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# FRIDAY Wholesale News

VOL. XIX.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

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



VIEW OF THE ART ASSOCIATION BUILDING, PHILLIPS' SQUARE, MONTREAL.



**NOTICE.**

THE NEXT NUMBER OF THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will contain a series of sketches connected with the celebration of

**HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY**

AT MONTREAL, which had to be reserved from this week's issue. Among these:

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE 13TH BROOKLYN.

THEIR EXCELLENCIES AT THE SALUTING STAND.

THE LUNCH AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE. INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW WESLEY CHURCH (CONGREGATIONAL).

**TEMPERATURE.**

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

**THE WEEK ENDING**

May 25th, 1879.				Corresponding week, 1878			
Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	73°	57°	65°	Mon.	73°	47°	60°
Tues.	65°	48°	56°	Tues.	77°	63°	65°
Wed.	65°	51°	58°	Wed.	75°	56°	66°
Thur.	64°	48°	56°	Thur.	64°	42°	53°
Frid.	65°	45°	55°	Frid.	70°	40°	55°
Sat.	70°	60°	65°	Sat.	70°	48°	59°
Sun.	72°	54°	63°	Sun.	70°	42°	56°

**CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.**

Montreal, Saturday, May 31, 1879.

**THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.**

A GALA CELEBRATION—AN INTERNATIONAL EVENT—A GRATIFYING SUCCESS.

The present issue of the NEWS is entirely devoted to a pictorial illustration of the principal events connected with the celebration of Her Most Gracious Majesty's Birthday at Montreal, on Saturday, the 24th inst. Many of the scenes are held over till next week for want of space, and the description of them will have to be reserved till then.

**I.**

**SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.**

The 13th Regiment of New York State Militia, after receiving a welcome on passing the boundary line between the United States and Canada, arrived at Point St. Charles Junction toward the middle of the afternoon of Friday, the 23rd inst., and were immediately taken to Lachine, where they embarked on the steamer *Filgule*, specially chartered to bear them down the Rapids. Owing to the height of the water, the descent was not so wild and picturesque as usual, but it was thoroughly enjoyed all the same, the more so that it gave the excursionists a fine view of the port of Montreal. We give a sketch of the steamer engaged in the Rapids. She was accompanied by the *Beauharnois*, which, however, does not appear in the sketch, as it was not desirable that the view should be obstructed.

**II.**

**RECEPTION AT JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE.**

We publish two sketches of this event—one on the last page, giving a glimpse of the wharf, and a full page representing the tremendous crowd which had gathered in that beautiful square to do honour to our American visitors. Immediately on landing, a stand of colours was presented by the Mayor to the 13th Regiment, but a sketch of this interesting scene is necessarily reserved till next week. The regiments then formed into line and proceeded to the Victoria Skating Rink, the 13th Regiment bringing up the rear, playing "God Save the Queen" in compliment to the bands of the city corps, who played "Hail Columbia" on the presentation of the colours. The line of march was crowded by spectators, who cheered the visitors heartily as they passed along. Flags were flying at all points, particularly

that of the United States. On reaching the rink the city corps opened out, and the visitors passed through into the Rink, where they were told off by companies, each man opposite his bed. Before dismissal for the night, Colonel Austen delivered the necessary instructions for their guidance, and added that every man was on his good behaviour while in this city. Cheers were then given for Colonel Austen, the manager of the Windsor, Mr. Southgate and the Rev. H. W. Beecher. The regimental cheer is somewhat novel and peculiar, and is as follows—"Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah, Hist, Yah."

In the evening the Band of the regiment gave a concert in the Academy of Music, which was largely attended. The programme was an exceptionally good one and executed to perfection.

**III.**

**THE GRAND REVIEW.**

Our double page sketch gives a full view of this notable demonstration, while incidents and details are reserved for next week. In connection with the review, the first important matter, for the sake of future reference, is an authentic list of the troops that took part in it. This we have compiled from official sources:

**INFANTRY.**

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT, N. G., S. N. Y.—ARMORY, CORNER OF FLATBUSH AVENUE AND HANSON PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

- Col David E Austen.
- Lieut-Col Harry H Beada.
- Major Horatio C King.
- Adjutant Henry D Stanwood.
- Surgeon Charles A Olcott.
- Assistant Surgeon James Watt.
- Inspector R Pine, Capt J Fred Ackerman.
- Chaplain Henry Ward Beecher.
- Quartermaster Edward R Trussell.
- Commissary Gustav A John.
- Company A—Capt H T Bragg, jr; 1st Lieut, Wm J Collins; 2nd Lieut, Joseph Rotino.
- Company B—Captain Fred A Baldwin; 1st Lieut, Edward M Smith; 2nd Lieut, William A Brown.
- Company C—Captain Frank M Pierce; 1st Lieut, Robert B Hughes; 2nd Lieut, William L Franz.
- Company D—Captain Joseph I Dowling; 1st Lieut, Levi Cook, jr.
- Company E—Captain Frank Harrison; 1st Lieut, George B Davis; 2nd Lieut, Howard Ackerman.
- Company F—Captain J Frank Dillont; 1st Lieut, Thomas G Thorne; 2nd Lieut, E Marshall Payey.
- Company G—Capt William L Watson; 1st Lieut, H Fuller Fernes; 2nd Lieut, Samuel T Skinner.
- Company H—Captain H Tuoken; 1st Lieut, Eugene L Merriam.
- Company I—Captain Richard B S Grem; 1st Lieut, William J. McKelvey; 2nd Lieut, William H Marshall.

**Veteran Association.**

- Commander, Col Adam T Dodge.
- Lieut-Col Willoughby Powell.
- Major Michael Chancey.
- Adjutant S H Wing.
- Total strength, 520 (including the veterans, who numbered 42, all ex-officers).

**SIXTY-FIFTH BATTALION.**

The following is the list of officers:—Lieut-Colonel, Napoleon Labranche; Staff—Adjutant, Capt Colletet; Quartermaster, F Lapointe, sen; Surgeon, E P Lachapelle, M D; Assistant Surgeon, P F Cosgrave, M D; Chaplain, Rev. Canon Moreau. Officers—Major, F Lapointe, jr. No. 1 Company—Captain, P J Bedard; Lieut, J Robert. No. 2 Company—Capt, A Duplessis; Lieut, T E N Pratt. No. 3 Company—Captain, E D Colletet; Lieut, H Galarneau. No. 4 Company—Captain, T D Terroux; Lieut, J O Chabot. No. 5 Company—Capt, G S Malepart; Lieut, J B A Martin. No. 6 Company—Capt, C C Rouillard; 1st Lieut, J Giroux; 2nd Lieut, J Grundler. The total strength of non-commissioned officers and men is 277.

**THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.**

Lieut Col Otter, Major Arthur, Major Jarvis, Major Lee, paymaster; Major Chadwick, Quartermaster; Capt Buchan, Adjutant; Surgeon Thorburn, Assistant-Surgeon Bethune. Company A—Captain Allan, Lieutenants Brown and Wilkinson. Company B—Captain Strange, Lieutenants Kirkland and Pellatt. Company C—Captain Delanere, Lieutenant Close. Company D—Major Miller, Lieutenant Barwick. Company E—Captain Foster, Lieut Kersteman. Company F—Capt Hamilton, Lieut Jennings. Company G—Captain Bowes, Lieut Hodgins. Company H—Captain Leask, Lieut Biggan and Eliot. Company I—Captain Wright, Lieut Ponton. Company K—Captain Baker, Lieut Manley. Total, 31 officers and 600 non-commissioned officers and men.

**PRINCE OF WALES' RIFLES.**

The full Government quota, 252 men, with band of 28 pieces, paraded. The following were its officers:—Colonel Frank Bond commanding, Major E Bond, Major S C Stevenson, Adjutant J R Hutchins, Surgeon F W Campbell, M D; Assistant-Surgeon W McConnell, M D; Brevet Major E W Mudge in command of No. 1 Co; No. 2, Capt J F Nott; No. 3, Capt R Sheppard; No. 4, Lieut K Patterson, commanding; No. 5, Capt A Robertson; No. 6, Captain W C Watt. Lieutenants—No. 1, H. Wilgress; 2nd, D Sincennes; No. 2, E K Greene; No. 3, W W Watson; No. 4, George Campbell; No. 5, J Leprohon; No. 6, J O Wilgress.

**VICTORIA RIFLES.**

The following is the complete list of officers:—Lieut-Colonel commanding, E A Whitehead; Staff-Adjutant, Captain George Sully; Paymaster, Major J G Burrows; Quartermaster, J C Bowden; Surgeon, Major Geo A Baynes, M D; Assistant Surgeon, S F Tunstall, M D; Chaplain, Rev. Canon Ellegood. Majors (in order of seniority), John M Crawford, J J Redpath. No. 1 Company—Captain, F Arthur Jackson; Lieutenants, Charles Coursol, R McD Patterson. No. 2 Company—Captain, Charles E Torrance; Lieutenants, Geo W Ahern, H R Prevost. No. 3 Company—Captain, Fred C Henshaw; 1st Lieut, A W Kinnear; 2nd do, A E Moss. No. 4 Company—Captain, John A Walker; 1st Lieut, H S A Howe; 2nd do, J U Storey. No. 5 Company—Captain (not gazetted); 1st Lieut, Alexander Anderson; 2nd do, J W Anderson. No. 6 Company—Captain, John Try-Davies; Lieutenants, J H Edwards and Harry Abbott. There are six staff-sergeants, seven pioneers, and 330 non-commissioned officers and men. The band numbers 35. The total nominal strength of the regiment, including all the above, is 423.

**SIXTH FUSILIERS.**

Officers—John Martin, Lieut-Col commanding; R Gardner, jr, Major; J C Sinton, Major. No. 1 Company—Captain Fred Massey, Lieut George A Mooney; No. 2 Company—Captain W D Dupont, Lieut W M Cushing; No. 3 Company—Captain S D Stewart, 2nd Lieut P Hood; No. 4 Company—Lieut J Raphael, Lieut W T MacFarlane; No. 5 Company—Captain W Blaiklock, 2nd Lieut Fred Nelson; No. 6 Company—Captain J MacKinnon, Lieut John Gray; Acting-Adjutant, John Fair, jr, Lieut. Staff—Paymaster, Major W Bates; Surgeon Cameron, M D, Capt D Leach, Capt W D MacLaren, jr, Lieut D Battersby. Total strength, 325 men.

**GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FOOT GUARDS.**

Officers—Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Ross, Major Wm White, Brevet Lieut-Colonel. Company 1—Capt Todd, Ensign Fleming; 2—Capt Tilton, Lieut Grayburn; 3—Capt Aumont, Lieut Gauthier, Ensign F. Grayburn; 4—Capt Weatherby, Lieut Griffin, Brevet Major; 5—Capt Dunlevie, Lieut F White; 6—Capt Lee, Lieut Toller, Ensign Webb; Adjutant, Capt Walsh, Brevet Major; Paymaster, Major H A Wicksteed; Quartermaster, Major Grant; Surgeon, E G Malloch, M D; Assistant, N Bell, M D. The regiment will number on parade 21 officers and about 20 file a company, 3 sergeants, making in the ranks 276; pioneers, band and staff, 60; total 339.

**EIGHTH ROYAL RIFLES, QUEBEC.**

The 8th Royal Rifles were dressed in neat dark green uniforms, with helmets to match. They number over three hundred men rank and file, and are officered as follows:—Lieutenant-Colonel Allyn, commanding; Major Morgan, Major Stuart, Adjutant Hunt; Surgeon, Dr. Parke; Assistant-Surgeon, Dr C Sewell; Paymaster, Captain Balfour; Quartermaster Poulin; No 1 Company, Capt Scott, 1st Lieut Norris, 2nd Lieut Webster; No 2 Company, Capt Ray, 1st Lieut Wurtele, 2nd Lieut Myles; No 3 Company, Capt Lesueur, Lieut Jones; No 4 Company, Capt Miller, 1st Lieut Russell, 2nd Lieut Allyn; No. 5 Company, Capt Ahern, 1st Lieut Stuart, 2nd Lieut McLimont; No. 6 Company, Capt Pentland, 1st Lieut Thompson, 2nd Lieut Stuart.

**FIFTH ROYAL FUSILIERS.**

This regiment now wears the tartan, Marquis of Lorne pattern. The goods were manufactured by the Patton Manufacturing Company, of Sherbrooke, and as contrasted with the red coats and accoutrements make a handsome display. The regiment turned out 240 men; band, 32 pieces; 5 pipers; 4 drummers and 6 buglers. The officers are as follows:—Commandant, Lieut-Colonel Crawford; Major H H C MacDougall, Kenneth Campbell; Adjutant, F Lydon; Quartermaster, Wm Crawford; Paymaster, Fred Mackenzie; Surgeons Drake and Burland; Chaplain, Rev Dr Jenkins; A Company, Capt F Lyman; Lieutenants McLellan and Esdall; B Company, Capt R S C Bagg; Lieutenants Lewis and Redpath; C Company, Capt C Geddes; Lieutenant Cross; D Company, Capt F Caverhill; Lieutenants Stevens and McCorquodail; E Company, Capt W F Torrance; Lieutenant H H Lyman; F Company, Capt MacDougall; Lieutenants Lindsay and Hamilton.

**ST. JEAN BAPTISTE COMPANY.**

This company was re-organized by its present commander, Captain Kirwan, and now numbers 55 men, mostly English-speaking, be-

sides a fife and drum band of 23 pieces. About \$500 has been expended in buying new uniforms and other necessaries. After the Queen's Birthday Review the corps will probably be attached to the Montreal Engineers or to some of the city infantry battalions. The officers are Captain M W Kirwan, and Lieutenants D Barry and P C Warren.

**ARTILLERY.**

**MONTREAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.**

The Montreal Garrison Artillery is commanded by Colonel D T Fraser, Major Kay and Captain Molson, Adjutant. The different companies are commanded by Captains Forbes, McAllen, Hamilton, Turnbull, Curry; Lieutenants Cole, Laurie, Jarvis, Miller, Platt, Burke, Whicby and McGillvery; Paymaster, Major Lulliam; Quartermaster, Clark; Surgeons, Major and Brome. The corps numbers 250 men, six batteries and fife and drum band of twenty-five.

**MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY.**

There are 80 men on the roll, including six officers. The officers are: Lieut-Colonel A A Stevenson, Lieutenant-Colonel McGibbon, Captain Oswald, Lieutenant Green, Surgeon, G E Fenwick, M D; Veterinary Surgeon, D McEachran, M R C V S.

**"B" BATTERY, QUEBEC,**

mustered 130 men, under command of Lieut-Colonel Montizambert, Capt Prevost, Capt Shepherd, Capt Short, Major Imlah, Major Fraser and Dr. Neilson. The Garrison Artillery numbered 42, all told, the officers being Capt Roy and Lieut Dion.

**FIELD BATTERY, OTTAWA,**

commanded by Capt Stewart, turned out 60 men, including 16 handsomen. The other officers are Lieutenants Coutlee and Savage, Surgeon Bentley, Veterinary Surgeon Harris, Sergeant McGarvey.

**SHEFFORD FIELD BATTERY**

mustered 50 strong, under command of Lieut-Colonel Amyrauld.

**THE NAVAL RESERVE**

comprised 22 men, under command of Capt Smith, R N R. They were from the Allan Steamships *Peruvian* and *Manitoba*.

**CAVALRY.**

**PRINCESS LOUISE DRAGOON GUARDS.**

The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, under command of Capt Stewart, were much admired. The strength was about 30 men.

**MONTREAL CAVALRY.**

There are at present 35 names on the muster roll, and the officers are Capt McArthur and Lieut Stewart. The full strength turned out.

**MONTREAL ENGINEERS.**

The present strength of the force is about 80 men, who are in a good state of discipline, ready for duty at any time. The officers are Major Wm Kennedy, Lieutenants Duffy, Davies, Birks and Goodwin, the two latter of whom are studying to sustain their rank in Quebec.

**KINGSTON CADETS.**

This fine corps turned out 70 strong, under command of Colonel Hewitt, and were much admired, being a handsome lot of young fellows.

**THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE**

were under the command of Captain Smith, R N R, Lieut Wm Walsh, R N R, and Ensign Ensign Dickenson, R N R, and numbered 23 men, 18 of which came from the *Peruvian* and 5 from the *Manitoba*. The men looked well and did their work admirably. In the evening, as the naval brigade passed down St. James street, a special cheer was raised in favour of the gallant tars.

Colonel Bond commanded the rifle brigade, and Colonel Martin the scarlet brigade. The Lieutenant-General's personal staff included Captain Selby Smyth, A D C; Major Henry Smith, Acting A D C; Lieut-Colonel Hewitt, Royal Engineers; Lieut-Colonel Irwin, Royal Artillery.

The District Staff was composed of Lieut-Colonel Fletcher, C M G; Lieut-Col Harwood, D A G; Lieut-Col Bacon, Lieut-Col Hon M Aylmer, Lieut-Col D'Orsennens, Lieut-Colonel Jackson, D A G, Major De Winton, R A, Capt Hon C. Harbord.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Her Royal Highness entered the grounds at the stroke of noon, accompanied by an escort of the Princess Louise's Dragoons, Ottawa, under command of Captain Stewart. Her Royal Highness was attired in a black riding habit, silk hat and small white veil, and. His Excellency was in plain clothes, his only decoration being the star of the Most Noble Order of St. Michael and St. George. They were both excellently mounted, and remained on horseback during the whole proceedings. The staff consisted of Col. Dyde, C.M.; Col. Panet, Col. McPherson, Col. Lyman and Col. Handyside; Major DeWinton and Capt. Harbord were also at their posts. The central pavilion shown in our sketch



was reserved for the Vice-Regal party, as the Royal Standard above it shows, but their Excellencies never dismounted, and the pretty kiosk was occupied by Lady Sophia McNamara, Mrs. DeWinton, and Mrs. Russell Stephenson. The opening of the ceremonies was the firing of a royal salute from the whole line, after which the procession, attended by the staffs of His Excellency and that of the Lieutenant-General Commanding, advanced at a walk along the front of each regiment, and halted when they reached the centre of the American battalion, as their band intoned the National Anthem. Colonel Austen was introduced by the General Commanding to His Excellency, who extended to him a cordial greeting, and then addressed the Regiment as follows:

"Officers and men of the gallant Thirteenth, I welcome you to Canada, and I thank you for thus coming to honour our Queen's Birthday. We are brothers in blood, in language, and in the inheritance of great traditions. I rejoice that I can welcome you here as our brothers in arms."

The General Commanding thereupon taking up his post in front of the centre of the field, ordered a royal salute, a *feu de joie*. This was performed by the artillery firing seven guns, followed by rounds of small arms from right to left of the front rank and from left to right of the rear rank. The marvellous precision with which this order was executed along the whole line, brought forth general applause. Three times the *feu de joie* was repeated, and each time its echoes were drowned in the salvos of applause from the crowd, a spontaneous *feu de joie* of appreciation and delight. The General then ordered "Hats off and three cheers for Her Majesty," and never was an order carried out with more hearty good will. The cheer which burst from the ranks showed that the true British metal was indeed in our men, and the heartiness with which the American regiment joined in the cheer evinced their hearty sympathy with their brothers in arms. Then followed the March Past, which was one of the most successful exhibitions of the kind which it has been our lot to witness. It would be invidious to make distinctions where all did so well, but Montreal can afford to pay a tribute to its guests, and must award the highest praise to the 13th Brooklyn. The Queen's Own, of Toronto, showed this year, as they did last, that they may be equalled, but never surpassed. The Ottawa, Quebec and Kingston contingents likewise gave every proof of military tact and efficiency. The next spectacular feature of the day was the Sham Battle. The attacking force was under the immediate command of Lieut.-General Sir Selby Smyth. In the front line, the cavalry were in the centre of the battery, the guns on each flank. The first infantry line was the 65th, Queen's Own, Victorias, Prince of Wales and 8th battalions. The second line consisted of the 6th Fusiliers, the 5th Royals and the Governor-General's Foot Guards. The reserve was composed of the 13th Brooklyn regiment. The enemy were composed of a battery of four guns, the Montreal Artillery, B Battery with two guns, the Montreal Engineers, Captain Kirwan's Company and the Cadets. The main body was under the command of Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, and the out-posts on the mountain under command of Lieut.-Colonel Montzambert. A full half-hour was devoted to the combat to the amusement of the gathered thousands. When the "cease fire" was sounded, and the order to form line in contiguous quarter columns was given, officers and colours were ordered to the front, and the whole line advanced in review order, the bands of each regiment playing the National Anthem. When within about thirty paces of the flagstaff, the General ordered a royal salute, which concluded the military pageant, the memory of which will long remain in the minds of our citizens, and of all who witnessed the proceedings. Refreshments were then served to the tired men at the Crystal Palace, on the Exhibition grounds, and the immense

crowd gradually dispersed, after enjoying one of the most auspicious festivals ever witnessed within the boundaries of the Dominion.

## IV.

## OUR NEW KNIGHTS.

His Excellency the Governor-General, in the presence of H. R. H. the Princess Louise, held an investiture of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George at the Windsor Hotel immediately after the Review on Saturday, when, by command of the Queen, the following gentlemen were created Knights Commander of the Order:—

The Hon. S. L. Tilley, C. B.  
The Hon. A. Campbell.  
The Hon. C. Tupper, C. B.  
The Hon. W. P. Howland, C. B.  
The Hon. R. J. Cartwright.  
The Hon. Sir Narcisse F. Belleau.

The ceremony was exceedingly simple and brief. Mr. Tilley, as the senior gentleman, first proceeded into the further parlour, where His Excellency, the Princess and attendants had taken up a position. The Finance Minister, who was accompanied by the sponsors, bowed and having knelt on the right knee, His Excellency touched him with a sword on each shoulder and commanded him to rise Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley. The newly created knight shook hands with the Governor-General, bowed to the Princess and retired. The same order of proceeding was followed in each investiture, except that of Sir N. F. Belleau, who, being already a knight, simply received the additional honor of the order of St. Michael and St. George. With the exception of the last named gentleman and Dr. Tupper, all recipients of this mark of Royal recognition of public services wore the Windsor uniform. The Princess Louise and the ladies who accompanied her wore mourning of exceedingly plain and bright style. At the conclusion of the ceremony His Excellency entertained the newly created Knights at luncheon.

The Hon. Sir Alex. Galt, G.C.M.G., and Sir Francis Hincks, K.C.M.G., acted in the capacity of sponsors in introducing the gentlemen to be installed, to His Excellency. Lieut.-General Sir Edward S. Smyth, K.C.M.G., Lieut.-Colonel McEachern, C.M.G., and Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, C.M.G., were present. Major De Winton, Captain Harbord, and Mr. John Kidd were in attendance.

The announcement that Col. Dyde, the senior colonel of Canada, had been appointed to the distinguished position of aid-de-camp to the Queen, was well received throughout the city. It is a fitting recognition by England of our Canadian volunteers, and no one is more worthy of the honor than Col. Dyde, whose name will be found enrolled among the list of officers in the Canadian militia, beyond the recollection of our oldest inhabitant. He served prominently in the Fenian raids and during the rebellious, and is now deservedly respected as the father of the militia, and one who was ever loyal to the British flag. Col. Dyde is upwards of eighty years of age. He is still a hale and hearty man, and wears his uniform with the pride of a veteran soldier. On the review ground on Saturday the veteran was in attendance on the vice-regal party, and Her Royal Highness frequently consulted him regarding the movements.

Col. Gzowski, of Toronto, has received the like honor. As President of the Dominion Rifle Association he has been foremost in promoting the interests of Canadian marksmen, and his name has long been associated with the appearance of the Dominion team on Wimbledon Common.

## V.

## THE LACROSSE MATCH.

The match between the Montreal Lacrosse Club and the Caughnawaga Indians was attended by an immense number of spectators. After some delay, the crowd anxiously awaiting the arrival of the vice-regal party, the game began, and the opposing teams soon warmed to their work, both sides affording several individual instances of clever play. After the arrival of His Excellency and Her Royal Highness, who were unfortunately detained, next in order was an exhibition game taken part in by the same teams as had opposed each other in the preceding games. Stimulated by the presence of Royalty, every player—white and Indian—did his utmost, and a magnificent game was the result. The ball was put through the goals several times, but still the game went on, until about three-quarters of an hour had elapsed, when, after as fine an exhibition of lacrosse as has been seen for a long time, both sides desisted from their efforts. His Excellency and Her Royal Highness graciously consented to allow the players to be presented; great was the satisfaction of the swarthy red men at this concession of the daughter of their "good mother," and long will the remembrance of the day live in their memories. Shortly after the presentation the vice-regal party left the field, and the crowd gradually dispersed.

## VI.

## INAUGURATION OF THE ART GALLERY.

We present two views of this building—the one exterior, as it stands prettily out from the foliage in Phillips' Square; the other interior, representing the arrival of His Excellency the Governor-General and the Princess Louise to perform the inaugural ceremonies. The occasion was in all respects brilliant, being the crowning

of a worthy man's munificence and taste. The name of Benaiah Gibb deserves to be embalmed in the memories, not only of the inhabitants of Montreal, but of Canadians generally, as a public benefactor of the highest class. Not only did he leave land whereon to erect this temple of the fine arts, but a sum of money to be devoted to erection purposes. And, as if this were not sufficient, he supplemented the gift by the presentation in his will of a goodly proportion of his own fine collection. The building is erected, the pictures have been hung up, extensive loans have been added, and their Excellencies, both patrons of art, and one an artist herself, presided over the solemn opening. It has been properly suggested that, now we have a suitable building and the nucleus of a fine gallery, a National Institution might be founded where artists from all parts of the Dominion could exhibit their productions. The idea is an excellent one, and those who have already done so much for this Association may see their way to going further in the direction proposed. The Princess was pleased to show her further appreciation of the undertaking by contributing several pictures from her own pencil. One of these was a portrait of Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, who was one of the belles of George III's reign, and of whom old Horace Walpole says that more noise was made about her than about any other woman then living. She and her elder sister were the daughters of a poor Irish gentleman named Gunning. The eldest sister became Lady Coventry, and Bessie, after losing her first husband, the Duke of Hamilton, married the Duke of Argyll, thus becoming the grandmother of the Marquis of Lorne. The costume is the rather quaint one of the middle of the last century, but the features are very sweet. The portrait is from the original of Read, whose fame seems to have rested upon that single work. Another contribution of the Princess is a triplet set in one frame, the central panel of which is a view of Glen Shira, one of the most picturesque bits of Inverary landscape, while the upright panels on either side are studies of trees. The work is in oils, and altogether worthy of the reputation which preceded the distinguished artist across the Atlantic. Among the works of native artists which deserve more than a passing notice are No. 130, by H. Sandham, of Montreal, representing a scene on the Godbout River; No. 131, "Gathering Seaweed," by the same artist; No. 236, a landscape by Kreighoff; No. 145, "Habitants pursued by Wolves," W. Raphael, Montreal; No. 240, "A Race for Life," by H. Bird, of this city, representing a herd of bison pursued by Indians; 316, "Buffalo Grazing," by Verner; 317, "Twilight, Lake of the Woods," by Verner; "Olivia," No. 215, a study from the Vicar of Wakefield, is also a very creditable work of art which we hope to see placed among the art collections of Montreal; No. 345, "View of Montreal from Coteau Rouge," by J. Duncan, and No. 334, "Twilight on the Ottawa," by D. E. Grant, are works of merit. No. 363, "Boys Taking Advantage of the Stage," by James Weston, artist of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, is a racy picture, the figures well brought out, and the colours admirably blended. The "Mallard Duck," No. 382, by T. M. Martin, Toronto, and No. 378, "On the Lago Maggiore," by D. Fowler, elicited much favourable comment. In the water colours, the works of Mr. W. B. Simpson are conspicuous for their merit. Among the paintings by foreign artists, were many of great value, one, a shepherdess, by Millet, No. 173, being valued at \$2,500. In the afternoon, Their Excellencies visited and inaugurated the Rooms of the Ladies' Society of Decorative Art, situated in the Art Gallery Building. After a gracious reception and presentation, a thorough inspection of the rare treasures was made. The collection as a whole, is, as far as Montreal is concerned, quite unique, and is well worthy the attention of connoisseurs and all others who have an eye for the beautiful. The object of the Society is the establishment of a place for the exhibition and sale of decorative work of every kind, to encourage profitable industries among all classes, by furnishing instruction in art needlework and household decorative work, such as painted china, glass, wood carvings, &c., and to find a sale at a fair value for the handiwork of those who are forced by special circumstances to use their accomplishments as a means of support, and who object to publicity in such efforts.

## INDIAN NAMES.

A sympathetic correspondent "A. Steele Penn," in your last issue, while recording his verdict on my humble efforts to popularize our history, seems to crave for further authority aent the origin of some names. On reference to the works of the gifted Boston historian, Parkin an it will be found that he also accepts the etymology I gave of the Huron name on the authority of Ferland. "When the French," says Parkman, "came to Canada, the Hurons were a powerful nation on the shores of Lakes Huron and Simcoe, with 32 villages and 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants. . . . Many of them wore their hair in bristling ridges, whence certain astonished Frenchmen on first seeing them, exclaimed "Quelles hures!" (What boar's heads!) and the name of Huron supplanted their proper title of Onendat or Wyandot." In describing their numerous fittings he thus holds forth: "The survivors (of the Isle of Orleans Huron) encamped under the guns of the

Fort (St. Louis) for ten years, then moved to St. Foye, and about the year 1673, this feeble fragment of the great Huron nation settled at Ancienne Lorette. It was under the care of the Jesuit Chaumonot, who, while a mere boy, had stolen a small sum of money and fled from France into Lombardy. In filth and poverty he begged his way to Ancona, and thence to Loretto, where, at the Holy House, he had an angelic vision. He went to Rome, became a Jesuit, and experienced another miracle from Loretto; after which he passed to the Huron mission in Canada, where he was delivered from martyrdom by the aid of St. Michael. He erected at Ancienne Lorette a chapel in exact *fac-simile* of the Holy House at Loretto; and here he claimed that many miracles were performed."

As to the name of the Mission de N. D. de Foye given to Ste. Foye, we read in the copious *Memoires of Bressani*, published in Montreal with Père Martin's notes, p. 318: "Quand la paix fut enfin conclue avec les Iroquois, après l'expédition du marquis de Tracy, les Hurons se transportèrent à une lieue et demie de la ville et fondèrent là, en 1667, la Mission de N. D. de Foye. Ce nom lui fut donné à l'occasion d'une statue de la sainte Vierge, envoyée par les Jésuites belges pour être honorée dans une mission sauvage. Elle était faite avec le bois du chêne au milieu duquel on avait trouvé la statue miraculeuse de N.-D. de Foye, près de Dinan, dans le pays de Liège."

Permit me to congratulate the Montreal youth on the interest they seem to take in unravelling the tangled webs of our early history.

J. M. LEMOINE.

## THE NEW EDITION OF LONG-FELLOW'S POEMS.

A very pleasant incident of the work, which the sympathetic reader will like to know, is the interest which the poet himself has taken in naming subjects for illustration. These, some three hundred out of the six hundred which are to illumine the thousand broad pages of the edition, are always actual views of places and portraits of real persons named. For these the best materials have been studied, with such poetic result in the opening numbers as Mr. Schell's beautiful sketch of the Bridge of Prague for The Beleaguered City; the street, true to fact and sentiment, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, for the Hymn of the Moravian Nuns; the Old Mill at Newport for The Skeleton in Armor; Colman's richly picturesque and characteristic streets in Madrid for The Spanish Student; and Barnes's rendition of the peaceful beauty of a stretch of the Cambridge flats for the poem to the River Charles. The illustration for The Village Blacksmith is a view of the "smithy" from a sketch in Mr. Longfellow's possession, and shows it as it stood long ago on the quaint Cambridge street, where the customary mansard roof now overlooks the site of "the spreading chestnut-tree," sacrificed some years since to the possibility that harm might come from its branches to a man driving a load of hay under it on a dark night. Wherever it has been practicable, original studies of locality have been made, and no trouble has been spared to verify details in the more imaginative illustrations. An instance of care in this direction is to be found in the pictures for the ballad of King Christian; the powerful head of the king is after a photograph from a painting in the Museum at Copenhagen, and the deck-fight is mainly from a historical painting in the same gallery. Not only quality, but character also, has been given to the illustrations in minor matters, where neglect might have been easily overlooked. Mr. J. Appleton Brown's pines in the beautiful illustration for the Prelude to the Voices of the Night, and Mr. R. S. Gifford's pines and birches in that for The Spirit of Poetry, are not more characteristic of New England than the softly rounded hill-tops in Mr. W. L. Sheppard's sketch of the school-house "by Great Kenhawa's side" are characteristic of West Virginia. It was not essential that they should be characteristic, but if fidelity in such things can be added to the ideal truth and beauty, it is something to be glad of. Another of the lesser satisfactions of the book, for which the reader is to be grateful to Mr. Anthony, is the occurrence of the pictures at just the point in the text which they are meant to illustrate, and not several pages before or beyond.

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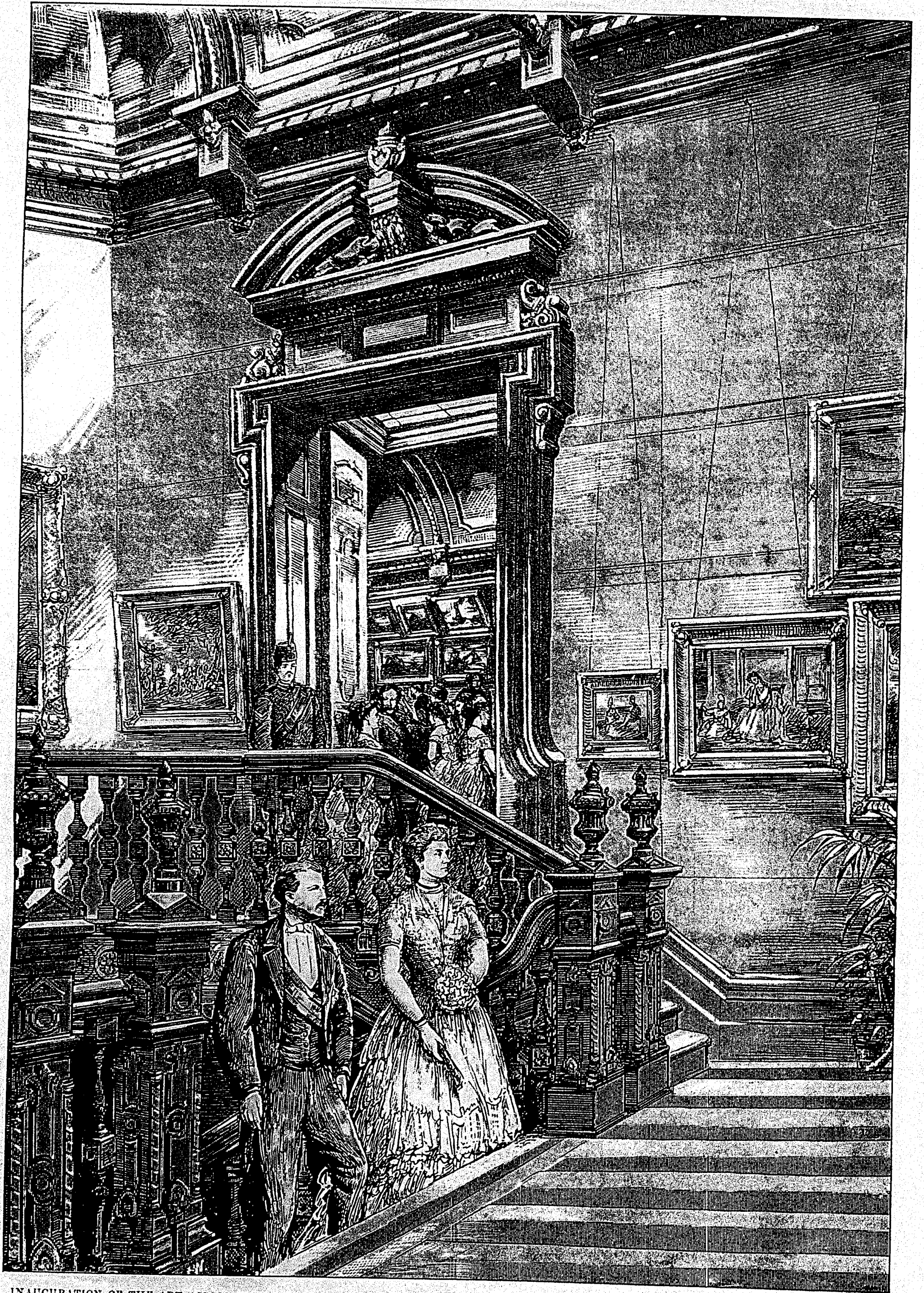
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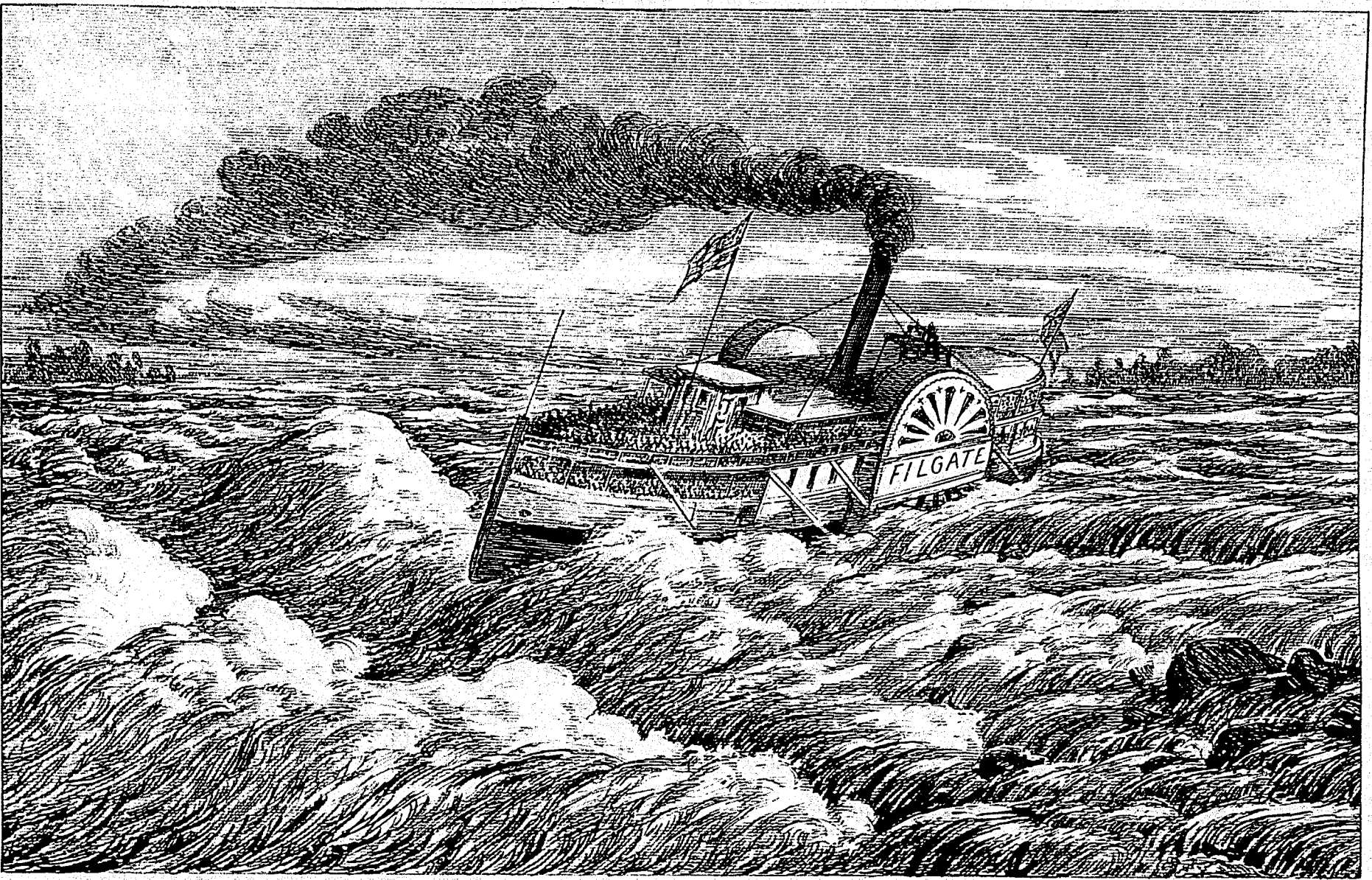
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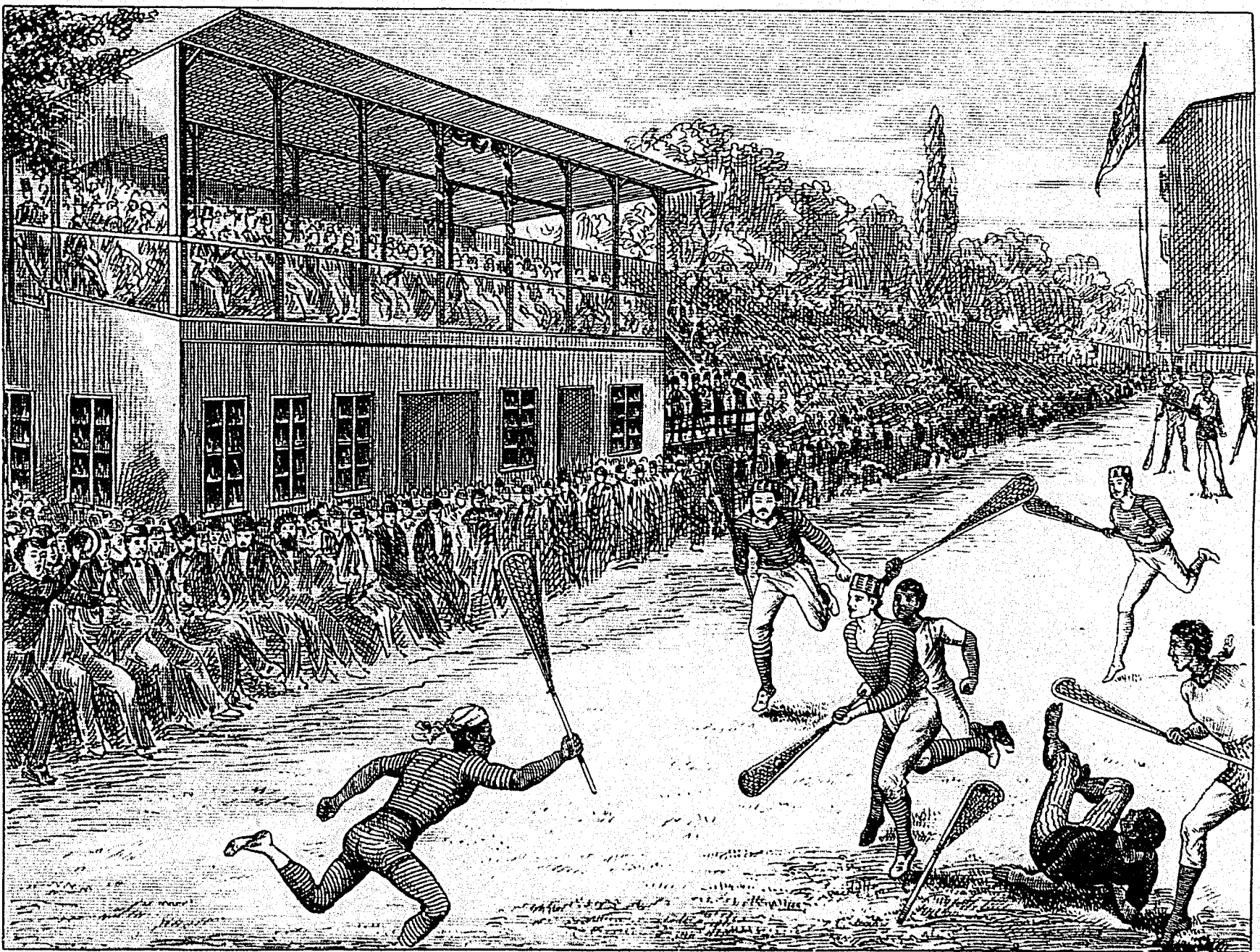


INAUGURATION OF THE ART ASSOCIATION BUILDING, MONTREAL, BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE.





OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 13TH N.Y. REGIMENT SHOOTING THE LACHINE RAPIDS.



LACROSSE MATCH BETWEEN THE MONTREAL AND CAUGHNAWAGA CLUBS.  
CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT MONTREAL.



## POOR JACK.

A STORY OF SOME HOLIDAYS.

BY W. F. McMAHON,

Author of "Fall of Liberty Hall," and many other stories.

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

## I.

The summer had been an unusually hot one, and all through the sultry month of July, I had been endeavoring to decide as to how I could best spend my annual August holidays. For the previous eleven months I had applied myself closely to business, and, day after day, had performed the routine of duties pertaining to my office without much cessation. I was beginning to feel that I was slowly becoming nothing more or less than a kind of useful machine—wound up in the morning, as it were, and then kept ticking away all day until sun down at night. The monotony of the thing was becoming intolerable. "I must have a chance; it will be not only agreeable, but it is an actual necessity," was the conclusion I came to, without much trouble, for I always had a good deal of faith in the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Perhaps I never realized the truth of that axiom as I did while waiting for the dawn of that particular first of August. I kept continually asking myself "Where shall I go?" and "What shall I do?" but seemed incapable of deciding upon any definite course. An innumerable number of ingenious plans and tempting schemes were flitting through my mind, but I was so greedy and so anxious to make the most of my little month that I could decide upon nothing. My cousins had written inviting me to visit them at their quiet home in the country, and with them I might ramble in green meadows and shady dells, or idle away the sunny hours in their delightful company on the tranquil stream that flowed by their peaceful abode. I was half tempted to join a number of my city companions on an excursion up the lakes to Fort William, and then return via the chain of cities on the south shore of Lake Erie to Niagara Falls. At other times I had a notion to go down the St. Lawrence and spend the days at Cacouna and River du Loup, or perhaps branch off from Montreal through Lake Champlain and Lake George, thence up among the mountains of New Hampshire. Thus was I distracted with the sheer wealth of the possible. As the end of July approached my dilemma increased, for in spite of all my rumination no definite course had shaped itself. I was at a loss to know how to extract every speck of pleasure out of each moment of the thirty days which were at my disposal; where fancy would have led me, and into what folly I might have all unconsciously wandered, I know not, had I not received the following letter:

"New York, 29th July, 187—.

"My dear Mulkins,

"If you place any value whatever upon my good will, explain immediately why my last letter remains unanswered. In fact I don't think I can accept a written explanation; you must come and see me in person. That is if the burden of your years and sin will admit of your taking a railway trip. If not come by boat, or balloon, or by whatever other means you may think best, only start at once. If you had answered my last I might not have become entangled in the confounded mess in which I now find myself. It may not be too late, however, and if there is any escape for me the only person who can help me is my dear old friend, Tom Mulkins. Don't disappoint me, Tom, for my whole future depends upon your assistance. Come on at once and telegraph me where to meet you upon your arrival, and be prepared to stay at least a month with me.

"Yours as ever,

"JACK PERCY."

I must confess the letter was unexpected, for I had somewhat lost track of the writer since he went away about a year before, but the contents, singular though they were, surprised me very little. It was so like him—so like the reckless, good-natured, dear old Jack, who had spent the best part of four years with me at college, and for two years afterwards we had wandered together abroad. Ah! what reminiscences the letter called up; of escapades and adventures in which we figured in those halcyon days when we were each without a care. As I pondered over the past, his handsome, boyish face loomed up before me and recalled hundreds of our odd experiences. I could not restrain a smile as I remembered the absurdly penitent expression which would cloud his countenance as he seriously related to me each new mishap into which his superabundance of mirthfulness and animal spirits was continually landing him. Among other things he was everlastingly falling in love with somebody or other. Sometimes it would be "raven locks and roguish black eyes" that had captivated him; next it would be blue eyes and golden hair which he admired most. Once he was on the verge of proposing to an Italian flower girl on account of her vivacious manner, merry brown eyes and rich olive complexion; and on another occasion he was actually engaged (or thought he was) to a handsome young English

woman who had been kind to him while he was laid up with a broken arm. He delayed our stay in Baltimore for five weeks on account of an attachment which had sprung up between a dashing young widow and himself and narrowly escaped an action for breach of promise in consequence, and so on, and so on. Notwithstanding his lamentable lack of constancy he seemed to be everywhere a general favourite with the fair sex, and I would no sooner extricate him from one difficulty than he would be engulfed in another. I reasoned with him; threatened him; swore at him; but it was no use. He would promise not to make a fool of himself, and would keep pretty straight until he came in contact with the next pretty face, and then it was all up with his resolutions. Poor Jack! you have plucked the roses, but they were not always without thorns. Your grief was sincere for a whole week when you realized that I had succeeded in causing one charmer to throw you over for an ugly, but wealthy old iron founder. You did not shoot me either as you threatened to do two years ago when we learned of the success of our mutual scheme to get the little Miss F— married to that industrious and well-to-do corner groceryman by telling her father that you were a spendthrift. You were real sorry for a few days on each of the two other occasions when certain marriages were announced, but how quickly you recovered from all of these apparent losses! You have been a flirt of the first water, Jack, but you were not altogether to blame. I have helped to make you what you are, and although all that I have done was done from a pure motive and from a simple desire to prevent my best friend from plunging into that whirlpool of misery which arises from a marriage without love, still, I am not sure that I will not have a heavy record to answer for when I stand face to face with all these unhappy women whom I have assisted to obtain husbands in order to save you.

"And so you have been at your old tricks again, Jack," I continued to soliloquize, as I folded up the letter for the last time, "and you once more rely upon me helping you to break another innocent and unsuspecting heart. You are not satisfied with all the misery you have caused that poor old iron founder, and the corner groceryman, and the others, not to speak of the dozens of gushing maidens whom I cannot just now call to mind, but must try and add another one to the long list of sufferers. Yes, old boy, I will run down to New York, and will do all in my power to help you, but it will be in a different way from what you suspect. If by any means, fair or foul, I can succeed in getting you firmly tied up for life, a great burden will be taken off my mind, and it will also be a matter of safety to hundreds of blooming girls who are not acquainted with the crooked ways of this world."

I immediately telegraphed him that I would come at once and that he might expect me by the day boat from Albany on August the 2nd.

## II.

All who have been up or down the Hudson will no doubt remember the commodious steamers which used to ply between New York and Albany. I went on board the *Daniel Drew* at the latter place at 9 a.m., and was glad of an opportunity to spend at least one day upon the water. The boat moved off with a large number of passengers and continued to pick up many more at each stopping place along the river. I took up a position in a quiet part of the deck and exhausted my cigar case in idly gazing out upon the delightful scenery, and in thinking of Jack. With the exception of what his brief letter conveyed to me, I had nothing to build my plans upon, but I felt sure that my first conjecture was correct and that whatever trouble he had got into there was a woman at the bottom of it. As the smoke of cigar after cigar went up curling in the air I had plenty of time for reflection. I knew Jack well. He had a good heart, was affectionate and would make a good husband to any woman whom he truly loved. He had been a bit wild, but what young man of spirit can help that? If he could only find the right kind of a woman they would be the happiest couple in the world. I revolved the matter thoroughly in my mind and the conclusions I came to only strengthened my previous determination to get him finally "married and settled down," as my good old grandmother used to say. So engrossed was I in my own thoughts I paid little heed to the fact that the boat was gradually becoming crowded with people. The deck was rapidly filling up and my little corner was being encroached upon. Perhaps I would not have noticed this had it not been that the empty chairs grew less and less, until at last I was called upon to give up the one which had so long elevated my ugly feet in the air. A party of two ladies had taken up a position at my elbow, and when I had succeeded in getting them comfortably seated I sat down again and endeavoured to resume my meditations.

I daresay I looked sleepy and harmless, for, after observing me for a moment, the ladies evidently concluded that I was deaf and of no consequence, and they, therefore, felt at liberty to continue a conversation which had apparently been commenced before they came on board, or, perhaps, before they left home.

"Ada, dear, I do hope you will be guided by the advice of one who is much older than you are, and one who has no other interest now but your welfare."

"O auncy, you have always been very kind

to me, and I know you would not advise anything but what you think is best,—but—but—"

"But what, Ada?"

"But I know he loves me. I do know it."

I tried to close my "big ears" as Jack used to playfully term them, for I had no desire to listen to such conversation.

"I don't see how you could know that so soon. Believe me it takes years to find that out."

"But I have known John for a whole year."

"You mean that you have seen him a few times during the year, and you may be sure he did his utmost to appear nice."

"I think he would always be the same to me."

"Poor foolish girl, how little you know of these men. They are nothing but a lot of adventurers. They win an innocent girl and marry her for her money, and when that is all squandered she can spend the rest of her days in misery," said the elder lady.

"O aunt, surely all young men are not like that. John is so good, so noble. I am sure he would like me just as well if I did not have a cent in the world."

"Don't be too sure of that, Ada—"

I could not stand it any longer. I had coughed, whistled, looked intently down into the water; tried to get up a handkerchief flirtation with some kind of a female who was standing on the shore; had, in fact, done everything I could think of in order to make the ladies conscious that I was present, but all to no purpose. I could not extricate myself from the delicate position without disturbing several dozen people who were quietly sitting around. As a last resort I got up, and in doing so, managed to upset my chair which tumbled over and came down on the old lady's foot. A little scream from that personage was the result, then in an instant all eyes were turned towards us. For the first time in my life I began to feel my presence of mind deserting me. If I had been a pickpocket trying to relieve the old lady of her purse, and was caught in the act, I don't suppose I could have looked more bewildered. I stammered out an apology of some kind, when to my astonishment the dear old lady smiled and begged of me not to mention the circumstances as it was really her own fault for having her foot where the chair happened to fall. She then insisted upon my sitting down again and pleasantly inquired as to the time of going down to dinner, as travelling on the water always sharpened her appetite. I was myself again in a moment and endeavoured to give all the information in my power, and while doing so had an opportunity of looking at her fair companion who had so nobly defended her admirer whoever he might be. I was instantly struck with her beauty. She was the most lovely girl I had ever seen. Regular features, delicately arched eyebrows, expressive eyes, an abundance of soft dark hair that would not be concealed beneath her jewel of a hat; a sweet countenance and a graceful figure. I lifted my hat and she returned the salute with a sweet little smile. She turned her eyes away, and as she trifled coyly with her costly fan, I could not help envying the lucky fellow who was so fortunate as to have such a charming advocate to sound his praise. I hoped in my inmost heart that he would prove himself worthy of the precious prize, and that she would never have occasion to alter her high opinion of him. He must be a paragon of perfection, I thought; something far above the average young men whom I had met with (and I travelled considerably), if he does not some day descend a little in the scale of her estimation.

"How do you like the scenery of the Hudson?" asked the elder lady, turning her face towards me, a little later on.

"I think it is very nice," I replied, "so calm and placid (and pointing over towards a farm-house on the shore) with its rural homes nestling so cozily among the shady trees."

"It's wild enough and bleak enough, goodness knows, up among the Catskills," she continued.

"There are, indeed, some grandly romantic views in that neighbourhood," said I.

"Do you think any portion of the Hudson can equal the grandeur of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence?" asked the young lady, turning her bewitching eyes towards me.

"I think not," answered I, but did not dare say more.

"I am glad to hear you say that," she exclaimed, with a little enthusiasm, "for aunt won't agree with me in the opinion that the scenery of the St. Lawrence, especially about Alexandria Bay, is unequalled," then she laughed a little as she saw her aunt smile.

I began to wonder if the old lady was really in earnest, a short time ago, when she spoke so derogatory to her niece of young men in general. I wondered why she was not afraid of me. I began to wish that I had a nicer name than MULKINS; Mulkins is a cognomen that never seems to inspire anybody with awe.

"I have heard a great deal about the beautiful scenery around Alexandria Bay," I remarked quietly, determined to keep the conversation up if possible, "a young gentleman friend of mine spent a few weeks there last summer and he speaks very highly of the place."

"Last summer!" exclaimed the young lady, looking at me a little alarmed, "why, we spent three weeks there last July; I wonder if we had the pleasure of meeting your friend?"

"I think he was also there in July," I replied.

"What might his name be, pray?" asked the

elder lady carelessly, as she drew her wrapper a little more over her shoulders.

"Mr. John Percy," said I.

The announcement caused the young lady to start and look up with, as I thought, a rather pleased expression. She was about to say something, but was silenced by the authoritative tone of her aunt, who exclaimed rather abruptly:

"Ada, dear, draw your wrapper a little tighter the wind appears to be freshening up." Then turning to me she continued, "We travel a good deal and meet so many people it's almost impossible to remember the names."

Her niece did not raise her eyes again for some time. The elder lady made a few casual remarks and then remained silent. Meanwhile some Italians, with harps and violins, who had been playing in the other end of the boat, took up a position not far from us and commenced to play a selection from the opera of "Martha."

The young lady listened to the music and looked pleased, remarking at the close that "bad as it was it was better than none." They played "Norma" and numerous other pieces, after which my fair friend and myself had an interesting conversation in which she charmed me with her knowledge of music. Her aunt had become absorbed in the contents of a paper-covered book so that we had the whole talk to ourselves.

"You told us your friend's name, but you have not yet told us your own," she said, looking shyly at me.

"Ah, excuse the neglect, lady," said I, as I took a card from my pocket and handed it to her. She looked at it and read:

"MR. THOMAS MULKINS,"

and then burst out in a most unaccountable fit of laughter which lasted long enough to occasion alarm to her aunt. In reply to the elder lady inquiry as to the cause of the unseemly mirth she exclaimed, "This is Mr. Mulkins, aunt," and then indulged in another little fit of laughter. It's all up with me now, I thought, that name will ruin me yet. I had better keep a good face on me, however, so I playfully remarked,

"It is not one of the most classic names, it is true, but it is one that I hope will be widely known some day." We chatted away pleasantly for a few minutes longer and then my fair friends retired for a time to their state-room.

Sauntering in the other end of the boat, sometime after, still wondering whoever in the world my new-made acquaintances could be, I was suddenly accosted by a blue-coated, official-looking man who tapped me on the shoulder and requested me to step below with him for a moment as he wished to speak with me. He led the way into an apartment near the gangway. We were no sooner inside than a second official-looking man entered, locked the door behind him, and then proceeded to address me as follows:

"We've got you at last. We've been on your track dozens of times, but you have always managed to give us the slip. You are caged now though, 'Mr. Jim Benton,' alias 'Sharpy,' alias 'Mulkins,' or the hundred other names you are known by, and we rather guess you will not slip through our fingers this time."

They pounced upon me and in an instant my hands were locked together in a pair of handcuffs. My amazement can be better imagined than described. I demanded to know the meaning of this gross outrage; by what right they dared to molest a gentleman in this inhuman manner.

The two men laughed and one of them coolly replied, "Come now, Sharpy, that kind of thing won't do." I told them they had made a mistake; that they had taken the wrong man, and if they did not release me at once and apologize, it would be the dearest day in their lives; but the fiends only laughed the more and acted like a couple of exulting demons. I told them who I was, declared my innocence, protested in every way, but all to no purpose.

"They had me, and they intended to keep me," was all the satisfaction I could get from either of them. At the next stopping place I was taken from the boat, placed on the cars, and in charge of these two horrid men I arrived in New York and was soon after locked up in the "Tomb."

All sorts of surmises had arisen in my mind. Could that reckless Jack be trying to play some practical joke upon me? and had it been carried farther than what he had intended? No; bad as he is, he would not dare do this thing. Could it be that my two new lady friends were female detectives in disguise, and mistook me for some scoundrel who was known by the name of Mulkins? Impossible; surely that sweet young creature could not be so base, so treacherous; no, no,—and yet did she not laugh in a most unaccountable manner when she read my name on the card which I had given her? There is some mystery, and if Jack is in any way connected with this matter I will never forgive him. Meantime I despatched a message to him informing him of the predicament in which I was in, and begged of him not to lose a moment until he had secured my release.

## III.

Confined in a cell in that awful place, each minute seemed like an age to me. What if Jack should happen to be out of town? if he should fail to receive my message? What could be the nature of the trouble he is himself in? Could he, too, be locked up somewhere? As the time wore slowly on the terrible uncertainty was working



me up into a state of feverish excitement. At the expiration of two hours I heard a commotion in an adjoining corridor, and, looking out through the bars of my door, I saw Jack tearing towards my cell, accompanied by a turnkey. A moment later the door was unlocked, and I walked out a free man with my friend. In spite of my agonized state of mind I could not, occasionally, refrain from laughing, as the unfeeling scamp made light of the terrible ordeal through which I had recently passed.

"Have some regard for my feelings, Mr. Percy," said I, rather coolly, as we walked along towards the hotel in which he resided; "this matter may be the subject of mirth to you, but it is no joke to me."

"Pardon me, Tom, old fellow, but I can not help laughing at the ridiculousness of the thing. You have been the victim of a terrible mistake."

"And who is responsible for that mistake?" I asked, savagely, for I began to think that perhaps it was one of his practical jokes, after all.

"You alone are responsible for it," said he, without any apparent effort to restrain his mirthfulness.

"For heaven's sake, Jack, try and be serious for once in your life! What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say, Tom. You alone are responsible for the mistake. If you had taken the advice which I gave you that day, when we left Dieppe for England, and allowed that name of yours to remain as we had it in France, you would have escaped the trouble which befell you to-day. Mr. Thomas DeMulkins sounds altogether better, and no private or any other kind of a detective would think of suspecting the bearer of such a cognomen of being a rascally thieving villain, who is known in New York as 'Sharpy Mulkins.'"

I listened to his chatter in a strangely-perplexed mood. The mention of our experience in France called to mind a myriad of foolish episodes, but I was too chagrined to think of anything but the treatment I had been subjected to.

"All that I could learn of the affair, Tom, was that, in coming down on the boat to-day, your name by some means became known to a private detective who was on board, and he arrested you on suspicion of being the man he was after. As soon as I got your message I hurried to the Commissioner of Police, and when I had made known to him who you really were, he immediately forwarded an order for your release. That is all that I know about it. You must be able to account for the rest."

"But, Jack, the only people I spoke to on that confounded boat was an old lady and her niece. Deuced nice looking girl she is, too. I can't see how any infernal detective could have found out my name."

"An old lady and her niece, did you say?" he asked, with an extraordinary turn of earnestness. "What were their names?"

"I don't know. That's just what is bothering me. I told them mine, and would have found out theirs later on, if I had not been snapped away so unceremoniously." I then gave him a minute account of my experience on the boat, and was several times interrupted by his asking as to what my two lady friends looked like, how they were dressed? &c., &c., and when I had finished the narrative he informed me that he thought the ladies were friends of his, but could not believe they had anything to do with my mishap.

"And now, Jack, since I have got out of this mess, perhaps you will be good enough to explain more fully the drift of your letter, which is, after all, the cause of my coming here at all."

"There is no hurry, Tom," he replied; "you have had bother enough for one day; besides, I have arranged for our spending an evening or two with some friends over in Brooklyn, and I want you to have at least one evening's enjoyment before I burden you with my troubles."

"Whatever the nature of the difficulty is, Jack, you don't seem to be very much oppressed with the weight of it."

"That is because it has not come to a climax yet, and, also, because I have you to help me with your ingenuity."

"Another love-scrape, I suppose," said I, carelessly.

"Let us drop the subject just now, Tom; you will have enough of it before long," he replied, with an effort at mournfulness.

"There is a woman at the bottom of it, then?" I continued. "Ah, Jack, you are everlastingly in a pickle about some women or other."

"It is not *one* this time, Tom."

"Not one?"

"No; it's two."

We entered the hotel at this moment, and the subject had to be dropped for the time.

"You will find Mrs. Malvern and her accomplished daughter to be very nice people," said Jack, as we proceeded along a shady street on a delightful evening towards their residence in Brooklyn. He seemed to be light-hearted and gay, and was evidently anticipating a pleasant evening.

"Have you enjoyed the honour of their acquaintance long?" I asked.

"O yes; we are old friends. I have spent many pleasant hours in their company. Their home is the centre of a most charming circle, and I am glad to be in a position to introduce you there."

"You are a lucky fellow, Jack; if there are any special favourites in any neighbourhood, their doors are always open to you. How is it?"

"I don't know; it's more than I deserve I am often inclined to think."

"I know that long ago, and I have often wondered how it is that scapegraces like you are always preferred to persons of solid worth."

"Don't be hard on me, Tom; I will have to swallow a great deal during the next month."

"Did you ever have a really serious thought in your life?" I asked.

"O, yes—but here we are at the house. Don't let us quarrel just now," he replied laughingly.

The house was a large one, and stood some distance back from the street. We were shown in without much ceremony. I was presented to Mrs. Malvern, who was, indeed, a very lady-like person. As soon as Jack had got us fairly started in conversation he stole away into another part of the house.

"I understand that you have travelled very much, Mr. Mulkins; is it possible that of all the places you have seen you actually prefer to settle in Canada?" asked the lady, some minutes after.

"Yes," I replied, quietly; "but, perhaps, early associations may have had much to do with my preference, Mrs. Malvern."

"Then you really do not think it is the best place in the world?"

"I think there is a great future in store for it," I replied, and was about to give expression to some other favourable opinions when I was startled by hearing a burst of soft laughter in another portion of the large drawing-room.

"Mrs. Malvern turned her eyes in the direction from whence came the sound, and exclaimed, in a gently reproving tone of voice, 'Why, Ada!'"

I turned intuitively, and was astonished at what my eyes beheld. Leaning against the door was that veritable Jack, while, close beside him, stood the beautiful girl whom I had met on the boat. She was elegantly attired, and, having just come in from the lawn, still wore a hat, out of which flowed a most gorgeous feather. Her eyes fairly twinkled with a merriment which she could scarcely restrain.

"Ada, dear; this is Mr. Mulkins, a friend of Mr. Percy's; Mr. Mulkins, my daughter," said Mrs. Malvern, not appearing to notice my bewilderment.

I rose, and, as the lovely girl approached and held out her hand, she said, in a sweetly tender voice, "I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Mulkins, or, perhaps, I should say, renew it. Although aunt and I did think we lost sight of you rather abruptly on the boat that day."

"Poor fellow," said Jack, "it seems he was suddenly taken—taken ill," and then the scamp looked at me out of the corner of his eye.

"I hope you are better now," said the young lady.

"Yes, thank you; I feel very much better now," I replied.

"You were speaking of Canada just now," she continued. "I love Canada; and you must not forget that you agreed with me about the scenery of the St. Lawrence."

"Mr. Mulkins has had the gratification of sailing on many rivers, darling," said her mother.

"Yes, I dare say he could tell you something about the Rhine, if he wanted to," remarked Jack, with a mischievous shake of the head.

"Were you with him at the time, Mr. Chatterbox?" asked Ada, looking at my friend.

"Yes, and saw the whole affair," he added.

"He was always getting us into trouble of some kind, if I remember rightly," said I.

After a while Ada sat down and played some pieces of music for us, and, as she played, I had time to think. The truth flashed across my mind in an instant. The "John" whom she adored was none other than my friend, Jack Percy. A sudden chill crept over me, and I felt like one who had heard a terrible announcement. At first I was inclined to pity the poor girl for thus "wasting her sweetness on the desert air." He was standing beside her, turning the music, and, as I gazed upon them, I had to acknowledge that they were a truly handsome couple. I hoped that she had made a deep impression upon him, and that he had found one, at least, whom he really cared for. Her playing was excellent; indeed, I had seldom heard those difficult pieces so exquisitely rendered. At the finish of one piece she turned towards me and asked:

"Do you care for Wagner's music, Mr. Mulkins?"

"Yes, Miss Malvern; the more I hear it, the more charming I find it. I think it is because I am just beginning to understand it," I replied.

"It is called the music of the future, you know; do his compositions help you to interpret that?" she asked.

"Take care, Tom," interrupted Jack; "don't profess to be able to read the future, or we may be inclined to put your pretensions to the test."

"Don't ask me to read yours in public, sir," I remarked.

"Nor his past, either," added Ada, laughingly. Thus the question which she had put to me was lost sight of before I had occasion to answer it. And so the happy minutes flew by until it was time for us to depart.

"We will be pleased to see you as often as you can find it convenient to call during your stay; indeed, as you have so few friends in New York you had better make our place your headquarters," were the kind words of Mrs. Malvern to me as we bade the ladies good-night.

Jack had many bachelor friends "to drop round to see," so that it was midnight when we reached the hotel.

IV.

The next few days were enjoyably spent with Jack and his numerous acquaintances. We saw much of the ladies, and from all I could learn I concluded that Jack had an easy course and plain sailing. Mrs. Malvern seemed to have implicit confidence in him, and her lovely daughter manifested a decided preference for his company. What could he have meant by the words "confounded mess," and "escape," &c., which his letter contained? I had, several times, attempted to question him in regard to the matter, but he seemed very reluctant to make a clean breast of it. I had caught a glimmer of an idea that there was a second lady in the field somewhere, but as yet I had seen nothing to corroborate the surmise.

One morning, soon after, while lounging outside the front of the hotel, smoking and chatting about old times, my attention was arrested by a carriage, with a dashing pair of horses, drive up and stop close beside us. The occupant was a handsome woman, attired in the most fashionable mourning costume, and appeared to me to have enjoyed the sunshine of at least thirty summers. She bowed and smiled graciously as Jack arose and saluted her. A moment later he had begged me to excuse him for an hour or two, and then, taking a seat beside her, the two drove off together. I watched them as far as I could see, and felt that the mystery was at last beginning to reveal itself.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned, and I saw at once that something had happened to make him silent and moody.

"Don't make any engagement for Saturday, Tom," said he, during the scanty conversation; "we will run down to Long Branch and spend a few days. It will be the best thing for us."

"Will the Malverns be there?" I asked.

"No, I guess not. But there will be a number of other nice people there whom I am acquainted with, and we will find it pleasant. And, by-the-by, I wish you would go over this evening and tell Mrs. Malvern that we will be away for a few days. Apologize for me, and say that I am a little unwell or I would have been over myself."

"Jack! what do you mean?" I asked, looking steadily at him, for my worst fears were being awakened.

"Don't get alarmed, old fellow; your nerves do not seem to be as steady as formerly. There was a time, Tom, when I would not hesitate to tell you anything. Be sure to go over and see our friends this evening, and meet me here at 11 o'clock to-night. I will have to leave you now for a little while, as I have some little matters to attend to in another part of the city—ta-ta."

Mrs. Malvern was sorry to hear that Mr. Percy was unwell, and hoped he would be all right again in a day or so. Ada, to my surprise, affected a perfect indifference as to Jack's excuse for his absence, and, whatever sorrow she may have felt was successfully concealed by an unusual gaiety. A few of their intimate friends had also been invited and were spending the evening with them. In the delightful company the hours flew by so quickly that ten o'clock was chimed out by the little French clock before I knew it.

"I will have to say good-evening now," Miss Malvern, said I, as we finished a pretty little talk. "Mr. Percy is going to take me to Long Branch for a couple of days, and I suppose we will not have the pleasure of meeting you again until we return."

"To Long Branch?" she asked, looking up with that same tender and beseeching expression which I first noticed when I mentioned Percy's name on the boat; "I hope you will enjoy the visit very much. You will find it a most delightful place, or, at least, most people do."

"During my leave-taking she talked freely, but I noticed the idea of our going to the 'Branch' concerned her more than she chose to acknowledge."

On my way back to the hotel I could not help thinking what a splendid young lady Miss Malvern was. She had pleased me before—I was charmed with her now. Just the right kind of a wife for my good old friend, Jack Percy. Before I had met that gentleman at the appointed time, I had firmly resolved that the wedding should take place before my holidays came to an end.

Jack was waiting for me at the hotel, and the first thing he asked was:

"How are our friends? Did you have a pleasant evening?"

"I had a very enjoyable evening—was sorry I had to leave so early," I answered.

"Many there?" he asked.

"About half a dozen other charming people besides themselves," said I.

"I am glad they did not miss me very much."

"Why should you be glad of that?"

"Because I am afraid I will have to be absent a good deal for a while."

"Don't be foolish, Jack; you have been a trifle about long enough. Miss Malvern is an accomplished and charming girl. She will be an excellent companion for you, or, indeed, for any man who may be fortunate enough to win her affection."

"She is a splendid girl, Tom, and I am glad you are favourably impressed with her, for she deserves all the praise any man can bestow upon her."

"Then why are you trying to avoid her this way?"

"Because it will be better for her."

"It will not be better for her; she likes you

and so does her mother, and there is nothing to hinder you from marrying her and settling down, as a respectable citizen should do."

"But, Tom, I don't want to marry her; I am sure she would not have me if I wanted her to."

"That is all bosh, Jack; in times gone by I have helped to get you out of some entanglements which were likely to make you miserable for life, but this is a very different case. You must marry this young lady; in fact, you *shall* marry her, and that, too, inside of three weeks, or my name is not Mulkins," said I, emphatically, for I began to feel annoyed at his vacillating proclivities.

"Well, well, Tom," said he, lightly, "we won't talk about it just now. To-morrow is Saturday, you know, and we will take the two o'clock boat and run down to the Branch; we will have lots of time to discuss the matter there."

The trip down on the steamer, next day, was delightful, and we both felt the benefit of the cool and refreshing sea breeze. Our rooms had been previously secured at one of the popular hotels, so that we had no delay in domiciling ourselves at the fashionable resort. He introduced me to a number of the guests, among whom was that handsome woman who had called at the hotel in New York, and with whom he had gone off in the carriage. She was known at the Branch as Madam DeCourcey. I was not long in discovering that she was, for the time being, a kind of ruling Queen, the centre of attraction, about which the butterflies of fashion hovered and flitted like moths about a candle on a summer evening. What pained me most was to find that Jack was her special favourite. She would call and take him out in her carriage; they meandered together along the beach, like a pair of cooing doves; he was her escort in the evening; they waltzed, were partners in any little game of whist—in fact, they were always together. I learned that she had been a popular actress, some four years before, but had left the stage to marry a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia. The marriage had been an unhappy one; a divorce was the result, and now she was living upon an income of eight thousand dollars a year. She was certainly a handsome woman, and knew how to act to appear to the very best, but to anyone who was not blinded by infatuation, all her clever acting could not conceal her insincerity. I had no fear for Jack, for that gentleman had had a vast amount of experience with ladies of this stamp, and understood them vastly better than I did; but, when I thought of the sweet little angel whom we had left in Brooklyn, a feeling of terror shot through me, which I could scarcely account for. The more I saw of the Madam's preference for Jack, the more miserable I became, and I privately determined that the very moment the five days, which we had decided to stay, had elapsed, I would insist upon our immediate return to New York. I had frequently spoken to Jack about the rumours that were being whispered about, but all I could say made no more impression upon him than would a snow-flake upon an ice waggon.

As our fifth day was drawing to a close, he turned to me in one of his "happy-go-lucky" moods, and exclaimed:

"We have a jolly programme for to-morrow, Tom; the Madam and I and Miss Blank and yourself will take the boat at 11 o'clock and run down to Cape—"

"We will do nothing of the kind," said I, interrupting him. "The five days we intended to remain here are up, and to-morrow I return to the city, and I will be very much surprised if you don't go with me."

"There is no hurry; besides, it would be a terrible disappointment to our friends."

"Which friends?" I asked, looking at him keenly. He did not want to notice the insinuation, so he said:

"Madam DeCourcey has arranged the trip for our special benefit, and I don't see how we can decline."

We argued, but I remained firm, and it ended by an agreement that I was to go to the Madam and explain that I was obliged to return to New York at once, and, being the guest of Jack, he, of course, could not do else than accompany me.

"I will find it positively lonesome, Mr. Mulkins," said the Madam, when I had told her of our intention to go, "and I do hope that Mr. Percy and yourself will return soon."

The ladies accompanied us to the boat next day, and I thought there was a rather tender parting between the Madam and my reckless friend, Jack.

On the way back to the city he became wonderfully serious, and told me the whole story. He had known the Madam for some time, and, a month ago, she had consented to become his wife. The wedding day had been fixed for the 1st of September.

I listened to him with blank amazement, and when he had finished he exclaimed:

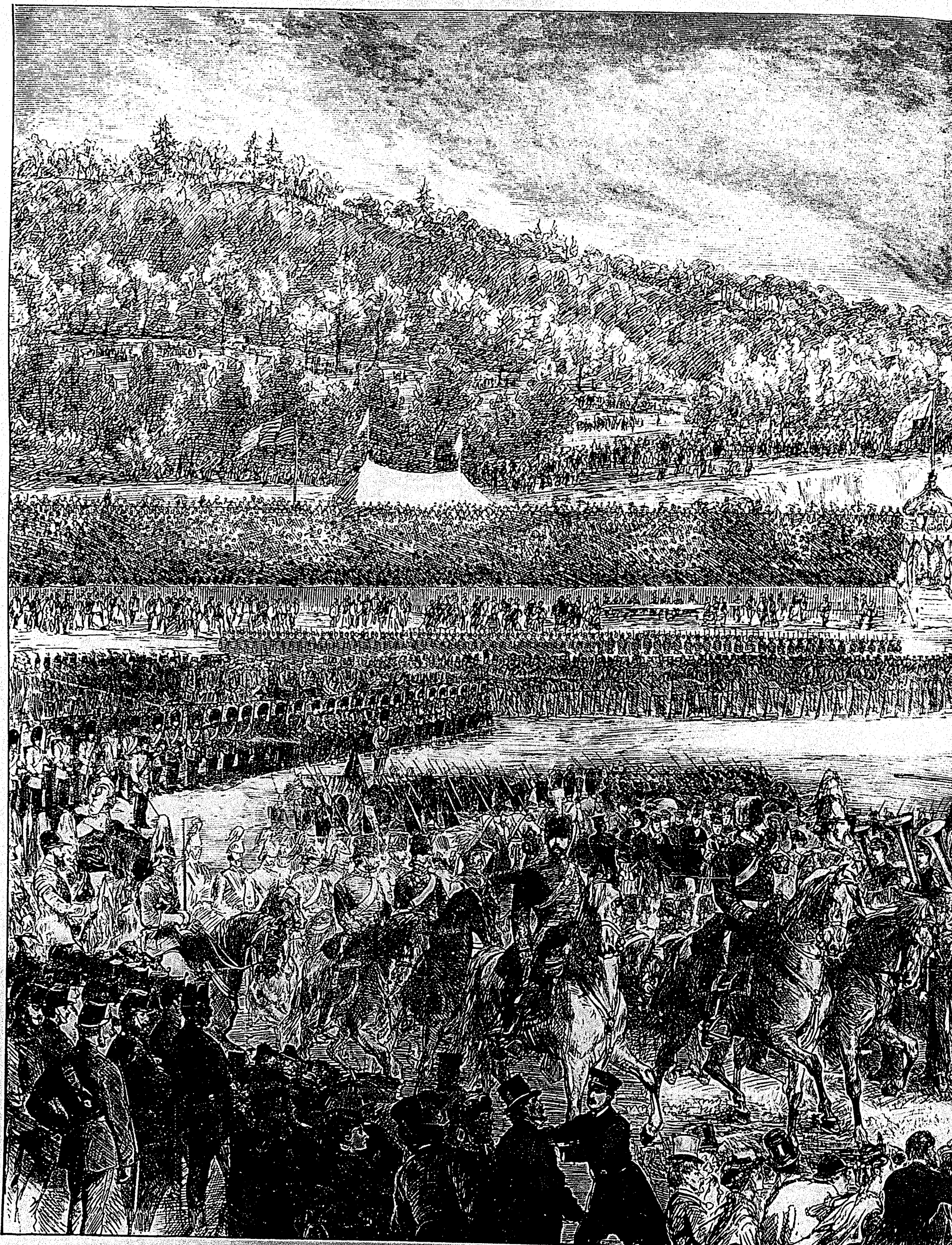
"I know you will consider me a fool, Tom, but really she is the only woman I have ever loved."

I looked at him with a genuine feeling of contempt, and asked, coldly, "What about Miss Malvern?"

"She can never be more to me than a friend," he said, sadly. "I don't think she ever cared for me, or, if she did, her old aunt has turned her against me."

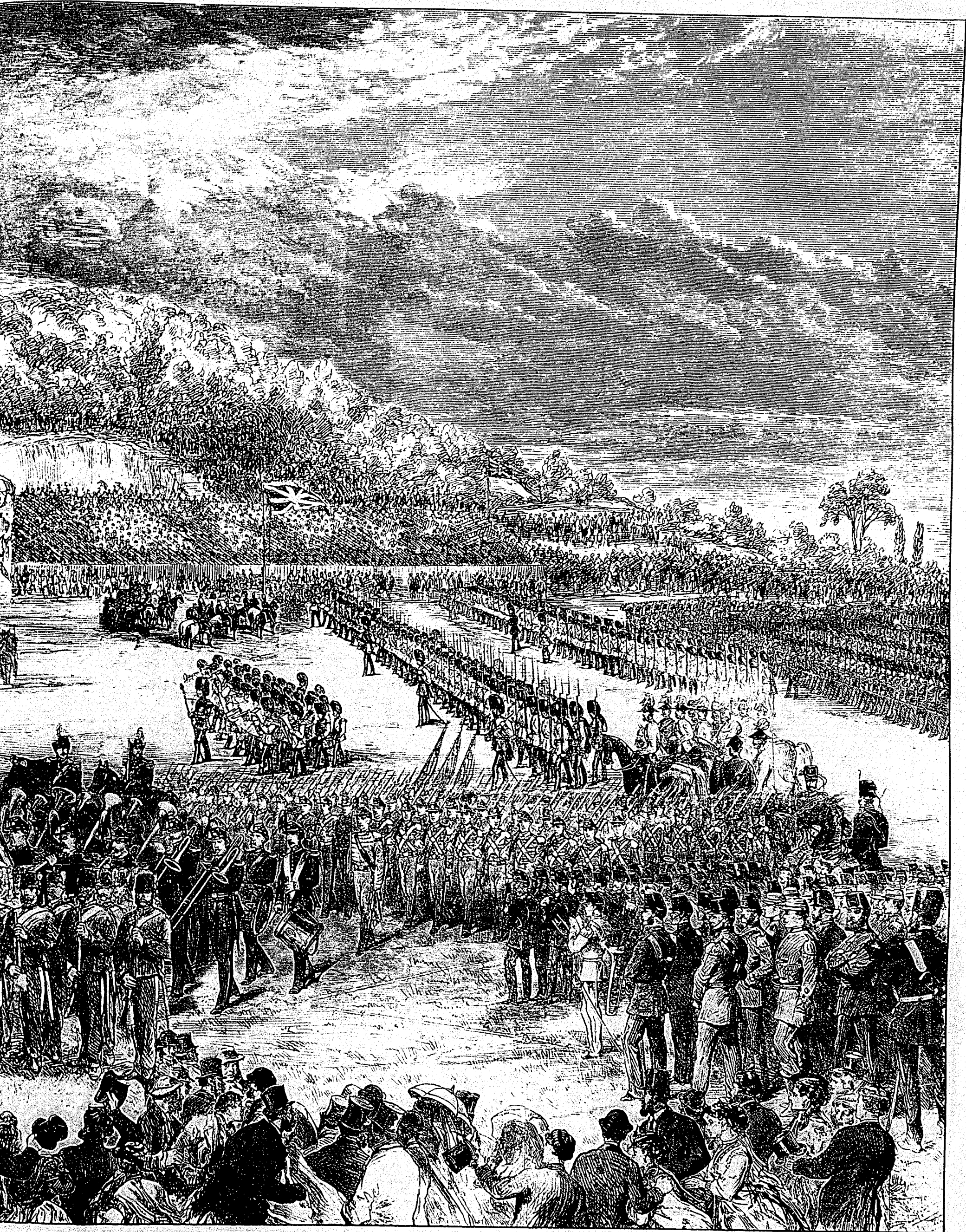
That evening he positively declined to go to the Malvern's, so I was obliged to present myself there alone. Ada looked pale, and I thought she had been crying, but she brightened up and was as lightsome as a sunbeam before I was there half an hour. She had heard all about Jack's





GRAND REVIEW. MOVING INTO POSITION FOR THE SHAM BATTLE IN HONOUR





OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT ROYAL, MAY 24TH, 1879.



intimacy with the Madam, and declared she was "real glad," too, for I discovered that it was I, myself, who was over head and ears in love with the sweet Ada.

Two months later the charming Miss Malvern resigned her name and became Mrs. Thomas Mulkins. She is my own loving wife, and I never knew what happiness was until my bachelorhood vanished in the sunshine of her love.

Poor Jack! He is single yet. He never married Madam DeCourcy. Two days before that first of September—that was to have been his wedding day—that wayward, fickle, heartless woman went off to Europe with a Frenchman, who had a high sounding handle to his name.

That letter of Jack's, which took me to New York, is treasured up by my wife, and that is all she has to remember him by.

THE END.

### HER CHILD'S CRY.

The story I have to tell is very slight, the incidents are so very homely, and the people whom it concerns are so ordinary, that more than once I have taken up a pen to begin it and put down the pen again beside the virgin page. If I attempt a mere narration of fact, without adding colour or emotion, the interest of a reader is likely soon to flag, and he may probably resent finding in a publication where he expects subjective fiction in narratives, a simple and literal account of things, people, and events such as he is accustomed to meet in the columns of a newspaper. As I have determined to go on, I hope I over-estimate the danger. And now for what I have to tell:

I live in the south-west district of London, and when I take the train for town, Loughborough Junction is the most convenient station. One dull, heavy day in the October of last year I booked at Loughborough for Ludgate Hill, and took my seat in a third-class carriage of a South-western train. It was neither for economy nor for "the pride that apes humility" that I travelled third-class; but my business obliges me to spend most of my time alone, and when I have an opportunity of getting among people, it is good for my business that I should see and hear as many of my fellow creatures as possible. Hence I prefer the frequently changing crowd of a third-class carriage to the thinly-masked solitude of a higher class.

On this occasion the carriage in which I found myself had only shoulder-high compartment partitions, so that one could see from end to end. There were in all seven or eight persons present, and I was in the last compartment but one, with my back to the engine, and in the right-hand corner as I sat.

For a few minutes I engaged myself in observing the five or six people scattered up and down the major portion in front of me. Then looking over my shoulder I found that the compartment nearest to the engine contained only a woman with a young baby in her arms. She was sitting with her back to mine. Owing to the violence of the wrench I had to give my neck in order to see her, my glance was brief; but while it lasted I caught sight of an expression such as I had never before seen on a human face, an expression which so affected my curiosity and wonder that after allowing a little time to elapse, and just as we reached Walworth road, I shifted myself to the other end of the seat on which I sat, and, throwing my arm carelessly over the shoulder-high partition, looked long at the pair. In the sense that a surprising revelation may fascinate any one, I was fascinated.

There was no need to fear my long stare might disturb the woman. I knew by the way the woman held the baby that it was asleep. I could not see the face of the child. The mother held it close to her bosom and bent her own head low over it. Although I could hear no word of hers, even when the train stopped, her lips moved slowly, paused awhile, and then went over again the very same phrases. At length I learned the unspoken words of the passion-weary lips:

"My darling! My baby son! My own! My own!"

Mother's ordinary words, but what an utterable accompaniment of pose and look!

Without being deformed or hideous, she was without exception the ugliest woman I ever saw. There was nothing loathsome, repulsive, or malignant in her face, but it was completely ugly. The skin was dark and coarse in texture. The forehead was rugged at the temples, the hair at the right-hand side of the parting grew an inch lower down than at the other and the upper portion of the forehead projected to the line of the hair. The nose was thin at the point, upturned, splay where it met the face, sharply sunken where it joined the forehead at the bridge, and small for the other features. The cheeks were heavy and livid, differing in colour from the rest of the face only by having a few blotches. The mouth was large, with prominent thick lips that never closed neatly and that always remained heavily apart and leaning outward when motionless. The chin was long and feeble. I did not see the eyes; they never for one moment were removed from the sleeping infant.

"My darling! My baby son! My own! My own!"

Did ever any other heart yearn so overwhelmingly over any other thing? Was this a new manner, a higher, more intense form of maternal love? And had all else of that kind

which I had seen been only the prelude to this imperial theme of passion?

Although the chin was weak, the expression of the whole face indicated strength irregular and of uncertain action. The eyes might hold the key to the whole face.

"My darling! My baby son! My own! My own!"

These words, beyond all doubt, were the clew to her whole nature. The child, beyond all doubt, was the acme of her present life. She was as unconscious of the presence of any strangers as though she sat alone with her child under a palm-tree in the oasis of an ocean of sand.

"Ludgate Hill! Ludgate Hill!"

The train stopped and I got up. She, too, rose with a shudder.

"My darling! My baby son! My own! My own!"

I left the carriage, and in doing so noticed that she had some difficulty in opening the door. I turned the handle for her, and assisted her to alight. She looked up:

"Thank you, sir."

Deep-set blue-gray eyes with strange red points of fire in them, like the sparks of glowing charcoal seen through damp glass.

Her left hand and arm swathed the body to her bosom. The hand lay visible and bare; on the third finger was a wedding ring.

Who had wooed and won this woman whose sheer uncomeliness would be enough to shame all tender words, turn away all tender glances? And how was it that she whose appearance scouted the thought that any man could seek love of her for her appearance had nevertheless reached the crown of woman's dreams, motherhood, and yet had room for nothing in her heart but the cry:

"My darling! My own!"

She was not a widow. The child could have been no more than a few months old, and she wore no widow's weeds. And yet he whose coming with words of endearment must have been an apocalypse of delight had already faded into nothing, passed out of her heart, leaving no trace of his image behind, not even in the face of the child, for her eyes did not seek behind the baby for his likeness. It was only,

"My own! My own!"

I confess that all the day I was haunted by the face of this woman. I could not get it out of my mind. When I read, it came between my eyes and the page. In the street I found myself looking for it in the crowd. I kept saying to myself the words indicated by the lips but never breathed by the voice.

I was detained in town until a late hour. In the evening I met a friend, Dr. Robert William Baird, of Brixton. I invited him to supper, and we turned into a restaurant in the Strand.

After supper we lit cigars. I thought I noticed a look of painful preoccupation on his face. "Has anything unpleasant happened?" I asked; "you seem out of sorts."

He shook himself, smiled, and roused up. "Oh, dear, no! Nothing the matter. I did not know I was looking blue. To tell you the truth, I was thinking of a very unpleasant scene I witnessed to-day. You know Langton, the solicitor?"

"No."

"Michael Seymour Langton, you know?"

"His name, no more."

"A good fellow. A great friend of mine; you must know him some day. Well, I looked in at his office to-day. He's always up to his eyes in work; but unless he has a client with him, he's always glad to see a friend. One of those free-and-easy, good-hearted fellows, who, without making you feel a bit uncomfortable, will tell you be off the moment he wants you to go, so that you need never be afraid of doing him grievous bodily harm by staying a while if he'll let you."

"Well?"

"Exactly. But I can't tell you about him, he's such a capital fellow. You and he shall dine with me next Sunday. Eh?"

"All right so far as I'm concerned; but about this incident or scene?"

"Quite so. 'Sit down,' he said, 'sit down, old man.' Then looking at his watch, he said, 'If you've got five or ten minutes to spare, I'll show you the most perfect development of the genus scoundrel that I ever met.'

"I had the five minutes to spare, and moreover I always am open to make a sacrifice, if by so doing I can get a glimpse at anything superlatively good or bad; my liking for you, to illustrate what I say, arises from your superlative badness."

"All right, Baird; but for goodness sake go on," said I—a little petulantly, I fear, for I was not in a very jocular humour, and the exuberant garrulity of the good little doctor jarred against my nerves.

"My dear fellow, you know my motto, 'Slow and sure.' You can never get the real flavour out of a story or port by gulping it down. Taste it curiously, and you fill your whole body from your forehead to your feet with delight, especially in the case of port—when it's good."

I expostulated only by a sigh. I knew him thoroughly. Had I expostulated in words, he would have broken out into further digression.

"Well," he resumed, after a few solemn puffs at his cigar, "I waited. 'Now,' said Langton. A knock sounded at the door, and a man entered. At first I thought Langton had made a false diagnosis of his visitor, for anything less scoundrelly than the appearance of the man I never saw. He was of the medium

height, well made, handsome, with light blue eyes, straight nose, straight mouth, clear complexion, and a most winning and disarming smile. He appeared to be about thirty-eight years of age. His moustache and whiskers were brown, and the well-shaved chin was very firm and clean in outline. Upon the whole an exceedingly proper man, and one, I thought, likely to be very popular among the ladies; in no way like you, my dear Melton.

"Well, he came into the room with a bow and a smile, holding his hat across his waistcoat in a most genteel, humble, and conciliatory manner—thus. For a moment he seemed in doubt as to whether he and Langton were to shake hands or not, and, to tell you the truth, I thought it both rude and painful for Langton to thrust his hands so emphatically into his trousers' pockets and straddle over the hearth-rug as he did.

"Mr. Langton," said the stranger, in a very soft and winning voice, "I have come, as you know, on my wife's and my own business. You remember me? I am Antony Ryland."

"Be assured I remember you," answered Langton in a most impolite tone, and with a most scandalously unprofessional emphasis on the word *you*. Why, that much impolite emphasis on a pronoun in the second person would ruin a first-class medical practice, I tell you. We have strychnine and prussic acid in the pharmacopœia, but impolite emphasis is a thing unknown to the faculty," said Baird, drawing down his waistcoat slowly with his left hand, and solemnly raising his glass with the right, keeping his cigar between the fingers of his left hand the while, and looking into my face with a malicious deliberateness.

"For goodness sake, go on, Baird, and drop your hideous attempts at humour!"

"Impetuous youth," he apostrophized me, "of forty! do we not dilute all good things with something useless or stupid, to-wit: whisky with water, laudanum with aqua, life with sleeping—"

"Health with medicine, and hope with Baird," I cried. "But do go on."

He paused a moment, then spilled a few drops from his glass, held it out from him, and said in a tone of suppressed enthusiasm, "I pour and drink to Walter Melton's precocious smartness. Bless the antique boy!"

"Waiter: two more."

"And to his noble hospitality," cried the little man with a mischievous twinkle, as he emptied his glass.

"Well," resumed Baird with a sigh, as though the duty of narration pressed heavily upon him, Langton increased the base of the isosceles triangle his legs made with hearth-rug and said, "You have come for the purpose of meeting your wife, and trying to induce her to make over on you money which otherwise will go to that child. Is not that so?"

"I thought Langton's manner simply brutal."

"Sir," said Ryland, glancing from Langton to me, "we are not alone." He did not show the least sign of haste or temper, but smiled as gently as though I were his sweetheart, and he was asking me to withdraw in order that papa and he might talk over the business aspect of his successful love-suit.

"I rose to go, but Langton turned sharply upon me and said, 'Neither I nor my client have sought this interview, neither I nor my client desires secrecy. If it does not answer the purpose of this man that you should be present, he can go. I desire, Baird, that you remain.'

"By George, Melton, but I thought there would be blood. Langton's voice was full of threat and command; sit down I must and did."

"At that moment the door opened and a woman carrying a baby in her arms came in. Indeed, she was one of the plainest women I ever saw. She wore a hideous cold green plaid shawl and an old yellow straw bonnet trimmed with faded violet ribbons."

"Eh?"

"Cold green plaid shawl, old yellow straw bonnet with faded blue or violet ribbons. Why did you stop me?"

"Was her complexion bad and her nose sunken much below the forehead at the bridge?"

"Yes; at least, I think so. Give me a moment. It was."

"And she held the child to her bosom as though it were part of her own body that felt cold and needed all the heat of her arms and her bosom."

"All fond mothers hold their babies so. Do you know her?"

"Was the hair on her forehead irregular? Did it grow lower, much lower, at one side than at the other?"

"Yes, it did. Did you ever meet her?"

"She was in the carriage I came by to-day. Go on."

"When the woman saw Ryland she shuddered and drew the child closer to her. I was watching every movement and look most closely. Langton went to her, spoke to her, and taking her by the hand led her to a seat with as much gallantry and deference as though she were the finest woman and the first lady in London. Ryland stood in the middle of the room with one hand on the back of a chair and the other still holding his hat in front of his waistcoat. He bowed and smiled faintly as she crossed the room; beyond that he did not move. After the first look she never glanced toward him again during the whole interview."

After a few words by Langton in a low voice

to the woman, to which she made no reply, he sat down at his writing-table and spoke out.

"Mrs. Ryland, of the money you inherited from your great-uncle from Jamaica, four months after your marriage, you have already assigned away to this man half, or about £2,500, on the condition that he was to keep away from you forever. This money having been left to your use in such a manner that he could have no claim whatever on a penny of it, although he is your—husband—you, against my advice, made over to him the moiety of that fortune. He has been gambling again, and it is all gone—"

"Operating on the Stock Exchange," put in Ryland in a voice, as though more desirous to keep statements accurate than to shield or excuse himself.

"One-half of your fortune has been gambled away, and this—man now wishes to have the opportunity of dissipating—"

"Of operating with—" broke in Ryland.

"Of dissipating more of it. Your decision—a decision which has my full concurrence—is that you retain the money for yourself and your child, and that if he give any further trouble, you seek divorce on the ground of cruelty."

"But I shall get back all I have lost if I can command only another thousand. Only a thousand. There will be some left for her and the boy, and I shall win all back."

"Not with my approval one penny," said Langton, hotly.

"But I have a right—I am her husband."

"We won't discuss law with you. Mrs. Ryland declines to give you the money. The law is open to all. You can appeal to it if you please. That is your answer. You can leave now."

"But I, too, want to secure something for our son," said Ryland. His face was now deadly pale, and I saw his fingers tighten and whiten on the brim of his hat until the brim was crushed flat against the side. The pleasant smiles were all gone now, and a deadly sinister leer covered his handsome features. His blue eyes were glassy and cold, and his lips fell back from his white teeth like a coward's at bay.

"Out at once!" cried Langton, springing to his feet angrily, and I do believe he would have used violence had not Ryland hastily withdrawn, closing the door very softly after himself.

"There was a long silence. Langton remained standing by his table; the woman sat bending over her child and holding it against her with both her arms and both her thin hands, the fingers outspread, that the protecting and cherishing hand might touch the most of the loved surface.

"After a while Langton went across the room and stood over her, like a sentinel lion. Then he said, in a low, kind voice, that made me think more of him than ever I had thought before, 'Did the little fellow feel the cold?'

"I tried not to let him," she answered, looking up for a moment. "I am always afraid to leave him behind, my baby son. I am afraid he, looking fearfully at the door, might come and steal him away from me. My own! my own!"

"She bent and absolutely gloated over the little pale sleeper, until a queer kind of dead pain came into my heart."

"There is no fear of doing that," said Langton. "It is the child's money he wants, and not the boy himself."

"She rose to go. Langton conducted her to the door as though he were the first gentleman in England, she the finest woman in London, the first lady in the land. 'Good day,' said he. 'Good day,' said she, and she was gone."

"Langton came back and stood looking gloomily into the fire. 'What a scoundrel!' he cried; 'what an arrant scoundrel! what an unapproachable scoundrel!' He drove his heel into the coal, and repeated the words.

"Tell me about it," said I.

"Easily enough," he answered. "He was a clerk in a stock-broker's office two years ago, and she earned just enough to live on in some umbrella-manufactory. Her people had been comfortable once, but lost all they had at her father's death; and two years ago, as far as she knew, she was the only survivor of her family. She was then about nine and twenty years of age, and very plain-looking, so that I dare say she had no hope of ever marrying. She lodged in some place off Stamford street, Blackfriars' Bridge, and her nearest friend was her landlady, to whom she paid three and sixpence a week for her attic. Two years ago this Ryland came to lodge in the same house. He was 'the gentleman' of the place, and rented two rooms on the first floor; dingy and dismal as the street was, the rooms were large, and, owing to the locality, cheap. From the very first he began paying attentions to this woman, and in the end he made downright love to her."

"You may fancy how this poor creature, no longer young, who had never been anything but ugly, felt flattered by the honourable approaches of 'the gentleman on the first floor.' Well, to cut it short, in a few months they were married; she in the full belief that he loved her for some subtle charm of mind which he told her he had discovered—he was too consummate a liar to say he loved her for her looks; and he in the full consciousness that she had been left, a year before, about £5,000 by a great-uncle who died after coming home from Jamaica, and of whom she had heard little or nothing all her life. The money had been devised to her father and his heirs absolutely, and had been advertised. Thus he got scent of it and hunted her down."



"Sharp as he was, he counted without the law. He thought that things were still, with regard to married women's property, as they had been long ago, when the husband could say to the wife, 'What's yours is mine; what's mine is my own.' He showed his hand too soon. After a week he grew careless of her. This nearly broke her heart. In a month he told her about the legacy, and steps were taken to realize. Seeing how the thing was now, the landlady penetrated the whole design. The good woman's husband brought Mrs. Ryland privately to me. When he found this out, he turned from indifference to threats, and from threats to the most atrocious and inhuman cruelty. To sum up, we proved the will, got the money, and I invested it in stock. By this time I found out that he owed large sums of money; he had been speculating through another, and had got heavily let in. He continued his bad treatment of her, and at last, just when her baby was about to be born, we gave him £2,500 to take himself off and leave her in peace. All I could do would not induce her to have a legal separation. She seemed to think that such a step might in some way, goodness knew how, injure the future status of her unborn child. I may tell you that for a whole month I resisted giving him the money unless I obtained from him something more binding than a written undertaking not to go near her or molest her in any way. I did not consent until I saw that to hold out any longer would be to imperil her life. Of course, the undertaking given by him has no more legal value than the ashes in that grate. Her whole soul, her whole nature now seems centred in that child. When she had made up her mind that no man would ever woo her, he came. He was above her station at the time, handsome, as you saw, accomplished, as I know, and fascinating you may have guessed. He became her sweet-heart, and she knelt down and worshipped him. He became her husband, and spurned her as she knelt. He told her he thought less of her than of the lowest of her sex, and she drew back from him after an ill of inhuman abuse and violence; one only dream of life gone forever into the world, a vile waste or dead hopes that festered in a sickly sun. She would have worked for him, given him her heart's blood; but he told her he did not want her presence, and that he loathed the very street she lived in. He derided her folly for ever supposing that any man such as he could dream of enduring the presence of such a frightful caricature of nature as she. He heaped every insult and contumely upon her, but he did not break her down; for, Baird, she knew she was soon to be a mother. He might leave her, and did leave her, but the baby came; in the winter of her life, in her worse than widowhood, the baby boy came. She had given money to the husband to go away, but the baby had come instead, and lay in her arms all day and all night, sweet for her kisses, sweet for all her love, the companion of her worse than widowhood, the unconscious confidant of all her sorrows, the antidote which, when pressed against her bosom, healed her of her memories—

"Get me back my child, or kill me—here."

"I sprang up and turned round. The woman was standing in the doorway. Both her arms were stretched towards Langton. Her eyes were staring and fixed, addressed to him mechanically, but not looking at him. She was rigid as a statue, and at each corner of her mouth. Langton had turned round, but did not approach her. We were both petrified with fear and surprise.

"Get me back my child, or kill me—here," she repeated in the same tone as before, a tone that made us shudder. There was no passion in it, no anger, no entreaty, no command. It seemed as though her heart had died, and her lips were mechanically repeating its dying wish without owning any human sympathy for the dead heart.

"Still she stood rigid in the doorway. Langton looked at me in consternation, and whispered: 'This case is now one for you. Go to her and speak to her.'

"I approached her and took one of the outstretched hands. It was damp and cold. As I led her into the room I slipped my finger on her wrist and looked into her eyes. The pulse was low and weak; I had expected to find it high and strong. The semi-transparent, ruby-colored flaws in the eyes had dilated and gathered deeper fire; the expression was one of intense subjective occupation. Perhaps I may better convey my meaning by saying that it seemed as if she were dealing rather with the formula for an idea than with the idea itself. At a rough guess, I said to myself: 'A shock has numbed the perceptive power of the faculty, but has left uninjured the power of pain. She has the sickening sense of want and the formula for her loss, but she does not acutely appreciate her loss as one who contrasts bitterly the memory of possession past with the realization of present dereliction. She has no well-defined notion of what her child or death is, but she knows she wants either; that less than either will not quiet the unusual clamorings in her heart.'

"Death or her child, it was all one to her; the peace that was gone with her baby, or the peace that was to come—in the grave. 'A bad case,' I thought to myself; 'the child and the image of the child are gone; this always means insanity. This woman will be numbed as she is now until either the child is returned to her arms or the image to her mind.'

"How did this happen? I asked of her in as gentle a voice as I could.

"He waited for me outside. He took the child from me—I did not let it go until it cried

—until it cried—until I knew he hurt it. Well, it cried, and I let it go. There were people around, and I asked a policeman to get me back my child. But he said he was my husband, and that the child was his. The policeman asked me was he my husband and was the child his, and I answered yes. The policeman shook his head and walked away. Then he got into a cab and drove away—do you understand what I say? He got into a cab and drove away with my child in his arms—you find it hard to understand? I don't, for I felt him do it. I felt it here in my breast, where my child used to lie asleep—I felt the child drawn out of my breast, and, sir, while he drove away, as there's a God above me, my child cried—as he drove away—drove away. You find it hard to understand, sir; but my child cried as he drove away—drove away.

"I dropped her hand, and, having left her, whispered to Langton, 'Is there any means of compelling that scoundrel to give up the child at once?'

"He shook his head and muttered a malediction.

"Then, said I, 'you had better send her home in charge of some one.'

"You don't think she'll do violence upon herself?' he whispered.

"No. But some one should always be with her until the crisis arrives.'

"What do you expect to follow the crisis?'

"She will either be cured or grow violent.'

"My dear Baird, I can't leave here just now. Would you see her home; tell her landlady to get some one to look after her, see her own doctor, and ask them to send all bills to me?'

"I had nothing very particular on hand, so I did as he requested. We got a sober, honest, elderly woman I knew to look after her. I found out her doctor, and we had a chat about her; he promised to take particular care of her, and to let me know from time to time how the case went on. As soon as I had made all as comfortable as I could, I came back to town and called upon Langton, knowing he would like to hear how I had got on.

"When I arrived at Langton's outer office the clerk beckoned to me and said, 'Our client's husband is inside again.'

"Without stopping to knock, I turned the handle and went in. Ryland's back was toward me, and Langton, as formerly, stood on the hearth-rug. This time, however, there was no straddle. He stood upright, with his feet and his lips close together. He was deadly pale, and I could see at a glance, in a deadly rage. Ryland was speaking as I entered; and he bowed with great politeness to me, paused, and then resumed.

"As I was saying, Mr. Langton, the boy is now in safety, quite as safe as if he were with his mother, and I am come to say that I am prepared to answer for his safety until the money—1,200.—is paid over to me.'

"So, said Langton, with a great effort to control his rage, 'you propose charging an additional 200l. upon the estate for the success of your last infamous trick, you sorry swindler!'

"As a lawyer, you ought to know that your language is illegal and—

"Take an action; do,' cried Langton, now losing all power over his anger. 'Take an action, and go into any court you please, and I pledge you my word as a man and a lawyer that there isn't a jury in England but would lynch you, and not a Judge on the bench but would applaud them; and by heaven! if you don't get out of this instantly, I'll not leave the job for Judge or jury, but do it with my own hands.'

"He seemed about to spring on the man. Ryland slipped his hand behind him, backed toward the door, and said, 'Don't come near me, Mr. Langton. Well knowing the violence of your temper, I was compelled to be a little un-English, and come—armed.'

"Un-English!' shouted Langton, striding up to him. 'There's nothing human, not to say English, in your corrupt carcass. Get out, man, or they will be hanging you for killing me, or putting up a statue to me for having killed you. Get out! They pay for killing venomous reptiles in India—why not in England, too? Get out, man, I say, or I shall be claiming blood-money before night.'

"With the revolver held across his waistcoat, and pointed at nothing in particular, Ryland backed out of the door, and was gone."

So far as there was anything of moment connected with this affair, I heard nothing more from Baird that night.

I did not see Baird again till the week after Christmas. He then continued the history, as follows:

"For some weeks after those scenes in Langton's office they heard no more of Ryland. During that time his unhappy wife continued in the same mental lethargy, repeatedly asking for her baby, but betraying no emotion and giving no sign of violence. I looked in at her lodgings about twice a week. Her doctor, Dr. Sherwood Freeman, and I quite agreed as to the case. There was little or no hope of a mental rally until either the child was restored or her mind received some shock which should counteract the one occasioned by its loss. In the meantime Langton had, as soon as possible, instituted legal proceedings against Ryland. I don't know what the nature of those proceedings was, but he held out slight hope of speedy relief; the case, it seems, was one full of difficulties at best, and the block in the courts filled him with despair.

"In about six weeks from the day I was in Langton's office, Ryland wrote to say the child was ill, and that he would deliver it up on condition of getting 1,000l.

"Ah!' said Langton to me the evening he got the letter, 'so the threats of law have already beaten him down 200l. The illness is a lie to force us to terms. I shall not answer that letter.'

"Well, Melton, as you may guess, I was by this time greatly interested in the case, legal and medical. In a week I called again upon Langton, and, to my astonishment found Mrs. Ryland there.

"The explanation was very simple. The child had really been ill of scarlet fever, all possible care had been taken of it, but, nevertheless, it had died, and was to be buried that day; and Langton and the vacant-eyed woman were settling off now to the cemetery.

"Ryland would not allow the mother to approach her dying child, but when it was dead he seemed to think he might run some ugly risk if he did not allow the mother's attendance at the interment, and Langton and she were now going. I examined her closely, but could observe no change; the channels of her reason were frozen up, and in precisely the same condition as on the day of her bereavement.

"May I go?' I asked.

"Certainly," said he; and in a little while the three of us got into a cab and drove to the cemetery Ryland had named.

"The same unbroken shadow of mental gloom hung over the unhappy woman. During the whole drive she never spoke a word. Her eyes were cast down most of the time. On the few occasions when she lifted them they sought Langton's face, but there was no question, no excitement in them. It was plain from their appearance that reason was an exile, but the laud reason had left behind remained still unoccupied by anything save the spirit of the void.

"When we got inside the gates of the cemetery, we ascertained that the body of the child had not yet arrived.

"Langton turned to me and asked, 'What do you think will be the result of to-day?'

"I think," I answered, 'that it will bring about the crisis, followed by perfect sanity or violent insanity; but there is no telling which.'

"After awhile a mourning coach drove in. I will not drag you through all the small events of the interment. It will be sufficient for you to know that the father of the child was not present, and that during the whole time it occupied she never altered in the least.

"I felt greatly disappointed. I had been quite confident of the lifting or development of the affection now paralyzing her brain. When it was all over, we returned to the cab as sober as could be. I had been greatly deceived, and I could see that Langton's last hope was gone.

"When we had got about half-way back, she suddenly looked up into Langton's face, and said:

"We have left something behind us.'

"Langton and I looked round the cab. The three umbrellas were all right.

"No, answered Langton; 'I don't think we have left anything behind.'

"In the cemetery?" she asked.

"No," I said. "No."

"We have," she said. I know it, I feel it. As he drove away, I heard my child cry. As we drove away now, I heard my child cry. Ah, gentlemen, let us go back and take my child up out of the wet grave. If you give him to me and let me hold him against my breast he will get warm. Ah, gentlemen! let us go back for my darling! My baby son! My own! My own!"

"She threw her arms out towards us with the anguish of a mother's broken heart on her face, and the knowledge of her child's fate in her eyes. Then all at once her body began swaying slightly, and with a low moan she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"She had lost her child, but had regained his image, and her brain was healed. She had lost her child and regained his image, and her heart was broken. The mad live long and howl about our paths; the broken-hearted creep quietly into the shadows and silently dig their own graves, and in a little while crawl into the earth with gentle sighs and gentler smiles.

"There is now no heat in her poor breast to warm her poor babe. She has been dead a week.

"Four days ago I saw Ryland buying gloves—dark-green gloves, a very quiet colour—in the Strand. He was looking very well. God bless me, Melton! but sometimes this world is too much for me!"

**MY LOVE AND I.**

I.

A glistening river 'neath a morning's sky;  
Gently we're gliding down, my love and I.  
The oars lie idle as we float along;  
Softly I sing, and this my tender song,  
"O lady, life is short, and love is strong!"

II.

The banks shine green, a willow's bough hangs low,  
A swallow skims across, a black-winged crow  
Caws loud, and wakes a soft-voiced distant throng  
Of warblers sweet, to join with me in song,  
"O lady, life is short, and love is strong!"

III.

The sun mounts higher in the cloudless sky,  
Still we float on, my gentle love and I.  
A rustling wind the slender reeds among  
Bends their light forms and uncles with my song,  
"O lady, life is short, and love is strong!"

IV.

The noontide changes to the golden gleam  
Of parting daylight, and the rippling stream  
Shines with a wondrous radiance. All along  
The dark'ning banks echo flings back my song,  
"O lady, life is short, and love is strong!"

V.

The mists are gathering now, the rose red light has fled;  
A mournful bird trills low that day is dead;  
The flowers hang limp and brown, and shadows long  
Creep through the sombre pines; yet still my song,  
"O lady, life is short, and love is strong!"

VI.

In tears and dimness on the banks we part;  
Night hides the shining stream; time stills the heart;  
Only its chords vibrating yet prolong  
The soft sad cadence of my tender song,  
"O lady, life is short, and love is strong!"

C. L. P.

**HEARTH AND HOME.**

**TO PREVENT ANGER.**—As a preventive of anger, banish all tale-bearers and slanders from your circle, for it is these that blow the devil's bellows to rouse up the flames of rage and fury, by first abusing your ears, and then your credulity, and after that steal away your patience and all this perhaps for a lie. To prevent anger, be not too inquisitive into the affairs of others, or what people say of yourself, or into the mistakes of your friends, for this is going out to gather sticks to kindle a fire to burn your own house.

**WIFEY TACT.**—Whenever you find a man about whom you know little oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man; for the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome, though painful, shears snipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly.

**TRUTH.**—Truth, taken as a whole, is not agreeable. Every man, woman, and child dislikes it. There are agreeable truths and disagreeable truths, and it is the province of discretion or sound judgment to make a selection from these, and not to employ them all indiscriminately. Speaking the truth is not always a virtue. Concealing it is very often judicious. It is only when duty calls upon you to reveal the truth that it is commendable. A tale-teller may be a truth-teller, but everyone dislikes the character of a person who goes from one house to another and intercommunicates all he sees or hears.

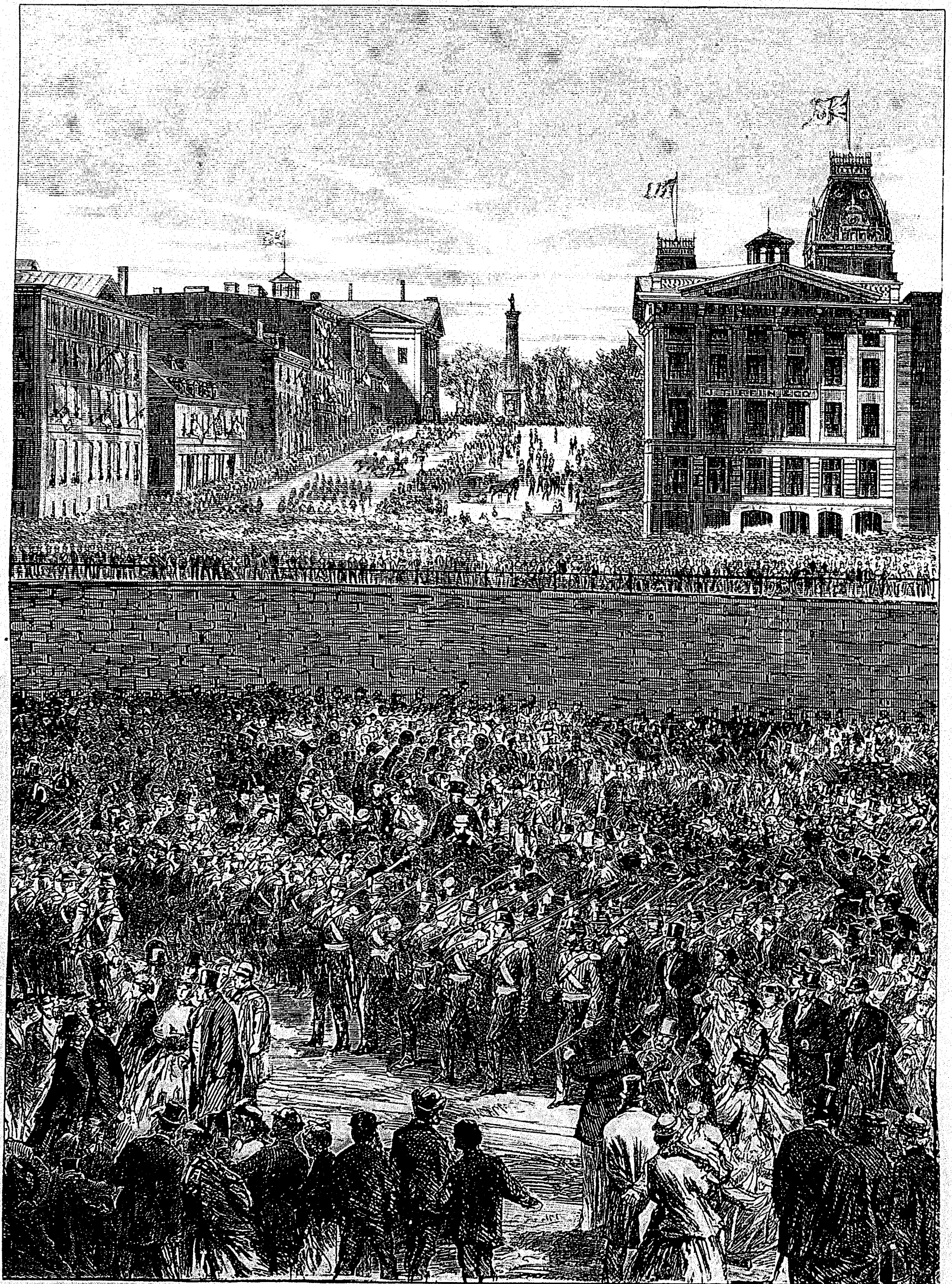
**HEALTH.**—To retain or recover health, persons should be relieved from anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body—for a person to think he has disease, will often produce that disease. This we see when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. We have seen a person sea-sick, in anticipation of a voyage, before reaching the vessel. A blindfolded man slightly pricked in the arm has fainted and died from believing he was bleeding to death. Therefore, persons well, to remain well, should be cheerful and happy; and sick persons should have their minds diverted as much as possible from themselves.

**ECONOMY.**—Everybody talks about retrenchment now-a-days, but particularly the men. They take it for granted that women must do the saving, however, and masculine writers on domestic economy are particularly vigorous in their advocacy of woman's inalienable right to work and save. One of the pet notions is that every woman should become her own milliner and dressmaker. "If the ladies," they say, "would make their own bonnets and dress, a very desirable point would be gained." No doubt of it. And the principle involved in the gaining of this "desirable point" is too good to be limited in its application to the ladies alone. The gentlemen who have discovered it should be permitted to share in it. This they can do by making their own hats and clothes. Thus would another "desirable point" be gained. In these hard times, the more desirable points that can be gained in domestic economy, the better.

**THE HON. MR. TILLEY AND TEMPERANCE.**—The present Minister of Finance has long been a member of the Temperance cause. Judging, however, from his portrait, we cannot congratulate him upon his strange neglect of the solemn warning contained in the words of the immortal Duffer, *Treble makes the shirt for you*. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement to TREBLE, 5 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

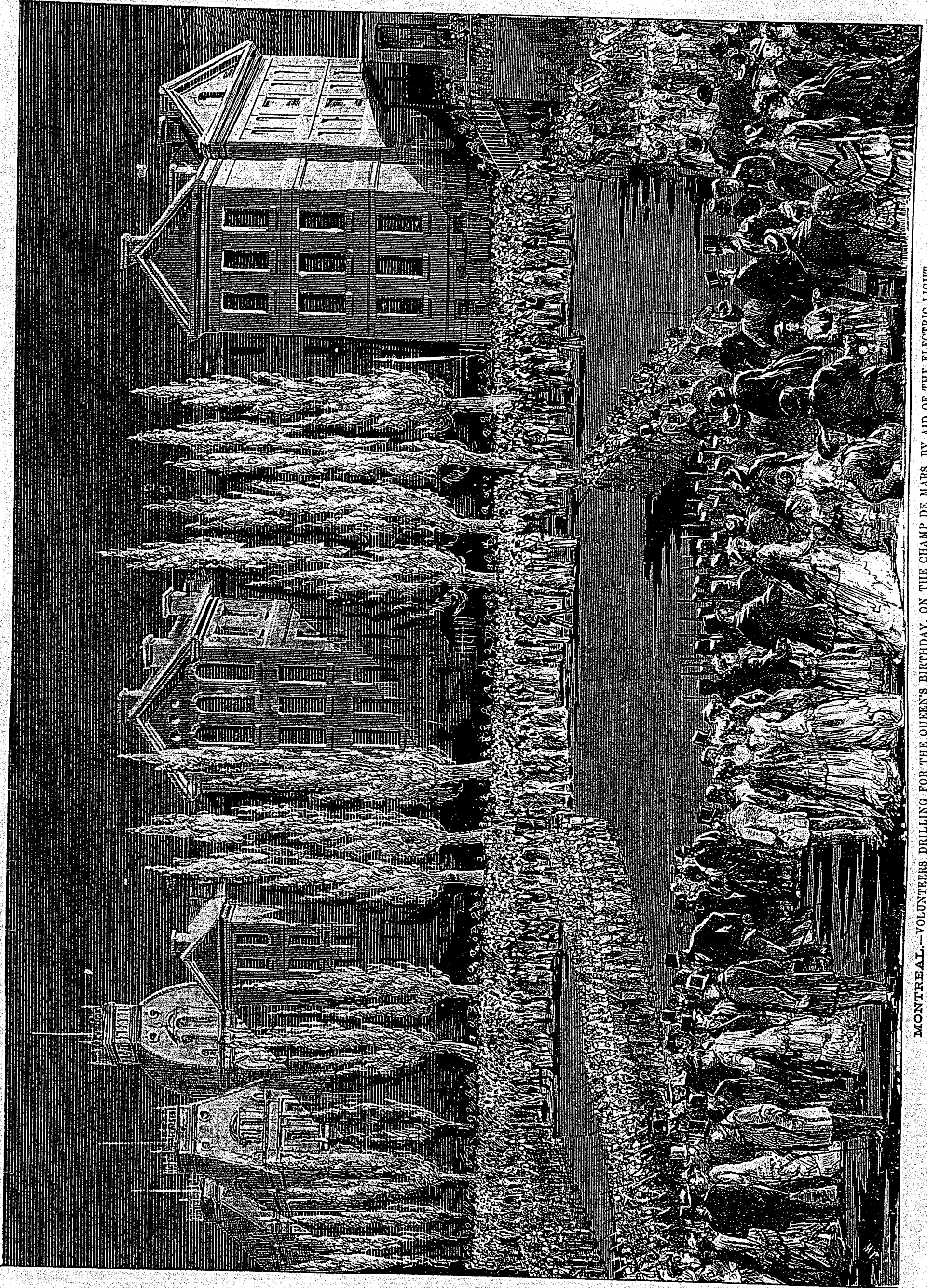
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for June makes a speciality of articles depicting social life and manners at home and abroad. In "State and Society in Ottawa" we have an entertaining description of the vice-regal court, with illustrations of the Parliament Buildings, the State Apartments at Rideau Hall, the Boudoir of Princess Louise, etc. The second of Mrs. Wister's two papers on Paris brings the splendors of the Old World into juxtaposition with those of the New. "Housekeeping in Texas" presents a graphic picture of domestic life in the Southwest before and since the war. Somewhat in the same vein, and not less amusing, is the continuation of Miss Porter's papers on "Village Life in the South." An article on "American Fiction," by M. G. Van Rensselaer, shows keen critical sagacity, and a paper on Sir William Johnson deals with an interesting episode in colonial history. There are two striking short stories, "A Strange Story from the Coast," by Rebecca Harding Davis, and "Played Out," by the author of "The Clifton Picture," and other popular novels.





GRAND RECEPTION OF THE 13<sup>TH</sup> NEW YORK REGIMENT ON JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE. VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE QUEBEC BOAT.  
CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT MONTREAL.





MONTREAL.—VOLUNTEERS DRILLING FOR THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, ON THE CHAMP DE MARS, BY AID OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.  
CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT MONTREAL.



## THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Round the world with the morning sun  
Rear the cannons, proudly telling  
This is the natal day of one  
Our Kings and Queens excelling.

Fast and far over land and sea  
Echo the notes of love and pleasure.  
Glad bells, ringing joyously,  
Sweet the song to its fullest measure.

Best beloved of the Queens of earth,  
All thy subjects trust and love thee:  
Well they admire thy matchless worth,  
Honouring only God above thee.

Wishing thee many returns of the day,  
Millions send thee a greeting loyal,  
And with reverence ever pray:  
"God save the Queen and the Family Royal!"  
Stayer, Out. C. E. JAKWAY, M.D.

## THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

NEW RAILROADS NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION—THE VAST WHEAT EMPIRE NORTH AND WEST OF ST. PAUL—12,000 MILES OF NEW RAILROADS PROJECTED.

Prosperity has come to the great West. Railroad building has commenced again. Over 12,000 miles of new railroads are projected and will be built in the great West next summer. The trains are even now running 600 miles west and north of St. Paul to Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba.

A new country, draining all its wealth into the United States, is being settled in the North-west—or really in the very centre—of the continent of North America. This vast new country is called the Red River Valley and Manitoba. In this country, comprising about 60,000,000 acres of wheat land, is Lake Winnipeg, 300 miles long; the Saskatchewan River, navigable for steamboats 1,200 miles; the famous Red River, navigable for 600 miles, and the city of Winnipeg, containing 7,000 souls.

The new wheat field is really from 75 to 150 miles wide and 800 miles long. It extends from Glyndon on the Northern Pacific down the Red River to Winnipeg and on to the north end of Lake Winnipeg. The entire valley around Lake Winnipeg and along the Red, Saskatchewan and Assiniboine rivers is found to be an alluvial wheat field. It produces the best spring wheat in the market. Minnesota wheat this year ranks No. 2, 3 and 4, while this wheat raised between Glyndon and the Saskatchewan River is graded by the Minnesota millers as No. 1. It is the Red River wheat which is being principally ground in the Minneapolis mills this winter.

The emigration going north and west of St. Paul is immense. It surpasses the old emigration into Kansas and Nebraska. The books of the United States Land Office show that 1,324,000 acres of this wheat land has been entered the past season. That is, \$270 farms of 160 acres each have been taken up in the United States portion. The statistics showing the amount of land entered in Canada are not at hand, but the whole country is being settled up by Mennonites, Canadians, Norwegians and even pioneers from the United States.

Ten million bushels of wheat were grown in the new country last season, from Glyndon to the Saskatchewan River, all of which finds its outlet to market through the United States. It is taken up the Red River in steamboats to Fisher's Landing and over the Canadian Pacific Railroad from Winnipeg through Pembina and Glyndon to St. Paul.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has already finished about 400 miles of its road. Trains are already running over their rails from Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, to Pembina and St. Vincent, where they connect with the St. Paul and Pacific. Over the St. Paul and Pacific roads, just completed, trains run by Fisher's Landing on Red River to Glyndon on the Northern Pacific, where by two routes passengers connect with the Milwaukee and St. Paul and the Chicago and North-Western Railroad at St. Paul.

From Fisher's Landing steamboats run into Lake Winnipeg, 600 miles to the north. The time from St. Paul to Winnipeg is twenty-four hours.

The Canadian Pacific is also building both ways from Winnipeg and also from Fort William, situated on Thunder Bay, in Lake Superior.

From Winnipeg east towards Fort William seventy miles of track are laid, and from Fort William towards Winnipeg 100 miles of track are in running order. The intermediate space between Fort William and Winnipeg being graded and the rails are purchased and lie in piles at Fort William ready to be put down next summer.

From Winnipeg westward the Canadian Pacific is graded 200 miles towards Battleford on the Saskatchewan River and cars will run through to Blackwood next September; in fact, 700 miles of the Canadian Pacific from Fort William through Winnipeg to Blackwood by September, 1879. What a vast empire it will open up!

The Red, Assiniboine and Saskatchewan rivers are all large rivers now navigated by steamboats. On the Red River, between Winnipeg and Fisher's Landing, are running six large steamboats, while on the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan are eighteen others. All the products coming through these great rivers running into Lake Winnipeg will continue to find a market in the United States until the Canadian Pacific is finished from Winnipeg to Lake Superior, 420 miles.

The valley of the Red River is often seventy miles wide. The soil is black, prairie-like soil, like Illinois. The average yield of wheat last year was twenty bushels per acre.

A tremendous emigration is moving into this Red River and Lake Winnipeg country. I have no doubt that 250,000 people will go there next year—mainly from Canada and Europe, the residue from Southern Minnesota and Iowa.

The Northern Pacific, now running from Duluth to Bismarck, will be finished on through to the Yellowstone next summer.

A new territory as large as Iowa, Minnesota and Illinois is now being opened up in the North. This country is so new and emigration is so in advance of the geographers that there are no maps in this country to be had. For this reason the accompanying draft, showing this north country, its large rivers, splendid lakes, great railroads and millions of acres of land, has been copied from an advance copy of a map now being made by Rand & McNally, in Chicago.

Why has not this great wheat empire been settled before?

Because there have been no railroads there. For sixty years such men as Lord Selkirk have been trying to settle up the land known in the early geographies as Prince Rupert's Land, named in honour of Prince Rupert or Robert of Bavaria, a cousin of King Charles II. of England. The first colony was sent by Lord Selkirk in 1811 from Scotland. They settled in about Winnipeg, but were driven out by the Hudson Bay Company and fled to Lower Canada.

The next attempt was made in 1820. They were a band of 200 Swiss. They came to Lake Winnipeg by way of Hudson's Bay and landed at York, situated at the mouth of Nilson River. Down Nilson River they sailed into Lake Winnipeg. Three weeks' more sailing took them 261 miles through Lake Winnipeg to the mouth of the Red River. Here they settled, staying two years. Finding no market for their produce they followed some Missouri drovers up Red River into the United States. They finally settled all along the Mississippi from Galena to St. Louis, leaving behind them in the very geographical centre of North America one of the richest farming countries on the continent.

And now for the third time this Manitoba is being settled again, and this time from the United States. In previous years civilization tried to settle this country in advance of the railroads. Rich as the land was civilization could not live without an outlet. Now the railroads have gone before the people. The Northern Pacific, the Milwaukee and St. Paul and the Canadian Pacific are all working with a tremendous vim. When the grass grows in the spring 1,500 men will be at work on the Canadian Pacific, and the accumulation of wheat in the great basin will burst its way over steel rails southward and eastward to Fort William, on Lake Superior, in less than a year.

The steel rails to complete the Canadian Pacific from Fort William, on Thunder Bay, in Lake Superior, to Winnipeg, are paid for now, and lie piled up at the two ends of the road to be used in the spring. The railroad men at St. Paul tell me that 1,200 men will be employed grading the track between Blackwood and Battleford.

The Assiniboine River is navigable for 300 miles. It is a splendid river, about half as large as the Ohio. John G. Whittier sailed up this river after visiting the St. Boniface mission at Winnipeg twenty-five years ago. Speaking of his trip on his return, the poet wrote:

Only, at times, a smoke wreath  
With the lifting cloud-rack joins—  
The smoke of the hunting lodges  
Of the wild Assiniboines.

At the mouth of the Saskatchewan, just before it empties into Lake Winnipeg, are a succession of falls. A railroad four miles in length is now running around these falls. From these falls the Saskatchewan runs 450 miles west before it branches. The length of the river is over 2,000 miles. It is only 350 miles shorter than the Nile. It is along this river that the Canadian Pacific Railway will run.

From Lake Winnipeg there is a chain of lakes and rivers to Fort William. The central lake is the Lake of the Woods. There are several rapids and falls along this water route. Still twelve steamboats are engaged carrying freight and passengers up and down these lakes and rivers, freight and passengers being transported around the falls. The Canadian Government will straighten the course next summer, put in a few locks, and then steamboats can sail for 1,300 miles up the Saskatchewan through Lake Winnipeg into Lake Superior, and from thence to Montreal, or canal boats can be tugged to tide water at New York.

This map shows the continuation of the Southern Pacific Railroad in California, seventy miles up the Gila River towards Tucson, the capital of Arizona. It is the general impression that the Southern Pacific is being built towards Santa Fe. They are now laying the track at the rate of a mile a day. As soon as the Southern Pacific reaches Tucson it is to run south to the old city of Tubac, in Mexico, and from thence on towards the city of Mexico. Tubac and Calabazas, in Mexico, will be reached by rail next summer.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is now being finished to Albuquerque, a few miles south of the old city of Santa Fe, from whence the mines are drawing it on to unite with the Southern Pacific at Prescott, near Tucson.

There is now momentum enough in Colorado to push these roads through to Fort Yuma and Salt Lake. It is for this reason that the Southern Pacific turns south into Mexico.

The Texas Pacific is now 412 miles long from Shreveport to Fort Worth.

Two very important north and south line roads are now being built in the centre of the continent. I refer to the north and south lines at Ogden and Denver. From Ogden the Utah Northern Railroad is finished 137 miles north beyond Fort Hill to Smoke River Bridge, which is only twenty-four hours' stage ride from Yellowstone Park. South from Ogden the Utah Southern is built 150 miles south to Salt Lake and Goshen. The contract is now let to continue this road on south 150 miles farther in the spring. This will take it into the richest mining region in Utah and make the chain of north and south roads 722 miles long, or nearly four times as far as it is from New York to Boston. This north and south line will in a year or two extend from Helena, Montana, to Fort Yuma, giving Ogden another outlet to the Pacific Ocean besides the Union Pacific. Grading is now going on at both ends of this great trans-continental line. Commodore Garrison tells me that the Colorado is navigable for 300 miles north of Fort Yuma. By a year from next September Salt Lake will have a new rail and water communication with the Pacific Ocean.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is finished now from Denver south through Pueblo to Alamosa and Albuquerque, 325 miles. Trains are running now on 275 miles of the road and will run to Albuquerque in the spring. The Colorado Central runs north from Denver to Cheyenne on the Union Pacific 131 miles, making a continuous north and south line 450 miles long, or twice as far as from New York to Boston. The Denver and Cheyenne people have surveyed a route from Cheyenne through Fort Laramie to the Black Hills. This road, about 300 miles long, or a road from North Platte up the Platte Valley to the Black Hills, will soon be built.

The Kansas Pacific, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and the Colorado Central are all now pushing through the mines towards Salt Lake. Railroad men in Denver say that in less than two years a railroad will be built through the rich mining country from Denver to Salt Lake. The shipment of ore from these regions will warrant the building of such a road now. This road, with the Kansas Pacific, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and the Utah Southern, will make a second Pacific road from the East to the head of navigation on the Colorado River above Fort Yuma.

The Canadian Government sees that the Canadian Pacific road must now be finished to give a Canadian outlet to this rich Red River and Winnipeg country. This is the reason that 1,500 men are now blasting the rocks out between Winnipeg and Fort William. Canada does not like to see her products going to market through St. Paul and Chicago, as they are going now. At Battleford the Canadian Pacific strikes the rich coal fields of the British Provinces. These coal fields make it necessary for the Canadian Pacific to finish the line west of that point, and the Canadian authorities say it will be finished to that point, or from Fort William to Battleford, in less than three years.

It is eighty miles from San Antonio, Tex., to Laredo on the Rio Grande, and 700 miles from Laredo to Mazatlan, a good harbour on the Pacific. This road is now surveyed. The Southern Pacific will cross it and then give St. Louis, Galveston and New Orleans another outlet to San Francisco. Next summer will see more railroads built than any previous summer has seen. More iron will be consumed, more foundries will be run, more mines will be worked and a greater prosperity will come to the country. ELI PERKINS.

## LORD DUNDREARY.

[WRITTEN FOR PUBLIC READING.]

LORD D. (sniffing a perfumed note.)—What a fragrant cweachaw she ith! "Yours, Awabella." My Awabella! Not if I know it. (Sniffs note again.) Awamatic Awabella! What a pretty idea! "Awamatic Awabella." 'Pon my life, it would pay some fellah to follow me about and jot down my pretty ideas, like what's-his-name used to do with Dr. Wattis. No, not Dr. Wattis;—he wath the "Bithy Bee" man, but the other fellah, Old Dictionary. (Reads note.)

"Dear Lord Dundweary,—

"Knowing your lordship's ewitcal taitthe, I have ventured to tend you my Mental Photograph Album, in the hope you will kindly fill in one of its pages from your own pen."

"My own pen!" Why, why—what the dooth does she mean? Does she think I'd steal thome other fellah's pen! Her "Mental Photograph Album." Wants my photograph, I thuppose. Well, I can't blame her for that, you know. (Opens album.) "Question No. 1.—Whath my fav'wite name for a lady?" Now, Awamatic Awabella, that won't do. You ekthepect I'm going to fill in your own name;—you know you do, and then you'd have an aethion for bweach of—bweach of what you call it against me. That's just how my brother Tham was caught. Augutha Gaddy, a vewy knowing girl, and who got up pretty early in the morning, pwetended one day to be thick. So poor Tham (he wath such an impulsive fellah was Tham)—sends her a pot of pweserved peaches,

and composes a label like this, which he stwings on it:—

"Augutha, when you take this jam,  
I hope you'll tvey and think of Tham."

"Think of him!" By George, she did think of him,—and so did old Gaddy and the whole crew, and, between 'em all, they scared poor Tham into believing he had wained Augutha's peace of mind, and that the only escape from £10,000 damages was to marry the girl at once. I don't want to be let in for a sewap of that sort.

"What's my favowite name for a gentle-man?" Well, I've always thought "Dundweary" rather a pretty name. It's so ew—ew—something or other—uniform—no—unicorn—no—euphonious.—Talking of names, who should I meet in the Park to-day but Perky Pilkington! Hadn't seen him for years. "Hallo, Pilkington!" I cwied, "glad to meet you again, old fellah,—but how you have changed;—would hardly know you again!" "You're mistaken," says he, "my name isn't Pilkington." And the fellah bobs his head and passes on. Why, you see, his vewy name must have changed too; or, perhaps, after all, he was some other fellah! But then, if he wath some other fellah, how on earth could he have been Pilkington! And then if he wath Pilkington, why wathn't "Pilkington" his name? Unleth, of course, he had got married; but then he didn't look like that. Thomeething doosid odd about it all.

She next wants to know "whath's my fav'wite widdle?" Now, hang it, when a fellah comes to think of it, I don't quite see why Awabella should take such a vewy tender concern in me. Confound it, I don't care what her fav'wite widdle is. She'll want to know next whath is my fav'wite corn. And I never did think much of widdles. Never can see where the laugh comes in. And so I have to pwetend to enjoy them so awfully and be a regular hip—hip—hippopotamus—no, that's not it—hippocrene. The best widdle I ever heard, and that wath a good one; my bwother Tham utted to ask it everywhere—said it was his own; that—that wath a good one. (Chuckles in relish of the riddle.) What was it? "Why?"—(I know it began with "why.") A good many of Tham's widdles used to begin with "why." "Why was?"—well, I don't quite wekember the first part, but the anther wath awfully good: "Beceuth it makth the buttercup." I always utted to laugh when Tham athked that widdle. Poor Tham! Poor Tham! (Wipes away a tear.) Augutha Gaddy wath too much for him. "Gaddy!"—of course, I wekember now. The anther wathn't "Beceuth it makth the buttercup," but the butterfly. Knew it had something to do with—butter.

I may as well see whath else she wants to know. Ah! "Who's my fav'wite poet?" Yeth, that's just what the girls are always asking me in quadrilles. I do hate questions of that sort. They thind so much like widdles. Only last night, little Laura Gushington was boring me with some doosid nonsense of this kind. Wanted to know if I didn't adore Tennyson? I told her no, I didn't care a—well, I let her know I managed to get along vewy well without him. Why should I adore Tennyson? I don't suppose he adores me. Perhaps, though, that's because he doesn't know me. And then, "Was I fond of Longfellow?" I told her again, no, nor of any other fellow.

And here comes No. 5: "Were you ever in love, and, if so, how much?" Well, I hope I may never make thuch an ath of myself as that. Poor Tham utted to ask, "Have you ever had the measles, and, if so, how many?" Talking of measles—no, I mean of being in love—I suppothe that lovely Fwench widow I met at Lady Gelatine's last night will be dwooping in here in a moment. She said she wanted me to help her in something or other, to belong to some idiotic society; but she would keep wattling away in Fwench, and I couldn't make her more than half out. I only hope her intentions are honourable. Ah! I hear a wing.

[Enter servant, who announces Madame De Mille Graces.]

MADAME DE M. G.—Ah, mon cher Lord Dundreary, je suis heureuse de vous revoir! N'est-ce pas que l'on s'est bien amusé hier au soir chez Madame Gelatine? Ah! quelle musique! quelle belle soirée! Et, surtout, quelles belles femmes! Et c'est moi qui vous ai bien observé faisant la cour à la petite Anglaise, en soie verte. Ah, que vous êtes méchant, méchant!

LORD D.—Weally, this is a doothid painful position for a fellah to be in! I call it ex—ex—crushntorious. Madame, voulez-vous—je vous pwie, parler twès ditthinctement et twès—slow? Mais, madame, ce qui theraît beaucoup—better thera parler Angluis. Madame, vous qui êtes tout-à-fait trop awfully charmante, pouvez sans doute bien parler Angluis.

MADAME M. G.—Ah, milord Dundreary est toujours gallant. But I will try for to speak in poor English. Eh bien, milord, il faut vous expliquer dat der is a société on de tapis pour l'abolition of what you call white keed gloves, aux bals et aux soirées. Vous demandez, n'est-ce pas, pourquoi l'on veut un tel changement: ah! excusez-moi; you ask why we demand this great revolution, and we respond, "For de great cause of réforme morale."

LORD D.—More wath, madame?

MADAME M. G.—Réforme morale. De moral reform.

LORD D.—Why, what a thttoo—thttoo—no, not thttoo—thttoo—pendous idea. As you would say, "Gwandiose!"

MADAME M. G.—Mais voici la théorie sur



laquelle se base notre grande réforme. La philosophie does prove dat all de goot human emotions are in de heart, and dat de heart is, what you call, connected—est en sympathie wid de hand and de tumb and de fingairs. Well, what does now happen? At de bulls and de soirées et surtout dans la danse, we all do cover up our hand in de skin of keeds, of de goats and of de rats. Et c'est ainsi dat we do prevent de free and natural échange of de goot emotions, de bons sentiments et spécialement de celui de l'amour. Est ce que c'est possible for de fine essence of love to penetrer—to pass through de skin gloves of beasts? Non, ce n'est pas possible. Et c'est ainsi que nos sentiments les plus purs se trouvent souvent étouffés dans leur naissance.

LORD D.—I dare say it's all vewy fine, but I'm blowed if I know what she's up to.—Continuez, madame, continuez.

MADAME M. G.—Si, donc, vous êtes assez bon—just for one moment, to gif me your hand, I will let you feel de operation of dis principe. Voici ma main, comme vous la voyez, bien gantée. I take now your own hand into mine. You will see dat de fluid current of warm affection cannot pass entre nous deux. Why for not? Why you feel so cold to me? Why your heart not sympathique? C'est bien clair. Because de keed glove does prevent de goot spirit to pass from de one hand to de oder. Il n'y a rien qui tue l'amour comme le gant. But I will now take off my glove. Attendez. You will please put your hand into mine, encote une fois. — And I will count ten secondes: Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six, sept, huit, neuf, dix. Ah, je m'en aperçois bien.—I do perceive you like me ver—mucl. more et que vous êtes bien plus amiable et plus gentil qu'aparavant.

LORD D.—Well, I thuppothe all this is what they call in Fwance twes—twes—I know the word—something to do with a pin—ah, yes—twes piquant—but, by Jove, if I let her hold my hand that way, I'll be caught like poor Thaw wash, and get miktud up in a beathly bweach of promise caith.—Eh! bien, madame, you wish me to join this new Society?

MADAME M. G.—Oui, milord, l'abonnement est vey little; une bagatelle of five lette soverin for de whole year. You will let me haf your name, n'est-ce pas?

LORD D.—"Let her have my name!" By Jove, she is coming it watlier strong. Oh, well, perwaps I had better say yes, at all events. If I don't, perwaps she'll take an action against me.—Well, madame, a fellah doesn't quite like lending his name in beathly weather like this: he might catch cold, you know, if he hadn't his name on and he stood in a dwatt. But if the Society particularly wishes to borrow my name, I'll twy and do without it for a short time.

MADAME M. G.—Ah, milord, vous êtes trop bon.

LORD D.—Yeth, and I'll have it packed up carefully in a bathket and thent to you, Madame.

MADAME M. G.—Mille remerciements. And for de vey soverin? Will you send him also in de basket?

LORD D.—Pardon, madame. I will twy to recommen—to recollect to have them counted and wapped inside a postal card for safety, and sent by mail.

MADAME M. G.—Encore une fois je vous remercie. Et maintenant, bonjour, milord. You will not forget my leetle lesson in de philosophie of de hand and de heart.

LORD D.—Mille—mille remerciements, madame, de votre awtfully charming viste.

(Exit Madame M. G.)

[And the curtain drops.] E.

Montreal, May, 1879.

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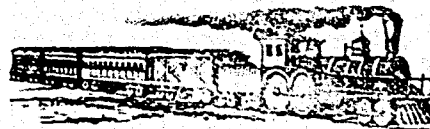
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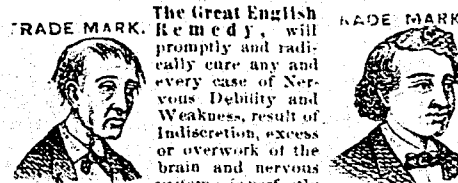
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Bank Notes, Bonds, Postage, Bill & Law Stamps, Revenue Stamps, Bills of Exchange, DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS, Promissory Notes, &c., &c., Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving. Portraits a Specialty. G. R. BURLAND, President & Manager.

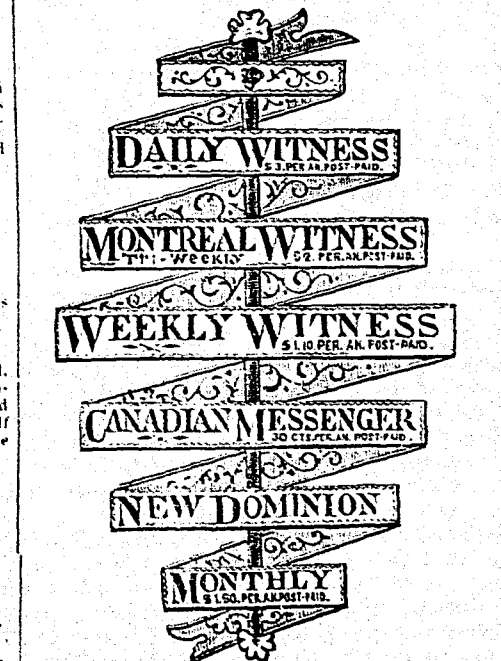
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Trains will be run on this Division as follows:—

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EXPRESS..... 3.00 p.m. .... 10.10 p.m.  
MIXED..... 7.10 a.m. .... 5.50 p.m.

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Leave Quebec. Arrive in Montreal.  
EXPRESS..... 7.30 p.m. .... 10.10 a.m.  
MIXED..... 6.15 p.m. .... 10.10 a.m.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.  
Tickets for sale at offices of Starnes, Leve & Alden,  
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Feby. 7th, 1879.

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MONTREAL.

26-17-52-349

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of five  
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has been declared for the current half-year, and that  
the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this  
city, on and after

Monday, the Second of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to  
the 31st May next, both days inclusive.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank, on  
Monday, the Second Day of June next.

The Chair to be taken at One o'clock.

**R. B. ANGUS,**

General Manager.

Montreal, 15th April, 1879.

CARDS—10 Lilly of the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved,  
10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case,  
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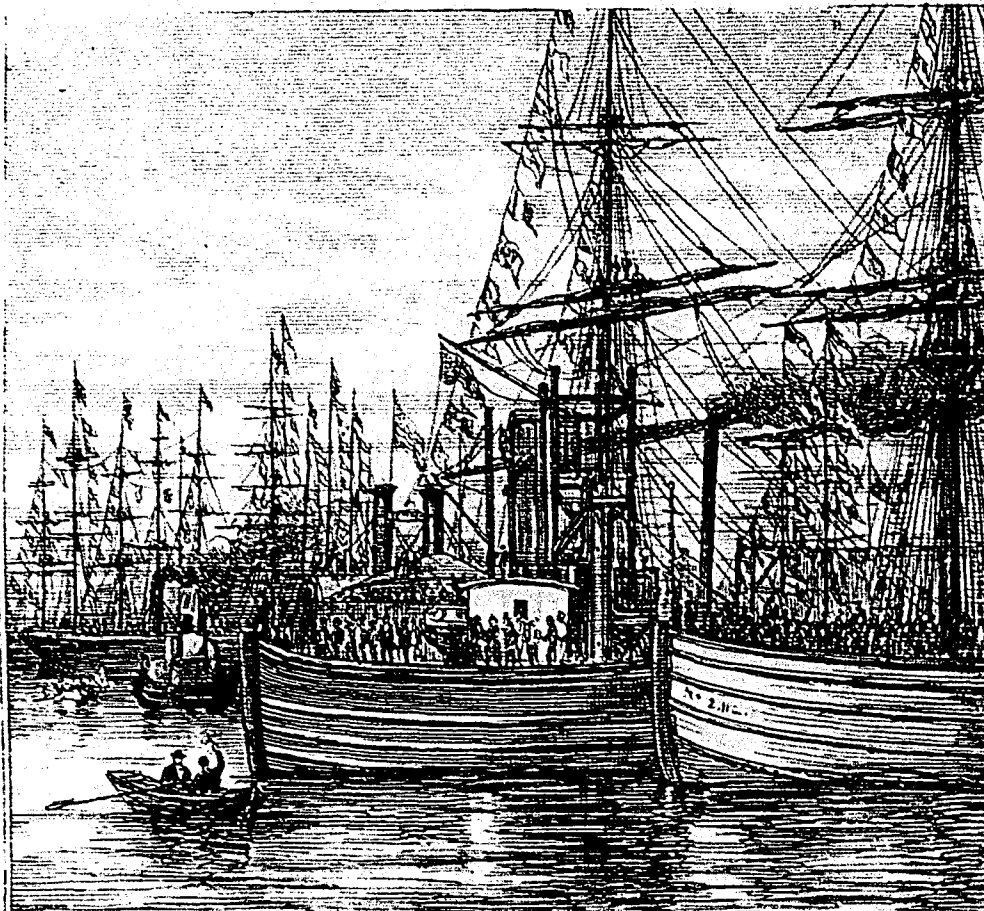
THE MILTON LEAGUE.

"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and  
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ties.—Milton."

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- BRAY, REV. ALFRED J. The Churches of Chris-  
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- The Ten Commandments. 60
- DAWSON, GEO. M.A. Prayers, and a Discourse  
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THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

SKETCH OF MONTREAL HARBOUR ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

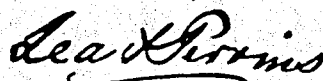
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Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

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**LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,**  
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SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.  
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**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**

1878-79.

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EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS run DAILY  
except Sundays) as follows:—

Leave Point Levi.....	8.00 A.M.
" River du Loup.....	2.00 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner).....	3.00 "
" Rimouski.....	4.49 "
" Campbellton (Supper).....	10.00 "
" Dalhousie.....	10.21 "
" Bathurst.....	12.28 A.M.
" Newcastle.....	2.10 "
" Moncton.....	5.00 "
" St. John.....	9.15 "
" Halifax.....	1.30 P.M.

Pullman Cars on Express Trains.  
These Trains connect at Point Levi with the Grand  
Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.45 o'clock p.m.

Pullman Car leaving Point Levi on Tuesday, Thurs-  
day and Saturday, runs through to Halifax, and on  
Monday, Wednesday and Friday to St. John.

For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets,  
rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to

G. W. ROBINSON,  
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Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

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