes R
16. B takes Kt (ch) K to K sq
17. B to B 3, discovering checkmate.

NOTES.

- (a) The herald of all Black's subsequent disasters.
(b) From this point to the end White maintains the attack with remarkable ingenuity.

CHESS IN CANADA. GAME 12th.

Played a few days ago at the Montreal Chess Club between one of its members, Mr. Ascher, and Mr. Florence of the Philadelphia Chess Club.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Ascher.) BLACK.—(Mr. Florence.) 1. P to K4 P to K4 2. K Kt to B3 Q Kt to B3 3. P to Q4 P takes P 4. K B to Q B4 K B to Kt5 (ch) 5. P to Q B3 P takes P 6. Castles P to Q3 7. P to K5 K Kt to K2 8. K Kt to Kt5 Kt takes P 9. B takes B P (ch) Kt takes B 10. Kt takes Kt K takes Kt 11. Q to Q Kt3 (ch) B to K3 12. Q takes K B P takes P 13. B takes P K R to Bsq 14. K R to Ksq Q to Q2 15. Q Kt to Q2 K to Kt5 16. Kt to K4 Kt to Q B3 17. Q to Q B3 Q to K B2 18. Kt to K Kt5 Q takes P (ch) 19. K to Rsq Q to Q5 20. Kt takes B Q takes Q 21. B takes Q K R to B2 22. K R to K3 Q R to Ksq 23. P to K R3 K R to K2 24. Q R to Ksq Kt to Q sq 25. Kt takes Q B P R takes R 26. Kt takes R R takes R 27. Kt takes P P to K R3 28. R to K8 (ch) K to R2 29. R takes Kt P to Q Kt3 30. Kt to Q Kt5 R to Q B8 (ch) 31. K to R2 P to Q R3 32. Kt to R7 R to Q B7 33. R to Q6 R to Kt7 34. P to Q R4 R to Kt5 35. Kt to B5 P to Q Kt4 36. R takes P R takes Q R P 37. R to Kt6 P to Kt5 38. Kt to K7 R to Q B2 39. Kt to Q B6 R to Q B2 40. Kt takes P

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 51.

WHITE. BLACK. 1. P to K B5 becoming a B 1. K takes R a B 2. R to K R4 mate

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 53.

WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to Q B6 (ch) 1. K to Kt sq 2. Q to Q R7 (ch) 2. K takes Q 3. P takes Q becoming a Q and mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 54.

WHITE. BLACK. K at Q B7 K at Q R4 R at K R4 R at K B4 B at K8 Kt at K2 Pawns at K Kt2, Q B Kt at Q2 1 and 5 and Q R6 Q R2 White to play and mate in three moves.

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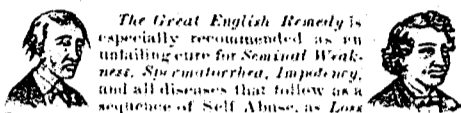
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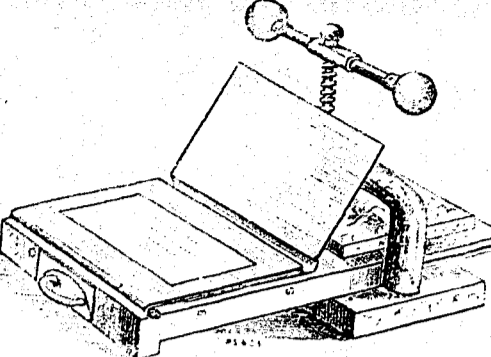
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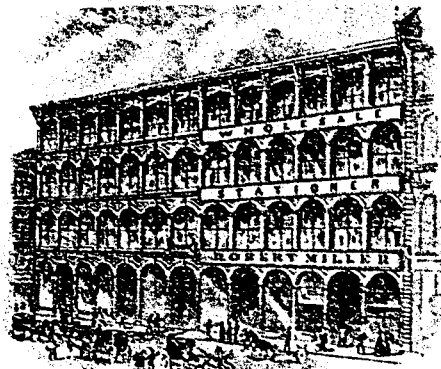
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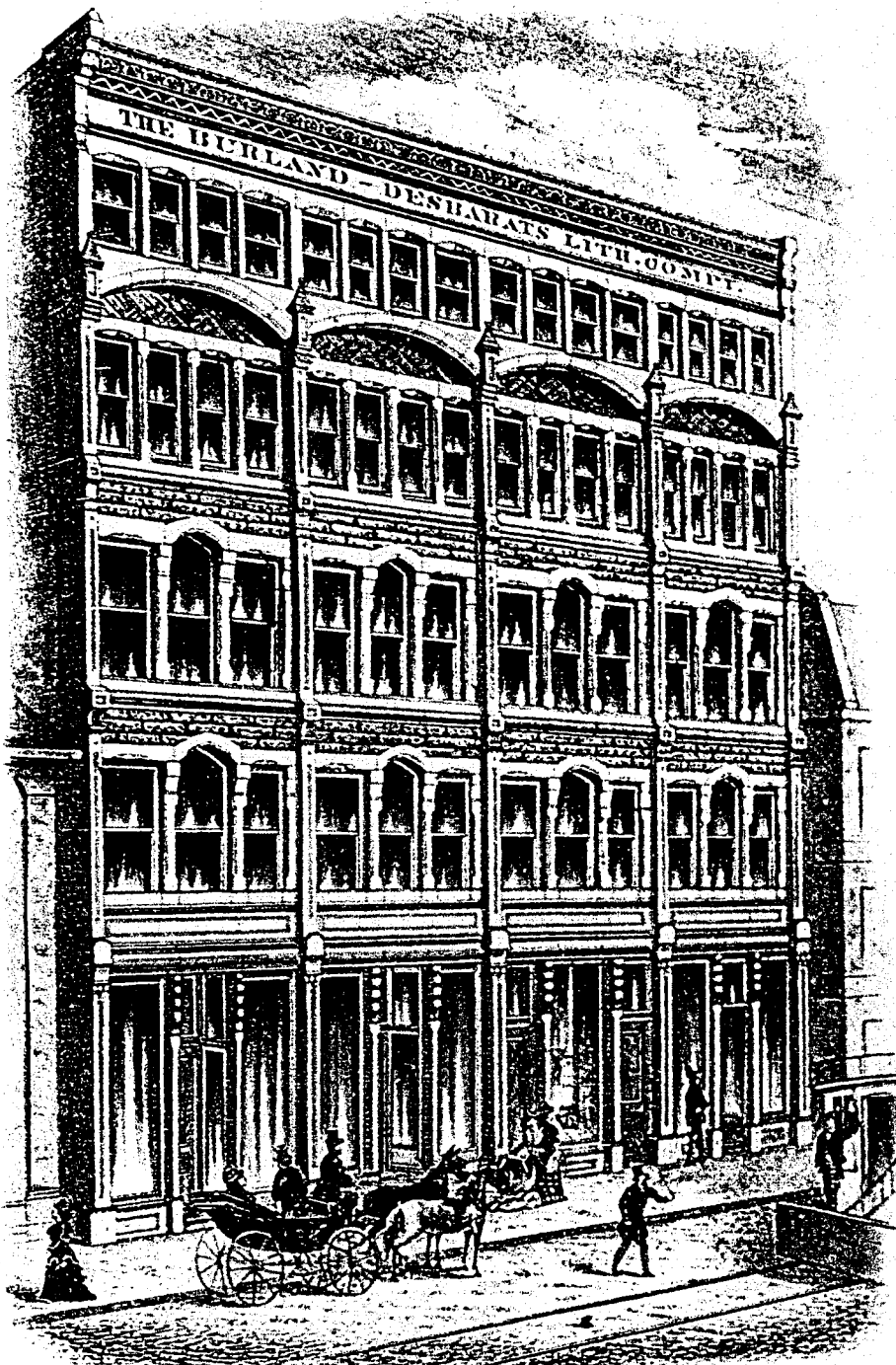
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