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Illustrated News

Vol. XIV.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1876.

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THE EASTERN QUESTION:—THE MASSACRE OF THE CONSULS OF FRANCE AND GERMANY AT SALONICA UNDER THE VERANDAH OF THE WOODEN HOUSE IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE MOSQUE.

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, \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post-masters in advance.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, 8th July, 1876.

A FINANCIAL PROBLEM.

Perhaps the most remarkable circumstance in connection with the present financial and commercial crisis, is the fact that while all the great nations of the globe are seriously affected, France and France alone is in a condition of comparative ease and prosperity. A writer, in a late number of the *Forthnightly Review*, attempts to find a solution for this problem. He says truly that the practical exemption of France from the financial crises which periodically afflict America, England, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries, deserves to be studied and explained. Even the great financial typhoon, of 1857, which swept around the world and across the equator, only skirted the edge of France, causing a few failures in Havre and Marseilles, chiefly in the American trade, and advancing the rate of discount of the Bank of France for a short time to 10 per cent. For all practical purposes France was in the centre of a cyclone, enjoying a calm, while the rest of the civilized world was strewn with every species of commercial desolation. And such has been her position in the crisis of 1873, notwithstanding the payment of the milliards to Germany. Germany, however, the recipient of the milliards, has been convulsed with hard times and mercantile distress. The reason is simply that the Frenchman is very little addicted to going in debt, very little inclined to speculate, and very much given to hoarding his gains. Perhaps he does not get rich quite so fast as his neighbor across the Channel, but on the other hand he keeps what he gets, and generally escapes those terrible financial crashes that smite the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon countries with such clock-work regularity. The Frenchman seems to have taken to heart the lesson taught by the great Mississippi bubble, to keep out of mad speculations. Neither the Englishman nor his offspring, the American, learned anything of lasting value from the South Sea bubble or the score of bubbles that have since burst at different times on their hands. Nor has the plodding and methodical German, so apt a scholar in many directions, learned this lesson, although commended to him by frequent and severe chastisement. There is no mystery whatever in the healthy condition of the French finances and French trade since the payment of the German war indemnity. France habitually holds not less than £240,000,000 sterling of the precious metals. Such a reserve of the most reliable property known to commerce, coupled with the national prudence on the subject of debt,

and the national habit of putting little or no money into things they know nothing about, very readily accounts for the practical exemption of France from these sore visitations. We believe this reasoning to be perfectly just. The French, fantastic and unreasonable as they are in many respects, cling to the simplest elementary principles of political economy. They literally have a horror of debt, and debt, neither more or less, is the secret of depression and disaster among nations as well as individuals. There is an immensely salutary lesson to be learned from the example of the French, and in this young country of ours where the fever of speculation is just beginning to break out, it is a lesson that ought religiously to be treasured up and carried into practice.

AN ICE STORM.

Scientific men have often called attention to the peculiarities of the Canadian climate. It is remarkable in this that, for the last three hundred years, it has not diminished in severity, while the atmosphere in similar latitudes further west has moderated to a very appreciable extent. Comparing the diurnal tablets and registrations consigned in the *Relations des Jésuites*, written at Quebec, two hundred years back, we find the same temperatures to-day as then, and in many cases where there is a difference, it denotes an increase of cold at the present time. In connection with this subject, and confirmatory of our remarks, we have the account of a wonderful storm which broke over Murray Bay, on Saturday, the 24th of last month. The falling of the barometer until it reached 29.30 foretold the coming of an atmospheric change, but the ice storm which followed surpassed in violence anything ever witnessed. The clouds which had been gathering over the Bonne Femme Charlotte Mountain, known to many as sure precursors of bad weather, had gradually veered round to the mountain above the Chute, and at about six o'clock were observed to have massed and, following the course of the River Murray, to be rapidly descending on the Village of Murray Bay. At seven o'clock the storm burst in its full violence, and it literally rained a shower of ice weighing from a quarter to one ounce each drop—more like a shower of racket balls and large marbles than anything else. This lasted about ten minutes, and extended about a mile in width, but the damage done to the crops in that short space of time was fearful to contemplate. The grain and peas were broken down as if an army had marched across them. Such was the violence of the storm that the ground presented the appearance of being drilled with innumerable small holes, which the heavy rains of the preceeding night failed to obliterate. The flowers were broken, the fruit trees and bushes denuded of their leaves, and fruit strewed the ground on all sides.

Scarcely a house escaped the visitation of this fearful storm. Some had not a pane of glass left in them, especially those facing the north, from which point the storm came. Many had from thirty to 100 panes broken, and the gardens were utterly demolished. The new convent suffered greatly, and scarcely a window was left on the north side. Horses and cattle rushed in terror to seek shelter. Many of the ice stones measured from 1½ inches to 2½ inches in diameter, and were much larger than a hen's egg.

IMPENDING WAR.

At the last moment we learn by telegram from Belgrade that a council of war was held at which it was decided that Servia should declare war against Turkey at once. And we are further informed that the Servians have actually crossed the frontier. On the other hand, it is stated that Turkey has issued a circular to the great powers, throwing the entire responsibility of the war upon Servia, and declaring Prince Milan a rebel because he seceded from

the union of vessels. The following is an extract from the Servian manifesto. It commences by describing the insupportable condition in which Servia has been placed since the out-break of the insurrection and declares that Servia has done nothing whatever to hinder the work of pacification, whilst on the other hand Turkey has surrounded Servia with a belt of iron. It is impossible, therefore, to remain longer within the bounds of moderation, and the Porte is responsible for any eventual bloodshed. The Montenegrins will be on their side, and it will not long before the Herzegovinians, Bosnians and Greeks co-operate with them. Prince MILAN concludes his manifesto by exhorting the troops to respect the frontier of Austria, which he says has a claim upon their gratitude, because of the benevolent protection extended to their Herzegovinian brothers. A despatch says it is reported that Roumania has decided to co-operate with Servia. Advices from Belgrade state that a proclamation will shortly be issued, informing the Bosnians of the approaching appointment of new officials throughout the country in the name of Prince MILAN.

The Greek Government, in accordance with its policy of peace, has ordered the arrest of any emissaries on the frontier endeavouring to foment the insurrection with the Turkish Provinces, or to enlist any recruits. Magaziniawich, the Servian representative at Constantinople has been recalled. England last week proposed to an intermediary power—probably France—a meeting of the six powers in a neutral town near the seat of war with the object of watching mutually the progress of the war, reporting to various European Governments, and preventing the conflict from degenerating into a war of reprisals.

LACROSSE IN ENGLAND.

With respect to the game of Lacrosse of our Canadian Teams at Kennington Oval, which we reproduced lately, our special correspondent sends us the following:—

On Whit Monday, the teams played at Kennington, but a drizzling rain set in, and kept the holiday-makers away, and the match was commenced to a "beggarly account of empty benches." Under these depressing circumstances, it is not surprising that the play was a little tame, and when time was called each side had scored two goals. The weather looked a little more favourable in the afternoon, and by four o'clock upwards of 2,000 spectators had assembled. The play, to our mind, was, on the whole, perhaps superior to that exhibited on Saturday. Some of the catches, both by Canadians and Indians, were simply marvellous, and splendid throws were made, the ball often going upwards of 100 yards without touching the ground; all idea of exhibiting individual prowess being merged in a united effort to effect the downfall of the enemy's goal. One of the Canadian team being hors de combat from the effect of a slight accident sustained in the game on Saturday, his place was taken by T. B. Sachs, about the best lacrosse player of the Thames Hare and Hounds, who made a very creditable show under the trying circumstances. The first goal fell to the Indians; but the Montreal men gained the next two, and a heavy shower of rain coming on shortly afterwards, play was abandoned. In a few minutes it cleared up again, and the Indians came out to give us a specimen of the "Green corn dance." Prior to this performance the chief, Scattered Branches, made a very eloquent speech; but as, unfortunately, it was in the Iroquois language, the spectators remained in complete ignorance of its purport, though it seemed to give them the greatest satisfaction. Of the dance itself we cannot speak in high terms, as it is singularly monotonous, and much resembles part of the first figure of a quadrille. The war whoop, moreover, has by no means that awe-inspiring sound that we have been led to expect. The two teams appeared again on Tuesday at the Old Deer Park, Richmond.

HON. P. FORTIN, Speaker of the Quebec Legislative Assembly, and well-known for his active labors in regard to the navigation of our inland waters and the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, transmits us the third supplement to the catalogue of the Library of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, comprising marine charts and books in relation to navigation, shipping and naval architecture. And he informs us that captains, mates, mariners and others interested in the study of navigation, foreign as well as British, are at liberty to come and study these charts and books, subject to the rules and regulations of the Library, where they will find measuring instruments and the necessary materials for taking notes.

In another column will be found an official statement of the ratio of increase in the circulation of the *Evening Star*, of this city. We take great pleasure in calling attention to these figures which testify, as nothing else can so well, to the substantial worth of the paper, and the successful character of its management. The *Star* is a credit to Canadian journalism by its independence, its justice to all parties, creeds and nationalities, its abundant newness, and the literary finish of most of its original matter. It stands as a living proof of the fact, often ignored, that the Canadian people are as ready as any other to encourage a paper that is edited with ability, courage and enterprise.

THE COPPER LIGHTNING ROD.

On presenting a view of the Factory and Offices of this Company in our present issue, we may add the following to the information given last week. On the 27th, a practical test was made by Mr. F. H. Badger, one of the most scientific electricians in this Province, of the Ontario Lightning Rod Company's lightning conductor at St. Patrick's Church, and in presence of a number of prominent citizens. The trial was a most thorough one, excited great interest and gave entire satisfaction to all engaged in the test, as well as to the spectators. The comparisons between the iron rod heretofore used on the church and the new system, as developed by the Ontario Copper Company, demonstrated at once the immeasurable superiority of the latter in conducting capacity. When it is considered that these tests, conducted with the greatest skill and on behalf of Mr. Choquet, Secretary of La Fabrique, go to prove that the new copper rod equals about one hundred of the iron rods in conducting capacity, an estimate of the immense value of the new invention may be correctly formed. Mr. Badger's intelligently written analysis of the test, which appears elsewhere, should be read with care, as it places fairly, and with the judgment of a man who knows what he is writing about, the merits of a very wonderful improvement in what is absolutely essential to the safety of our buildings, both public and private. The company give a guarantee policy to the purchasers of the lightning rod to pay back the amount paid them with seven per cent interest, in the event of an accident happening from lightning to a building on which their rod is erected.

We append Mr. Badger's testimonial entire:—
A system of continuous copper lightning conductors having been recently applied to St. Patrick's Church, in this city, by the Ontario Copper Lightning Rod Company, and having been requested both by Mr. Choquet, Secretary of La Fabrique, and Mr. Schoonmaker, President of the Company, I, this day, made an electro-metric test of the capacity of the conductors. The instruments used were a differential galvanometer and rheostat, a quantity galvanometer, and Bunsen cell battery of the usual capacity, passing the current through a single coil of galvanometer (for quantity), and with differential coil for comparison with an iron rod upon the Church, erected some years since. The ground connection for circuit was made on a lead water pipe connecting with main system of street water main, an arrangement considered as forming a perfect "ground." Comparisons were made with the iron rod ½ inches in diameter, which has heretofore been the only protection of the Church from lightning. The iron rod gave a resistance of 50.5 ohms for the earth contact, while the copper conductor gave a resistance of less than 0.01 (one hundredth) of an ohm, proving the conducting capacity secured to be as nearly perfect as possible to attain. Considered in toto, for practical purposes, this copper conductor, approximately estimated in this particular instance, equals about one hundred of the iron rods in conducting capacity. In case of a very heavy lightning discharge, the difference might be still greater. In the case of the iron rod, the earth was evidently made by inserting the lower end of the rod a few feet below the surface of the ground. In the case of the copper conductor, a large diffusive surface was secured by inserting a liberal quantity of the conductor below the surface far enough to secure permanent moisture,

and the use of proper material at the foot of the conductor.

This test clearly indicates the difference between a so-called lightning rod and a properly constructed lightning conductor.

F. H. BADGER,
Supt. Fire Alarm Telegraph.

Montreal, June 27th, 1876.

OPENING OF THE HAMILTON AND NORTH WESTERN, R. R.

The work of construction on the Hamilton and North Western R. R., was begun at the north end of Burlington Beach, in the County of Halton, the first sod being turned, what is known as the "Old Brant Estate." The locality is of great historical interest, being part of the tract of land conferred by King George on his famous Indian ally Joseph Brant. In a part of the building (now being enlarged for hotel purposes), at one time dwelt this celebrated Chief. The room in which he is said to have killed his son may still be seen. It is quite evident that some dark deed has been perpetrated here, as numerous blood stains on the floor and walls are plainly visible. Tradition also asserts that a terrible battle took place in the neighborhood many years ago, in which vast numbers of Indians perished, and were interred where they fell. Some foundation for these rumors must evidently exist, as since the work of constructing the railway commenced, great numbers of skulls, bones, arrow heads, and numerous relics and curiosities has been unearthed. Considerable opposition was offered to the railway crossing the Beach, especially by the Captains and owners of vessels, as it was thought that the bridging of Burlington Canal would obstruct the passage of vessels, and injuriously affect their interests. As there appeared to be no reasonable hope the Directors of the road and their opponents could come to any agreement, the question of routes was finally left to the adjudication of the Government. After a patient and impartial hearing of the case, a decision favorable to the Beach route was given by the Premier and work begun thereon, as also on other divisions of the road. The force actually employed at the present time, and which will be duly enlarged, as the company acquire additional right of way is about 250 men and 50 teams.

THE MURDER OF THE CONSULS AT SALONICA.

We give on our front page a view of the exact spot in Salonica where the Consuls were murdered. On May 5, Aretizar Villayet, a Christian girl, about fourteen years old, who had been snatched by the Turks from the village of Bogdanza two days before, was transported by train to Salonica, where, according to existing rules, she might appear before the Government and abjure the religion of her forefathers. In another carriage followed the mother of this girl. Arrived at the railway terminus, the mother, screaming, begged every Christian present to help her daughter, who was made by force to change her faith. All the people who happened to be there at once hastened to snatch the girl from the hands of three Ottomans who accompanied her. At the moment the carriage of the Consul of the United States, happened to be there waiting the arrival of its owner by the same train from Vodia. The gentleman did not arrive by that train; so the Christians, seeing the carriage empty, took advantage of this coincidence and put the girl and her mother into it, accompanying them as far as the City Gate, and all the time begging the coachman to take her where she might be in safety. On the morrow towards noon, a number of Turks, came to the Kermak, and appeared before the Governor. They demanded the immediate discovery of the girl and her delivery in their hands; otherwise they threatened to revenge themselves. The Pasha did not even take the trouble to reprove them, or try to disperse the crowd; on the contrary, he promised to satisfy them fully. He therefore sent at once a committee to the American Consul's house in search of the girl, while, on the other side, he looked on gently at the armed mob, which was congregating at the mosque attached to the Government House. At the same time, public cries throughout the town invited all the faithful Mussulmans to arm themselves and assemble within the above-mentioned mosque; and the Imams from the tops of the minarets excited the people against the Giazars. Some officers, with guards, distributed arms and cartridges to the already infuriated mob. About three o'clock the French and German Consuls were informed of all this disturbance, and wished if possible to prevent the imminent danger to the Christians. They thought it their duty to go to the Governor, and represent to him the urgent necessity of taking serious measures for the tranquillisation of the excited Turkish populace. But having arrived at the gate of the Government House, they met Emin Effendi, who, it appears, told them treacherously that the Pasha was at the mosque.

Under such circumstances the Consuls always go straight to the Pasha. Emin Effendi therefore conducted them to the mosque, and took them into the room where the Council was assembled, and where the Pasha came in afterwards. Whilst there the Consul of Germany, Mr. Henry Abbott, wrote a letter to Mr. N. Najji Lazzaro, brother of the then absent

American Consul; and, supposing him from the rumors which were afloat to be cognizant of the girl's hiding-place, requested him to give up the girl. He also wrote another note to his own brother, Mr. Alfred Abbott, representing to him the necessity of finding out and sending up the girl, and saying that he and their brother-in-law, Mr. Moulin, were prisoners in the mosque, and that if the girl was not given up the consequences might be serious. As soon as Mr. Alfred Abbott received his brother's note, which, through fatality or purposely, did not reach him immediately, he ran everywhere he thought the girl might be found, and, having discovered her at last, he delivered her into the hands of the Causss of the English Consulate, who conducted her immediately to the Lyceum. But the treacherous villains never intended to wait for the girl. The French and German Consuls had already been butchered in the presence of the Governor, Kefat Pasha, and of all the members of the two Councils, all the principal officers of the City Guard, and all the Turkish notabilities of the town. Not one of these undertook to protect the innocent victims, and not a drop of Turkish blood was spilled on their behalf. Many are the proofs that the Consuls did not remain alive more than half an hour in the mosque. The Turks were thirsting for their blood, and would on no account lose the opportunity. They fell upon their unarmed victims, and butchered them with various instruments in such a manner that no one can behold their mutilated bodies without feelings of horror and loathing for the instigators and perpetrators of such a savage massacre. Each of the corpses bears more than thirty wounds, and wounds so deep that they must certainly have expired at the first blows; and the rest was evidently done after death.

OUR SUMMER VISITORS.

Allow me to draw attention to the welcome presence here of our usual summer visitors. These the city receives at this season come to be amused; ours come to amuse us in our quiet country retreats; both are equally prized. From the green woods of Silvery let me greet our feathered songsters—our constant friends, the birds. Nothing more striking in this favored portion of creation than the memory of localities or of haunts previously frequented by them; the same groves, the identical tree, containing a nest one year, will count one or more the next if the family is not molested; this applies particularly to the robin and song sparrow. Spring this year was tardy; so were the birds in their spring migration, even to those regular harbingers of spring, the swallows, usually on hand to celebrate the 7th of England's patron saint, St. George (23rd April). Even the swallows tarried behind, reluctantly bearing themselves away from the sunny south, or coast of Senegal, their winter quarters, according to some naturalist. The song sparrow, as a rule, precedes the swallows; he is closely followed by the robin, the chipping sparrow, the white-throated and the white-crowned sparrow—then comes that jaunty little fellow, slate-colored with two white feathers in his tail, Wilson's snow-bird. In their migration northward to Hudson's Bay, an advance-guard of the robins, noisy and numerous, are generally accompanied by a detachment of screeching purple grackles, in black and steel blue liveries. The first week in May ushers in those delightful musicians, Wilson's and the Hermit thrush; their liquid, metallic, flute-like notes are by no means as loud as those of the Irish thrush, but are much sweeter—your ear catches their wild melody at sunrise or sunset, poured unceasingly from a lofty oak or graceful maple, like a forgotten echo of some sylvan deity, in the midst of the forest. Two most gaudily-habited summer visitors are now located next to my dwelling: one the Maryland yellow-throat, and the other the Indigo Bird, with a bright blue coat, much like—but much more cheering to look at than—a Cabinet Minister's. Of crows we have an usual supply—saucy, noisy, pilfering rascals as ever. More anon J. M. L.

Spencer Grauge, Quebec.

St. Jean Baptiste Day, 1876.

THE WESTERN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

This organization traces its history back to the year 1845, when a mission school was opened by Zion Church in the western part of the city. The late William Learmont was its first Superintendent. Passing through many vicissitudes, such as finding itself one Sunday morning locked out of its place of meeting, which had been leased over its head, it continued steadily on until in 1874 it was organized into a church under the pastorate of the Rev. George Anderson. Its present place of meeting, Shaftsbury Hall, Mountain street, lately proving too small for its increased attendance, a lot was purchased in Guy street, and early in the season the erection of a church building was commenced.

The building designed by Messrs. Hutchison & Steele, is of the round Gothic style of a simple character. Its front elevation is flanked by a tower and belfry. The basement is built of stone, and the superstructure of red brick with arches and cornice bands of white brick. The dimensions are: length 78 feet; width 46 feet, with a capacity of seating 450 persons. The basement which is 15 feet high, entirely above

ground, is well ventilated, and can accommodate a Sunday-school of 500.

A medal of which we give a representation, was struck to commemorate the laying of the corner stone. Copies were distributed among the scholars of the Sunday-school who enlivened the ceremony with their presence and singing. It bears on the obverse a perspective of the church with the inscription:—WESTERN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH ORGANIZED 1874, while the reverse gives the date of the ceremony, CORNER STONE LAID JUNE 10TH, 1876, with the church officers.

The medal on the whole is highly creditable, being entirely of Canadian workmanship, and far excelling anything of the kind heretofore executed in this country. In fact from what we can judge it will compare favorably with any produced from the Birmingham mints, excelling most of the so-called works of (Numismatic) art from across the border. The dies were prepared by Messrs. George Bishop & Co., while Mr. Hendry deserves mention for the manner in which the impression has been brought out. We would, therefore, recommend those having occasion for medals commemorative of some Canadian event, to try our Canadian artists before ordering a more expensive and perchance an inferior piece of foreign work.

R. W. McL.

ART CRITICISM.

The *British Medical Journal* criticises pictures from the point of view of anatomy, and wonders what are the "potential products" of a system which permits its follower to criticise a picture of the Infant Saviour by reference to his "triceps and latissimus dorsi." Some good might come of it, but the scientific method is by no means newly applied to art by the *British Medical Journal*. In the *London Athenaeum* of July 3rd, last year, there was a very peculiar and interesting review of some pictures in the Academy conceived in the same spirit. The writer said:

In "Anne Page and Slender" (No. 56), Mr. Cope introduces, all of a row, the *Tulipa Gesneriaria*, not known in England before 1577; the red geranium, introduced in 1710; the camel-melia in 1739, and the Chinese pinrose in 1820. In Mr. Poynter's "The Festival" (233) and "The Golden Age" (236), the only exception that can be taken to the roses introduced in the former, and the pears in the latter, is that they are, especially the roses, English horticultural varieties. Not one of Pliny's twelve varieties is amongst Mr. Poynter's roses. In Mr. Waterhouse's "Whispered Words" (266) the red rose appears to be the true "Rose of Miletus." In Mr. Bedford's "Hermione" (326), the wife of Leontes poses between a lemon and an orange tree. The Greeks and Romans knew neither the orange nor the lemon, and even Shakespeare, probably, never saw an orange or a lemon tree. The first orange was planted, it is said, in England (in Beddington Park) in 1595, and it was a century later before it came to be generally grown in England. The lemon was not introduced until 1648.

OFFENBACH.

The distinguished author of the "Grand Duchess" has scarcely a bowing acquaintance with the English tongue, and this want of knowledge of our language made him the victim of a gentle sell a few days since. It seems he ran over from New York unattended to have a peep at the new garden in Philadelphia, which has been named after him. On the cars he met an European acquaintance, Mr. Howard Paul, who is over here industriously exploring the Centennial. On the line of route from Jersey City the *maestro* observed on every fence, barn, rock and "coign of vantage" the words, "Gargling Oil." It encountered his gaze in every form of type from six-foot letters downwards.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Offenbach, "vat is zat words I see ev'ryvere. Zat I know not how you say zis," pointing.

"Oh, that's 'Gargling Oil.'"

"Ah, vat a fortune to make zose wonis ev'ryvere. Vat is it?"

"That! Oh, that's the name of the new great hotel erected in Philadelphia to accommodate visitors to the Centennial," replied Howard Paul, with a wicked smile.

"I vil go zare," returned Offenbach, and producing his note book inscribed the words therein with great care. "Vat a curieux name for one grand hotel. Zese Yankee-spangled ban-nare people are more excentric than ze English."

When the master of opera boutique arrived at the Philadelphia depot he entered the first hack he encountered.

"Where to?" asked the Jarvey, banging the door.

"Goggle Oil Hotel."

"Sir?"

"Gurgle Ile Hotel," said Offenbach, trying again.

"Where the devil is that? There's a mighty lot of new houses open lately, but I haven't heard of that one," said the hackman.

"Here, Jack!" he cried to a companion whip, "Here's a foreign gent wants to go to the Goggle-eyed Hotel, or something of that sort. He's got the name wrong, I guess."

By this time four or five hackmen got around and began to gripe at the misconception that had arisen. The *maestro*, like men of genius, is irritable and shouted:

"Stupides! Gaggel Oil Ho-tel. *Mon Dieu*, am I to stop all day in zis machine?" and whipping out his note-book he exhibited it to the group. There it was written plainly enough—"Gargling Oil."

"Mouuseer," exclaimed the man, "that's the name of a patent medicine, not a hotel; you've got things mixed."

But Offenbach could not in the least degree comprehend the inelegant diction of the drivers, and annoyed at their brusque mirth, he leaped from the carriage and made his way towards the street-cars under the impression that the hackmen were having a game with him. As he left the depot his amiable secretary, Mr. Arrigotti, who had preceded him the night before, appeared upon the scene and carried him off in triumph to the Centennial.

Offenbach is a good leader: if he had more strength he would be extraordinary. But he comes down from the music stand completely fatigued after swinging the baton ten minutes. He is not in good health, and now and then takes occasion to say so. The other day some one said to him in New York:

"Why, M. Offenbach, I took you for a much older man. You have a very young face."

Offenbach answered, placing his hand on his stomach and remembering the tortures of indigestion, "Yes, but unfortunately my face does not extend all the way down."

He went to hear Thomas the other evening, and at once professed a desire to be introduced. The gentlemen with him, so the story goes, endeavored to dissuade him, saying that perhaps it would be awkward for Mr. Thomas, who has always been so ferociously opposed to putting any of Offenbach's music on his programmes. "Is he opposed to my music?" said the merry Jacques. "Well, then, tell Mr. Thomas that the difference between him and me is that I should be only too happy to have some of his music to put in my programmes."

KITTY FISHER'S JIG.

During the attacks upon the French outposts, in 1755, in America, says *Coarcondo*, Governor Shirley and General Jackson led the force directed against the enemy lying at Niagara and Frontenac. In the early part of June, whilst these troops were stationed on the banks of the Hudson, near Albany, the descendants of the "pilgrim fathers" flocked in from the eastern provinces. Never was seen such a motly assembly of men thronged together on such an occasion, unless an example may be found in the ragged regiment of Sir John Falstaff. It would have relaxed the gravity of an anchorite to see these men marching through the streets of Albany, and taking their situations to the left of the British army, some with long coats, some with short coats, and others with no coats at all, with colours as varied as the rainbow—some with their hair cropped like the army of Cromwell, and others with wigs, the locks of which floated around their shoulders. It so happened that there was present a certain Dr. Shuckburgh—wit, musician, and surgeon—and one evening after mess he produced a tune, already familiarly known in the old country under the name of "Kitty Fisher's Jig," which he earnestly commended, as a well-known piece of military music, to the officers of the militia. The joke succeeded, and "Yankee Doodle" was hailed by acclamation "their own march." Little did the author of the joke suppose that a tune introduced for the purpose of ridicule would be marked for such high destinies. In twenty years from that time the national march inspired the heroes of Bunker's Hill, and in less than thirty Lord Cornwallis and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

PERSONAL.

Bishop Cummins, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, is dead.

Sir John and Lady Rose, it is said, will visit this country in the autumn.

Bishop Lewis, of Ottawa, will reside at Lachine during the summer months.

Lord Dufferin starts for British Columbia about the latter end of July.

Captain Hawkins has been added to the staff of the Military College, Kingston.

A rising Toronto lawyer who came to this country as one of Miss Macpherson's batches, accompanies her home in a few days.

HUMOROUS.

MANY a man worth a million is utterly worthless.

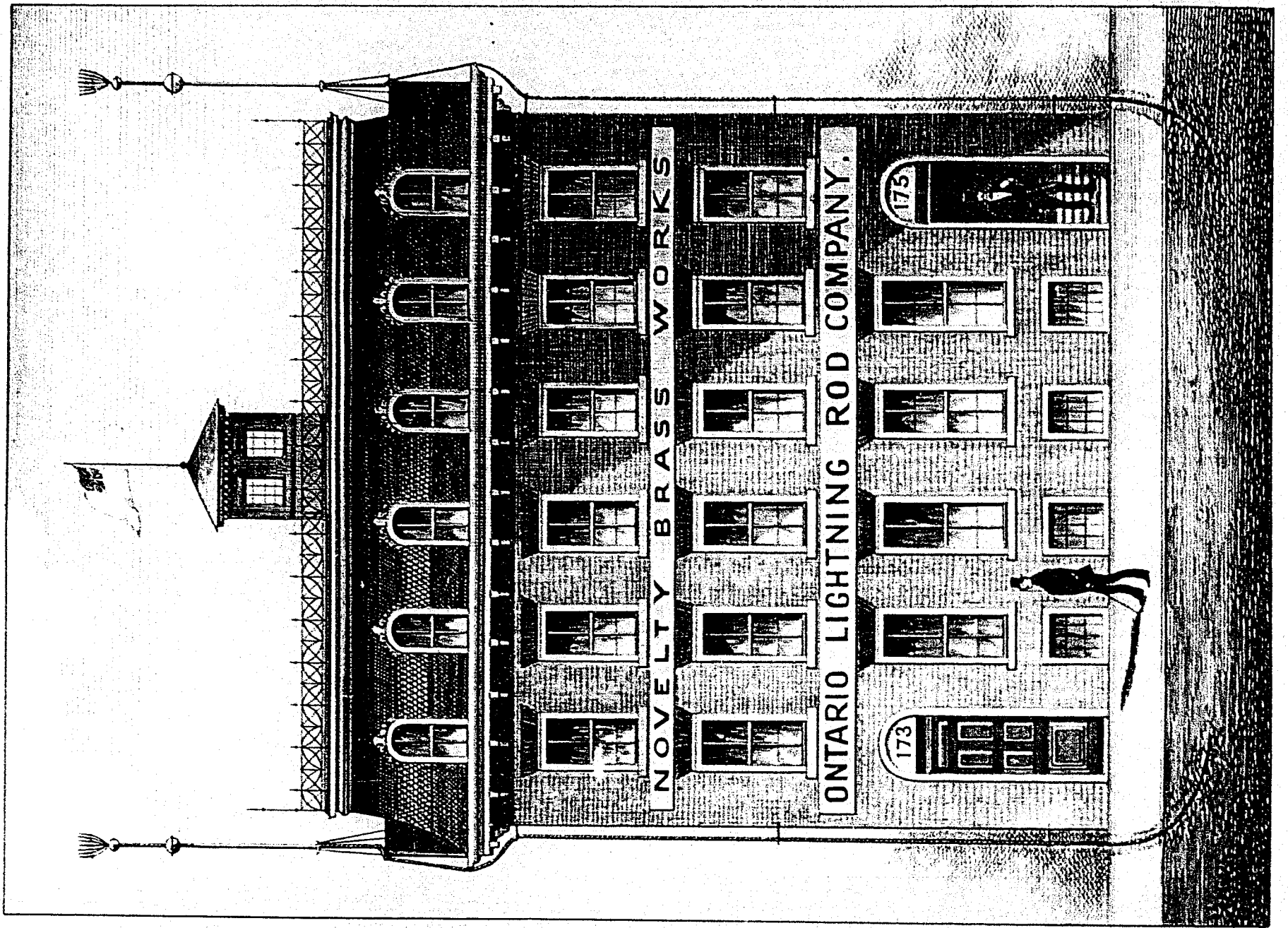
THE familiar fly again sits down with the family to dinner.

WE believe in manly sports. Can anything be more imposing than to see 300 or 1,000 athletes sitting on hard benches in the broiling sun watching a game of base ball between two tired nines?

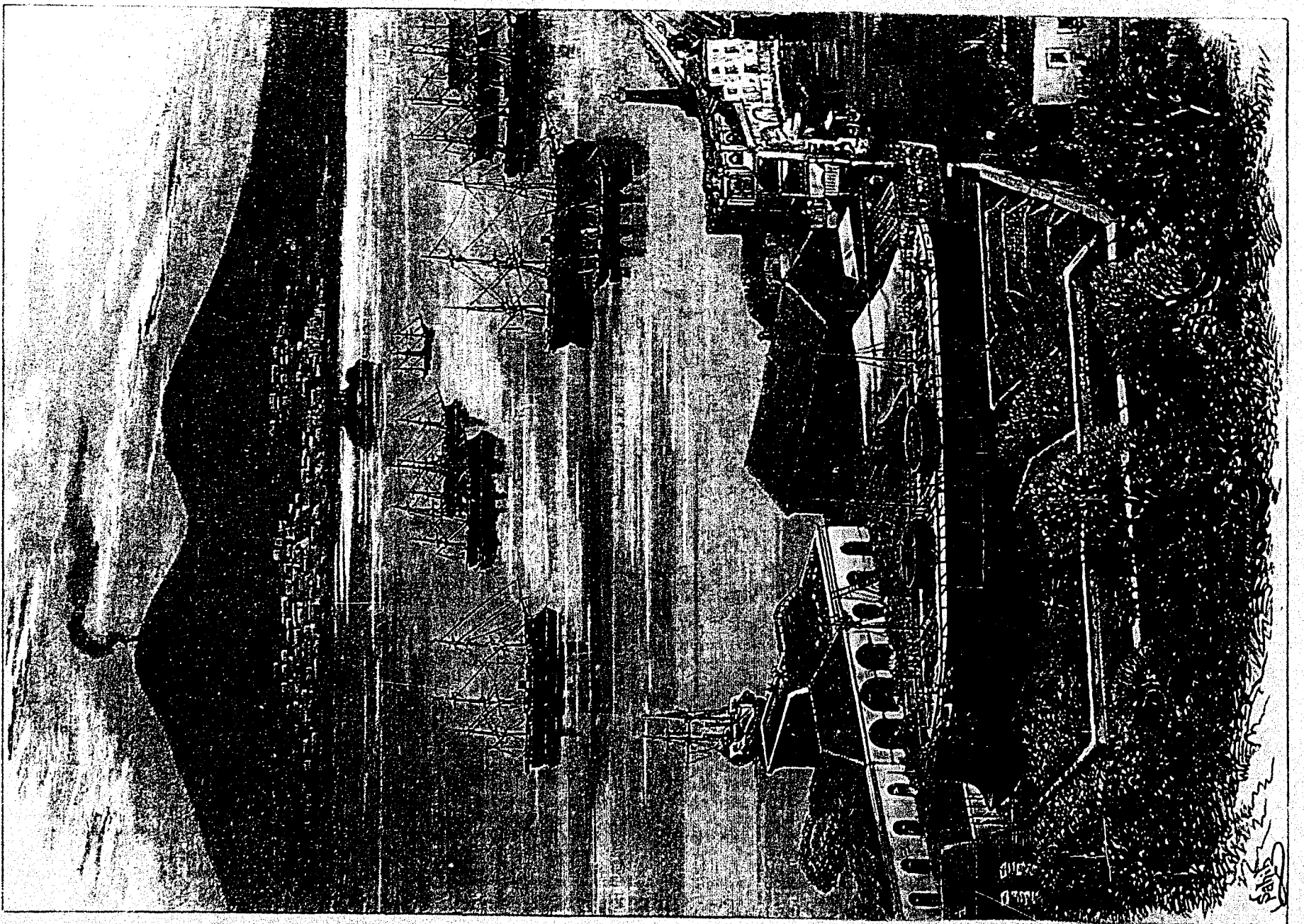
THE future pitcher and catcher of some champion base-ball nine were observed yesterday practising with a half brick done up in an old stocking. This is what may be called the ragged edge of the game.

A THING that is calculated to ruffle the calmest temper: to select with care a seat on the shady side of the street car, and d'cently recollect that the line turns off in an almost opposite direction.

A stranger who sat on the wharf yesterday gave his opinion on the nominations. He could have voted, himself, for Bristow, he said, but he could not cast a ballot for men not identified with reform as well as purity and honesty. He intended to say more, but just then a policeman came along and arrested him for stealing a clothes line, two undershirts, and a pork ham the night before.



THE WORKSHOPS AND OFFICES OF THE ONTARIO COPPER LIGHTNING-ROD COMPANY, AT HAMILTON.



LAUNCH OF THE ITALIAN IRONCLAD STEAMER "DUILIUS," AT CASTELLAMARE, GIVING THE VIEW OF THE PORT.



MEDAL COMMEMORATIVE OF THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE WESTERN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MONTREAL.

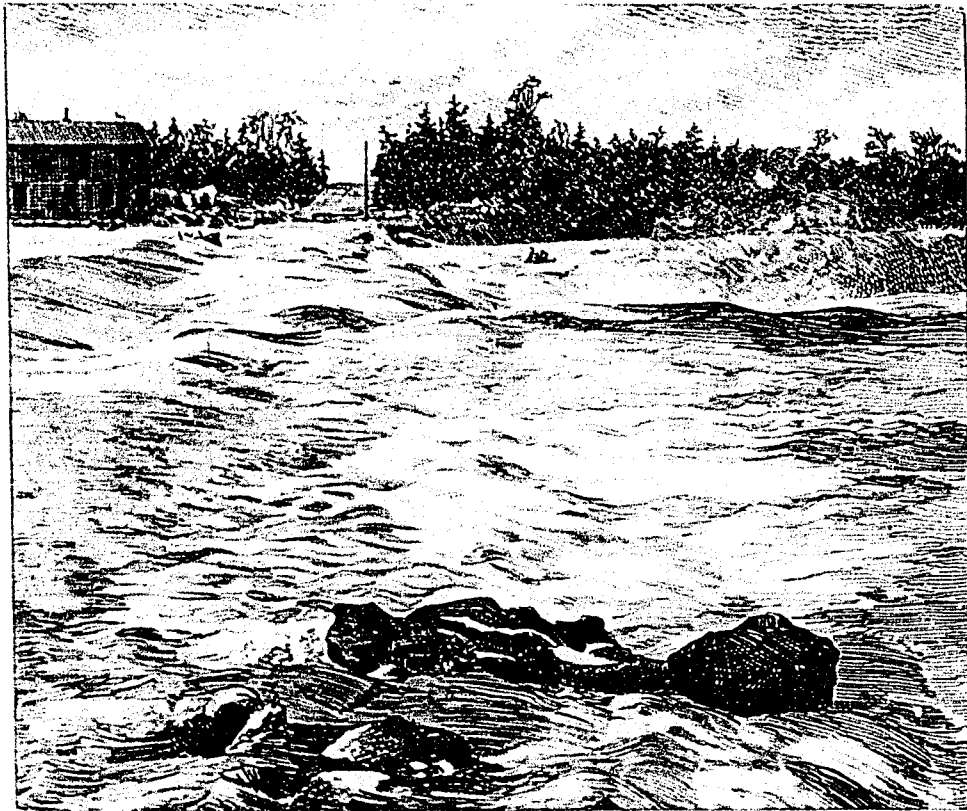
WOMAN'S ATTRACTIVENESS.
 Personal attractions most girls possess to a sufficient degree to render them attractive to somebody; for although there are standards or models of beauty, yet these do not prevail with all persons. There is something wonderful in the difference of aspect which the same face wears to different beholders. Probably the explanation of this is that what is hidden from all others becomes immediately and instinctively apparent to the eye of love. How can a moderately good-looking girl increase her attractions? By culture; she must cultivate her mind. An ignorant, illiterate woman, even if she attracts attention, cannot retain the interest of an intel-

ligent man. She must do this by reading, by study, by reflection, and by familiar conversation with the best and most highly educated persons with whom she comes in contact. But the heart must be cultivated as well as the head. "Of all things," exclaimed a most elegant and refined gentleman, after nearly a lifetime's familiarity with the best society—"of all things, give me softness and gentleness in a woman." A harsh voice, a coarse laugh—trifles like these—have suddenly spoiled many a favourable first impression. The cultivation of the heart must be real, not feigned. A woman who studies to appear, rather than be, good and generous, seldom succeeds in deceiving the opposite sex in these respects. She who in truth seeks earnestly to promote the happiness of those around her, is very apt soon to obtain admirers among men.

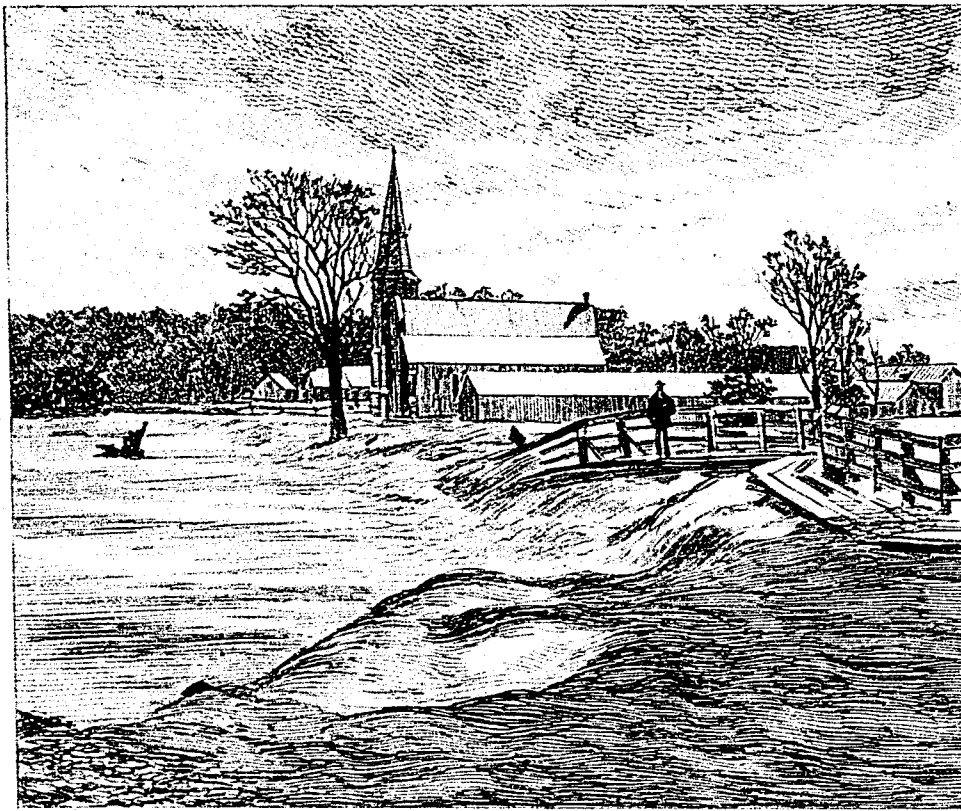


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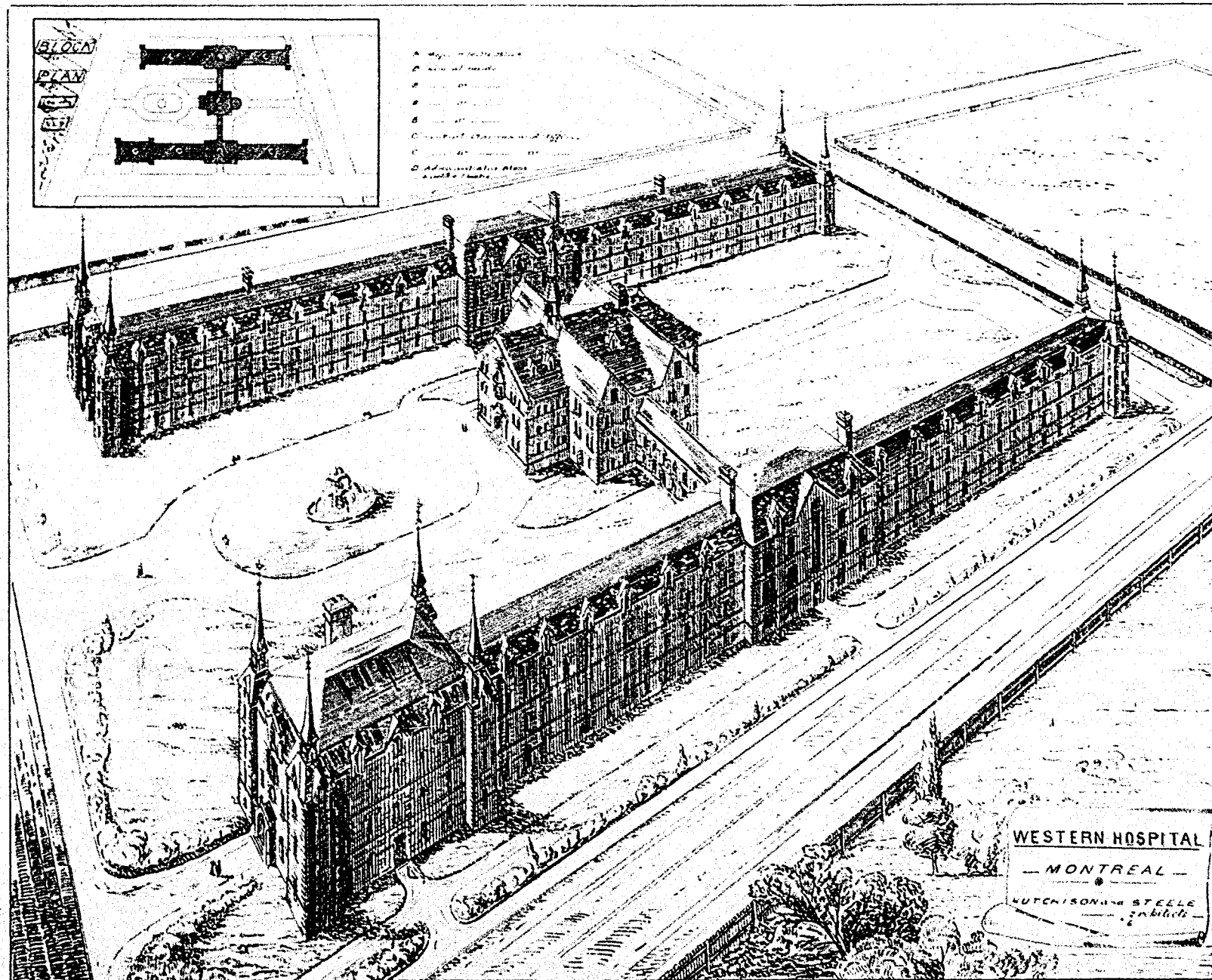
THE RECENT SPRING FLOODS:



THE OTTAWA RIVER COVERING THE CHELSEA ROAD NEAR OTTAWA; SITE OF BISON'S CARDING MILLS, SWEEPED AWAY BY THE FLOODS.—From a Photograph by TOPLEY.



THE FLOOD AT HAWKESBURY; JOHN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH. From a Photograph by J. BECKHAM.



MONTREAL. — THE WESTERN HOSPITAL; CORNER STONE LAID 29TH JUNE.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.) WITH THE TIDE.

BY J. H. B. T., MONTREAL.

Not long ago, I stood upon the ocean's strand, And gazing out to sea drank in the breeze...

Whispering sweet greeting: to how many shall it bring News of the loved ones mourned so long as lost?

I passed, for at my side there walked an aged man Whose hoary locks blew wanton in the blustering wind.

That old man, like myself, gazed wistfully to sea, And saw there many a stately vessel safely ride—

A stalwart fisherman was he twelve months ago, And with two brawny sons the stormy seas defied;

Fiercely the tempest raged—the tide is hard to tell: His two brave sons by lightning struck—died at his side.

That lark for days—how many—never can be known, Drifts with its ghostly cargo—three men laid side by side.

And ever since that day when sinks the sun to rest, That old man with the blue-eyed maiden by his side

Soon, soon a breeze will spring from out the setting sun Bearing sweet greeting from those on the other side

ISABEL VANSOME'S REVENGE.

"Isabel, dearest, let me beg of you to pursue your purpose no further. It is unfeminine and dangerous!"

Miss Morrison spoke in a tone of entreaty. She was somewhat agitated, and clasped Isabel's hands anxiously.

Isabel Vansome impressed a tender kiss on her aunt's forehead.

"What you ask me is impossible!" she answered. "I must go on and fulfil my vow. At last, after five years, the revenge for which I have longed is mine."

"Why not try to forget the past? Be sure, my dear, he will yet be punished for his dissimulation!"

Isabel laughed derisively. "Forget?" she resumed, bitterly: "were there such a possibility as calling up oblivion, how gladly would I accept the alternative for painful memories!"

By his treachery he sent both a tender father and an affectionate mother into an early grave. But how did my darling fare with the man for whose sake she had given up parents, home, friends?"

"I wish you would go away, and forget all about it," sighed her aunt. "I am sure no good will ever come of revenge!"

The wealthy Miss Morrison's niece and heiress looked surpassingly magnificent, as, leaning on her aunt's arm, she entered Lady Fairborough's room one evening.

Her rich dress of purple moire contrasted favourably with her dusk beauty. In the dark silky tresses diamonds flashed and gleamed in the brilliant light, whilst jewels of the same costly description encircled her throat.

As she swept, with the imperial grace of an empress, through the brilliantly-illuminated room, all eyes were directed towards her.

From the gentlemen there came a buzz of admiration, and many a gallant felt a peculiar sensation at his heart, when he chanced to be favoured with more than a cursory sign of recognition from the beautiful Miss Vansome.

Demonstrations such as these were not without their evils, for envy was busy with her malign influences and jealous tongue. Faded belles and passé demoiselles vied with discarded spinsters in finding out the defects of the charmer.

But Miss Isabel Vansome heeded them not. She was awaiting the advent of Stanley Hamilton.

Presently he came. He was not gay; his sprightliness deserted him, and he was looking inexpressibly bored. He was accompanied by the Dowager Lady Oldburne, and was talking intently to her.

As Isabel sees him, a sudden gleam of satisfaction lights up her magnificent countenance, and a flush dyes her olive cheeks.

He has seen her, too; for, after a few hurried words to his companion, he lies to the side of the triumphant beauty. There was a smile upon his handsome features, which was an index to the passionate love he felt for the woman before him.

She greets him with a winning grace that almost intoxicates him with delight. His pulses throb—his heart beats with joy.

He can scarcely credit it that so peerless a creature, who to others is cold and formal, should smile upon him.

He sinks into a seat beside her with a delicious feeling of pleasure. He loved Isabel Vansome; he has told himself that again and again. Ha adored her with an affection tender, strong, steadfast: and life without her, he fancied, would be impossible.

He fondly imagined she reciprocated his passion, and he built bright hopes of a glorious and happy future in store for both.

He had come here to-night with the determination to ask her to be his wife. "You will favour me!" he asks, as the exhilarating strains of a waltz came floating through the room.

"Yes!" and, rising, she took his proffered arm. It is a beautiful night. The stars gleam in the azure sky like so many brilliant gems; a soft, southerly wind now and then stirs the sleeping flowers, and fills the air with a delicious fragrance, the sweet strains of music that come floating through the open windows lend an additional charm to the splendour of the night.

On the balcony of Fairborough House, Stanley Hamilton and Miss Vansome are standing side by side. He is agitated. Isabel is watching him with a look of exaltation. She knows what causes his anxiety: she can discover what is coming; she can almost read in his aspect the words he fain would speak out, but which he cannot find the courage to utter.

Suddenly he takes her hands in his, and holds them as lightly as he can in his trembling grasp. "Miss Vansome—Isabel—will you be my wife?" he asks, pleadingly.

He gazed at her, to see if there was a shade of pity for him. There was no sign of compunction there. She was relentless, and on her impassive features there was a gleam of supreme satisfaction.

She rejoiced in the anguish she had caused him. They confronted each other for a space in silence. Then, bending forward, she exclaimed, "Mildred is at last avenged! Farewell!" And the next moment she was gone.

Miss Vansome and her aunt are seated in the "Grande Hotel," Paris. Isabel is perusing a London newspaper. After awhile a sudden cry escapes her.

Miss Morrison glanced inquiringly at her. "What is it, Bell?" she asked.

Isabel handed the paper to her aunt, and pointed to a paragraph. "Read for yourself," she said.

Taking the paper, Miss Morrison looked at the place indicated by her niece, and read: "SUICIDE OF A GENTLEMAN. Mr. Stanley Hamilton, who was only in his thirty-fourth year, and resided at Nuneaton Square, yesterday terminated his life at his residence, by blowing out his brains out with a revolver.

The cause of the melancholy occurrence is unknown. At the inquest, the jury returned a verdict that the deceased committed suicide while in a state of unsound mind."

Miss Morrison sighed as she laid the paper down. "Isabel," she said, "this is your doing."

"I know it," replied her niece. "Nemesis will have her victims, for she is the victor in the end."

G. D. R.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

A name appears in the obituary of the London papers which awakens a thousand pleasant recollections in my heart, and, I suppose, in the heart of every Englishman old enough to connect the late "Countess of Essex" with the once excellent vocalist, "Kitty Stephens."

Before I left England, in the days of George III., who, in 1819, was as physically blind to the outer world as he was mentally obtuse, before 1776, to the consequences of his obstinacy, "Kitty" was in the zenith of her fame. I knew her well.

A tall, plump girl, with bright eyes, and a voice that would have surpassed in its influence the fabled lute of Signor Orpheus. A good girl, a modest girl, and not a very bad actress, considering that vocalists are never expected to do more than sing. She was as much beloved by the profession as she was adored by the multitude.

Her *Dolly*, in the "Beggar's Opera," surpassed that of the famous Mrs. Billington. Her *Maidens*, in "Artaxerxes," completely put all previous singers into the shade. But it was in her rendering of the English ballads that her great strength lay. "Robin Adair" entranced all hearers. Until I heard the air on Friday evening last, interpreted by a lady member of the Windsor Dramatic Club, at the Masonic Temple in Twenty-third street, I never could be persuaded that it was possible to revive the feelings with which the adorable Kitty Stephens agitated me more than "fifty years" since.

Well, I left old England; seven years later, I returned. But the exquisite balladist had left the stage and the public concert-room. She had had many suitors in her time. Hand and heart were freely offered by men of all classes, who could appreciate her worth, her *embouchure*, and her voice. There was no *suitor*, however, to *suit her*.

At last, the young Earl of Essex, an attractive sprig of the aristocracy as his ancestor who bewitched Queen Bess, conceived the idea of possessing himself of Queen Kitty. Pride of birth stood in the way of an honorable offer of his hand, though he had before him the examples of the Derbys and the Boltons, who had married actresses, and he had not the audacity to approach the charming *cantatrice* with a dishonorable proposal. In the fervor of his passion, he adopted a compromise. He offered his *carte blanche*—literally, he sent her an emblazoned card, and begged that she would write "on what terms" he might be allowed to hear her sweet voice by day and night. The card was returned with the simple superscription:—"Countess of Essex." The earl did not hesitate. He led her to the altar to adorn his dwelling and convert the gay *fleur-de-lis* to a devotee of the joys of home.

He was now to realize what she had sung, as no one has been able to sing half so touchingly:—"There's no place like home."

Kitty was the first representative of *Clari* in poor John Howard Payne's dream, and her "Home, sweet Home," re-demanded three times every night, and sung in every corner of the United Kingdom, the colonies, and the United States, is to this hour the *ballad par excellence* with which domestic joys are fossilized. I saw the countess forty years after I first left England, at the home of another countess, who, like herself, had risen from the comparative obscurity of an Irish brewer's daughter, (not such a brewer as Guinness,) to become the wife of the oldest soldier and field marshal of the British army. I ventured to ask her if she would favor me—a piano was in the room—by reviving the recollection of "Robin Adair," or "Home, sweet Home," or "Pity and Protect the Slave," another of her delicious hits. She replied:—"If I thought it would gratify you, I would do so; but I have no longer the voice which made those things popular, and if they impressed you favorably, then, you had better not disturb the delusion."

"The illusion, you would say." "Well, the illusion, if you like. When people have reached

would make you suffer. I have kept my word!" He gazed at her, to see if there was a shade of pity for him.

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"The illusion, you would say." "Well, the illusion, if you like. When people have reached

an age which does not leave much space for hope, it is a pity to disturb the pleasures of memory. I could not press the countess after that.

And now she is gone, to realize the bliss of an eternal "home." Few beings have left behind them so blessed a legacy as the songs which at once warm the heart and embellish the household whenever and wherever they are sung.—Home Journal.

NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION.

Having been appointed to investigate the actual circulation of the EVENING STAR for one month, to wit, from 16th May to 15th June, 1876, I have carefully examined the books and vouchers of said paper, and from which I find that the circulation for said 26 days was 294,933 as detailed below, being an average of 11,343 per day.

Table with columns: DATE, CITY, COUNTRY, Total. Rows for May 16-31 and June 1-15, showing circulation figures for various locations and an overall average.

THOMAS R. JOHNSON, Accountant. Montreal, June 23, 1876.

N. B.—The circulation for the month ending 15th June shows, in comparison with the figures of the month preceding:

Table comparing circulation figures for 16th May to 15th June and 16th April to 15th May, showing average daily circulation in city and country.

Showing an average increase in city circulation, in a single month, of 815 copies, daily, or an aggregate increase of 21,190.

HYGIENIC.

Fermentation of food should be guarded against during warm weather. This action is always liable to cooked vegetables when set aside. Instead of warming up cold vegetables it is better to scald them.

At Bonn, headaches, dyspepsia, &c., affecting several patients, have been traced to evening studies pursued under the baneful influence of a green lamp shade from which arsenic was set free by the heat of the flame.

It is probable that many amateur milk-pasteurizers are not aware that butter globules can be seen in milk immediately on its leaving the cow. A drop of milk examined with a pretty high power shows many thousands of the globules floating about in the fluid. These are rather lighter than the fluid itself, and they gradually rise to the top, forming cream. After being dashed against each other for a time (or churned, as the term is), they adhere together, and we have butter.

In many rooms there is always a musty smell on a wet day in summer. Why is this? Because the windows are shut to keep out the rain, while the fireplace is shut to keep out the wind. It is almost a note of a good housemaid to close the valve of the stove as soon as the fire is set off; and, if this remains closed, the ventilation of the room throughout the summer is left to depend on the windows alone—in other words, is suspended at night, and when even there is much wind to rain in the day.

It is almost the universal habit to leave off flannel in the summer; but the practice is most injudicious. A thinner flannel vest may be used in summer, but it is precisely at this season, in this country, that the most sudden changes of temperature occur. Frequently, after very hot days in June, the evening temperature becomes suddenly lowered; and a hot week is often succeeded by a week in which the weather is very considerably cooler, even in July. In summer a cotton shirt may be worn over the flannel vest, while a flannel shirt should be worn over it in winter. We have found Scotch tweed to be an admirable substitute for flannel as the material for shirts, and its general use would not only be economical, but add materially to our bodily comfort.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE Intercolonial Railway was opened on the 4th of July.

ABOUT 200 Menomites arrived at the Territories last week and left for Manitoba.

THE Customs authorities of Montreal seized two American barges which have been engaged in conveying cargoes from one Canadian port to another.

THEY are in the midst of an election campaign in Prince Edward Island for members of the House of Assembly; the second question seems to be the principal matter discussed by the candidates.

THE yacht Madeleine has been chosen by the Regatta Committee of the New York Yacht Club to sail against the Canadian yacht Countess of Dufferin for the Queen's Cup on the 10th, 12th and 14th of July.

THE Lacrosse Teams played before the Queen at Windsor on the 26th ult. The game was a private one, and only one goal was played, which the Canadians won. The Queen gave portraits of herself to the Canadians and the Indians, along with the Royal autograph. Luncheon was afterwards served at the Castle. The Indians presented Her Majesty with a birchwood basket. The Queen graciously accepted the present.

HEARTH AND HOME.

To teach a child is to give him ideas; to train him is to enable him to reduce those ideas to practice. And it is not difficult to train children. They are adapted to training. No willow to form a basket was ever woven more easily than children may be influenced in right ways by wise parents. They can be fashioned as readily as clay is fashioned on the potter's wheel.

We can eat up a friendship, as we can eat up everything else, and leave ourselves no crumbs to go on with out of all that large cake that once was ours. If we throw too much on our friends—make too many demands on their sympathy, their patience, their good-nature, their allowance, their generosity—we shall end by eating up in a short time the cake of love that should have lasted us to the end.

THE experience of life shows that, while poverty has its disadvantages, moderate conditions are a thousand times more advantageous than conditions of great wealth. If you are well off, and have no need to press your children, they are in more danger than those children whose parents are poor. Those circumstances in life, not indeed that press the child harshly and severely, but that buy him under the necessity of being and doing, as the very condition of his existence, make staunch men.

UNMARRIED LADIES.—The single state is no diminution of the beauties and the utilities of the female character; on the contrary, our present life would lose many of the comforts, and much, likewise, of what is absolutely essential to the well-being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. The single woman is as important an element of social and private happiness as the married woman. The utilities of each are different; but it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly feeling, and discreditable to every just one, to depreciate the unmarried condition.

THE MATERNAL INSTINCT.—It is a mistake to suppose that the maternal instinct is universal on the one hand, or that it is developed only by personal experience on the other. Even women who are mothers may be found wholly destitute of it, with not a ray of natural feeling for their offspring; and some who are neither wives nor mothers in fact are all the latter in feeling. These are women who are the chosen friends of both sexes and all ages. To them flock all who have troubles, sure of a patient hearing and that sweet sympathy which of itself heals the wounds laid bare to its touch.

POCKET-MONEY FOR CHILDREN.—There is no error more fatal than imagining that pinching a youth in his pocket-money will teach him frugality. On the contrary, it will occasion his running into extravagance with so much more eagerness when he comes to have money in his own hands; as pinching him in his diet will make his appetite only the more rapacious. If you put into the hands of your child more money than is suitable to his age and discretion, you must expect to find that he has thrown it away upon what is not only idle, but hurtful. A certain small, regular income every child above six years of age ought to have. When he comes to be capable of keeping an account, he ought to be obliged to do it; he will thereby acquire a habit of frugality, attention, and prudence, that will be of service to him through his whole life. On the contrary to give a young person money to spend at will, without requiring any account of it, is leading, or rather forcing, him upon extravagance and folly.

THE COMFORTS OF A HOUSE.—A good architect says that no man has a right to build a house until he himself knows what he wants. The tastes of every family are different, and the house should express them. If a household is musical and not literary, it is of a good deal more importance that there should be a convenient nook for a piano than unlimited space for book-shelves. But why should people who care nothing for the concert of sweet sounds pay to gentility the tribute of a music-room? Furniture, too, should take its colour from the taste and necessities of each household. People who make their living room their sole parlour do not want it furnished with silk or satin, which must either be shrouded in unsightly brown linen, or else soon becomes so marred and disfigured as to be a torment to the eye. For such comfortable living-rooms—and they are the pleasantest rooms in which anyone can ask a guest to sit down—give us good strong woollen reps, or even old-fashioned haircloth, rather than silken dilapidation.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.—There is hardly a more wretched class of men than those who, after spending years in active business, go into retirement in the prime of life. They become drones, of very little use to themselves or to others. There is now and then, among such men, a student, whose intellectual pursuits afford him an inexhaustible spring of enjoyment. But as a general thing, long addiction to the close pursuit of business disqualifies one for anything else, and retired business men are consequently without any occupation worthy of the name, and seem, ridiculously enough, to be merely waiting for their time to come to die, which we have no doubt comes much sooner than it would if their minds were diverted by some useful pursuit. Life is short at best if all of it is occupied; but to sit down in idleness in one's prime is like destroying half our days. Rest and rust are almost synonymous terms. Industry is indispensable to happiness, at whatever stage of our existence, and to retire out of one's accus-

tomed occupation is to retire into misery, as many a man has found, to his lasting sorrow.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Is not a bean the proper adjunct for the matrimonial tie?

In what key would a lover write a proposal of marriage?—Be mine, ah!

You cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

"Ah!" said a young lady, "'tis sweet to be watched over by a brother—of one's dearest friend."

There are elements of success in every man, but usually he doesn't discover them until some smart woman begins to tread on his heels.

There is a lady in New York who is such a stickler for polite formality that when she can't attend church she sends her card to the clergyman.

HENRY V. belts are the latest feminine freaks in that line. They are probably so called, because it costs Henry a V. every time his wife purchases one.

A despairing swain, in a fit of desperation, recently declared to his unrelenting lady-love that it was his firm determination to drown himself, or perish in the attempt!

"If you should steal me, what do you suppose your punishment would be?" asked a young lady of her lover.—"I should be transported, of course," was his reply.

"Humph!" said a young gentleman at a play with a young lady; "I could play the lover better than that myself."—"I should like to see you try it!" was her naive reply.

"How could cream be soonest frozen?" asked an old bachelor of a young lady, as he was eating his ice cream.—"By casting an old bachelor's heart into it," was the crushing reply.

When you reflect that at picnics a hundred years ago it was the custom for the girls to stand up in a row and let the men kiss them all good-bye, all this enthusiasm about national progress seems to be a grave mistake.

As ladies are not expected to take much interest in the newspapers for the next four months, there is reason to believe that the domestic affairs of the neighborhood will be more thoroughly investigated and better understood.

A young gentleman, after having for some time paid his addresses to a lady, popped the question. The lady, in a frightened manner, said, "You scare me, sir!" The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained silent for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again!"

AN exchange wants ladies to take off their hats in church, but as long as half the ladies go to church for the purpose of displaying their hats, it is hardly possible that the suggestion will be adopted—unless a glass case is placed alongside of the pulpit for their accommodation, and the name of the owner is prominently affixed to each hat.

SHE had been fishing for trout very long and patiently without catching any, when her husband espied her, and asked her what sort of flies she used. "Oh," she answered, "some nice ones that I bought in Paris on purpose." "But," exclaimed the husband, pulling out her line and looking at the flies, "these flies will never catch trout. Who ever heard of anybody fishing for trout with flies of this color?" "Why," replied the wife, "they are all right—they match my dress, you see!"

A thriving trader in Wisconsin claiming the paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbours, succeeded in marrying them all off in six months. A neighbour of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him to obtain the secret of his husband-making success, when the trader informed him he had made it a rule, after a young man had paid his attentions to one of his girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and request him to choose between death and matrimony. "You can imagine," continued he, "which of the two they prefer."

The young ladies who have passed the graduate's examination at the Normal College this year were obliged to spell the following words correctly:

Anomalous, analogous, banditti, bigoted, capillary, chloroform, crystallize, desecrated, ecstasy, edible, embarrassment, farinaceous, glycerine hemorrhage, impanelled, lachrymal, liquefy, marauder, murrain, nutritious, Olympian, pharmaceutical, pleurisy, sacerdotal, sarsaparilla, tortoise, virtuous, vicissitude, zephyr, zouave, bacchanal, Bucephalus, Cynthia, Mozambique, Philippine, Portuguese, Piedmont, Valparaiso, Yenisei, Cincinnati.

THE GLEANER.

DURING the present century about 200,000,000 copies of the Bible have been distributed.

It is said that Col. Valentine Baker has grown old and gray rapidly during his confinement, and that his health is much impaired.

Two guns belonging to the Spanish Armada, which have been under water for 288 years, have been recovered off the Scotch coast by a diving party.

The Rev. Newman Hall says that within three years the churches of Great Britain have lost 30,000 members through the vice of intemperance.

ENGLAND is spending \$10,000,000 a year on public schools, besides millions of voluntary contributions, and yet only about one-third of the children in the country attend school.

MR. ISAAC BUTT, the Irish Home Rule leader, will visit the United States during the coming autumn to deliver lectures in several cities. He will be accompanied by his son, Mr. Robert Butt, and several Home Rule members.

THE French Chambers of Commerce are planning for a grand canal between Havre and Marseilles. One of the plans is for a ship canal 10 feet deep, 100 feet wide, across the Isthmus of Guienne and Languedoc, shortening the sea route by 800 miles.

THE latest insanity in Paris is a parasol for the poodle. A large white animal is the pioneer of the fashion. He goes around wearing a round black velvet cap, and carrying a basket, to the side of which is attached a small *ceru* silk parasol, which is held over his head by the weight of the basket.

DR. H. A. REYNOLDS is a remarkably successful temperance agitator in New England. He claims to have induced 51,000 persons to sign the pledge within two years. He calls either "hell's kindling wood," and asks converts to wear red ribbons in their ribbons in their button-holes as a notification that they will never have red in their noses.

THE best tobacco in the world for cigars is perhaps that found at Cuba, and the best tobacco in Cuba is grown at Vuelta de Abajo. The best snuff comes from Macouba, a village of Martinique, where the Empress Josephine was born. The best Turkish tobacco is that raised in Macedonia. Tombeki, which is exclusively smoked in narghilehs, comes from Persia. When good good it looks like new shoe leather used for soles.

GILBERT STUART, the artist, once told Washington Allston that Gen. Washington's figure was by no means good, his shoulders being high and narrow, and his hands and feet excessively large, and his belly out of all proportion, a defect much increased by the fashion of the waistcoat. Yet his general appearance was singularly fine. His favorite full dress was black velvet with white lace ruffles.

ALWAYS BOYS.

Children in their games seem to have been the same in all times. Of the *pila*, or ball, the Romans were very fond; nay, it was the favourite exercise of many of all ages. The most popular, and surely the most difficult game of this kind, was what called the *pila trigonalis*, played by three persons, who stood in the form of a triangle, and manifested their skill by throwing and catching the ball with their left hand. The roundlet of baked clay upon the table was likely to have been the heart or core of a *pila*, and was covered originally with some soft material. It was discovered some years ago under the residence of Dr. Gibson, in Bootham, in a little place which might be considered the baby house of a child. The whistle, of which there was a specimen exhibited, had been the delight of the young in all ages; the *flagrum*, or whip, made of less durable material, had perished long ago; so had the top, the *volabile bazum*, to which it was often applied; so the *arundo longa* on which the Roman youngster galloped off to his Banbury Cross; so also the *trochus*, or hoop, which was driven along like ours by a stick with a hook at the end. Unlike ours, however, the Roman hoop had sometimes bells attached to it. There are in the York Museum several pieces of glass which might be called marbles. The little roundlets of stone and glass were the bases of vessels prepared with the greatest care for a game somewhat resembling our hopscotch, if not identical with it. Below them was a solitary die of jet, probably for the amusement of a child, as it is not truly formed. As far back as the days of Horace the Roman lad is rebuked for his ignorance of horsemanship and the chase and his love of the Greek hoop and the forbidden dice. The same unhappy tendency at a still later period aroused the indignation of the great Roman satirist. A photograph exhibited represented the favourite toys of some little child, which were taken out of her grave at Cologne, and are now preserved in the Mayor Museum at Liverpool. They were embedded in a kind of plateau to display them properly. In the centre was the doll made of ivory, with those wonderfully pendulous legs which are the child's delight. Around it was a remarkable collection of pots and pans, with which the little one would mess and cook; water bottles too; a little bronze pounder to crush or work with; a plate to hold the result of the young housewife's labour; a spoon to eat it with; and there, too, in a conspicuous place, is the inevitable die. It was evident that people in those days entered earlier into the school of cookery than they do with us.

THE MAID OF ATHENS.

The world has long been taught that Mrs. Black, of Athens, was the lady to whom, before her marriage, Byron addressed the exquisite verses bearing this title. Mrs. Black was greatly annoyed by this association of her name with that of the dissolute poet, and recently its injustice has been demonstrated. She was the daughter of Mr. Maeri, a Greek, who was British Consul in Athens. When Byron arrived in the city he made the house of the Consul his home. Here he remained for several months. Mr. Maeri had three beautiful little daughters,

aged respectively ten, eight and five years. When Byron left Athens the eldest was but eleven, and she never afterwards saw him. In clearing up the poet's room after his departure, various papers were gathered and thrust into a barrel, with no thought of their importance. At the beginning of the Greek revolution in 1821, Mr. Maeri was driven out of Athens, and fled with his family to the Island of Corfu. They packed their effects hastily, and it chanced that the barrel of rubbish containing Byron's waste paper was taken with him. Meanwhile the poet had become famous even in Corfu, and Mrs. Maeri remembered with pride that the greatest of living poets had been her guest. She and her daughter remembered his scraps of paper, and going to the barrel where they had been placed they examined them with care. Among other effusions was found the poem in question. It was shown to one another by the family, and as Miss Maeri was now a lovely young lady, those who read it supposed that it had been addressed to her, not reflecting that when it was penned she was but a tiny girl. The supposition that Byron made love to a child of ten of course is absurd. Miss Maeri married Mr. Black, an officer of the British Marine Guard, at Corfu, and it is said made one of the best of wives. She died recently at an advanced age, leaving an only daughter, who is said to inherit her mother's admirable qualities of mind and heart. Who the Maid of Athens really was must remain a mystery.

LITERARY.

Prof. F. H. Huxley is expected to arrive in the United States the first week in August.

Mr. Louis J. Jennings, late editor of the N.Y. Times, has become London correspondent of the World.

Dr. Charles Mackay will shortly publish a complete edition of his poetical works.

John Neal, the well-known author, died in Portland, Maine, on the 20th ult., aged 83 years. He was the author of romances, dramas, poems, and other works.

We are promised books from two Royal authors. One, the Sultan of Zanzibar, who is to publish the diary of his journal to Europe, and Prince Leopold, who is to issue a volume of travels in Italy and the South of France.

THE French Minister of Public Instruction, M. Waddington, has conferred upon M. Bowitz, who succeeded Mr. Lawrence Oliphant as correspondent of the London Times at Paris, the golden palm of an officer of public instruction.

LAST year there were published in Japan two new daily, four weekly, and one monthly periodicals; one novel, one dictionary, one geography, grammar and history combined; and a number of official statements, the latter actually bound in blue.

February, 1877, is the bicentenary of Spinoza's death, and it is proposed to erect a statue of him at the Hague, if possible, in sight of the spot where he spent the last ten or twelve years of his short life and wrote the works that were to be his legacy to mankind.

THE general fees of lecturers are about as follows:—Bayard Taylor, \$125; Bret Hart, \$125; "Eli Perkins," \$100; Mrs. Scott-Siddons, \$150; Theodore Tilton, \$150; Carl Schurz, \$200; Nasby, \$100; Mrs. Livermore, \$100; Susan B. Anthony, \$50; Ann - Lisa Young, \$100; "Mark Twain," \$200; Elizabeth Cady Stanton, \$75; Lillian Edgerton, \$75; Dr. J. J. Villiers, \$75; and Nest, \$150.

THE last words of George Sand were "Laissez la verdure" (leave the green). Her children did not at first understand, and thought she was delicious; but remembering afterwards that she expressed vexation at marble slabs and crosses being put over her grand children's graves, were convinced her meaning was that she wished a grassy tomb. This may be a deep-seated human aspiration, for did not Shakespeare carelessly describe dying Falstaff as "babbling o' green fields?"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ALBANI is engaged for St. Petersburg, at \$20,000 francs (\$16,000) for twenty nights.

LUCXA is engaged for the months of October and November in Russia, and for December in Vienna.

MR. MAPLESON, the London impresario, does not intend to undertake opera in New York, unless the Academy stockholders grant him a five years' lease.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg will sing at the commencement exercises of Bowdoin College, on August 2nd, and will receive five hundred dollars for the job.

George Baker, the composer of the "White Squall," "Mary Blane," and other popular songs, is dead.

It is considered a gallant thing, in perfect taste, among playgoers in Paris, to victual a lady's box at the theatre as though it were intended to stand a siege. Acidulated oranges, grapes, candied pine-apples, and preserved oranges are looked upon with marked kindness by the fair sex. It is also considered to imply much delicate consideration to supply their hands with small golden pincers by which they may pick up grapes and lollypops without making their gloves sticky. This is, however, the mere romance of theatrical feasting, and more energetic ladies whose dinner-time has been absorbed by shopping often like a solid repast between the acts of a new play.

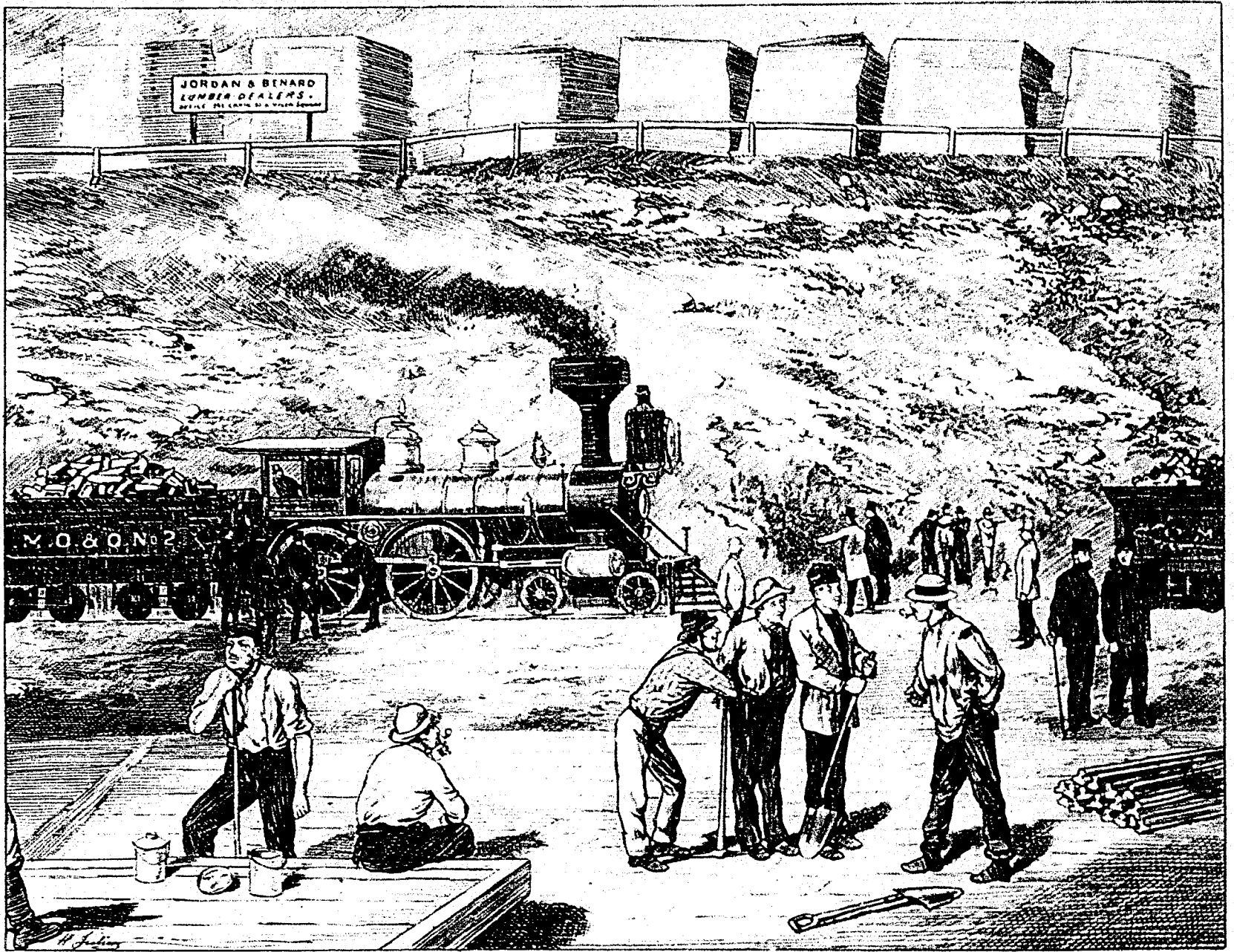
SCIENTIFIC.

A FEW tomato-plants at the foot of a fruit-wall will protect the fruit from the attacks of wasps. An infusion of the leaves, used as a wash, will destroy aphides, the common green fly.

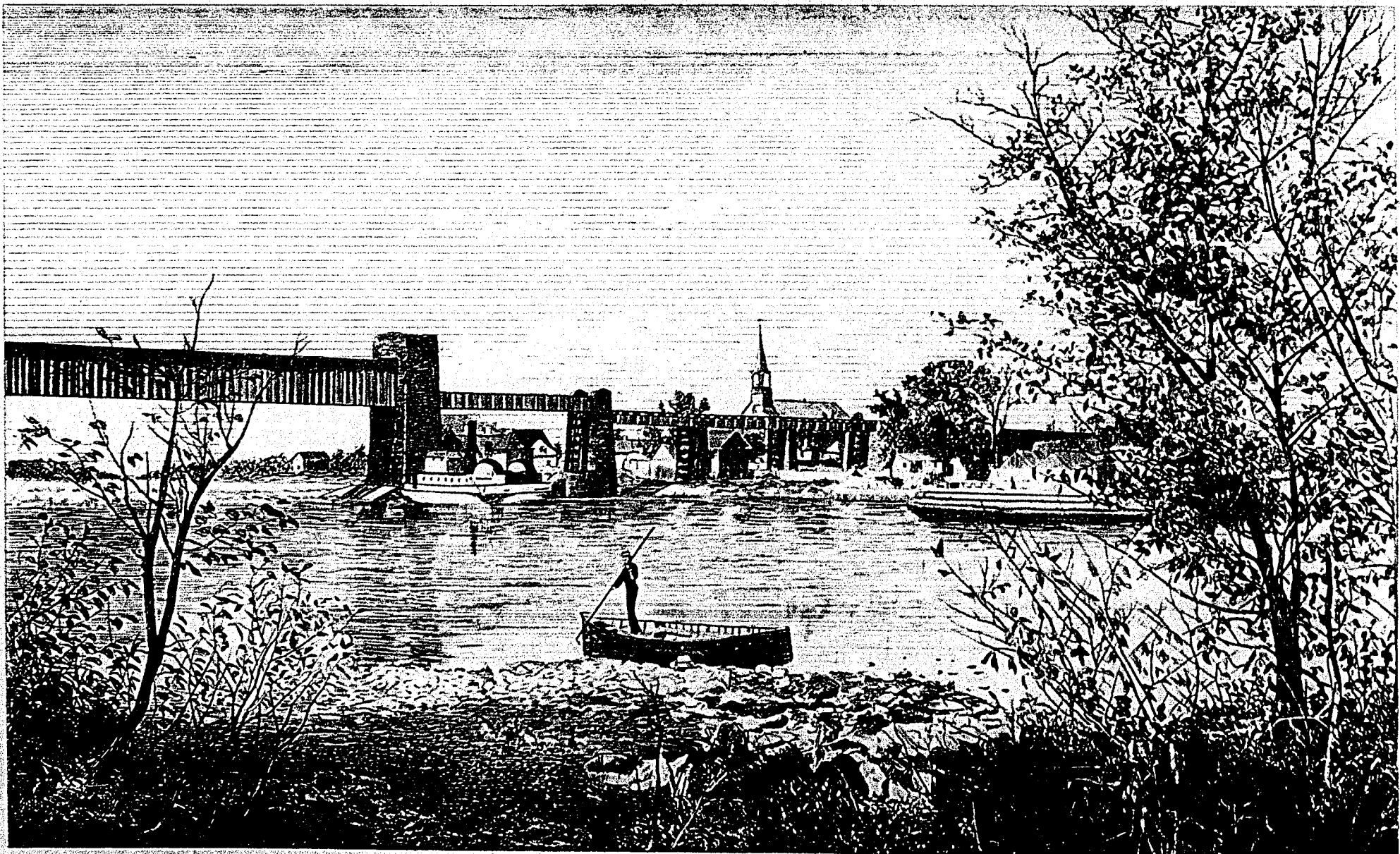
THE fact is not generally known that filtration is much more rapid through thick paper than through thin, and that it is almost twice as rapid through a double filter as through a single one, and still more rapid through a triple one.

A chart of the moon six feet in diameter is soon to be issued in lithograph in Berlin. The original chart was drawn by Dr. Schmidt, Director of the Astronomical Observatory at Athens, and is the result of thirty years' labor. Thirty astronomical observations were in some instances required to complete a small fraction of the chart. The Prussian Government purchased the drawing for \$10,000.

PEANUT oil, first made in the South during the war, is now in large demand. It supplies the place of almond and olive oils for various uses, and is lower in price, retains its purity and flavor for a long time, and is less susceptible to the effect of light than olive oil. The oil is extracted entirely from the meat of the nut by pressure, the refuse being used as cattle feed or a fertilizer.

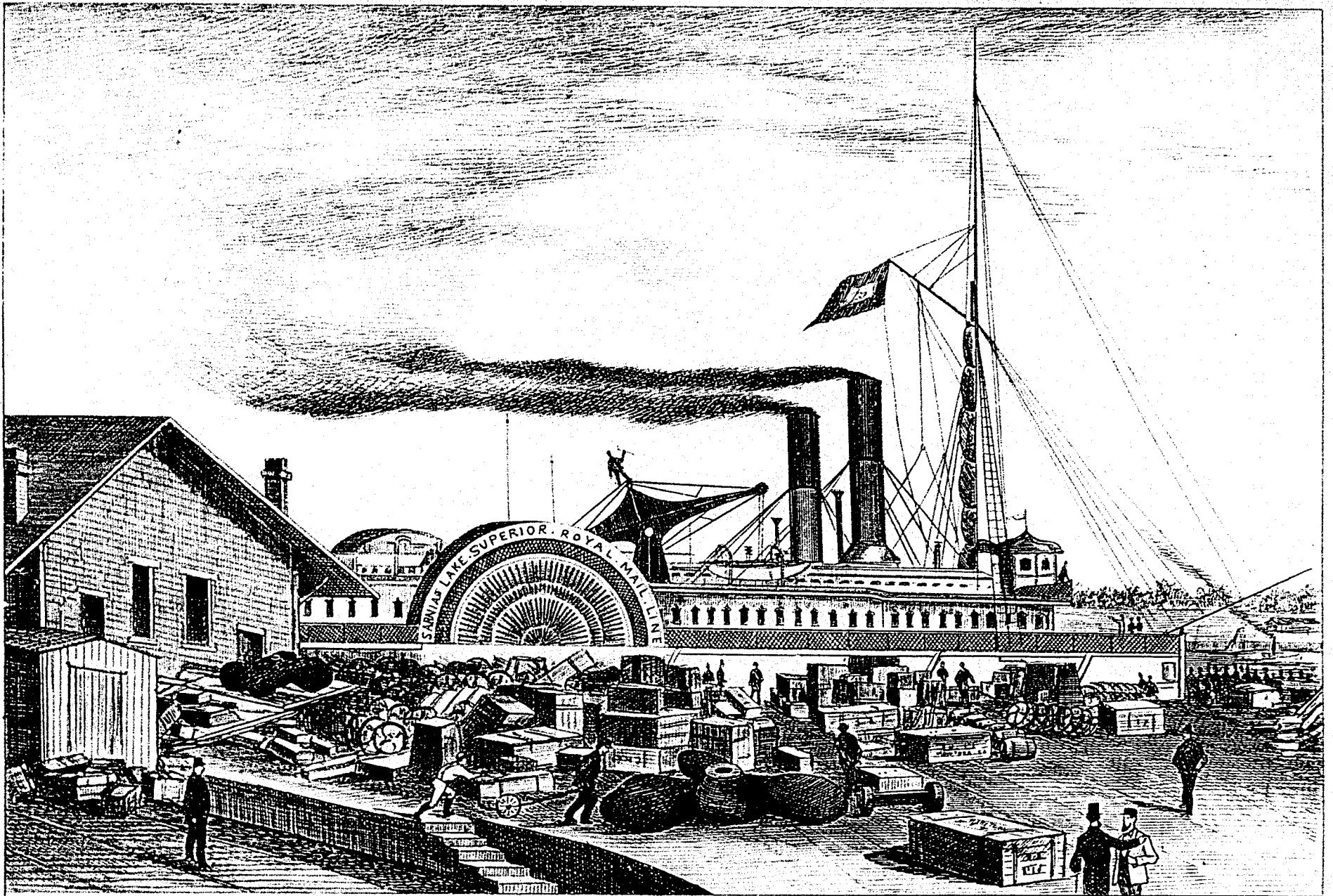


MONTREAL:—THE RAILWAY AND HARBOUR IMBROGLIO.—VIEW OF THE NEW ENGINE OF THE QUEBEC, MONTREAL, AND OCCIDENTAL RAILWAY, STANDING ON THE GRAND TRUNK RAILS, OPPOSITE ST. MARY'S CURRENT.

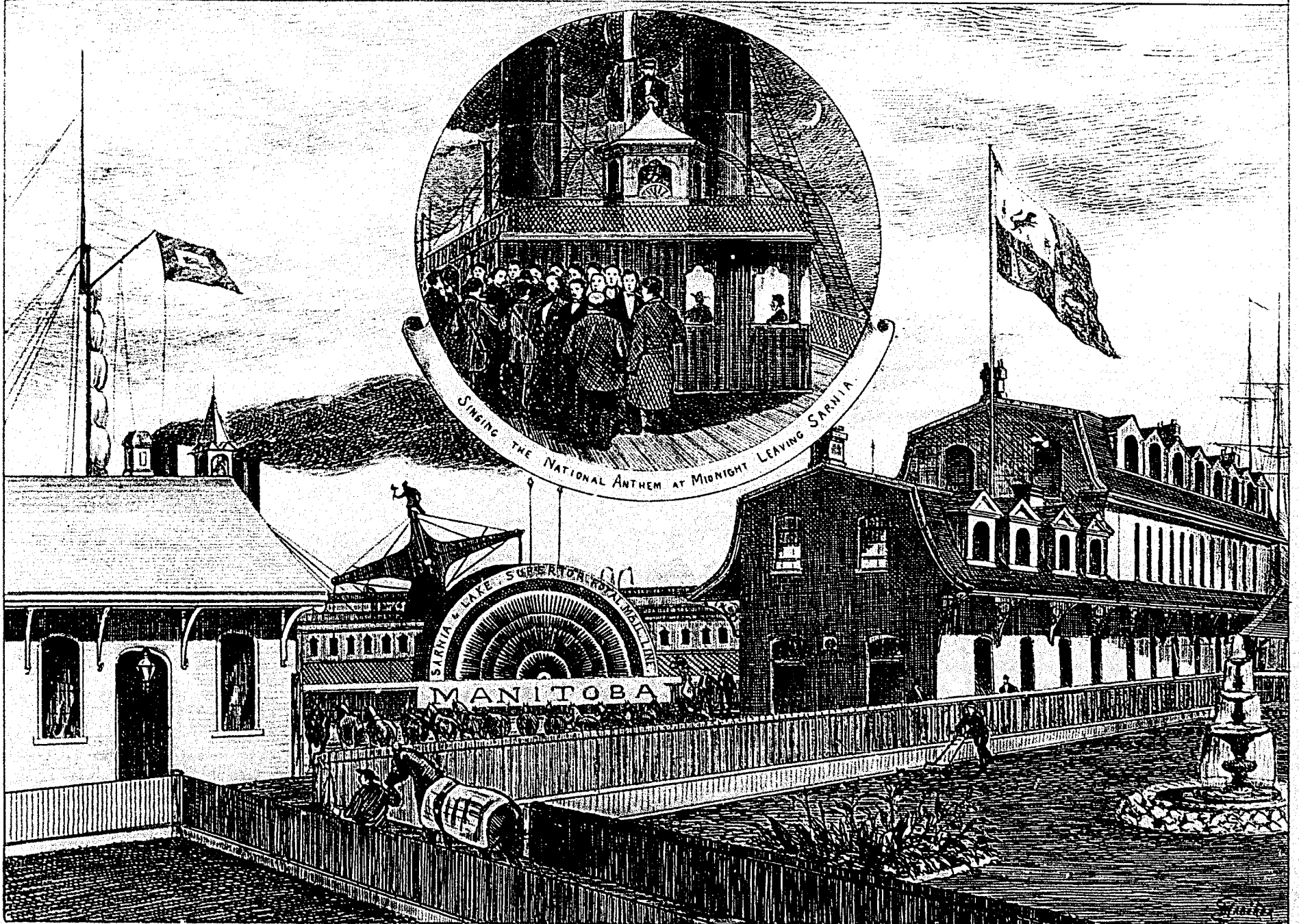


THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY BRIDGE AT ST. ANN'S, ISLAND OF MONTREAL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.

HO! FOR THE WEST.



THE "MANITOBA" TAKING IN FREIGHT AT THE G. T. R. SHEDS AT POINT EDWARD, FOR 200 PASSENGERS BOUND TO MANITOBA.



TWO HUNDRED PASSENGERS, SURVEYING PARTY, AND HORSES, EMBARKING FROM THE G. T. R. STATION AT POINT EDWARD AND GOING WEST, FROM SKETCHES BY J. C. McARTHUR.

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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS :

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

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK III.

THE BURSTING OF THE TEMPEST.

VII.

THE ATTACK OF THE MASKS.

The ball concluded, as was the invariable custom at the State balls of the time, with that most graceful and picturesque of all dances, the Menuet de la Cour, which, brought over from France during the reign of Louis XIII, had enjoyed great popularity throughout the Province until the Conquest, and was retained by the British Governors of Quebec until a comparatively recent period. The *pas marché*, the *assemblé*, the *pas grave*, the *pas bourré* and the *pirouette* were all executed with faultless precision and stately beauty by a double set of eight chosen from among the best dancers in the room. The rest of the company was ranged in groups around the walls, some watching the figures with eyes of critical inquiry, others observing the costumes of the dancers and their involved movements with a simple sense of enjoyment. The rhythmic swaying of handsome men and women in the mazes of a dance often produces on the bystanders a sensation of poetic dreaminess, quite independent of the accompanying music, and which may be traced directly to the magnetism of the human form.

It is only true to say that nobody in the Menuet elicited more sympathy and admiration than Pauline Belmont. The perfection of her dancing, the sweetness of her face, the modesty of her demeanor, and the childlike reliance which she seemed to place on the cooperation of her stalwart partner, Roderick Hardinge, were traits which could not pass unobserved, and more than once when she swung back into position after the culmination of a figure, she was greeted with murmurs of applause. Several gallant old Frenchmen, who looked on humming the music which they knew so well, signified their approval by words allied to their subdued chant. Finally, when the second strain was over, the peculiar nineteen bars had been played, the *Chaine Anglaise* had been made, and the honors performed by profound salutations to the distinguished company and to the respective partners, the executives retired from the floor and were immediately set upon by a mob of congratulating friends. Among them, the portly form of Carleton, with his white unshaven face, and large pleasant eyes, was prominent. He addressed his felicitations to several of the dancers, and thanked them for the splendid termination which they had given to the festival. Near him stood his friend Bouchette, who had been one of the lions of the evening, and who improved these last moments with a few words of lively conversation with Pauline.

"This has been a magnificent ball," said he, "worthy of our Governor and worthy of old Quebec, but what is a particular source of pride to me is that the belle of the evening has been a countrywoman of mine. You have shed glory on your race, manemioiselle. I will not fail to report this to my old friend, M. Belmont, and I am sure the delight he will experience will be a compensation for his absence."

Pauline blushed as she heard these compliments, and clung more closely to the arm of Hardinge. She faltered a few words of thanks, but her confusion was not relieved till the interview closed by the pressure of the crowds breaking up and making their way to the cloakrooms.

Shortly afterwards, the gay company had entirely dispersed, the lights in the Castle were extinguished one by one, and silence reigned where, only half an hour before, light feet beat time to the soft music of viol and bassoon, and the echoes of merry voices resounded through the halls.

One of the guests, who had tarried longer than all the others, issued alone and proceeded in the direction of Cathedral Square. Three o'clock pealed from the turret as he passed. The night was dark and of that dull, lustreless aspect which not even the white snow on roof and footpath could relieve. Not another soul was in the streets. The long square houses were wrapped in sleep. The solitary walker was of middle size and apparently in the prime of life. A fur coat was loosely thrown over his evening dress. His step was free and elastic, and he swung an ivory-headed cane in his right hand. He was evidently in the best of spirits, as a man should be who has dined well, danced to his heart's content, and spent an agreeable evening in the society of his superior, and the company of handsome women.

When he reached the large stockade erected where Prescott Gate was afterwards built, he paused a moment in front of the guard who seemed to recognise him and opened the wicket without the exchange of a pass word. He then began the descent of the steep and tortuous Mountain Hill, walking briskly indeed, but with hardly a perceptible acceleration of the pace which he had held previously. It was not long before he attained the foot of the Hill, and he was about turning the very dark corner which

led into Peter street, when he resided, when his step was suddenly arrested by a shrill whistle on his left. He looked around, and listened, tightening his great coat over his breast, and grasping his cane with a firmer hand. He stood thus for several seconds, but hearing nothing more except the flow of the St. Lawrence, a few yards ahead of him, he attributed the sound to some sailor's craft in the harbor, and confidently resumed his march. He had not proceeded more than a few feet, however, when five men, muffled and masked, issued from a lane in the rear, threw themselves upon him and dragged him to the ground. Resistance was vain. The kidnappers gagged him, wrenched his cane from his hand, and covered his face with a cloak. They were about to drag him away, when a sixth figure bounded upon the scene.

"Halt!" was his single cry in French.

The men stopped.

"Release your prisoner."

They obeyed instantly and without a remonstrance.

"Ungag him."

They ungagged him.

"Restore him his cane."

The cane was immediately returned.

As soon as the prisoner felt himself free, and in possession of a weapon, he leaped out into the middle of the street and faced his enemies like the brave man that he was. He chafed, and fumed, and brandished his cane.

"What does this mean?" he cried.

No answer.

"Who are you?"

Still no reply.

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," said the chief, in a low cold voice, "You are Joseph Bouchette. We know you well. But go. You are free. You owe your liberty to an intervention superior to the hatred and vengeance of all your enemies. Thank God for it."

Bouchette, for it was indeed he, was dumb-founded and did not stir.

The chief repeated his order of dismissal in a tone that could not admit of denial, and the doughty sailor, without uttering another word, turned on his heel and walked leisurely to his home.

The masked men stood in a group looking at each other and at their chief.

"You have astounded us," said Barbin to the latter.

"Possibly," was the quiet reply. "But this is no time for explanations. Hurry out of the town and seek your hiding places in the forest. The morning is far advanced and it will soon be day. As for me, I have had no rest these two days and nights. I will creep into some hole and sleep."

"Goodnight then," they all said as they slunk into the shadow.

"Goodnight."

In the dreams of the tired Batoche, that night, was blended the sweetest music of the waterfall, and it seemed to him that there hovered over his couch the white spirit of Clara thanking him for the deed of mercy which he had brought.

VIII.

UNCONSCIOUS GREATNESS.

It was more than a deed of mercy. It was politic as well. After Bouchette returned home, he was so agitated that he could not sleep. His chief concern was to know why he had been attacked and who were the men who attacked him. It was clear that the assault was the result of a deliberate plot. There was the rallying whistle. There was the disguise of the men. There was the gag all ready to hand. And his rescuer? Who could he be, and especially what could mean the strange words which he had uttered?

Gradually, as he became calmer, he was enabled to grasp all the elements of the situation, and at length the truth dawned upon him. He had been singled out for revenge by some of his discontented countrymen because of the service he had rendered the Governor General. When he had satisfied himself of this, his first impulse was to rush to the Castle, announce the outrage to Carleton himself, and head a terrible crusade against all the rebel French. But, with a moment's reflection, his better nature prevailed.

"Never," he exclaimed as he paced his room. "Never. I am a Frenchman before all. Loyalty to England does not require treason to my own countrymen. The personal insult and injury I can forgive. Besides, was I not rescued by an act of chivalry? If I have enemies among my own people, is it not evident that I have friends as well? No. I will not allow a word concerning this affair to escape my lips. If it becomes public it shall be through no fault of mine."

Having relieved his mind by this act of magnanimity, he threw himself upon a lounge and soon fell asleep. The sun was already high in the heavens, and it streamed into the room, but did not disturb the slumbers of the mariner who reposed as calmly as if he had not passed through a struggle for his life and liberty. It was noon

when he awoke. Sitting up on the edge of his bed, some seconds elapsed before his recollection went back to this event, and when it did, he simply said:

"I will now go and see my friend Belmont."

Meantime, at M. Belmont's the matter had advanced a stage or two. Batoche had found his way there after dismissing his associates, and, without disturbing the inmates, had entered by means of a private key given by his friend. He had gone to sleep at once and it was eleven o'clock in the forenoon before he arose. His first step was to seek the presence of M. Belmont. To him he recounted the conversation he had had with Sieur Sarpy and the singular part which Zulma had taken in it. M. Belmont listened with mingled surprise and concern. When Batoche continued and described the adventure of the preceding night, he became quite alarmed.

"This is terrible, Batoche," he said.

The old man did what was very unusual with him. He smiled.

"There is nothing terrible about it, sir. Even if Bouchette had been captured, there would have been nothing terrible. Bouchette is not such a very important personage, and our men have no fears of retribution. They are quite able to take care of themselves. But I had promised Zulma that the man would not be disturbed, and I simply kept my promise. I was near being too late. It was far past midnight when I reached the town, after a weary tramp from Pointe-aux-Trembles. I knew all about the ball and that, of course, Bouchette would be there. We had planned to seize him on his way home from the Castle. Everything turned out as had been anticipated. Our men did their work to perfection. They acted with bravery and intelligence. It was a pity to spoil their success."

"Did you not arrive upon the scene in advance?"

"Yes, a few moments before the assault."

"Then why did you not prevent it altogether?"

"I hadn't the heart to do it. I wanted to give my men and myself that much satisfaction. I wanted to see how my companions would do their duty. Besides, although I had promised not to kidnap Bouchette, I did not promise that I would not give him a good scare."

"Scare?" interrupted M. Belmont contemptuously, "Bouchette is as brave a man as lives."

"Right enough," said Batoche with a giggle. "He showed fight and brandished his cane like a man. So far as scaring went, the attack was a failure."

"The whole thing was a failure, Batoche. It will ruin us. It will drive me out of the town. I suppose the garrison is in an uproar about it by this time."

"The assailants are not known and cannot be discovered."

"Exactly, and therefore the innocent will be suspected. Your great mistake was in doing the thing by halves. A real abduction would not have been so bad, for then the victim would not have been there to tell his story. As it is, he has no doubt told it to every body, and there is no foreseeing what the consequences will be."

Batoche did not reply, but there was something in his manner which showed that he felt very little repentance for what he had done.

At this point of the colloquy the servant came to the door and announced Captain Bouchette.

M. Belmont was thunderstruck. Batoche remained perfectly impassive.

"Show him up," at length faltered M. Belmont.

Batoche made a movement to rise, but his companion stopped him abruptly.

"Do not stir," he said. "Your presence may be useful."

Bouchette came striding in boisterously and in the fullest good humor. He embraced his old friend with effusion and accepted the introduction to Batoche in a genial, off-hand fashion. Of course, this conduct put a new aspect on affairs and M. Belmont was set quite at ease. Bouchette opened at once with an account of the great ball. He said that he had come purposely for that. He described all its phases in his own unconventional way and especially dilated on the share that Pauline had taken in it. He grew eloquent on this particular theme. He assured M. Belmont that he ought to be proud of his daughter, as she had made the most favorable impression on all the guests and particularly on the Governor.

There is no exaggeration in saying that this was positively delightful to the anxious father and that, under the circumstances, it went far towards restoring his peace of mind. It was, therefore, no wonder that the conversation, thus initiated, flowed on in a continuous channel of gaiety, in which even Batoche joined at intervals, and after his own peculiar manner. He said very little indeed, perhaps not over a dozen words, but he chuckled now and again, rolled about in his seat and gave other tokens of satisfaction at the turn which things were taking. This, however, did not prevent him, from the comparative obscurity of the corner which he occupied, closely watching the features of the visitor, and studying all his movements.

At length, at a convenient turn of the conversation, M. Belmont inquired of his friend what the news of the day might be.

"Oh, nothing that I know of," replied Bouchette promptly, and quite unconcernedly. "I have just got out of my bed and came here directly."

If a mountain had been taken from the shoulders of poor M. Belmont, he could not have felt more relief than he did on hearing these few words. He simply could not contain

his joy. Leaping up from his seat, he slapped his friend on the shoulder, and exclaimed:

"Well, Bouchette, we shall have a glass of wine, some of my best old Burgundy. Your visit has done me a world of good."

The little grey eyes of Batoche were fixed like gimlets on the wall opposite, at the line where it touched the ceiling. There was a glassy light in them. He had gone off suddenly into one of his absent moods. But it was only for a moment. Recovering himself, he too rose abruptly from his seat, bringing his right arm down with a bang upon his thigh, and muttering a few inarticulate words.

The wine was quaffed with pledges and *bons mots*. A second round of glasses was indulged in, and when the interview closed at length, Bouchette thundered out of the house as heartily as he had entered it.

"Well!" exclaimed M. Belmont, closing the door and confronting Batoche in the hall.

"Well!" replied the other quietly.

"What do you say?"

"What do I say? I say that this man will never speak a word of what has happened. So you may rest easy."

"And what do you think of himself?"

"He is a great man."

"And a good one."

"A true Knight of St. Louis."

"A friend of his countrymen."

"Yes. I admire his generosity and magnanimity, and I admire the wonderful instinct of Zulma Sarpy who gauged him so well that she wrung his liberation from me."

When Pauline descended from her private apartments after a long day's rest, and was made acquainted with so much of the sailor's visit as concerned herself, she was deeply moved, and the more that she observed her father's intense gratification. The whole episode imparted a happiness to that house such as it had not enjoyed for many days previous, and such as it was not destined to enjoy later.

(To be continued.)

OUR PICTURES.

Those of our numerous illustrations not separately described, are the launch of the Italian ironclad steamer *Diulius*, an account of which appeared in one of our late numbers; views of the recent floods near Ottawa and at Hawkesbury; the Grand Trunk Railway bridge at St. Anne's, near Montreal, and a sketch of the difficulty between the contractors of the old Northern Colonization Railway and the Harbor Commissioners of this city, the latter of whom positively refused the former the privilege of passing their cars and engines over their ground *en route* to the new rails. There are also views illustrative of the late revolution at Constantinople.

THE PRINCIPAL ENGLISH CYCLOPEDIAS.

The most voluminous cyclopædia in the English language is that of Abraham Rees (1803-1819), republished, with some additions, at Philadelphia (1810-1824) in forty-one large quarto volumes, besides six volumes of maps and engravings. This was one of the most costly enterprises ever undertaken by any American publisher; and, considering the comparatively small number of book-buyers at that period, it is not strange that it was ruinous to those who undertook it and that it was finally disposed of by lottery. Recent cyclopædist wisely restrict themselves within much narrower limits. The following is an approximation to the quantity of matter contained in the principal cyclopædias in English which are now before the public:

Rees's Cyclopædia	41 vols.	4to.	40,000,000 words
Knight's English Cyclopædia	24 vols.	4to.	26,000,000 words
Encyclopædia Metropolitana	25 vols.	4to.	25,000,000 words
Encyclopædia Britannica	21 vols.	4to.	21,000,000 words
Appleton's American Cyclopædia	16 vols.	8vo.	13,000,000 words
Johnson's New Universal Cyclopædia	4 vols.	8vo.	12,000,000 words
Chambers's Cyclopædia	10 vols.	8vo.	10,000,000 words
Zell's Popular Cyclopædia	2 vols.	4to.	7,000,000 words

A DIRTY PIECE OF PAPER.

A story is told, relates Mr. Smiles, in his new book, *Thrift*, of a poor soldier having one day called at the shop of a hair-dresser, who was busy with his customers, and asked relief, stating that he had stayed beyond his leave of absence, and unless he could get a lift on the coach, fatigue and severe punishment awaited him. The hair-dresser listened to his story respectfully, and gave him a guinea. "God bless you, sir," exclaimed the soldier, astonished at the amount—"how can I repay you? I have nothing in the world but this"—pulling out a dirty piece of paper from his pocket; "it is a recipe for making blacking. It is the best that ever was seen; many a half-guinea I have had for it from the officers, and many bottles have I sold. May you be able to get something for it to repay you for your kindness to a poor soldier!" Oddly enough, that dirty piece of paper proved worth half-a-million of money to the hair-dresser. It was no less than the recipe for the famous Day and Martin's blacking—the hairdresser being the late wealthy Mr. Day, whose manufactory is one of the notabilities of the metropolis.

MONTREAL APPLES.

Montreal and its environs have, from time almost out of mind, been celebrated for their fruit, but, up to the present, no reliable information in regard to them could be obtained. This want has now been supplied by a capital pamphlet, just laid on our table, entitled, "The First Report of the Fruit Committee of the Montreal Agricultural and Horticultural Society." A fruit report of the kind, coming from specialists and reliable growers, must be hailed as of the highest importance, and if continued from year to year, as we trust will be the case, must form a precious collection. We have gone through the work with genuine interest, and as proof of the satisfaction we experience, we have marked out for our readers a few notes on some of some of the most famous apples cultivated in Montreal orchards. In this way we shall contribute to the dissemination of the good work of Horticultural Society.

THE BLINKBONNY.—This was raised by the late Robert Cleghorn, in Blinkbonny Garden, between Sherbrooke and Berthelot streets, and what was in all probability the original tree was only cut down two years ago, in the garden in the rear of the house of Mr. C. D. Proctor. It was bearing fruit at that time. Mr. Cleghorn positively stated that the tree grew from the seed of the Fameuse. It looks more like a seedling of the Early Harvest. The tree fruited as early as 1827, and was propagated soon after. It is a thrifty grower, forming a spreading open head of medium size; it is as hardy as the Fameuse, and bears well every year.

FRUIT: Medium to small, oblate or roundish oblate, basin very shallow, calyx closed, core small.—**SKIN:** Whitish yellow, often prettily blushed on sunny side.—**FLESH:** White, rather firm, moderately juicy, pleasantly sub-acid. Its use is for the table only. It is not profitable for market, but a tree might be planted for home use.—**SEASON:** From August 26th to September 15th.

ROSEAU (so called).—Mr. J. E. Guilbault states, on the authority of the late Father Richard, that the Seminary of Montreal imported this tree from France. If so, this must have been upwards of fifty years ago. It is not the "Roseau" of Downing, nor probably the "Roseau d'Automne," nor the "Autumn Rose" of Cove, as described by Downing.

TREE: Quite hardy and long-lived, a strong, but moderate grower, forming an upright, close head of medium size, and an early, yearly, moderate bearer.—**FRUIT:** Of even, but medium size, oblate; basin wrinkled.—**COLOR:** A very dark red.—**FLESH:** White, stained with red, crisp, juicy, sub-acid, rather high flavored.—**USE:** Table, market.—**SEASON:** September 15th.

MCGREGOR'S BAKING.—This is a seedling raised by the late John McGregor, over forty years ago, on his property, "Summer Hill," on the Côte des Neiges road. It grows strongly and vigorously into a large tree with a spreading head, and bears an early, but moderate crop every year.

FRUIT: Of medium, even size, oblate form, smooth surface, and greenish-yellow color.—**FLESH:** White, crisp, juicy, coarse, acid.—**USE:** Kitchen, but salable in the market.—**SEASON:** August 24th to September 30th.

ST. LAWRENCE.—Mr. J. E. Guilbault has supplied us with the following strange history of this well-known tree: The late Samuel Gerard, when living in St. Sulpice street, about the year 1815, on land now occupied by the Parish Church of Notre Dame, had some rotten apples thrown on his manure heap. This was carted to the garden of the late Henry Shrouder, on ground now owned by Mr. John Molson, on the corner of Sherbrooke and St. Lawrence. From these seeds sprang a number of seedlings, of which the St. Lawrence was one. The original tree is still alive, and bore two or three bushels last year. The trunk is about 20 inches in diameter but only one small branch is left on it. This veteran tree must have fruited as early as 1828, as buds were taken from it in 1829, by Mr. Wm. Lunn, under the name of Hogg's Seedling, Mr. Hogg having been probably the gardener at that place. The St. Lawrence is hardy and long-lived, attaining a large size, and therefore not to be planted too close. It is not an early bearer, but a yearly bearer of moderate crops. Strangely enough it is, in rare cases, a heavy biennial bearer. It is not as profitable, and therefore not so much planted as Fameuse.

FLESH: White, tender, very juicy, fine grained, rich and luscious. To the south of us, it has been described as second or third-rate, but here it has none to surpass it as a table apple, not even the Fameuse.

FAMEUSE.—Many old and valued opinions incline to the belief that two distinct apples have been grown under this name. The Committee do not hold to this view. On the one hand, there were, many years ago, orchards about Montreal, which bore a Fameuse colored much less highly, and that in distinct stripes. It was less salable than the red, and so buds were procured, and these orchards, when enlarged, were enlarged with the red. But that the red produces the red, and the striped produces the striped from the bud, the Committee are not ready to state. On the other hand, the Red Fameuse will, exceptionally, bear striped apples, and vice versa, and one apple-grower in Huntingdon County even affirms that he has the two budded from the same tree.

As to the distinctive marks of the two, after comparing a great many opinions, it might be said that the Red Fameuse ("Fameuse Rouge,"

the Fameuse or Snow Apple of Ontario and the States) is rather the smaller, and more oblate (some few say more oblong) than the Striped Fameuse (or "Fameuse Barré"). The former has its flesh firmer, its skin thicker, and it keeps longer. Some exaggerate these differences, some have never observed them. Some say the striped is more delicate and high-flavored and *sucré*; others that it is insipid in flavor, and greenish-white in flesh. From this we may conclude that it is the more variable in flavor. Nearly all think the red the most productive, and all say it is the most salable, and so profitable. On the other hand, the Fameuse Barré might well be grown, where the soil brings out its fine table qualities. Some apple-growers in Missisquoi, Bromé, Abbotsford and Belœil agree in the main in the above-mentioned points of difference.

The Fameuse is perhaps the best bearer we have, often bearing enormous crops. One tree, which stood in front of the Montreal General Hospital, once bore 14 barrels, of 23 bushels to the barrel. These sold at \$6 a barrel, or \$84 for the crop. The late John McGregor, of Côte des Neiges road, stated that he had gathered 22 barrels from one tree. When orchards covered what is now the upper part of the City of Montreal, the demand for apples was smaller, and Fameuses fetched from \$2 to \$2.50 per barrel, and on one occasion, 160 barrels, shipped by a party to Quebec in 1837 or 1839, fetched only \$1 a barrel on the wharf. But, for many years, the price has been steady at \$3 to \$4 for a barrel of 3 bushels, without any sign of reduction in years to come.

BOURASSA.—Some incline to the opinion that this tree is of Canadian origin. On the other hand, L. Hamel states that it was grown in Normandy fifty years ago. Like the Pomme Grise it seems to be "running out." At any rate it is no longer here what it used to be. The tree is a hardy, crooked grower, never more than medium in size, and needs more than average pruning. It is tardy in bearing, and produces a very moderate crop (annually) of fruit, often uneven in size. The fruit shrivels if not kept in a cool, dry cellar, and occasionally where it rots, tastes better. In spite, however, of what is here said against it, the Bourassa might be very sparingly planted for home use, because it does still bear a certain amount of good fruit, of handsome appearance, and rich aromatic flavor.

GRISE.—There are no legends even about the origin of this fruit. L. Hamel, alluded to before, states that he knew of it as growing in Normandy, half a century ago, under the name of Reimette Grise, and Aug. Juenon, gardener at the Seminary, says that he has seen it grown there under the name of Reimette Grise, or Reimette Grise du Canada, though those described by Downing under these names are quite distinct. Once it was hardy, long-lived, and a good bearer, and planted largely for exportation to England, for which purpose it fetched often \$8 a barrel. The tree is now sometimes unhealthy, and though an early, yet an uncertain bearer. Nor is the fruit in demand at extra prices for exportation, as it is superseded by the Russet. Nor has the fruit that excellence in quality which it used to have, although still fine in grain, and pronounced rich in flavor. It may be planted sparingly for home use.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.

Porridge is not an inviting theme, and I never heard of one being inspired by oatmeal. It is suggestive of everything that is homely and monotonous, and although the Scotch swear by it, and give it the rank of a national dish, in England it is viewed askance, and somehow raises plebeian associations. But all depends on the way we look at a thing. Even porridge may be invested with interest. People in sound health who are never reminded they have such things as digestive organs need not trouble themselves about it; but there is a large and suffering tribe known as dyspeptics—wretched beings oppressed by every cruel form of indigestion—to whom porridge would be starvation. It is to such unhappy creatures, who cannot eat without feeling they have swallowed so much lead, followed by a train of symptoms compendiously called "bilious," that I would point out the merits of porridge. Indigestion can often be dieted away. It may not yield to medicine, but a course of porridge will sometimes put a new liver into a dyspeptic. From the *gourmet* point of view porridge is not interesting. It does not appeal to the palate, it is not tempting, there is no provocation in its look. It is insipid and mild to the eye, and most people at first have to overcome some sort of prejudice. In a short time, however, it "sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses," especially when we begin to feel confidence in its nourishing and wholesome qualities. There is no occasion to take it oftener than once a day, and the regulation hour is breakfast. But the breakfast should consist entirely of porridge, with the addition of tea or coffee.

Five months ago I was in outer darkness on the subject, but since then my horizon has broadened. I live in the house of a doctor who is prey to enthusiasms, and who is always advocating the claims of some new hobby. His fanaticism, as a rule, takes a rational turn, but he is one of those beneficent tyrants who, not content with following his own whims, is bent on making proselytes. His latest craze is porridge, and to hear him talk of its wholesome and nourishing qualities, of the phosphorus it contains, and of its restorative effects, one would think he had discovered the Elixir of Life. He

began by eating it for breakfast, dilating all the while on its merits, and his enthusiasm was so boundless he wanted to have a second edition at luncheon, but the housemaid rebelled. By degrees, however, we all began to be influenced by his example, and, shaken by the strength of his convictions, I tasted, hesitated, and was finally lost. I cannot say that I ate the compound with enthusiasm, but I was encouraged to persevere by the possibilities of the benefit in store to my health. Presently, a young French relative who lives with us deserted her roll and her egg and declared in favour of porridge. She liked it for its own sake, and she was grateful to it, because she insisted that that it brought back *la fraîcheur de son teint*. One servant begged to be allowed to join in the farinaceous revels, and was, of course, permitted. The Doctor, not content with the porridge for breakfast, wanted it again at lunch. That innovation was resisted, but the porridge found its way on the table in the disguised shape of oatmeal biscuits. These biscuits, made simply of porridge, worked up with a little fresh oatmeal, rolled flat, and baked, are pronounced delicious. The Doctor declares it to be a case in which the appetite grows with what it feeds upon, and at any rate he is never tired of his new and simple diet. Friends who drop into lunch, and who are familiar with the "fads" of their host, do their best to chaff and deride, but he is unmoved by all attacks; and now, after an unintermitted experiment of five months' duration, he still swears by porridge. We hear curious stories about the converted patients. One young fellow, a mechanic, suffering from a chronic and painful ailment which required avoidance of cathartic drugs, was told to eat porridge for breakfast. He exceeded his instructions, and took it also for dinner and supper, and then came boasting that not only was he much better for a total change of diet, but that he was living on a few pence a day and laying by money. It turned out that he was thinking of marrying, and that his economies seemed to bring the happy day within his reach.

Porridge is especially suitable for children. It nourishes their bones and other tissues, and supplies them in a greater degree than most foods with the much-needed element of phosphorus. If they grow weary of it, they can be tempted back with the bait of golden syrup, jam, or marmalade to be eaten with the porridge. Grown-up people, as a rule, like the porridge in its simple form, the mere compound of oatmeal and milk, without the addition of sugar or any condiment. The Scotch make their porridge with water, and add cold milk; but the most agreeable and nutritive way is to make it entirely with milk, to use coarse oatmeal, and to see that it is not too thick. The proof of the porridge is in the making, and each individual will ascertain by experience the exact state in which he likes it. One thing must be remembered—it should never be "stodgy." Porridge has one admirable virtue—it is what is called a good "stay." Formerly, when I took the orthodox breakfast, after an egg or bacon, I used about noon to feel a "sinking," a wretched sensation that had to be removed by some sort of supplementary meal. After a breakfast of porridge I am absolutely independent, and I can take a walk, go to a picture gallery, and wait patiently even beyond the allotted time for luncheon. It would be a good preparation for a railway journey or for any expedition where food was not to be had at a moment's notice. Everybody knows how the poor Scotch tramps keep soul and body together on a slender allowance of oatmeal. They mix it with a little water at a friendly stream, drink, and then continue their long trudge.

I do not know how long the porridge mania will continue in our house. After five months nobody is tired, and if the day comes when we give it up, it will probably be only to exchange it for some other form of simple and nutritious food. The Doctor continues to advocate it with all his might, and the only drawback to the prospect is that his philanthropy may recoil on himself by seriously diminishing the number of his fees. **EISEN.**

THE DOCTOR'S RECIPE.—Bring a quart of milk to boiling point in an enamel-lined saucepan, and drop in by degrees 8oz. of coarse oatmeal, stir till it thickens, and then boil for half an hour. The mixture should not be too thick, and more milk can be added according to taste.

THE WESTERN ASYLUM, MONTREAL.

The foundation stone was laid on the 29th ult., of a wing hereafter and forever to be known as the Mills Wing of the Western Asylum, which will be erected and finished for occupation by Major Mills, a prominent philanthropist of this city. It stands at the easterly corner of a tract of ground, three acres in extent, belonging to the Western Hospital Corporation, bounded by Dorchester, Atwater Avenue, Essex street, and Atwater Park. The building will be 66 feet long on Dorchester street, 46 feet wide in front and 34 to the rear. It will be of four stories, besides the basement, in which will be placed the heating apparatus, &c. The ground floor will contain reception rooms for out-door consulting patients, executive officers' room, &c. The upper three stories are each divided into two wards, with nurses rooms, and other necessary accommodations. The main entrance is on Dorchester street, but there is an entrance on Essex street which leads to the staircase ap-

proaching the upper stories. It will be built of stone with rock faced courses on the outside and cut stone dressing on the windows and angles. The plan exhibited to the assemblage, executed by Messrs. Hutchinson & Steele, architects of St. James street, showed very plainly the magnificent structure that will eventually occupy this extensive property. There will be four pavilions of the same height as the wing in course of erection with offices and attendants' rooms in the centre of each building; the building for the Administrative officers occupying the centre of a square connecting with each main building by continuous covered corridors. It is proposed that the "Mills" Wing shall be attached to one of the pavilions giving it a front on Dorchester street of 300 feet. The pavilion on Atwater Avenue will be 250 feet long. Atwater Avenue gives an extensive open front on the Avenue, and when finished will be picturesque and pleasing to the eye. The initiatory ceremonies were of an imposing and highly satisfactory character.

The plate over the cavity of the corner stone contained the following inscription:—

"This corner stone was laid June 29th, 1876, by Major H. Mills, who erected and presented this building to the Western Hospital. President, Major H. Mills; 1st Vice-President, Wm. Workman; 2nd Vice-President, Hugh McLennan; Treasurer, James Jack; Secretary, James Coristine.

It is rumoured that Mr. Wm. Workman has signified his intention of erecting a counterpart of the "Mills Wing" to be known as the "William Workman Wing." Our engraving is from a drawing prepared expressly by the architects, Messrs. Hutchinson & Steele.

RUSH TO THE NORTH WEST.

This is a sketch of passengers bound for the North West on "The Manitoba." The passengers had been waiting at Point Edward, near Sarnia, for a week, to the number of 200, detained by the ice in Lake Superior, which had imprisoned in its embrace the steamers "Quebec" and "Ontario" of Beatty's Royal Mail Line, between Lake Superior and Sarnia. "The Manitoba" is shown taking in the freight at the Railway Sheds wharf, below the Elevator, and to look at the size, quality and quantity of the freight, one would wonder where it was to be stowed away to leave room for passengers. The "Signal" view shows the loyal and enthusiastic Manitobans singing "God Save the Queen" at midnight, by the moon's pale light. They sang so heartily and well that it was caught up and repeated on the shore, and the usual "Three Times Three" were given as a wind up to the anthem. The view at the station shows the embarkation of horses &c. She had to refuse freight at Goderich and passengers at Kincardine, having on board 360 passengers, 56 horses, 18 cows. Some of the passengers who have been to Manitoba and are now going to remain there, speak very much in its favor.

ARTISTIC.

Lewis J. Cist, of Cincinnati, is said to have the largest and most valuable collection of autographs in the country.

A "Christ on the Cross," attributed by some to Bevenuto Cellini and by others to Ghiberti, has been sold at the Hotel Drouot, Paris, for 6,000fr.

MR. T. FAED, R. A., is engaged on a work of considerable size and importance. The subject is the consternation produced in a village by a runaway horse.

THE Italians are about to raise a monument to Titian, at Pieve-di Cadore where the painter was born. The figure, nearly 10 feet high, will be erected on an octagonal pedestal of marble in the style of the sixteenth century.

A VERY valuable painting by Van Ostade, representing an aged peasant and his wife, the latter holding a guitar, has very recently been stolen out of the shop of a picture-dealer at Liege. The robbery was committed in the daytime.

Mrs. MIGNOT, widow of the late admirable painter of American landscapes, especially such as Brazil and the Amazon valley, supplied, has collected some of her husband's pictures, including "Niagara Falls," and placed them for exhibition.

VERY few pictures have been sold in the Paris Salon this year, much to the artists' alarm. The only important sales are Moreau's "Fête Villageoise," bought for Queen Victoria for \$2,000; his "Interieur d'Anvers," which fetched \$1,300; and Sylvestre's "Néron," bought by the State for \$1,000.

THERE is now in England a picture of Raphael, interesting as well by its curious history as by its intrinsic merit. It belongs to J. C. Hooker, Esq., of Rome, but it was formerly in the possession of the nuns of the famous convent of Santa Chiara, in Raphael's native city of Urbino. The subject is the "Virgin and Child." Professor Farabufni, who has made a careful examination of the painting, supported by much curious research into its history, expresses a confident opinion of its authenticity; and this judgment, though directly contradicted by the opinions of Passavant and Signor Cavalcaselle, the *Academy* thinks, gains credit from an examination of the documentary evidence to which neither of these writers has devoted any attention.

THE works undertaken for the prolongation of the Strada Nazionale at Rome have brought to light some interesting discoveries. An edifice of the second century, partly destroyed for the construction of the Baths of Constantine, has been brought to light. It consists of the half of a habitation, containing bath-rooms and the *triclinium*, or grove. The ruins comprise two basins or baths, of elegant build, lined with marble and ornamented with niches, an *ambulatorium*, or avenue bordered with trees, as well as a portico, the sides of which are also disposed in nymphæe. The upper part of the walls is adorned with plaques in coloured mosaic, and carved stone foliage in the panels between them. In the midst of the ruins was found a sort of spout, having on it the name of "Avidus Quietus," of whom some relics were found near the Church of San Antonio. The city has taken measures to preserve these precious remains *in situ*.

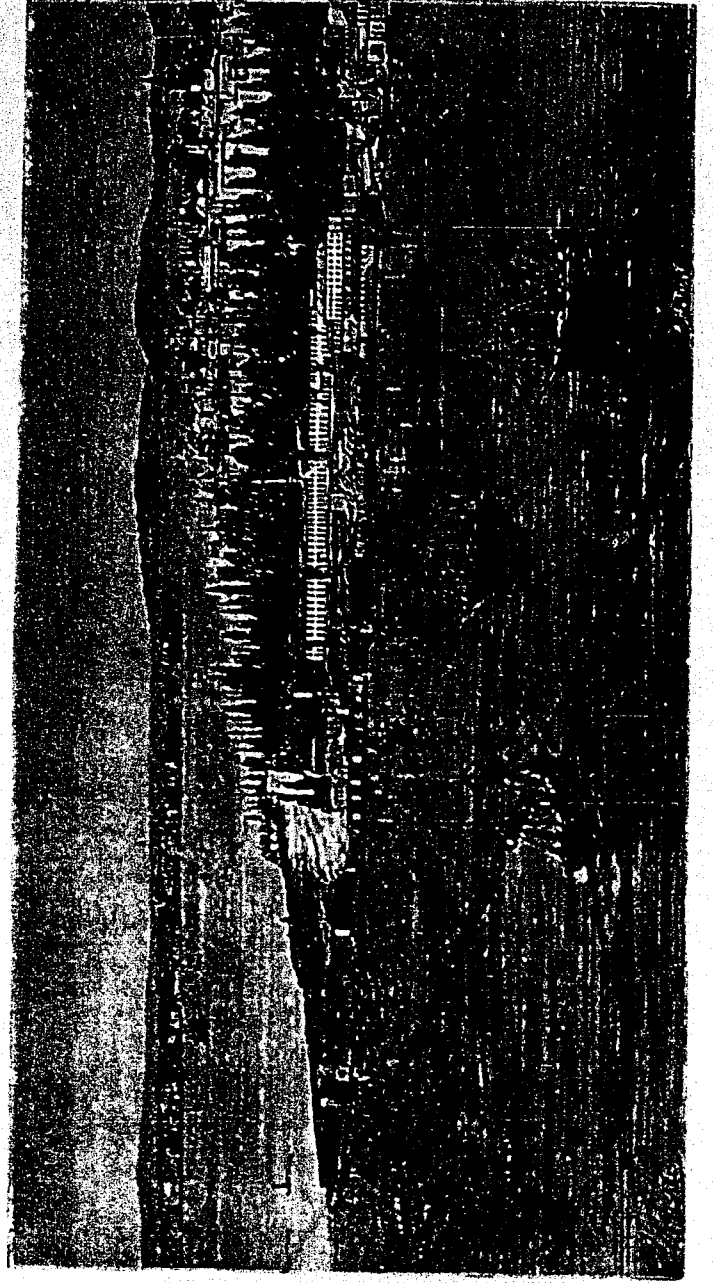
THE REVOLUTION AT CONSTANTINOPOLE.



INVESTMENT OF THE PALACE OF ABDUL-AZIZ, BY THE TROOPS UNDER THE ORDERS OF THE MINISTER OF WAR.



EMBARKATION OF THE HAREM AT THE PALACE OF DOLMA-BAGHITCHE.



ARRIVAL OF THE EX-SULTAN'S HAREM AT SERAGLIO POINT.



THE LITTLE CLEANER, AFTER BOUGUEREAU.

LAURA AND LUCY.

One August afternoon a girl sat on a rustic seat beneath the trees in the garden of Oakdale. She was slight and small, with a delicate pale face, and large dark eyes which looked steadily before her instead of at the knitting in her quick fingers. She was alone as far as human society was concerned; but the birds flew so close together, and the grasshoppers chirped so loudly, that all feeling of solitude was banished.

Presently another sound was added—a footstep: and then a gentleman appeared. He stopped before the girl, and raising his hat, said, "I beg pardon, but may I ask if Mrs. Mortimer is at home?"

The girl turned her intense eyes towards the sound, and said, "No, sir. She went for a drive, and will not return till dinner. Will you wait for her?"

"Thank you, yes," he answered. She rose to lead the way to the house, but he stopped her.

"Pardon me, but if you will permit me, I would rather wait here till my aunt returns." "Your aunt?" and the large eyes looked at him questioningly. "Then I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Oscar Mortimer?"

He bowed. "The same, at your service. And I wrong in calling you Miss Leigh?"

"Indeed you are giving me an honour to which I have no right. My cousin Laura went with aunt to drive. My name is Page; a strange one to you, is it not?"

"It is; but I hope it will not be so long. It seems my aunt has prepared a double pleasure for me."

He stopped abruptly as he saw Miss Page slowly extend her hand before her till it touched the chair she had just risen from, and then pass it quickly over it, before she sat down. Too well-bred to show his surprise, he took another seat, and was silent till she said, "Aunt will be very sorry she was not here to welcome you, Mr. Mortimer, but she did not expect you till to-morrow."

"Yes, that was the day I appointed, I believe; but my friends tell me that I never kept an appointment in my life."

A ball of worsted fell from her lap and rolled to his feet. He picked it up and handed it to her. Her eyes were looking steadily at him, but she did not notice the wool. He drew it back and said, "Thank you; I will keep it in memory of our meeting." And without waiting for her to reply, he continued, "To what lucky chance am I indebted for this pleasure, Miss Page? How could you be indifferent to the charms of a drive this delightful afternoon?"

A quick spasm of pain passed over her face; and then she replied, "I would not be a very desirable companion on an excursion like the one they are taking this afternoon. It has pleased God to veil from me the visible beauty of His works."

Her voice trembled, and her eyes grew deeper. Mortimer drew his breath quickly. He looked at her a second, and then the truth burst upon him. She was blind! A cold shiver ran over him; and had a third person appeared at that moment, he would have said that his were the moister eyes of the two. He tried to say something; but no fitting thought would come at his bidding, and the silence lasted till Miss Page said, "I feel that the sun is sinking lower. They will soon be home. Listen! is not that the sound of wheels?"

Mortimer bent his ear, but heard nothing. She smiled. "No, I suppose not. It is too faint for your ears. There! You can hear it now, can you not?"

He heard it; and in a few moments a carriage rolled up the avenue, and Mrs. Mortimer alighted from it. She cast a look of uncertainty on her nephew, but in a second it changed to a smile of welcome.

"Oscar," she said, extending both hands, "is it indeed you? Welcome home once more! Why did you not tell me to expect you to-day? Have you been waiting long? I am so sorry!"

"Do not distress yourself, my dear aunt," replied Oscar; "I have been waiting but a short time, and Miss Page has entertained me delightfully."

"Lucy! Oh, yes, I am very glad she was here. Laura, my dear." She turned to a tall auburn-haired girl, who had followed her from the carriage. "This is my nephew, Oscar Mortimer; Oscar, my niece, Miss Leigh."

Miss Leigh bent her pretty head, and Oscar responded: "Miss Leigh has been an ideal friend so long, that it is hard to believe I at last see her in the flesh."

Miss Leigh lifted her delicate brows. "Please get accustomed to the fact as soon as possible, Mr. Mortimer. I have no ambition to be identified with the spiritual for some time yet."

"Consequently, you must know that it is nearly dinner time, Laura," said her aunt. "Come, Oscar, let us go in-doors."

Oscar was late at dinner that day; not that he had not plenty of time for his toilette, but he loitered at it, pondering over the last few hours and Lucy Page. Who was she? His aunt's niece, he knew; but he had never heard her name before. Laura's praises had been chanted to him ever since she had graduated from pinafores, and he knew that he was expected, in the end, to dutifully fall in love with her and marry her. But Lucy! Her story was as sealed to him as the sunlight was to her sightless eyes. Ah! those eyes! So deep, so searching, and yet so

soft. Could it be that all was black to them? Great heavens! it was terrible. And that evening, after listening faithfully for an hour to Laura's sweetest songs and Laura's most brilliant wit, Oscar sauntered to his aunt's side to ask about Lucy.

"Lucy! Yes, poor dear child. We are all very fond of her. Her affliction is indeed terrible. She is my sister's child. A sister who married an artist, in opposition to all her family; he died in a few years, leaving her with one child, and very poor, of course. Poor Mary! her heart was broken. She soon followed him, and left her little blind girl to the care of her family. Lucy generally has lived with her uncle; but this summer I have asked her to stay with me for company for Laura. She is a queer child; solitary in her habits. But we all love her. Laura, dear, sing that last new song for Oscar; I know he will like it."

And thus with singing, and dancing, and boating, and fishing, the time rolled by, and Oscar saw but little of Lucy. He hovered round Laura constantly, and Mrs. Mortimer was congratulating herself that her darling wish would be gratified, when one day Oscar was brought home senseless and bleeding, in consequence of a fall from his horse. They laid him on his bed, and grave-faced doctors worked over him for hours before suspended life was restored; and then it broke forth in delirium.

For ten days he hovered between life and death. His aunt and Lucy watched beside him, while Laura moaned in the parlour a useless mass of nerves and *caroli*. It was wonderful what instinct guided the blind to the sick-chamber. It was her hand that arranged the phials on the little stand, her hand that gave the draught, and her voice that, when the sufferer was struggling with the fever, soothed him back to quiet. At last the change came, and the doctor said that Oscar Mortimer would live. He was weak and helpless as a babe, but reason was restored; and when the first ray of its light shone from his eyes, Lucy crept away "to rest," she said.

Oscar improved rapidly. He was soon able to don the inevitable wrapper, and occupy the easy-chair in the sunshine; and then Laura, suddenly all solicitude and interest, would sit by him and read; but Lucy still kept away.

"What has become of Miss Page?" he asked suddenly, one day.

Laura dropped her book. "Lucy! Why, she's in the house somewhere, I suppose."

"Why doesn't she ever come to see me?" he asked.

"I don't know. Probably she doesn't like invalids; you know they are not the most delightful companions."

"I wonder if one can remember what happens in delirium, or if I only dreamed it."

"Dream what?" "That Miss Page watched over me during the first part of my illness?"

"No; you didn't dream that. She watched while you were delirious, but left you as soon as you became conscious. Shall I continue my reading, or are you tired?"

"Not at all. Please go on." And he leaned back and closed his eyes.

A week passed, and Oscar threw aside the dressing-gown and abdicated the armchair. A large party was to be given by a friend. Oscar was not strong enough to attend, but he insisted upon his aunt and Laura's going; and at last they consented. Laura looked beautiful that evening; and as Oscar handed her to the carriage he thought to himself a man might have a worse fate. He watched them drive down the avenue, and then went into the parlour. He took a book and sat down; but he did not feel inclined to read, and was carelessly turning over the leaves, when a light footfall sounded; and looking up he saw Lucy enter. She advanced a few steps, and then feeling the magnetic influence of another presence, she stopped and half turned to go back; but Oscar said, "Pray don't retire, Miss Page; rather take pity on my loneliness. Permit me to lead you to a seat."

He went towards her. "Thank you; no, I cannot stay."

"Can I get anything for you?" he asked as she half turned, and then hesitated.

"No," she replied, with a half-sad smile; and then added, in a lighter tone, "We all have our dull fits sometimes. To-night the spirit seized me, and I thought I would try to exercise it with music. It is one of my follies."

"If that be folly, may I never be wise," replied he. "I, too, have a dark spirit to-night, Miss Page. Have pity on me, and open the piano."

"No, no; not that." And light as a shadow, she glided across the room, and seated herself at the harp. Oscar followed her, and watched with earnest eyes the lithe white hands sweep over the strings. A few sad chords floated through the room, and then, looking far beyond her with her sightless orbs, she sang "Mignon."

The low echo died away; Oscar came and leaned on the harp.

"Miss Page,"—those deep eyes were raised to his,—"Miss Page, I have wished for a long time to thank you for your kindness during my illness."

"Pray do not, Mr. Mortimer; I did nothing worthy of thanks."

"But you did. You bore the burden of it all." She smiled; this time a little bitterly.

"Is not that right? I was born for burdens." Oscar spoke eagerly.

"Do not say that, Miss Page. You pain me deeply. It is not right. It cannot be right for

you to bear so heavy a burden. When I see you go on so patiently day after day without a murmur, I want to put up my strong shoulders, to take part of the weight."

"Thank you, Mr. Mortimer; I am not worthy of such great interest. Her face was white and weary.

"Miss Page, can it be that you are mortal? Do you never rebel against your cross?"

She looked at him. Her eyes sparkled now, and her cheeks flushed.

"Do I never rebel? Do you think, that because I bow to the inevitable, because I know that God does all for the best, that I can stifle all nature within me? That I can know the beauty of life around me, and not long for it? The wealth of love that is showered on other women, and not yearn for it? Rebel! Father, give me strength to conquer rebellion, and to endure patiently."

She rose quickly from the harp, and before he could speak a word, she was gone.

Summer fled, and the crimson tints of autumn began to glow. The party at Oakdale was to separate on the morrow. Laura was to return home, and Mrs. Mortimer was to take Lucy back to her uncle. Oscar was still with them. His health was perfectly restored. He still played the devoted knight to Laura, but his heart and fortune were still his own. He, too, would go somewhere on the morrow; but whither he would wend his way he had not stated. Laura fondly hoped he would accompany her home, to address her under her father's roof.

The farewell dinner was over. Mrs. Mortimer was occupied by her last household duty, and Laura with her trunks. Oscar sat alone on the lawn, wrapped in the smoke of a fragrant Havana. Suddenly the soft notes of the harp broke on the night air, and then a low voice sang "Mignon."

Oscar rose and walked gently into the room. In the dusky light he saw Lucy at the harp. Her head was bowed, and he saw a tear glisten on her dress. Lower and more tremulous grew her voice, and when she uttered the last "Farewell, farewell," she bent her head in her hands and sobbed.

In a moment Oscar was at her side and bending low over her he whispered, "Will you indeed go with me, my darling?"

And Lucy rested her tired head on his strong shoulder, while over her darkness broke the golden light of love.

THE FISHERMAN'S CLASSIC.

On the 9th of August, 1559, was born at Shalford, near Stafford, Izaak Walton, the author of that charming book, the "Compleat Angler." Little is known of his history. He is first found keeping a small linen-draper's shop in the Royal Exchange, London. Thence, after various vicissitudes, he retired to his native place. Gifted with a poetic fancy, and being a keen lover of rural sports, the leisure he now enjoyed enabled him to impart to others a sense of the enjoyment he himself felt in his favorite pastime of angling. Accordingly, in 1653, appeared the "Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation," a book which, according to Hallam, "has never since been rivalled in grace, humor, and invention." The work on its first appearance at once secured the public heart, and still continues to be one of the most popular of the English classics. Though by no means the first writer upon piscatorial subjects, Walton happily intermingled his precepts on the art of angling with lofty yet cheerful morality, and a wealth of fancy which as applied to the subject, has never been surpassed. Prior to him, Dame Juliana Berners, Gervase Markham, and notably Thomas Barker, Walton's own instructor in fishing, had written on the gentle art, and their books were always popular; but they have none of them retained public favor, as has "old Izaak." He and Cotton (who added a second part to the "Compleat Angler" in the fifth edition of the book) are looked up to at present, as they have been for generations, by all anglers as their tutelary deities, the Gemini of the angling zodiac. Walton seems to have known as little of fly-fishing as he did of salmon fishing; therefore, Cotton, who resided on the Dove, and had a long experience in all that relates to fly-fishing, the crown of the angler's art, supplied the deficiency. His portion is pitched in a much lower key, whether of moral purpose or imaginative power, but very fairly continues the plan on which his great master had worked.

The first edition of Walton appeared in 1583, since which time the "Compleat Angler" has been reprinted in every size and form, from that suited to the waistcoat pocket up to Pickering's magnificent edition, illustrated by Stothard. It has, moreover, been furnished with notes, appendices, elucidations, and the like, by numerous anglers and bookmakers, overlaid with abundance of details, which have often well-nigh smothered the text. Mr. Westwood, writing in 1864, enumerates fifty-three editions of the book—one in rather more than every three years of its life, which speaks volumes for its popularity. At length, to satisfy the curious, there has been produced by Elliott Stock, a London publisher, a fac-simile reprint of the original work. This book, coated in old-fashioned binding and containing the original engraved plates of fish, struck off by a novel application of photography, is a bibliophilist's delight in every particular. Even the curious red and blue sprinkling of the edges is conformed to that of Walton's original edition. With this book in his pocket the angler can recline under the pollards at noonday, while eating his frugal meal,

and at once transport himself 200 years back into the time of the Cavaliers and Puritans.

Few books have suffered so complete a change of form and survived so many additions without losing their first fragrance as has this. The "Compleat Angler" on its original entry into the world consisted of 246 pages, or thirteen chapters, clad in modest brown calf, and illustrated by half a dozen admirably engraved plates of fish. These were indeed said, but it is thought without any foundation for the assertion, to have been engraved on plates of silver. All these plates and the due number of pages, even down to bad spellings and the like, are faithfully reproduced in this quaint little fac-simile of 1876.

It tells us, as the original charged its readers, that "fishers must not range," nor "be nice to foul their fingers;" and it repeats the curious music of the angler's song (treble being one way down the page, and base looking in the opposite direction, to enable two people to sing from the same book), which is by Mr. Henry Lewis, a name that at once recalls Comus to the scholar. Lewis composed its music, and is himself celebrated in it as one

Who with his soft pipe and smooth dilted song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar
And hush the waving woods.

Walton all but rewrote the book in the second edition, adding a third (190 pages, according to Westwood's "Bibliotheca Piscatoria") to it, and four new plates of fishes. Walton, the disciple of the first edition, now becomes Venator the hunter; and Aucup (the fowler) is a new creation, which enables Walton to introduce some of the most exquisite passages of his book on the nightingale, skylark, and other birds. Thus the book as known at present consists of twenty-one chapters, and the whole process of love-making and taking on of additions is a singular instance of a good book being used as the germ of a second edition, and not spoilt in the operation.

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ROUND THE WORLD.

BELGARIA has issued a declaration of independence.

THE Versailles Chamber of Deputies has passed the University Education Bill.

The fortress of Gibraltar is being placed in a thorough state of defence.

A state of siege was proclaimed throughout Serbia on the 1st of July.

ALL Montenegro between the ages of 17 and 60 have been summoned to arms.

Prince Milan has been proclaimed King of Bosnia, and Prince Nicholas chosen by the Herzegovine insurgents as their leader.

The British Cabinet is reported to be divided on the Eastern policy. Some members want to fight Turkey and others do not want to fight Russia.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Sigma, Montreal.—Solution received to Problem No. 76. Correct.

H. A. C. P., Montreal.—Your communications have been received with many thanks. We ought to have acknowledged them before.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and game received. Many thanks.

H. L. P., Mount Royal, Ont.—Your solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 72, in two moves, is correct. We must have looked over the solution, beginning with the move of Pawn. Cannot you send us an original position for our column?

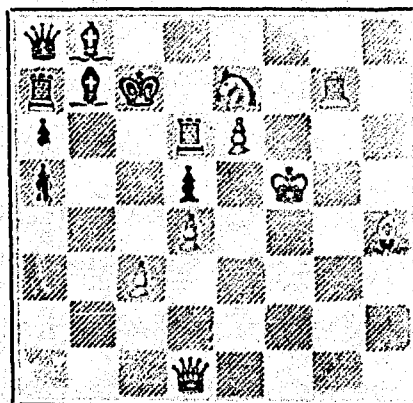
There is very little stirring at present in the Chess world. Attention is principally directed to the proposed Tournament at the Centennial in Philadelphia, and there will be some disappointment, if but little is earned out of all that has been talked about.

A letter has appeared in one of the papers of the United States from Mr. Bird, complaining of the manner in which he has been treated with reference to the final result of the late New York Tourney. We should like to hear the reply of the managing Committee before giving an opinion in the matter.

A match between two of the members of the Montreal Chess Club has been played lately, in which Mr. Van Bokum gave Mr. Shaw the odds of Q Kt and two games in advance. The player who scored the first seven games was to be the conqueror. At the conclusion of the match Mr. Van Bokum had won one game, and Mr. Shaw five games, which, added to the two given in advance, made him the victor. We subjoin the last game in the match.

PROBLEM No. 79.

By Mr. J. H. FINLISON, BLACK.



WHITE
White to play and mate in three moves

GAME 109TH. Played recently, in Montreal, between Messrs. Von Bokum and Shaw, the former giving the odds of Q Kt and two games in advance.

- CENTRE GAMBIT. WHITE.—(Mr. Von Bokum.) BLACK.—(Mr. Shaw.) 1. P to K 4. P to K 4. 2. P to Q 4. P takes P. 3. P to Q B 3. P to Q B 4. 4. B to Q B 4. Q to K B 3. 5. Kt to K 2. Kt to Q B 3. 6. Castles. Kt to R 3. 7. P to K B 4. B to K 2. 8. K to R sq. Kt to K Kt 5. 9. P to K R 3. Q to K R 5. 10. K to Kt sq. Kt to K 6. 11. B takes Kt. P takes B. 12. K B P advances. Q takes K P. 13. B to Q 3. Q to Q 4. 14. Q to Q B 2. P to Q B 5. 15. B to K 1. Q to Q 7. 16. Kt to K B 4. Q takes Q. 17. B takes Q. B to R 5. 18. R to K B 3. B to B 7 ch. 19. R takes B. P takes R (ch). 20. K takes P. Castles. 21. P to B 6. P to K Kt 3. 22. R to K sq. P to Q 3. 23. P to K Kt 4. B to K 3. and White resigned the game and match.

GAME 110TH. Played recently in the New York Tourney, between Mr. Enzor and Capt. Mackenzie.

- (From Land and Water.) HAMP OPENING. WHITE.—(Mr. Enzor.) BLACK.—(Capt. Mackenzie.) 1. P to K 4. P to K 4. 2. Kt to Q B 3. Kt to Q B 3. 3. P to K B 4. P takes P. 4. P to Q 4. P to R 5 (ch). 5. K to K 2. P to Q Kt 3 (ch). 6. Kt to Kt 5. B to R 3. 7. P to Q B 4. B takes Kt. 8. P takes B. Q to R 4 (ch). 9. Kt to B 3. Q takes P (ch). 10. K to B 2. Q to K R 4 (ch). 11. B takes P. Kt to B 3. 12. B to Q 3. B to K 2. 13. P to K B 3. P to K Kt 4. 14. P to K Kt 4. Q to Kt 3. 15. Kt takes P. P to Kt 2 (ch). 16. Kt to B 3. P to K R 4. 17. P to K 5. Kt to R 2. 18. P to K R 4. Kt to B sq. 19. B takes P (ch). Kt to K 3. 20. R to K 5. Kt takes B. 21. P takes Kt. B to B 4 (ch). 22. K to R sq. Kt to Q 5. 23. B to B 4. Kt takes Kt. 24. Q takes Kt. B to Q 5. 25. R to Q sq. B takes P (at K 4). 26. Q to B 5. P to Q 3. 27. R to K Kt sq. Q to Kt 3. 28. B to Kt 5 (ch). K to B sq. 29. R to K 2. K to Kt 2. 30. R to B sq. Q takes Q. 31. P takes Q. Q R to Q B sq. 32. P to B 6 (ch). B takes P. 33. P takes B (ch). K takes P. 34. R to Q sq. and after eight more moves Black struck his colours (f).

NOTES. (a) In this variation of the Hamp Opening, which has been put into notoriety under the style or title of the Steinitz gambit, the correct move is here 5 P to Q 4. (b) The force of these manoeuvres of the Black Queen is not very apparent. They appear to us to drive the White King into comparatively safe quarters for the doubtful advantage of a Pawn. (c) White threatened to advance the K P, winning a Pawn. (d) Black cannot capture the Q P with Kt because of White's answer, 20 B to K 5. (e) Winning a piece for two Pawns. (f) The game derives its chief interest from the circumstance that it is the only specimen of Mr. Enzor's recent play published in this country.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 77.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to K 7. 1. Any move. 2. mates.

- Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 76. WHITE. BLACK. 1. R to K B 6. 1. P takes R P (best). 2. P to K B 1. 2. Anything. 3. B or P mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 77.

- WHITE. BLACK. K at Q Kt sq. K at Q Kt 2. Q at Q B 2. Q at Q B sq. Pawns at Q Kt 5, and R at Q 4. Q 7. Pawns at Q B 2. Q Kt 3, and Q R 2. White to play and mate in three moves.

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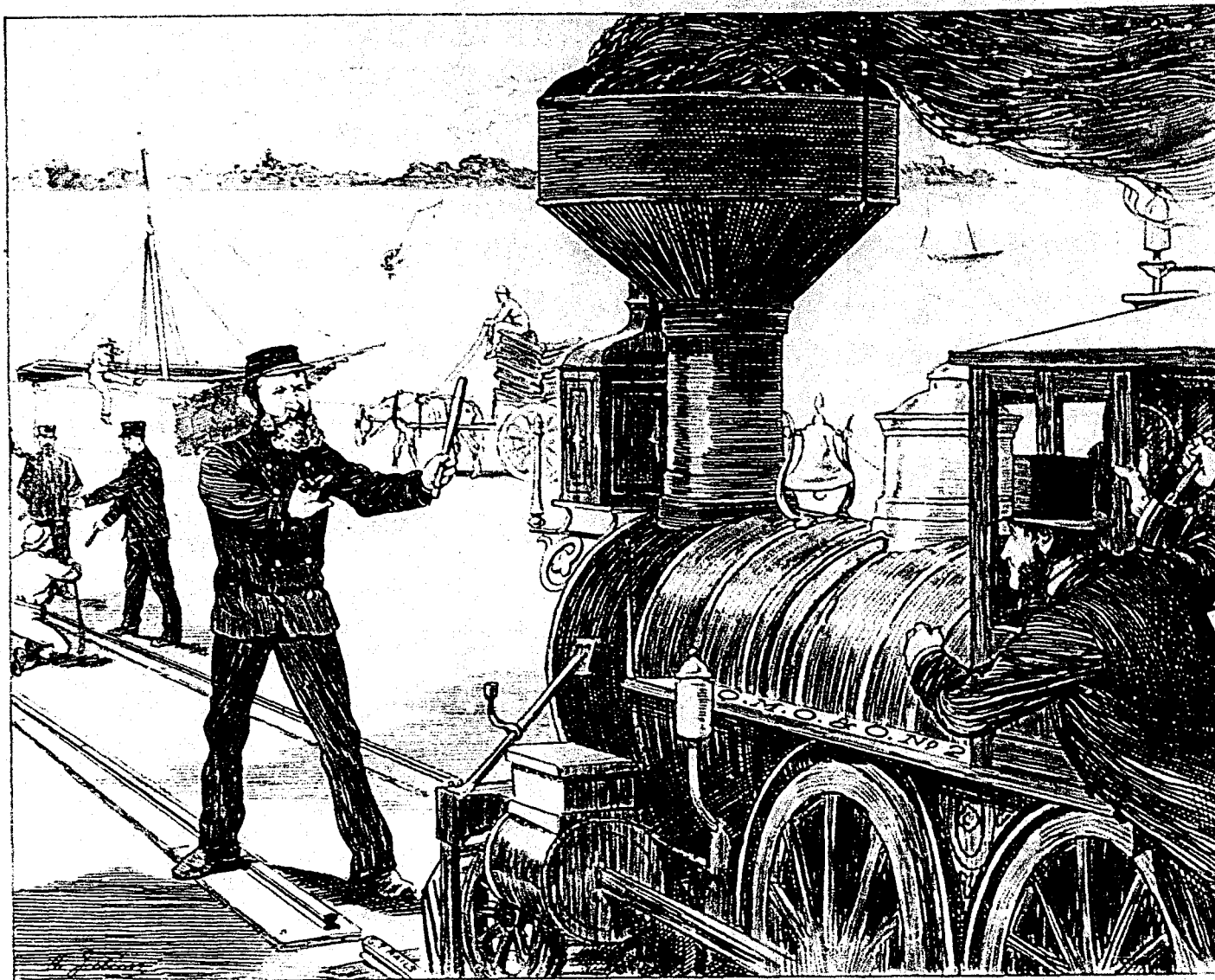
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