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THE GLOBE Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1879.

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FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

MR. JOHN BULL :— "It comes rawther 'ard and I don't quite like it, but I suppose young folk must 'ave their way. However, don't go too far, my dear, and never forget the old Home."

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TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1878.				
March 30th, 1879.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon.	38°	10°	24°	Men.	28°	23°	35° 5
Tues.	41°	30°	35° 5	Tues.	27°	8°	17° 5
Wed.	32°	10°	26°	Wed.	40°	18°	29°
Thur.	37°	18°	27° 5	Thur.	42°	33°	38° 5
Frid.	44°	33°	38° 5	Frid.	44°	33°	38° 5
Sat.	45°	40°	42° 5	Sat.	53°	38°	45° 5
Sun.	42°	36°	39°	Sun.	47°	35°	41°

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 5, 1879.

D'ARCY MCGEE.

Hardly a decade since his death, and MCGEE has already passed into history. He has been made the subject of a public lecture, and the gentleman who has the honour of pronouncing this first lecture is Rev. JAMES ROY, the well-known minister of the Wesley Church (Congregational) of this city. *Laudari a viro laudato* is the greatest of honours, and MCGEE has received it. He will continue to receive it, too, the example thus given being sure of imitation, as the character of MCGEE was many-sided, affording scope for a variety of treatment.

D'ARCY MCGEE lying dead on the frozen pave, his glossy hair singed and cotted with blood, the cold moonlight of a boreal sky looking down upon his pale face blotched with gore—that eloquent tongue silent, that generous heart pulseless, that clear brain gorged and suffused, was a spectacle of woe which Canadians of even distant generations will recall with anguish. He was the victim that was murdered because he battled for their rights. He died in the discharge of his duties. He fell at his post, and, as Sir GEORGE CARTIER happily observed, his was the death of a "Parliamentary hero."

Irishmen of all creeds and all political opinions have mourned over his tragic and untimely end. Those who remained his friends lamented it, because of their friendship. Those who were his enemies lamented it, because it was their hate and their calumnies that brought it on. Poor MCGEE had no personal enemies—the goodness of his heart was proverbial. It was his political enemies that brutally murdered him.

MCGEE was basely maligned in this country by a handful of men who were jealous of his talents and position, and who hungered to supplant him. They made use of his famous Wexford speech as a first weapon against him. And yet this discourse was simply an advice to Irishmen to stay at home and not emigrate to Canada, if they could help it, because, everything considered, they were just as well off in Ireland as they would be in the United States. That was the sum and substance of the Wexford speech. And who will declare that this picture of Irishmen in the United States, immediately after the rebellion in 1866, was overdrawn, or that his advice to his countrymen was not a patriotic one?

A second charge against him was that he represented his countrymen in Canada as Fenians. That was simply false, and his enemies knew it to be untrue. On the contrary, he declared that Irish-Canadians were loyal, and that the Fenian organization in this country was confined to a handful of dark spirits in our chief cities. These men he combated, and it was they who bore him down.

But not by Irishmen alone was his loss felt. The whole Dominion, for which he laboured so long and so well, deplored his premature fate. No man did more for

the conciliation of creeds and nationalities than D'ARCY MCGEE. It seemed to have been his special mission, which no one has yet adequately filled after him, though we hope much from the ROYS, the CARMICHAELS, and other kindred spirits who have inherited much of his character. No one did more than MCGEE for Union and the Confederation of the British North American Provinces. His death, even to this day, is a national loss.

"He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest."

As an orator he was unrivalled in Canada, and perhaps on the American continent. His was no merely sensational eloquence, but it flowed like crystal water from the living rock. There was no effort, no hesitation, no straining after effect. He indulged in no useless declamation. He never mouthed nor shouted. But the flash of his eye, the toss of his head, the quiver of his lips, the tremor of his frame, the twitching of his hands, all betrayed the fire that glowed within him. He completely swayed his audience, awing it into silence, melting it to tears, or convulsing it with laughter, as he pleased.

He was distinguished, too, as a poet. Indeed, his imagination and delicate sensibilities indicated a rare poetic temperament. He versified some of the most beautiful ballads of old Ireland, and, in HAY'S collection, there are no pieces more patriotic than his. The SADLER edition of his poems is a volume that ought to be in every Irish-Canadian library.

His mind had also a decided historical bias, and, according as he grew older, he would probably have devoted himself almost exclusively to historical researches. His "History of Ireland," though meant for a popular work, has much merit as a reliable record, and, had he lived, his intention was to revise and enlarge it. His prose style was remarkable for its pure, terse and castigated English. He had formed himself on the best models, especially BURKE, whom he resembled, more than any Irishman of the present day, in eloquence, in imagination, in learning, and a taste for philosophical and historical inquiry.

But, spite of Mr. ROY'S revival of him, he is gone. The voice is hushed, the pen is laid by, the volume is closed.

"Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and for ever!"

But his memory will live. In Tara's Halls, when Ireland's illustrious dead shall be gathered there, the loftiest of its niches will be reserved for THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, the orator, poet, essayist, philanthropist, statesman, and Irish patriot.

In the meantime, a towering shaft should be raised to his name, somewhere on or near the slopes of Mount Royal, and looking down on the fair city which he so nobly represented.

INSPECTION OF FOOD.

Whether or not it is owing to official inspection or to the honesty of dealers, it is some satisfaction to be able to state that there is comparatively little adulteration of food in Canada. We have the suspicion that the business of inspection is not carried on very extensively, being, as it were, still in an inchoate condition, but, even admitting that, it looks very much as if adulteration had not yet got ingrained as one of our commercial vices. There is only one exception, and it is a remarkable one—that of milk. Of one hundred and seventy-six samples officially examined, in different cities of the Dominion, seventy were found to be adulterated and ten were of doubtful character. This is an appalling proportion—nearly forty per cent. We need not say that steps should at once be taken to stay the evil, by clearly defining what constitutes adulteration of milk and arresting those who violate these provisions. There is not much vitiation of butter. Very little coffee is pure. Genuine cocoa is rarely met with, sugar and starch

being almost invariably added in large quantities. A caution should be given about potted meats, the use of which is visibly increasing. Inferior articles are not above suspicion. Sugar is pure enough, and none of its admixtures are deleterious. The chief of these is glucose, or grape sugar, which is not injurious, but sensibly lessens the sweetening force of the staple. Tea passes through the ordeal quite creditably, but some of the adulterations are very bad, and in one sample no tea was discovered at all. Water comes next. The examination of water used for domestic purposes, especially that sold and distributed by carriers, who are liable to obtain it from impure sources, has therefore engaged the attention of the Department, and instructions have been given to the proper officers to take samples of such water. Up to date, only one analysis has been reported, but the result fully justifies the representations which induced the Department to have it analyzed.

Although Canada may, perhaps, not be congratulated on having attained as great a degree of general purity with regard to articles of food and drink as has been attained by the Mother Country, for instance, yet the Inspection Act so far has worked well and done good service. The publication in the annual Blue Book of the names of the vendors of all the articles which are found to be adulterated is an excellent deterrent, to which, doubtless, we owe much of the success thus far achieved. We trust that the zeal and skill hitherto displayed will be still further encouraged, and that the provisions of the Act may not only be enlarged, but more rigidly enforced. The case with regard to milk is one of the extremest hygienic importance, especially in view of the abnormal death-rate among children in Montreal, and our municipality should step in with a by-law to support the inspectors and analysts.

We referred, a couple of weeks ago, to the British practice of making diplomatic and other public appointments without regard to the political bias of the appointee—as instanced in the nomination of Lord DUFFERIN to the embassy of St. Petersburg. We find, however, somewhat to our regret, that our compliment must be qualified, self-denial not being so much more rigidly exercised among British politicians than it is among ourselves. We are assured that Lord BEACONSFIELD'S followers have resolved to let the latter know that he is not at the head of a Liberal, but of a Tory Administration. The Conservative discontent is chiefly connected with the appointments of the Marquis of LORNE, Lord DUFFERIN, and Sir HENRY LAYARD. The London *Globe* feels it is high time to speak out on the subject. It insists that "purely political appointments have been very properly considered the reward of political supporters, to whatever party they may belong;" and with suppressed emotion Lord BEACONSFIELD is warned that "habitual neglect of political service is neither graceful nor politic."

Blood money rolls up appalling statistics. Two and a half millions of men have perished in war during the past twenty-five years, from 1854 to 1879. In the Crimea, 750,000; in Italy, 45,000; in Schleswig-Holstein, 3,000; in Austria, 45,000; in Mexico, 65,000. The Franco-German war laid low 215,000, showing how bravely the French fought against overwhelming odds. The Turco-Russian war foots up a terrible bill of 600,000 in eight or nine months. The American civil war counts a loss of 800,000 men killed. As regards the value in money, the Crimean war cost the countries engaged £340,000,000; the Italian, £60,000,000; the American, £1,480,000,000; the Schleswig-Holstein, £7,000,000; the Prusso-Austrian, £66,000,000; the Mexican expedition, £40,000,000; the Franco-Prussian, £500,000,000; the Turco-Russian, £250,000,000. Total, £2,743,000,000.

HENRY WARD BEECHER has a way of illustrating theological subjects which is, perhaps, neither reverent nor dignified, but certainly plain to the common understanding. In speaking of prayer the other day, he said that he might visit a dear friend, and, finding him in trouble, tell him: "For anything you want, call on me." The friend, might ask him for a loan of \$35,000. This he would not grant, because all promises carry with them their own limitations, and a prayer may be reasonable to be granted. Mr. BEECHER said that he was often bothered and hunted until he could not sleep. Then it was no use asking God for a sedative; he generally took bromide of potash first. This may not be sublime theology, but it is first-rate chemistry.

PENETRATING to the roots of things is useful now and again. A man in St. Paul, Minnesota, took out a life insurance policy for \$5,000, one of the conditions being that it would be null if he committed suicide. He became insane, and killed himself. His widow sued for the \$5,000 on the ground that being driven to self-slaughter by insanity, a disease, does not constitute a violation of the suicide clause, which can be applied to criminal self-destruction only. The Supreme Court decided for the widow. The law is none the worse of a little common sense occasionally.

THAT Colonial Museum scheme about which we heard so much toward the close of the Paris Exhibition, does not appear to be making much progress. It is admitted, we believe, that the Colonies, including Canada, of course, are prepared to contribute their share for the building and site, but it is not so clear that they would be willing to incur the whole cost of maintenance without some assistance from the Mother Country. We trust, however, that a compromise will be arrived at, as the scheme is one deserving of all success.

It appears to be settled now that the great military review of the year will be held at Montreal, on the Queen's birthday. Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, and perhaps London and Hamilton, are expected to be represented. But the main feature of the display will be the appearance of the 13th N. Y. Regiment, of Brooklyn, who are coming that great distance, and at heavy outlay, to keep up the example set by the St. Albans' boys last year.

ONE of the most curious commentaries on the present tariff is the loud call of the New York *Herald* for an immediate reciprocity treaty, before this country experiences the benefits of Protection. Give us this treaty, and we shall rescind our tariff. The Government is pledged to it.

ALL honour to the delegation, headed by Sir ALEXANDER GALT, which lately urged a revision of licenses before the License Commissioners of this city. There is not much prospect of their success this year, but the seed is sown, and sooner or later must fructify.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

OTTAWA, March 29, 1879.—On Monday the events in Parliament were of slight importance, it being private members' day; and Tuesday, the Annunciation, was a holiday. But it was understood that with Wednesday the discussion on the Tariff would again commence, and continue *de die in diem* until the close. The intervening time was made the most of by the Opposition in the attempt to find possible weak spots in the Ministerial shield. And this was a little favoured by the known discontent of the French members at the non-action of the Government as respects the removal of Lieutenant-Governor Letellier. The air has been alive with rumours. One is that the French members sent a round robin to Sir John; and another, that it is decided the dismissal is to take place. It was also confidently whispered that the Opposition leaders calculated on inflicting some severe de-

feats on the tariff; and if the French members were in open disaffection, this, of course, would be quite on the cards. But all this appears to have passed, and the inference, in consequence, is that some understanding has been arrived at.

The correspondence respecting the prohibition of United States cattle to enter Canada for export to England, was brought down on Monday. The new features, in addition to the facts previously known, are representations made by the Minister of Agriculture (Mr. Pope) to Sir John Rose, in London, to be laid before the Imperial authorities, to the effect that the prohibition to allow cattle from the West to pass through Canada causes great injury to Canadian railways and steamship lines, the Grand Trunk suffering a loss of \$30,000 a week from this cause; and other railways, such as the Great Western and Canada Southern, in proportion; while United States railways between Chicago and the seaboard, and United States shipping lines, gained corresponding advantages. Mr. Pope also showed—and this, I apprehend, will be the point of chief weight in England—that the United States trade is rapidly adapting itself to the ten days slaughter allowance in Liverpool, and going on with scarcely diminished volume. It would appear, however, as very unfortunate for representations of this kind, that immediately after this letter had been dispatched, a cable message was received to the effect that American cattle, purchased at Chicago, shipped on the Ontario and Brazilian, were found to be affected with pleuro-pneumonia, and ordered to be slaughtered. This may put the matter back.

Mr. Casey opened the debate on the Tariff, making an ingenious speech on the Opposition side, the principle of his contention being that the true policy for the prosperity of the country was to cheapen everything and make the tariff bear as lightly as possible on all interests. He was followed by Mr. W. B. Ives, the new member from the Eastern Townships, who made his maiden speech; and of this it must be said that it did him very great credit, and showed a decided accession of fresh talent in the House. He supported the protection system, taking the same ground, as respects principles, as that occupied by Messrs. Pope and Colby; but from the new standpoint in this debate of an exposition of the circumstances which specially moved the country to demand protection. Mr. Tilley followed in a set speech, in which he successfully reviewed the attack which had been made upon him by his predecessor, Mr. Cartwright, and announced certain changes which he had consented to make. On this point he stated what was very true—that it was impossible, in the short time at his disposal, to look into every circumstance connected with the manufactures and trade of the whole country. He particularly and conclusively showed, also, that the new tariff would bear much more heavily on the articles we import from the United States than those from Great Britain. I send you an extract from his speech on this point, in view of its great interest, if you have space to insert it. Mr. Cartwright followed at great length, speaking with bitterness, and the debate continued without interruption till Friday night. Its great length quite precludes me from following it. There was an intention to get a vote on Friday night, but it was found to be quite impossible, and the debate was again adjourned between 12 and 1. The chief feature of the evening was the determined attacks of the Opposition on the new policy, and the objections the Maritime Provinces had to it.

Deputations and petitions have continued to arrive, all bent on impressing their views on Mr. Tilley. The bookselling interest has been very active in its representations, and Mr. Tilley has promised to lay them before his colleagues. Ten per cent. *ad valorem* is requested instead of the specific duty of which I before wrote to you, mainly on the ground that the 6 cents a pound would bear very unfairly on a large portion of the good books imported, and labour trashy works, which are light in weight, and light every way. It is fair to say there is division among the booksellers on this point, and that Mr. Tilley was induced to make his original proposition by a book-selling interest.

The Province of Quebec was up before the Railway Committee yesterday on the subject of a proposition to bridge the Ottawa at the Chaudiere Falls, with a view to connect its railway system with the West. There seems to be no objection to the bridge itself, but the point is whether the Quebec Government can be made into a railway corporation in the manner requested. The matter was postponed, and it is to be considered by the Dominion Government.

The question of the Coteau Railway was also before the Committee, without any action being taken. A deputation on this subject waited on the Minister of Public Works a few days ago. He seemed inclined to throw cold water on the project. There is a question as to bridging the St. Lawrence, and also as to making so many opposition railways, as being waste of capital, thus injuring the general interest. But this one is very strongly urged by influential Ottawa men as a most important interest for Ottawa; and a portion of the road is already made.

Mr. Kingsmill, one of the recalled Immigration Agents, was before the Immigration Committee on Friday. He testified that there was already a movement among manufacturers in England to establish branches in Canada, in consequence of the Protection Tariff. He stated, also, that many agriculturalists with means in England are now moving to Manitoba.

A somewhat curious little return has been laid before the House of Commons. It appears from

a letter of Mr. Brydges, that, on request of Messrs. Pouliot and Rouleau, two members of Dr. Fiset's Committee, Mr. Luttrell, the Superintendent of the Intercolonial Railway, issued tickets for the accommodation of voters at the recent election to the value of \$360. It is now declared that the persons who made the request are liable to pay for the tickets. This kind of thing, with Government Railways, is quite a mistake, whatever party may be in power.

The following is the extract from Mr. Tilley's speech referred to by our correspondent as showing how the new Tariff will affect Great Britain and the United States respectively, in relation to the proposed increase of duties:

Mr. Tilley read the following statement, showing the imports from Great Britain and the United States for 1878, and the proposed increased duty on the same:—
Agricultural implements from Great Britain, \$9,592; from the United States, \$132,053; 7 1/2 per cent. increase; animals from Great Britain, \$368,015; 10 per cent. increase; breadstuffs from Great Britain, \$21,854; from the United States, \$13,350,777; 15 per cent. increase; carriages from Great Britain, \$1,130; from the United States, \$83,564; 7 1/2 per cent. increase; clocks from Great Britain, \$7,430; from the United States, \$59,770; 17 1/2 per cent. increase; coal, anthracite, from Great Britain, \$7,503; from the United States, \$1,468,523; increase 50 cents per ton; bituminous coal from Great Britain, \$323,055; from the United States, \$1,169,731; increase 50 cents per ton; copper manufactures from Great Britain, \$3,637; and from the United States, \$15,844; 12 1/2 per cent. increase; copper, specific and *ad valorem* from Great Britain, \$1,268,830; from the United States, \$2,472,184; 10 per cent. increase; coarse earthenware from Great Britain, \$40,000; from the United States, \$110,000; 10 per cent. increase; dried fruit from Great Britain, \$166,018; from the United States, \$26,143; 7 1/2 per cent. increase; green fruit from Great Britain, \$134,460; from the United States, \$333,334; 10 per cent. increase; furniture from Great Britain, \$12,291; and from the United States, \$267,270; 17 1/2 per cent. increase; gas fixtures from Great Britain, \$11,113; from the United States, \$73,823; 12 1/2 per cent. increase; India rubber goods from Great Britain, \$56,679; from the United States, \$92,261; increase 7 1/2 per cent.; locomotive machinery from Great Britain, \$137,567; from the United States, \$307,705; increase 7 1/2 per cent.; tubing, tacks, nails, spikes, sewing machines from Great Britain, \$138,806; from the United States, \$379,115; increase 12 1/2 per cent.; glassware, common, from Great Britain, \$37,544; from the United States, \$308,443; increase 10 per cent.; do., fine quality, from Great Britain, \$149,724; from the United States, \$212,743; increase 2 1/2 per cent.; builders' cabinetmakers and carriage-ware and cuttings mostly from England, pay but 2 1/2 *ad valorem*; from Great Britain, \$166,274; from the United States, \$1,731,766; average 10 per cent.; lead from Great Britain, \$1,634; from the United States, \$210,962; increase 7 1/2 per cent.; bacon and hams from Great Britain, \$1,014; from the United States, \$260,003; 100 per cent. increase; small organs and pianos from Great Britain, \$9,668; from the United States, \$459,332; increase 7 1/2 per cent.; books from Great Britain, \$870,069; from the United States, \$451,426; more than doubled; billiard tables from Great Britain it must have been \$175; from the United States, \$11,123; 17 1/2 per cent. increase; brooms and brushes from Great Britain, \$20,319; from the United States, \$22,707; increase 7 1/2 per cent.; gun powder and explosives from Great Britain, \$20,513; from the United States, \$29,000; increase 7 1/2 per cent.; hats, caps, from Great Britain, \$328,000; from the United States, \$675,000; increase 7 1/2 per cent.; copper and brass from Great Britain, \$76,338; from the United States, \$24,195; 10 per cent. increase; manufactures of furs from Great Britain, \$129,187; from the United States, \$67,892; increase 7 1/2 per cent.; pig iron from Great Britain, 26,174 tons; from the United States, 3,913 tons; from Great Britain, \$37,823; from the United States, \$93,901; increase 5 1/2 per cent.; bar-iron, rails, blown billets, &c., from Great Britain, \$1,654,519; from the United States, \$322,638; average 10 per cent.; iron plate from Great Britain, \$348,613; from the United States, \$61,351; average 10 per cent.; woollen goods from Great Britain, \$2,765,131; from the United States, \$73,897; increase 2 1/2 per cent.; do., from Great Britain, \$2,756,000; from the United States, \$74,000; increase 10 per cent.; do., finished from Great Britain, \$716,068; from the United States, \$62,268; increase 7 1/2 per cent.; blankets and coarsest woollens from Great Britain, \$1,107,000; from the United States, \$162,657; increase 17 1/2 per cent.; cotton goods from Great Britain, \$97,835,249; from the United States, \$1,622,752; increase 2 1/2 per cent.; earthenware from Great Britain, \$369,000; from the United States, \$15,000; increase 2 1/2 per cent.; linen goods from Great Britain, \$908,237; from the United States, \$67,439; increase 2 1/2 per cent. The whole value of the imports from Great Britain is \$17,983,321; from the United States \$28,006,091. Then in this way it is expected to increase the revenue from articles on the first page largely imported from the United States. This will give us \$1,027,591 on merchandise received principally from Great Britain, \$305,000; on smaller articles under the 2 1/2 per cent. increase, \$750,000; from silk goods, \$150,000; spirits and wines—Customs, \$10,000. Excess—spirits, \$100,000; making a total of \$2,642,590. Then deducting the reductions on sugar, \$250,000; tea, \$90,000. With regard to the tea I believe it is imported largely from England and China and Japan direct. But if five or six establishments monopolize the whole of the business, I would ask this, if it would not be preferable that these establishments should be located in Canada instead of New York or Boston. The reduction on molasses would amount to \$100,000, and the amount on drawbacks \$100,000, giving a total of \$550,000, which would leave a balance of \$2,102,590 as the expected result of this tariff.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S MARRIAGE.—This notable event, with which our readers are all familiar through telegraphic descriptions, is illustrated by three engravings, representing the waiting of the bridesmaids for the bride; the arrival in state of the bride; and the marriage in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

TWO CHURCH SCENES.—These two pretty and characteristic scenes, drawn by our artist on the spot, represent the entrance to the Chapter House of Christ Church Cathedral, in this city, amid a barrier of snow, and a picturesque view of old Bonsecours Church and Market under like circumstances. The sketches are valuable as representations of Canadian town scenery in the heart of a severe winter like the present.

SKATING CARNIVAL.—The peculiarity of this sketch, drawn with a fine view to contrast, is that it represents a carnival on the ice in the open air. The costumes are picturesque and varied, the chief novelty being the timely introduction of a Zulu with hide shield and the terrible assegai, which did such murderous execution at Isandula. The great bonfire on the hill adds to the lurid glory of the scene.

INTERIOR AFRICAN SEA.—Baron de Lesseps, who has immortalized himself by the gigantic work of the Suez Canal, is at present attempting the no less Herculean task of forming an interior African sea through the Sahara, thus recovering what geologists assure us existed in pre-historic times. Our sketch represents the preliminary works, undertaken by the French Government, near the Oued Melath River, in or near their Algerian possessions.

THE CARTOON.—Last week we published a humorous sketch descriptive of the effects of the new tariff on our commercial relations with Brother Jonathan. This week we seek to illustrate the same in regard to John Bull. The situation is correctly depicted. The Mother Country allows us to have our own way, only reminding us that we must not discriminate too far against her, nor forget that we are still an integral portion of the Empire. The lesson, we are sure, will be heeded.

WORKINGMEN BEGGING IN LONDON.—This picture vividly brings to view the general distress existing in the British Metropolis. They are represented going about the streets in bands singing this pitiful doggerel:—

We have got no work to do (bis),
We are all frozen out,
Poor labouring men,
And we have got no work to do.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.—Several events of local interest are grouped under this head.—A few days ago Mr. F. X. Trudeau had a narrow escape from drowning in the river Beauvoir, which he attempted to cross on snow-shoes. The ice gave way, and he would have been drowned had not a lady companion, Miss A. Turcot, with great presence of mind, caught him by the coat-collar and held him above water till assistance arrived.—Some time since the long "Charley" boat belonging to Big John Canadian became loosened from its moorings at Caughnawaga, and floated down the Lachine Rapids. A few days afterwards the owner was advised that it was stuck in the ice at Windmill Point. He proceeded to the place, and found the vessel had not sustained any mishap in its journey. Big John says he will have no fear in going down the rapids in future, seeing that his boat is capable of making the hazardous voyage without the assistance of a helmsman.—The steamer "Progress" left Quebec a couple of weeks ago on a sealing expedition to the Gulf. The full amount of insurance on the vessel was obtained from leading capitalists, and several prominent Quebec gentlemen went on board to participate in the sport. We learn, however, that later the steamer had to put back for repairs.—There are two sketches devoted to fancy costumes in the Crystal Palace Skating Rink, of this city.—The snow seems to have disappeared early in certain portions of the North-West, and the buffalo, as represented, have come forth in large herds, much to the delight of the Indian hunters, who are thus afforded sport and flesh-meat before the usual season.—We have also several street scenes, showing accidents from the snow, such as collisions and avalanches from steep roofs. All these are drawn from nature.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

ALTHOUGH the Parisians have not given themselves up to much dancing of late, they through the theatres, and every Tuesday there is quite a crowd of *elegantes* at the Comédie Française. A new fashion has been introduced at the Théâtre Français. At the end of every act a lady takes the arm of her cavalier, and visits her friend in another box. She sits out one act in one tier, and follows it in another, and thus there is much more promenading, and the toilettes are often very elegant, for their wearers frequently finish the evening at some brilliant reception.

THE *Mémorial Diplomatique* supplies some interesting information with regard to the correspondence which passed between the President of the French Republic and the foreign Sovereigns and rulers on M. Grévy's accession to his distinguished office. The President's letters were directed "A sa Majesté, à son Altesse, à son Excellence," and so on, and he addressed the Sovereigns and Rulers as "Votre Majesté, votre Altesse," &c. The replies, many of which have already been received, are written some in French, others in the languages of the different countries. Thus, the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of the Netherlands employ French, while the Queen of England writes in English, the King of Italy in Italian, and the Emperor of Germany in German. The reply of the Emperor William was, the *Mémorial Diplomatique* adds, couched in terms of the greatest cordiality.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

St. Nicholas, for April, opens with "Little Puritans," an article from the pen of Horace E. Scudder, describing child-life among the early settlers of New England. There are two illustrations, by George L. Barnes, one of them "The Tithing-man keeping order among the Little Puritans at Church," forming the frontispiece of the number. Thomas Hughes, the famous author of Tom Brown's "School-Day" at Rugby, contributes a lively English boys' story, which is illustrated with capital pictures by Kate Greenaway, of London. The tale in-

cludes a description of the fun and frolics of Gang Monday and "Beating the Bounds of the Parish." Harriet Prescott Spofford is represented by the first half of a story entitled "A Boy Astronomer." The New York training-school for "Little Housemaids,"—popularly known as the "Kitchen-Garden," with the games and songs of the children, are described by Olive Thorne in a long article profusely illustrated by Jessie Curtis. Celia Thaxter presents a lovely "Easter Song;" Lucy Larcom, a charming April poem, entitled "Shower and Flower;" and Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, some conical verses about "The Little Big Woman and the Big Little Girl." There are two tales of adventure: one, "A Morning Call from a Panther," dealing with life in Hindustan; the other, "Spoiling a Bombshell," describing, with the aid of a striking picture, the daring act of a midshipman during a sea-fight.

Besides all this, there are: a biographical sketch of John Milton, with three portraits of him at different periods of his life; a story of German fairies, with a beautiful picture; and the usual overbrimming supply of good things in the editorial department—"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," "Letter-Box," and "Riddle-Box."

LITERARY.

The death has occurred rather suddenly of Mrs. Ranyard, the popular authoress of "The Book and its Story," which took place recently at her residence, Hunter street, Brunswick Square, Broomfield. This talented lady was sixty-nine years of age, and had done much literary work. In addition to "The Book and its Story," "FRESH LEAVES," "The Missing Link," and a number of other excellent works, written under the nom de plume "L. N. R.," Mrs. Ranyard was the editor of *Missing Link Magazine*.

PERSONAL.

The Princess Louise was 31 years of age on March 12th.

MR. JOHN SMITH, ex-M.P.P. for the County of Kent, died at his residence on the 27th ult.

The Governor-General has consented to become patron of the Canadian Numismatic and Antiquarian Society.

The Rev. A. D. Macdonald, of Elora, has accepted a call tendered to him by the Sarnia Presbyterian congregation.

MAJOR JOHN RUSSELL DARTNELL, who has evinced conspicuous gallantry under Lord Chelmsford in Zululand, is a Canadian.

THE Rev. Dr. Cook, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, has notified his congregation that he will for the future dispense with an assistant.

LIEUT.-COLONEL D. A. E. McDONNELL, ex-Warden of the Kingston Penitentiary, died at Brockville, Ont., on the 11th ult., in the 55th year of his age.

THE Rev. J. B. Green has resigned his position as pastor of the Church of the Messiah, Montreal. It is rumoured that he will take up his residence in Boston.

OVER THE WORLD.

BRITISH.

THE advance of the British troops on Cabul will not take place before the middle of April.

A SERIOUS effort is about to be made to help Turkey out of her difficulties, which have become so pressing as to alarm the English Government.

CARDINAL MANNING will shortly leave Rome for England. No arrangement has been made for the establishment of official relations between England and the Holy See.

FOREIGN.

GEN. BLANCO is to be Governor-General of the Island of Cuba.

THE return of the French Seat of Government to Paris will not be made a Cabinet question.

THE French Chamber of Deputies has agreed to a monetary convention of the Latin nations.

THE Jesuits in France wish to come to an understanding with the Government as regards educational matters.

THE German National Council, by 65 to 22, has decided not to open the question of the re-establishment of capital punishment.

PRIVATE advice from Sierra Leone represent that the French have annexed the British island of Matsigon.

PRINCE BATTENBURG has abandoned his scruples relative to the acceptance of the throne of Bulgaria and his election is certain.

TEN battalions of troops are expected to arrive at Scutari from Constantinople. The Porte appears resolved to disarm the Albanians.

FIELD-MARSHAL MANTEUFFEL is mentioned as the probable Governor of Alsace-Lorraine when autonomy is granted to those Provinces.

IN consequence of the decision of the Swiss National Council the question of the re-establishment must be referred to a popular vote.

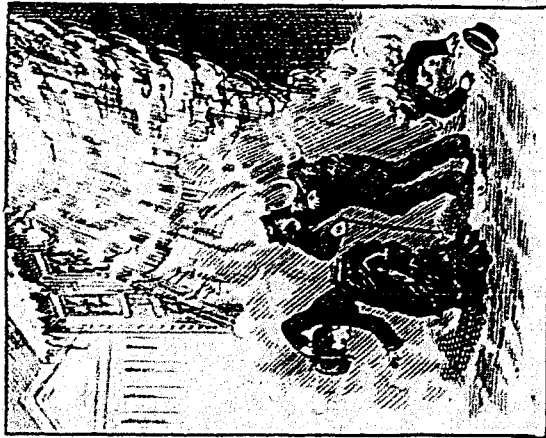
THE Vatican has submitted proposals for a settlement of the Kulturkampf question, based on the advice of a German ecclesiastic of moderate views.

IT is stated that after the Czar has started for Livadia the Russian Government intends to proclaim a state of siege in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev and Charkoff.

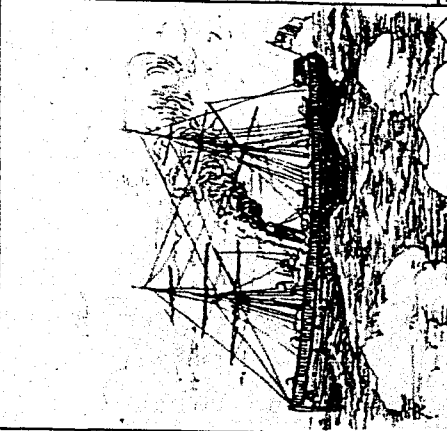
A PARIS despatch announces that Halim Pasha is about to issue a manifesto urging his claims to the Egyptian succession and repeating his former liberal declarations.

A ST. PETERSBURG despatch says it is stated that the Chinese Ambassador has demanded the retrocession of Kuldeja to China. An Orenburg despatch says the Chinese are preparing for a demonstration against Kuldeja.

JEALOUSY is the worst of all evils, yet the one that is the least pitied by those who cause it. The only perfect Fitting Shirt made in Canada is made by TREBLE, of Hamilton. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement. Six A Number One Shirts for \$12.



An avalanche from a roof.



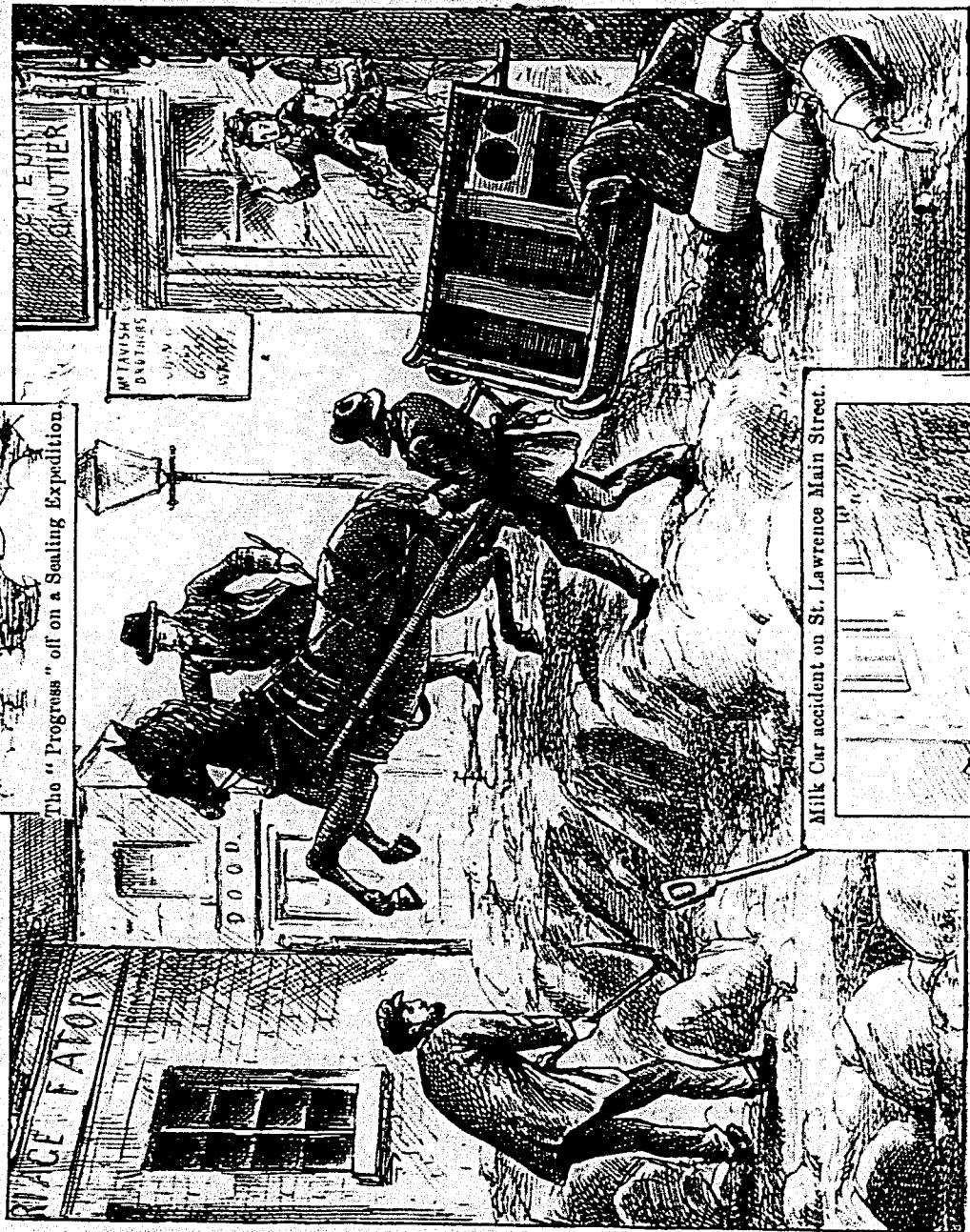
The "Progress" off on a Sealing Expedition.



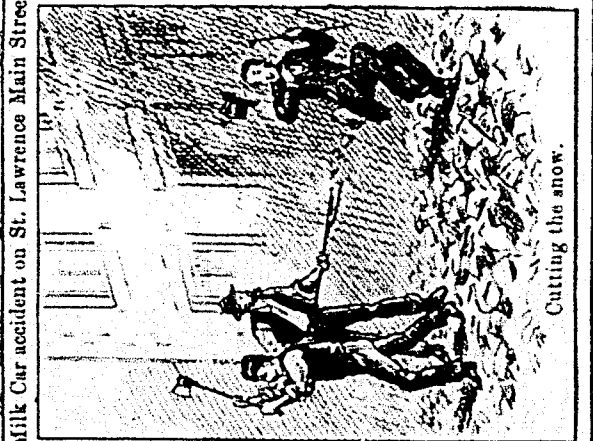
A man saved from drowning by a woman.



Johnny Canadian's boat caught in the ice of the Lachine Rapids.



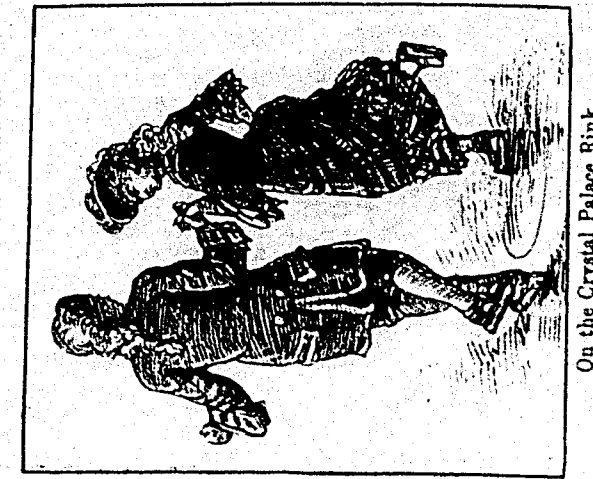
Milk Car accident on St. Lawrence Main Street.



Cutting the snow.



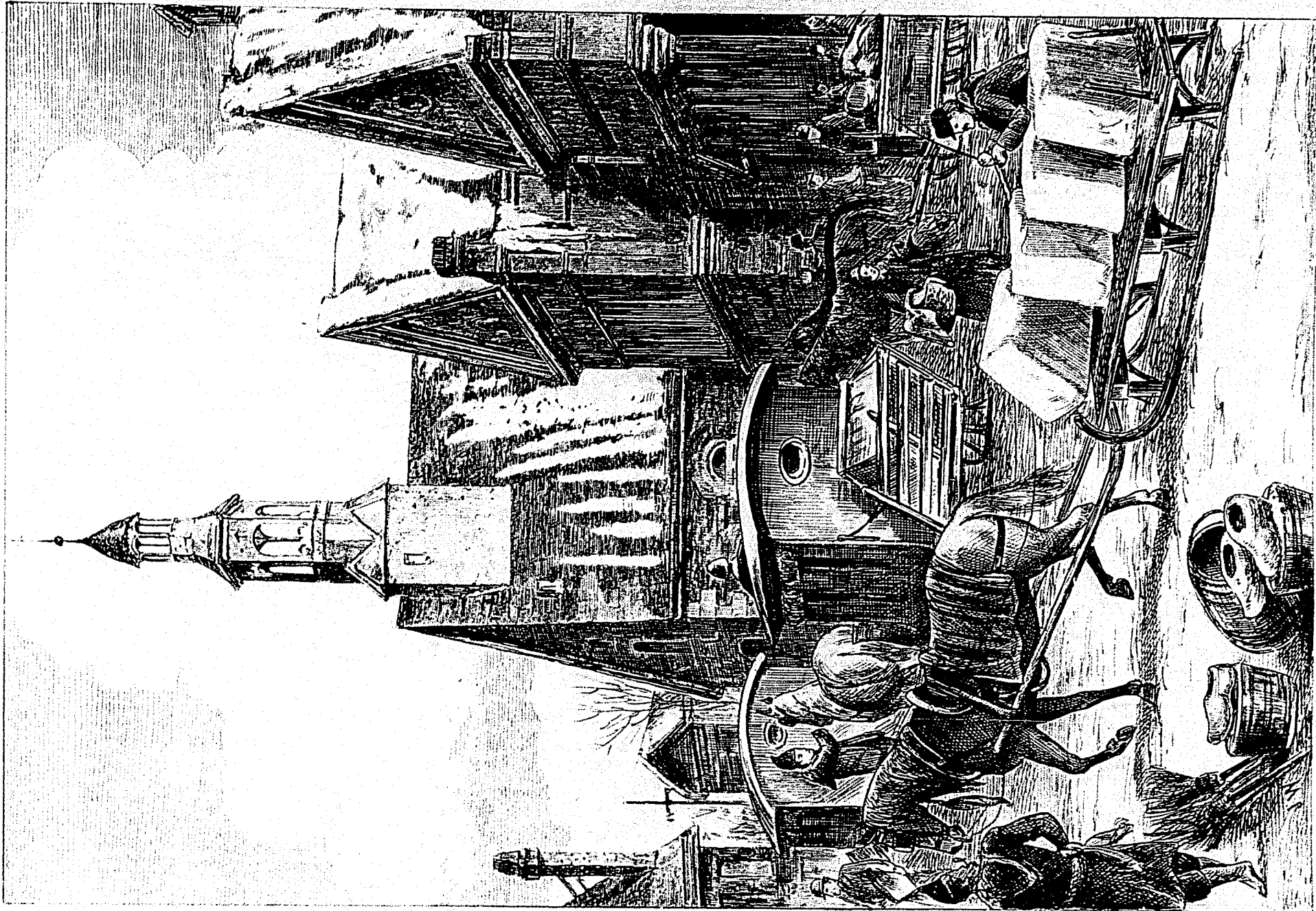
Buffaloes on Sweet Mountain.



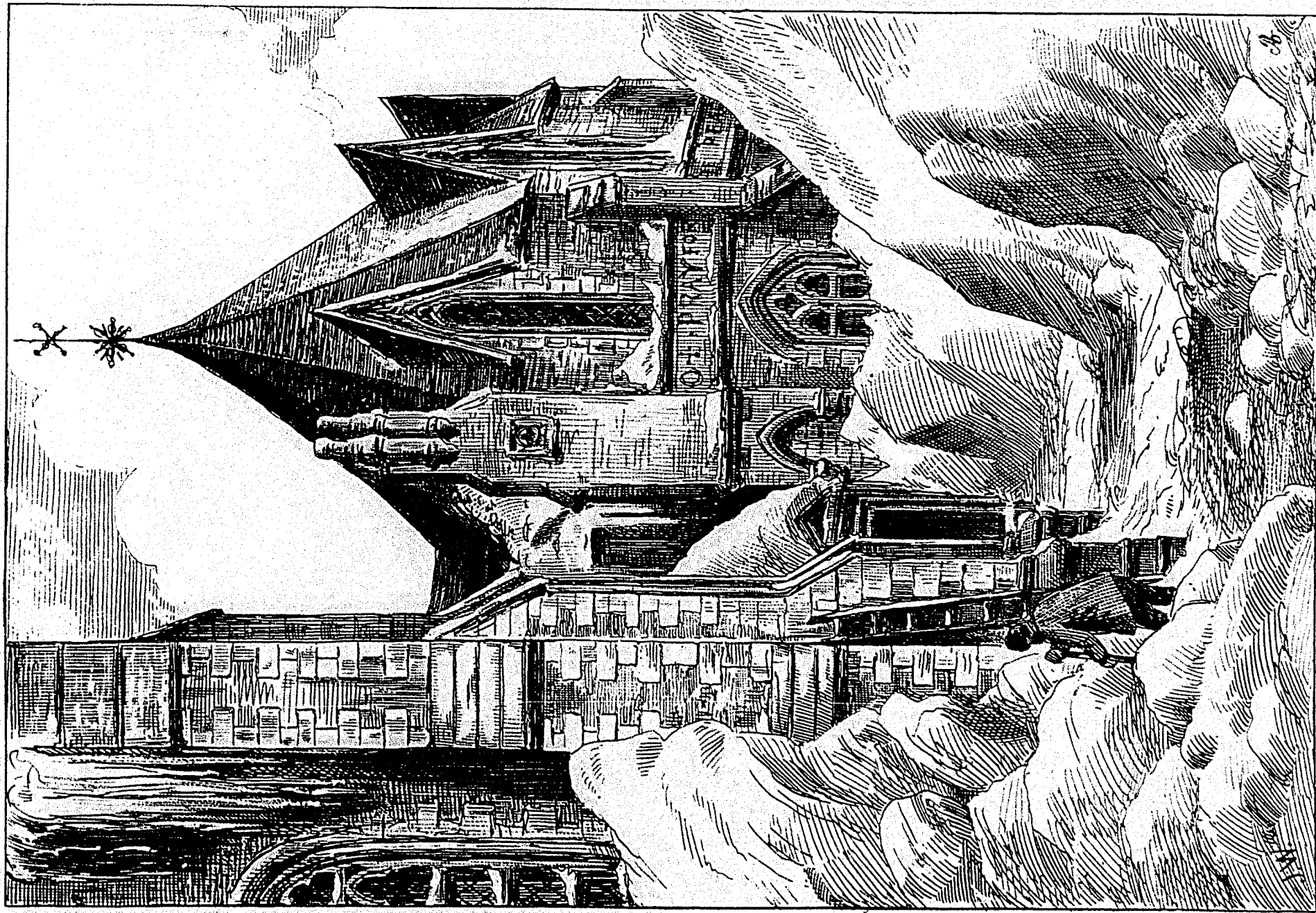
On the Crystal Palace Rink.



On the Crystal Palace Rink.



MONTREAL.—SCENE AT BONSECOURS CHURCH AND MARKET.



MONTREAL.—ENTRANCE TO CHAPTER HOUSE OF CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The collection of lace belonging to the Princess Beatrice can hardly be equalled. It contains a part of that Alençon which was found in a lumber-room some years ago at St. James's Palace, and which is reputed to be worth about 20,000*l*. It dates from the time of Henry VIII.

THE public laugh at Zadkiel, and Zadkiel laughs at the public. They get obscure prophecies which sometimes do come true—Zadkiel prophesied the Isandula disaster for January 22 by predicting troubles at the Cape—and people fill Zadkiel's pockets. He has sold more than 150,000 copies of his almanac this year, and it is still in brisk demand.

THERE is a report that a new political pamphlet will be published, entitled, "Whom to follow—Gladstone (Constitutionalist) or Beaconsfield (Imperialist)?" The name of the writer is kept a secret, but he is high in position, and behind the scenes. The pamphlet is to be used during the coming general election, and is already "bespoke" by more than one local Liberal Committee.

THE Duke of Connaught, who commands the first battalion of the Rifle Brigade, volunteered for Zululand. He went down to the Queen and pleaded hard to be allowed to temporarily delay the worship of Venus in favour of that of Mars, and he succeeded in persuading the Queen to let him go out, provided the high personages on the other side of the marriage contract would consent. The Red Prince, it is said, was anxious to permit the young Duke to go, but the lady would not hear of it at all. Venus triumphed over Mars.

IT is stated that Her Majesty recently received the Prince Imperial with touching kindness, thanking him for his gallant interest in this country and her army. Before taking leave the Queen placed upon his finger a ring which she had removed from her finger, and bade him wear it as a mark of Her Majesty's grateful regard. Prince Louis was visibly affected at this further proof of that friendship which the Queen has on so many occasions evinced towards himself and his mother.

UNWELANTARA, the cousin of King Cetywayo, not uncle, as the name suggests, excited so much attention in passing through the city of London that the Radical members of Parliament in charge of him were glad to take refuge in a tailor's establishment in Cheapside. The head of the firm, noticing how thinly the lad was clad, kindly presented him with a substantial suit of clothes. The friends of Unkwel were hopeful that the like attention would be bestowed on them, but it was not. Some roughs seemed to be inclined to take a different view of the Zooloo "uncle."

THE prospectus has been issued of a Limited Liability Company to give an impulse to the art of what is called "Poikilography," a formidable-sounding word, but meaning no more than the copying of pictures from their natural colours. The object of the Company is, in fact, to manufacture copies of paintings, and to enable poor people to adorn their parlours and kitchens with fac-similes of the works of the great masters. The industrious photographer has already distinguished himself in this line of business, but the Poikilographist evidently belongs to a higher order of art, who engages to give us copies almost undistinguishable from the originals.

THE Duke of Connaught's marriage is the seventh of the Queen's children, previous Royal weddings having been as follows: The Princess Royal, January 25, 1858, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's; Princess Alice, July 1, 1862, at Osborne; the Prince of Wales, March 10, 1863, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; Princess Helena, July 5, 1866, also at Windsor; Princess Louise, March 21, 1871, at Windsor; and the Duke of Edinburgh, January 23, 1874, in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

"DRAWING-ROOM meetings" are quite the fashion now-a-days. The method is this—cards are sent out announcing that on a given day, at a given hour, a discussion will take place in the drawing-room on such and such a "burning question." Some accommodating and bland M.P., or Q.C., or perchance a live peer, takes the chair, and the question is well hammered out. Ladies and gentlemen alike take part in the debate, and the blue-stockings have a good time of it. When all have had their say, a division is taken—sometimes with the startling result of revealing the most radical propensities in members of the aristocracy.

THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught are expected to return from Claremont to Windsor next Wednesday before they leave this country. Claremont is remembered by the tenancy of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne and of King Leopold I. and the Princess Charlotte. It is by a Statute of 1866 Her Majesty's private property during her life. The neighbourhood is of great beauty and of equal historical and romantic interest. Cardinal Wolsey lived for some time on part of the lands, Clive built a house here, and many poets have sung of the "soft wind-

ings of the devious mole" round the grounds in their addresses to Polham. The present house is of classical architecture—according to the classicism of the eighteenth century.

SEVERAL new versions of last year's popular street songs have appeared. One commences:

"We don't want to fight, but by Jingo when we do,
We'll be more wide awake than when we met the bad Zulu."

A Radical version is:—

"We did want to fight, but by Jingo at Zulu,
We lost our men, we lost our guns, and we lost our money, too."

The song for the avenging army is:

"We're eager for the fight, but by Jingo when we do,
We'll kill, for every white man slain, a hundred black Zulu."

A CURIOUS experiment has just been made under the direction of several medical men of eminence, and the results they have obtained will shortly be published in an official form. Their object was to see the effect of drink of all kinds, not necessarily stimulating and intoxicating, but even water, on the frame, and a good subject was selected in the person of a man free from disease of any kind. After a little while it was found that the patient scarcely required any liquor at all, and at the end of the trial was in capital health, and all the better for abstinence from liquors of all sorts. It is proposed to try an experiment on a healthy man to see how little food he can live on. The admirers of free trade think that the punacea against the distress caused by the want of trade will thus be found, and that we shall yet be able to carry on the glorious struggle and beat the foreigner, for it is clear that a workman and employer requiring scarcely any food or drink will want little wages or profits.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES

How to get rid of an importunate lover—make him a good husband.

WOMEN may become lawyers, but women cannot sit on juries. They could never agree.

THE most useful pedestrian is the man who walks the floor nights with the baby.

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to a dressmaker.

THE mother's heart swells with pride when her baby begins to pedestrianize at the age of nine months.

VERY kind gent: "Do you know, my dear, that we have to-day the shortest day of the year?" Lady: "Very true! But your presence makes me forget it."

SUPPOSE that baby-carts do injure the baby's health. Doesn't the baby have his revenge when night comes and the pargorie is downstairs?

THE child in its mother's arms, or cradled in her care, is a pupil in the highest educational institution he will ever know, either in this life or in any life to come.

THE pedestrian fever has been extended to the most secluded precincts of the family circle. We hear of several young ladies of highly respectable parents in this city who are training to walk, and nearly all of them are under two years of age.

MANY of the weddings of the Easter holidays will be conducted in the English style, and consequently eligible best men are in great demand, while milliners are exercising wonderful ingenuity in manufacturing dainty bonnets for the bridesmaids.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA says that if clever girls were taught to paint on porcelain, to model in clay and wax, to carve and to draw on wood, they would be a hundred times better employed than in "spanking a piano." To which a clever girl responds: "Oh, G. A. S.!"

"BUT you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbour's son, "you know, pa, that ma wants me to marry a man of culture."
"So do I, my dear—so do I; and there's no better culture in the country than agriculture."

JUST to see how she would act he uttered a big, big oath in her presence, and she immediately handed him his hat, and he knew by the look of her eyes that it was too late to repeal the test oath, and he departed wishing that he had held back his profanity till after the wedding day.

THIS is the week when the languid lady who finds the Sunday morning promenade to church, two blocks away, excessively fatiguing, takes in on an average ten "spring openings" every day, ascends and descends probably three miles of staircase, and walks around several thousand counters and show-cases without exhausting herself in the least.

"DEAREST, let us in this café refresh ourselves for a brief period," said a swell young man to a spirituelle creature dressed in the height of fashion. "What'll you have?" said the waiter, handing the lady the bill of fare. "Oh, never mind the bill of fare," she replied.

"Give me a plate of codfish cakes, with plenty of butter." The young man fainted.

"HUSBAND, do call at the doctor's on your way down town, and tell him to come up here as soon as he can. Johnny has hurt his toe so badly that he cannot go to school; George has sprained his ankle; this morning I found that William's both legs were dreadfully swelled, and little Tom has his feet blistered. It's too bad for anything. I wish this walking fever was over."

VARIETIES.

CARLYLE.—Carlyle's age has compelled him to give up his midnight saunterings in Cheyne row. A lover of his friends, he dislikes strangers, especially Americans and Frenchmen. *Truth* tell us how he once replied to a German who criticised "Faust." "Did you ever hear of the man who complained of the sun because he could not light his cigar with it?" In early life he would have become despondent but for a friend's suggestion that he study German literature. He is happy in his marriage; his only little "vice" is smoking; at a great dinner of Sir William Hamilton's he refused everything but a potato; he never reads newspapers; he once bought a neighbouring house to get rid of the crowing of a cock, and the neighbour on the other side immediately bought a cock; he has an income of \$4,000 a year from his books and he refuses a title.

SEARCHING FOR PAPA.—A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand and asked where she was going.

"Down to find papa," was the sobbing reply. "What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa."
"But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature.

The lady then tried to lead her along, saying, "You had better come with me. I guess you came this way?"

"Yes, but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just at that time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.

CHARLES LAMB.—Several new anecdotes of Charles Lamb are told in *Macmillan's Magazine*. One day an unpopular head of a department in the India house came to him and asked: "Pray, Mr. Lamb, what are you about?" "Forty, next birthday," said Lamb. "I don't like your answer," said his chief. "Nor I your question," replied Lamb. Lamb never carried a watch. One day a friend, observing this, presented him with a new one of gold. He accepted and carried it for one day. Soon afterward a companion asked him where was his watch. "Pawned," said Lamb. Finding it an incumbrance he had pawned it. One day a friend asked him to go to a public dinner. Lamb consented on condition that the friend would see him safely home. The dinner over, Lamb reminded the friend of the agreement. "But where do you live?" he was asked. "That's your affair," said Lamb; "you undertook to see me home, and I hold you to the bargain." The friend had a vague notion that Lamb lived at Islington; he took a hackney coach and started, trusting to inquiry to find the house. Some hours were spent in the search, but it succeeded at last. Lamb all the time persistently and dryly refused to give him the slightest clue.

BURLESQUE.

WHAT HE WAS GOING TO SAY.—Young Mr. Goldsmith, who is a clerk in one of our dry goods stores upon a fair salary, and who has for some time been paying attention to a young lady of the south-end, whose father is worth forty thousand dollars, made up his mind last week that he would finally settle the question of her regard for him. Thursday evening he arrayed himself in his most prepossessing garments, and omitting his supper from reason of sudden and total loss of appetite, he repaired to the barber shop, for the purpose of acquiring that smoothness of face so much admired by his young lady.

"Now," said young Mr. Goldsmith to himself, "it will be an excellent opportunity to think up something to say, while I'm being shaved," and he took his seat in the chair, elevated his heels, closed his eyes, and put his thoughts into reflective order. He said to himself:

"I want to begin with—"
"Shave!" enquired the knight of the razor.

"Of course," said young Mr. Goldsmith, somewhat tartly, opening his eyes, "you don't suppose I came in to get a tooth pulled, do you?"

The barber smiled in a soft tone, and proceeded with his work, while young Mr. Goldsmith closed his eyes again, and resumed his musings.

"I'll begin by saying that she cannot be insensible to the fact that her—"

"Razor pull!" broke in the artist, as he gave an upward stroke under the chin.

"No!" replied young Mr. Goldsmith, crossly.

"—That her charms have won for her a place in my affections that no amount of—"

"Pimples!" enquired the barber, as young Mr. Goldsmith winced under the razor; "did I nip a pimple?"

"Go ahead!" said the young man shortly, and relapsed into: "—That no amount of adversity can ever eradicate. I have longed to sit and drink—"

"Bay rum!"

Young Mr. Goldsmith shook his head, with a wrathful feeling in his breast that boded the farmer no good, and continued: "—And drink in the love that I am certain she bears for me. Then I will kind of lead on until I have my—"

"Hair cut?" interrupted the barber, unconscious of the mischief he was doing. A malevolent glare from his customer answered the question in the negative.

"Until I have my points well stated," continued young Mr. Goldsmith, to himself, "and then I will conclude by saying—and now, dearest Mary, will you have—"

"Any oil?" said the barber, pausing with the bottle in hand.

And then the other customers were horrified at seeing a young man shoot out of the chair and scream in a passion-torn voice:

"You miserable apology for a photograph, I don't want any oil, any shampoo, any pomatum, any cosmetic, any cigars—any—any—any—any—"

And young Mr. Goldsmith, grabbing his coat and hat, tore out of the door and up the street, gritting his teeth so hard that he started two gold fillings. He didn't propose that evening.

HOW TO GET A DISSE.—A gentleman who had travelled about pretty extensively was greatly perplexed to understand how it was that other persons were waited upon promptly and well served at the hotels, while he was almost entirely ignored and hardly able to get a square meal—complain to or swear at the waiter as he might. At last his eyes are opened to the dodge of seeing the waiter liberally, and being of an ingenious turn of mind he determined to improve on the plan.

The next hotel he dined at he took his seat very pompously at the table, and took out a well-filled pocket-book, extracting therefrom a ten dollar bill, which he laid on the white cloth beside his plate, and placed his goblet upon it. In an instant almost he was surrounded by waiters, who seemed to vie with each other in attentions. Every wish was anticipated, and all the delicacies of the kitchen and pantry were placed before him in tempting array.

Having dined as sumptuously as a prince (to the envy of many of the guests), he took up the greenback, and beckoning to the nearest waiter, was immediately besieged by half a dozen or so. Holding the bill in one hand, he pointed to it with the other, and inquired of the crowd:

"Do you see that bill?"

"Oh, yes, sir," they all exclaimed in chorus.

"Then take a good look at it," he replied, "for you will never see it again." Saying which he departed, leaving the waiters agast.

THROUGH THE DOMINION.

It is said that at least two of H. M.'s war vessels will spend the summer in the port of Quebec.

The Montreal City Council has passed a by-law to prevent immoral and indecent exhibitions in the theatres.

Much difficulty is experienced in procuring teachers for the schools in the remote townships in Hastings and the adjoining counties.

The Feigel gold mine in Marmora is said to be producing about \$400 per week, which leaves a considerable profit after paying expenses.

The trade of Halifax with Cuba has exhibited much animation during the past few weeks, and it is understood that prices realized have been satisfactory.

The sum of \$14,000 was received in payment for tickets and freight at the Grand Trunk Railway Office at Ottawa, from the party who recently left that city for Manitoba.

The Manitoba Legislature will not meet on the 8th prox., but will be further adjourned owing to the Manitoba delegation not having concluded their mission at Ottawa in time.

The Montreal Chief of Police wants twenty-five men added to the force for the protection of the outskirts of the city. In proportion to its population Montreal is poorly supplied with constabulary.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, he will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunken Flannel Shirt, send for sample and card for self-measurement, to TRIBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

FROM MY ARMCHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,

Who presented to me, on my seventy-second birthday, February 17th, 1879, this chair, made from the wood of the village blacksmith's chestnut tree. Am I a king, that I should call my own This splendid ebony throne? Or by what reason, or what right divine, Can I proclaim it mine? Only, perhaps, by right divine of song It may to me belong; Only because the spreading chestnut tree Of old was sung by me. Well I remember it in all its prime, When in the summer time, The affluent foliage of its branches made A cavern of cool shade. There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street, Its blossoms white and sweet Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive, And murmured like a hive. And when the winds of autumn, with a shout, Tossed its great arms about, The shining chestnuts, hursting from the sheath, Dropped to the ground beneath. And now some fragments of its branches bare, Shaped as a statey chair, Have by my hearthstone found a home at last And whisper of the past. The Danish King could not, in all his pride, Repel the ocean tide, But, seated in his chair, I can in rhyme Roll back the tide of time. I see again, as one in vision sees, The blossoms and the bees, And hear the children's voices shout and call, And the brown chestnuts fall. I see the smithy with its fires aglow, I hear the hammers on the anvil beat The iron white with heat! And thus, dear children, have ye made for me, This day a jubilee, And to my more than three-score years and ten Brought back my youth again. The heart hath its own memory, like the mind, And in it are enshrined The precious keepsakes, into which are wrought The giver's loving thought. Only your love and your remembrance could Give life to this dead wood, And make these branches, leafless now so long, Blossom again in song. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. February 27, 1879.

THE BABY'S PICTURE.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

Miss Arethusa Peppard was out of temper. She said she was "mad." But it must have been a mild kind of madness, for her pleasant voice had only a dash of sharpness, and no fire flashed from her soft brown eyes. But she was out of temper; no doubt about that, and no wonder. She had left her mite of a cottage early that April morning, and gone over to New York to shop, and in the very first store she entered—a store crowded with people buying seeds and bulbs and plants—her pocket-book, containing her half-monthly allowance, had been stolen, and she had been obliged to return to Summertown without the young lettuces and cabbages and onion sets and parsley and radish seeds that she had intended the very next day to plant in her mite of a garden. And every day lost in a garden in early spring, as everybody knows, or ought to know, is a loss indeed, and there's nothing in the world so exasperating to an amateur gardener, as everybody also knows, or ought to know, than to hear from a neighbouring amateur gardener: "Good morning, Miss Peppard. How backward you are this year! Your radishes are just showing, and we've had at least a dozen a day for three days past. And our parsley's up, and our onions doing nicely. And you used to be so forward!" So Miss Peppard, who was a dear little sweet-faced, wonderfully bright old lady, living in the nicest and most comfortable manner on a small income, with a faithful coloured servant woman a few years younger than herself, a roly-poly dog, a tortoise-shell cat, and three birds, had two reasons for being sorely vexed—the loss of her money and the loss of the days which she expected would start the green things a-growing. "All the money I had," she said to Peteona—called Ona for short—as she rocked nervously back and forth in her rocking-chair, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed. "I only wish I could catch the thief. I'd send him to jail as sure as grass is green." "Dat's sho' enuf, Miss Peppard"—Peteona always dropped the "d"—"an' it'd save 'em zackly right, w'en dey was ketchted, to be drug to de lock-up by de heels." Then, after a slight pause, which was Ona's way, she added an afterthought: "Dono, dough; s'pose dey might as well take de pore wretch by de head." "All the money I had," repeated Miss Peppard; "five and twenty dollars; and I can't get any more for two weeks, for borrow I never did and never will. And there's the garden all laid out and ready for planting, and Mrs. Brown sets out her lettuces and cabbage plants to-morrow morning, and she'll be sending them here with her compliments—her compliments, indeed!—before ours have begun to head." "If she do, I'll flog 'em ober de fence," said Ona. "Better eat them, dough, I guess. Her compliments can't hurt 'em." "And, oh! my conscience!" Miss Peppard went on (she could invoke her "conscience"

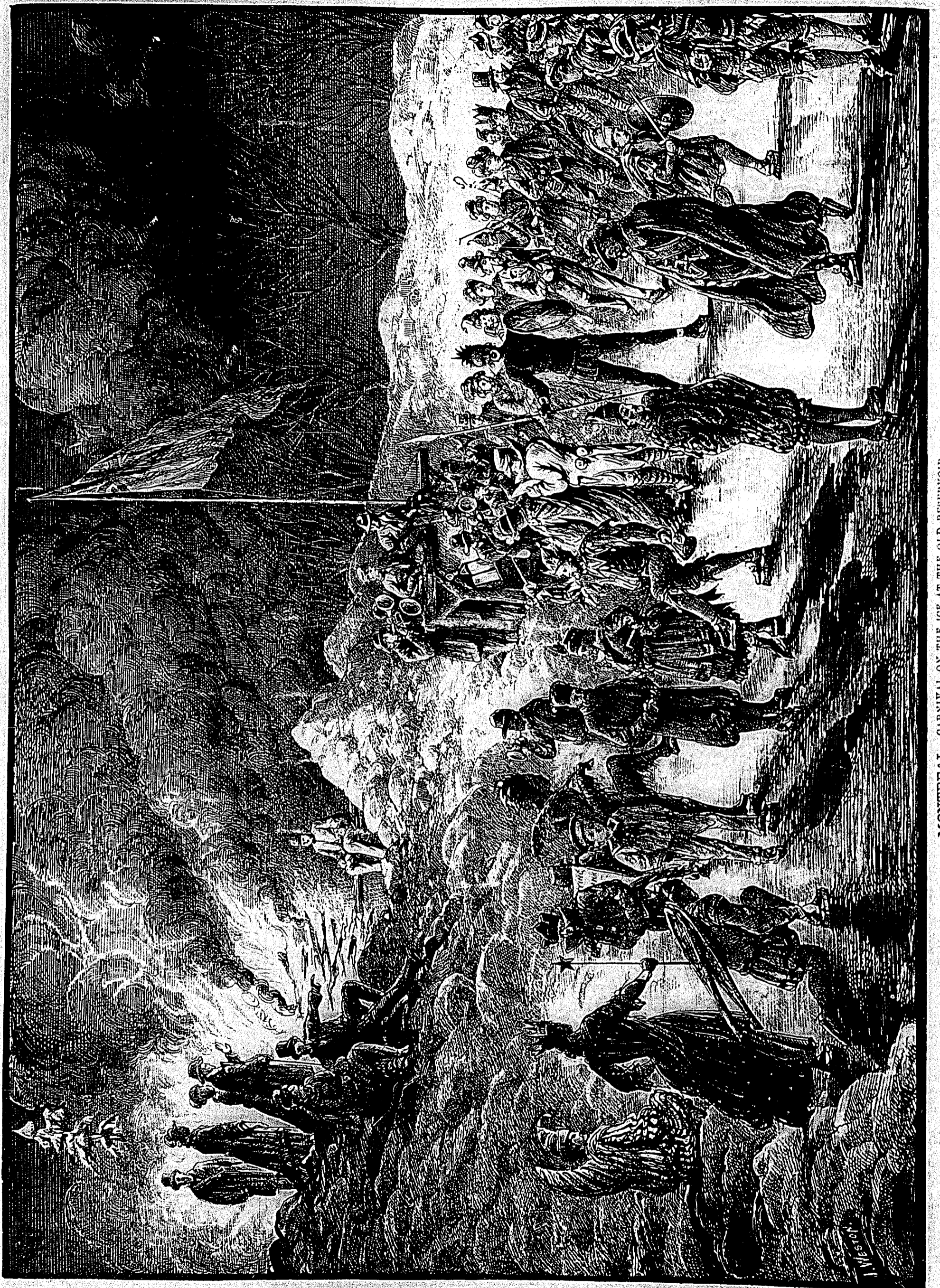
thus lightly, dear old lady, because she had nothing on it), "baby's picture was in that pocket-book. And I can't get another. Polly said it was the last, and the photographer don't come that way but once a year." "Well, well, you are a poor soul," sympathized Peteona, "to go an' lose dat ar picter—dat lubly thing jus' l'ke a borned angel. An' yer sister's onliest chile—'cept five. Wish I had dat robber yere dis minnit; I'd box his ears so he couldn't set down fur a week." "He wouldn't be here long," said her mistress. "Of all things in the wide world, I hate a thief. I'd have him put where he'd steal nothing for a year or two at least." "Might be a she; dar's she robbers," suggested Ona; "an' dey's all wuss den caterpillars. Caterpillars takes yo' things right 'fore yo' eyes—don't sneak in yo' pocket. Take a cup of tea, Miss Peppard. Dar's no use frettin' no mo'. An' de cat's been a-settin' on yer skirt for half an hour, wantin' you to notice her, pore thing. She jus' came in off de po'ch a minnit ago." Miss Peppard took the tea and spoke to the cat; but she couldn't help fretting; and she slept but little that night, and awoke the next morning almost as vexed as ever, and denounced the thief at intervals of about half an hour from breakfast until dinner, although Peteona emphatically remarked: "Dar's no use cursin' an' swearin', Miss Peppard; can't do no good. Wish I had dat robbin' debbil here, dough." But after dinner, for which Ona served a soothing little stew and a cooling cream custard, the old lady became a little calmer, and retired to her own room to write a letter to her sister Polly, who lived away off in Michigan; and she had just written: "And I can't make a strawberry bed this summer, as I intended, and dear! dear! how I shall miss baby's picture!" when Peteona opened the door sans ceremonie, as she always did, and walked in with a mysterious air. "Pusson want to see you, Miss Peppard—man pusson. 'Bout a boy's age, I guess." "What does he look like, and where did you leave him?" asked the old lady, laying down her pen, and looking a little alarmed. "Out on de po'ch. I lock de do'. An' he's a dirty, ragged feller, dat looks jus' like a dirty, ragged feller. Shall I broom him off, Miss Peppard? Looks as dough he ought to be broomed off—or gib sumfin to eat—pore, bony, dirty soul." "I'll come right down," said Miss Peppard; and down she went. And there on the porch stood a dirty, ragged, forlorn looking boy of about twelve years of age, looking exceedingly "bony" and half-starved, sure enough. He pulled off his apology for a cap when Miss Peppard opened the door, but said never a word until the old lady asked him, in a mild voice—she never spoke unkindly to dirt and rags: "Well, my boy, what do you want?" "Then you lost your pocket-book, yisterday?" he blurted out. "Yes," said she, eagerly. "That is, it was stolen from me; for I felt it in my pocket a moment before I missed it. Do you know the thief?" "I'm him," was the answer; and he raised a pair of dark eyes, that looked like the eyes of a hunted animal, to her face. "My conscience!" exclaimed the old lady, and fell into a chair that stood near, while Peteona darted out and seized him, shouting: "Golly! got yo' wish mighty soon dis time, Miss Peppard. Run fur de constable. I'll hold him. Could hold a dozen like him—or two or f'ree." "Let him alone, Ona," said her mistress, while the boy stood without making the slightest resistance. "Ain't he to be drug to de lock-up?" asked Ona, with a toss of her turbaned head. "Wait till we hear what he has to say," said Miss Peppard. Then, turning to the boy, she asked, as mildly as ever: "Of course you haven't brought me back—" "Yes, I have," interrupted he. "Here 'tis, money and all, 'cept what I had to take to fetch me out here. I found your name in it on a card, and where you lived." "But, bless you!" exclaimed the old lady, more and more surprised, "what made you take it if you were going to bring it back? Come into the kitchen and tell me all about it. Ona, give him a drink of milk." "By de Lor', Harry!" said Ona, rolling up her eyes until nothing but the whites were visible, "nebber hear of sich a ting long as I lib—gibbin' hullsals robbers drinks of milk in my clean kitchen! An' I shan't do it. S'pect robbers gits thisty as well as odder folks, dough." And she handed him the milk, which he drank eagerly. "Now, go on," said Miss Peppard. "Why did you steal my pocket-book? and why, having stolen it, did you bring it back? Are you a thief?" "S'pose—I am," he stammered; "but I don't want to be no more. I wouldn't 'a took it a year ago, when my mother was alive; but she died, and father he went to prison soon after for beating another man; and I hadn't no friends; and it's hard gittin' along when your mother's dead, and you hain't no friends, and your father's in prison." "Tain't soft, dat's de fac'," said Peteona, gravely. "So I fell in with a gang of bad fellers, but I never stole nothin' but things to eat till yisterday. I come out of the House of Refuge two weeks ago—" "House of Refuge!" exclaimed Peteona, holding up her hands. "An' a-settin' in my clean kitchen, on my clean oil-clof! Wot nex'!"

"I was there for breakin' a winder and sassin' a cop," said the boy, with a show of indignation, "and nothin' else, though they did try to make me out a reg'lar bad 'un." And then he went on, under the influence of Miss Peppard's steady gaze: "And the fellers said I was a softy not to have the game as well as the name, and so I went into that store 'cause I seen a lot of folks there, and I stole your pocket-book. And"—dropping his eyes and his voice—"there was a picter of a little baby in it." "My sister Polly's child!" cried Miss Peppard, her wrinkled cheeks beginning to glow. "Her onliest chile—'cept five," said Peteona. "And it looks like," continued the boy, bursting into tears—"it looks like—my—little—sister." "Your sister?" repeated Miss Peppard, her own eyes filling with tears. "Is she—with her mother?" "S to be hoped she be," said Ona, with a sniff, "or some odder place whar she'll be washed. Her brudder's dirty 'nuff for a hull family." "She's in a place ten miles or more from here," said the boy, "with a woman who used to know mother. Mother give her \$50 just afore she died. She managed to save it and hide it from father somehow, to keep Dolly till my aunt in California could send for her; but my aunt's dead too, and I'm 'fraid Dolly'll have to go in the Orphan Asylum, after all. Father don't care nothin' 'bout her. But if she does, if I'm a good boy I can go to see her; but if I'm a thief—And when I saw that picter I said, I will be good. It seemed as though the baby was a-lookin' at me and wantin' me to kiss her. Nobody ever kissed me but her and my mother. Here's your pocket-book." Miss Peppard took it from his hand, opened it, found its contents as he had described them, and then sat for full five minutes in deep thought. "You want to be a good, honest boy," she said at last, "so as to be a credit instead of a shame to your baby sister?" "Yes," answered the boy. "It's mostly yes, ma'am, in dese parts, corrected Ona." "Well, I'll try you," said Miss Peppard. "You?"—starting from his chair. "Yes, I. I want some plants and seeds from the store where you sto—took the pocket-book, and I am going to trust you to get them for me. But before you go there, do you know any place where you can buy a suit of clothes, from shoes to hat, for a very little money?" "Yes, ma'am," answered the boy, in a voice that already had a ring of hope in it. "Second-hand Bobby's." "Well, go to second-hand Robert's, buy the clothes—By-the-bye, what is your name?" "Dick Poplar." "And, Dick," continued the old lady, "do you know any place where you can take a bath?" "S to be hoped he do," said Peteona. "Yes, ma'am." "Take a bath, put on the new clothes, throw"—with a slight motion of disgust—"the old ones away—" "S to be hoped he will," said Peteona. "Then go to the seed store and give them the note I will write for you. And here are two \$5 bills." "An' dar money is soon parted!" exclaimed Peteona. "No matter 'bout de fust word." But the boy fell on his knees before Miss Peppard, and sobbed outright. "An' he'll nebber come back no mo'," sung Ona, at the top of her voice, as she went about her work that afternoon after Dick's departure—"no, he'll nebber come back any mo'." But he did. Just as the sun was sinking in the west, a nice-looking, dark-eyed, dark-haired boy, dressed in a suit of grey a little too large for him, and carrying a package in his arms, came up the garden path to the door of the mite of a cottage. It was Dick, so changed Peteona scarcely knew him, and the package contained the seeds and onion sets and young lettuces and cabbages, and before dark he had planted them all, under the superintendence of Miss Peppard, in the mite of a garden, and Mrs. Brown had no chance of sending her "compliments" that season. "And now, ma'am," said Dick, after supper, "I'll go. I thank you ever so much, and I wish my mother had known you." "P'r'aps she knows her now," said Ona. "And I will be a good boy—I will, indeed." "With the help of God," said Miss Peppard, solemnly. "With the help of God," said the boy, in a low voice. "But I guess you'd better stay here to-night," continued Miss Peppard. "You can sleep in the wood house. Peteona will make you a comfortable bed there." "Shan't do no such ting!" said Peteona, defiantly. "Ona!" reproved her mistress. "Till my dishes is washed, I mean, Miss Peppard," said Ona. "And then to-morrow morning you can start for that baby. Cats and dogs and birds are well enough in their way, but a baby is worth them all." "Golly! now you're talkin', Miss Peppard!" shouted Ona. "I's always wanted a baby—a wite baby—too. Nigger babies ain't much account. Jus' as valuable to dar mudders, dough. I s'pose. Niggers is such fools!" "And if you choose to stay in Summertown," said Miss Peppard, "you may have a home here until you can better yourself. There's plenty of

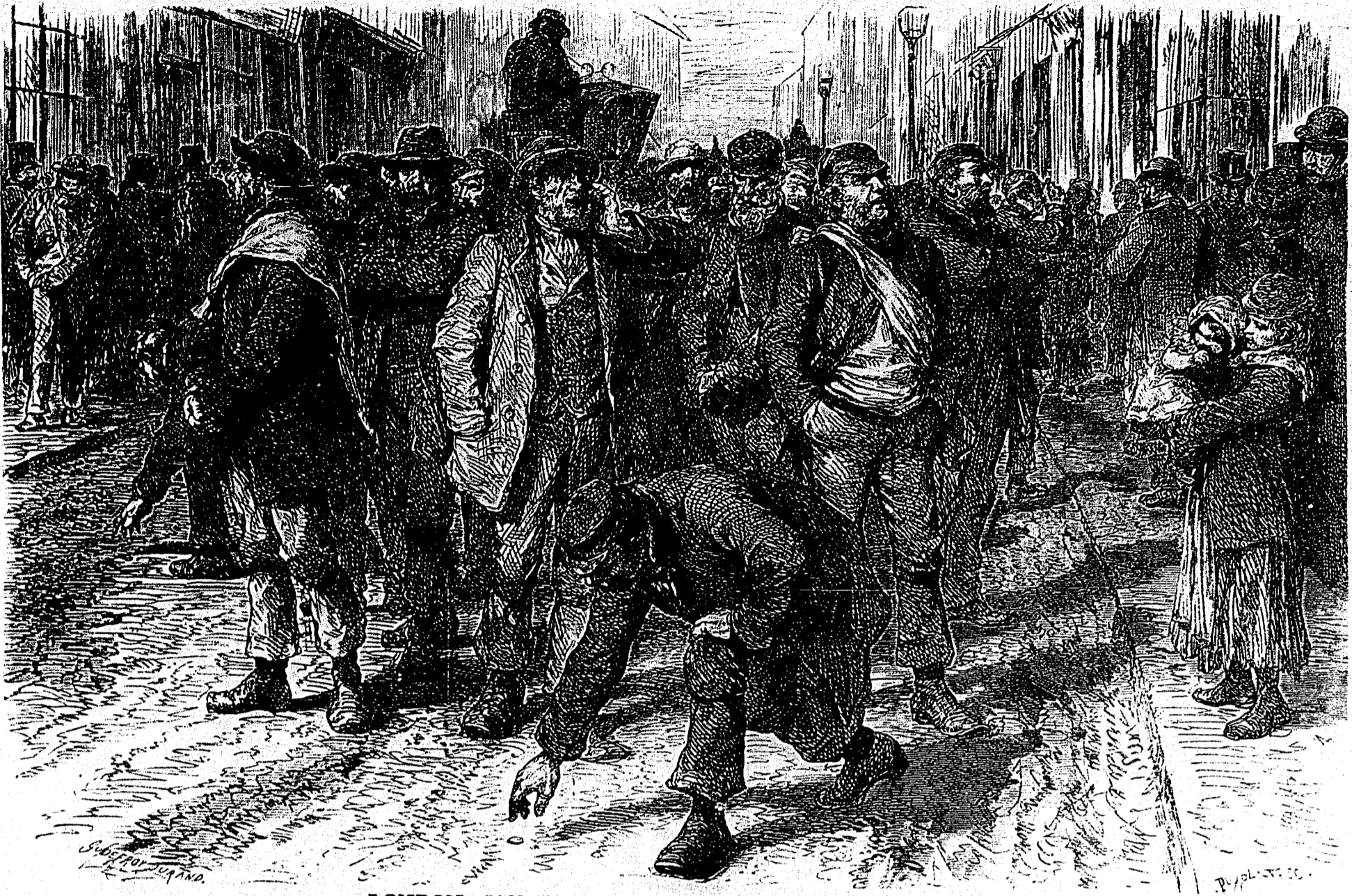
work for you; and the youth upon whom we have depended for errands and garden help, etc., is—" "A drefful smart, nice, perlite boy!" chimed in Ona; "as lazy and sassy as he can lib. An' I'll call you in de mornin' w'en de birds arise, an' we'll hab dat 'ar angel here in a jiffy; an' won't de cat an' dog an' birds look w'en dar noses is outer jint? But dar noses'll be as straight as ehber." The very next night a sweet baby girl with great blue eyes and fair curls sat upon Miss Peppard's lap, looking wonderingly about, as she ate her supper of bread and milk, at Peteona, and the dog and the cat and the birds, whose noses, by-the-bye, were as straight as ever. And before long Dick Poplar became the most pop'lar—dreadful, I know, but I couldn't help it—boy in that neighbourhood, he was so clever, so obliging, and not a bit "sassy." "Dr Lor' works in funny ways, sho' enuf," said Peteona, one April day, about a year after the return of Miss Peppard's pocket-book. "Who'd b'lieve me and Miss Peppard ebber wanted Dick drug to de lock-up by de heels? An' all de time he was a-bringin' me an' Miss Peppard de lubliest chunk ob sugar, de sweetest honey-bug of a chile dat ebber coaxed old Peteona for ginger snaps. She shall hab mo', de Lor' bress and sabe her!"—pouring them from the cake-box into the little uplifted apron. "Peteona 'll bake dem de hull l'blong day, for ebber an' ebber, for de blue-eyed darlin'—wid a little time lef out for her odder work."

HUMOROUS.

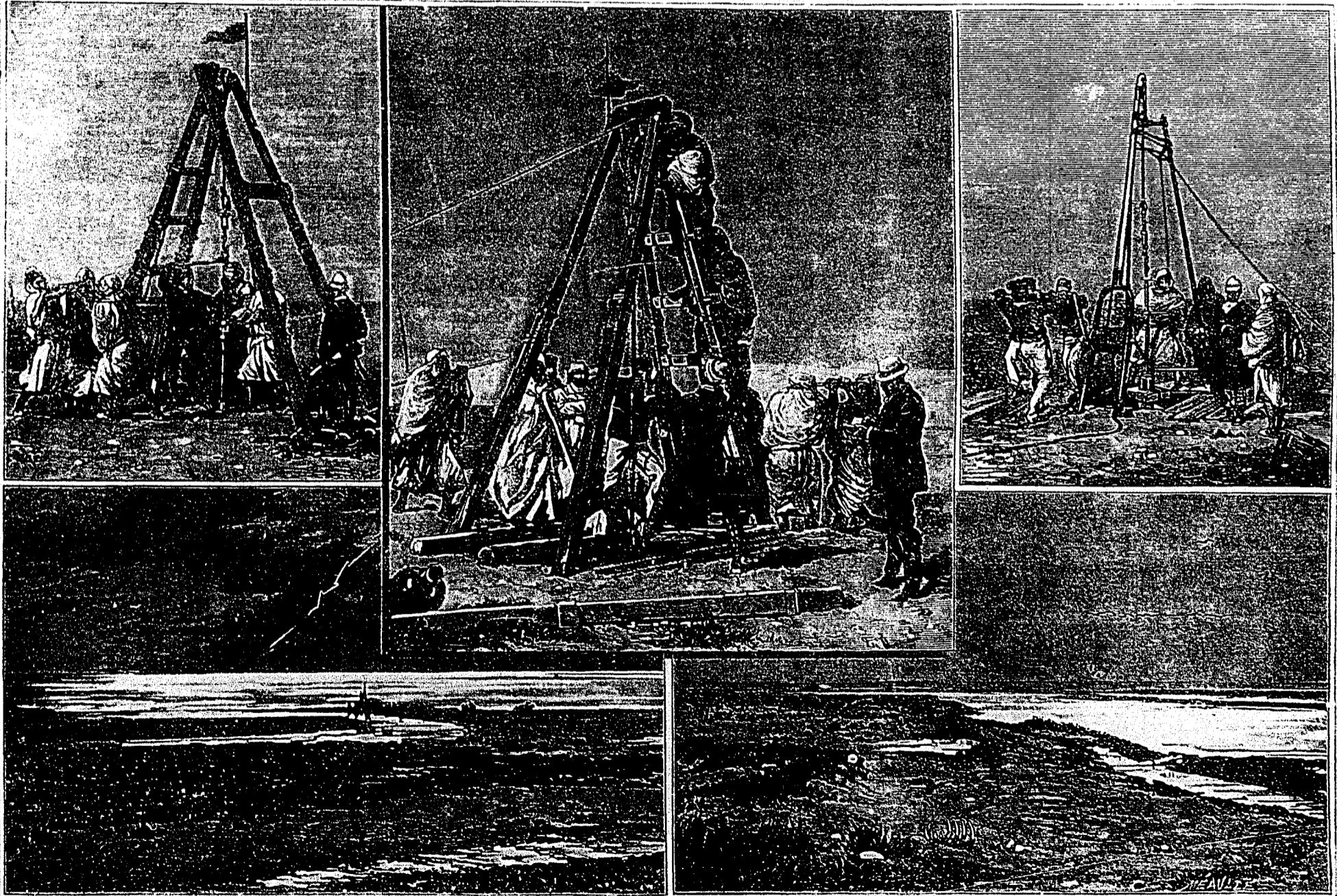
THE plough is said to be the oldest landmark. "COME, gentle spring; diphtherial mildness come." THE mother of a troublesome little darkey calls him the "black plague." ROCK candy and whiskey are very popular for colds. But whiskey and rock candy ar- bad. EVERY town hasn't a walking match, but please name one that is minus a silver corner band. TALK is cheap. There is too much talk in the world. Who ever heard of a riot in a deaf and dumb asylum? THERE is no time when it is so instructive to read the hymn-book as when the contribution box is being passed. THERE is an unusual activity in the red hannel market. Organ-grinders are ordering spring suits for their monkeys. THIS is the season of the year when venerable hens enter their second childhood and are broiled for spring chickens. EMPEROR William of Germany had a fall on a piece of slippery pavement recently. It didn't hurt the Emperor much, but it jarred all Germany. "ALWAYS pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I haven't anything to pay with?" "Then don't go." AN old bachelor says that he's been so often deceived by the chickens of these restaurants and boarding-houses that he calls it "the mocking-bird." A LETTER addressed "to any true Christian in Chicago and none other," has been lying for weeks in the post office there. No one calls for it. AN Illinois man, writing to the Clerk of the Supreme Court of the State for a license to practice law, said: "If you have two sizes send me the largest one." THEY do things in a hurry in Texas. A man who had lost a valuable mare recently received the following despatch: "Mare here. Come get her. Thief hung." A gentleman addressed his servant: "James, how is it that my butcher bills are so large, and I always have such bad dinners?" "Really, sir, I don't know; for I am sure we never have anything nice in the kitchen that we don't send some of it up to the par-lour." THE Easter egg, this year, we are told, will present some new features. A description is not given, but we presume it will be cut bias at the small end and wear a maroon-coloured overskirt trimmed with magenta loops, and a jabot around the neck—and hens will charge six cents apiece for 'em. AN Irishman accosted a gentleman on the street late at night with a request for the time. The gentleman, suspecting that Pat wished to snatch his watch, gave him a stinging rap on the nose with the remark: "It has just struck one!" "Be jabbers," retorted Pat, "I'm glad I didn't ax yez no ho'r ago!" ABOUT this time the small boy looketh for the circus, with gilt-edged chariot, the two hundred feet high giraffe and the seven legged cat, and besides the sale of his father's scrap iron and old tools, with the advertised end in view of giving the proceeds to the Children's Missionary Society. A SMALL boy in Belfast whose deportment at school had always ranked 100 per cent., came home one day recently with his standing reduced to 98. "What have you been doing, my son?" asked the mother. "Been doing?" replied the young hopeful, "been d-ang-just as I have all along, only the teacher caught me 'his time." THE "Forty Thieves."—A Yankee who had never paid more than twenty-five cents to see an exhibition went to a New York theatre one night to see the "Forty Thieves." The ticket-seller charged him seventy-five cents for a ticket. Passing the pasteboard back, he quietly remarked: "Keep it, mister, I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched. A SEEDY-LOOKING individual stepped into one of our gentlemen's furnishing stores recently, and asked for a pair of four-ply cuffs. The articles were handed him, and he examined them in a dubious sort of way, then remarked: "See here! these ain't the right thing: I want the four-ply kind, them that you can turn four times without washing." A GOOD story is told of a coloured minister of Ballard county who was brought to trial before his church on a charge of stealing a beam. After a number of witnesses had been examined, the deacons retired, and soon after returned the following verdict: "The Rev. Moses Bledsoe an' akwitted of de situation dat he actual did stole de pork, as twas n't shode dat sumbody else mite'n't have been wearin his cloze; but the brudder is heerby fortunately warnod dat in the future he must be more keerful."



MONTREAL.—CARNIVAL ON THE ICE AT THE OLD RESERVOIR.



LONDON.—POOR WORKINGMEN SINGING IN THE STREETS FOR ALMS.



Second Soundings. Mouth of the Oued Melah. Grand Sounding Apparatus on the Gabes. Course of the Oued Melah near its mouth. First Soundings.

PROJECT OF AN INTERIOR AFRICAN SEA.

THROUGH TEARS.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

An Artist toiled over his pictures—
He laboured by night and by day;
He struggled for glory and honour,
But the world—it had nothing to say.
His walls were ablaze with the splendours
We see in the beautiful skies;
But the world beheld only the colours
That were made out of chemical dyes.

Time sped. And he lived, loved, and suffered;
He passed through the valley of grief.
Again he toiled over his canvas,
Since in labour alone was relief.
It showed the splendour of colours
Of those of his earlier years;
But the world—the world bowed down before it,
Because it was painted with tears.

A Poet was gifted with Genius;
And he sang, and he sang all the days;
He wrote for the praise of the people,
But the people accorded no praise.
O his songs were as blithe as the morning,
As sweet as the music of birds;
But the world had no homage to offer,
Because they were nothing but words.

Time sped. And the Poet, through sorrow,
Became like his suffering kind;
Again he toiled over his poems,
To lighten the grief of his mind.
They were not so flowing and rhythmic
As those of his earlier years;
But the world—lo! it offered its homage,
Because they were written in tears.

So ever the price must be given
By those seeking glory in Art;
So ever the world is repaying
The grief-stricken, suffering heart.
The happy must ever be humble;
Ambition must wait for the years,
Ever hoping to win the approval
Of a world that looks on through its tears.

BENEATH THE WAVE.

Owing to the miscarriage of one of the advance sheets, we have to postpone the sequel of this interesting story for one or two numbers. The tale is now verging to a close.

MY COMEDY.

H.—(Continued.)

I checked an unguarded moment of expansiveness which was novel with me, when Miss Aubrey asked, "Does your mother know anything about me?"

"Certainly. I have sounded your praises. I told my mother that your engagement would assure my success. I always detail to my mother the incidents of the day."

"All—all of them—even the disagreeable ones?"

"Without any familiarity with the theatre, my mother admires it—from afar. She reads about it. Think of that dear old soul giving me the other day a wonderful scrap-book, red and gold, and in it she had collected all the kind notices she could find about her son."

"And the unfavourable ones—those that bite and hurt so?"

"The good woman had never seen any. I had always kept them from her."

"An act of filial devotion on your part. Would—would"—here the lady paused—

"would she like to know me?"

"Why, certainly," I replied.

"If the piece succeeds, won't you bring her to me some day? Of course she will come to the theatre while your play is running."

"My mother rarely ventures out in winter."

"I understand, Mr. Carter. I have had a lesson in manners which I accept."

"How—how, Miss Aubrey?"

"Oh, I don't blame you—serves me right."

"It is her health which is delicate; and if I must tell you, it is you who should come and see my mother."

"Oh, is that it? I understood you so differently."

Then there was a dead silence. Still I lingered.

"Look here," at last she said, and she opened the door and spoke to the coachman, giving him an address, "you may buy me my gloves after all, Mr. Carter. Will you ride with me, sir?"

I hesitated for an instant, somewhat wonder-stricken at the suddenness of the invitation. My moment of irresolution I hoped had escaped her. The hand was withdrawn from the door. In an instant I was by the lady's side. It was a soft, luxurious coupé, a very boudoir on wheels.

"My caravan, Mr. Carter," said Miss Aubrey, evidently desirous of putting me at ease. "Here is my ambulant library. See my tools." Here the lady opened a kind of case in the side-lining of the vehicle, and exposed to view a collection of small play-books. "Thumb-marks, and grease, and dog-ears. See that one! Scraped up for weeks, a penny at a time, before I could call that old thing mine. It's an awful rubbishy farce, but I made my *début* in it years—years ago. You may fish down to the bottom. That is a manuscript play; they follow me all around, and drive me crazy. Yes, that is an old Bible. I read it sometimes, have read it ever since I knew how to spell. There, underneath that button. That is my hand-mirror. I study all my most killing grins in that. What is in that box? Candy, sir; have some? Yes,

look there, if you want to. I do not hesitate to show you the whole menagerie. That is riddle, and the best riddle that money can buy. Comes to me from France, and is worth more than its weight in gold. Every one of the women pester me to learn where I get my rouge for use on and off the boards, but I never will tell them. It is my secret; but it is nasty stuff at the best. There, now, is your curiosity satisfied? Some day when I am old and fagged out, the time will come soon enough. I may go round and round, not in a coupé, but in a circus-van with a screaming caliope. That's the end of many of us. Please don't fidget so. Oh, I see there is a parcel on the seat and you are not comfortable. Just place it on the floor."

I removed the package which was incommending me, when the wrapper came off, showing me a couple of books.

"Yes, it is an Ollendorff, and something on French pronunciation. I bought them at the book-store, but had I seen you there I should not have entered the shop." Then she added, simply: "I am capable of sitting up half the night to catch an idea. What is a diæresis? How should a lot of idiots know what a diæresis is?"

I explained briefly what a diæresis is. Miss Aubrey was all attention, and in an instant understood it.

"Well, a diphthong, which isn't a diphthong. We will try Bœulieu, if you please, schoolmaster." Bœulieu was at once pronounced correctly. "But we shall quarrel over the very next thing which comes up—see if we don't, Mr. Carter."

"If other dissensions should arise, with such pleasant terminations, I might court them, Miss Aubrey."

"Better not try. Well, I shall study these books all the same, if only for the chance I may have of picking other people in their French. You did not bother much in showing me?"

"I have had a good many pupils in my time, and never had an apter scholar," I said, smilingly.

"And pray how?"

"When I taught night-school in the slums of New York I had very refractory pupils at times. I earned seventy-five cents a night, and I wanted it."

"Of course all the children adored you."

"No, they did not. I have had more than one inkstand hurled at my head."

"Is that why you have a little bald spot on the top of your head? It isn't a very big one, Mr. Carter."

"I don't know precisely. We all caught typhoid fever together, master and pupils, and I suppose the disease made me lose my hair. When I got well I made an awful trouble with the school commissioners about the bad ventilation and unwholesome quarters for the children. I carried my point. A more healthy locality was chosen, but I was discharged."

"Then you are not anybody of consequence! Funny change from a schoolmaster to a dramatic author! Did you know that Mrs. Launcelot was a schoolmarm? and when she married Launcelot there wasn't a madder, wilder actor than Launcelot in the world! She has kept him straight. We are getting quite confidential, Mr. Carter. Mrs. Launcelot was a teacher in a primary class in a school I once went to. What stuff one hears about all our people! My mother was a German rope-dancer—my father an Irish chorus-singer. They both went, father and mother, to Cuba, when I was two years old, and died there of yellow fever. An aunt, a good woman, was janitress in a public school in the East, and she took care of me. I was to have been taught bookbinding, but it was no use. After six months' stitching books I wanted to dance tight-rope. I believe I should have been successful with a balancing pole. My feet used to itch to have chalk rubbed on them. What is the use of people fibbing about these things? Nothing is ever going to turn up for me! My aunt used to take care of a library in the school-building, and let me have the run of the books. I dusted them when she swept the rooms. I picked up a smattering here and there. Teachers used to say I got my knowledge by intuition. Mrs. Launcelot—she was Miss Polly McGee then—taught me my first little speech. When my poor old aunt died, Mrs. Launcelot cared for me, and when I am in trouble, even now, and I often get into it, it's Mrs. Launcelot that gets me out of it. I love, though, to recur to my schoolgirl days. See—see! That group of little ones there, crossing Eighteenth street? Aren't they darlings! Quick, Mr. Carter; bid John draw up to the sidewalk. Watch that chubby-faced little girl, with that smother of curls—and that pretty boy! Can't you understand that I want those sugar-plums?—There, my darlings; one handful for you, and one for you, and what's left in the box—for the children at home." I did as I was bid, the coupé was stopped, the children were hailed, and I distributed the sugar-plums equally among the astounded children.

The carriage sped on a block or so, Miss Aubrey remaining quiet. Suddenly she broke out: "I am a goose—ain't I? Whimsical—capricious—and make a display of myself."

"Oh—a goose! a goose—it's a harsh epithet!"

I recalled mentally an unspoken syllable on her part—"between swans and geese there is, though, but a trifling difference as to species."

I was glad that she did not seem to remember, and I was sorry that I had adverted to a disagreeable incident.

"Once," she said, gleefully, "I read Hans Andersen's story about the ugly duck to a lot of

people, and I never had a more appreciative audience. You did not know Mrs. Tibbets? No! Well, she was a good, honest soul, a general-utility woman; not much talent, played anything she could get, and never had a chance. Old Tibbets did something dreadful—ran off with the cash-box of a side-show, and had to leave the country. For years that poor Mrs. Tibbets slaved for her husband's honour, and supported her family as well as she could, and little by little, by almost starving herself, paid back the money Tibbets had made away with. It wasn't much, not five hundred dollars. It took her five years to grub it up, cent by cent. It was Mrs. Launcelot—maybe Launcelot—that arranged the matter, and the side-show man was paid in full. Then they wrote to Tibbets, somewhere in Peru, to come back, but Tibbets they found out was dead and buried. Then that poor old woman couldn't stand it any longer, but lay down and died, and left a parcel of children to starve—as many as four of them. We tried to interest some church people about these children, but, somehow, not much came from it. That stupid Jenkins, all out of his own head, suggested a kind of reading for the benefit of those children, in a private house. Jenkins hee-hawed in his best manner, and I read some of Andersen's stories, and we cleared almost four hundred dollars. But what was better, having put the Tibbetses in the front row, I washed and brushed and sand-papered them all, and attended to their make-up; some good people in the audience kind of took a fancy to them, so we distributed the Tibbetses' brood, and I do think that it looks as if they would be provided for for some years to come. That's how I learned Hans Andersen's story. I know I was good. The very best thing in my whole repertory is "Free little toad-stools." That is naturalness for you! You shall have it, though I will allow of no criticisms." Miss Aubrey repeated, with charming sweetness, mingled with drollery, those baby verses.

"You don't laugh nor applaud? Will not even a hiss, the result of hours of study, fetch you? Want 'Little Bopeep'? It is full of pathos."

"Laugh, Miss Aubrey! I was thinking of Rachel when she read the 'Moiineau de Lesbie,' or of Got repeating Alfred de Musset's verses. I can pay you no higher compliment."

"Indeed! I tell you, Mr. Carter, I crave applause."

"It is more than that. It is your goodness of heart that would make the sorriest of verses sound pleasantly to my ears. Your art is a secondary thing."

"Rachel! Got! Awful great people, both of them. Why, you must be an old man, Mr. Carter, to have remembered the first."

"I am thirty-five at least. I was twenty when I heard Rachel."

"Allow me—how can a man who has taught school at seventy-five cents a night have heard those people?"

"Permit me—how can a girl who stitched books at fifty cents a day be now the greatest of our actresses—rolling in her coupé, and patronizing a very poor author! You have risen, I have fallen."

"Stuff—nonsense!—I don't comprehend you. I wish you would not be so confidential. Only, somehow, I have got quite at my ease with you—so much more than I thought I ever could be, for you have a horrid reputation of saying disagreeable things; so that, honestly, I, who do not quake much, was half afraid of you. Pray what do you mean by falling? Falling! There are ten thousand men who would give half their lives to have your position. You rule the puppet-show, and make us dance. Fallen! You don't mean to say you dislike your vocation?"

So far the conversation on Miss Aubrey's part had been carried on with a half-averted face; now those grand eyes were turned directly on me with fullest blaze.

"Mean—mean! That I have a sensitive and impulsive nature—"

"With a thin glaze over it?"

"That"—I did not hear her—"that the petty irritations, the miserable blocks thrown in my way—by—by—"

"Professional people—go on."

"Annoy me half to death. That mental effort, the creative power, is hampered by the ten thousand physical hitches and knots which I must ever be wasting precious time over."

"You have not dyspepsia, have you, Mr. Carter?"

"Of the brain?—certainly."

"Then you don't like us—we don't agree with you?"

"Yes—and no."

"Indeed! Well, that is but half of an honest reply. Gracious! Mr. Carter, this stupid coachman must have understood Sixty-fourth for One Hundred and Fourth Street. Please bid him turn around and go down town again. Let us talk of something else. You are not a *crème glacée* after all, Mr. Carter—pronounced rightly?—but are as fluid and as readily shaken up as skimmed milk. Now I have something to ask you—it is business. You will be good enough to give me some details as to my costume in the last act."

"Miss Aubrey, I have given some thought to that second act and the trouble in regard to the rapid dressing. Perhaps your objections have some foundation, and to-night it will give me great pleasure to arrange your *entrée* some minutes later—an hour or so of work will do it."

"Oh! I don't want it, indeed I don't—I wouldn't have it; nevertheless, I am grateful; but I think I can manage. Please don't refer to

it any more. What I want to know is about the dress in the last act. Tight sleeves and a strangling corsage become me, so they say; but then it is difficult to rave and throw one's self about when you are surcungled and buckled up like—like—"

"Like a circus-horse?"

"Just so; I feel obliged to you for the most complimentary comparison. Thanks. Greek and Roman heroines are so effective because the costume allows the most perfect freedom of gesture. A toga is a splendid thing for a heroine."

"A toga?"

"Yes, a toga."

"No, a tunic, or a chlamys."

"What is a chlamys?"

"Women of the classic periods did not wear togas, but the men did. You might as well say that Sappho buttoned herself up in an ulster."

"I sha'n't say another word, Mr. Carter—but go to night-school. Maybe, if you had a rattan, you would like to rap me over the knuckles; I do nothing but blunder." Half in anger, Miss Aubrey held out her hand. I would have put it to my lips, but I saw it was trembling. In an instant the hand was withdrawn. Now the carriage stopped. I was afraid we were at the end of our journey, and I was miserable. It was only a momentary blockade in the street. I watched that hand intently. It beat a tattoo for a moment, then it was plunged to the wrist in the muff.

"Coarse manners have I, Miss Aubrey," I said at last, "and your silence is my punishment. I have deserved it. I am not a companionable person. I am childish enough to confess that a certain irritation I felt at the theatre has not passed away. I thought I had forgotten all about it, but I have not. I see. I am thoroughly ashamed of myself and my petty ways. Can we not be good comrades once more?"

"You don't consider how debasing it is to have inferiority of education always haunted in one's face! If I am to be coached—they call it coaching, don't they, sir?"

"Yes—coaching."

"The coacher—you smile; is that right!—well, then, the coach ought to be considerate, and not snap up people in an ungallant and self-satisfied way. A coach ought never to be arrogant."

"Oh, isn't he!" I said. "Little you know about it. The biggest thrashing I ever received was at college from a burly coach about boating. He blackguarded me, and because I got angry he beat me, and it served me right."

"And did he whip you badly?"

"Didn't he, though! I wasn't over it for a week."

The lady clapped her hands with glee.

"It ought to have done you no end of good. I suppose I am something like you, only I can't fight," and a little hand made a ridiculously soft and plump fist. Here was an opening once more, and I resumed: "As to your costume in the last act—"

"Yes, I have a tumble in the middle of it—an ugly sprawl at my Lord Duke Um-Um's feet, forgiveness, and all that kind of thing. That means double-stitched, re-enforced seams all over the body of the dress, and a hitch in the skirt, a bit of elastic, so that when my knee touches the ground the train shan't drag. Nothing so unpleasant as to rip things in the midst of a telling point. I have studied all that. Now, please be oracular and man-millinerish, if you please."

"Well, you know the piece is in the time of the Regency."

"What was the Regency? Honestly, my knowledge of French history is limited. There were such a lot of Louises!—Do not be afraid. Night-school away! I will throw no slate at you!"

"Have you ever read Scribe's 'Adrienne Lecouvreur'?"

"Yes; a poisoned rose was the trick. Was that in the time of the Regency?"

"Well, that's about it. Now here is a work which I have just bought, which will refresh both of us." I opened the volume of costumes and turned over the leaves for her until I came to a picture of Madame de Parabère. "What a lovely face! Was she as good as she was beautiful?" was asked.

"Good? No, far from it! This Madame de Parabère was one of the gliding stars in a singular smoky coruscation. Those lips took in many a draught of Tokay, Sillery, and Cyprus, and grimaced in drunken orgies. This woman existed in the most dissolute period of modern history. So vicious, so abject was this creature, and her depraved associates, that those who study such periods declare that the taint of those miserable days has not yet been entirely effaced from French morals."

"Oh!"

"Love was a play. To simulate an affection, to mimic it, was a fashion. People no longer loved sincerely, but shammed to love. Heartless intrigue, scandalous manners, were most in vogue; an honest man or woman was deemed a simpleton."

"The horrid times!"

"A most abject and wretched set were they. These perfumed dandies, these gorgeously clad women who made life a graceless revel, were, for all the world, nothing more than actors and actresses."

"Ay! ay! Those poor actors and actresses!" cried Miss Aubrey, interrupting me, "who had no appreciation of what was fitting and proper life, who feigned passions they could not as much as feel!" Here the woman's voice had a

wailing sound. Then she broke off suddenly, and turned sharply on me, and said in a quick, hard tone: "Since Mr. Carter has taken my profession somewhat in horror, one who belongs to that unfortunate class must feel quite poignantly her social abasement. We are at the end of our journey.—Coachman, stop.—I am sorry, sir"—and Miss Aubrey assumed an air of chilling dignity—"to have taken you out of your way. We will see one another to-morrow, or the day after, at rehearsal. I do not bear you any particular grudge, but my presentiment that we could not get along has been only verified. In some respects you are a better man than I thought you were, only sadly wanting—may I call it so?—in Christian charity. That is an accomplishment which you certainly do not possess.—John, drive me to the Park.—Good day, Mr. Carter." Now she laughed. "I have saved you exactly thirty dollars—a dozen pairs of gloves. They come cheaper wholesale. One can tear them up then without much compunction. Good day. Here is your volume of costumes. One thing rest assured of, and that is that Mary Brady—"

"Mary Brady?"

"Miss Claudia Aubrey is stuff. I don't know, though, why I told you my real name. Claudia Aubrey, if you please, seven letters in the first and only six in the last name, so that on the posters the exclamation-mark shall make the whole line of capitals balance. Well, Miss Aubrey—you see what a sham I am!—swears that she will do her very best for the success of your play. Now, that is all you wanted—isn't it? You are satisfied. You have my word for it." I saw her bosom heave with an agitated movement, but her lips were tight set. She drew out a little jeweled watch, looked at it, and added: "And your dinner with your mother, and all those nice dishes, which will be tasteless from being *réchauffés*! Pronounced rightly! Please do not look so dumfounded. I knew we would quarrel for good—for good.—John, I have changed my mind; drive me home.—Good day, Mr. Carter, and a good appetite."

The next instant the coupé had gone. I had not even shaken hands with her. For a moment the delicate perfume that had lingered about her seemed still to affect my senses. I stood dumfounded on the sidewalk. I could have struck myself with impotent rage. "She made a fool of me!" I said to myself. "Curse the piece and all the annoyances attending it! Still I passed a happy half hour with the woman. It was a pleasing dream, even if the awakening was rude." Then there came to me a feeling somewhat akin to remorse; I recalled my words—heedless ones. I tried to palliate them. "What had I said?" I almost exclaimed aloud. Then a numbing, senseless apathy came over me, of a physical stupor, as almost mechanically I strode homeward.

"My son," said my mother, as I took her proffered hand, "we are all ready for you. You look tired and troubled, and your hand shakes. Come, eat your dinner. Nothing to worry you, I hope! Though you conceal all your annoyances from me—of course, I could not understand them—still I might console you at times. Come." Then her dear cool lips kissed me. "Your forehead is in a fever. Perhaps you work too hard! Oh, the wretched pile of papers and letters on your table! Promise me that to-night you will take a holiday. What is the matter?"

"Mother, mother, it is serious."
 "What is serious?"
 "My condition."
 "You alarm me! I was afraid overwork would tell. Ten years without a holiday!"
 "No, it isn't that, mother—it is worse than that."

"My son, see, I am trembling with anxiety."
 "Mother!"
 "Yes."
 "I never before kept a secret from you in my life. I think—I am not sure of it, but I think—I am in love."

"Ah! is that all! I feel so much relieved. Is it very—very sudden?"
 Here a pleasant, timid smile soothed many a line on her face.
 "Yes, with scarcely a premonitory warning, as a man falls into a torrent headlong."
 "You will tell me all about it by and by, after you have broken bread."
 "It is with an actress."

"Oh!" She busied herself with the table, then she said, "I should not be surprised."
 "Your surprise, mother, has just the intonation of a regret."
 "My son has been chary of asserting either the social or domestic merits of a class he has been a good deal thrown in with of late."

"But, mother, the woman I think I love hates me."
 "Hates you!"
 "Please do not look amused. I am afraid I was more rude in words—careless ones—than in thought; and, now that I see it, I wounded and kept wounding certain susceptibilities which I carelessly enough never dreamed even existed. Mother, you must remember some of those old stories you once told me—how pearls were found. I think the repeating of that one just in your old way might do me good."

"Well, then, the fishermen cast their shells in heaps on the shore, to spoil in the sun-heat, and out of this mass of corruption there comes the pearl of price, free from all taint."
 "With its luster increased, mother. You

always added that. That was the moral—say 'with its luster increased.'"
 "So it was—with its luster increased; and I pray it may be so," and her dear arms were twined around my neck as she kissed me again and again.

III.

It was not a fortune—far from it—simply a windfall. We never had any expectations, and yet a distant relative we hardly knew the existence of in dying left a small farm, some thirty acres, to my mother. My dramatic ventures had brought me in a few thousands of dollars. My mother's health was so frail that when the physician had ordered for her, some time before, a change of air, I had been in despair about it. Now was the opportunity. My decision was promptly made. I took hardly more than a day to arrange our plans. With what small means I had, I would work the farm. Any idea of profit was out of the question; still, with a judicious outlay of money, the land, at least for a while, might produce enough for our wants. I, too, wanted both change and repose.

My piece had been flatteringly received, and promised to be fairly remunerative. It was at the theatre, the night before I left New York, to Mr. Launcelot in person that I gave the information of my departure.

"Absurd! never heard of such a thing! What! going to harrow and rake, and grow chickens, and churn? Hay-seed yourself, and I—what is to become of me? I never knew you to joke before."

"You do not want to understand me. This summer you may come and see me, and expatiate over the unities of a pig-sty."

"Stuff! It is just throwing up the game. Don't I count on you for the next year?"

"Yes, and a failure is sure to come, and then you would throw me over. I may never be lucky again."

"I don't know; there is promise in you. Come into the office and see the letters from several country showmen, pestering me for permission to play this piece. You are to be congratulated, dear boy—you are being pirated out West. There may be some fat checks to come to you before we are through with it. Want any money in advance?"

"Not a cent but what is due me. What I require is rest, and I have made up my mind to take it according to my pleasure."

"Still, you don't mean retiring for good?"

"I cannot answer that."

"I can't afford to drop you. Let me tell you what I will do. From time to time I will put a short paragraph somewhere about you: 'Mr. Richard Carter is seeking repose from his arduous labours at his superb country-seat, near the picturesque—picturesque is a good word—of Lake George.'"

"Nonsense! It's a poor little place, with a tumble-down stone house, twenty-five miles from New York, in a Jersey pine-batten."

"Or I must have something of this kind. It is regularly done: 'Almost an accident! Our talented dramatist, Mr. Carter, whose comedy was brought out by our enterprising manager, Launcelot, was upset in his yacht and drowned,' or was 'thrown from his horse and had his neck broken,' or 'fell down a precipice and was crushed'—something or other in order to let people know that you are alive, that's it."

"This is absurd. You will do it at your peril," I said, laughing.

"Are you indeed in earnest?"

"So much so, that in a few minutes, when I have shaken hands with you, you will not see me for some months. Of course we can correspond, should business require it."

"Hang it, man, I don't think you capable of making an attachment! There is a good woman—a good wife—a good mother, whose name is Polly Launcelot, that has been waiting for a month to make your acquaintance."

"Convey my respects to Mrs. Launcelot."

"Respects! See here, Carter, do you want to know the facts?"

"What facts?" I asked, astonished.

"Well, before your piece was put on, Reginald Launcelot was almost cleaned out. It was touch and go. I might not have broken, busted, but, if we hadn't succeeded, Mrs. Polly Launcelot, my boy, and all of us, would have gone up the spout. The woman went to church, sir, for the piece, for me, for our chick, and for you; she did, sir. If you only knew how long I had been fighting for it, just one big success, so as to put us straight, and at last it has come! Polly Launcelot is impulsive, and would just as lief kiss you as look at you. Won't you come and see her to-morrow, before you go, and receive her thanks? As for myself," and here Mr. Launcelot looked at me queerly, "you know I shall pay you regularly, and stick close to the contract, and that's all you need look for, I suppose, and that's the end of it."

"My dear Mr. Launcelot," I said, warmly, "I had no idea that either Mrs. Launcelot or yourself entertained such kindly sentiments toward me."

"I'm not going to spoil my shirt-front, a-erying over you, Mr. Carter; but if you are to leave I shall feel sorry for it, partly because of a career which you might have graced, adorned, beautified—"

"Stop that, please, Mr. Launcelot."

"Maybe as much," continued Mr. Launcelot, looking at his very tidy boots, "because we had taken a liking to you—as an instrument, let us say—the bridge that Polly, the baby and I have trudge over when we all were snarled."

"On my honour, Mr. Launcelot, I am glad to have been the accident which may have, in a certain measure, retrieved your fortune, as they have my own. If I were not leaving to-morrow, with my mother, by the early morning train, I should certainly crave an introduction to Mrs. Launcelot."

"Well, I believe you; that's said kind of hearty. Isn't there anybody on the stage you want to bid good-by to?" We had been talking in the office, and were now on one of the landings of the theatre. "That's a blessed house; how comfortable it is! Barely standing-room! and it looks good for a hundred nights. It runs on wheels now. Ah! just at the close of the second act! She improves with the part. Best thing she ever tried yet.—Applaud, you beggars! That's a noisy fellow there—who is that, usher?"

"A dead-head, Mr. Launcelot," replied an usher. "A theatrical critic from the rural press."

"That will do. Attend to those people who are late comers. You could hear a pin drop now, dear boy. Come, you haven't been behind the curtain for a week. Aren't you going to bid the people good-by? Jenkins whipped a brother actor on your account yesterday. Fancy he will want you to write a character-piece for him. Might be a good idea. When you are planting gooseberries—no, they grow wild, I believe; well, say oyster-plants—think of it for poor Jenkins! Come. Honestly, your sudden eclipse has put me out of sorts, and I want to go behind so as to find fault with something or somebody as a relief for my feelings."

"I have not an instant to spare. I have to write far into the night. You would oblige me, then, very much, Mr. Launcelot, by announcing my departure, and expressing on my part all those pleasant phrases—as, for instance, how the success of the piece was entirely due to their talents; how their art has embellished—"

"Gammon! No specific messages to anybody in particular?" asked the manager, I thought rather inquisitively.

"To no one; discrimination would be invidious," I said, indifferently.

"The hotel-keeper, then, to the cooks, from the butcher greeting—"

"No, not that way—courteously, kindly."

"They will never understand you," said the manager, dubiously.

"Suppose they do not?" I hotly replied.

"You ain't—!" and the manager paused.

"What?"

"A trifle rough and raspy at times? You have not made your peace with Claudia Aubrey?"

"What is it your business?" I said, angrily. "I have a great deal of respect for Miss Aubrey. The lady has honesty and conscientiously performed her duty—that is all, Mr. Launcelot."

"Just so, Mr. Carter; I understand you exactly. She is a good girl, and kinder-hearted than you think. Such romps as she has had with our boys! My Polly is a kind of a mother to her, and Polly is hard to please. I had hoped that to-morrow you might have seen Claudia at the house, and that you would have made—"

"Have made what, Mr. Launcelot?"

"Your peace."

"Has Miss Aubrey been making you her confidant?" I bitterly asked.

"Tush, man! Miss Aubrey is as proud as the Queen of Sheba; and, really, now it is I who do not comprehend you."

"Good-by, Mr. Launcelot." I cast a last glance on the stage. Launcelot had left me to gossip with a patron. The actress was just commencing that portion of the scene where she expresses the bitterest regrets for a life she has lost. For the only time yet, my heart thrilled with the part, and I was unconscious of the mechanism, the manufacture of the words. The work even had the charm of novelty to me. With the next few lines reviling herself, maddened in her career, determined anew to brave all risks, to plunge into a life of crime, Claudia Aubrey's eyes met mine. It was the merest look—that hazy glimmering which her eyes only could give. It was but for a second. True to her part, again flashed out those great, rebellious eyes, which would not be quelled, and the ordinary business of the piece went on. I had enough of it. Then Launcelot came. I wrote for him my country address, gave him implicit instructions about our business, and, shaking him warmly by the hand, left the house.

(To be continued.)

BENEFIT OF WALKING.—Every muscle in the body is greatly and uniformly brought into action by the swing of the legs and the arms, and, consequently, of the trunk in a vertical direction. The undulations made by the head, chest and abdomen, in a vertical plane, are thus not only according to Hogarth's line of beauty, but also in that tending to perfect health. Every internal organ is gently stimulated to more robust action. Never, in a common walk, does a person breathe twice the same air, because he is constantly changing his position. This fact alone is of incalculable advantage. Some writers contend that the rebreathing of air once partially used is one of the most fertile causes of consumption. The most favourable time for walking is about mid-day in the winter, and in the morning and towards the evening in the summer.

LITERARY.

CHINESE translation of the Pentateuch is about to appear at Yeddo.

JESSIE M'LAREN is the name of a new Scotch novelist. Her maiden attempt, in two volumes, is entitled "In a Rush Moment."

THE Earl of Carnarvon has prepared a translation of the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus*, which will be published very shortly.

MR. VALENTINE BAKER'S narrative of the campaign in Bulgaria, which will have a military as well as personal interest, will be published shortly.

It is understood that the recently published novel *Firen* has already attained a larger sale than any of its author's works since the publication of *Lady Audley's Secret*.

MRS. CAMERON, whose death we announced recently, was the possessor of the original autographs of more than one of the Laureate's poems, including that of the "Princess," some minor verses, and, we believe, "Maud."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS is compiling a *Dictionary of London*, which aims at presenting, in a concise, convenient, and economical form, an intelligible epitome of every kind of practical information about London.

THE elder brother of the late William Howitt (who died at Rome on March 26th), died at his residence, Heaton, Derbyshire, on precisely the same day and hour. His name was Francis Howitt, and he lived in "the old house at home," which is the subject of one of William Howitt's poems.

VICTOR HUGO'S poem "La Pitié Suprême," is published. Its general drift is that the real objects of pity are not the victims of tyranny or persecution, but the tyrants and persecutors; that the art to be envied is that of Socrates, Hæses, &c.; while Pilate, Sylla, and Tiberius were looked down upon with pity by those whom they sacrificed.

MR. QUARITCH is about to publish a catalogue of English literature which will be a curiosity in its way. It embraces five Caxtons; several books by other early English printers; the four folio Shakespeare, fourteen of the early quartos of single plays, and the volume of Poems of 1449; as well as first editions of many of the poets and dramatists.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AIMEE will probably sing in *Carmen* during her coming season here.

THE stories of the illness of Rubenstein, which will probably result in his blindness, are repeated in the foreign musical papers.

W. S. GILBERT, the composer of "Pinafore," is not only a writer of plays, comic operas and ballads, but a barrister, a dancer and an excellent amateur actor.

A MRS. LOWERY, announced as the "converted actress," has been conducting successful revival meetings at Mount Carmel M. E. Church, Philadelphia.

NOTWITHSTANDING the announcement that Lucia would retire from the stage, there are good reasons to believe that she will be heard again in the country.

CLARA COLE was discharged from Hevck's, Cincinnati, lately, for not knowing her part. She brought suit against the manager, but the jury thought he was right.

MME. RICHARDSON, who will be remembered by many in connection with the last visit of Christine Nilsson to this country as a kind of step-mother or adopted mother, died on the 15th of January.

IT is rather startling to read that in Tashkend, in remote Central Asia, there is an Opera House, in which a Russian troop performs "Orpheus," "Le Petit Faust," and on night's dramas, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Hamlet."

MR. CHIPPENDALE, who recently retired from the London stage, had been an actor sixty-eight years, and in his youth, as a printer's boy, used to take the proofs of Sir Walter Scott's novels backwards and forwards between the author and his publishers.

THE directors of the Royal Theatre at Munich, having offered prizes for the best new compositions suitable for representation on the German stage, have received 122 tragedies, 119 dramas, and 125 comedies. The trifling labour of reading these productions, and of selecting the best, will prevent the appearance of any of them on the stage before next September.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS and Clara Morris will return to New York next season. Mrs. Scott-Siddons announces that she will remain in the metropolis all through the season, and that she has made up her mind to appear again on the stage as an actress. Miss Morris will appear in a line of historical characters, and she announces that she is gradually getting away from the society style of play.

THE musical journals at Vienna are discussing the merits of an interesting discovery made by the professor of the date at the Imperial Conservatory of Austria. This clever instrumentalist has constructed a bass date, which stands in the same relation to the ordinary date as the alto does to the violin. The sound is full and rich, and of great sweetness, and the invention has attracted much attention in Viennese musical circles.

SPEAKING of long runs, Mrs. Bonicault said the other day: "For four years we played nothing but *Colleen Bawn*, and it became almost insupportable. To illustrate how mechanical it all grew, I need only say that it there was any sudden change in the cast, I forgot my lines utterly at the first sound of the strange voice." Fancy being Mrs. B. by day and *Colleen Bawn* every night again, the net must have become quite mechanical.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. ISMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City.

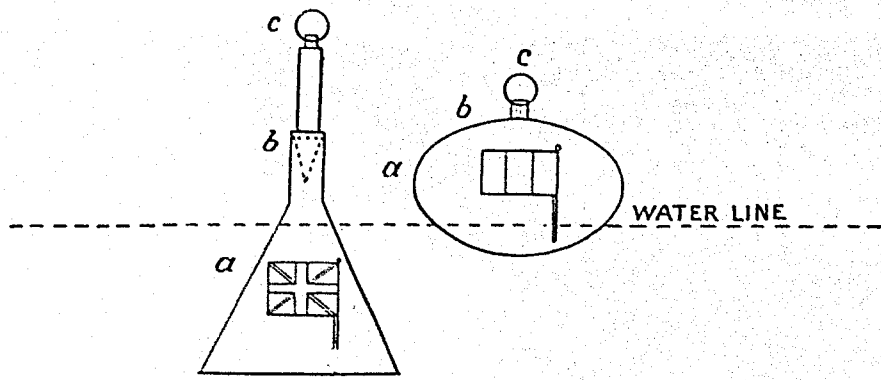


BRIDESMAIDS WAITING FOR THE BRIDE.

MARRIAGE OF H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



BRIDAL PROCESSION UP THE CHOIR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.
MARRIAGE OF H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



OFFICIAL SIGNAL-BUOYS FOR SEA-GOING SHIPS.

A.—It has long been customary, in cases of disaster to ships at sea, either by fire or by collision with icebergs, &c., to throw overboard a bottle, containing a record of such disaster, both in the hope of succor following those who may have taken to the boats, and from the natural desire felt by persons in danger of perishing that their fate might become known to their friends.

2. Owing to their fragility of structure, numbers of these bottles must necessarily be lost, through being dashed against hard substances.

3. Doubtless, also, many such a bottle is passed by ships without ever being noticed or picked up, there being nothing in its appearance to attract attention, or to indicate the nature of its contents.

4. It is notorious that cruel hoaxes are sometimes perpetrated, by the scattering of bottles containing false news of missing vessels. An instance of this occurred after the disappearance of the steamer "City of Boston," from Halifax for Liverpool, in 1870, a bottle having been subsequently picked up on the British coast, containing particulars as to her fate, which were proved by circumstantial evidence to be necessarily false.

5. The point of one of Victor Hugo's works ("L'Homme qui Rit") turns upon an incident of this nature; but the story is unnatural, simply because, practically, no body of men, about to perish, would have sufficient calmness of mind to carry out all the details therein described, for establishing the authenticity of their record.

6. Many a ship's company, forced to take to their boats, leave no record upon the scene of the disaster, either from a consideration of the difficulties above mentioned, or from the want of consideration at all, that any practical good might result therefrom.

SUGGESTED, THEREFORE :—

I. That every sea-going ship, Naval and mercantile, be required to carry, as part of her equipment, two OFFICIAL SIGNAL-BUOYS, supplied by Government, stamped with an official seal, and of such a nature as both to attract attention and to establish their nature and their authenticity at a glance.

II. That these buoys be of two shapes, one of which should be such as to be held comparatively in position by the water, while the other would be carried by the wind along the surface like a bubble.

The above shapes are suggested, *a* being the buoy (say of tin or sheet-iron), *b* a water-tight screw joint, like that of a pocket-flask, and *c* a wire ring, fixed upright, so that the buoy might be picked up with a boat-hook, or fished up with a hook and line, without the necessity of lowering a boat. The buoys to be painted bright red, so as to be easily discernible in the water and attract the attention of the look-out.

III. That the signal buoys of each nation have their national colours painted thereon, so that when a ship picks one up, the papers of which prove undecipherable, the captain will be able, without a moment's delay, on reaching his port, to hand them to the Consul of the nation to which they appertain.

a. When time permits, the message to be placed in the buoy should be picked out in the letters of the Commercial Code of Signals, which being international, the message would be intelligible, even to the captain of a foreign vessel.

The chances of succor to crews and passengers that are compelled to take to their boats, or to drift in mid-ocean upon rafts, would thus be greatly increased. How often do ships pass through the debris from burnt and foundered vessels, or meet abandoned craft, where no indication exists as to whether the survivors have left hours or weeks before, or whether they have tried to shape a course, while, perhaps, huddled upon the horizon, there may be struggling boats or drifting rafts, freighted to the water's edge with human beings, who are watching the mast-heads of the passing ship with mingled hope and despair; whereas, one of these signal buoys, flashed in the rigging of an abandoned vessel, floating among wreckage, or wafted to land by the wind, might lead to the speedy rescue of many of those whose fate would otherwise be found in the brief but dreadful record "Never heard from." The general knowledge moreover, among crews and passengers, that these signal-buoys formed part of the equipment of every sea-going ship, would naturally suggest their use to the mind, upon a ship sinking or being abandoned, where now, in the confusion,

no one may think of adopting any means of communication with the shore or with passing ships.

Even in the case of a craft stranded upon a desert island or rocky ledge, these two messengers, sent off, one drifting one way with the current, the other wafted on another course by the wind, might prove the means of rescue from a weary imprisonment, or from the horrors of starvation.

B.—It is not unusual for Ships of War and surveying ships, upon a current being entered which is not marked upon the charts, or when a current is met the course of which has been altered by terrestrial changes, to throw overboard bottles with records therein, in the hope that the drift of the new current may be obtained, by the bottles being picked up at another point, which would determine the "set" of the current. The bottle system is, however, as objectionable and as futile in this view as in the one just alluded to.

SUGGESTED, THEREFORE :—

That Ships of War and surveying ships only (to preclude causeless and unwise action) be provided with signal-buoys for scientific purposes, striped black and white, so that the masters of passing merchant ships, with whom time is money, would know which buoys they might pass by without notice, should it be inconvenient to heave-to, and which ones the common cause of humanity commanded them, if possible, to overhaul.

Perhaps the latter suggestion is scarcely less important than the former. A knowledge of the ocean current system, and a due allowance for current-set where known, are important factors in the science of navigation. It was neglect of allowance for the current off the coast of Nova Scotia that caused the steamer "Atlantic" to be steamed at full speed upon the Sambro rocks, and dashed to pieces, with her great freight of human life, in the year 1873. The ocean current-system is, even yet, not correctly and thoroughly known; and, moreover, variations in the known currents are constantly being caused by terrestrial changes—gradually, from the accumulation of sand-banks, or suddenly, from volcanic upheavals. Thus, when the flagship of Admiral Sir Alexander Milne went to England from Bermuda, in 1864, she struck shallow soundings where a considerable ocean-depth should have been found, and was in discoloured water for two days. For some years after, the place was noted upon the Admiralty charts as "Nile" bank, and all H. M. Ships proceeding from Bermuda to England were ordered to report soundings thereon. Several ships reported deep water where the "Nile" had obtained shoal, until finally H. M. Surveying Ship "Gannet," by regularly quartering across the locality, found definitely that this sub-aqueous mountain (probably volcanic) had again receded into the ocean depths. Terrestrial changes of this nature must cause deviations of the ocean currents at the time of their occurrence, a better knowledge of which deviations would be facilitated by the judicious use of official signal-buoys, in the hands of properly qualified officers; and the information thus acquired would eventually prove very valuable to general navigation. At the same time, these scientific buoys being plainly discernible apart from buoys of emergency, no confusion would exist as to the necessity or otherwise of their being picked up, except when convenient.

COLIN CAMPBELL,

ASSISTANT PAYMASTER, ROYAL NAVY,
(Retired).

DEPARTMENT OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE
OF CANADA,
Ottawa, 26th March, 1879.

Copies of this Memorandum (the original of which is submitted to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty) have been simultaneously forwarded to the Secretary of the Board of Trade, London; the Minister of Marine of the Dominion of Canada; the Colonial Secretaries of Newfoundland, New South Wales, New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, Victoria and Western Australia; the Secretaries of the Navy and of the Treasury, Washington; and (in English and French) to the Governments of Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Turkey, Brazil and Japan.

HEARTH AND HOME.

BENEVOLENCE.—There are many persons who carry the activities of benevolence in such a way that every one is pained, displeased, or disgusted with them. Their manner of going about and doing good is such that people wish they would stay at home. It is the occasion of misapprehension in the mind of men as to the work of benevolence. It is a hindrance to the very cause which they profess to serve. Beautiful is that benevolence which consists of love perpetually moving among our fellow-creatures as a sister of mercy, throwing its shadow over torrid spots and cooling them, or shedding its warmth on frigid places and thawing them.

TRUE WORTH.—Commonplace qualities, such as simple kindness and truth, are better and more important than any of those exceptional powers which we generally call "gifts." The things which "distinguish" us are trifles: those which we have in common make our true worth. The most remarkable men may have their hearts as much in the right place and be as kind and as gentle in reality as their least-gifted fellow-creatures. But the fellow-creatures take notice of the singularity, and forget the right hand of fellowship. And so the mere superficial grace or talent meant to be a gain to all too often becomes, in some shape or other, a barrier separating those who might be "chief friends" or intimate acquaintances.

TACT.—There is nothing more useful in a family, as a cushion to every fall, a buffer to every blow, than tact. It always knows the right thing to say, the exact thing to do; it knows how to lift the pleasant hand at the very moment for soothing ruffled plumage; it knows on debatable questions how to put others in such good humour that it can carry its point; it never alludes to a forbidden subject; it turns conversations from dangerous approaches; it never sees what is best unseen; it does not answer to that which requires a scathing reply if heard at all; it remembers names and faces; it has the *à propos* anecdote; if it does not go out of the way to flatter, neither does it go out of the way to blame; where it cannot praise it is silent, and it never consents to mortify. Thus tact, it would appear, is a species of kindness, a dislike to wound as well as a desire to give pleasure—perhaps also a species of selfishness in its automatic shrinking from crying, quarrelling, and discomfort of any kind.

STRENGTH OF WOMEN.—Why women should be commiserated on account of their supposed lack of vigour is a mystery to us. It is a well authenticated fact that women who have not exceptional frames can, by training, equal and surpass men in the exploits of the gymnast; and if in this most strength-taxing profession they can put themselves on an equality with man, what is to prevent women lifting themselves out of their present feebleness by some system of judicious education, combining exercise and hygiene? No one has sufficiently computed, it seems to us, the grand elasticity of womanhood. Heaven has given her a brain as well as the sacred office of maternity. Not by spasmodic intellectual effort, with intervals of indolence and vague imaginings, are the great mothers of the race to be reared and formed. The perfectly healthy woman whom the doctors never see will laugh if you tell her she was created an intermittent invalid. She knows the sustaining force, the healthful reserve of power, which keeps the balance of her pulses under all the complex conditions of her life. Nature has gifted her with powers of endurance undreamed of by men. Chronic invalidism is not the normal condition of women.

THE GLEANER.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF received Lord Dufferin very cordially.

PROF. ANDERSEN, the celebrated chess-player, died on March 14th, at Breslau, Silesia.

THE great ice-bridge which has provided a winter attraction for Niagara has almost disappeared.

THE late Duke of Newcastle is said to have insured his life in different offices to the astonishing amount of £500,000.

CHRISTMAS cards produced a revenue to the British Post Office this year of £20,000, against an extra expenditure of £700.

THE Queen's health is reported to be greatly shaken by the bereavement she has lately sustained in her family, and her visit to Italy is on the advice of her private medical attendants.

THE excavations at the supposed site of the hanging gardens at Babylon are said to have terminated. They have yielded many tablets from the time of Nabonidus to the Parthian era.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, in a speech delivered lately at the annual meeting in Nicosia of the Greek Club, expressed great confidence in the prosperous future in store for Cyprus.

A SURVIVOR of the Isandula massacre writes:—"I saw Col. Durnford fall, stabbed by an assegai. No man behaved more nobly. He stuck to his post to the last, and died as a hero."

BEFORE leaving Paris on the 8th ult., the Prince of Wales was shown the models of a complete table service in Sevres china which the French Government intend presenting to His Royal Highness as a souvenir of his presidency of the British Commission at the late Exhibition.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Many thanks for several valuable communications.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 217.

R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 212, and also of Problem for Young Players, No. 209. Try No. 211 again.

W. A. L., Toronto.—Letter received. Will answer by post.

Tyro, Montreal.—White may have two Queens on the board at the same time.

J. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 214.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Post card received. Many thanks We found it useful.

H. & J. McG., Cote des Neiges.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 214.

We learn that lately H. R. H. Prince Leopold attended the celebration of the fifty-fifth anniversary of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, London, Eng., and that he, also, kindly consented to distribute the prizes to the students.

The following extract from *Land and Water* gives such a pleasing account of what took place having reference to the Royal game, that we cannot refrain from inserting it in our Column.

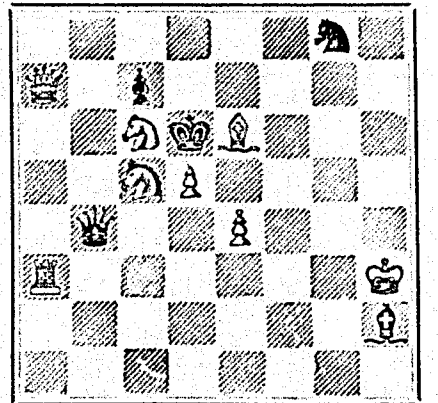
About 150 prize-winners came forward one by one to receive their trophies, and among them we counted as many as twenty-two ladies—a phenomenon which did not annoy us at all, but quite otherwise. All the recipients were assailed with hearty plaudits as they came before the Prince; but the appearance of Miss Louisa Rymor as she stepped forward to receive the chess-board and men she had won was hailed with a particularly loud and enthusiastic burst of applause. Whether she owed this ovation to her good looks, or to the fact of being a general favourite at the Institution, or because the idea of a young lady still in her teens and yet carrying off the chess prize from masculine competitors naturally excited admiration, we cannot say; but the fact is as we have stated, and it was made the subject of remark by others besides ourselves. The address which the Prince delivered after the distribution was in every respect well worth listening to, as evincing a lofty and original tone of thought, while at the same time indicative of that intellectual benevolence which feels that knowledge must be for the happiness of all classes, and therefore wishes that the means of acquiring it may be placed within their reach. One of the most felicitous parts of the Prince's speech was where he drew an analogy between chess and life, carrying out which idea he observed that "it is the opening, and the opening only, which is under our own control. Later in the game the plans and wishes of others begin to conflict unpleasantly with our own. Sometimes it is as much as we can do to avoid being checkmated altogether; but for the first few moves we are free. We can deploy our pieces to the best advantage, we can settle on the line of action which best suits our powers, and we sometimes find that it will repay us to sacrifice a Pawn, or a piece, so as to gain at once a position which may give us a decided advantage throughout the whole game. Does not this, too, remind us of early life? Must we not often be content to sacrifice some Pawn of present pleasure or profit to gain a vantage ground which may help us to successes which self-indulgence could never have won?" Altogether we think that English chessists have some reason to be proud of their chess-playing Prince, for there is every reason to believe that, despite the disadvantages of his station, he will prove to be an original thinker and an effective speaker.

PROBLEM No. 219.

From "Supplement" to *Chess Gems*.

By H. E. Kidson.

BLACK.



(c) This is very finely played, and after close examination I find it perfectly sound. (d) His best course probably is to take off the Pawn, although the capture brings him face to face with a choice of difficulties. (e) White has now a forced mate in a few moves. The play of Señor Vasquez has throughout been admirable.

GAME 359TH. CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Played some time ago, in London, Eng., between Messrs. Vyse and MacDonnell, the latter giving the odds of Pawn and move.

(Remove Black's K B P.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Vyse.) BLACK.—(Mr. MacDonnell.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 3 3. P to K B 4 4. K to K B 3 (a) 5. P to K R 3 6. Q takes B 7. P to Q 5 8. B to Kt 5 9. B takes Kt 10. P takes P 11. B takes Kt 12. Q to R 5 (ch) 13. Q takes P (c) 14. Q to B 4 15. P to B 3 16. Castles 17. R to Q sq 18. Q takes R P 19. Q to K 3 20. Kt to Q 2 21. Q to Kt 5 22. K to R sq 23. R to K 4 24. Q to Kt 7 (ch) 25. Q to Kt 4 26. Q to Kt 3

NOTES.

- (a) White ought not to have allowed Black to pin this Kt. (b) A good move, to which White makes the best reply. (c) An extraordinary blunder for so careful and clever a player to make; however, his after-play fully atones for his carelessness on this move.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 217.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. Kt to Q B 5 (ch) 1. K to Q B sq 2. Q to Kt 3 2. Anything 3. Q. B or P. mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 215.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to K 7 1. K takes either Kt 2. Q mates acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 216.

- WHITE. BLACK. K at Q B 4 K at K 5 K at Q R 6 Q at Q 4 Pawn at K Kt 3

White to play and mate in three moves.



LOBSTER FISHERY.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE & FISHERIES. FISHERIES BRANCH. OTTAWA, 22nd March, 1879.

PUBLIC NOTICE is directed to the following Fishery Regulations adopted by the Governor-General in Council, on the 15th inst., rescinding all Orders in Council relating to the Lobster Fishery:

1. In that part of the Province of Nova Scotia, comprising parts of the Counties of Cumberland and Colchester, on the Bay of Fundy, the Counties of Hants, Kings, Annapolis, Digby, Yarmouth, Shelburne, Queens, Lunenburg, Haldax, Guysborough, Richmond, Cape Breton and Victoria; also in the Province of New Brunswick, comprising part of the County of Westmorland, on the Bay of Fundy, and the Counties of Albert, St. John and Charlotte; it shall be unlawful to fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell or without lawful excuse possess any Lobsters from the first day of August to the first day of April in each year.

2. In that part of the Province of Nova Scotia, comprising the Counties of Jernigan, Antigonish, Pictou, and parts of Colchester and Cumberland, on Northumberland Strait; and that part of the Province of New Brunswick comprising the Counties of Westmorland (in part), Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche; also in the Province of Quebec and Prince Edward Island; it shall be unlawful to fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell (or without lawful excuse) possess any Lobsters from the 20th day of August to the 25th day of April in each year.

3. It shall be unlawful at any time to fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell or possess any female Lobsters in spawn or with eggs attached, soft shelled, or any young Lobsters of less size than nine inches in length measuring from head to tail exclusive of claws or feelers; and when caught by accident in nets or other fishing apparatus lawfully used for other fish, they shall be liberated alive at the risk and cost of the owner of the net or other apparatus, or by the occupier of the fishery, on either of whom shall devolve the proof of such actual liberation.

By order, W. F. WHITCHER, Commissioner of Fisheries

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The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any of the Tenders.

(By order)

ERNEST GAGNON, Secretary.

Department of Agriculture and Public Works, Quebec, 14th March, 1879.

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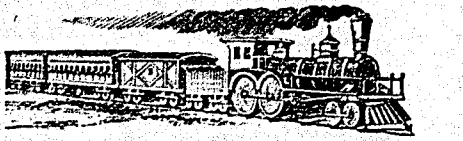
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NOTICE

Is hereby given that the Government of Quebec will apply during the present session of the Dominion Parliament, to have vested in it all the rights and powers held by the Montreal, Ottawa & Western Railway Company with respect to bridging the Ottawa River, at or near the City of Ottawa, and for power to obtain and hold in the Province of Ontario the lands necessary for purposes in connection with the Provincial Railway system of the Province of Quebec. Quebec, February 13, 1879.

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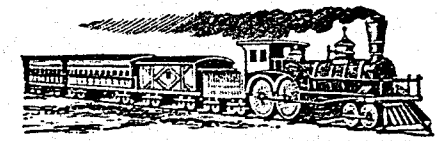
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DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.

QUEBEC, 30th January, 1879.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased by Order in Council, dated the 20th January inst., to add the following clause to the Timber Regulations:

All persons are hereby strictly forbidden, unless they may have previously obtained a special authorization to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands or from his Agents, to settle, squat, clear or chop on Lots in Unsurveyed Territory, or on Surveyed Lands not yet open for sale, or to cut down any merchantable trees which may be found thereon, comprised within the limits of this Province, and forming portions of the locations granted in virtue of licenses for the cutting of timber thereon; said timber being the exclusive property of the holders of said licenses, who have the exclusive right to enter actions against any person or persons who may be found violating this order.

F. LANGELIER, Commissioner of C. L.

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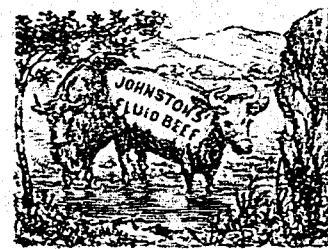
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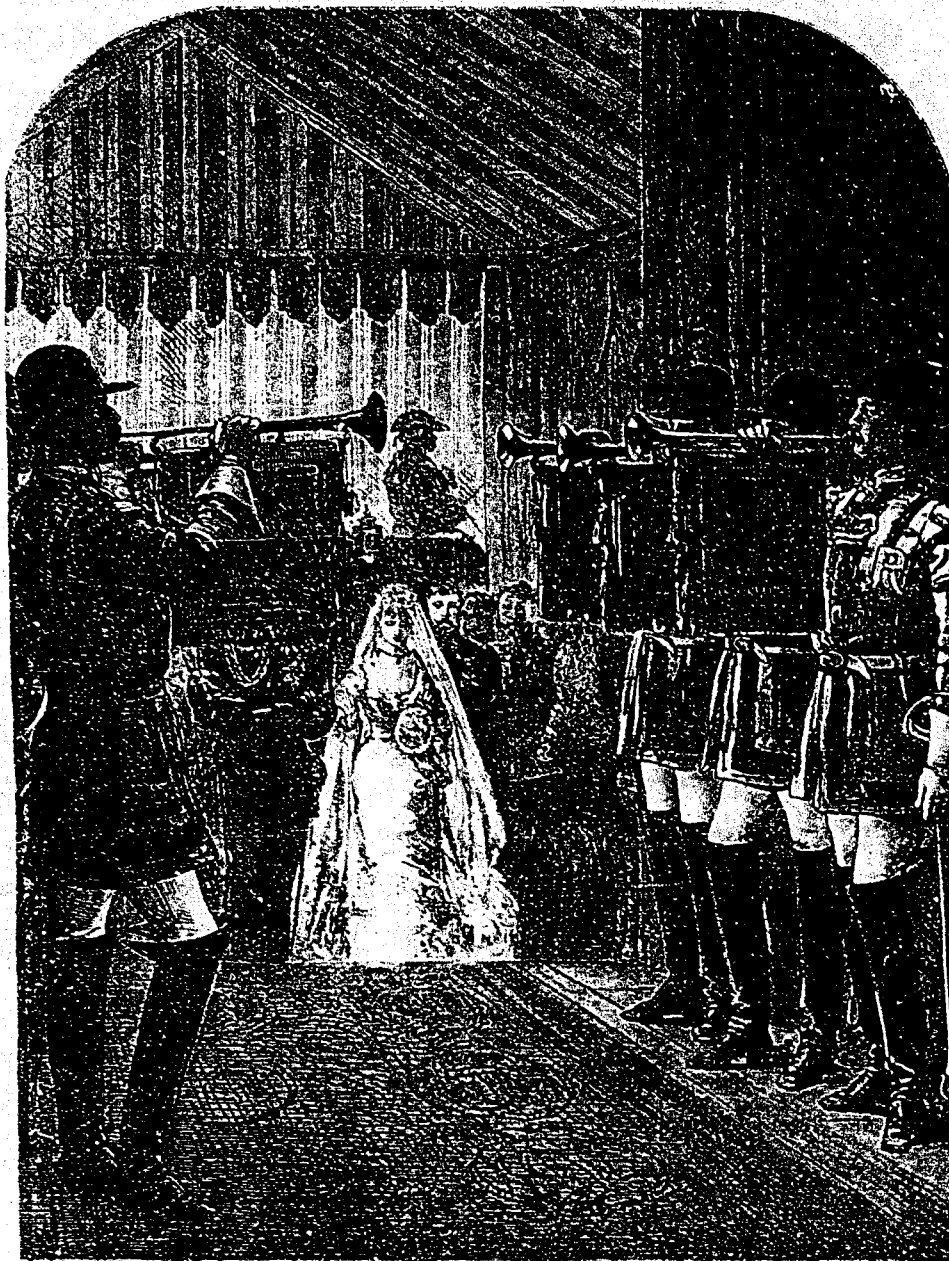
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1878-79.

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" River du Loup	2:00 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner))	3:00 "
" Rimouski	4:45 "
" Campbellton (Supper)	10:00 "
" Bathurst	10:30 "
" Newcastle	12:28 A.M.
" Moncton	2:10 "
" St. John's	5:00 "
" Halifax	9:15 "
" Halifax	1:30 P.M.

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Montreal, 19th Nov., 1878.

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