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Illustrated News

Vol. XVII.—No. 16.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1878.

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



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The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$8.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

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

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

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

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NOTICE.

THE LATE HON. JOHN YOUNG.

The portrait of the late Mr. Young which we publish is from the well-known studio of Notman & Sandham, of this city. It does not represent Mr. Young as we have been used to see him in our streets, full of strength and health, but as he appeared shortly before he was confined to his house by the disease which ended his days. As the last portrait of Mr. Young, it is very faithful.

EDWARDSBURG ILLUSTRATED.

We call the attention of our readers to the double-page picture of Edwardsburg, which is another instalment of the series undertaken by us to illustrate all the principal towns and villages of the Dominion, with their manufactures and other resources. The work will be found well done. Next week we shall have a first page devoted to Prescott.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 20th, 1878.

THE TREATY OF PEACE.

The following is the text of the Treaty of Peace between the Porte and Russians, as published in the official journal of St. Petersburg, on the 21st ult. As this very momentous document is destined to become historic—abrogating the Treaty of Paris and practically blotting European Turkey out of existence, and as on its modification or enforcement will hinge exclusively the fortunes of war for the next two or three months, our readers may be pleased to have the document complete.

"Article 1. Montenegro is declared independent, and receives Gatzko, Roshni, and Niksic—in exchange for Podgoritz and Zabljah. The navigation of the Boyana shall be regulated by a European Commission.

"Article 2. The relations of Montenegro with the Porte shall be made the object of a subsequent agreement, the differences between them being referred to the arbitration of Austria and Russia.

"Article 3. Servia becomes independent and obtains Nisch, the Valley of the Drina, and Little Zvornik.

"Article 4. Until the conclusion of the treaty determining the future relations between Servia and the Porte, the Servians shall be treated in Europe and in Turkey agreeably to the rights and usages of international law. The Servians shall evacuate the territory still remaining part of Turkey. The Mohammedan population to retain possession of their movable property; and a Turko-Servian Commission shall be appointed to decide, within two years, all questions relative to their landed and other real property; and, further, to decide, within three years, those questions connected with the alienation of the property of the State or of the Church (*Vakouf*).

"Article 5. Roumania becomes independent. She shall assess her right to an indemnity, which shall be the subject of arrangement between the two parties. Roumanian subjects in Turkey shall have the same rights as those of other Powers.

"Article 6. Bulgaria form an autonomous tributary Principality, with a Christian government, and a national mi-

litia. The definitive frontier of Bulgaria is to be marked out by a Turco-Russian Commission, previous to the evacuation of Roumelia. A map is affixed to the text of the treaty. This frontier is to extend from Vranja to Kastoria, by the Karadagh, the Karadrina, and the heights of Grammos, to the confluence of the Moglenitza and of the Vardar to the west of Salonica, as far as the middle of the Lake of Beschik and of the Strouma River, and will extend along the sea coast to the Gulf of Kavala, Bourongord, and the chain of the Tchaltepe as far as the Rhodope mountains. It will then traverse the Ardabra mountains, and, leaving on one side Adrianople, will abut by Soulek on the Black Sea. It will then be further prolonged to Hakim Tabia, and thence to Mangalia, and, continuing by the border of the Sandjak of Fouldja, will reach the Danube at Rassova.

"Article 7. The Prince shall be elected freely by the population, the election being confirmed by the Sultan and accepted by the Powers. No member of any of the dynasties of the Great Powers shall be eligible for election. The National Assembly shall be convoked at Tirnova or at Philippopolis, in order to draw up the new Constitution (agreeably to the precedent of the Danubian Principalities in 1830), before the election of the Prince, and under the surveillance of a Russian, and in presence of a Turkish Commissioner. For the space of two years the installation of a new Government shall be confided to a Russian Commissioner. At the termination of one year, Plenipotentiaries of the other provinces may take part in this task, if it shall be deemed necessary. In case of a vacancy occurring, the Bulgarian Prince shall be elected according to rules set forth in the Treaty. The Turks, Greeks, and Wallachians shall take part in the election, an organic provision being made to secure their rights.

"Article 8. The Turkish army shall evacuate Bulgaria. All the fortresses must be razed, and this at the expense of the communes. Until a home militia is formed—that is to say, during two years—Bulgaria shall be occupied by the Russians, who will leave there six divisions of infantry and two divisions of cavalry—in all 50,000 men at the most—who shall be maintained at the expense of Bulgaria. The Porte will dispose of the material of war in the fortresses of the Danube, of Schumla, and of Varna. The Russian troops of occupation will communicate with Russia by Roumania, Varna, and Bourgas.

"Article 9. The tribute shall be established on the basis of the average revenue of Bulgaria, by means of an understanding between Turkey, Russia, and the other Powers. Bulgaria is to take upon herself the obligations of Turkey with regard to the railway company between Rostchuk and Varna, an agreement on this subject having been concluded between the Porte, Bulgaria, and the Company. Further measures will be subsequently decided on respecting the other lines.

"Article 10. The Porte shall have the right to construct a military road for the transport of its troops and material of war through the provinces situated on the further side of Bulgaria. The questions relative to postal and telegraphic communications shall be determined by a special Commission.

"Article 11. The Mussulmans, even if they have left Bulgaria, shall retain possession of their several properties. Commissioners shall be appointed to decide the various questions respecting these rights. After the lapse of two years any properties which have not been claimed shall be sold, and the produce devoted to the widows and orphans of the war. Bulgarians in Turkey will be subject to the Ottoman laws.

"Article 12. The fortresses on the Danube are to be razed; it is forbidden to construct fortifications on the Danube or to place ships of war on that river. Only vessels belonging to the customs and the police are to be allowed to navigate it.

The privileges of the International Commission of the Danube are to remain in force.

"Article 13. In Bosnia and Herzegovina the reforms that were decided on at the first sitting of the Conference of Constantinople are to be immediately carried out, and that with the assent of Russia and Austria.

"Article 14. The taxes in arrear will not be claimed from the inhabitants. Future imposts will be employed until March 1, 1880, in compensating the refugees.

"Article 15. In Crete the ordinances of 1868 shall be applied in the strictest possible manner. A similar organization shall be established in Epirus and Thessaly, and in other parts of Turkey in Europe. A special commission shall determine the details of this organization. These details shall be submitted to the examination of the Porte, who will consult with Russia before putting into execution these new ordinances.

"Article 16. Armenia shall obtain reforms according to the wants of the respective localities, and shall be protected against the Kurds and Circassians.

"Article 17. An amnesty full and entire shall be accorded.

"Article 18. The Porte will seriously entertain the opinion of the Commissioners of the mediating Powers concerning the possession of the town of Klistour, and will execute the work of fixing the Turco-Persian frontier.

"Article 19. The indemnity to be paid is fixed at 1,110 millions of roubles, of which 900 millions will be for the expenses of the war, 400 millions for the injury inflicted on Commerce, 100 millions for the insurrection in the Caucasus, 10 millions to indemnify the Russian residents and to cover the expenses of the reorganization of Turkey. The population and the territories ceded to Russia shall be regarded as equivalent to 1,100 millions of roubles; the payment of the other 100 millions shall be afterwards regulated.

"Article 20. Considering the embarrassed financial situation of the Ottoman Empire, and agreeably to the wish expressed by the SULTAN, the Emperor of Russia consents that the indemnity may be paid by the cession of the Sandjak of Toulcha (which may be exchanged for Bessarabia), Ardahan, Kars, Batoum, and Bayazid, as the Soghani Dagh.

"Article 21. The Porte engages favourably to consider the claims still pending on the part of Russian subjects. The inhabitants of the ceded countries will be able to sell their goods and leave the country.

"Article 22. The Russian Embassy and Consulates shall afford protection to Russian pilgrims and monks, and their property in Turkey. The privileges of the monks of Mount Athos shall be maintained.

"Article 23. The treaties and conventions are re-established.

"Article 24. The Straits shall remain open both in time of war and in time of peace to the merchant navies of neutral Powers. The Porte must not hereafter establish a paper blockade (*un blocus fictif*) in the Black Sea.

"Article 25. The evacuation of the Turkish territory in Europe by the Russian troops shall take place within three months after the signing of a definite peace. Portions shall embark from the Black Sea Ports, from the Sea of Marmora, and from Trebizond. The evacuation of Asia shall take place in six months.

"Article 26. The Russians shall administer the Ottoman territory until the departure of the troops.

"Article 27. The Porte undertakes not to molest the Ottoman subjects who have entered into relations with the Russian troops.

"Article 28. The liberation of the prisoners shall take place after the application of the treaty. Respective commissioners shall effect the exchange at Odessa and Sebastopol. The Porte shall pay in 18

instalments, within the space of six years, the cost of maintaining the prisoners.

"Article 29. The ratification shall take place, at latest, within 15 days. The official conclusion of peace is reserved. Nevertheless, these preliminaries shall be binding in any case on Russia and Turkey from the date of ratification."

HONOUR TO OUR HISTORIC MEN.

A few weeks ago we published two full pages giving the public the first illustrations of the new Parliamentary buildings which are being erected in Quebec. In connection with this fine work there was a full description of its decorations, a special feature of which were a number of statues representing the principal men whose names are associated with the principal historic events of the Province. While we made no objection to the selection made, we took occasion to express our surprise that the memorials to General Murray and Lord Dorchester were entirely omitted, and expressed the hope that this omission would be supplied. Our views found favour in several quarters at the time, and latterly the *Montreal Times*, of Toronto, took occasion of our article and illustrations to advance the claims of no less a man than the first Intendant TALON. It says:—

A late number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* gives a very creditable illustration of the proposed new Parliamentary buildings for the Province of Quebec, to be erected on the cricket field, outside the St. Louis Gate of the historical capital. The buildings, if completed in accordance with the design, will form a stately pile, of the Renaissance character. Among the statues of important personages which are intended to grace the principal facade, beginning appropriately with Jacques Cartier and ending with Lord Elgin and Dufferin, we find those of four military heroes and four of early Jesuits, as also Champlain and Maisonneuve, the respective founders of Quebec and Montreal. But we miss any memorial figure of Talon, the Intendant or "King's Agent" of 1670, that busy man in black who controlled, under Colbert, the great and paternal minister of Louis XIV., the finances, the royal bounties, the public works, and in all the administration of the Province, that was not military and not ecclesiastical. He laboured zealously for the infant colony of New France two hundred years ago—although, to be sure, the colony was even then governed too much—and combatted the pretensions and opposed the powers granted to the great "Company of the West" which at that time was throttling the country. Talon promoted ship-building; directed searches for minerals and discovered iron and copper; encouraged arts and manufactures and began a trade between Canada and the West Indies; likewise the seal and porpoise fishery and the taking of cod fish. More than this, he essayed the opening of a road across the country to Acadia, and as Parkman has it, prepared the way for the remarkable series of explorations which resulted in the discovery of the Great West. The journal we have quoted points out that, in the choosing of subjects for statues, Murray and Guy Carleton have been ignored. We think that when room could be found in Quebec's Pantheon for Olier, the founder of the Sulpician friars, Brebeuf, a Jesuit martyr, and Sagard, another church dignitary, representation should not be denied to the mercantile and industrial interests of New France, as they were typified by Jean Baptiste Talon, the worthy lieutenant of Governor Remy de Courcelles."

Messrs. Cooke and Co., of Ludgate-circus, in anticipation of the Paris Exhibition, have made arrangements for opening in that gay metropolis a boarding-house especially for the convenience of those who travel under their auspices. It will accommodate nearly a hundred persons, and adjoining it will be sleeping accommodation for 200 other visitors. This boarding-house is situated in one of the most beautiful and best-known districts of Paris, close to the Bois de Boulogne Railway-station.

THE LATE HON. JOHN YOUNG.

The Honourable John Young was a native of Ayr, where he was born on the 11th March, 1811. The Parish School was his training place, and we find the extraordinary energy and indomitable nature of the man, first showing itself in the lad of fourteen who became the teacher of others. Mr. Young obtained the appointment of Master of the Parish School at Coylton, near Ayr, and taught there for some eighteen months. In 1826 he came to Canada to seek his fortune, and commencing as a clerk with Mr. John Torrance, became, in 1835, at the early age of twenty-four, a partner of Mr. David Torrance in the house of Torrance and Young, which continued at Quebec for five years. After the rebellion of 1837-38, in the suppression of which he took an active part, Mr. Young returned to Montreal, and went into business as a partner of Mr. Harrison Stephens, the firm of Stephens, Young & Co. being a prominent one for many years. In 1839, he assisted in the organization of the Mercantile Library Association. In 1844, as Returning Officer at the elections, he rendered such signal services to public order that they were mentioned by Lord Metcalfe in the despatches sent to the Colonial Office, and were the subject of special acknowledgment by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. They were also warmly testified to by Sir James Hope, who was then Commander-in-Chief at Montreal. 1846 was a memorable epoch in his life, for at this time he came before the public in connection with the great works with which his name will ever be associated, the Harbour of Montreal and the improvement of the channel between Montreal and Quebec. He was one of the originators of the Montreal, Portland and Boston Railway, and of the line from Montreal to Toronto, being the Vice-President of the first and the President of the latter Company. In 1847 he also made the then almost audacious proposition to bridge the St. Lawrence, and his name will always be justly associated with the Victoria Bridge, that great work which has converted Montreal from a fifth-rate harbour into a first-class port at a distance from the sea without any parallel in the world. When the St. Lawrence canals were opened in 1848 he sent, we believe, the first cargo of merchandise from Montreal to Chicago, and brought back the first cargo of American grain. Some disturbances having arisen in connection with the unloading of vessels, and the shipping becoming so much more numerous about this time, Mr. Young represented the needs of the harbour so forcibly to the Government that he secured the creation of a Water Police. In 1851 Mr. Young succeeded Mr. Lafontaine as the parliamentary representative of Montreal, and in October, 1851, he became Chief Commissioner of Public Works, and member of the Board of Railway Commissioners in the Hincks-Tache Administration. In 1854 he again sat for Montreal, and found vent for his ceaseless activity in the duties of Chairman of the Committee on Public Accounts. In 1857, he declined a re-nomination, and left Parliamentary life. In 1859, Mr. Young retired from business with a handsome fortune, and in the same year, it will be recalled that he was chosen Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the most gigantic and successful series of entertainments ever given in Montreal, on the occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. About this time he went to Scotland for the education of his family, and in returning with them in 1862, on the ill-fated steamer Anglo-Saxon, was shipwrecked on the Newfoundland coast, but saved all his family. In 1863, the year in which the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee made his alliance with the Conservative party, Mr. Young was nominated as the Liberal candidate for Montreal West, but was defeated. In this year he was sent as Commissioner to Washington on the Reciprocity Treaty, as he had previously been in 1859. There are numberless circumstances connected with Mr. Young's public career, which might be mentioned, but we must not omit to state that he had been elected President, on many occasions, of the Montreal Board of Trade, and, we believe, was the first President of the Dominion Board of Trade. In 1872, though for about ten years he had not taken a very active part in politics, he was, at the urgent solicitation of a large deputation from the ranks of the Liberals, induced to re-enter Parliament, and he carried Montreal West by a large majority. In 1873 he did not present himself for re-election, and on the reorganization of the Harbour Board, was re-elected its Chairman, a position which he held up to the time of his death, and for 14 out of his 25 years service on the Board. He was for several years President of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company. His last work—one thoroughly in accordance with the bent of his life—and of great importance, was his visit to Australia last year, as sole Commissioner at the Sydney Exhibition. Mr. Young died on Friday night, the 12th inst., after a long and lingering illness.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE loss of the *Eurydice* occurred not far from the scene of the catastrophe rendered historical by Cowper's poem of the sinking of the *Royal George*. One verse is not inapt to many a wish concerning the *Eurydice*—
Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

The large map of the European Turkish seat of war hanging in the House of Commons reading room has been printed with boundaries according to the San Stefano Treaty. It created quite a sensation. A crowd of hon. members who seemed for the first time to realize fully the extent of the territorial changes, surrounded the map throughout the evening, excitedly remarking on the proposals thus depicted.

An American inventor, named Pailey, of Indianapolis, U. S., has sent to England, and proposes placing at the disposal of our War Office the most wonderful specimen of a Gatling gun which has ever been produced. This formidable engine of destruction is guaranteed to fire from 1,000 to 1,500 shots per minute, directed so as to sweep the whole line without alteration. It is also entirely self-loading.

The purchase of four 100-ton guns by the Government from the eminent firm of Mr. William Armstrong, at Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is a wise step. It has leaked out that this firm offered to sell them to any Government who chose to buy them, and in order that the guns in question should not pass into the hands of any other Power, our Government decided to purchase them. They will be ready for delivery during the next three or four months.

Mr. Mapleson's programme for the season at Her Majesty's Theatre has just been issued. The season will commence on the 20th of April. A glance at the book before us shows the report confirmed that Mr. Mapleson will offer his patrons this year an array of artists quiet unquipped before, both in numbers and quality. To do this he will have to introduce to us a number of singers who are new to the musical world of this country, though the fame of many has preceded them. It will, therefore, be a round of novelties in singers, though the old friends will all reappear. For instance, it is announced that Mme. Gerster, Mme. Trebelli, and Milles, Marimon, Salla, and Belloni have been re-engaged, while we are promised the fame-heralded Milles, Pappenheim, and Minnie Hank. The tenors include Signori Fancelli, Marini, Masini, Brotnick, Falbo, and the baritones and basses who have new destination at this house, figure in this year's list, with many others who will make their first appearance. Sir Michael Costa is director of the music and conductor.

It is stated in Paris, that the jewels lent by the Queen to the Paris Exhibition, the world-famed diamond Kohinoor forms the centre of a diadem composed of eighty-six enormous Gems; and the *bandevassy*, that served formerly as one of the eyes of an Indian goddess, valued at \$120,000, only lately brought for Her Majesty, is the centre of another diadem of diamonds and emeralds. There will also be an emerald necklace, the finest in existence. It is said that the diamonds are of an approximate value of two millions sterling.

They are, for the most part, people of "taste" who visit Covent Garden Market. To these it will be a great grief to learn that another relic of old London—at all events of the London of the Stuart age—has passed away almost unnoticed during the last week or two, namely, the north-western portion of the Piazza of Covent Garden. It was the work of Inigo Jones, and at the time of its erection was regarded as the *chef d'œuvre* in its way, and almost as one of the seven wonders of London.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Altogether the Paris Exhibition will be opened on the 1st of May, the decorations and other details will not be completed till the 15th.

The Paris Exhibition Committee calls attention to the fact that only the catalogues published under its auspices have any official value.

FIFTY Chinese dealers, accompanied by five mandarins, with presents for Marshal Mac-Mahon, are on the point of arrival at Paris.

The Duc de Chartres, who intended visiting the Bulgarian battlefields, on arriving at Semlin, returned to Pesth, owing to the prevalence of typhus fever.

The Duke d'Annole is preparing a new edition of his *Histoire des Princes de Capde*; and it is in order to correct the proofs that he has left Besancon and come to Paris.

QUEEN Isabella's jewels, now lodged at the Bank of France, will be sold, it is announced, next July, her Majesty no longer needing them for appearance at State ceremonies.

DURING the Paris Exhibition, under the auspices of the Central Commission it is proposed to establish two powerful electric lights at the summit of Notre Dame, so arranged as to illuminate the public buildings for a great distance round.

The young lady of sixteen, said to be the daughter of a diplomatic representative at Paris, who attempted to commit suicide a day or two ago, is now stated to be a Russian Princess, not immediately related to the Ambassador.

SEVERAL rooms that have hitherto been closed in the Museum of Versailles are to be opened to the public from May 1. These rooms contain as many as 1,000 historic portraits, dating from the foundation of the Monarchy to 1790.

COLONEL von Zahorsky, a Russian Pole, who has just died in the Austrian capital, has left his large fortune of 500,000 florins for charitable purposes, in which distressed persons of his own nationality are to have a share.

THE Japanese Embassy to France has arrived

at Marseilles. It it composed of fifty-eight persons, including Matzongal, president of the Japanese Commission for the Exhibition, and Jameshina, Minister and Plenipotentiary of Japan in France.

COUNT Duchatel and his sister the Duchess de la Trémoille have informed the Minister of Fine Arts that their mother, the late Countess Duchatel, has left to the State five of the best pictures in her gallery, one of them being the celebrated painting of "La Source," by Ingres.

ARRANGEMENTS at the Paris Exhibition are rapidly progressing. A colossal bull of Cain—the first ornamental statue of the Exhibition—has just been erected at the Trocadéro, at the bottom of the cascade. In several of the foreign departments the arrangement of the objects is well advanced.

THE International Literary Congress in connection with the Exhibition will open the 4th and close on the 15th of June. It will hold seven sances, have Hugo for president, and will aim to secure a common system of literary rights, like common measures, weights, moneys, and languages.

It is said that M. Réman has just finished a drama entitled *La Fia de la Trompette*. It is a continuation of Shakspeare's *Troopst*. Prospero, retired to Italy, is the object of persecution by the Inquisition, and saved by Caliban, representing strength. In that struggle Ariel has succumbed—that is to say, that *poesy* has been vanquished, and that only force and science remain masters of the world.

THE Exhibition at this moment very much resembles the goods department of a railway terminus—shiploads of exhibits are arriving at the chief ports of France, and waggons loads at the Palace. The population of Paris is certainly beginning to have a cosmopolitan look, and the Exhibition is on the high road to becoming the Tower of Babel. It is singular to read in the journals the number of persons seeking humble employment, and claiming to speak half-a-dozen of living languages. Strange histories must lie concealed beneath so many accomplishments. Clearly to be a polyglot is not remunerative. Most of the applicants are waiters.

THE apple is really the favourite fruit of the Parisians, and if it be sometimes dislained at luxurious tables, the people have a veneration for the fruit which does so much service in its numerous varieties. There is the Pomme d'Api, the little beauty which seems to invite pearly teeth to nibble its delicate pulp; the Reinette, sweet and refreshing; the perfumed Canada, the aristocratic Royale, the Fenouillet, in her green or golden robe; Calville, whose rosy tints recall the maiden's blush; the Pomme Figue, without pips; and lastly, the Pomme Anete, the elder apple of Normandy. For those whose stomachs refuse the unsophisticated fruit it is prepared in a thousand ways—in jelly, in *compote*, in macarade, in *ocriquet*, with rice, *au beurre*, and in the *spoutant* form of delicious *beignets*. The apple is the delight of the work-girl, who loves it baked in a golden crust, when it is called a *chousson*. Formerly the *chousson* was the substitute at the minor theatres for the ice and *soubol*, and lads and lasses devoured them with their tears, and sometimes hurled them in the fifth act at the actor who represented villainy only too well. The sale of apples is regulated in Paris by special rules. Till the beginning of June the apple market will be held by the Bridge of Arcole, and there visitors to Paris may see the pyramids of golden and perfumed fruit which the provinces send up for the satisfaction of the Gargantua, whose name is Paris.

GLEANER.

PIANOS are now made weighing only 200 pounds.

THE income of the Duke of Westminster is \$4,500,000 a year.

THE winters of 1798, 1828, '38-'48-'58-'68 and '78 have all been mild.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S heirs are clamouring for a settlement of his estate.

It is stated in Paris that Her Majesty will visit the Exhibition in the autumn, but will go to Paris *incog*.

A postal congress, in which all nations are expected to take part, is to be held at Paris, beginning the same day with the exposition.

MR. Joaquin Miller, it is rumored, is going abroad, with the intention of never returning to his country.

THERE are twenty-one German Universities, with 20,228 students. The smallest department is the theological, embracing 2,223 students in all.

DR. MUNKE quotes a passage from the Talmud written in the fourth or fifth century of our era, permitting the use of iron "as a protection from lightning and thunder."

DOWNS in Texas, some inquiring experimenter has grafted an oak with pine, holly dogwood, elm, ash, walnut, apple and peach, and the sprigs have all buded and promise to thrive.

THE Postal Congress at Paris will have under consideration, amongst other matters, the desirableness of introducing a penny international post-card.

MISS Hogarth and Miss Dickens propose to publish a collection of the late Mr. Dickens's letters. The book is intended to be a sort of supplement to Mr. Forsters' biography.

IN a letter to the Queen notifying his accession to the Pontifical throne, Pope Leo XIII. is said to have expressed his gratification at the permitted establishment of a hierarchy in Scotland.

Lieutenant Kitchener, commanding the British scientific expedition to Palestine, has brought the plan of the temple to England, and Captain Guillemot, of the French army, has copied the pictures and partially-effaced inscriptions.

THE artistic sensation of Paris is an artist named André Gauthier, who draws nightly large audiences to see him paint a landscape in five minutes, a portrait in six, and two different pictures simultaneously, one with each hand.

PETER COOPER was first a coach-maker, then a cabinet-maker, then a grocer, and failed in all three. It was not till his fortieth year that he began making glue, and then laid the foundation of his fortune, now estimated at \$10,000,000.

THERE is a Spanish woman on the little Colorado, in Arizona Territory, who has lived 128 years. She sits most of the time, and has a broad board, against which she leans her back for support, ease and rest.

THE latest advices from France states that the following highly important measures, which were proposed by the Government, first, removing restrictions upon the sale of books and pamphlets; second, the amnesty of the press; and lastly, abolishing the state of siege, have been passed by the Assembly, and are now laws.

It has been much remarked that the *Western Post*, of St. Louis (Mo.), has for some time past contained, and still continues to publish, a series of London letters by Karl Blind, in which Russian policy is denounced as a general danger to freedom.

It is stated, as one of the results of the war in which Russia has been engaged, that her paper money has depreciated already 45 per cent., with a prospect of still another fall of 35 per cent. The two loans, interior and exterior, have met with only partial success.

THE Roman Catholic priests in Ireland are doing a good service in trying to break up the excesses and the revelings connected with the superstitious custom of wakes. They forbid the presence of any person except the immediate relatives of the deceased, and, what is of more consequence, the use of spirituous or intoxicating liquors.

JOHN Ruskin is fond of ferns and seaweed, and possesses a large collection of dried specimens. To see him in a London fog is a pitiable spectacle. Mrs. Ruskin was, a few years ago, separated, with mutual consent, from her lord and master, and married the portrait painter Millais. Ruskin is about sixty, and wears a blue tie in a bow.

It is echoed that Miss de Rothschild signed her last cheque as "Hannah de Rothschild" on Wednesday morning. She enclosed it in a gold box, and sent it to Lord Rosebery. It was filled up for £300,000. This was something like a wedding present, but then the donor was born a countess—in nobility of thought.

TAKING into account her native troops, England pays annually an army of 280,000 men, 20,000 of whom are British troops. Besides this she has a force of 150,000 militia and 200,000 volunteers. The splendid regiments of these latter, in a case of emergency, could be utilized for garrison duty in Great Britain, while the militia could serve abroad as it has done before.

INDIA-RUBBER tires on the wheels of carriages are becoming quite common. One of these vehicles silently gliding along on a moonlight night has a very weird effect, and if the horse had india-rubber shoes as well, the whole affair would be horribly ghost-like. People who do not hear remarkably well ought also to be encased in india-rubber to diminish the effect of being run over.

THE expenses of the late Conclave amounted to 1,100,000f. Provisions had been stored up for three months to admit of an indefinite prolongation of the election. Medicine of all kinds were also procured to provide against the eventual spread of illness among the Cardinals. This sum includes the salaries of all attendants, the coining of gold and silver medals, furniture, workmen's wages, &c.

THE French Mediterranean squadron at Villefranche was visited by the Duke of Edinburgh. On his arrival in the despatch-bout *Corsica* he was saluted by the flagship *Richelieu* with a discharge of twenty-one guns, while its band, that of the *Magnanime*, with a military band on the shore, played "God Save the Queen." After spending some time on board the *Richelieu*, the Prince returned to Nice.

COMPARATIVE SIZE OF COUNTRIES AND WATERS.—Greece is about the size of Vermont. Palestine is about one-fourth the size of New York.

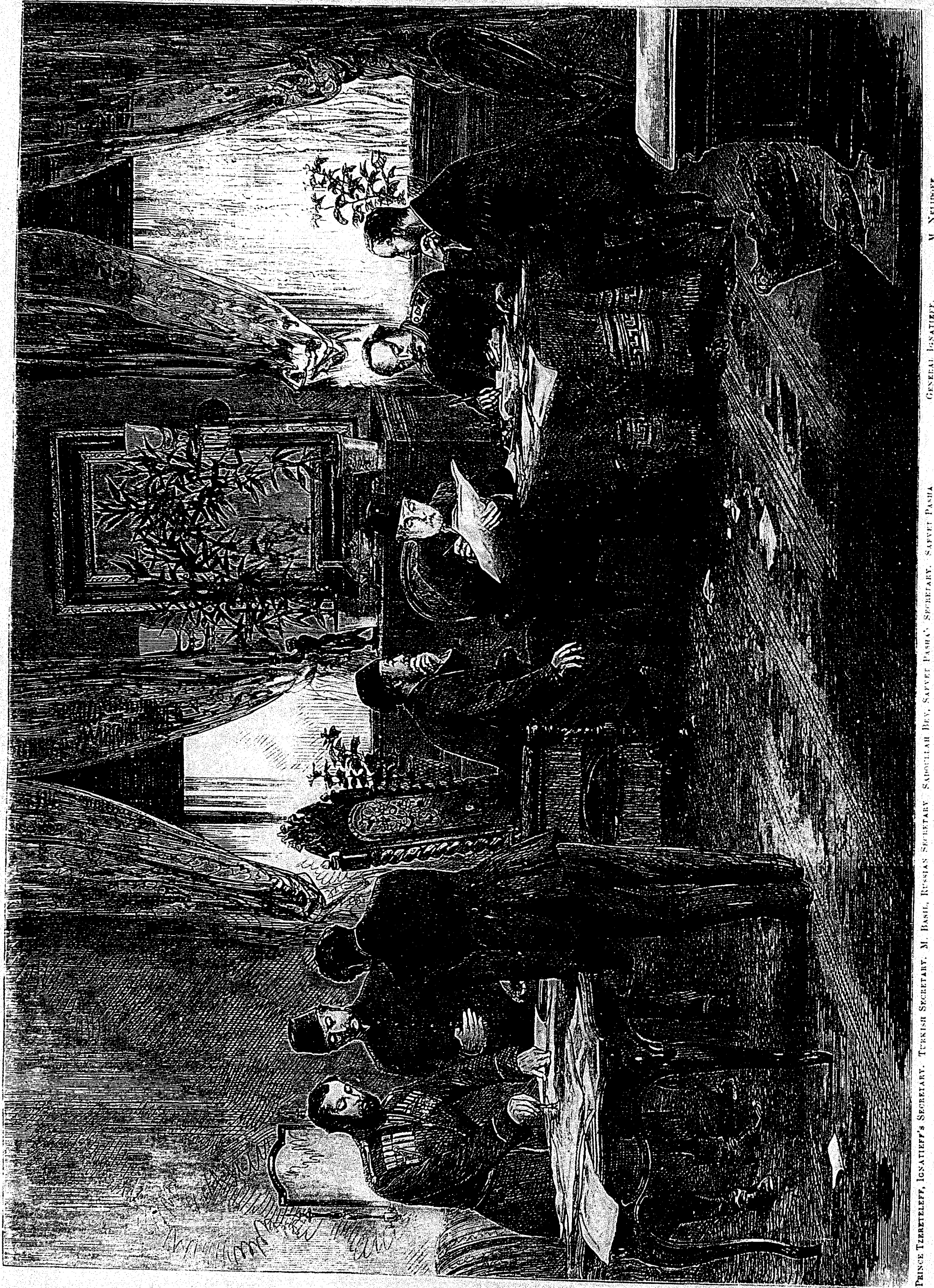
Hindustan is more than a hundred times as large as Palestine.

The Great Desert of Africa has nearly the present dimensions of the United States.

The Red Sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and it is three times as wide as Lake Ontario.

The English Channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior.

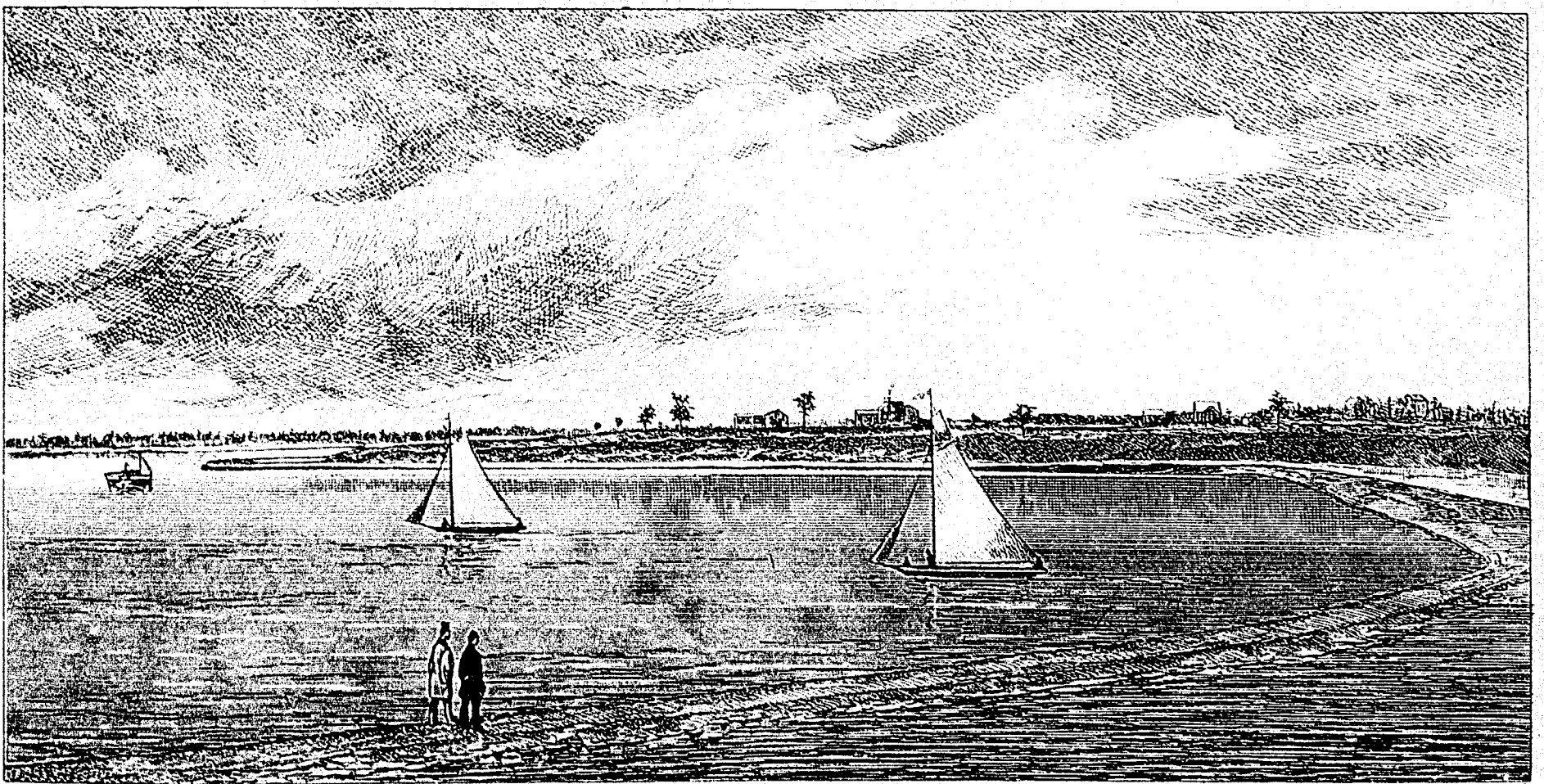
The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.



PRINCE TZARTELEFF, IGNAITIEFF'S SECRETARY. M. BASIL, RUSSIAN SECRETARY. SADOULLAH BEY, TURKISH SECRETARY. SAVVET PASHA
GENERAL ISATIYEFF. M. NELIDOFF.
SIGNING THE TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY AT SAN STEFANO.



THE LATE HON. JOHN YOUNG.



EDWARDSBURG.—LOOKING WESTWARD FROM POINT CARDINAL.

A MOTHER.

The house is still in slumbers mild,
As by the small lamp's shaded glow,
An anxious mother bendeth low
Above the form of her sick child.

She scans, with tender, tearful eyes,
The baby's flushed and feverish face,
And softly turns it from its place,
To make it cooler as it lies.

She sees the twitch of troubled nerves,
As the blood currents rush about,
Putting all healthy sleep to rout
In a wild dream that starts and awakes.

She puts her ear down to its breast,
To hear the breathing come and go,
Or light or deep, or fast or slow;
And wonders, wonders what is best!

C. L. CLEVELAND.

THE
Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

V.

EDWARDSBURG, Ont.

The pictorial display made by the village of Edwardsburg will doubtless astonish all who are not acquainted with the locality. Perhaps a better or more eloquent illustration of the importance of manufacturing industries could not have been chosen. The village, which is on the St. Lawrence 104 miles west of Montreal, is virtually the outgrowth of the Starch Works whose products are known and esteemed throughout the Dominion. Nearly twenty-five years ago, perceiving a fine water power awaiting utilization, and not a little swayed by the beauty of the situation, Mr. W. T. Benson, an English capitalist, chose the site as well adapted for the establishment of the works in question and accordingly invested his means in the enterprise. After a time, finding the business too much for one pair of shoulders, Mr. Benson transferred it to a joint stock company which embraces some of the leading men of the Dominion and has for its President Mr. Walter Shanly. Mr. Benson is Vice-President and the largest shareholder. The Directorate is thoroughly representative and such as any enterprise might be proud of. In 1874 a destructive fire took place, but the work of re-building was not delayed a moment, and the result is as shewn in our panoramic view. The buildings are all of a good class and well separated; the elevator is large, particularly substantial and complete in all its details. The process of manufacturing starch is very interesting. Mr. Benson very kindly took me through the works and explained everything, from the reception of the raw material—maize or Indian corn—to the packing of the finished article ready for use. In all the departments I noticed great care exercised to ensure purity, and that every detail is carried on with the regularity of clock work. Previous to my inspection of the works I had no idea that the manufacture of starch required such an extensive plant. After I had completed my tour I could easily understand why several attempts to establish rival works in Canada had proved disastrous failures. Some idea of the importance to the country of such an industry may be gleaned from the following statistics. Though the machinery is driven by water-power, heat is required for drying the starch and various other purposes. The consumption of wood for firing amounts to about three thousand cords per year. Now since the G. T. R. and mail steamers have ceased wooding at this point there has been no other market for this community. But for the Starch Works the farmers of the locality (to whom the sale of cordwood is no unimportant item) would have no adequate outlet for this article. For boxes and barrels for packing the starch there was, paid out last year \$7,184; wages, \$17,000; paper and printing, \$6,000; sundry charges, \$20,000; in all over \$50,000, without counting the cost of the three thousand cords of wood. And all this is in addition to the cost of the raw material. And yet we have those in our midst who affect to belittle native manufactures and say they are not worth fostering! I may state that since these works were established the cost of the manufactured article to the consumer has been reduced *one half*. This important fact is a point which many of our political economists may ponder over with profit. We often hear it said that if home industries are encouraged the consumer will have to pay high prices for the articles produced; but, as I have shewn, experience at Edwardsburg, as elsewhere, proves conclusively that such logic is utterly fallacious. On the other hand, the establishment of the works has largely benefitted the locality both directly and indirectly.

The various products of the Edwardsburg Starch Works being so well known throughout the length and breadth of British North America, there is no need for me to sound their praises. I may mention that they comprise corn starch for puddings, blanc-manges, infants' food, &c., and white, blue, silver gloss and satin starch for laundry purposes. Wherever exhibited they have invariably carried off the highest honours—at the International Exhibition, London, Eng.; at the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, and at every Canadian

Exhibition. Though now of large capacity, with very little trouble the works could be made to produce double the quantity of starch at present turned out. The capital was first \$100,000, it is now \$250,000. The Company have an office and a commodious warehouse at No. 25, St. Peter street, Montreal.

In connection with the works there is a large and well-appointed flour and grist mill with four run of stones, and a custom bolt, a merchant's bolt, a cornmeal bolt and a buckwheat flour bolt.

Near the Works, Mr. Benson has an establishment which comprises a saw-mill, shingle mill and stave and heading factory. The latter department is at a standstill owing to the peculiar policy which has killed sugar refining in Canada and given the bulk of the milling and exportation of flour into the hands of the Americans. At various points up the St. Lawrence I have noticed stave and heading factories closed up—all sad evidences of how wide-spreading, for good or evil, are the effects of a legislative enactment or an "Order in Council." By rights, one would think, Ontario flour should supply the Maritime Provinces and the vessels should bring coal as return freight, but, as it is, the Americans supply Nova Scotia and New Brunswick with the bulk of the flour those Provinces require, and consequently it does not pay to bring Nova Scotia coal to Ontario—the fact that there is not sufficient return freight making the cost of carriage as dear as if the coal were brought from England.

The village is situated in the Township of Edwardsburg, County of Grenville, which, for municipal purposes, is united with the County of Leeds. The Counties Council is composed of thirty-four members and meets at Brockville. Edwardsburg is one of the largest townships in the two counties and is represented at the Council by a Reeve and first and second Deputy Reeves. Mr. J. C. Irvine, of the village of Edwardsburg, has filled the office of Reeve for two consecutive years, having made his *debut* in the municipal arena as first Deputy. He is proprietor of a well-stocked general store and is an extensive buyer of butter for the Montreal and English markets. He is "all business," a keen politician of the Conservative school, and will doubtless figure in the legislative halls of his country ere long.

The village is not yet incorporated and consequently lacks those evidences of civilization—sidewalks. The mud, though at times dreadful, has the redeeming quality of drying quickly, and happily is sandy, not clayey. The population has for some little time been bordering upon the number (800) which the Legislature has set as necessary ere an Act of Incorporation can be granted, and it is confidently expected that incorporation and sidewalks will come this summer. Viewed from the river, the village makes quite a good appearance, the factory buildings, public school, Mr. Benson's mansion, the several churches, &c., helping to convey the impression that the place is much larger than it really is. Some day, doubtless, Edwardsburg will be quite an important manufacturing town, as it is close to the Galop's Rapids, which by the construction of wing dams, or the enlargement of the canal, would give illimitable water-power. In the summer Edwardsburg is a favourite pleasure resort; the village then looks extremely pretty, its streets being mostly well provided with handsome shade trees. But the chief attraction is the river and its many charming islands. Few finer camping grounds are to be found. The fishing is excellent and the proximity of the rapids keeps the air fresh and cool, beside rendering the locality unsatisfactory to the bloodthirsty mosquito.

A word or two respecting those whose residences or stores figure her with may not be out of place. The engravings are from photographs by the local artist, Mr. L. W. Dillingham.

Mr. John Reid has for many years filled an important position in the Starch Works. He is quite an Edwardsburg "institution," and, having learned to appreciate his good qualities in days gone by, I was much grieved to learn, upon my arrival in the village, that the jovial John was labouring under a severe attack of congestion of the lungs. I trust the advent of spring will see his burly form and genial countenance once more about the works.

Mills Bros., of Iroquois, have a commodious branch store in the village. It is ably presided over by Mr. C. McManus.

Mr. W. Murray is an enterprising clothier, who will not allow himself to be beaten by the "hard times." He regulates his prices by the times, and says he means to fight it out on that line, if it takes all summer.

Mr. R. Macpherson is an old established general merchant. His store is large and well stocked. It would be easier to name what he sells than what he does not. The office of the Dominion Telegraph Company is in the building.

Mr. Edmund Champagne is the village tinsmith and worker in iron plate and copper. He is an enterprising young man and a good workman. He does in both the wholesale and retail and has agents selling his wares over a circuit of sixty miles.

Mr. J. McLatchie is a thorough machinist. He owns a workshop full of first-class machinery. His specialty is the manufacture of "saw gummers" or cutters, for sharpening the teeth of large saws. The manufacture of lumber being one of the leading industries of Canada, it naturally follows that the work of keeping the saws in order must be of prime importance. The sharpener made by Mr. McLatchie is known as

"Stone's Patent," and it is guaranteed superior to any other in the market.

Mr. Akin, senr., has 160 acres of splendid land close to the village centre, and fronting on the main road. He has a number of fine building lots for sale cheap. His son is Postmaster, and also proprietor of a well-stocked grocery.

Mr. W. Clarke travels for J. G. Mullin & Co. through the Ottawa District. His residence is appropriately named Mount Prospect, as it commands fine views up and down the St. Lawrence. He has sixty acres of land, a good orchard, and some well-bred Durham stock.

Mr. John W. Jamieson is also a traveller, representing James McCready & Co., boot and shoe manufacturers, Montreal. He is noted as one of the most successful commercial men on the road.

Mr. Anson Armstrong's house is beautifully situated on a point overlooking the rapids. He is a well-to-do farmer, who rightly holds that a tiller of the soil has himself to blame if he degenerates into a "clod-hopper." He believes in intellectual culture and rational recreation. In this respect he presents a pleasing contrast to the average agriculturist. After an inspection of the neatly-kept farm and thrifty orchard, I was treated to an "organ recital," for Mr. Armstrong has a better instrument than is to be found in many churches, and he is an enthusiastic and accomplished performer. My visit left the impression that I had seen a good type of a happy Canadian home.

Mr. W. Clegg is a retired lawyer from Ottawa. His residence is a little to the west of Mr. Benson's, and well named "Riverside View." Being desirous of travelling, Mr. Clegg would like to hear from anyone looking for retirement from the bustle and cares of city life. He would sell cheap.

Edwardsburg boasts two hotels, the International and the Commercial. The former is kept by Mr. J. H. Graham, whose efforts to minister to the wants of his patrons are ably seconded by his kindly-hearted wife. Mr. W. Dillson is proprietor of the Commercial. Both are spoken of favourably as very fair samples of country hotels. Both have comfortable rooms and good stabling.

THE CHURCHES.

About fifty years ago Col. Fraser gave the ground and largely aided the erection of the square-towered stone church, alluded to in the accompanying plate as the old Episcopal Church. But the village did not grow up around the church as was expected—the Starch Works proving more attractive; consequently, after considerable discussion, the old church was finally abandoned, and the new St. John's Church erected in the village, the ground being given by Mr. Benson, who, like the old Colonel, also gave liberally towards the cost of erection. The old church had four pinnacles, but these have fallen, only one, looking like a large umbrella, appearing above the turrets. The new church is a cosy building, plainly finished inside, and boasts a very fair choir. Rev. Mr. Muckleston is the minister.

The Presbyterians are the most numerous, and their church is quite an imposing edifice. The interior is most elaborately decorated. Pastor, Rev. Mr. McKibbin.

The Episcopal Methodists are to enlarge their church this year. I give a sketch from the architect's plans. Rev. Mr. Betts, pastor.

The Roman Catholics have a neat church to the east end of the village, on a site donated by Mr. Benson. Rev. Father O'Donnell, parish priest.

The Wesleyan Methodists worship in a church some distance outside the village, but purpose building within the boundary this summer. Rev. Mr. Pearson, pastor.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE

is a creditable building in the midst of a large play-ground. It cost about \$5,000, and at present the attendance averages 125. There are two teachers, male and female.

POINT CARDINAL FARM.

Apart from his investments as a manufacturer, Mr. Benson has gone extensively into farming and stock-raising. A little to the east of the village he owns six hundred and fifty acres of splendid land, extending from the river to the second concession. His residence, in rear of the village, overlooking the river, is most charmingly situated upon Point Cardinal (so christened by the old French voyageurs). The grounds are extensive and quite park-like, being laid out in old country style. The elevation is good, commanding lovely views, the river here expanding into a lake and being thickly dotted with pretty islands—some mere specks, others quite large, the largest having an area of 500 acres.

The farm-house pictured in the accompanying pages also occupies a splendid situation on a gentle rise facing the noble St. Lawrence. At one time Mr. Benson purposed making this house his residence, but, his health not being all that he could desire, he is endeavouring to bring his estate as much as possible under easy control, and, to that end, would like to find a purchaser for the house and such quantity of land as might be desired, say from 100 to 300 acres. It is here that he keeps a considerable portion of his blooded stock—the herd comprising twenty-seven head, the elder animals being either imported or bred by the leading stock-raisers of this continent. No less than five were purchased from that celebrated breeder of aristocratic stock, the Hon. M. H. Cochrane. At first

Mr. Benson went in for both Ayreshire and Shorthorns, but the former he has entirely given up. The herd is principally of the Bates' blood. I quite enjoyed my inspection of these high-toned animals, so comfortably are they cared for and so sweet-smelling are their roomy, loose boxes. Their food is of the best, and daintily served; their beds are carefully made, and the temperature and ventilation of their houses receive more attention than is bestowed upon such matters in ninety-nine out of every hundred human habitations. Of course, all this "tells." The animals look splendid, and one or two young things would, I am sure, be dubbed "perfect pets" by lady visitors. Subsequently, on looking over the Herd Book, I found that some of these animals have "pedigrees as long as your arm," so to speak, and boast not very distant relationship with the famous \$40,000 "Duchess."

About the yard, looking very well, I noticed a good few thoroughbred Cotswold sheep. In one section of the building there were a number of fine steers fattening for the butcher, though Mr. Benson regretted that he had not his best to show me, he having just sold them for shipment to England. In another large shed were some twenty milch cows, whose milk goes to support a neighbouring cheese factory.

Few finer estates are to be found in the Dominion. Every acre shows the work of improvement. The work has not been done hap-hazard, but in every detail there is evident a carefully thought-out purpose, and the whole reveals a master-hand. The land is well drained, and slopes gently to the south; here and there are pretty bits of bush, which serve the double purpose of shielding early crops from piercing winds and affording cattle shelter from the noon-tide heat. A brook flows through the farm, and there are four never-failing wells, two of which are strongly tintured with sulphur, and greatly liked by the flocks and herds. The barns are commodious and in good order; in one there is a four-horse-power machine for driving a feed-cutter, root pulper, &c., &c. Any one desiring a nice country home would find Mr. Benson prepared to treat very liberally. The house in question is beautifully situated, its elevated position commanding a magnificent outlook in all directions, the river views being simply lovely. The farm fronts on the main road, and is about half a mile from the village. Mr. Benson would be willing to lease the farm-house for the summer season.

Mr. Benson has several other fine lots, which he would be willing to dispose of. One in particular is admirably suited for the erection of a villa. It is on a commanding point overlooking the river, and embraces a farm-house, good out-buildings, and capital orchard.

One bright morning, taking a stroll through the woods, in rear of the farm, I came upon a group of men engaged in thinning out the trees. Chatting with one of the brawny wielders of the axe, the conversation turned upon the labour question, and I thought the woodsman's words worthy of record. Said he: "But for the factory and the work Mr. Benson gives on his land there would have been a good deal of want in and around Edwardsburg this winter. He's a good man; many o' the likes o' me couldn't have kept soul and body together this season if it hadn't been for him. He's a nice man, too, and always has a cheerful word for us as he goes through the bush, which he does pretty well every morning for the sake of exercise. Ah! here he comes, with his coat off as usual."

I found that the woodsman had summed up Mr. Benson very truly—charitable, enterprising, and kindly-hearted.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ITALIAN opera does not flourish in Paris.

BRIGNOLI and company are singing to large audiences in the Western cities.

SINCE her first appearance in "Fanchon," in 1861, Maggie Mitchell has played it about 3,000 times.

NILSSON was lately the recipient of a silver urn valued at \$5,000, given by her admirers in St. Petersburg.

DUMAS' wife is a Russian lady, and they have two daughters, Miles, Colette and Jeannine, who are said to be charming, witty, and intellectual.

ROSINE STOLTZ, the great songstress, has married M. de Barsano, Prince de la Paix. This lady has a fortune of 2,000,000.

While singing in the "Barbieri" at Naples, Patti kept on one high note so long that the unhappy baritone who accompanied her had to stop three times for breath, she mocking him with a look the while.

SARDOU occupies five months, working five hours daily, in writing a comedy. He discards twice as much matter as he uses, and frequently eliminates some of his characters after he has begun the final draft of the play.

Two costumes to be worn in "Joseph Balsamo," Alexander Dumas' new piece, soon to be represented at the Odeon Theatre in Paris, cost \$10,000. The whole number of costumes will probably cost ten times that amount.

BUCKSTONE, the venerable comedian, is deaf as a post. He has never been out of debt. In his infancy, which dates from the commencement of the century, he chewed into a pulp a Bank of England note which a fond grandmother had placed on a table.

The Finest Stock of French Regatta Shirtings in Canada, at TREBLE'S, 8 King Street East, Hamilton. Send for samples and card for self-measurement. Goods sent to any part of the Dominion C. O. D.

New French Regatta Shirtings just received at TREBLE'S, 8 King Street East, Hamilton. Send for samples and card for self-measurement. Goods sent to any part of the Dominion C. O. D.

SIGNING THE TREATY.

In the accompanying engraving we offer our readers an interesting sketch of the two great representatives of Russia and Turkey as they meet at San Stefano for the purpose of signing the treaty which should finally restore peaceful relations between the two powers.

This treaty, the full text of which is given in the editorial column of this issue, was made in the interests of the victors in the late terrible struggle, and naturally contains much that is signally distasteful to the Ottoman power.

Certainly it is only through a general war among the powers of Europe that Turkey can ever hope to regain her place among nations. At present she is humiliated to the earth. Not only are her exchequer exhausted and her armies destroyed, but her territory is despoiled, and the conquerors encamped under the very gates of her capital.

The house which was occupied by General Ignatieff at San Stefano, and in which the treaty was actually signed by himself and Saffet Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, is shown in another illustration. The larger engraving represents the interior of the apartment where the plenipotentiaries met, and the scene at the moment of their signing the treaty.

When all was ready, General Ignatieff and Saffet Pasha signed simultaneously, the latter holding the document on his hand as he wrote, after the Turkish manner, the Russian writing on the table. Each then took the other's paper and signed again, and the treaty of San Stefano was completed.

The 3rd day of March, the day upon which the treaty was signed, is one already memorable in the annals of Russia. According to the Old Style, this date in our calendar corresponds with the 19th of February. Alexander II., the present Czar of Russia, ascended the throne on the 19th of February, and on the same day of the year 1861 he signed the famous edict which emancipated twenty millions of serfs.

Complicated as the negotiations were, and notwithstanding the necessary exchange of telegrams, the inhabitants of St. Petersburg were not to be disappointed of their new cause for rejoicing. The day had worn itself out, and the hope of news from the seat of war was about relinquished, when suddenly the booming of a gun was heard, and intelligence was received from a certain source that the peace had been signed.

This telegram had been received at the capital about eight o'clock, and by nine a great crowd had assembled before the palace, cheering lustily and singing "God Save the Czar." In a short time his Imperial Highness made his appearance at the gates, and, stepping into a close carriage, drove off amid vociferous cheering to the theatre, where an enthusiastic ovation awaited him.

There can be no doubt that in the treaty signed at San Stefano Russia has adjusted her difficulties with Turkey to her own satisfaction; but that the vexed "Eastern question" is any nearer a final settlement it is difficult to believe. Certainly the object for which Russia, according to her own statement, went to war, viz., that of liberating the Bulgarians, has been most successfully accomplished; but that she will be allowed to maintain the advantages stipulated in the remarkable document designed to form the basis of peace between herself and the nation she has conquered, is scarcely to be looked for.

The present situation is undoubtedly one to tax to the uttermost the ingenuity of Russian statesmen. The abhorrence of the treaty felt by Austria is an established fact, and certainly the circular of Lord Salisbury shows as little of the spirit of conciliation and compromise as any document that ever emanated from the court of

St. James's. There is scarcely one of the cherished projects of Russia to which this remarkable circular does not object. If Bulgaria may not receive an expanse of territory, Constantinople be isolated, and Epirus and Thessaly be reconstructed, and, above all, the treaty of 1856 not departed from, Russia may certainly be excused if she begins to wonder for what purpose her armies have crushed those of Turkey and her pickets established themselves under the walls of Constantinople.

HAVE WE NOTHING TO DO?

"Have we nothing to do, our Father, But fold our idle hands, Gaze vacantly over the whitening fields, O'er thy chosen and faithful lands: Have we nothing to do in this busy world, Where thy servants have toiled so long? Hast thou not left us a day's work to do Somewhere in the busy throng?"

Nothing to do!—to whom do the words apply!—not to any human soul entrusted with talents and a spirit of immortality, for there certainly is a work for each of us, and we have not one moment to waste in thoughtless or needless repining.

Every life has its purpose as everything in nature has its use. We are all conscious that in life's duties we must answer for ourselves and not another; and this thought is the key-note of existence which lends to life its charms. When striving to evade its unpleasant responsibilities we often throw ourselves upon the poet's soothing thoughts that—

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends Rough how they will."

Each life should and does have its guiding star,—some great desire; which could we reach, we feel would dispel our longings and quiet our mourning hearts. With some it is wealth, others honour, a third fame, and the fourth calls for the blessing of friendship; but whatever we have made our life purpose we can accomplish. If it is wealth we have but to put forth our hand and grasp it though it may take from morn until life's sunset. Yet if it is our earnest purpose we can win it.

Honour: it is ours for the asking, it may be a struggle, but it cannot fail us. Fame: many less noble and talented have won it and so may we.

Friends: they will come of their own accord if we get but the others.

After the accomplishment of our desires, we may use them for our utter ruin or eternal welfare. The possession of wealth is in itself neither good nor bad; it is not money, but the love of it that is called "the root of all evil;" to desire riches then is not wrong but rather highly commendable, for it places within the power of the possessor great opportunities for doing good. There is not an enterprise but depends for its usefulness upon money. Thus the acquisition of wealth for good is a worthy purpose of life.

To be honoured of men, is also a commendable desire, and next to riches, is the ruling passion of life.

To be truly honourable is to be in the possession of a quality that money cannot buy, for honesty that springs only from policy deserves not the name, and only pure motives produce that noblest work of God—an honest man—but "honesty is the best policy and a present help in every time of need."

Love, though an empty bubble, is to be acquired only by personal achievement, but we are prone to feel that ours is not one of the—

"Few immortal names That were not born to die."

A true friend is a blessing; a false one is a curse, but perhaps Goldsmith has truly said,

"And what is friendship but a name, A charm that lulls to sleep, A shade that follows wealth and fame, And leave the wretch to weep."

But let us choose some worthy purpose in life and steadfastly adhere to it through life's changing scenes; let us make some one the better for our having existed; let us live earnestly—

"For the cause that lacks assistance, For the wrong that needs resistance, For the future in the distance, And the good that we can do."

Let us strive earnestly to do our duty in life's battle, keeping faithfully on in the even tenor of our way, and though a vast inheritance may never be ours, and may never gain a laurel wreath of fame, we have ever within our power to cheer fainting souls by the wayside.

"Pour out thy life like the rush of a river Wasting its waters forever and ever, Though the burnt sands that reward not the giver, Silent or songful thou nearest the sea. Scatter thy life as the summer shower pouring, What though no bird through the pearl is soaring; What though no blossom looks upward adoring, Look to the life that was lavished for thee."

MYRTLE.

ARTISTIC.

THE picture of a man skating, in the late Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House, about which there was considerable speculation as to who painted it, was the work of Gilbert Stuart, the American painter.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT is in a fair way of recovery from his late illness. He will return to England at Easter, and will bring with him an almost completed picture, which will be the most important work he has yet produced.

MR. A. W. HUNT will be represented at the Paris Exhibition by three works: a large oil picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1875, called "Summer days for me;" it will be remembered for its striking effect of sunlight; and two water-colour drawings, one "Loch Coruisk, in the Isle of Skye," the largest drawing he has painted; the other is a drawing of "Ulleswater."

REPORT speaks highly of another work of sculpture by a painter, Mr. W. B. Richmond. The subject, according to the *Athenaeum*, is a nude figure, life size, of a runner. The sculptors must look to their laurels, and, remembering the splendid edifices designed by Italian painters in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, our architects may also have to do the same. Besides the statue, Mr. Richmond has in hand four portraits which he will probably send to the Grosvenor Gallery.

THE Baron Fernand de Beckmann, a member of one of the oldest families in Belgium, and a soldier of distinction, having fought well during the Franco-German war, has studied water-colour painting with a success so remarkable that he may already be regarded as a likely contributor to the chief exhibitions. Six of his works have been on view, for a short time recently, at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery, in Old Bond street, London, Eng. They are all scenes in Venice, and are strikingly original, as well as harmonious in colour and fine in tone. The two principal subjects, "Calle del Forno" and "Ruga di Rialto," the latter representing the street during the busy market time, have been bought by Sir Richard Wallace. Next in importance is a view of Santa Margherita; and the three smaller works possess, in their degree, a kindred merit.

LITERARY.

THE New Testament revisers have got to Hebrews vii.

A COPY of Mrs. Roe's new volume of *Uncrowned Queens* has been accepted by Her Majesty.

DR. PUSEY has written to a correspondent stating that he wishes "to pass the evening of his days on his commentary of Holy Scripture."

THE title of the two poems with which Mr. Browning will soon delight his admirers are "La Salsiaz," and "The two Poets of Croisic." Each poem is a metre unemployed by the writer.

MR. TENNYSON received the very large sum of 300 guineas for his ballad in the *Nineteenth Century*. This scale of remuneration is quite in keeping with that which Mr. Tennyson is now accustomed to receive from his publishers.

MADAME ELANOS, the sister of John Keats, has written to her friends in England expressing strong disapproval of the publication of her brother's love letters. Madame Elanos, who has long lived at Madrid, is the only surviving sister of Keats. At an advanced age, and when her health is impaired, she finds herself reduced to poverty by unexpected misfortunes.

LETTERS of administration of the will of Mr. George Craikbank have been taken out by his widow, Mrs. Eliza Craikbank. It is dated February 28, 1878. He bequeaths a pecuniary legacy to his widow, and also all his plate, china, and other household effects, and books, pictures, prints, and engravings to the value of £100, and any one of his pictures, prints, drawings, engravings, and etchings, except "The Worship of Bacchus." He directs "The Worship of Bacchus" and all the rest of his pictures, &c., to be sold, and the proceeds, after paying off his debts, to be invested in fully paid up shares of the Temperance Land and Building Society, and to be held upon certain trusts for the benefit of several persons in whom he was interested.

FASHION NOTES.

The voice of the best Parisian couturieres is for plaids. If plaids win the day, the Princess dress is doomed to fall, and if the former is becoming to slim persons, the latter is remarkably so to stout ones.

DURING the spring Princess dresses and polonaise style will still predominate. The new Alexandra polonaise is full in the front, and in draped burlesque style at the back, finished with a bow of deep loops and long ends. This style, if made in a fancy material and trimmed with ermine, pocket, and sailor collar of velvet, will prove very fashionable. The new Persian polonaise will be another much-admired style. The front has a shaped piasiron down it, with a full piece drawn in at the side; the back is plain to about nine inches below the waist, with a deep square tunic, slightly drawn in to the back; there is a square collar, finished on the centre of the bust with a bow; the sleeve is tight, with cuff and button. Embossed satin or velvet is much used as trimming for all materials. Another style likely to be worn this season is the Lortie costume. It consists of a deep jacket bodice and tunic shirt, with a drawn front and deep flowing back to fall over the skirt. A pretty and fashionable trimming can be produced by having the edge vandyked out either in squares or as points with a small pleating underneath. The jacket is trimmed with a flat trimming down the front, and round the bottom, above the scalloped edge; the sleeves are tight, with bands and cuff to match. Almost all costumes for young ladies have the nearly tight fitting short patent to match, but many ladies prefer the new style of Dolman or vis-a-vis mantle. The front of this is rather loose, but the back fits to the figure, and, with a square sleeve let in, it forms quite a new style compared with those falling over the arm and forming a sleeve. The Beatrice costume is a pretty and becoming style for young ladies from four to fifteen. It consists of a polonaise front with pleating below, and a plain back with a reverse, finished in the centre with a large bow. If the collar, pocket, reverse, and cuff are of a different shade from that of the dress, the general appearance is greatly improved.

HUMOROUS.

IN purchasing an umbrella, always select a blue ribbed one, as it is the blue ribbons that will keep you dry.

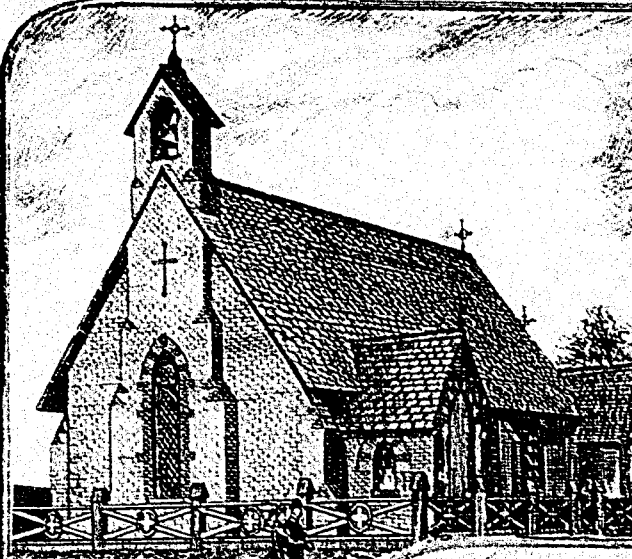
THE rector of a fashionable West End Church is now affectionately spoken of in clerical circles as "The Apostle of the Gentiles."

A YOUNG lady amateur remarks that while she doesn't object to the "Loan of a Lover," she does disapprove of his "keeping it out."

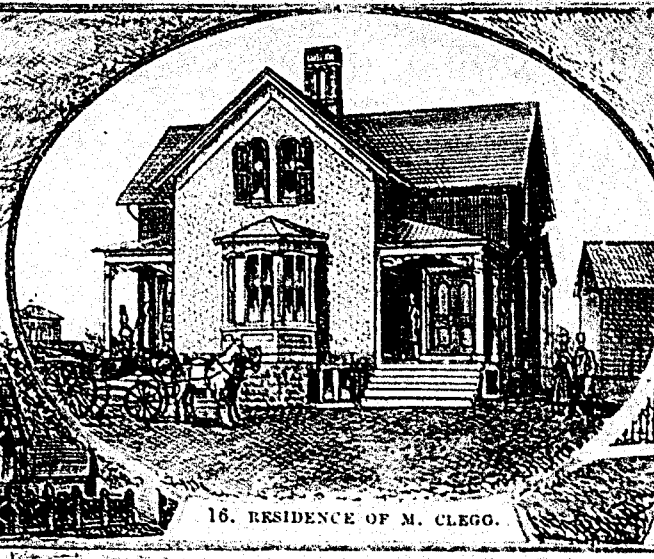
HALL'S *Journal of Health* remarks that nothing but the proboscis of an elephant compare in muscular flexibility with the human tongue. It's clear the writer of that remark isn't any single man.

"WITHIN five minutes after the alarm was given our reporter was on the ground."—We have little doubt of it, if he gave the slightest provocation to the foreman of the Engine Company.

STOP that terrible cough, and thus avoid a consumptive's grave, by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As a cough remedy it is unsurpassed. Sold by all druggists.



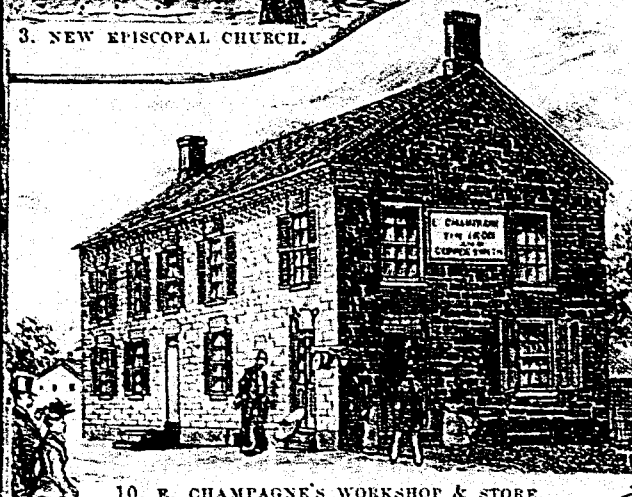
3. NEW EPISCOPAL CHURCH.



16. RESIDENCE OF M. CLEGG.



20. RESIDENCE OF JOHN REID.



10. E. CHAMPAGNE'S WORKSHOP & STORE.



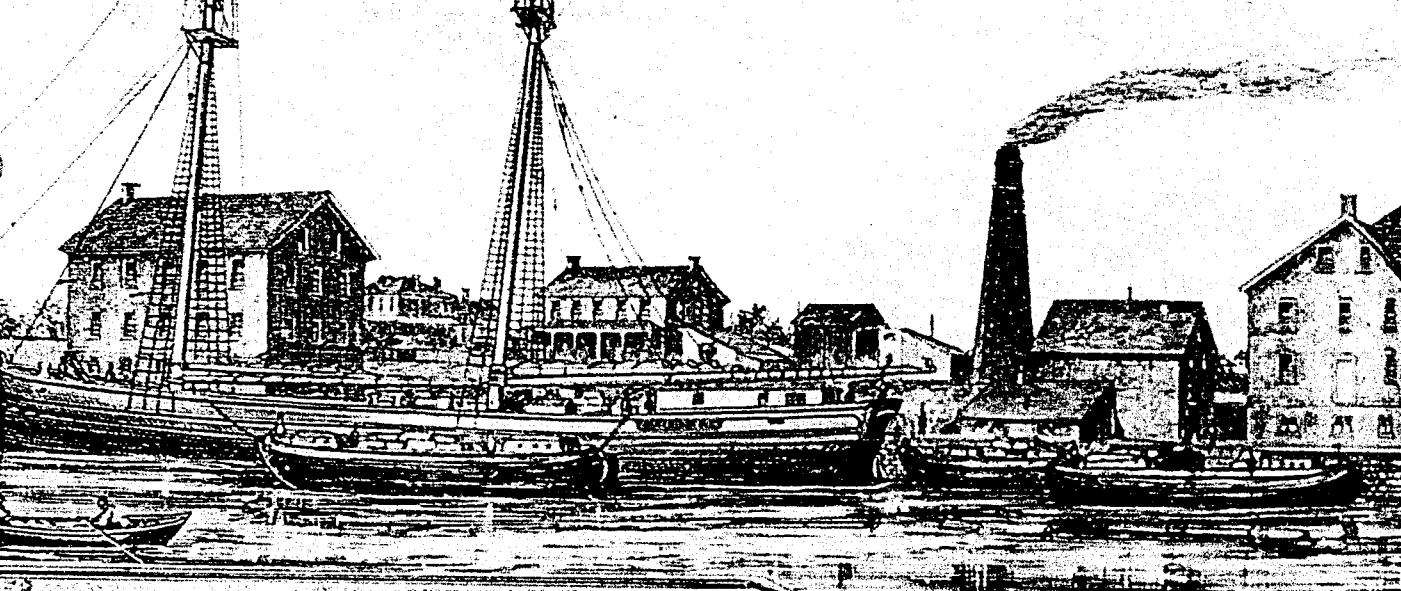
15. FARMHOUSE OF W. T. BENSON.



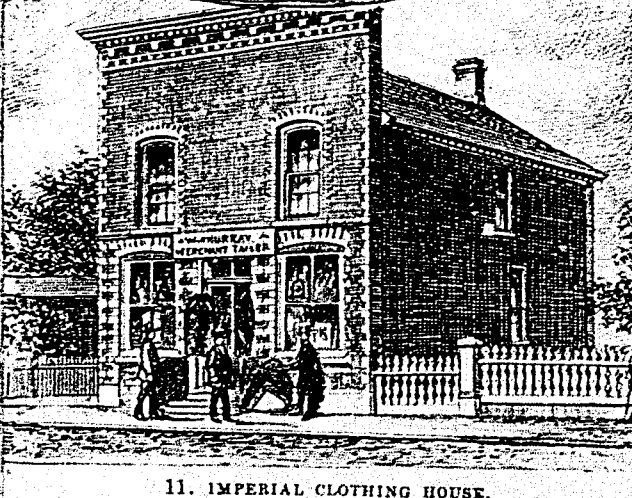
25. PROPOSED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.



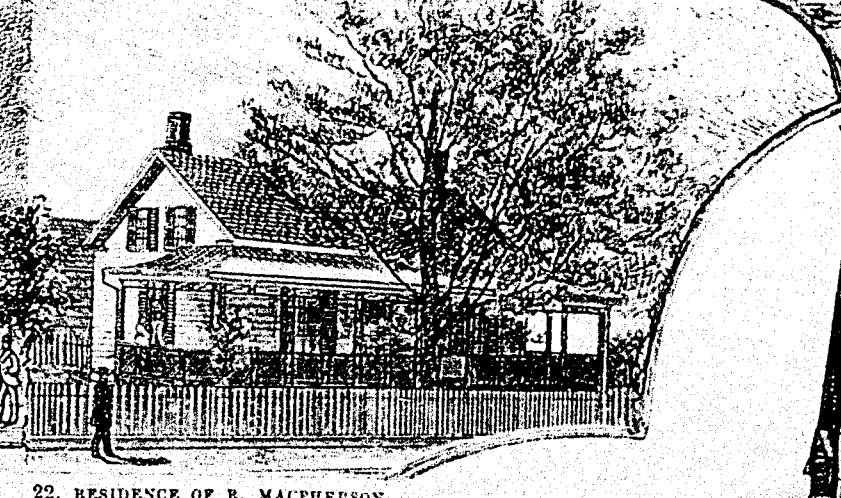
8. INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.



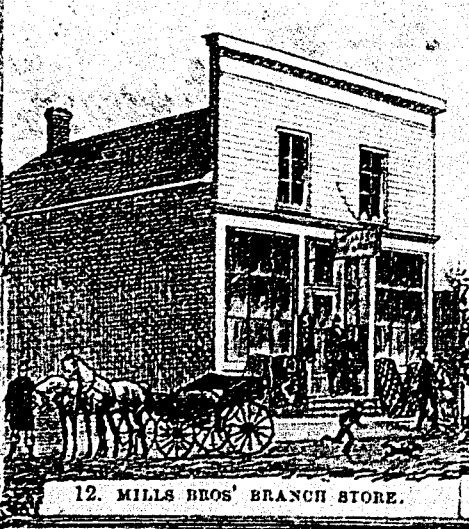
6. EDWARDSBURG WATERFRONT.



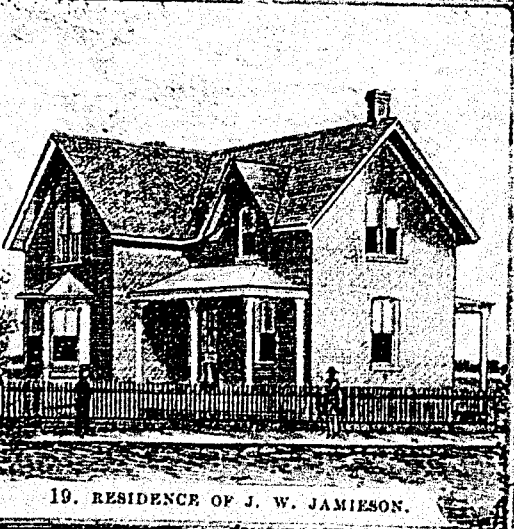
11. IMPERIAL CLOTHING HOUSE.



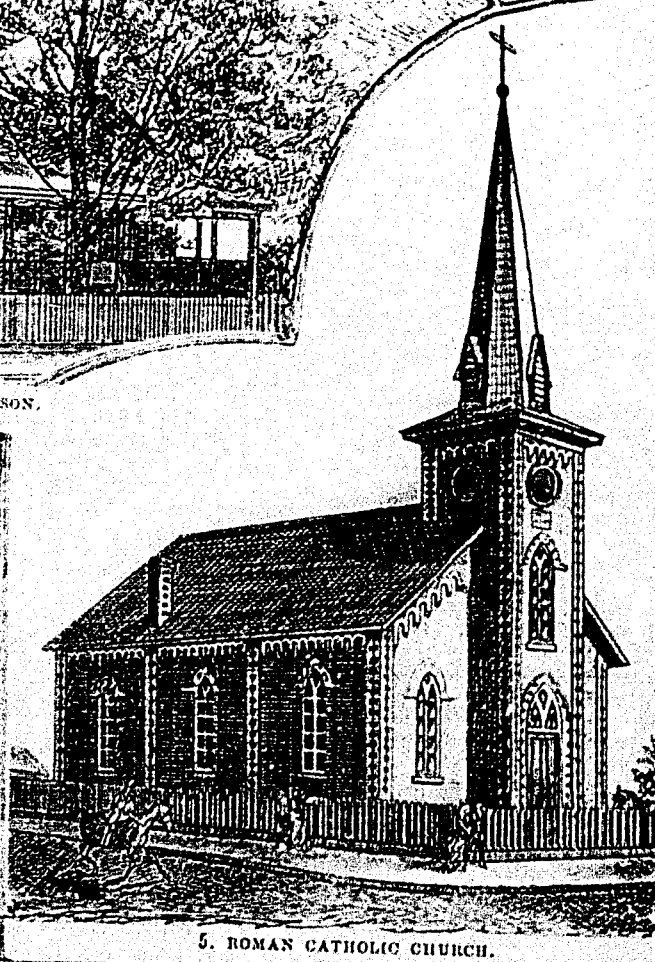
22. RESIDENCE OF E. MACPHERSON.



12. MILLS BROS' BRANCH STORE.



19. RESIDENCE OF J. W. JAMIESON.

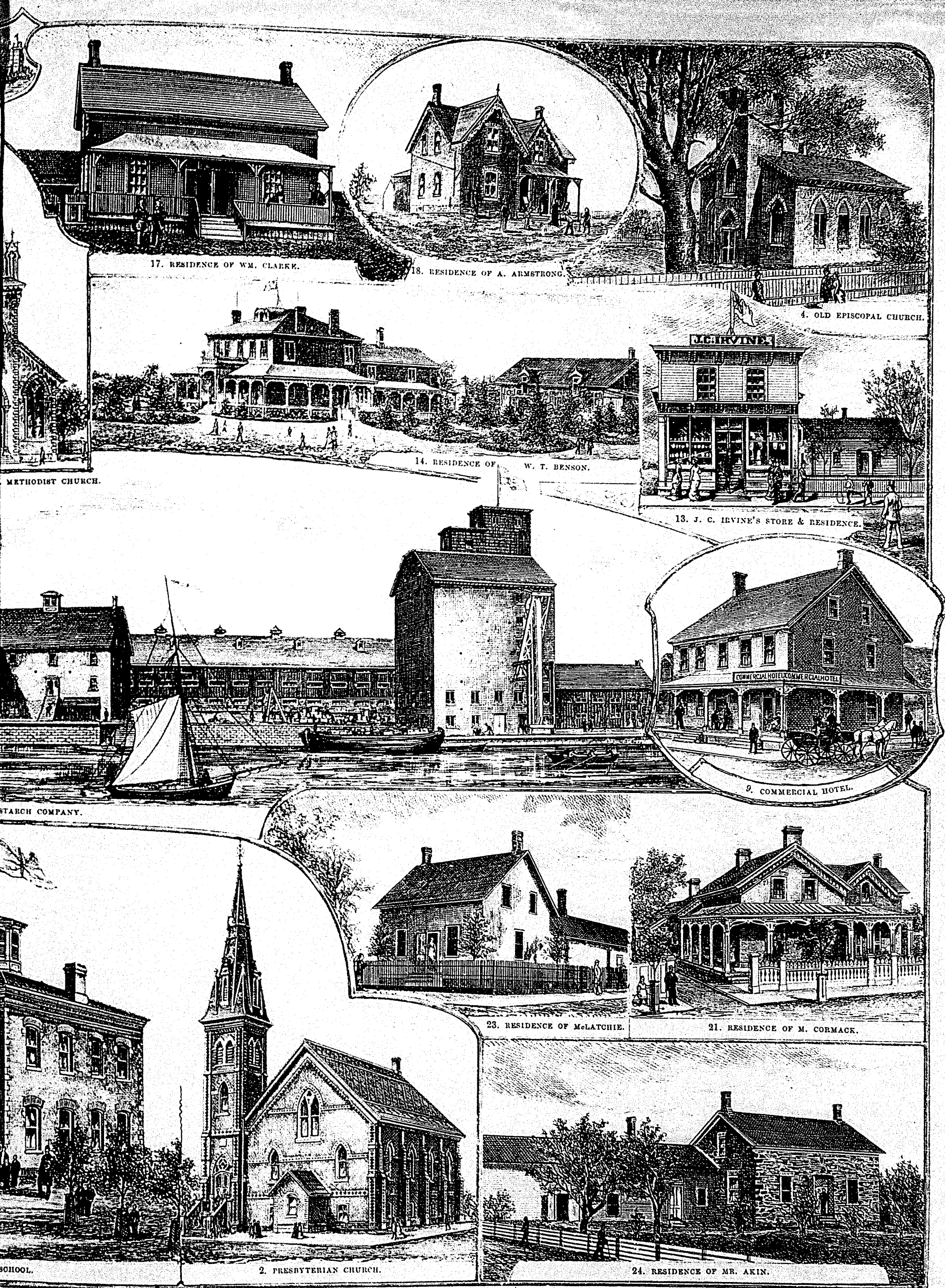


5. ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.



1. PUBLIC BUILDING.

EDWARDSBURG (ON)



17. RESIDENCE OF WM. CLARKE.

18. RESIDENCE OF A. ARMSTRONG.

4. OLD EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

14. RESIDENCE OF W. T. BENSON.

13. J. C. IRVINE'S STORE & RESIDENCE.

9. COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

STARCH COMPANY.

23. RESIDENCE OF McLATCHIE.

21. RESIDENCE OF M. CORMACK.

SCHOOL.

2. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

24. RESIDENCE OF MR. AKIN.

NT) ILLUSTRATED.

PARTING WORDS.

CHARMING RECITATION BY LADY DUFFERIN.

The theatricals at Rideau Hall, the last in all probability which will be given there for some years, were attended by a crowded audience. Every one entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, and the enjoyment was thorough and sincere, the artistic performance of Lady Dufferin in the two leading parts being specially appreciated. At the close of the performance Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin recited most charmingly the following lines, said to have been written by Lord Dufferin:—

Kind friends! for such indeed you've proved to be—
Kinder than just I fear—and is it thus,
That we must quit you? Shall the curtain fall
O'er this bright pageant like a funeral pall,
And blot forever from your friendly sight
The well-known forms and faces that to-night
For the last time have plied their minute arts
To tempt your laughter, and to touch your hearts—
Without one word of thanks to let you know
How irredeemable's the debt we owe
For that warm welcome, which year after year
Has waited on our poor attempts to cheer,
With the gay humour of these trivial plays,
Some few hours stolen from your busy days!
Despite ourselves, the grateful words will come,
For love's and friendship's language to the dumb.
'Tis just one little scene—a tyro hand—
On paltry fare we tried our "pretentive" hand.
Treading at first a less pretentious stage
E'en than the goat-herds of the Thespian age;
Without a curtain—for each slip—a screen,
While bedroom candles light the meagre scene,
But soon, en boldened by our public's smile,
Our Muse attempts a more ambitious style.
" The Dowager " parades her stately grace,
" Our Wife " declares two husbands out of place,
" To " School " we send you, and—a sight too rare—
Show you for once a really " Happy Pair."
Then having warmed your daughters not " To lend"
Their only " Lover " to a lady friend,
We next the fatal " Scrap of Paper " burn
And follow with " One Hour " " Jacques " in turn.
" Semiramis "—a " Debutante's "— " First Night "
Winging at each essay a loftier flight,
Vanish at last a bump or horse we draw
With the melodious " Major of St. Brevin's "
These our self-ventures—but we gladly own
The praise, if praise be due, is half your own.
'Twas your encouragement that served our wits
Conquered hysterics, sulks, tears, falling fits,
You taught our " Eugene "—those airy scenes,
Those blushing Sirens to drop their bashful veils,
Wherefore commissioned am I come to-day
Our hearts and laurels at your feet to lay,
And yet my task is only half fulfilled—

To the actors.

Brothers and sisters of Thaddeus's guild,
Who've faced with me the critic's glittering eye
And dared the terms of our gallery,
Who've lightened all my labour with your joys
And made each effort a new pleasure prove,
If words could thank you for your generous aid
These lips should but be mute to see you paid;
And oh! believe, as long as life endures,
The warm affections of my heart are yours.

To the audience.

And now, one last farewell—a few months more
And we depart your loved Canadian shore,
Never again to hear your plaudits rise,
Nor watch the ready laughter in your eyes
Gleam out responsive to our author's wit,
However poorly we interpret it;
Nor see with artist pride your tears o'erflow
In homage to our simulated woe.
Yet seems like these can never wholly fade
Into oblivion's melancholy shade.
And oft at home, when Christmas fires are burn,
Our positive thoughts instinctively will turn
To this fair city with her crown of towers,
And all the joys and friends that once were ours,
And oft shall yearning fancy fondly fill
This hall with guests, and conjure up at will
Each dear familiar face, each kindly word
Of praise, that e'er our player's soul hath stirred.
Our love bows back toward you like a sea,
For know—a halcyon way our fortunes turn—
Upon the altars of our hearts shall burn
Those votive fires no fuel need renew,
Our prayers for blessings on your land and you.

" ONLY JEAN."

I.

Minister of a parish in a densely populated manufacturing town in the south of Scotland, and having suffered severely from fever, I gladly accepted an offer made me by a friend to go for a few months in summer to take charge of a parish in the West Highlands, a remote district on the sea-coast.

In order to appreciate thoroughly the beauty of the scenery to which I went, and realize the sense of exquisite freshness given by the sea-breezes, one must have suffered as I have suffered from the constant smoke and dirt which made open windows almost a forbidden pleasure. How I had longed and panted for fresh air! and here the very act of breathing was a pleasure. As health returned, I began to wander far and wide, and one day I found myself exploring a long stretch of moor, seemingly interminable. Heather not yet in full bloom, and countless marsh flowers, were mingled together; piles of peat were drying in the wind—all this lay before me and around me, on the one hand, while, on the other, far below my feet, the sea lay sparkling as each wave caught the sunlight on its crest. On the opposite coast rose the beautiful hills of Skye; the breeze swept the clouds overhead fast, and their shifting lights and shadows made their forms seen, ever new; myriads of sea-birds whirled high above me, screaming to each other in ceaseless uproar; larks sang joyously through it all; and all the time the grand monotony of the rolling waters breaking upon the rocks chanted an accompaniment.

After walking some distance, I came to one of those sudden breaks in the land forming a glen. It was watered by a burn charged with the brown memory of a peaty soil through which it passed, and growing purer and clearer as it filtered through the stones, leaping over others as the descent grew deeper, till it fell in one lovely glittering shower into the sea.

The ground rose abruptly on either side of it, and on the banks all the way down primroses grew in utmost profusion—late primroses, such as can hardly be found elsewhere, with such exquisite freshness. Such long stems, and such luxuriant leaves; the very look brought a sudden sense of coolness and spring-tide. Beside them, in somewhat stately beauty, tall foxgloves reared their heads, just coming into bloom, and of every imaginable hue—pure white, delicate pink, with splashes of a darker colour in their hearts, and beautiful crimson, with dainty brown pencillings. Ferns grew in their tenderest greens; club mosses showed every gradation of tint, from rich emerald to olive green; a few silver-stemmed birch trees dipped and moved swayed by the wind, and forming a lovely contrast to some sturdy, stiff Scotch pines that stood at the head of the glen as though they were its sentinels.

Near these pines and sheltered by a rising ground behind it, stood a shieling or cottage, humbly built, but with evidences of unusual care in its surroundings. Nothing of the untidiness that speaks of a hurried life was there—a paling, almost concealed by honeysuckle and the common Ayrshire rose, fenced the garden; more honeysuckle was trained against the wall; and the windows stood wide open. It was the only sign of man or his habitation I had seen in my walk, and as I sat down by the bank to rest and eat my luncheon I wondered if the people living in this solitude were in any way influenced by the beauty which surrounded them, or whether they lived unappreciative lives, not knowing that their "lines" had fallen in such "pleasant places."

In a moment or two my thoughts were, in a measure, answered, the door of the cottage opened, and a girl came out with a dish under her arm piled with clothes she had been washing. She paused for a moment, as though a little dazzled by the sun, and looked round as if she thoroughly enjoyed the beauty that lay about her; and then, with a swift, light step, she came down the bank till she stood on a flat stone close to where the burn was imprisoned in a sort of pool. Setting down the clothes, she began to rinse them in clear water and wring them out, one by one, and throw them on the bank. It was the homeliest possible occupation, and her dress differed in nothing from the dress of most Highland girls—a short linsy petticoat, a jacket of some washing material, with the sleeves rolled high up above the elbow; but her gestures were full of grace, and her hair was of a rich ruddy brown, that shed a sort of light round her head, and reminded me of old pictures I had seen.

I was unwilling to remain so near her without letting her know of my presence, so I rose and went down the bank to speak to her. She answered me with the utter absence of self-consciousness and with the simple directness possessed by all fine natures; her manner was reserved but kindly, and her voice was low toned and musical. She was not beautiful, if beauty depends upon features and outline, but she had a most interesting and pathetic expression in her eyes; and when she smiled, her face lighted up wonderfully. She offered me refreshment, which I declined, but I accepted her invitation to rest for a little while in the cottage.

There is no use in trying to account for the interest claimed by one stranger when many pass by unnoticed, but from the first, before I knew her, I felt that this girl had a history, and that in some way she had suffered, and borne nobly.

The cottage at first seemed dark after the sunshine, but as my eyes became accustomed to the subdued light, I saw the figure of an old woman lying on a bed at the furthest end of the room. I had never seen any one living so absolutely devoid of color as she was—hair and face were bleached—nothing but the keen and restless look of her eyes, and the incessant movement of her long thin hands busily knitting, spoke of life.

The girl went up to her, and told her in a low voice who I was, and then placed a chair for me by the bedside; and as I sat down, I felt conscious of a peculiar feeling as though in the presence of some weird being, and I sat silent for a little by the side of this motionless figure, under the gaze of those piercing and questioning eyes. When she spoke, the impression was increased, as it was in clear shrill whisper that seemed to reverberate through the room in a manner absolutely startling.

I asked if she had been long there, and she said, "Near eleven years," with a little sigh.

"Does your granddaughter always live with you?" I asked.

She looked at me quickly. "Do ye mean Jean? She's no my granddaughter; she's only Jean."

"Only Jean." I thought it sounded a strange way of naming the active-looking girl before me moving to and fro so quietly about household matters, but it was not said unkindly. Was it my fancy, or did a brighter colour come into her face as she heard the words?

I said some little time there; and though the old woman (whose name I found was Elspeth, commonly called Widow Grant), did not ask me to return, she looked pleased when I offered to do so; and I left the place, interested in my new acquaintances, Jean showing me a quicker but not so beautiful a way home, across the moor.

II.

The parishioners of whom I was now in charge lived in widely scattered houses, and I could not help often contrasting their lives with the lives of my own people in the South. There, every-

thing was contracted and small—space was our most needed thing—families were huddled together in houses, made more dirty and wretched by what is called a "common stair," and which it was therefore no one's business to keep clean; and though an inspection was made now and then by Sanitary Commissioners, and charitable people did their best, there are a thousand ways in which sanitary laws can be avoided; and charitable people with a few notable exceptions, have the most unhappy knack of assisting the wrong people. Who can blame them? As a rule the deserving poor are exactly those who shrink from help, and who, with a handful of meal, and hardly a potato left, show a brave face to the world, and allow no necessity to appear.

The very poor are everywhere deserving of pity; but in the country, fresh air, a little brood, and above all, pure water, are to be had for nothing. In towns, the first is often not to be got; the poor cannot afford to buy the second; and when I think of the water-rate—I am no political economist—I have a most unjust dislike of the man who collects the water-rate—and I never can see why God's free gift to man should be sold by spoonfuls at the cost of many lives! However, much is being done, and more will follow.

Here, in this beautiful place, space was quite unlimited; all down the hillside linen lay bleaching in the sun, and another contrast was not only in the way it was left out all night, but in the absence of bolts, bars, and shutters, and theft was as unknown there as though a mounted guard watched incessantly over the place.

The shop there was but one sold every imaginable thing, from treacle and herrings to needles and cheese, and the widow who kept the shop was an antique in her way. She was licensed to sell spirits, and it would be good for humanity if all "licensed individuals" acted on the same firm principles. To some she positively refused to sell at all; to others she allowed only what she considered right for them to have. She knew the private affairs of each individual, and was guided by that. I have seen her refuse "a dram" to a lanky-looking shepherd who asked for one, saying to him in the tone you might use to an unreasonable child, "Hoot, aw, Sandy, ye ken weel your head is nae like their heads, and a drap will set it spinning." "Na, na, na, gang hame, and duna compare your head with others?" and the man quietly withdrew with a look of sheepish resignation. To another man she said, "Surely I uidna hear ye rightly; it's na a dram ye're seeking and your wife sae safter" (which did not refer to sobriety, as might be imagined, but to sickness). When he showed temper, she said, with a change of voice that would have suited an actress, "I'm sorry I've no spirits good enough for you, Mr. Cran, but you'll get it at the next shop," which was exactly eleven miles off. With this carelessness for the welfare of her neighbours, she was not at all above making a close bargain; and I feel convinced and indeed my house-keeper never lets me forget it that I paid more than I ought to have done for some bandannas that I bought at her shop.

From this woman, who talked upon all subjects *à propos*, I heard a great deal about old Mrs. Grant and Jean, and everything I heard was to the credit of both. The old woman had been an excellent mother to a delicate daughter who died of a broken heart on the sudden death of her husband. The only child, "Kenneth Malcolm," had been brought up by the grandmother, and, as was often the case in Scotland, before School Boards came in the way, he received a first-rate education, and had turned out by all accounts a fine young fellow, steady and clever.

Mrs. Grant had come to Burnsides more than forty years before my first acquaintance with the place; no one knew why she had come there, or anything about her antecedents. It was supposed that the old lady was acquainted with her story, but he had never told it to any one. He had requested his nephew and successor to allow her to live out her life rent free, and in addition to this, a small yearly sum was paid to her from some unknown source. She was incessantly busy, and her spinning and knitting were quite famous. Jean had gone to her when she was a well-grown child of ten, and the relations between them were more those of mother and child than of mistress and servant. When she had been there two or three years misfortunes began to come, and they never come singly! Widow Grant fell and hurt herself so much that she did not recover from the injury; then she had a paralytic stroke, and by degrees sank into a complete state of helplessness in which she was when I first made her acquaintance. Jean's devotion was unceasing, and her spinning and knitting filled up the gap when the poor old woman was helpless. Very confused and various accounts were given of how and why Kenneth had gone away. All that people knew for certain was that Jean, for the first and only time since she had lived at Burnsides, had gone to Skye, and returned only the very day Kenneth had left for New Zealand, and that they had not met.

Not long after his departure, the little sum of money which made the small household so comfortable suddenly ceased; and Widow Grant had refused, in an excited and determined manner, to allow any inquiries to be made about it. Jean acquiesced. Their wants were very few, but everybody said that since Kenneth's departure she had not looked the same; and it was evident that, as in all life's histories, a romance was woven through it all. Though why, as by all accounts Kenneth had been "sair set" on hav-

ing her for his wife, she should have refused him, and have actually been the cause of his leaving the country, was beyond the comprehension of every one.

My visits to Burnsides became of great interest to me. The old woman began to look forward to my arrival with much evident pleasure, and the freshness and originality of Jean's remarks were very pleasant. She had read nothing save the pages of nature so lavishly distributed round her; but everything came with such acute observance, and her mind naturally was so refined, that I used to feel when with her as if I had more to learn from her than she could learn from me.

III.

I shall always remember a certain autumnal day, not long before I left this Highland spot—a day when the golden haze of an "Indian summer" filled the air. In a valley, stretching away through the hills, some oats were ready to cut, and a neighbouring farmer, who had imported the first reaping machine to that part of the country, had lent it for the occasion.

Every one turned out as though it were a festival. In harvest many a respectable married woman came enough to clothe herself and her children for the rest of the year. The work is pleasant to them, and they are as proud of their quickness and dexterity as any London belle of her prowess in dancing. It was certainly one of the prettiest sights I ever saw; the many colours of the various dresses, the activity and merriment as the machine worked round the field, leaving the straight lines of prostrate corn in its track to regular rows. At stated intervals one woman and a man were placed, a dexterous little hand, woven from the oat corn, was laid on the ground, and an armful of corn laid upon it; then the man's stronger fingers knotted the ends round it, and set the sheaf upright. The driver and his fellows hurried on the horses and tried to keep the workers busy; and the workers, with many a laugh and jest, exerted themselves with their utmost quickness, in order to stand ostentatiously idle before the machine came round again. Seated on the hillside, where the lingering flowers and wild thyme attracted countless bees, I watched the scene, trying to distinguish the faces I knew.

After a little while I recognized Jean, her active and upright figure one of the busiest there. As usual, she was bareheaded, and her hair gleamed like red gold in the sunlight. As usual, too, her manner had the quiet reserve that she never laid aside; and a noticeable thing was the silent respect with which the man with whom she worked treated her. He followed her footsteps as though one wishing to serve her, not as an equal.

I sat long, enjoying the peaceful and happy scene—familiarity had only made me more fond of that secluded spot—and I thought I had learned to appreciate it better, sweet scents and sounds were all around me. The breeze swept past me as it rose and died away, ruffling the surface of the corn as it ruffled the surface of the sea, and hurrying the flight of the countless insects that rustled their wings among the wild flowers.

I was roused from my day-dream by seeing a little barefooted lad I knew run off to Jean and pull her gown. In a moment she had stretched up her hand, spoken to the manager, and was gone, followed by the boy. I conjectured that the old woman was perhaps ill, but I was always afraid of intruding, and I knew that if I was wanted Jean would send for me. I left the hillside and wound my way up a steep path leading homeward. I paused at the top to rest a moment and take one other look of the brilliant and busy scene, when a clear voice began to sing a lovely Gaelic air, with a mournful refrain in a minor key. It was quaint and wild, with the pathetic sound that invariably accompanies beautiful music. Another voice joined in, and yet another; and as the voices swelled up in harmony, I thought no melody appeals so forcibly to our highest feelings as the unrestrained voices of a people, expressing in their own natural manner the untutored feeling of their hearts.

IV.

I had gone to bed late, and, as usual, had left my window open, watching as long as I could a most unusual sunset, when I was awakened by a noise that in my half-dreamy state seemed as though the sea had burst its bonds and was rushing over everything. I never remember seeing such heavy rain. It came down in torrents, bending down the heads of the sturdiest flowers in the little garden below my window, and washing all the gravel off the sloping walks. Thunder reverberated round the hills, and vivid flashes of lightning shot across the sky. A thunderstorm is never so magnificent as among mountains; and the echoes, repeated again and again till they died away in the distance, seemed almost continuous. It lasted long. Peal after peal succeeded each other; the birds, frightened and bewildered, flew from branch to branch to seek the smallest shelter, and sent forth melancholy chirps, as though to reassure themselves.

By breakfast time the rain had moderated and the thunderstorm was over, and I went out to enjoy the well-known pleasantness of the air after it, and to notice the damage my poor flowers had sustained. As I stood there I saw a figure hurrying toward me, with a plaid thrown over her head. It was Jean. She was

looking white, and spoke in a quick and agitated way. Mrs. Grant was ill, and would like much to see me. She had had news; and I saw that the news, whatever it was, had affected Jean equally. In a few minutes I was ready, and we walked the shortest way to Burnside. As we came near the cottage, Jean said, in a low voice, "Kenneth is married—he is coming home;" and, leaving my side, I entered alone. Whiter than usual Mrs. Grant could hardly look; but there was great distress in her keen blue eyes, and in the helpless, beseeching way in which she stretched out her hands.

"Tell Jean she must stay," were almost her first words; and it then at once occurred to me that this coming home might bring about painful complications; and that if Kenneth had forgotten, Jean still loved.

Kenneth's marriage had been a surprise, but when Mrs. Grant put his letter into my hands, and begged me to read it, I quite understood the pain it must have caused her. He wrote in a sad and desponding way—was evidently sorry for his young wife—found it impossible to remain there, surrounded by her relations—began several times to send a message to Jean, carefully scratching out what he had begun; and finally leaving all unsaid, he ended by hoping his grandmother would be kind, and make allowances. It was a letter written in such evidently low spirits, and the want of happiness was so painfully manifest, that it was quite sad to read.

I sat long, and talked with the old woman. She told me Jean never would listen to Kenneth, but even she did not know why. She was sure she liked him. She thought some one had made mischief. Altogether it was a comfort to her to talk it over with me; and though I felt utterly incapable of giving advice, once the reserve she usually showed was broken into, she opened up to me more of her own thoughts and feelings than I had ever yet seen—and the confidence comforted her.

I went down by the burn side, intending to speak to Jean, but stopped when I saw her sitting, her face buried in her hands. As she heard my footsteps, she raised herself up. She had so sad, so despairing a look, that I felt I could not speak to her just then. Her lips parted, and, raising her eyes, she murmured, so low that I could hardly catch the words, "A day will come when we will know the reason of all," and went slowly up the bank, her head drooping and her hands clasped together, as though endeavouring to suppress her excitement.

When I arrived at home I found a telegram summoning me South. The dearest friend I possessed had been severely injured in a railway accident, and within a few hours I was going to him, my thoughts too fully occupied to think of Burnside.

Winter had come early. Storms had already caused havoc among the shipping and brought distress to many a home. I was plodding my way through the daily cares and troubles of my large parish, when I one day received a letter from Jean, remind me of a promise I had made her of doing her a favour, and entreating me to get her a place, ever so humble, it did not matter.

Her letter distressed me. It was written in such evident sorrow—not a word of Kenneth and his wife, and of Mrs. Grant only that she was much the same.

Perplexed by her letter, I still had it before me when I heard a bustle in the little hall, and my friend Mr. Macrea, the minister of the beautiful parish where I had spent those well-remembered summer months, stood before me, his coat sprinkled with snow, his colour raised by the frosty air, and a look of quiet happiness that told me at once his long engagement was drawing to an end. He had come to try and persuade me to take his duty for one fortnight, and was delighted to find small persuasion needed.

Two days more saw me on my way. Not long after I started a violent snowstorm set in. So long as we were in the railway our progress was pretty good; but with something like forty miles of coaching through the wildest scenery, and over a road that divided tremendous hills, it became a work of the greatest difficulty. Gangs of men had to accompany us, and every now and then we were obliged to get out and allow the coach to be cut out of the drifts. When night came we had to spend it in a miserable little inn, where the peat-smoke, having no proper outlet, made the air of the room nearly intolerable; and the only provisions were oat-cake, very hard cheese, and whiskey. As this last was a thing I never touched, I was delighted to find that a spring of clear water rose near the house, and that, though surrounded by icicles, it was obtainable.

Next morning we pushed on, to find, as is often the case near the sea, that the snow had given place to rain, which was pouring down pitilessly, and never did I so rejoice over a welcome as on that weary day when I found myself greeted by a splendid fire, a cloth that rivalled the snow, and a most excellent tea, with bannocks and all sorts of home comforts before me, from kippered salmon to home-made marmalade.

The next morning was one of unceasing rain. Early in the afternoon the old servant, with evident reluctance, brought me a message a man wished to see me. It was Kenneth. As is usually the case, he was completely different from the idea I had in my own mind conceived of him—tall and fair, with a sunburnt face, and the manner and appearance of a man who had

seen a good deal of the world—one of nature's gentlemen, in outward semblance at any rate. He came to see me, and to tell me of old Mrs. Grant's evidently approaching end. Then, with a lowered voice, he spoke of Jean, and with frankness said that the position at home was intolerable to her. Without casting blame on his wife, he showed me that Jean could find no home with her if old Mrs. Grant died, and asked me what could be done.

I had often seen the sore need that existed in a children's hospital near me for just such a person as Jean, and spoke to him of it. He bent his head a little, and I saw that the idea of any service so far from him gave an acute pang, and that he put force on himself and was trying to think it was for the best.

Something I said brought out the fact that his wife's people in Australia were not very respectable, and a flash in his eye showed that certain remembrances were not pleasing. All at once he flung back his hair, and standing up, said to me, "You are very kind, sir, and the truth is best. My wife's father is a ticket-of-leave man. She is very young, and does not know the shame."

I grasped his hand, and, as he was leaving, he said, "Do you know, sir, why Jean held out—why Jean would not marry me? Her father is still living; he is shut up for a crime, but they would not punish him, for he has not his wits. He is a criminal lunatic."

I could not speak for a moment; then I said, "Does Jean know? I mean about your wife—"

An anger look gleamed into his eyes, and he said, "She told Jean when she was angry the other day. She is very wrong," he said in a tone of defense, and went out.

So this was the story—the higher nature felt the disgrace, and gave up her happiness and sacrificed herself, and then had to stand by and see that the sacrifice had been in vain, and I thought of her muttered words, "A day will come when we will know the reason of all." Poor Jean!

It was nearly dusk when the faithful old servant came into my little sitting-room. "Though you man had sense enough to leave you in peace," she began, "here's an urgent message for you. Mrs. Grant's dying, and would fain see you; and such a night!" she said, looking out at the never-ceasing rain.

Wrapping myself well up, I hurried off, contrasting the wet and dreary walk with my first walk there. Nothing could be more miserable than this one—in places almost ankle-deep in boggy mud, the heavy rain blotted out the hills, and the wind sent it in slaps against my face, and countermanded the use of an umbrella. Kenneth met me close to the burn, with the intelligence that the poor old woman had slept away peacefully; and we were talking together, looking at the torrent of water pouring down, when we saw the bank underneath the little plank bridge below the house suddenly give way. The plank remained treacherously in its place, supported by a sod of earth only a few inches thick. "This is terrible," said Kenneth, as he started off and ran up towards it. He was still on his way (it all passed in a very few minutes), when the door of the cottage opened, and his wife, a girlish-looking creature, with lint white hair, ran down, and stepped on the plank, just as her husband reached it. He was too late late to save her; and, with a shrill scream I never shall forget, she fell, with the plank, into the foaming stream.

I can give no clear or connected account of that dreadful night. I remember seeing Jean, with a resolute face, waded in from below and reach her; and the memory still haunts me of the two figures struggling in the water, and Kenneth's face as he tried to breast the torrent and go to their assistance. I hurried for help, and help came. I saw Kenneth carrying one figure home, and others tended one lying on the bank; in the still, white, upturned face, I recognized Jean.

Though I was shivering from head to foot, partly with excitement and partly with cold, I did not leave till I saw that her eyes unclosed and knew that Jean lived.

I paid the penalty of having been so long exposed to the damp, and was in bed for several weeks with rheumatic fever. When I recovered I heard that Jean was with a neighbour, and that she and Kenneth had been almost daily to ask for me.

Two summers came and went, and once more I was in that lovely Highland place. The cottage at Burnside was deserted, and the primroses and foxgloves realized the poet's idea—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But some miles away there is a comfortable farm house, where flowers also bloom and linen lilies bleaching in the sun. It is essentially a home of peace; and kindness is spread round, and is made to reach many far beyond its boundaries. Here Kenneth and his dark-eyed wife live, their happiness tempted by remembrance; and her welcome is as kind, and her smile far sweeter and brighter, than it used to be in the days when I knew her as "only Jean."

ALL the movables at Cremorne are to be sold in a few days. The lots include four theatres and the celebrated dancing platform. The theatres will be dealt with, no doubt, in a matter-of-fact spirit; but there is a whisper that the dancing platform is to be cut into splinters and sold as relics to the fast young men of London.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

HAYDN'S ORATORIO—"THE CREATION."

As I mentioned in my notes of a few weeks ago, the musical talent of this city determined to give a rendition of Haydn's great work—"The Oratorio of the Creation." At first the announcement was received with considerable misgiving, for few felt that the grand composition could be displayed here with anything like justice. The citizens have felt justly proud of their several gifted vocalists and talented instrumentalists, but no grand effort had very recently been attempted which combined the whole and gave scope to their individual and united powers. When it became known that this wonderful composition was in course of preparation, many of the appreciators of oratorical music trembled for the result. But, as the weeks wore on, sounds, as it were, escaping from the rehearsals, gradually began to create confidence, and, a day before the evening of the first rendition, every seat in the large hall had been secured. Mr. G. Robinson, leader of the XIIIth. Batt. Band, was assigned the office of Conductor, and entered into the work with all the ardour of a thorough musician. The members of the "Sacred Harmonic Society" never for a moment slackened their zeal, but quietly persevered until they had mastered the various duties assigned them.

Tuesday, 9th April, was the opening night, and by 8 o'clock the spacious building was completely thronged by an appreciative audience. The chorus consisted of about 130 singers, and the orchestra comprised 36 instruments. The soloists were: Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Keltie, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Barr, Miss Egan, Mrs. Parker (contralto), Mr. Power (tenor), Mr. Egan (basso), Mr. Clark (do.), Mr. Hearld, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Filgiano, jr., and Mr. Buchner. Most of these ladies and gentlemen have already been introduced to your readers through this column. The orchestra comprised 7 first violins, 5 second do., 2 violas, 2 double bass, flute, clarinet, cornet, melodeon, drums, &c., &c., and was led by Mr. Fryer. Among the instrumental performers were the following well-known musicians: Mr. G. Steel, Mr. Littlehales, Mr. Jennings, Mr. T. King (late bandmaster Hamilton Artillery Band), Mr. Cowan (Toronto), Mr. Pember, Mr. Barnard, Mr. Fairclough (organist), Mr. Gardner, M. Fricker, and others, the names of whom I do not know.

Close upon the appointed time the whole Orchestra and chorus filed into their respective places in an easy and orderly manner. The oratorio opened with the instrumental introduction, representing Chaos, and, before the first few bars had been completed, the audience had become inspired with confidence in the Conductor. As the weird and terrible representation progressed, it was plainly discernible that Mr. Robinson fully comprehended the conception of the composer.

Mr. Egan followed, in excellent taste, with "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth; and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." When "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," had been rendered, the chorus broke forth in thundering tones "And God said, let there be light, and there was light." In this the orchestra and voices blended in excellent harmony, and the effect was grand in the extreme.

"And God saw the light" was given by Mr. Hearld, who also sang "Now vanish before the holy beams" moderately well, and in the chorus, "Despairing, cursing rage," all appeared to have become thoroughly warmed up to their work, and the effect was all that could be desired. "The marvellous work" was beautifully rendered by Miss Egan, and Mr. Egan acquitted himself grandly in "Rolling in foaming billows." "With Verdure clad," by Mrs. Keltie, was exquisitely beautiful, and the accompaniment by the orchestra was really faultless. Mr. Johnson perhaps lacked a little in spirit in giving the difficult part—"In splendour bright is rising now the sun," but the orchestral representation of the rising sun was truly grand. The well-known chorus, "The Heavens are telling the Glory of God," was pronounced the grandest musical effect ever heard in Hamilton. The lingering radiance of this grand chorus no doubt detracted a little from the trio which followed, "In all the lands," by Mrs. Campbell, Messrs. Johnson and Buchner.

The second part opened with "And God said," by Mrs. Caldwell, and then came the gem of the evening, by the same lady, "On mighty pens." This delightful passage was most exquisitely rendered by this gifted lady. The orchestral accompaniment in this sweetly beautiful solo, was charming, and "The nightingale's delightful notes" and "Her soft enchanting lays" will long be remembered in Hamilton. One of the local papers pronounced Mrs. Caldwell's rendering of the solo the finest that has ever yet been heard in Hamilton, an opinion in which many citizens concur.

The terzetto "Most beautiful appear, with verdure young adorned," by Mrs. Caldwell, Messrs. Power and Filgiano, was very fine. Mr. Clark, a young gentleman possessing a fine voice, of wonderful power, gave very feelingly the difficult part "And God said, let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind." And here, again, the orchestra displayed the care with which they had been trained. The imitations of the roaring lion, the flexible tiger, the noble steed, the cattle, the hosts of insects, &c., &c., were all brilliantly produced.

Mr. Power, the popular tenor, was particularly

happy in that grand passage, "In native worth and honour clad, with beauty, courage, strength adorned, erect, with front serene, he stands, a man, the lord and king of nature all." The trio (a), "On thee each living soul awaits," by Miss Barr, Messrs. Hearld and Egan, was very pretty, and the culminating chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work," was given with powerful effect.

The duet between Adam and Eve (Mrs. Caldwell and Mr. Egan), was brilliantly rendered throughout, and the concluding portion, beginning "Graceful consort, at thy side, softly fly the golden hours," was beautiful beyond description. The final chorus, "Sing the Lord ye voices all," closed the performance.

The Sacred Harmonic Society may well feel elated at the complete success which crowned their efforts. The citizens feel indebted to Mr. Robinson and Mr. Egan for the musical festival.

The oratorio was repeated on the following evening with equal success, and, so delighted are the citizens, that the Harmonic Society have determined to repeat the whole work next week.

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton, April, 1878.

HEART AND HOME.

CHEERFULNESS is preferable to mirth. The last is an act, the former is an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. These are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depression of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

MORAL BEAUTY.—What is the beauty of nature but a beauty clothed with moral associations? What is the highest beauty of literature, poetry, fiction, and the fine arts, but a moral beauty which genius has bodied forth for the admiration of the world? And what are those qualities of the human character which are treasured up in the memory and heart of nations—the objects of universal reverence and exultation, themes of celebration, of eloquence, and the festal of song, the enshrined idols of human adoration and love? Are they not patriotism, heroism, philanthropy, disinterestedness, magnanimity, martyrdom.

BONAPARTE'S OPINION OF HIS TWO WIVES.—Their characters were diametrically opposite. Never were there two women less like each other. Josephine had grace, and an irresistible seduction, and unreserved devotedness. Maria Louise had all the timidity of innocence. When I married her she was a truly virtuous novice, and very submissive. Josephine would sacrifice millions upon her toilet and in her liberalities, Maria Louise, on the contrary, economised what I gave her, and I was obliged to scold her in order to induce her to make her expenditure consistent with her rank. Josephine was devoted to me; she loved me tenderly—no one ever had a preference to me in her heart. I uniformly held first place—her children the next. And she was right, for she was the being whom I most loved, and the remembrance of her is still all-powerful in my mind.

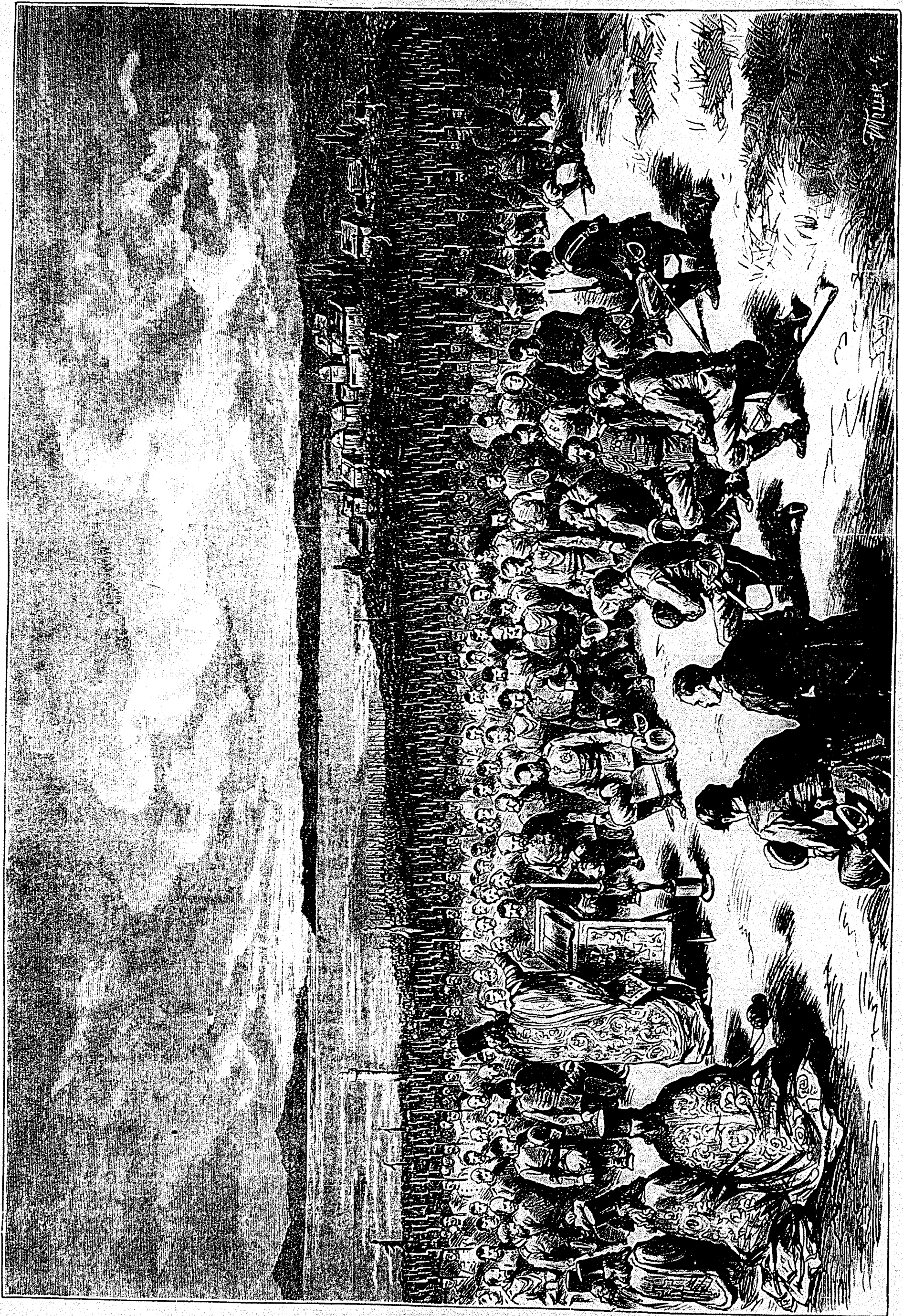
A TERRIBLE FATE. | In India, lepers are occasionally buried alive. When a leper is past all hope of living more than a few days or weeks, his nearest relation arrange, with his approval, for his immediate interment. Self-destruction by burial is called *samadh*, and is regarded as so highly meritorious that the disease is sure to die out in the family of the victim. So lately as 1875 a leper named Oomah, living lingering at Serohi, entreated his wife to put an end to his misery. A bunnia, or tradesman, was accordingly engaged to make the necessary arrangements, which simply consisted in hiring a couple of labourers to dig a hole into which they thrust Oomah, consenting to his own death. The durbar, coerced by the British Government, at last took cognizance of this incident, and fined the widow one hundred rupees. The bunnia was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and the grave-diggers each to two years'; but it is very unlikely that they will undergo half that punishment.

DOMESTIC.

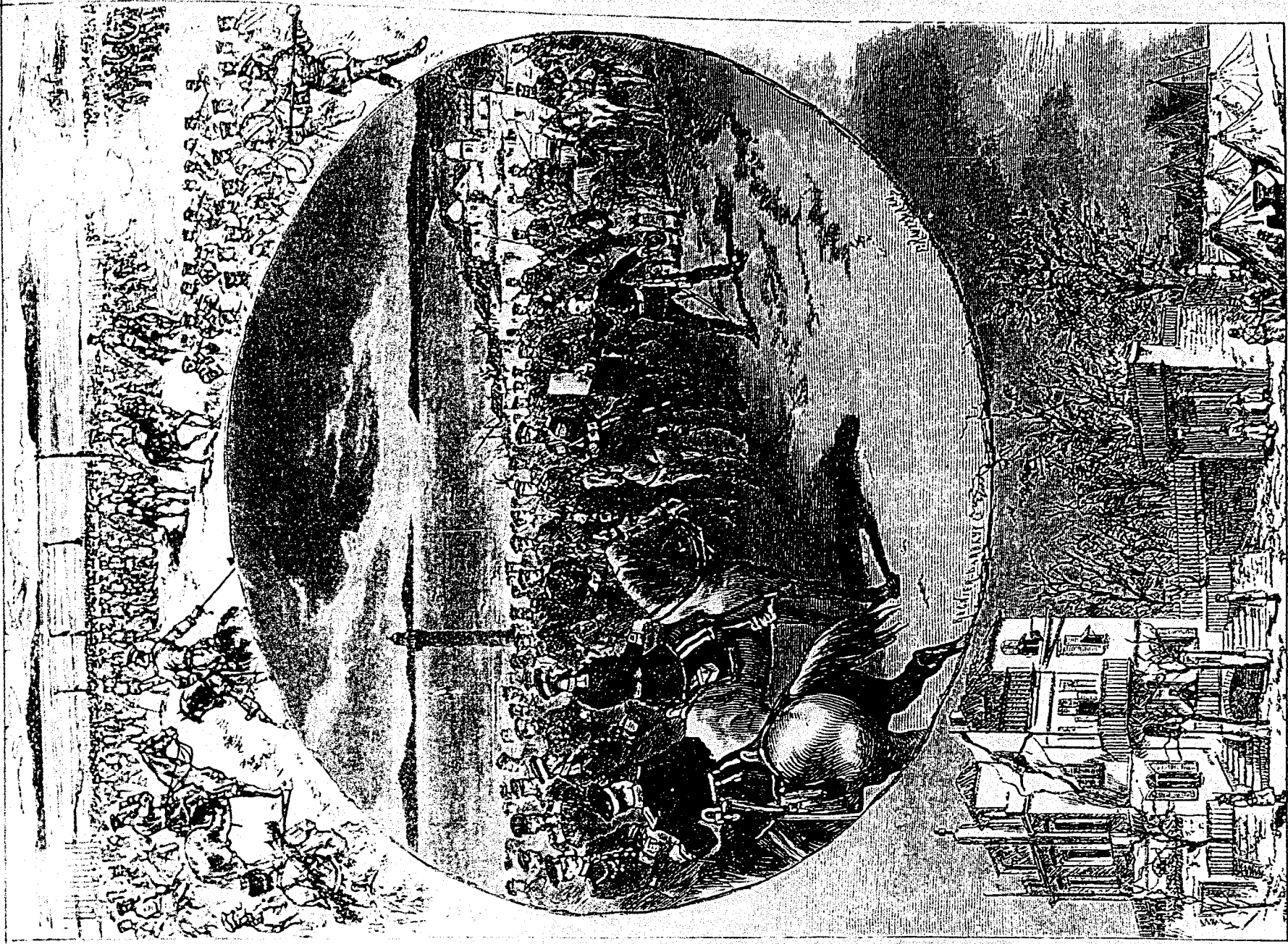
HAM PIE.—Very good indeed; try one for dinner. Make a crust the same as for soda biscuit; line your dish, put in a layer of potatoes, sliced thin, pepper, salt and a little butter, then a layer of lean ham; add considerable water and you will have a good pie.

A DELICIOUS BEEFSTEAK.—Have your frying pan very hot, wipe the steak dry, place in it and cover tightly; turn frequently and keep covered. When done, add to the gravy one tablespoon hot coffee, a good sized lump of butter; salt and pepper to taste. Pour over the steak and serve hot.

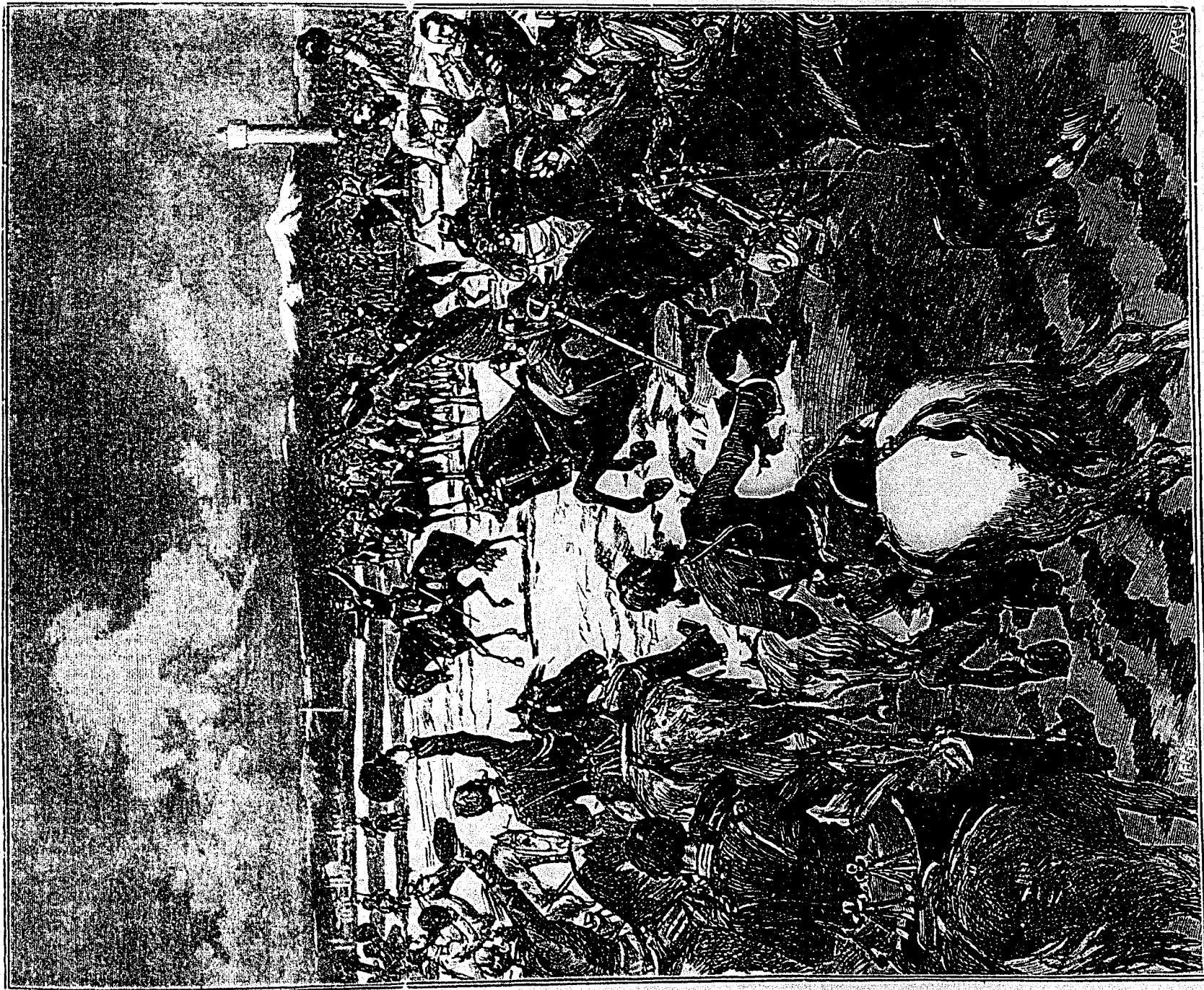
CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil until tender two nice fowls; throw into the water a small handful of rice, which will make the meat white. When cold cut with a sharp knife into pieces about one quarter of an inch square; add one quart celery chopped fine; mix well together; boil six eggs very hard, take the yolks and stir with the bowl of a spoon until the consistency of cream. Add one gill of table oil or melted butter, one teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls mixed mustard, one cup strong vinegar, one-half cup grated horseradish, one-half cup sugar, one tablespoonful salt; beat well one-half hour before using; mix well with the chicken before serving. Ornament the top of the dish with the tops of the celery and the whites of the eggs.



PEACE.—THE ARCHIMANDRITE, AFTER THE 7^E DECEM IN HONOUR OF PEACE, BLESSING THE RUSSIAN ARMY AT SAN STEFANO.



THE GRAND DUKE'S HEADQUARTERS AT SAN STEFANO. THE MARCH-PAST OF THE GUARD BEFORE THE GRAND DUKE. GENERAL IGNAITIEFF BRINGING TO THE GRAND DUKE THE TREATY OF PEACE JUST SIGNED.



THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS AT SAN STEFANO: "MY BRAVE CHILDREN, TURKEY IS BEATEN, PEACE IS SIGNED, AND THERE IS CONSTANTINOPLE."

P E A C E .

PARTNERS FOR LIFE.

At Mrs. Haynes' house, Madison square, the time about nine in the evening, and the occasion a wedding ball.

How the wedding ball ever became fashionable is beyond discovery. When a house is to be illustrated by a wedding, it is not improbable that the bride (whose looks and appearance have to be rigorously considered) apart, nobody with any self-respect dreams of going to bed on the night preceding the delightful event.

But supposing that the household does fall asleep, assuredly its members will be awake and up before cock-crow; and, therefore, it may be assumed that previous to sunset, and the tuning up of the nightingales, all the assistants at marriages would be glad of a little rest and quiet.

Mrs. Haynes' ball looked very promising, fresh and bright; for it is the peculiar advantage of wedding balls that everybody is invited and comes without question as to who is who. So there they are generally numbers of nice people who, for the occasion, make themselves quite agreeable and familiar, albeit they would cut you dead in the neighborhood of the avenue next morning.

Mrs. Haynes was radiant, for she had married off the eldest daughter very well indeed; the bridegroom, with the most admirable, proper spirit, had taken Alice on an extended European tour, and her mother was quite easy and happy in her mind, because every parent in society is aware that when an eldest daughter is married well at an early age, her sisters go off soon and brilliantly.

Mrs. Haynes numbered many daughters, some pretty, and some—well, not so very plain as several odious persons said they were.

"Philip Hessitone," Mrs. Haynes was heard to say by one of her dearest, and upon that occasion most envious friends, for the poor woman's daughter had remained deplorably on hand an unconscionably long time.

Mrs. Haynes was seen by her friend to hurry forward, and welcome, with very considerable earnestness, a gentleman who had certainly left his youthful days behind.

"How glad I am to see you, Philip; for I never expected you would come!"

"I sometimes creep out of my shell," replied the gentleman addressed, and in a very pleasant, cheerful voice.

"You should come out of it oftener, Philip—perhaps, even, altogether."

"Ah, and marry! Now, is not that what you were going to say?"

"Certainly; all young men ought to marry!"

"So I saw," replied Philip Hessitone, cheerfully; "but, of course, the argument does not in the slightest manner apply to old men, and therefore is not applicable to me."

"You old? Why, Philip, you are not much above thirty!"

He laughed. "I admit I am not forty, but nearer it by twelvemonth than I was last year."

"Thirty—or at least you don't look more," said Mrs. Haynes. "There, let us talk about it by-and-by. You must leave me now, for here come some other guests."

He bowed, calmly walked on, and sat himself in a quiet corner, whence he watched the proceedings in no cynical spirit, but as a man who looks in through an open door at a merry-making, or by chance turns into a church and sees a wedding, that he may get through thirty minutes before the hour of an appointment has come, or a rain starts.

Healthy, hearty and fully occupied, Philip Hessitone had no time for cynicism.

"And who is that young fellow?" asked the host's familiar friend, when they were once again seated side by side.

"My dear Margaret," replied Mrs. Haynes, laughing lowly, "his case is the drollest of which I have any knowledge."

"Indeed! but he does not look dull, Anne."

"No, dear Margaret; I said his case was droll; for he himself is one of the most solid and advantageous of men, and I should be very glad to see him united to my Grace."

"Ah! I thought so," said the friend, in an amiably malicious voice. "But who is he? and in what consists the drollery of his case?"

"He is a distant cousin of mine, and his name is Philip Hessitone. He is very well off, perfectly healthy, and a most useful fellow—an agricultural chemist I believe he is called; as you see, is good-looking, strong, and not so old."

"Thirty?"

"More—about thirty-five. But looking not more than the age you name, because he is one of the most temperate men in New York, and an incorrigible bachelor."

"You startle me utterly! What a frightful determination! Ah, you are smiling! Then, his bachelorhood and the drollery of his case correlate? Pray—pray be quick and tell me, or some more troublesome guests will arrive, and you will be torn from my side."

"At eighteen, that noble young man fell in love with a woman of thirty."

"Well, but why do you call him noble?"

"Because he was constant. Though it must be admitted that she was a sensible woman—"

"Do I know her?" asked the other, interrupting.

"Yes; but I certainly will not mention the lady's name. Of course, she was wise enough to marry some one else; and he vowed, thereupon, that he would never marry."

"How charming!"

"And he has kept his word!"

"How ridiculous! Of course, one can under-

stand a youth being constant to a lost love for a time—just after twenty-five!"

"But so; and he would make such a capital husband! My Grace, who is very sensible and homespun, and likes men who are no longer boys, would gladly accept him, and, as I am very frank, I have told him so; but you cannot shake his vanity, because the man has no vanity to shatter; and he smiles, and tells me that he is old enough to be her father, which, of course, is not the truth."

"Certainly not. And so you will not tell me the name of the flirt who left him out in the cold?"

"No."

"Has she a family?"

"Two families."

"What?"

"Oh, yes; the man she married left her a widow very soon after, and with little beyond one daughter; and in a short time after, she went to the altar for the second time, and altogether retired from society."

"Ah, then, I shall never have the pleasure of seeing her."

"Never; her husband is quite a Puritan, and never goes into society."

"And what is the age of the daughter?"

"About seventeen, and—dear me, what a coincidence!"

Mrs. Haynes' companion followed her friend's eyes to the door, and saw them resting on a charming, bony-faced girl who was entering the room, side by side with probably the hardest-looking and boniest woman within the boundaries of Murray Hill.

The young girl hurried toward her host.

"Dear Mrs. Haynes," she said, "I never hoped to have the pleasure of being at Alice's wedding ball, and I assure you I thought it was almost cruel to ask me, but—"

"But," said her attenuated companion in a masculine yet very amiable voice, "being on a visit to me, she comes with me."

"Miss Craves and papa are associated in some kind of charitable work."

"The suppression of all offenses," insisted Miss Craves.

"And she was visiting at our home," said the young lady, "and saw your invitation, and so contrived that I should go on a visit to her, and then—that is how I happen to be here."

"How well you look, Bertie!" remarked Mrs. Haynes. "One would fancy you lived in the brightest house in New York."

"Oh, papa is very kind and good."

"Of course," said Miss Craves; "one of the best men in the world. We all know that!"

Here Bertie Ollyfant, as she looked about her with all the eagerness of a girl at a ball, who very rarely sees a dance, uttered a light cry.

"What has happened?" asked Mrs. Haynes, earnestly.

"That gentleman," said Miss Ollyfant, "seated near the conservatory, and looking about him—who is he?"

"A distant cousin of mine," replied Mrs. Haynes. "Shall I introduce you?"

"And something more than cousin to me!" said bare-boned Miss Craves; "for he is one of the noblest of men, and my very dear friend."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Haynes.

"Yes," said Miss Craves, actually blushing as she made the admission; "and, Bertie, I shall be delighted to introduce you."

"Thank you, Miss Craves," said Bertha Ollyfant, with a bright look—"I can introduce myself, for I know the gentleman, and I do sincerely hope that he has not forgotten me. I never, never could forget him! He is handsomer than ever. I am going to him at once."

Miss Craves and Mrs. Haynes looked at each other in great confusion and amazement.

"This," observed the latter to the spinster, as they both watched the young lady hurrying away—"this comes of her being reared in a house where there is no society!"

"'Tis one of the best houses in the world, Mr. Harre's is, and he one of the noblest of men; but it is quite true she has not been taught any of the amenities and proper observances of society. But, pray, pardon me, Mrs. Haynes; I am afraid I have been obliging you with one of the speeches they say I make far too long, when I am at one of our committee meetings."

Meanwhile, Philip Hessitone, perfectly at peace with himself and all the world, was dreamily watching the dancing, when he was startled by a fresh young voice, which said, "Dear Mr. Hessitone, how glad I am to see you again, after all these years!"

He started up, and took the pretty, white-gloved hand that was offered him, and fancied that he must be mad, insane, suddenly delirious, as he looked upon the face before him.

Nearly twenty years of his life had suddenly fallen away, and he was looking upon one who had long been dead to him, but with this difference—that the face he now saw seemed younger and still more beautiful than the countenance he remembered as lighting up his extreme early manhood.

She had on a light, bright lace dress; and as she spoke to him, he saw the fairy material lying over her heart pulsating in answer to her beautiful excitement.

"You are very good to know me," he returned, eagerly taking the proffered hand; "I do not remember your name, though your face appears delightfully familiar to me!"

"Your memory is excellent to recall my features," she said, "after seven years; unless, indeed, you confound them with my mother's—; they say I am very like her."

Suddenly this strong and perfectly healthy

man found himself faint, and the lights going dull and whirling.

He took possession of himself the next moment, and said, "Let us sit down—unless, you are being waited for."

"I? Oh, no; I do not know any one in the room, except yourself, our hostess, Mrs. Haynes, with whose daughter I went to school, and Miss Craves, who was so very good as to bring me here; and now I shall love her all my life, because I see you!"

Philip almost blushed, but he respected the bright features and beautiful figure not any the less for these statements. He saw that she spoke from sheer honesty of purpose, and from no other motive. As for imagining that she was flirting, such a supposition could not have occurred to him, because he had no previous grain of an idea that he was worth, or fit for, flirting with.

But his heart was beating in a manner very different from its mode of agitation now and again when he succeeded in any of his scientific experiments.

"But where was I so fortunate as to see you seven years since?"

She laughed, with the most delicious silvery laugh in the world, as she said, "For years afterward I believed you saved my life, and I do really think mamma encouraged me to believe that I owed my existence to your—your noble conduct. But of course I found out at last that there was no saving of life at all (I wish there had been), because already two boats were put off when you came to my help."

He looked puzzled.

"Ah!" she said; "you do not remember. Certainly it would be most absurd for me to suppose that you could recollect helping a little girl from a rock, in the middle of the rising tide."

He started, and took her hand.

"Is it possible that the delightfully grateful little girl of seven years since has grown into so lovely a woman!"

"Oh, I look older than I am—I am only 17, while you look younger than I know you to be; although mamma has told me that when you were very young, you appeared quite a man!"

He started, and then said suddenly: "What is your mamma's name?"

"She is Mrs. Harre."

Immediately his aspect changed to one of disappointment.

"So you remember me now? Do you also recall how I asked you to tell me your name, and how you gave me your card? That is how mamma came to identify you, Mr. Hessitone. You see, I have your name familiarly at the end of my tongue. But there was another circumstance which made mamma certain, and that was when she asked me if I noticed any scar on your face, and I told her that, as I was clinging to you, I saw a little, deep cut over your left eye; and then mamma was quite certain, and—will you believe it?—mamma had tears in her eyes, and said she would rather have had you save me from danger than any other man in the wide world."

"But I was of slight use, Miss Harre. I saw a little girl at Newport, who had been caught by a fast tide, on a rock, where she was busy watching some small crabs in a pool. I waded to her—it was not up to my shoulders—and brought her to the beach. That was all—except that she gave me a kiss, and I gave her a card."

"You never answered mamma's letter, in which she thanked you."

"I did not receive one," he replied, softly.

"Indeed! How glad she will be to hear that; for she always thought you had never forgiven her. In whatever way could mamma have injured you, dear Mr. Hessitone—for she is one of the gentlest creatures, and she has often said that your character was a rare one?"

"But pardon my curiosity, if I ask you where I met your mamma, Miss Harre?"

"My name is not Harre, Mr. Hessitone, though mamma's is. I am Bertha Ollyfant."

"Ah, your mother's name is Bertha, is it not?"

"Yes; I was named after her. But you have turned pale, and you are trembling! Shall I call to one of the gentlemen?"

"No, no, no! Is your mother quite well?"

"Quite. She will be so glad to know I have met you! I have often spoken of you to her, having noticed how glad she was to hear your name. I suppose she liked you when you were a boy?"

"Yes," he said; "she liked me a little when I was a boy, though at the time I looked manly enough, and, I dare say, took all the advantages boys will take when nature allows them to fancy themselves men. But how is it that you are named Ollyfant? I knew that your mamma married a Mr. Ollyfant, and that she is now named Harre!"

"Poor mamma! Papa died when I was two years old, and leaving her poor. But you have started again! Is it because you hear that mamma was poor? Ah, I suppose as a boy she was very kind to you, and that you are grateful enough to be sorry that she suffered so much!"

"Yes," he answered, observing her with a touching look of pity; "that is just it."

"I think she must have married for my sake, because she has always seemed a little afraid of Mr. Harre."

"Is he an unpleasant man?"

"No; but he is a descendant from one of the French Huguenot families, and our house is very grave and solemn. We keep fast on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, go to the Huguenot chapel on the Day of Blood, as his friends call it, and prayers are always said in quaint old French."

"Indeed! he murmured. "But that is rather a sad life for you, Miss Ollyfant, is it not?"

"No; Mr. Harre is very kind—but he remembers how his ancestors suffered. You will come and see him, will you not? I am sure you will get on capitally together, for Miss Craves and you are friends—why, you are positively blushing again, Mr. Hessitone!—and she and papa are fast and firm in their friendship, though they scarcely think alike upon one question. Ah!—and here she and Mrs. Haynes come!"

Miss Craves looked a little grim, as she said, "You and Bertie appear to be getting on capitally."

"Cousin Hessitone," said Mrs. Haynes, "you must not be angry with our little girl, if only for her mother's sake, because she has been prattling. She is not in society, and scarcely knows its rules."

Hessitone found himself oddly resenting in his heart this attack upon his young questioner, as he replied. "We are old friends; at least, I am an old friend of her; and she has invited me to call upon her mother and her father-in-law, and I am going to do so."

These simple words completely routed all surmise on the two ladies' part, and simplified matters exceedingly.

Miss Craves went more glum, while Mrs. Haynes looked very sympathetically at her daughter Grace, and kissed her with much emotion when that young lady (who had watched the couple through the long agony of a valse) burst into quite a little shower of tears.

Within an hour, Hessitone attempted to remember a quadrille, after watching the figures through a couple of dances—of course, with dashing Bertie Ollyfant for a partner; and he acquitted himself not at all badly.

That night, as he walked home, after shawling Bertie in the hall, and accompanying her to the jobbed brougham, which Miss Craves displayed for this occasion—poor spinsters! she was left cruelly and unfairly in the background—that night, be it said, as Philip Hessitone walked home, he found the air fresher than usual, and his step lighter.

"After all," he thought, "I am not even a middle-aged man yet."

Home reached, he did not go to bed, but sat thinking—thinking, and turning over matters in his own mind.

"Harry Esmond, best of gentlemen," he mused, "married the mother when the daughter jilted him; perhaps, in my case, the mother having been wise enough to laugh at a boy, the daughter will—Bah! what a vain old fool I am. No doubt she has got a sweetheart—ay, even a round dozen."

But nevertheless, he thought on the subject till his heart throbbed, while he whispered to himself; "If she could only love me! if she could but know how earnest men of my age are when they have spent their lives carefully. If see could love me."

He called upon Mrs. Harre the following day.

He somewhat dreaded the interview, but she placed him at his ease directly.

"I should have known you in a moment, Phillip," she said familiarly; "although it is eighteen years since we met. Let me see—you had not then gone to the university. You are about 36, and I am quiet an old woman—in fact past 50."

By which amiable and well-managed little speech, the kind-hearted lady meant to say,

"See how wise and merciful I was when I laughed at your love! To-day I am an old woman while you may still pass for a young man! See from what you have been saved!"

And it was at this moment that the memory of the old love changed to a new shape, and his new love dominated him.

Yet, even at that moment, he was dazzled and confused by the strangeness of his position. He had been rejected because he was too young, and now he might be repulsed because he was too old.

Just then Bertha entered the room, saluted him, and sitting down near her mother, he saw them side by side, and his memory and his new experience played strange havoc in his brain and heart.

"Stay with us the day, Phillip, if you will," said the lady. "We are quiet out of society here. We do not even dress for dinner, and Mr. Harre has expressed a desire to make your acquaintance. He has heard of you, and, I believe admires something scientific you have done."

He accepted the friendly offer: and in ten minutes he found himself at home, after the rare manner of those homes where few are admitted, who, being permitted to break the charm of seclusion, are so treated that they never wish to go away again, except for the convenience and freedom of their hosts.

The lady of that primitive home being called away to family duties, the task of entertaining Phillip fell upon Bertie.

Utterly unsophisticated, and having lived amongst wise persons all her life, she found her position by no means an awkward one. On the contrary, she was delighted; and quiet ignoring all sense of the short acquaintance, she threw herself, heart and soul, into the pleasant task of showing him her father-in-law's house, and ground, the laboratory, his puritanical library and his various scientific contrivances.

"And you love him very much, Bertie?"

"Ye-es," she said honestly enough; "I love him, but I am a little afraid of him, because he thinks Puritan blood the best in the world; and, therefore, he cannot think me as good as his own children—not that he lets me see he thinks this, but I know it must be so."

"You must feel dull in this place," he said.

The little fingers were busy with the buttons of his coat, as she answered, "I dare say it is very ungrateful and stupid on my part, Phillip, but how can I help it, if I must be gay and happy? When Mr. Harre talks of the massacre of 300 years since, I look out at the roses, and think how they have bloomed 300 times since then, and I cannot help fancying that it would be better to forget all about that wickedness."

"But, Bertie,"—by this time he found himself growing to use the diminutive of her Christian name with complete familiarity, for it is astonishing how fast we sometimes mentally travel—"But, Bertie, memory sometimes is a very delightful quality."

"Yes," she said, "when the thing remembered is delightful."

Suddenly, growing hot all over, he made up his mind, and he said, "And would you feel like an intruder in my house, Bertie?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said.

"And do you think in time—a little time—that you could love me?"

He said afterwards he was so afraid of losing her, that he was greedy to speak.

She looked up in amazement.

"Why, I have loved you all my life!"

"All your life, Bertie?"

"Yes; mamma taught me to pray for you as soon as I could speak; and it seemed quiet natural that you should save me when I was on the rock. When mamma wrote and you did not come to see us, I cried dreadfully, and so did mamma; and, Phillip, I think if you went away, and did not see us again, that I should never, never love any one else!"

"Alone—all your life? Heaven forbid!" he said.

"But you have lived all alone since you were a man."

"And I have been very desolate sometimes."

"And I daresay I shall be when you go away."

"But am I to go away?"

"Will you stop?" she asked.

There was a great eager light in her innocent eyes as she asked the question.

Then—then she was once more lifted in his arms.

Ah! but not to be set down on the shore of life, and left with an address card.

Bertie had never learned the true solution of her mother's early association of Bertie's life with Phillip Heststone.

But Bertie is very happy; and, as the result of her happiness, she has become one of the most desperate match-makers in the world. Therefore, I hope you may meet her, and, above all, trust her, for her instinct teaches her "who will be happy with you," and already she counts three capital matches as due to her management.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 168 received. Correct.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 169 received.

T. S., St. Andrew's, Manitoba.—Correct solution of Problem No. 165 received.

G. J., Edmondville, Ont.—Letter received. Many thanks.

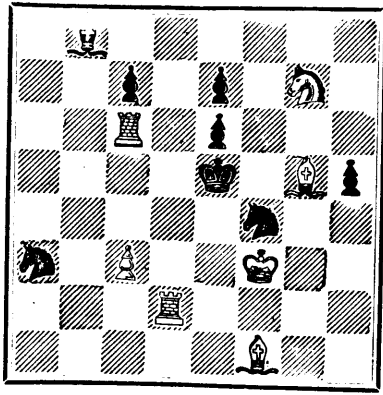
R. M., Montreal.—The position shall be examined.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 168 received. We are sorry to find that, as you observe, this position is not sound.

Amateur, Montreal.—Please send us name and address.

E. H., Montreal.—In the Problem for Young Players No. 166, the B should be at Black's Q R 6.

PROBLEM No. 170. By J. PIERCE, M.A. BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in three moves.

THE DOMINION CHESS ASSOCIATION.

In some difference of opinion that occurred lately between the Chess Clubs of Toronto and Seaforth on the rules which should regulate Telegraph matches, reference was made to the rules on the point in question as set forth by the Canadian Chess Association.

We were glad to find this to be the case, and trust that this body of Chess players may so manifest its usefulness as to entitle it to the notice and support of every player in the Dominion.

In speaking of this circumstance we are led to remark that the time is rapidly approaching for the next annual meeting. Montreal is to be the place where the members will assemble this year, and it is to be hoped that measures are being taken to make the meeting a great success. A Committee was appointed last year, upon the members of whom devolve the arrangements for the annual gathering, and we may fully expect that they have already an outline of future proceedings placed before them for consideration.

If we might be allowed to suggest we would say that, as on some former occasions a Problem Tourney was not neglected in the contemplated yearly work of the Association, so, at the present moment, efforts should be made to issue the regulations for a similar contest, to form a part of the Prospectus for 1878. We have some excellent Problem composers in both Provinces, Quebec and Ontario, and it is but fair that the objects of the Association should be so carried out as to give them a fair opportunity of exhibiting their talent in this most artistic phase of Chess ability.

We would also suggest that efforts should be made to carry out the rules of the Association as regards the collecting of funds for prizes and other expenses of the annual meeting. The rules plainly indicate that the general expenses are to be provided for by contributions from the existing Clubs of the Dominion. If this is to be carried out, so that the expenses may not be left to any voluntary local assistance, now is the time to notify all those upon whom the responsibility may rest, otherwise it will be left to a period of the year when the attendance of members at the different Clubs will have so far diminished as to render the collecting of subscriptions an affair of some difficulty.

(From Land and Water.)

We are informed that a Chess Club for ladies and gentlemen, under the name of the College Chess Club, has been formed at the Ladies' College, Little Queen Street, Holborn. A Handicap Tournament has already been started there, consisting of four ladies and eight gentlemen. We quite approve of the gentler sex being provided with the means of practising Chess, if they happen to contract a liking for that recreation; and should witness with no displeasure the invasion of our small borough by a detachment of feminine checkmeters. No doubt the male element preponderates in Chessdom much more than the diversity of tastes of the two sexes can at all explain.

(From the Holyoke Transcript.)

Town Gossip.

We have received the following letter from a gentleman of this city:

Your idea of a "Chess Circle," in which ladies will be admitted, is a truly laudable one, and I trust will be carried into operation at no distant date. I am well aware that there are many ladies in town who would be really glad to meet in a sort of a "Chess Sociable," and become pupils and students of the game could they be disabused of the idea that, if they play with you, or the "Doctor," or the "Lawyer," or the "Minister," or the undersigned, they would be beaten, of course, and their timidity smothered the very germs that might develop "Mrs. Gilberts" in this place. I will give time, and, so far as competent, instruction in the "champion board game," and you may rely upon me to aid you in the undertaking.

GAME 254TH.

(From Land and Water.)

The following game, which was lately played between the Rev. Gerard Williams and Mr. J. H. Blackburne, is a good illustration of the ever-green Allgaier-Kieseritzki Gambit.

Table showing chess moves for White (Rev. Gerard Williams) and Black (Mr. Blackburne). White moves: 1. P to K 4, 2. P to K B 4, 3. Kt to K B 3, 4. P to K R 4, 5. Kt to K 5, 6. B to B 4, 7. P takes P, 8. P to Q 4, 9. B takes P, 10. B takes Kt, 11. Castles, 12. Kt to Q B 3, 13. Q takes Q, 14. Kt to Q 5, 15. Kt takes Kt, 16. Kt to K 7 (ch), 17. Kt takes P, 18. Kt to K 5, 19. R to B 2, 20. R to Q sq, 21. R takes P, 22. R to Q 7, 23. B takes B, 24. R takes B, 25. R to B 3, 26. R to B sq, 27. K takes R, 28. R takes Q R P, 29. K to Kt sq, 30. K to B sq, 31. P to R 4 (b), 32. K to Kt sq, 33. P to R 5 (c), 34. P to R 6, 35. K to B sq, 36. R to R 8 (ch), 37. P to R 7, 38. K to K sq. Black moves: 1. P to K 4, 2. P takes P, 3. P to K Kt 4, 4. P to Kt 5, 5. Kt to K B 3, 6. P to Q 4, 7. B to Kt 2, 8. Castles, 9. Kt takes P, 10. Q takes B, 11. P to Q B 4, 12. Q takes Q P (ch), 13. P takes Q, 14. Kt to B 3, 15. P takes Kt, 16. K to R sq, 17. B to Kt 2, 18. Q R to B sq, 19. P to B 4 (a), 20. K to Kt sq, 21. K R to K sq, 22. B takes Kt, 23. R takes B, 24. P to Kt 6, 25. R to K 2 (ch), 26. R takes R (ch), 27. R takes P, 28. R to B 7 (ch), 29. R takes Q Kt P, 30. P to R 4, 31. R to B 7 (ch), 32. R to B 5, 33. R takes P, 34. R to Q R 5, 35. P to R 5, 36. K to Kt 2, 37. R to R 7 (d), 38. P to R 6.

NOTES.

- (a) Up to this point the moves upon both sides are identical with those made in one of the match games between Herr Steinitz and Mr. Blackburne; but the latter, on that occasion, played for his nineteenth move B to K 5, followed after R to Q sq by 20 P to B 4, which line of play we consider preferable to the course adopted in the present game.
(b) R to R 3 would have drawn without much difficulty.
(c) His best resource is R to R 5, followed after any move of the Black King by R to Kt 5. This would lead to a difficult and most instructive end game. After analysing a number of possible variations, we find reason to doubt whether Black could force a win.
(d) Neat and expeditious. White must now move King or rook, which is equivalent to the historical choice between poison and dagger.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 168.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to Q Kt 4, 2. B to Q B sq, 3. Q mates. BLACK. 1. P to Q B 7, 2. K takes B.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 166. In this problem Black's B is at Q R 3.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to K 4, 2. Q mates. BLACK. 1. Anything.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 167.

- WHITE. K at Q 2, R at Q R 5, B at K R 3, Kt at Q sq, Kt at Q Kt 4, Pawns at K B 3, K B 4 & Q Kt 3 & 4. BLACK. K at Q 5, Pawns at K 2, Q 3, Q 6, Q Kt 2 & Q R 3. White to play and mate in three moves.

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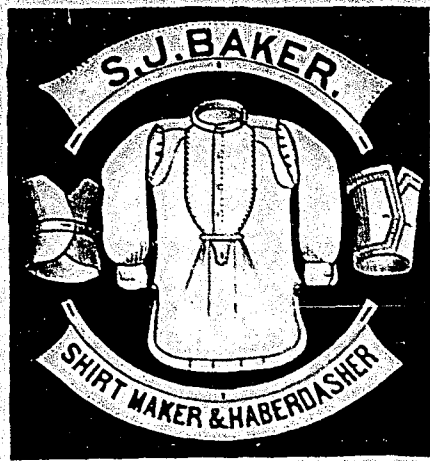
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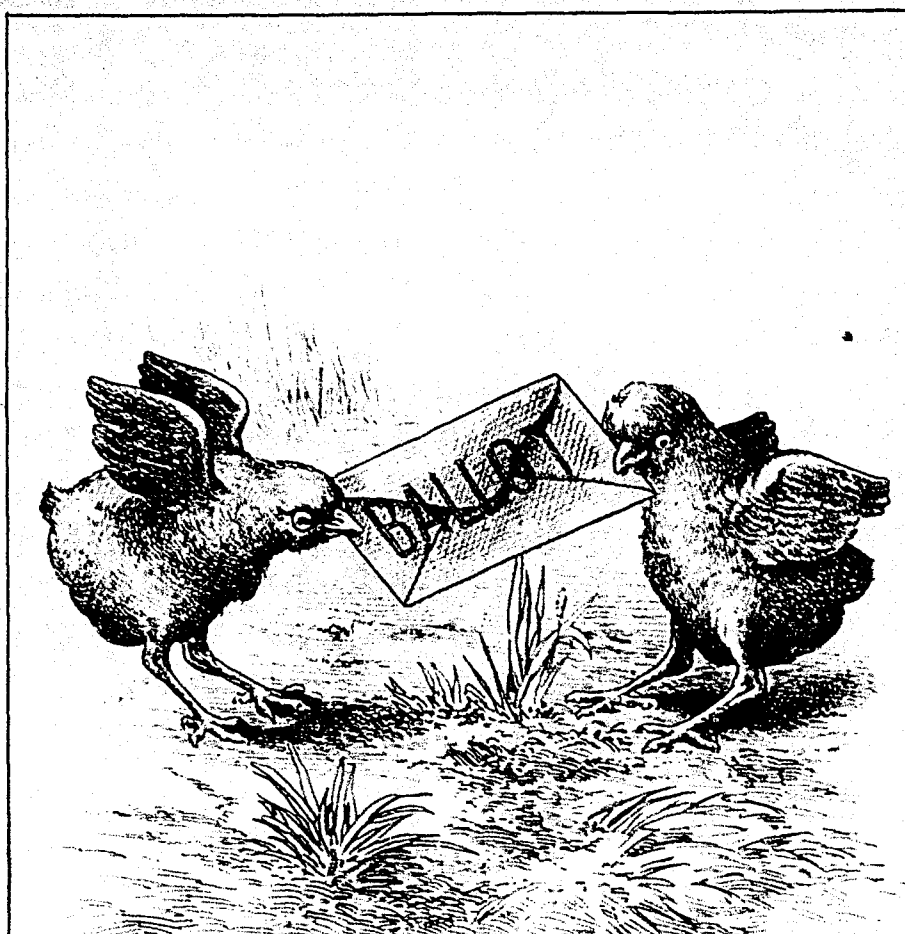
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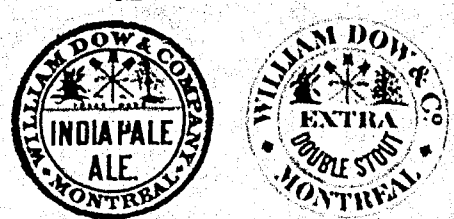
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