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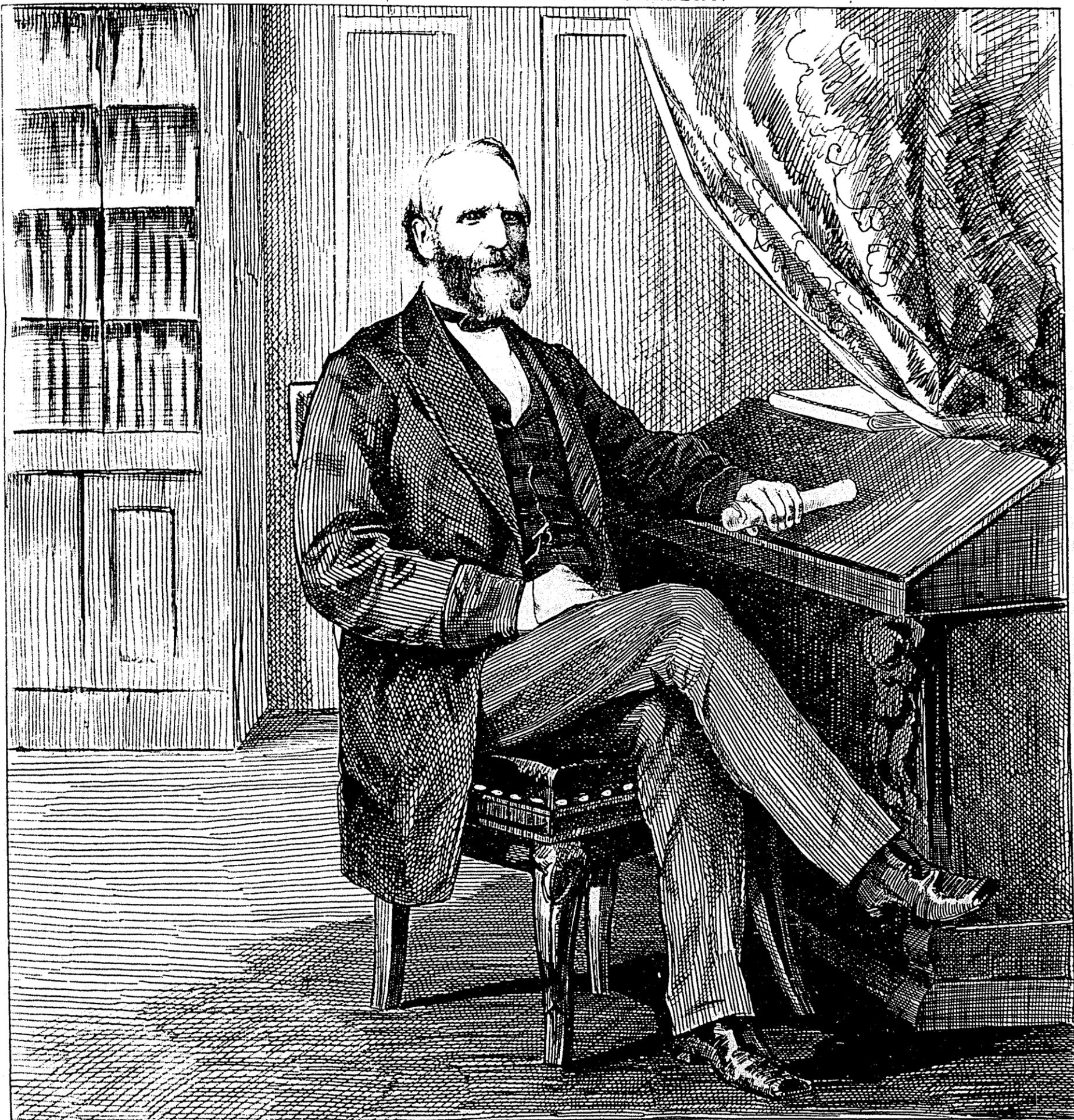
Illustrated News

Vol. XI.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1875.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 29th, 1875.

OUR PREMIUM CHROMO.

The BURLAND-DESBARATS Company have the pleasure to announce to the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS and to the public generally that, pursuant to the intention which they declared on assuming the management of the paper, they are employing every means to place it on the most satisfactory basis and to make it the best family journal in Canada. Their efforts have hitherto met with satisfactory encouragement from the public, but to stimulate this patronage still more, they have decided on issuing a premium Chromo, entitled the YOUNG FISHERMAN after a painting by the celebrated English artist W. M. Wyllie, which in design and execution will vie with any production of the kind ever published in America. The subject is one of popular interest, and will be finished in the highest style of art. This premium Chromo will be forwarded *only* to the following classes of subscribers:

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The company are using every means to get rid entirely of the sys-

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The following certificate from the two best known and largest dealers in works of art in Montreal, whose judgment in such matters is authoritative, speaks for itself:

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A. J. PELL.

WM. SCOTT.

Montreal, May, 1875.

IMPERIAL AND COLONIAL CONFEDERATION.

In the current number of the *Canadian Monthly*, there is a paper on this subject by MR. A. T. DRUMMOND, of our city. It has since been issued in pamphlet form and we have received a copy from the author. The question of confederation in all its phases has been frequently and amply discussed in these columns, as it is one upon which we have very decided opinions, but there is no occasion for our recurring to them to-day. We shall be doing better service by analyzing the pamphlet of MR. DRUMMOND who treats the subject with modesty, moderation, and prudence, while he goes over the whole ground with a thoroughness which betokens conscientious study.

The writer first discusses the idea of Imperial Confederation, or the representation of the Colonies in the British Parliament and their concurrent share in the foreign policy of the Empire. While admitting the splendor of the project and the desirability of its fulfilment, he groups around it a host of difficulties arising from conflicting commercial and financial interests, from diverse elements in the population, and from the distance of the different sections of the empire from one another and from the seat of the central government.

Each of these heads is fully amplified, and with marked ability, notwithstanding that there are several conclusions which appear to us a little hazarded. But we entirely agree with MR. DRUMMOND that it would

be more feasible to have a General Council sitting at Westminster, in which the United Kingdom and the colonies would be represented, each section retaining its present constitution practically unaltered, and imposing its own customs' dues, and appropriating its own revenues; and the Council having only powers affecting the general interests of the different sections in their relations to one another and to the empire, and the interests of the empire in its relations to foreign powers.

Our author, we are glad to say, speaks unequivocally in favor of Colonial Confederation. We believe his sympathies are cast with the Reform Party of the country, but he is not prepared to follow in the wake of that section which advocates premature Independence. Having deliberately adopted a Colonial Confederation, he thinks the time which has since elapsed has been too short, and the results, even in that short time, too satisfactory to make us long for any change. "In the distant future, however, should there be fulfilled the bright visions which we now entertain of the western territories teeming with population alike with the eastern provinces,—the whole country from Vancouver to Nova Scotia thickly scattered with manufacturing enterprises; our merchant marine, already large, still further increased; our foreign relations requiring more constant attention; and our people alive to their position and appreciative of the duties it imposes upon them,—then will have arrived the time when, in the interests both of ourselves and of Great Britain, we must study deeply and decide on our relations to the Empire." This is satisfactory, and MR. DRUMMOND is only making himself the echo of the better sentiment of the country, when he speaks out thus wisely and eloquently.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES.

From the Annual Report of the Department of the Interior, just received, we gather a few paragraphs of information concerning the North West Territories. It is stated that the Mounted Police was welcomed by the Indians as friends and benefactors, and its march through the Territory, as fully described in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, under the head of "Six Months in the Wilds of the North West," was satisfactory in more respects than one. A few ordinary magistrates have been appointed in the Territories, but they were not able to effect much in the way of punishing offenders. The North-West Council consequently strongly urged on the Government the necessity of appointing stipendiary magistrates at certain important points in the Territories, and as the Mounted Police force is fairly stationed in the country, this suggestion has been acted upon. Such a measure, it may reasonably be hoped, will go far to establish law and order, and to increase the security of life and property in those distant territories. To have appointed stipendiary magistrates there, when there was no force competent to carry out their decision, could hardly have had any other result than to make the administration of justice contemptible in the eyes of the Indians and of others hunting and trading in the North-West.

A commission under Captain Cameron was appointed in conjunction with commissioners named by the United States Government to determine, in accordance with the Second Article of the Convention of London of the 20th of October, 1818, the international boundary line between Canada and the United States, from the most north-west point of the Lake of the Woods due south to the parallel of forty-nine of north latitude, and thence westward to the Rocky Mountains. Captain Cameron states that the whole of the international boundary line, with the exception of about nineteen miles at the western end, has been cleared of trees. As the line for this length of nineteen miles traverses impracticable ground in the Rocky Mountain ranges, it was considered sufficient to mark only two points, namely, the passage of Belly River and the crossing

of Lake Waterloo. Along the south of the Province of Manitoba iron pillars have been placed at two miles intervals. West of the Province the line is indicated by cairns, generally about three miles apart; east of the Province to the Lake of the Woods, and thence northward to the north-west angle of said lake, iron pillars will be placed along the line on such available sites as the swampy character of the country will admit of. The Chief Astronomer on the Commission and his assistants, with six of the Royal Engineers, are now engaged at the seat of government in completing the maps and office work, generally, in connection with the survey. Frequent difficulties and disputes, which might have led to grave international complications, have within the last two or three years occurred in consequence of the uncertainty of the international boundary line in this region; and, in the interests of peace as well as on other grounds, the authoritative determination of the missing link in our international boundary line cannot but be a source of satisfaction to the Imperial and Dominion Governments, who have agreed to share equally the cost of this national undertaking.

The Canadian Indian Boards established in Manitoba and British Columbia have not been a success. This has arisen mainly from the fact that the Lieutenant-Governors of those Provinces regarded the principle on which the boards were constituted as placing them in a somewhat anomalous position. It may therefore be a matter for consideration at an early day whether an organization similar to that which exists in Ontario, with superintendents and agents, should not be adopted in British Columbia and in the North-West. The distance from Ottawa may, perhaps, be urged as an objection to this arrangement; but the Pacific Railway Telegraph will within a year or two connect the Capital with most of the principal points in the western half of the Dominion, consequently the aid of Indian Boards will not be so much required.

It is hardly to be expected says a New York contemporary, that the number of people going broad to spend the Summer will be as great this year as it generally was each year in the flush times before the panic. Too many people are now of necessity living on a reduced scale of expenditure who formerly could afford, or thought they could afford, to go traveling without counting the cost thereof. But the passenger lists of last week's outgoing steamers certainly indicate that the steamship agents who were some weeks ago bewailing the dullness of foreign travel were needlessly borrowing trouble. The steamers which sailed on Saturday alone carried 2,299 passengers, and the total for the week was not very far from 4,000 tourists. The season of foreign travel, whose opening was delayed by the late advent of Spring weather, and which was finally opened with ill omen by the wreck of the Schiller, therefore, promises to be not an unfavorable one for the steamship companies.

In a speech at Philadelphia, Barnum said:—"I will undertake, and give bonds for the fulfillment of the contract, that if the city of Philadelphia will stop selling liquor and give me as much as was expended here for liquor last year, to run the city next year, I will pay all the city expenses; no person living within her borders shall pay taxes; there shall be no insurance on property; a good dress and suit shall be given to every poor boy, girl, man and woman; all the educational expenses shall be paid; a barrel of flour shall be given to every needy and worthy person; and I will clear half a million or a million dollars myself by the operation."

An article in the London *Times* presents the contrast between English and American efforts to reduce the national debt. "We cannot but feel with regret," says the *Times*, "that the United States

in this respect shew more the high spirit of a nation conscious of a great destiny, and anxious, above all things, that no short-comings of the present generation shall interfere with the teachings their children have received."

A decree has been promulgated declaring the electoral period opened in Spain. During the time prescribed the Press is free to discuss all constitutional questions except that of monarchy, and public meetings of a political character may be held. The decree concludes by expressing the hopes of the Government for the re-establishment of a representative régime, without which there can be nothing but anarchy.

The Paris *Moniteur*, in an editorial referring to the course taken by the British Government during the recent war alarm, says: England by raising her voice in favour of peace has naturally recovered her just authority and influence in Continental affairs, and the present Ministry has acquired a degree of strength and power which will procure for it the grateful respect of Europe.

Official despatches from the interior of Cuba state that Government troops attacked a body of insurgents, numbering 600 men, commanded by Ruloff, at Chario Agul, on the 14th inst., and again at Hayo De Manicaragua on the 16th. In the encounters nineteen of the insurgents were killed and ninety of their horses captured. The Government loss was five soldiers killed.

—Mr. Jefferson Davis, in an address to the Texas veterans of the Mexican war at Houston lately, entreated them to be as loyal now to the Stars and Stripes as they were zealous and brave in defence of their first flag.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says the Russian Government will await the replies of the several States to its communication in relation to the conference upon the usages of war.

THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF THE DOMINION.

II.—THE MCGILL UNIVERSITY.

The McGill University has the honour of being the oldest in Canada proper, and the oldest but one in the Dominion—Kings College, Nova Scotia, having precedence by a number of years in the date of its Royal charter. McGill has also the credit of having developed its courses of study and public usefulness to a greater extent than any other of our Universities.

I

It numbers 38 Professors and other instructing officers, and these are distributed in three Professional Faculties or Departments as well as in the Faculty of Arts or College proper. The Faculty of Arts provides a wide and liberal course of study extending over four years. Connected with it, though constituting a separate branch, is the Department of Practical and Applied Science, including Schools of Civil Engineering, of Mining Engineering and Assaying and of Practical Chemistry. The Medical Faculty has long stood at the head of such Schools in Canada, and there is also a well equipped Faculty of Law. In addition to these branches of the University proper, the Morrin College, Quebec, as an affiliated College, sends students to the University examinations. There are in Montreal two large and flourishing affiliated Theological Colleges, the University not teaching theology directly, but affiliating with certain privileges such theological Colleges as may desire this benefit. The McGill Normal School which is the Provincial Institution for training Protestant teachers for Schools and Academies, is also affiliated to the University and under its immediate control.

The buildings of the University are plain and unpretending in exterior, but commodious and spacious, and their situation at the foot of Mount Royal with extensive grounds in front, is both beautiful and salubrious. The main building is occupied principally with the Class-rooms of the Faculty of Arts, while the Convocation Hall, Library, Museum, Laboratory and Residences occupy the wings and connecting buildings. The completion of these buildings by the erection of the West wing and the connecting buildings is due to the liberality of the late William Molson and in commemoration of which the west wing bears his name, and an inscription on a white marble slab in his honour. The medical Faculty occupies the large detached building at one extremity, and at the other is the Observa-

tory, which is at present used wholly for meteorological observations, made in connection with the government system of telegraphy and storm signals. The Library now contains 12,000 volumes and is constantly being enlarged. It is open under liberal conditions to citizens as well as to members of the University. The museum is arranged with special reference to the use of students; and is especially remarkable as containing the collection of shells of Dr. P. P. Carpenter, one of the finest in its department on this continent. The apparatus is very good, and includes many of the best and most recent appliances for illustrating Physical Science. There are extensive and well-furnished chemical laboratories. The grounds in front afford space for cricket and lacrosse, and for the annual athletic sports of the students.

According to the last Report of the University, the number of students, was three hundred and there were besides one hundred and eighteen teachers in training in the Normal School. The University has now more than a thousand graduates in various parts of Canada, and many of them occupying the highest positions in Political and Professional life.

II

The following details as to the history of the University and the biography of its founder are mainly derived from articles and addresses by the present Principal, Dr. Dawson, and by the Chancellor the Hon. Mr. Justice Day.*

James McGill was born on the 6th October, 1744, in Glasgow, Scotland. He received his early training and education in that country, but of these little is known. He arrived in Canada before the American revolution, and appears, in the first place, to have engaged in the North-west fur trade, then one of the leading branches of business in Canada. Subsequently he settled in Montreal, and, in partnership with his brother, Andrew McGill, became one of the leading merchants in the little town of about nine thousand inhabitants which then represented our commercial metropolis. His settlement in Montreal, and his marriage with a lady of French parentage, the widow of a Canadian gentleman, occurred a little before the beginning of this century; and from that time till his death in December, 1813, he continued to be a prominent citizen of Montreal, diligent and prosperous in his business, frank and social in his habits, and distinguished for public spirit and exertion for the advancement of the city. His name appears in several commissions relating to city matters—for instance, that for removing the old walls of Montreal. He was Lieutenant-Colonel and subsequently Colonel of the Montreal City Militia; and in his old age, on the breaking out of the American war of 1812, he became Brigadier-General, and was prepared in that capacity to take the field in defence of his country. He represented for many years the West Ward of Montreal in the Provincial Legislature, and was afterwards a member of the Legislative and Executive Councils.

Mr. McGill's resolution to dispose of his property in endowing a college was not a hasty death-bed resolve, but a mature and deliberate decision. He had taken a lively interest in the measures then before the Government for the establishment of an educational system in the Province of Quebec, and had mentioned, many years before his death, his intention to give, during his lifetime, a sum of twenty thousand dollars in aid of a college, if these measures should be carried out by the Government. But many delays occurred. From 1802, when the act to establish the "Board of Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning" was passed, until the time of Mr. McGill's death, the persistent opposition on the part of the leaders of one section of the people to any system of governmental education, and the apathy of some of the members of the Council, had prevented the appointment of the Board, or the completion of the liberal grants of land and money for educational purpose which had been promised. Mr. McGill was apparently weary of these delays, and feared that he might be cut off by death before he could realize his intentions. He had also the sagacity to foresee that a private endowment might force the reluctant or tardy hands of the members of Government to action. Accordingly, in his will, prepared in 1811, more than two years before his death, he bequeathed his property of Burnside, and a sum of ten thousand pounds in money, to found a college in the contemplated Provincial University, under the management of the Board of Royal Institution; but on condition that such college and university should be established within ten years of his decease. Three leading citizens of Montreal, the Honorable James Richardson, James Reid, Esq., and James Dunlop, Esq., and the Rev. John Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto, were appointed trustees under the will.

The will was contested, and with the exception of obtaining a Royal Charter in 1821, no action was taken upon it until 1829. The first step toward the establishment of a University was the organization in that year of the Faculty of Arts and the Medical Faculty. The former met with many difficulties and made little progress; but the latter, being a professional school and composed of men ranking the first in their profession, has been and still is sustained with admirable ability and vigor.

III

In 1835 increased efforts were made toward the establishment of the Faculty of Arts,—and after

* Bernard's Journal of Education 1859. New Dominion Monthly, 1870. Proceedings at Inauguration of William Molson Hall, 1862.

a further interval of some years it was formally opened, in September 1843, in the buildings erected for that purpose. The undertaking, however, was not successful. The College received no support, and at length its utterly prostrate condition attracted attention, and the Provincial Government was moved by a number of gentlemen to aid in an endeavour to place it on a better footing. A careful Report was prepared on the state of the University, and suggestions were made of the course which it was advisable to follow for its amelioration, which became the basis of much that has since been done.

A new Charter was applied for, and was received in August 1852, differing favorably from the former one in many of its most important provisions. Upon the reception of the Charter the newly-appointed Governors immediately entered upon the labors of their trust. They began by reforming the Statutes of the University, in a manner to introduce a more simple administration, and absolutely to do away with all religious tests and privileges. The College was involved in debt, and its income fell far short of its expenditure. Measures were at once taken to stop the increase of the debt, and in various ways to improve the financial condition of the College; but with only partial success. An appeal was consequently made, in December of the year 1856, to the Protestant population of Montreal, and was met, as such appeals always have been by its leading citizens, in a spirit of ready and unrestrained generosity. An Endowment Fund, amounting to £15,000, was subscribed by a number of gentlemen, not exceeding fifty. Of this sum £5000 were given by Messrs. MOLSON (the three brothers) for founding a Chair of English Literature, the remainder was made up in sums varying from £500 to £150. It will be gratifying to the subscribers of the fund to know that their help, both in money and moral support, came at a time of great need, and has been of incalculable benefit.

These subscriptions have been followed in subsequent years by others, and by large individual benefactions too numerous to be detailed here. Prominent among them are the following:—The Peter Redpath Chair of Natural Philosophy, the Logan Chair of Geology, the John Frothingham Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy, each endowed with the sum of \$20,000; the Henry Chapman, Prince of Wales, Anne Molson, Shakespeare, Logan, Elizabeth Torrance, Holmes and Earl of Dufferin Gold Medals; and the Scholarships and Exhibitions founded by Mrs. Redpath of Terrace Bank, Mr. W. C. McDonald, Mr. C. Alexander, Mr. T. M. Taylor, the Board of Governors and the Caledonian Society of Montreal.

The wise liberality of a good man is often far more fruitful than he could have anticipated. Mr. McGill merely expressed a wish to found a college in connection with a university already provided by the generous grants of land promised by the British Government. But in Lower Canada these grants were not actually given; and eventually Mr. McGill's endowment became the sole dependence of the English population of Montreal for the establishment of a national university.

The value of the property bequeathed by Mr. McGill was estimated, at the time of his death, at £30,000; and it has since become much more valuable, owing to the growth of the city. The sum was not large in comparison with many other educational bequests; but it would be difficult to estimate its value to Canada in general, and to Montreal in particular. Gathering around it the gifts of other liberal men, it has sustained the McGill University, and carried it on to its present point of usefulness and success as a source of literary and scientific culture. Hundreds of professional men, in all parts of Canada bear testimony to its value; and the city derives from it much of its higher character as a centre of learning and practical science. Indirectly, it has benefited the cause of common and grammar-school education, through the action of the Royal Institution, through the services of students and graduates as teachers, and through the McGill Normal Schools, which, though supported by Government, would scarcely have been established but for the influence of the college. Those who have in these ways received its educational benefits are to be found in all parts of the country, contributing by superior skill and intelligence to the common good. If the future may be anticipated from the past, its utility will, in the time to come, go on increasing and widening, growing with the growth of our country, and pervading all departments of useful and honorable occupation. An endowment of this kind is, probably, of all investments of money, that which yields the richest returns and most surely advances the welfare of mankind. The experience of older nations has shown that such endowments survive changes of religion, of dynasty, of social and political systems, and go on bearing fruit from age to age. It will, doubtless, be so here also, and the time will come when the original endowment of McGill will appear but as the little germ from which a great tree has sprung—the spring which gives birth to a mighty river.

Already, through Mr. McGill and those who have followed his example, as benefactors to this University, the English of Montreal may boast of having created a collegiate institution, second to none in the Dominion; and no one who knows them can doubt that, with God's blessing, they will carry their work forward in a degree commensurate with the growth of the city, and with the many demands of society for higher culture, more especially of those kinds, which can be made directly applicable to the spiritual, intellectual and material progress of mankind.

THEATRE ROYAL, MONTREAL.

Whether the reputation of Mr. J. L. Toole, the English Comedian, was overwrought, or whether Montrealers expected from him more than his talents warranted, or whether, as some pretend, his star is on the wane, his visit to this city has resulted in a general feeling of disappointment. The prediction of one of our daily contemporaries has received partial fulfilment; and although the Theatre Royal was filled several evenings last week, if we are to believe the disparaging expressions uttered after the performances by some of those who were present, Mr. Toole did not appear to them the great comedian he had been represented to be. Some accuse him of vulgarity, some complain of his tameness.

This week, Miss Emily Soldene, and a company of 40 performers are announced for five nights in Opera Bouffe.

At the present time of going to press, we can briefly notice only the first evening's performance. Herve's beautiful comic opera "Chilperic" was, on Monday night, presented in most excellent form. The leading rôles were well interpreted, the choruses effective, the *mise en scène* very complete, and the instrumental music was rendered with precision and good taste by a numerous and well-trained orchestra. The company musters strong, and all the incidental and secondary parts are well filled. The young ladies who represented Chilperic's Eight Pages have all the personal attractiveness required to lend interest to their parts, and several of them dance and sing with good effect. We have neither time nor space to particularise in this issue the respective merits of the several performers. Miss Emily Soldene must be seen and heard to be appreciated. What a rollicking, good-natured, absurd King Chilperic she personifies! With what mobile expression, and rapid action she flies into a passion, or falls into love, or goes off into eccentricities of reckless frolic! Her acting is just perfect, and her broad powerful voice has the faculty of being by turns comie or pathetic, at will. We anticipate a brilliant success for Miss Soldene and her company, during their brief visit to Montreal, and can assure our friends that no organisation so thorough and complete in the operatic line has visited us for years.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GRAPE IN QUEBEC.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

DEAR SIR,—I have noticed two letters, one signed "H. L.," Coaticooke, and the other "Ottawa," referring to some statements of my own contained in a paper read at the Agricultural Conference in the District of Bedford, on the subject of the culture of the grape in the open air. From the general tenor of the remarks made by these writers it is apparent enough that there is room for diversity of opinion between us respecting the relative superiority of the different varieties of grape, and the success attending their cultivation in Canada. My personal experience in the matter (which seems to be somewhat doubted by "Ottawa"), consists of a continuous experience of about twelve years with the results stated in the paper above referred to, namely, that the varieties of grape therein enumerated have been matured constantly, and without failure, and if either of these correspondents (whose skill I do not question) will do me the favour to visit my grounds in the months of September or October, they will, I hope, become assured of the fact, that grape can be grown in Canada for other purposes than that of adornment, and that it is substantially true that, with proper protection, they will mature in any place of the Eastern Townships, where the corn will ripen. I should also mention that by a typographical error the introduction of the Adirondac grape is said in the Bedford paper to have occurred four years ago, whereas "a few years ago" was the expression intended.

I am, respectfully, yours,

W. W. SMITH.

Phillipsburg, 15th May, 1875.

VARIETIES.

CASES of suicide are greatly on the increase in the Prussian army, it is supposed owing to the stern discipline.

THE Dover and Calais tunnel scheme seems to progress. The Chatham and Dover and South-Eastern Railway Companies have received permission to set apart £20,000 each towards ascertaining the feasibility of boring the sub-oceanic strata from the English side.

A LIEUTENANT in the Russian navy publishes a device for quickly stopping holes made in ships by collisions. It consists of a waterproof, pliable patch, with mechanism by which it may be readily adjusted on the outside of the leaking surface. The Russian men-of-war are being supplied with it.

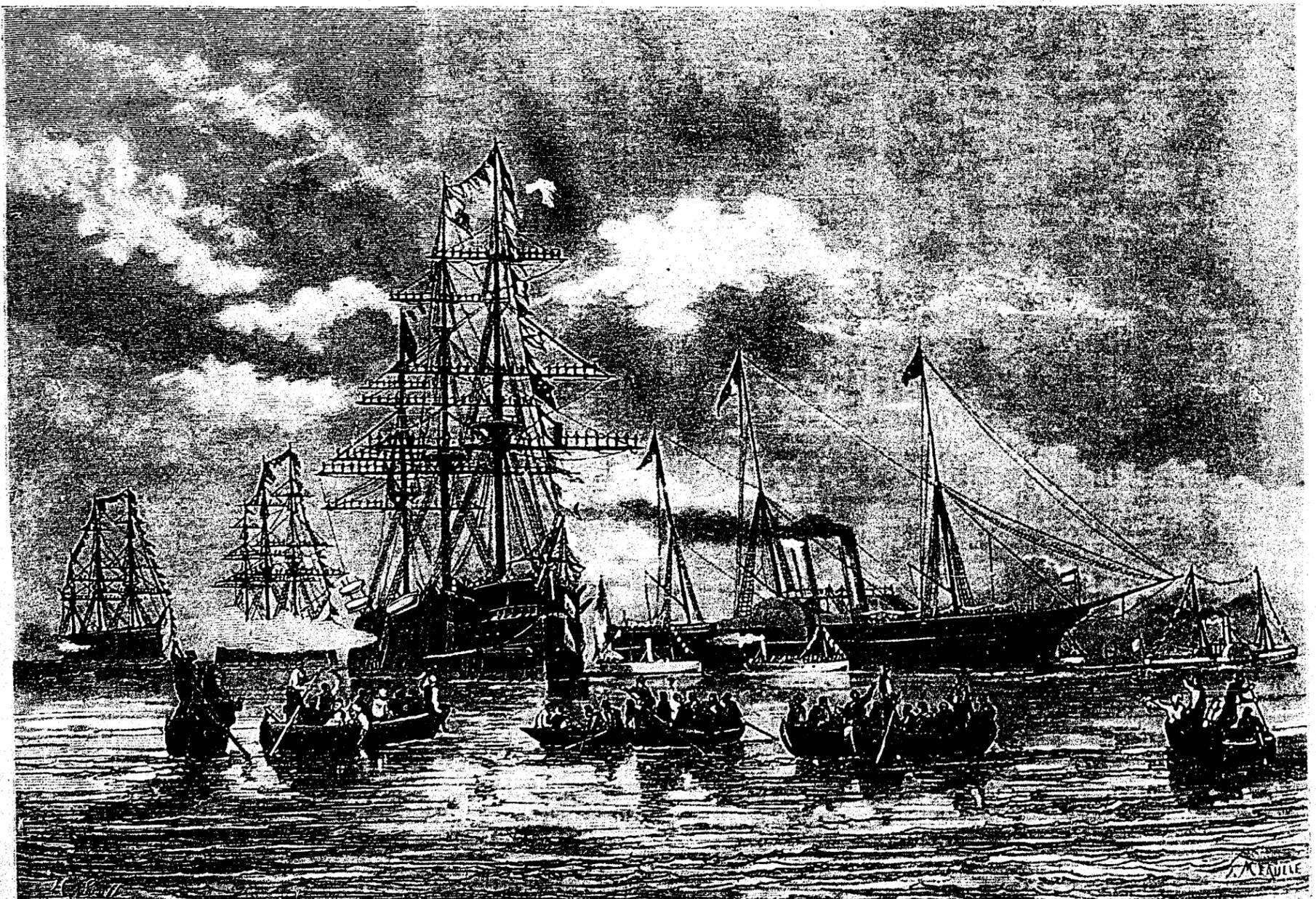
SOME interesting relics have just been brought to light at Chatham Dockyard, where the discovery has been made of a portion of the sails of Lord Nelson's flagship, the Victory. They were taken from that vessel immediately after the battle of Trafalgar, and have since lain unthought of in the sail loft at Chatham Dockyard. The most interesting of the relics discovered is the fore-top-sail, which is in a good state of preservation. The sail is riddled with shot holes, there being as many as 90 holes made by the shot. A number of the sails—the main-top-sail, which is hardly complete, has still the label attached to it when the sail was stored away; and this states that when the main-top-sail was removed from the Victory there were as many as 60 holes made by the shot to be counted in it. On the sails may still be seen a part of the maker's name—"Miller, contractor, Portsmouth, 1803."

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



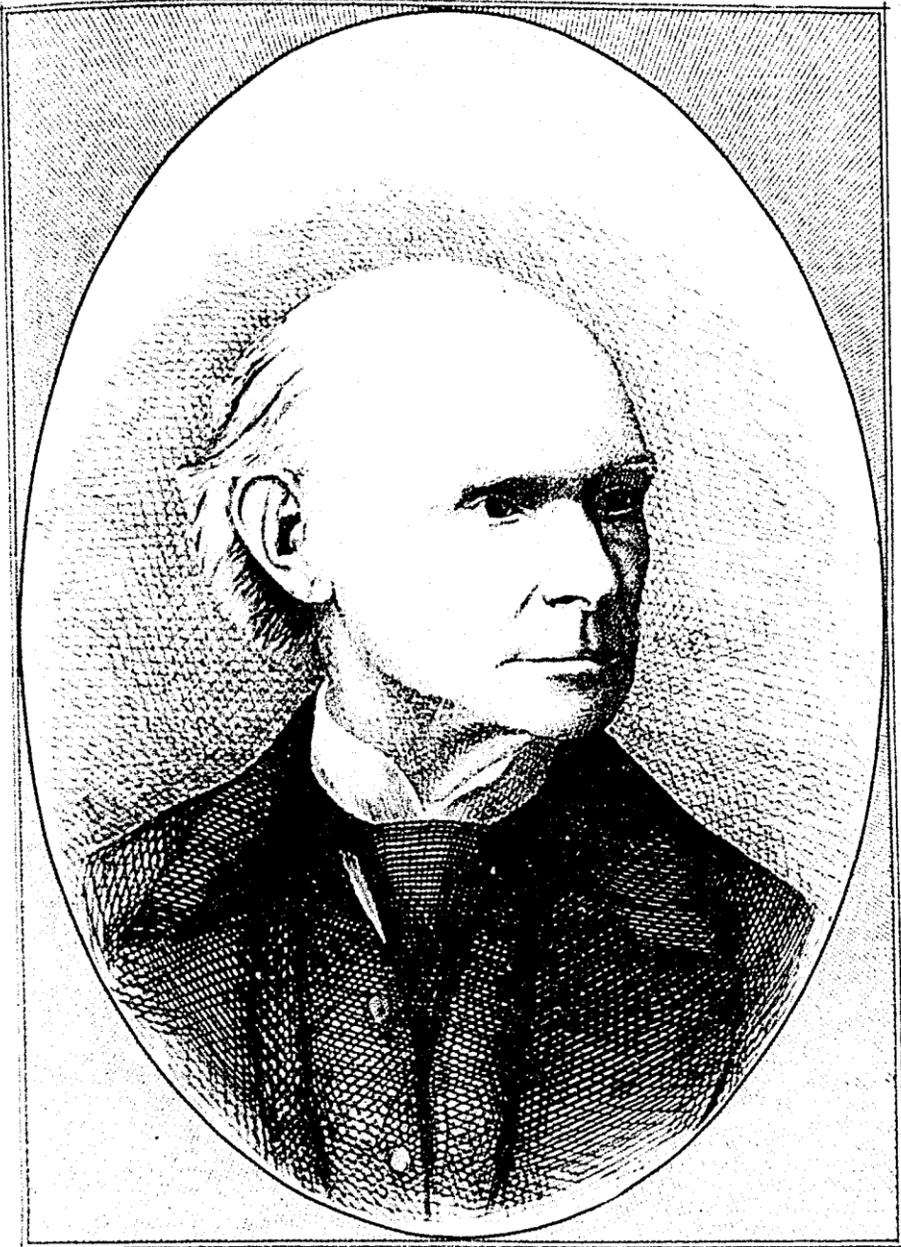
THE LATE JAMES O'REILLY, Q. C. OF KINGSTON — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

No. 244.—THE HON. JAMES MCGILL, FOUNDER OF MCGILL COLLEGE.



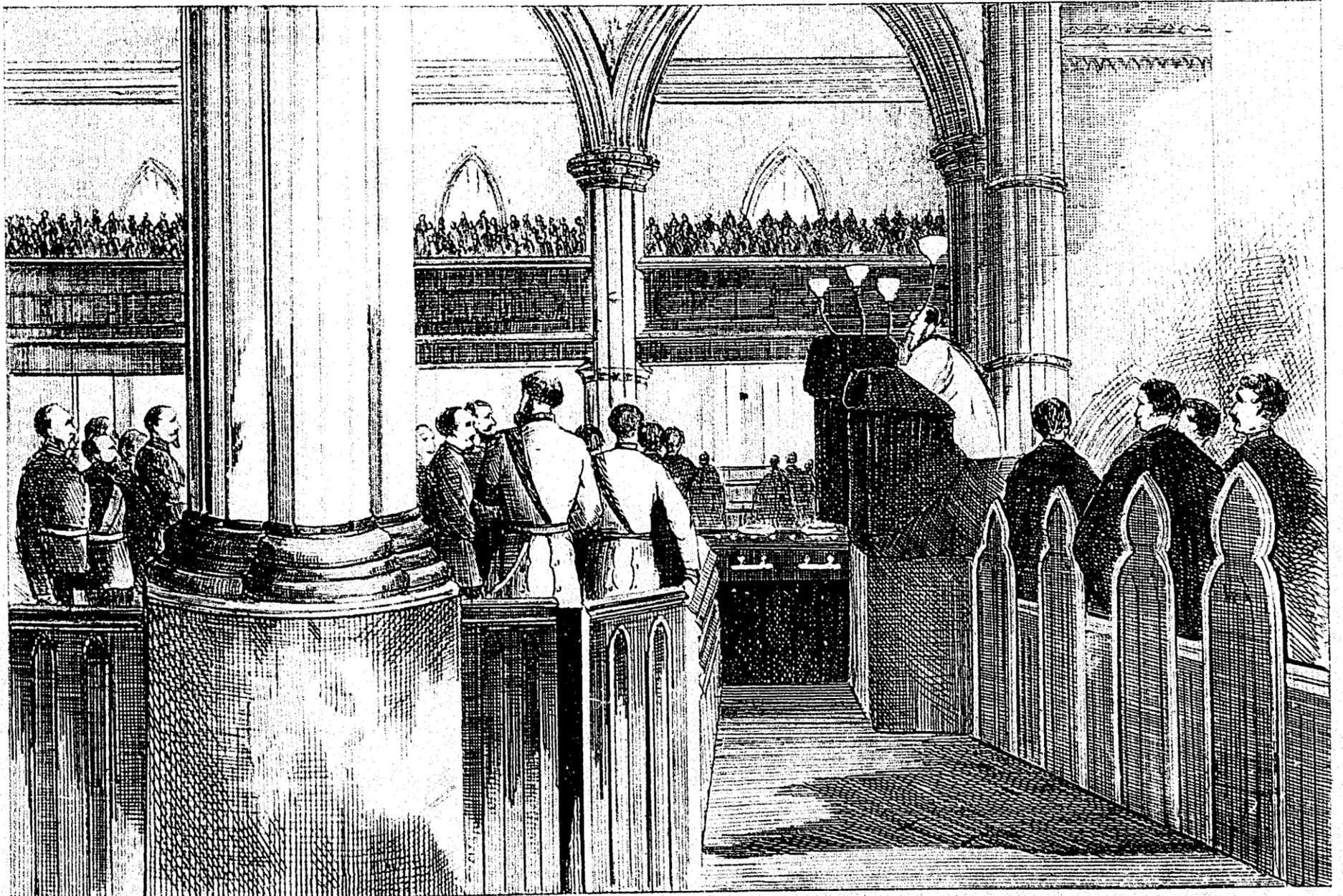
VENICE:—THE ITALIAN FLEET SALUTING THE EMPEROR FRANCIS-JOSEPH AT HIS DEPARTURE.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 245.—HON. C. D. DAY, LL.D., D.C.L., CHANCELLOR OF MCGILL COLLEGE UNIVERSITY FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

No. 246.—PROFESSOR J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR OF MCGILL COLLEGE UNIVERSITY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



TORONTO:—FUNERAL OF THE LATE LT. GOV. CRAWFORD; SERVICE IN ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

Read at the Concord Celebration by James Russell Lowell.

[This magnificent poem was withheld from publicity at the time of the Concord Centennial and has just been published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June. It is in every way worthy of its author.]

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air,
Sunshine steals lights from her face,
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace!
Sweetener of but and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, oh, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought!

II.

She cometh, cometh to-day;
Hark! hear ye not her tread,
Sending a thrill through your clay,
Under the sod there, ye dead,
Her champions and chosen ones?
Do ye not hear, as she comes,
The bay of the deep-mouthed guns?
The gathering buzz of the drums?
The bells that called ye to prayer,
How wildly they clamor on her,
Crying, "She cometh! prepare
Her to praise and her to honor,
That a hundred years ago
Scattered here in blood and tears
Potent seeds wherefrom should grow
Gladness for a hundred years!"

III.

Tell me, young men; have ye seen
Creature of diviner mien,
For true hearts to long and cry for,
Manly hearts to live and die for?
What hath she that others want?
Brows that all endearments haunt,
Eyes that make it sweet to dare,
Smiles that glad untimely death,
Looks that fortify despair,
Tones more brave than trumpet's breath,
Tell me, maidens, have ye known
Household charm more sweetly rare!
Grace of woman ampler blown?
Modesty more debonaire!
Younger heart with wit full-grown!
Oh, for an hour of my prime,
The pulse of my hotter years,
That I might praise in rhyme
Would tingle your eyelids to tears,
Our sweetness, our strength, and our star,
Our hope, our joy and our trust,
Who lifted us out of the dust
And made us whatever we are!

IV.

Whiter than moonshine upon snow
Her raiment is; but round the hem
Crimson-stained; and, as to and fro
Her sandals flash, we see on them,
And on her instep veined with blue,
Flecks of crimson—on those fair feet,
High-arched, Diana-like, and fleet,
Fit for no grosser stain than dew;
Oh, call them rather ornaments than stains,
Sacred and from heroic veins!
For, in the glory guarded pass,
Her haughty and far-shining head
She bowed to shrive Leonidas
With his imperishable dead;
Her, too, Morgarten saw,
Where the Swiss lion fleeced his icy paw;
She followed Cromwell's quenchless star
Where the grim Puritan tread
Shook Marston, Naseby, and Dunbar;
Yes, on her feet are dearer dyes
Yet fresh, nor looked on with untearful eyes.

V.

Our fathers found her in the woods
Where Nature meditates and broods
The seeds of unexampled things
Which Time to consummation brings
Through life and death and man's unstable moods;
They met her here, not recognised,
A sylvan huntress clothed in furs,
To whose chaste wants her bow sufficed,
Nor dreamed what destinies were hers;
She taught them beelike to create
Their simpler forms of Church and State;
She taught them to endure
The Past with other functions than it knew,
And turn in channels strange the uncertain stream of
Fate;
Better than all, she fenced them in their need
With iron-handed Duty's sternest creed,
'Gainst Self's lean wolf that ravens word and deed.

VI.

Why cometh she hither to-day
To this low village of the plain
Far from the Present's loud highway,
From Trade's cool heart and seething brain?
Why cometh she? she was not far away;
Since the soul touched it, not in vain,
With paths of immortal gain,
'Tis here her fondest memories stay;
She loves you pine-burnured ridge
Where now our broad-browed poet sleeps,
Dear to both Englands; hear him be
Who were the ring of Canace;
But most her heart to rapture leaps
Where stood that era-parting bridge,
O'er which, with footfall still as dew,
The Old Time passed into the New;
Where as your stealthy river creeps
He whispers to his listening weeds
Fables of sublimest homespun deeds;
Here English law and English thought
Against the might of England fought,
And here were men [co-equal with their fate]
Who did great things unconscious they were great,
They dreamed not what a die was cast
With that first answering shot: what then?
There was their duty; they were men
Long schooled the inward gospel to obey
Though leading to the lion's den;
They felt the habit hallowed word give way
Beneath their lives, and on went they,
Unhappy who was last;
When Buttrick gave the word,
That awful idol of the hallowed Past,
Strong in their love and in their lineage strong,
And crashing; if they heard it not,
Yet the earth heard,
Nor ever hath forgot
As on from startled throne to throne,
Where Superstition sat or conscious Wrong,
A shudder ran of some dread birth unknown,
Thrice-venerable spot!
River more fateful than the Rubicon!
O'er those red planks, to snatch her diadem,
Man's Hope, star-girdled, sprang with them,
And over ways untried the feet of Doom strode on.

VII.

Think you these felt no charms
In their gray homesteads and embowered farms,
In household faces waiting at the door
Their evening step should lighten up no more?
In fields their boyish steps had known!
In trees their fathers' hands had set
And which with them had grown,
Widening each year their leafy coronet?
Felt they no pang of passionate regret
For those unsold goods that seem so much our own?
These things are dear to every man that lives
And life prized more for what it lends than gives;
Yes, many a tie, by iteration sweet,
Strove to detain their fatal feet:
And yet the enduring half they chose,
Whose choice decides a man life's slave or king—
The invisible things of God before the seen and known:
Therefore their memory inspiration blows
With echoes gathering on from zone to zone,
For manhood is the one immortal thing
Beneath Time's changeable sky,
And where it lightened once, from age to age
Men come to learn, in grateful pilgrimage,
That length of days is knowing when to die.

VIII.

What marvellous change of things and men!
She, a world-wandering orphan then,
So mighty now! Those are her streams
That whirl the myriad, myriad wheels
Of all that does and all that dreams,
Of all that thinks and all that feels
Through spaces stretched from sea to sea:
By idle tongues and busy brains,
By who doth right and who refrains,
Here are our losses and our gains,
Our maker and our victim she.

IX.

Maiden half mortal, half divine,
We triumphed in thy coming; to the brinks
Our hearts were filled with pride's tumultuous wine;
Better to-day who rather feels than thinks;
Yet, will some graver thoughts intrude
And cares of nobler mood;
I hear thee: who shall keep thee? From the deeps
Where discarded empires o'er their ruins brood,
And many a thwarted hope wrings its weak hands and
weeps,
I hear the voice as of a mighty wind
From all heaven's caverns rushing unconfined.—
"I, Freedom, dwell with Knowledge; inside
With men whom dust of faction cannot blind.
To the slow tracings of the Eternal Mind;
With men, by culture trained and fortified,
Who bitter duty to sweet lusts prefer,
Fearless to counsel and obey;
Conscience my sceptre is, and law my sword,
Not to be drawn in passion or in play,
But terrible to punish and deter,
Implacable as God's word,
Like it a shepherd's crook to them that blindly err.
Your firm-pulsed sires, my martyrs and my saints,
Shoots of that only race whose patient sense
Hath known to mingle flux with permanence,
Rated my chaste denials and restraints
Above the moment's dear-paid paradise;
Beware lest, shifting with Time's gradual creep,
The light that guided shine into your eyes;
The cavernous powers of ill nor wink nor sleep;
Be therefore timely wise,
Nor laugh when this one steals or that one lies,
As if your luck could cheat those sleepless spies,
Till the deaf fury come your house to sweep!"
I hear the voice and unafrighted bow;
Ye shall not be prophetic now,
Heralds of ill, that darkening fly
Between my vision and the rainbowed sky,
Or on the left your hoarse forebodings croak
From many a blasted bough
On Idrasil's storm-sinewed oak,
That once was green, Hope of the West, as thou,
Yet pardon if I tremble while I boast,
For thee I love as those who pardon most.

X.

Away, ungrateful doubt, away!
At least she is our own to-day;
Break into rapture, my song,
Verses, leap forth in the sun,
Bearing the joyance along
Like a train of fire as ye run!
Pause not for choosing of words,
Let them but blossom and sing
Blithe as the orchards and birds
With the new coming of spring!
Dance in your jollity, bells,
Shout, cannon, cease not, ye drums,
Answer, ye hill-sides and dells,
Bow, all ye people, she comes,
Radiant, calm-fronted as when
She hallowed that April day;
Stay with us, Yes, thou shalt stay,
Softener and strengthener of men,
Freedom, not won by the vain,
Not to be courted in play,
Not to be kept without pain!
Stay with us! Yes, thou wilt stay,
Handmaid and mistress of all,
Kinder of deed and of thought,
Thou, that to hut and to hall
Equal deliverance brought!
Souls of her martyrs, draw near,
Touch our dull lips with your fire,
That we may praise without fear
Her, our delight, our desire,
Our faith's inextinguishable star,
Our hope, our remembrance, our trust,
Our present, our past, our to be,
Who will mingle her life with our dust
And make us deserve to be free!

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

VALBYEISM.

BY NED P. MAH.

There is, near Copenhagen, a little village called Valbye. Once upon a time, as the fairy tales say, some of its inhabitants were affected with Anglomania. Their clothes, equipages, houses, manners, must all be after English fashions. Hence arose the term Valbye Englisher—*pseudo Englishman*.

And thus the word Valbye, in this acceptance of *counterfeit*, became a prefix in frequent use, notably in the title of the comedietta called "Valbye Gaasen," in which two young people thrown together by the benevolent offices of matchmaking relations, becoming aware of the fact, act like simpletons in each others presence with the intention of disgusting each other, being naturally averse to falling in love to order.

Now it is not alone in the country in which this term originated that Valbyeisms exist. We must admit that in choosing the word for our title we have ourselves been guilty of a Valbye-

ism, since, had we used the plain English word Affectation, or Humbug, we should probably not have attracted the eyes of so many readers. And though we intend to shew that, as a rule, Valbyeisms are rather deserving of censure than praise, yet we crave pardon for this our own special Valbyeism, partly because it is such a very little one, partly because it is a very harmless one, and because the desire to obtain as many readers as possible may even be considered the reverse of reprehensible in an author.

The most pardonable Valbyeisms we take it, are those which owe their origin to an ambition which is not in itself to be condemned, and which are perpetrated in order to disguise some deficiency in the inventor and to place him on an equality with others in the contest for some special end. Yet every Valbyeism must be liable to impeachment from the strict censor of words because the word is after all only an euphemism for deception, a white lie whether of speech or action. In illustration of this venial kind of Valbyeism we may repeat a story we once heard, and if we omit the names of the *dramatis personae* it is on the plea of forgetfulness and we assure the gentle reader that the tale is none the less worthy of credence on that account.

Some years since, the confidential clerk of an ancient banking house, in Holland, was sent on a mission of some importance to one of the oldest financial firms in Great Britain. The head of the establishment to which he was ambassador received him with openhearted hospitality and housed him beneath his own roof during the three weeks or so of his stay in England. During this period the young gentleman made considerable progress in the good graces of the daughter of his host, who was, so the story goes, as good as she was beautiful and as beautiful as she was good. At length, the day of departure came. The youth stood in the study of the genial old man who imparted his last instructions and wished him a kindly Godspeed. Then, with just so much of diffidence as is becoming in youth in the presence of venerable old age, the stripling suggested there was yet another matter of which he must crave his kind consideration, and then with the pride of *opaculous* love and virtue overmastering the bashfulness of his few summers, he boldly demanded the hand of his host's only daughter in marriage. Then were the summer lightning of the soul which had had played upon the old man's visage put to flight, and the thunders of his wrath awoke. A beggarly bank clerk, abusing his hospitality, winning his daughter's confidence behind his back, and demanding her hand in marriage! The young man allowed the storm to have its way, and when the grey haired banker paused for want of breath, raised his gentle voice in mild extenuation. Now mark the Valbyeism. "But," said the downy lipped ambassador, "I am about to be taken into the partnership by the firm on equal terms." "You, a boy like you, on equal terms, nonsense." "It is true, nevertheless." "Hem, well really such prospects, might alter the case a little. "And you will give your consent conditionally?" Well, certainly, that places the matter in another light, and the brief fury of anger passed from the old man's brow, and he extended cordial hands to his young antagonist. "On those conditions, young sir, with all my heart."

Our young hopeful, with this promise reduced to writing, speeds back to his patrons in Holland, delivers up his trust and proves himself an exemplary ambassador. "Terms are wanting," says the manager, "to express our satisfaction at your expedition and the diplomatic skill with which you have protected the interests of the firm. We shall be happy to advance your own prospects as occasion may permit."

"You can advance them at once, sir," cries the confidential clerk, "you must make me a partner, out of hand." The pink, puffy face of the sleek superior grew purple with rage. "Sir, you forget yourself, you abuse our kindness. The fit reward of your presumption, Sir, would be to kick you out of the establishment altogether, and make an example of you, Sir, make an example of you!" "But, Sir, I am about to become the son-in-law of Baron R———" "Ah, ah! young dog! made good use of your time, eh? That alters the case, certainly. If your statement is really true, we will consider the matter and see what can be done for you."

In short Valbyeism wins the day, and the alliance between the two old houses is effected.

There is the Valbyeism of knowledge, by which some applicant assumes competency for a position, the duties of which he is totally ignorant, and then by dint of natural shrewdness and diligent application, picks up from those around him the necessary information. The Valbyeism of wealth, by which the poor man exists and recovers his way into a society from which empty pockets and a threadbare coat would exclude him. The Valbyeism of goodness, by which the aged roué creeps back like a wolf into the fold which he is at least powerless to harm and which we trust may so influence him that at length his goodness may cease to be a mere affectation. The Valbyeism of love, by which the man of the world woos and wins the lady who shares his roof, and bed, and fortune, and who we trust may soften the hardened nature by the sweetness of her smile, and the patient equanimity of her temper, may so win him to new thoughts and generous impulses and kindlier feelings, in the new dignity of paternity, that he may at length grow to regard his fellow creatures as something more than mere money making machines, and his wife as something more than a machine to regulate his expenditure, that affection may be to him no sham, charity no stranger.

Now of all these species of Valbyeism, whatever may be said against them, at least this can be said in their favor, that they aim upward and that they have for object to raise and not to debase the individual who puts them in practice.

But there are other forms of Valbyeism which are positively inexcusable, for their tendency is to lower and to debase.

What spectacle, for instance, can be more disgusting than the Valbye-man, the heedless youth who apes the vices of the matured roué, the sickly, effete, pallid boy-fop who smokes, and drinks, and swears, and gambles, and talks horses and women, and tricks out his stunted person in gaudy garments of the fastest cut, and affects the company of painted houris and prize-fighters and stablemen?

Or what sight more ridiculous, more prone to excite laughter, but that the short lived mirth must end in a heart ache, than the Valbye-woman, the little minx who is a finished coquette before she is out of short frocks and whose heart has undergone so many experiences before she has arrived at womanhood that it is utterly worn out and callous when the time arrives at which she should first be fully aware of its possession.

And now we would touch as reverently as may be, since we must speak of women, upon the most grievous, the saddest Valbyeism of all, a Valbyeism only too frequent among the damsels of the period. It is a Valbyeism that apes in word, in manner, and in dress, the language, the gesture, the costume of the degraded and the frail. Forgetful of the duties, the aims, the attributes, the pure dignity of true womanhood in which man should find all that makes him noblest, which strenghtens him for good and gives meaning and life to his resolves, which exercises a refining influence, and wins back his soul from the moil and toil and sordid cares of a worldly existence, these Valbye-hetaires seek to enslave men by meretricious arts, flush their bloodless cheeks with a false bloom, bleach their tresses with poisonous chemicals, and debauch their painted lips with a refinement of grossness which those they stoop to imitate would blush to utter. Let none cry out that the picture is too severely drawn. It is because we venerate true womanhood that we denounce these traitorous sisters.

HUMOUROUS.

ALL the girls are vegetarians.—They wear turn-up hats.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT.—A right to a husband, if she can get one.

THE way for a desolate old bachelor to secure better quarters is to take a "better half."

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to smile until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure.

A LITTLE American lad who had just commenced reading the newspapers, asked his father if the word "Hon." prefixed to the name of a member of Congress, meant "honest."

"MY DEAR," said a husband, in startled tones, after waking his wife in the middle of the night, "I have swallowed a dose of strychnine!" "Well, then, do for goodness sake lie still, or it may come up."

A CRUEL joke at the expense of those ladies who are perpetually striving to gain a hearing in the Press has been going the round of literary circles, to the effect "that they look much better in muslin than in print."

A LADY who had been teaching her little four-year-old the elements of arithmetic was astounded by his running and propounding the following problem: "Mamma, if you had three butterflies, and each butterfly had a bug in his ear, how many butterflies would you have?" The mother is still at work on the problem.

A CITIZEN who met an old acquaintance on the street recently asked why he wore a weed on his hat. "For my poor wife who has passed over the river," was the melancholy reply. "Well, can't she come back—aren't the ferry boats running?" was the surprised query. The man had to explain that he did not refer to the East River.

AN Aberdeenshire laird, who kept a very good poultry yard, strangely enough could not command a fresh egg for his breakfast. One day, however he met his grievous wife going toward the market, and, very suspiciously, with a nice basket. On passing and speaking a word, he discovered the basket was full of beautiful white eggs. Next time he talked with his grievous he said to him, "James, I like you very well, and I think you serve me faithfully, but I cannot say I admire your wife." To which the cool reply was: "Oh, deed, sir, I'm not surprised at that, for I dinna muckle admire her myself."

ARTISTIC.

A STATUE of Christopher Columbus, by Cordier, a French sculptor, is to be erected in the City of Mexico.

THE picture of Gérome, called "The Sabre Dance," has been sold for 4,700 guineas. The purchaser is a lady.

THE Paris Salon this year contains 2,019 oil paintings, 89 drawings, water colours, chalks, miniatures and enamels on china and copper, 620 pieces of sculpture, 46 medals, &c., 105 architectural designs, 230 engravings, and 34 lithographs.

THE Italian newspapers announce the discovery the other day at Pompeii of a painting said to be of more importance than any hitherto brought to light. It represents Laocoon according to the description given by Virgil. Its state of preservation is such as to warrant a hope that it may be found possible to remove it to the museum.

WILKIE'S original sketch for the "Blind Man's Buff" was recently bequeathed to the National Gallery by Miss Bretel, and it will shortly be placed before the public. It is signed with the painter's name, and dated "1811." It appears to have been the first work produced in the comparatively magnificent residence which the modest Scotchman had, together with his friends the Coppars, ventured on at this period.

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

HARD-HEARTEDNESS.—Peaceful valleys, green and flowery, sleeping in loveliness, have been up-heaved, and piled in sombre, jagged masses against the sky, by the fingering of an earthquake; and gentle, loving, trusting hearts, over whose altars brooded the white-winged messengers of God's peace, have been as suddenly transformed, by a manifestation of selfishness and injustice, into gloomy haunts of misanthropy.

WELL DONE.—A man was once hotly pursued by his enemies; while they were in full sight upon the descent of a mountain in the rear, the girth of his saddle broke; he coolly dismounted and repaired the breach, then in an instant throwing himself into the saddle he shot across the plain and escaped his pursuers. Had he attempted to push on with the broken girth, for want of time to mend it, he would doubtless have been thrown from his horse and captured. Remember then, this rule: The more thorough, the greater speed!

FLOWERS.—How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far West clasps his hands with glee, as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scripture of the parables. The Cupid of the ancient Hindus tipped his arrows with flowers; and orange-buds are the bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine.

WHAT YOU DO, DO WELL.—This is a lesson which cannot be too earnestly impressed upon the young. Even the eldest may profit by heeding it. No person of experience but knows the ill policy of poorly done work, and yet the world is filled with botching. It is labour going to its tasks slipshod, caring not for permanent accomplishment, but only to provide for the moment's emergency. Half the world's work has to be mended almost as soon as done, the half doing and mending (producing at best only wretched, slovenly results) costing more than would, with greater care and patience, have done every thing well.

ENGAGING MANNERS.—There are a thousand petty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger, whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession—these will ensure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty.

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.—Nothing can be worse for a child than to be frightened. The effect of the scare it is slow to recover from; it remains sometimes until maturity, as is shown by many instances of morbid sensitiveness and excessive nervousness. Not infrequently, fear is employed as a means of discipline. Children are controlled by being made to believe that something terrible will happen to them and punished by being shut up in dark rooms, or by being put in places they stand in dread of. No one, without vivid memory of his own childhood, can comprehend how entirely cruel such things are. We have often heard grown persons tell of the suffering they have endured, as children, under like circumstances, and recount the irreparable injury which they are sure they then received. No parent, no nurse, capable of alarming the young, is fitted for her position. Children as near as possible, should be trained not to know the sense of fear, which, above everything else, is to be feared in their education, early and late.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.—Dear children, I want to say a few words to you on a subject of which I have just been thinking much, viz: The intercourse of children with each other, and the rules which should govern their conduct at all times. All of you, or nearly all, are sometimes, it not daily, brought in contact with others besides your brothers and sisters. You meet in social life—you meet in your places of instruction. All are not lovely in their character or conduct. You may teach them, by your manners and habits, to do better. Some are placed in very different circumstances from yourselves. Now, I will give you a few simple rules, which, if you will try to remember and be governed by, you will be happier for it, and do good:

- 1. Be gentle and kind to all.
2. Be slow to believe an ill report of any one.
3. Never repeat an unkind remark made in regard to any one. Never be a tale bearer.
4. If any of your mates have a bodily defect, such as the loss of an eye, a lame foot, a disfigured face or limb, from accident, never injure their feelings by alluding to it in the presence of another person.
5. If any of your mates are so unfortunate as to have an intemperate parent, never allude to it, or in any way let them know that you are aware of it.
6. Never repeat, at your own home, the history of any unpleasant occurrences in your school during the day, which may have involved any of your mates in difficulties, or resulted in their punishment.
7. Relieve the wants of all needy children, as far as in your power.
8. "Do unto others as you would that others should do to you."

THE FLANEUR.

A wild fellow, a regular prodigal son, went away from home one morning, and was absent for the trifling space of six months. Having acquired sufficient experience of the world to last him for a spell, he thought he would return. He was received with every demonstration of joy. At dinner, there was a great feast, pies, fruit, candies, wines and towering over all, the only flesh meat on the table, an immense knuckle of veal!

"Have a slice, Charlie?" asked the enraptured father. The boy twiggled the paternal joke and ate himself sick to show his appreciation thereof.

In a late number of TINSLEY'S MAGAZINE, there is an interesting article on the Poetry of the Pike, wherein the author, quoting some Irish Rebel songs, says: "Dr. Drennan is the one rebel bard of the time who soars above the literature of the pavement. His pithy words:

Cord, or axe, or guillotin, Makes the sentence—not the sin.

Crystallize the whole gospel of Irish disaffection." I may point out that the lines are neither original, nor Irish, as one Thomas Corneille had long since written:

Le crime fait la honte et non pas l'échafaud."

A friend of mine, lately connected with the Herald, has a splendid Newfoundland called Duke, perhaps the finest and largest dog of his breed in Canada. When Oliver Dowd Byron was last here, he honored him with a special "gag" on the stage. His owner, after many months of heroic parsimony, having saved enough to buy him a collar, naturally desired to have said collar graced with an apt motto. A classic friend suggested:

Due quo vadis.

which, I am sorry to say, my friend had not the wit to accept.

This reminds me of another inscription on the collar of an old St. Bernard, who bore the melancholy name of Herclitus, possibly on account of the torment he endured from insects in summer. It was simply a transcript of the well-known line:

"Heracleus! Feras, miseris sic convenit aereo."

At an elegant party, on the Mountain side, the other evening, some gentlemen were lingering over their waltzes and their wine, when one of the guests, a handsome young widow, happened to pass through the room. Of course, there was a flutter, smiles, gazes, and other mild indications of pleasure.

"Beaute of widlers!" said the host to a particularly old bachelor.

"Always excepting Mademoiselle Cliepot," responded the latter with a bow.

And he drained his glass.

Hawkins has been jilted. You are at liberty to imagine that he was broken-hearted, disgusted and the rest of it. I was inclined to think so too, and called upon him last Saturday, with a view to a little cold comfort. I found him sitting before his lighted grate in bonnet, dressing gown, carpet shoes, with a glass of brandy on one side and a long pipe dangling from his fingers.

"What are you doing here?" "Practising resignation, my boy." "I always took you for a hero." "Ho, ho!" "Yes, resignation is heroism in slippers!"

Hawkins, however, is not the man to return a compliment. He has not heroism enough for that. Last night, he came to my rooms, and found me in pretty much the same attitude as he had assumed a few evenings previous. I was lounging lazily on my sofa, languidly pulling at an Intimidator.

"Coming to the theatre, to-night?" "Not much." "Tom King plays at Dr. Bar's." "Oh! I am satiated with Tom King." "Poor invalid!" "Invalid!" "Yes, the satiated man is the invalid of idleness!"

A Montrealer was showing the city to a newly imported Englishman, a jolly Bohemian who had travelled a good deal and was quite able to appreciate what is good, but who, using the Britisher's privilege of grumbling, determined to find fault with something.

"I don't like these religious names to your streets. Why all these saints' names?" "We venerate the saints." "I do n't." "Not one!" "Not a single, solitary one." "I'll bet you do." "Done. Which is it?" "St. Julien!"

This was too much for John Bull. They both turned into Freeman's and had a bottle.

Two newspaper critics converse. One is tall, the other diminutive.

Minor.—Been to see Mallit's pantomime at the Royal!

Major.—Not I.

Minor.—First-rate, I can tell you. I laughed to split my waist-band.

Major.—I confess these pantomimes are played out for me. They are meant only for babies.

Minor.—Big babies or little babies? (chuckling.)

Major.—Little babies, of course, my dear. (Laying his paw on Minor's shoulder and smiling grandly from an altitude of six feet).

ALMAVIVA.

THE GLEANER.

THE Esquimaux fishers who fringe the Arctic sea-coast down to Kotzebue Sound adopt a somewhat curious and crafty method for killing the polar bear. The hunters bend pieces of stiff whalebone and freeze each into a ball of blubber; then they entice the bear to pursue them, dropping in his path the frozen balls, which he stops to swallow. When the blubber-balls thaw, the whalebones spring open, and put an end to the hapless beast.

THE Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and above all of musk. Her dressing-room at Malmaison was filled with it in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Many years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmaison has had the wall of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, nor aquafortis, nor paint has been sufficient to remove the smell of the good Empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.

OF all the ornamental and decorative stones, the marbles are the most abundant and varied, and at the same time the most extensively employed. Any rock susceptible of a fine polish is termed "marble" by the stonecutter; hence we hear of "Connemara marble," which is a true serpentine, and of "Sicilian marble," which is often a brecciated lava. The term, however, should be, and is, Mr. Page tells us, restricted by geologists to limestones capable of receiving a polish, and frequently exhibiting a variety of colours in veins and blotches.

MR. SAM WARD is a philosopher as well as a poet, and his great resource is a dinner with everything good, and a single dish of transcendental, almost supernatural perfection. Over such Apician feasts Mr. Sam Ward presides; and, "if I give them a ham," he says, "I soak it four days in water, changing it four times a day; then I boil it five hours in cider, with a wisp of new hay; then I baste it with brandy, sherry, or claret, according to the weather, and when they have tasted a slice of that ham why they would pass anything I wanted in Congress."

THE elder Dumas has furnished the text for many an amusing tale of inadvertence in respect of money matters. The following is the latest. He was at the railway-station, just starting to rejoin his yacht at Marseilles. Several friends had accompanied him to say good-bye. Suddenly he was informed that he had a hundred and fifty kilogrammes excess of luggage—a mere bagatelle when it is remembered that on foreign lines nearly all luggage is charged for. "Ho, ho!" cried Dumas. "How many kilogrammes are allowed?" "Thirty for each person," was the reply. Silently he made a mental calculation, and then in a tone of triumph bade his secretary take places for five. "In that way," he explained, "we shall have no excess."

THE best Latakia tobacco is cultivated in the most northern and elevated parts of the Anti-Lebanon Mountains, Syria. Great care is bestowed thereon by the mountaineers, who depend upon it for their chief support. The small strips of land near their houses are carefully prepared, the earth being well pulverised and manured, and the seeds planted. The beds are afterwards thinned, the young plants pricked out, and watered once when put into the ground. The tobacco harvest is in October in the mountains, and earlier in the lower ranges. The leaves are gathered and strung upon strings of goats' hair, and then let to dry in the shade, after which they are hung to the rafters of the houses for fumigation or otherwise, and thus left till the tax-gatherer comes. They are sold in loads of one hundred or one hundred and fifty strings. The very best kind of Latakia is known by the name of "abou riah," or father of scent, but of this a very small quantity is annually raised.

The long-talked-of monument to Edgar A. Poe will be erected early in the Summer over the poet's grave in Westminster Cemetery, Baltimore. The column will be of the finest Maryland marble, of a simple, but chaste and elegant design. On one side will be a medallion portrait of Poe; on each of the other sides there will be appropriate verses, selected from the poet's writings. The whole will be surmounted by a marble effigy of a raven. The base of the monument will contain the following simple inscription: "Edgar A. Poe, born Jan. 19, 1811. Died Oct. 7, 1849. Author of 'The Raven.' My tantalized spirit here blandly reposes." No stone has ever marked the spot where the poet is buried. Within a year of his death a tombstone was prepared but it was accidentally broken only a few days before it was to be erected. Now, more than a quarter of a century later, his long-neglected and almost unknown grave will be adorned by a monument erected by the public school teachers of Baltimore.

In rating risks, in every locality, the "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, office: No. 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal, takes into consideration the ready means of putting out conflagrations, the fire apparatus efficiency and the more or less abundant supply of water.

This explains why the "Stadacona" cannot accept as a fixed rate the narrow stipulations of the foreign companies tariff.

HOW GOETHE WORKED.

Here is an account of Goethe's days at Weimar, according to Mr. G. H. Lewes. He rose at seven. Till eleven he worked without interruption. A cup of chocolate was then brought, and he worked on again till one. At two he dined. "His appetite was immense. Even on the days when he complained of not being hungry he ate much more than most men. He sat a long while over his wine, chatting gayly, for he never dined alone. He was fond of wine, and drank daily his two or three bottles." There was no dessert—Balzac's principal meal—or coffee. Then he went to the theatre, where a glass of punch was brought him at six, or else he received friends at home. By ten o'clock he was in bed, where he slept soundly. "Like Thorwaldsen, he had a talent for sleeping." No man of business or dictionary maker could make a more healthy arrangement of his hours. Some men need active influences as their form of mental stimulus. Alfieri found or made his ideas while listening to music or galloping on horseback. Instances are common in every-day life of men who cannot think to good purpose when shut up in a room with a pen, and who find their best inspiration in wandering about the streets and hearing what they want in the rattle of cabs and the something of life around them, like the scholar of Padua, whose conditions of work are given by Montaigne as a curiosity. "I lately found one of the most learned men in France studying in the corner of a room cut off by a screen, surrounded by a lot of riotous servants. He told me—and Seneca says much the same of himself—that he worked all the better for this uproar, as though, overpowered by noise, he was obliged to withdraw all the more closely into himself for contemplation, while the storm of voices drove his thoughts inward. When at Padua he had lodged so long over the clattering of the traffic and the tumult of the street that he had been trained not only to be indifferent to noise but even to require it for the prosecution of his studies." The fellow instance of imaginative work triumphantly carried on under the most admirably healthy conditions is that of Scott. He used to finish the principal part of his day's work before breakfast, and when even busiest seldom worked as late as noon. And the end of that apparently most admirably healthy working life we also know. "Ivanhoe" and the "Bride of Lammermoor" were dictated under the terrible stimulus of physical pain, which wrung groans from him between the words.

LITERARY.

MR. SWINBURNE is engaged studying the old ballads, preparatory to writing something about them.

THE centennial of the birth of Leyden, the early friend of Scott, and himself a distinguished poet and Oriental scholar, will be celebrated at Hawick, Scotland, on the 24th of next September. A new illustrated edition of his works will be published on that day, containing a portrait of the poet hitherto unpublished.

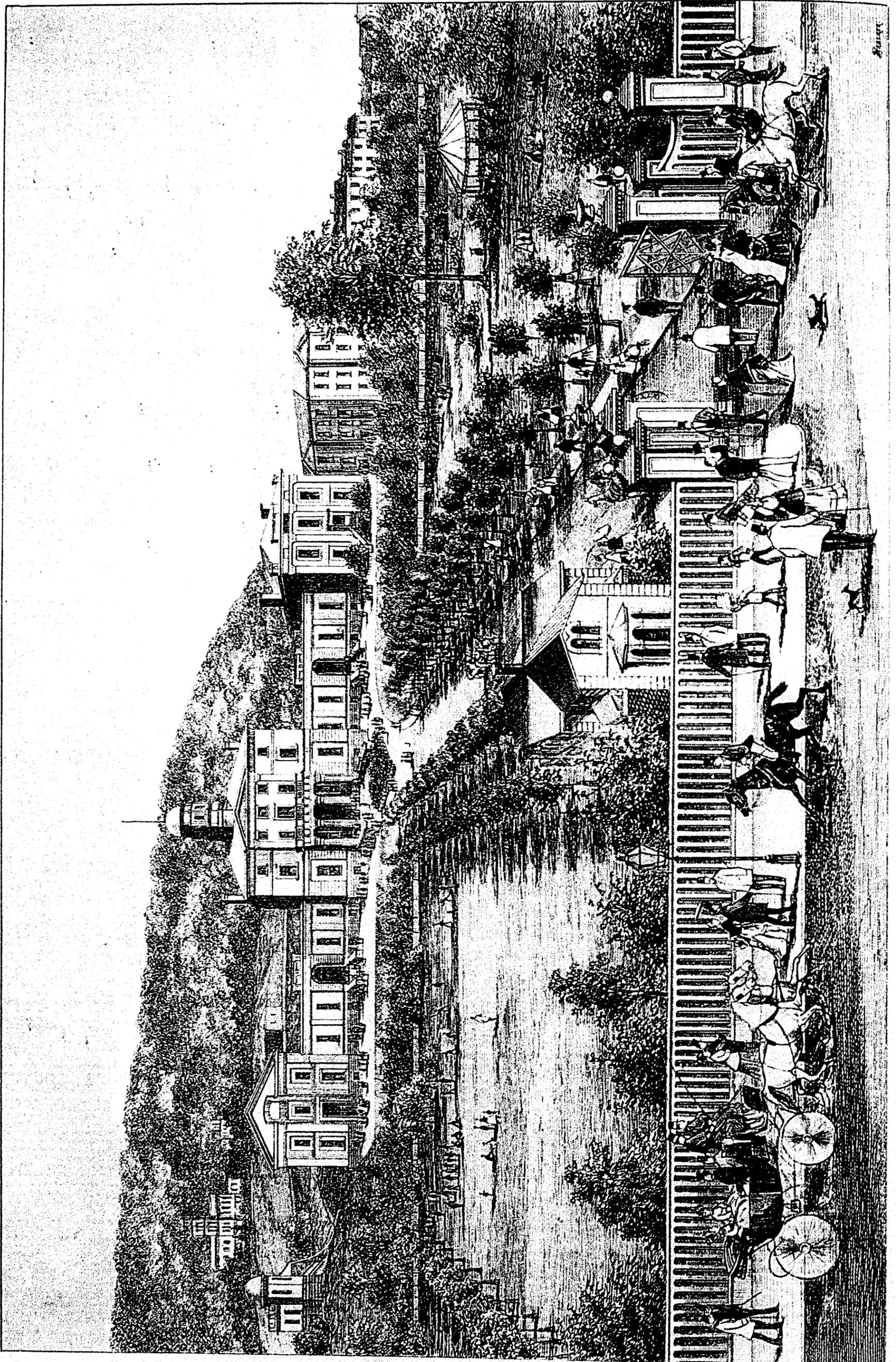
CHARLES LAMB'S copy of the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, from which he wrote an *Essay*, is in the possession of an English nobleman. It has Lamb's marks on passages for quotation, and is full of manuscript notes by Coleridge, the last of which is: "I shall not be long here, Charles! I come; you will not mind my having spoiled a book in order to leave you a relic." S. T. C., Oct. 1811.

JOYQUIN MILLER, since his return to England from Italy, has been busy on a novel of California life. "First Families in the Sierras" was his first choice of title, but the book will be published under the better name of "In a California Eden." Mr. Miller knows something of the life of which he is writing, and wastes no time in getting at his subject. "Now there was young Dehoun from Boston," he tells us, "who was a very learned man; in fact, he was one of those fearfully learned young men. A man who could talk in all tongues and think in none. Perhaps he had some time been a waiter." In this wise the reader plunges in *medias res*, and finds himself in the turmoil of an election for Judge at "The Forks."

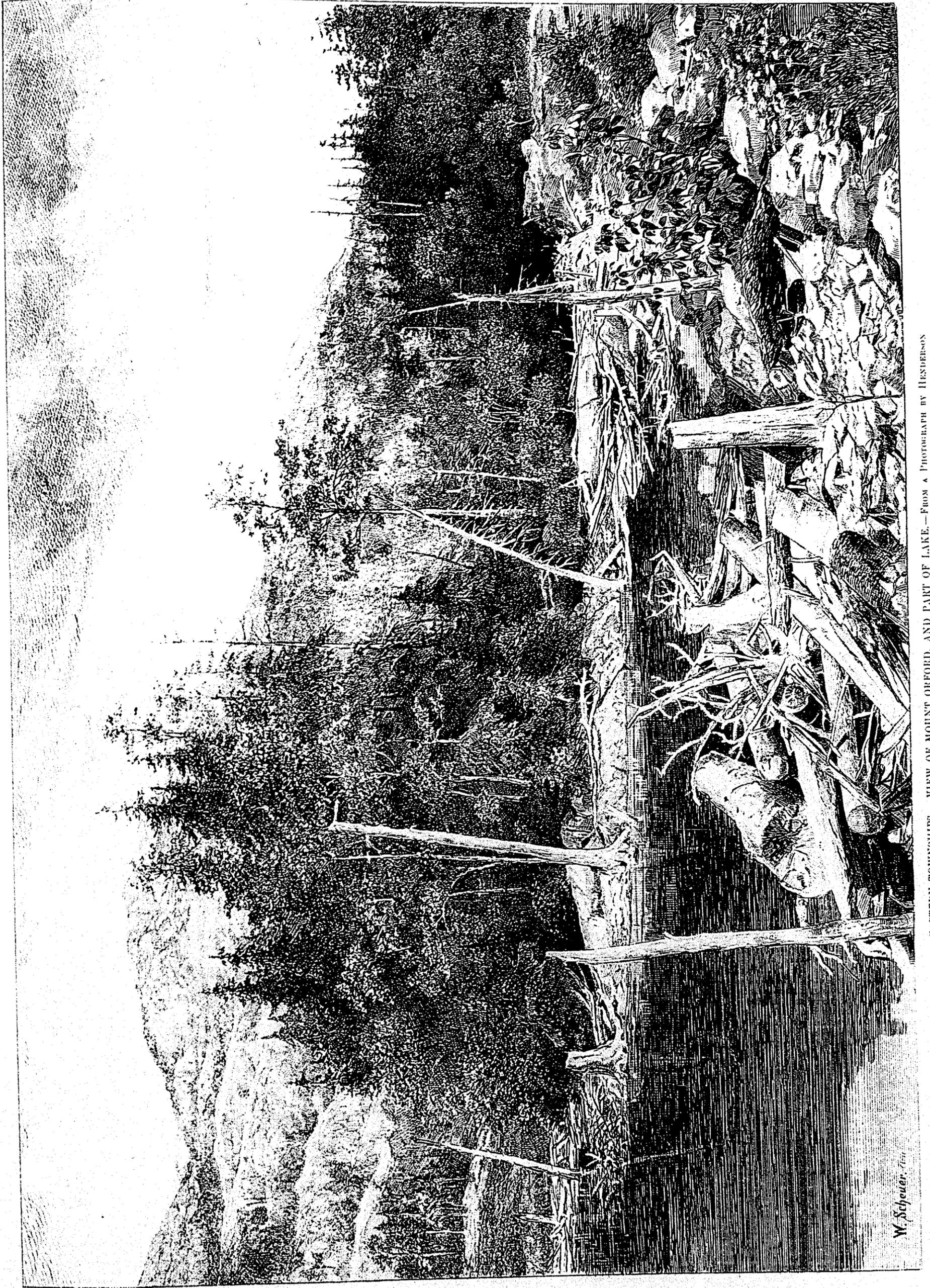
PLANCHE'S "Cyclopedia of Costume" is being issued on this side by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. His "History of British Costume," in Bohn's Library, is well known. This work is more extensive, since it will comprise 24 quarto parts, each with a plate in colors, and numerous wood cuts; and it differs also in plan, each article of dress being found in its alphabetical place, so that the changes—or evolution, as it is nowadays more proper to say—may be directly traced. The dictionary includes civil, ecclesiastical, military, and regal dress, from the earliest English period to the reign of George III, with notices of contemporaneous fashions on the Continent, and it is prefaced by a general history of costume in Europe.

MR. MATHEW, a cousin of Lord Houghton (Mr. Monckton Milnes) and late British Minister to Brazil, is in New York on his way home. It is supposed that he has been recalled with a view to re-entering the House of Commons or assuming some responsible position under the Home Government. Mr. Mathew was Member of the House over 30 years ago, when Benjamin Disraeli delivered the famous speech in which he broke down, sat beside Mr. Disraeli, when he finally abandoned, as the hooting and jeering of the House deafened his voice, only to exclaim at last, when he succeeded again in gaining their ears: "You will not listen to me now, but the time will come when I shall make you hear me." R. Grant Watson, for some time attached to the British Legation, Washington, is likely to succeed to the charge of the Legation in Rio Janeiro. He has served his Government already in India, Persia and Greece.

A VERY interesting discovery has lately been made on the Esquiline Hill, Rome. Not far from the walls of Rome, at the period of the kings, the workmen have uncovered a solid wall covered with votive inscriptions, in which an allusion is made to the worship of Jupiter, hitherto unknown, and the name of a city is mentioned unheard of before. The greater part of those votive inscriptions appear to have been made by soldiers of the Fifth and Sixth Legion, who were probably encamped in the "Castrum Pretorium." Other inscriptions appear to belong to native citizens of Dalmatia. The excavations will continue till this wall, probably forming part of a temple to Jupiter, shall have been completely exposed. These inscriptions, for the most part well preserved, will be placed in the museum of the Capitol. A small statuette of Jupiter, without head, has also been found.



THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF THE DOMINION
H. MCHILL, COLLEGE UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL



EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.—VIEW OF MOUNT ORFORD, AND PART OF LAKE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON

W. Scheeler del.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair to all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept tolling on,
That the children might be glad;
I always weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how those hands rested not,
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark
On hands, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But oh, beyond this shadow-land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands!

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO.

On Saturday, the 22nd inst., the Hon. DONALD A. MACDONALD, M.P., for Glengarry, and ex-Postmaster-General, was sworn in as Lieut.-Governor of Ontario. Not many months ago, we published a portrait and biography of the Hon. gentleman, but out of deference for his high office, we produce another portrait, and, instead of repeating our former history, we cull a few extracts from an eloquent article in the *Ottawa Citizen*.

The new Lieut.-Governor is a younger brother of the late SANDFIELD MACDONALD, the first Premier of Ontario, and one who was a leading character in the political history of Canada from the time of Responsible Government. He was born at St. Raphaels, in Glengarry, Ont., being the son of a Scotch Roman Catholic, who settled in that township in 1786. Mr. MACDONALD'S education was superintended by the late Hon. and Right Reverend ALEXANDER MACDONALD, D.D., afterwards Bishop of Kingston. Early in life he applied himself to the practical details of contracting and soon became prominently connected with various enterprises, having been a contractor on the Grand Trunk Railway and constructed the aqueduct for the Montreal Water Works; for some years he was registrar of Glengarry and Warden of the united counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry. Some years ago he was commissioned as Lieut.-Colonel commanding the Glengarry reserve militia, and also became a leading spirit in several railroad enterprises. Mr. MACDONALD was married twice, his first wife, the eldest daughter of the late DUNCAN McDONELL, dying in 1844; a few months after her marriage, and his second, the daughter of the late Hon. Col. ALEX FRASER, dying in 1869. He entered the political arena in 1857, as a candidate for Glengarry, the county having up to that time been represented by his brother SANDFIELD MACDONALD, who selected to offer for Cornwall, a constituency which the lamented statesman represented up to the day of his death. Mr. D. A. MACDONALD'S candidature was received with considerable enthusiasm, although opposed by Mr. ALEX. FRASER, son of the Hon. ALEX. FRASER, of the Legislative Council, whom he defeated by a majority of 1,300. In 1861, 1863, and 1867, he was elected by acclamation, and in 1872, opposed by Mr. HUGH MACDONALD, a merchant of Lochiel, but returned by a majority of over 1,000. In 1871, it is understood that he had an offer of the Treasurership of Ontario, but deemed proper to decline it. In November 1873, upon the accession of his party to power, the member for Glengarry was appointed Postmaster-General, and returned by acclamation. Upon the dissolution of Parliament in 1874, he again appealed to his constituents and was returned over Mr. A. J. GRANT by a majority of 612—holding his seat and controlling the postal department up to the present time. After eighteen years active life as a parliamentary representative of the people, he has now been elevated to the highest office in the gift of the Government, and will be in a position, it is to be hoped, to enjoy that rest which for many months has been deemed gravely necessary.

THE HON. CHARLES DEWEY DAY, LL.D., D.C.L.,

is the Chancellor of McGill University and the President of the Board of Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning, Governors of McGill College. He has occupied this position since the re-organisation of the University under its new charter in 1852, and has been much more than a merely official head, taking a leading and active part in the management of its affairs, and being foremost in all the efforts made for its extension. The high functions he has held, his administrative ability, the public confidence in his sound judgment and integrity, and his known zeal for the promotion of education have eminently fitted him for this pre-eminent position in connection with the higher education. He was called to bar in 1827. In 1837, he was created a Queen's Counsel and in the following year Judge Advocate. In 1839, he became Solicitor General and in the following year was summoned to the Executive Council,

and was elected as member for the County of Ottawa. He remained, however, but a short time in political life, accepting a judgeship in the Court of Queen's Bench, in 1842. In 1849, he was transferred to the Superior Court, and ten years afterward he retired from the Bench to occupy the most important and laborious position of Commissioner for the Codification of the Laws. This great work was satisfactorily completed in 1867. Since that time he has remained in private life, spending much of his time at his charming retreat of Glenburk, on Lake Memphramagog, and occasionally called upon to take part in important legal commissions; but always maintaining his interest in the University and cheerfully giving his time and thought to the promotion of its interests. Judge Day furnishes an instance, rare in this country, of a man of mental power and culture, leaving public for the enjoyment of a literary leisure along with the earnest advocacy of those higher educational interests of the University, which so much need the labour and influence of such men. Independently of his other public services, the Province of Quebec will ever owe him a debt of gratitude for his enlightening and public spirited labours in the cause of education.

DR. JOHN WILLIAM DAWSON.

Principal and Vice Chancellor of McGill University, received his academical education in the College of Pictou, Nova Scotia, and in the University of Edinburgh. He is a Master of Arts of Edinburgh and LL. D. of McGill. He early devoted himself to the pursuit of Natural Science, and at the age of twenty three had already contributed papers to the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh and the Geological Society of London. In 1849 he delivered his first course of Lectures on Natural History, in Dalhousie College, Halifax; and in 1850 received the appointment of superintendent of education for the Province of Nova Scotia, in connection with which he re-organised the schools of that Province, was instrumental in the establishment of a Provincial Normal School, and acted as one of the Commissioners on the affairs of the University of New Brunswick; but in the midst of these educational employments he still steadily pursued his geological investigations and continued to publish their results, more especially in the Proceedings of the Geological Society, devoting much attention also to the bearing of Geological facts on the Mineral and Agricultural Resources of the country. In 1856 he was appointed Principal of McGill University, with the chair of Natural History.

Though perhaps most extensively known in this country through his success in the organization and management of Educational Institutions, his reputation abroad rests mainly on his geological discoveries and investigations, more especially in relation to the Carboniferous and Post-Flintian formations, and to Fossil Plants, and the Fossils of the Laurentian Rocks. On these subjects he is the author of a large number of memoirs in the Proceedings of various learned Societies and in Scientific Journals, and also in Official Reports. In addition to these, his principal works are "Acadian Geology," a well illustrated volume of 700 pages, in which he sums up his researches in the Maritime Provinces of British America; "Archaia" or studies of the Cosmogony and Natural History of the Hebrew Scriptures; "The Story of the Earth and Man," a popular summary of the Geological History, and "Nature and the Bible" a course of lectures delivered in connection with the Union Theological Seminary of New York. He has now in the press a work entitled the "Dawn of Life," and more especially relating to the earliest known fossil remains; and to the discovery and nature of the now celebrated *Eozoon Canadense*.

Dr. Dawson is a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, of the Geological Society of London, of the Edinburgh Geological Society, of the Boston Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, and an honorary member of the Natural History Society of Boston, of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, and of the Maryland Academy of Sciences; and a corresponding member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, the Lyceum of Natural History, New York, and of several other Scientific Societies. At the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, he was elected one of two vice-presidents and chairman of section B.

From the titles of works above referred to, it will be seen that Dr. Dawson has taken a prominent place in the discussions, recently so animated, of the relations between Science and Religion, and in these he is known as combining the position of an advanced Geological discoverer and thinker with that of an earnest believer in Holy Scripture. As a writer and speaker on scientific subjects, his leading characteristic is a clear and distinct presentation of facts and principles, and to this he largely owes his success as a teacher and public lecturer. Altogether, Dr. Dawson takes rank as one of the most eminent of living Canadians, and his reputation abroad is second to that of none of our prominent men. He is still in the full vigor of life, and we may look to him for many years of usefulness in the domain of original scientific research, and in the noble cause of education.

THE LATE JAMES O'REILLY, Q. C.

This distinguished man whose sudden death, on the evening of the 15th, was a cause of so much of surprise and sorrow to his numerous friends, was born at Westport, County of Mayo, on the 16th

September, 1823. In 1842 JAMES O'REILLY commenced the study of the law, being that year admitted a member of the Law Society of Upper Canada. He first entered the law office of Mr. CHARLES OTIS BENSON, then a prominent Barrister in Belleville, where a short time before he had completed his education under the direction of the late Mr. WM. HUTTON, the head of the Grammar School of the County of Hastings. Mr. O'REILLY remained only a short time with Mr. BENSON, when he entered the office of the Hon. JOHN ROSS, Q. C., subsequently Attorney General for Upper Canada. He remained in Mr. ROSS' office until a few months before he was called to the Bar when he went to Toronto and completed his law studies in the office of Messrs. CRAWFORD & HAGARTY, the late Lieut.-Governor, and the present Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He was called to the bar on the 9th August, 1847, and immediately commenced the practice of his profession in the City of Kingston. He soon rose to the highest rank, and ultimately became one of the first criminalists of Ontario. He will be always remembered in connection with the trial of Whelan, the murderer of poor D'Arcy McGee. The learned gentleman served in the Council of Kingston as an alderman for many years, being elected almost unanimously after a residence of one year and a half in Kingston. He was often urged to enter political life, particularly during the local general elections of 1867. In 1864 he was appointed a Queen's Counsel and succeeded the late Mr. A. J. MACDONNELL as Recorder of Kingston, which office he continued to fill until it was abolished in 1869 by the Local Government of Ontario. He was Bencher of the Law Society, and in 1869 was called to the Bar of Quebec. For many years he was President of the St. Patrick's Society of Kingston. His full length portrait was presented to him by the Corporation at the time of the "Trent" affair when he raised a company of volunteers. In 1872, Mr. O'REILLY was elected to the Dominion Parliament for South Renfrew and sat during the short life of the second Parliament. Upon the dissolution of 1874 he refused to again enter political life, determining to adhere to his profession.

THE FUNERAL OF LIEUT.-GOVERNOR CRAWFORD.

The remains of the late Hon. John Crawford, Lieutenant-Governor, were interred on Tuesday, the 18th inst., with all the pomp and ceremony of a state funeral in the cemetery of St. James' Cathedral. The proclamation of the Mayor was generally observed, and the citizens closed their houses. Vast crowds of persons of every class, many wearing deep mourning, congregated in the neighbourhood of the Government House, while those intending to take part in the procession gathered, according to order, in the grounds of the Upper Canada College. The body of the late Lieutenant-Governor had lain in state from ten o'clock to one p. m., and a considerable number of the citizens availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them of taking a last look at the features of the deceased. The procession was immense, including representatives, official or otherwise, of every class.

The hearse was drawn by four horses fully housed, and the pall bearers were the Hon. A. McKellar, Hon. Attorney-General Mowat, Chief Justice Hagarty, Hon. F. Smith, Hon. W. F. Howland, Hon. D. Christie, Mr. G. Crombie, Hon. M. C. Cameron, M. P. P. Following the hearse came the carriages of the chief mourners and then a long line of carriages containing the chiefest portion of the citizens. The Dominion Government was represented by the Hon. M. De St. Just. Rev. Dean Grasett headed the procession and read the impressive words of the funeral service. The coffin was brought up the centre aisle of the Cathedral, and placed near the pulpit. Rev. Canon Baldwin gave out the 54th Hymn, "Great God, what do I hear and see?" which was sung by the choir. Canon Baldwin then read the 39th and 40th Psalms. After which the special anthem of the day, the 21st and 22nd verses of the 38th Psalm, arranged to the music of the Dead March, was sung by the choir. Dean Grasett then read the 15th chapter of Corinthians.

The service being at an end, the procession once more set out in the same order as before to the Cemetery. Here the last portion of the office for the burial of the dead was said by the Very Rev. Dean Grasett. The coffin, which was adorned with some beautiful wreaths of flowers, was then deposited in the vault. The vast assemblage around the Cemetery then slowly dispersed.

IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

A writer in the last *Scribner* says:—The Latin Quarter of Paris is thus called because, several hundred years ago, the pupil was ordered to speak Latin as soon as he entered the Sorbonne or any of the other colleges situated therein. In class and out of class his duty was to talk Latin; first incongruous Latin, then ameliorated Latin, otherwise called congruous. His Latin went with him into the street and the cabaret. A common language was necessary to the University, embracing several colleges, where students came from different parts of the civilized world,—and it was Latin. In the beginning it was kitchen Latin, and in time it was purified to the requirements of the professor.

One of the ancient streets is the Ecole de Médecine, which is a specimen of what the entire Pays Latin was twenty years ago—a tortuous way lined with tall houses of many stories and low ground floors. This is the home of S. V. P. Over the lodge of the concierge and at each story of the dwelling one reads: "Parlez au Concierge,

S. V. P.;" "Essayez vos pieds, S. V. P.;" "Tournez le bouton, S. V. P.," etc. Here is the hôtel garni of the student of limited resources. A somber stairway with a rope for banister leads to the upper stories. In a long-low room of the first floor the table is spread for dinner—un potage, trois plats au choix, un dessert et un carafon de vin—violet, for one franc and a-half. Stout young women serve, with red hands not over-clean. The most nourishing part of the repast is the bread at discretion, and the diners eat of it accordingly. Here are grisettes, bare-headed and bonnetted, free of speech and gesture, and on familiar terms with students in neglected costumes, long hair, and eccentric garments. Here they usually remain to take their coffee and little glass, not comprised in the price of the dinner. Sometimes wandering musicians enter to scrape the violin or twang the harp, to render the "Canotiers de la Seine," and sing with a nasal tone:

Laissez les roses au rosiers.

afterward handing around the hat. Cheap candles are stuck in leaden candlesticks, the tablecloth is spotted here and there with wine or coffee, and the napkins, used several times, are put into wooden rings; for under no circumstances will the Gaul forego the luxury of a napkin.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MAY 17.—The city of Peshawur, Afghanistan, has been half destroyed by fire.

The principal of the late conspiracy against Bismarck has been arrested.

The very latest will and testament of James Lick, of San Francisco, has been made public.

The Comte de Chambord still clings to the hope that monarchy will eventually be established in France.

In the appeal case of Count Von Arnim against his sentence, hearing has been fixed for the 15th of July.

The Rio-National Bank promises payment in full of all its creditors' claims, with interest. The failure created quite a panic for a time.

A deputation of nine Sioux Chiefs, under Major Bingham, the Cheyenne Indian agent have arrived at Wash ington in connection with the Black Hills territory.

MAY 18.—The Pope will shortly convene another Vatican Council, to discuss ecclesiastical reforms.

A formal demand from the Papal Nuncio has been made to the Spanish Government for the restoration of Catholic unity in that country, to which the Government have declared their intention of maintaining liberty of worship.

As Missouri is threatened with a grass-hopper plague, failure of crops, great distress and possible famine, the Governor of that State has appointed June the 3rd as a day of humiliation and supplication for Divine relief and protection.

MAY 19.—The Alfontist troops have gained an important victory over the Carlists.

The strong easterly wind at present prevailing in that region is closing in the ice again on the Cape Breton ports.

Senor Sagasta announces his retirement from politics pending an opportunity of submitting the acts of his party to public opinion.

The Brazilian Government are contemplating measures for the immediate relief of the community in the financial crisis at present existing in that country.

The remains of the late Governor Crawford were interred at St. James' cemetery, Toronto, yesterday. The funeral procession is said to have been one of the most impressive sights ever witnessed in that city.

An important bill was submitted to the French Assembly by Mr. Dufaure, for the regulation of relations between public bodies. The Minister's motion to refer the bill to the Committee of Thirty was lost.

The origin of recent warlike rumors in Europe, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was a circular despatch from Bismarck, which described the measure passed by the Versailles Assembly, in connection with the French army, as calculated to endanger the peace of Europe.

MAY 20.—Small-pox has broken out among the Carlist ranks.

Hon. Mr. Holton is to enter the Cabinet as Postmaster-General.

The widow of Abraham Lincoln has been adjudged insane, on petition of her son, and will accordingly be removed to an hospital.

The trial of the election petition of Mr. Moore against the return of the late John Mitchell for Tipperary commenced at Clonmel yesterday.

Twenty-one members of the Committee of Thirty of the French Assembly have resigned. Elections will be held to fill up the vacancies thus created.

The statement in the *Pall Mall Gazette* relative to the origin of the warlike rumors lately prevalent throughout Europe is semi-officially denied by the Berlin press.

Despatches from interior points in Cuba announce two engagements between Government troops and the insurgents, in which the former had the best of it.

MAY 21.—Mr. T. M. Daly, ex-M. P. P. for North Perth, is to oppose Mr. John Macdonald in Toronto Centre.

Upwards of 1,000 laborers in the New Jersey cement quarries are on strike for a rise in wages from \$1.25 to \$1.60 per day.

Sharkey escaped from his custodians at Charleston, S. C., yesterday, the steamer having put in at that port for coal.

A meeting was held in the Cooper Institute, New York yesterday, for the purpose of forming an organization for the protection of fish and game.

A temperance deputation yesterday waited on the Reform candidate for Centre Toronto, but that gentleman utterly declined to bind himself by any pledges as to his future course.

MAY 22.—Judge Keough has decided that the late Jno. Mitchell was disqualified from sitting in Parliament.

The London *Examiner* gives currency to a rumor that Mr. Disraeli will resign at the close of the session. Hon. D. A. Macdonald was sworn in as Lieut.-Governor of Ontario yesterday, with the usual ceremonies.

The nomination for Centre Toronto was held yesterday, and Mr. Jno. Macdonald, the Liberal candidate, elected by acclamation.

It is reported that the Provincial Government have fixed a day for the general elections, and that proclamation dissolving the present House will be issued to-day.

A despatch from Rome states that the Italian Government has ordered the removal of all Bishops, whose appointment has not received the King's endorsement. An Archbishop has already been notified to leave his See.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE JUNE ATLANTIC opens with a poem by Aldrich, and closes with one by Lowell, which we reproduce elsewhere. Robert Dale Owen tells a remarkable piece of secret history under the title "Political Results from the Varioid."

ST. NICHOLAS FOR JUNE. Opens with one of the most charming frontispieces that have yet appeared in the magazine, illustrating a fanciful poem by Rachel Pomeroy, about a little giant-girl, who is certainly unlike any other of her race with whom we are acquainted.

SCRIBNER FOR JUNE contains an admirable story by James T. McKay, "Birds of Mapleton." Albert Rhode's description of "The Latin Quarter" gives a pretty good idea of a certain phase of Parisian Bohemianism.

THE JUNE number of LIPPINCOTT'S has the concluding paper descriptive of a trip "Up the Parana and in Paraguay." It is well written and finely illustrated. C. Grenville Murray gives a vivid and touching description of the way Henri Derby, a sensitive French boy, became a soldier during the days of the Conscription.

Titus Munson Coan is making a reputation as a magazine writer. In his Complaint of Printing, in the June number of the GALAXY, he says some very smart, quaint, and true things about newspapers.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY for May has an article on the late Hon. Joseph Howe. Unfortunately it is not concluded. We think that a pity, as anecdotal papers on prominent men should be compressed within the limits of a magazine paper.

Canadian students of science cannot do better than receive the POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY of the Appletons. It is a distinctive publication, admirably edited and printed, every number of which is stored with rich material.

HYPNOLOGY.

Frank Buckland, the naturalist, writes:—

The human frame cannot do without sleep. I believe the reason is that the mysterious property for want of a better name we call it "vital energy" gradually leaks out during the day.

I have no hesitation in saying that the proper thing to do is to go to sleep immediately (or at least very soon) after the meal of the day. All animals always go to sleep, if they are not disturbed, after eating.

This fact, I think, shows the advisability of going to sleep immediately after eating. This ignored fact always occurs to my memory when I see old gentlemen nodding over their wine.

Most good folks, however, do the worst possible thing imaginable; they retire altogether into the drawing room, and then, to make matters worse, they drink tea and coffee. Now I regard tea and coffee, when taken at night, to be poison to certain constitutions.

I well recollect the late Dr. Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, telling my father, then most actively engaged as Dean of Westminster, of his patient way of going to sleep.

I once heard a midshipman who complained that he could not sleep at night because there were no waves dashing against the sides of the ship.

The deepest sleep is always just before dawn. It is, I believe, probable that some change takes place at this time in the atmospheric condition, as the hour just before dawn is selected by

savages to make their attack, and it is at this time also, I believe, that a great proportion of children are born. I venture to suggest a new but simple remedy for want of sleep. Opiates in any form, even the liquor opii sedati, and chloroform, will leave traces of their influence the next morning.

SCIENTIFIC.

A GENTLEMAN who died recently in England bequeathed five hundred dollars to Dr. John Stenhouse, F. R. S., in recognition of the service he has rendered to mankind in discovering the utility of charcoal as a filter for air.

In a lecture on tides delivered before the Royal Institution a short time ago, Professor P. Martin Duncan referred to the existing traces of ancient tidal action on the earth's surface as evidence of the great antiquity of our moon.

THE introduction of American shad into British waters is strongly advocated by many fish culturists, although an attempt to introduce them in Germany failed, on account of the time necessarily occupied in transporting the young fish to that country.

THE practice of cleansing bottles with leaden shot is objectionable on account of the danger that the lead may poison the liquid they receive. No such objection applies to iron wire clippings, which are recommended by M. Fardos, the French author, for the same purpose.

TO OBTAIN soap bubbles that will show the changing colors of the rainbow the directions are as follows: Take half a pint of water that has been boiled and become cold, and put into it a quarter of an ounce of Castile soap, cut up fine.

BALLOONING, for scientific purposes, has recently been prosecuted with extraordinary vigor in France. The long voyage of the balloon Zenith, from Paris, three hundred miles to the vicinity of Bordeaux, has been mentioned.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

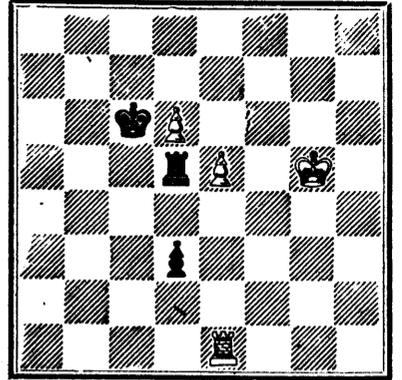
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rosencrantz.—Solution of Problem No. 19. Correct. Solution to No. 18, not the shortest road to victory. See Solution in Chess Column.

During the last month, Mr. Blackburne, the noted English Chess player, undertook to play at the City of London Chess Club, ten games simultaneously without seeing board or men, against as many strong players of the Club.

PROBLEM No. 21.

By Sarratt. BLACK.



WHITE.

Black having the move, takes King's Pawn with Rook in the expectation of pushing his Pawn to Queen. What ought White to play?

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 19.

WHITE.

- 1. R to K B 5th
2. P to Q 4th (dis ch) Mate.

BLACK.

- 1. K takes Kt (dis ch) or (A)

- 2. B to Q 4th Checkmate. (A)

- 1. K takes Q B P (dis ch) or (B)

- 2. Kt to Q B 2nd Checkmate. (B)

1. B moves

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 18.

WHITE.

- 1. Q to K Kt 8 (ch)
2. Kt to K R 6th Checkmate.

BLACK.

- 1. K takes Q.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 19.

WHITE.

- K at K R sq
Q at Q Kt sq
R at K B 4th
Pawn at K R 4th.

BLACK.

- K at K R 3rd
Q at K Kt 6th
R at K Kt 3rd
B at K 3rd
Kt at K B 3rd
Kt at K Kt 5th
Pawn at K R 4th

White having the move, draws the game. A position occurring in actual play.

GAME 26th.

Played in London, Eng., between the Rev. Mr. Mac Donald and Mr. Maude.

(Allgater Gambit.)

Rev. Mr. MacDonald.

WHITE.

- 1. P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd
4. P to K R 4th
5. Kt to Kt 5th
6. Kt takes K B P
7. B to Q 4th (ch)
8. B takes P (ch)
9. P to Q 4th
10. Kt to Q B 3rd
11. Q to Q 3rd (b)
12. Q to Q Kt 5th (ch)
13. Q takes B
14. Kt takes P
15. Q to Q Kt 5th
16. Kt to Q B 7th (ch)
17. Q takes K Kt (ch)
18. Q takes Q (ch)
19. P to Q B 3rd (d)
20. Castles
21. B to K Kt 5th
22. P takes P
23. P takes P
24. P to K sq
25. P to K 5th
26. P to Q 4th
27. P to Q Kt 3rd
28. P to Q 5th
29. P to K 6th (f)
30. R takes B
31. B takes Kt
32. R to K 3rd
33. R to Q Kt 3rd
34. R to Kt 7th (ch)
35. P to Q 7th
36. B to Kt 5th (g)
37. B to Q Kt 3rd
38. R to Q Kt sq
39. K to B sq
40. Q R takes Kt P
41. R to K 2nd (ch)

Mr. Maude.

BLACK.

- P to K 4th
P takes P
P to K Kt 4th
P to Kt 5th
P to K R 3rd
K takes Kt
P to Q 4th
Kt to K sq (a)
P to K B 3rd
Kt to K R 4th
B to Q Kt 5th (c)
P to Q B 3rd
P takes B
Kt to Q B 3rd
R to K B sq
Q takes Kt
Q to K B 2nd
R takes Q
P to K R 4th
P to B 6th
B to Q 2nd
P takes P
B to K Kt 5th
Kt to K 2nd
R to Q B sq
P to Q Kt 4th
P takes Q B P
P takes Q Kt P (e)
B takes Kt
P to Kt 7th
K to Q 2nd
R to Q B 8th
R to Q B 7th
K to K 3rd
R to K Kt 2nd (ch)
R takes P
R to K B 2nd
R to K Kt 7th (ch)
P to B 7th
K to Q 4th.

And White, after a series of checks, forced checkmate.

NOTES.

[a] This is better than K to Kt 2nd, in answer to which White could take Q Kt P with B.

[b] Threatening both to advance the K P, and to take Kt P with B. If in the latter case B takes B. White checks with Q or Q Kt 5th, winning K Kt.

[c] An inconceivable move, P to Q B 3rd was the correct play. Suppose:

WHITE.

- 10.
11. P to K 5th (best)
12. Q to Kt 6th (ch)
13. Q takes Kt (best)
14. B takes P
15. B to Kt 5th (ch)

BLACK.

- P to Q B 3rd
P takes B
K to K 2nd
B to K 3rd
Q to K sq
K to Q 2nd

And Black's game is preferable.

[d] White has now an excellent game. The Pawn in the centre are very powerful.

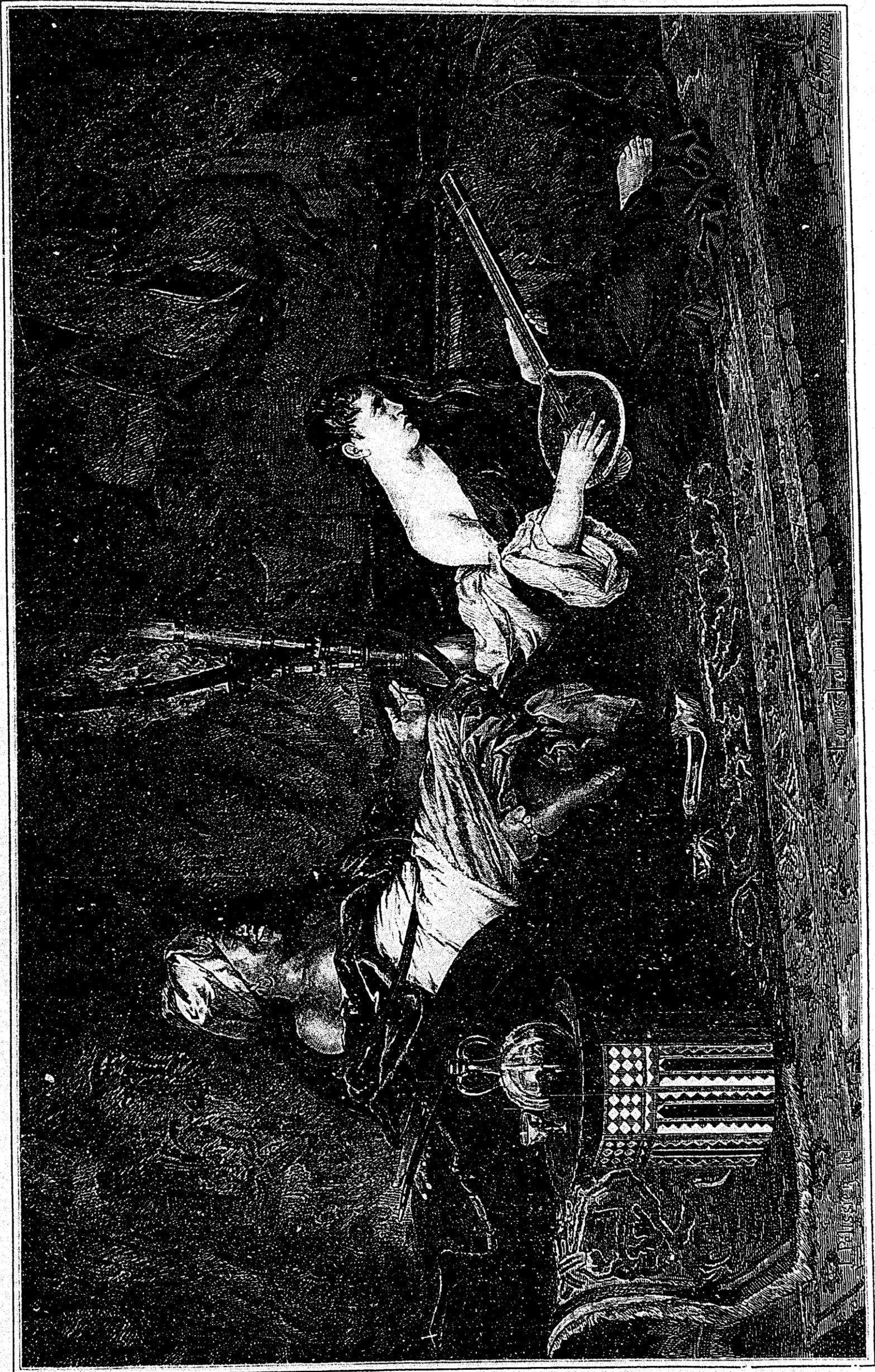
[e] Desperate, indeed, was there anything better? White threatened to advance the K P., and the onward march of those Pawns would have become irresistible had Black moved the Kt away. We think, therefore, that Black acted wisely in abandoning the Knight at this juncture, trying to make the most of his Pawns on the other side of the board.

[f] Undoubtedly the best move.

[g] Again the best move under the circumstances.



TORONTO:—FUNERAL OF THE LATE LT. GOV. CRAWFORD. THE PROCESSION LEAVING GOVERNMENT HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. M. BELL SMITH.



PARIS SALON 1875. THE SLAVE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY LOUIS LÉLOUE.

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

OR

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

1789.

XII.

"Well, you are a fool, and this girl is a greater fool than you are to take a fancy to you. What are we in comparison with them?"

She was green with anger. I looked at her very quietly, without replying. My father said—

"Let Michel alone—don't call out so loud."

But she would listen to nothing, and went on—

"Did any one ever see such an idiot? For the last six months I have been coaxing that great hag of a Letumier to come here for the sake of that boy; an old miser, who can only talk of her land, her hemp-field, and her cows! I put up with everything, I take patience, and then, when it is all settled, when he has only to close, this beggar refuses! Perhaps he thinks himself a seigneur, he fancies they ought to run after him. Good heavens! why should I have such people in my family? It makes me shudder!"

I wanted to reply, but she said—

"Hold your tongue; you will die on a dunghill, and so we shall all."

As I said nothing, she went on—

"Yes, this gentleman refuses. Spend your life, indeed, in bringing up Nicoles and Michels, vagabonds who get kidnapped here and there; there is no want of bad girls in the country! Since he refuses, probably he likes some one else better."

She turned round with her broom in her hand, and looked at me over her shoulder. I would hear no more, and looking very pale, I went up the ladder. Since Claude left, Etienne and I slept above under the thatch. I was in despair; mother called after me—

"So you take yourself off. I see it plain enough, don't I you bad boy? You dare not stay!"

I was choking with shame. I threw myself down in the great box, with my hands over my face, thinking—

"My God! is this possible?"

And I could hear my mother calling louder and louder—

"The beggar! the idiot!"

My father tried to quiet her. That lasted a long time. My face was wet with tears. About one, everything was at last quiet in the hut, but I could not sleep, I was too unhappy. I thought to myself—

"There! for ten years you have been at work; the others leave home. You stay behind you pay the family debts, you give up your last liard for the support of the old people, and because you will not marry this girl for the sake of what she has got, because you will not marry the hemp-field, you are no longer good for anything—you are only Nicoles, a fool, and a beggar!"

I became more and more indignant. Little Etienne slept calmly by my side. I could not close my eyes. From thinking and thinking over these things I was wet with perspiration. I was smothered in this garret. I wanted air.

At last, about four, I rose and went down. My father was not asleep; he asked me—

"Is that you, Michel?—are you going out?"

"Yes, father, I am going out."

I wished much to talk to him; he was as good and as honest a man as any. But what could I say to him? My mother was not asleep either; her eyes shone in the obscurity; she said nothing, and I went out. Out of doors the fog was rising from the valley. I took the sheep-path under the rocks. The fog soaked through my frock, and cooled my blood. I went straight on. What I was thinking about now, God only knows! I wanted to leave Baraques and go to Saverne, to Quatre-Vents; a journeyman blacksmith never wants work. The idea of abandoning my father, Marcelline, and little Etienne wrung my heart, but I knew my mother would never get the lands of the Letumiers out of her head, and she would eternally reproach me about them. So many ideas pass through one's brain at such a moment, one thinks no more about them, one tries not to do so, and one forgets them.

All I now recollect is, that about five o'clock, after the dew had fallen, there was a beautiful sunrise, a spring sun. The coolness did me good; I cried to myself—

"Michel, you must stay and put up with it. You cannot abandon your father, no, nor, Etienne, nor your little sister. It is your duty to support them; let your mother scold, you must stay."

And with these ideas in my head I turned back to the village, through the orchards and gardens which lie along the slope. I sowed up my courage. The sun gave more warmth, the birds were singing, everything was bright, the dew hung at the edges of the leaves. I saw, too, the white smoke from our forge slowly rising against the sky. Valentine was up.

I hurried along, and just as I came to the village, I suddenly heard some one digging on the other side of the hedge which bordered the path. I looked; it was Margaret, behind their

house, planting potatoes in a corner of their orchard. I was surprised when I recollected how late she had returned the evening before; I stood against the hedge for some time looking at her; the more I looked at her the more I admired her.

There she was, brave and busy, in a short petticoat and heavy sabots, thinking of nothing but her work; and I then saw for the first time that her cheeks were brown and round, her forehead small, with beautiful brown hair growing near her eyebrows and on her temples; she was very like her father; she clenched her teeth, and her sabot pressed the spade which broke up the roots in the ground. The sun shone through the apple-trees in flower upon her, with the flickering shadows of the leaves; the earth steamed, everything shone; one felt already it would be very hot.

After looking at Margaret for a long time, my mother's words came into my mind—"He loves another;" and I said to myself, "It is true, he does love another! This one possesses neither fields, meadows, nor cows, but she has courage; she shall be my wife! We shall have the rest in time. But I must first win her, and I will work to win her."

From that moment my ideas were changed; I respected Margaret more than before; I never for a moment entertained the thought that she could be the wife of another.

Having thus come to a resolution, as people were coming down the path to go to work in the fields, I left the spot, having fully made up my mind, full of courage, and even satisfaction. I came into the street; Valentine had been waiting a moment for me before the forge, his shirt-sleeves tucked up on his long, lean arms, his breast and neck bare.

"What beautiful weather, Michel!" as he saw me coming. "If it was only Sunday we could take a turn in the wood."

"Yes," I answered, taking off my frock; "but it happens to be Monday, Papa la Ramee. What have you got to do this morning?"

"Old Rameau brought us last evening two dozen axes to be put to rights, for Harberg, and Christopher Besme's cart wants a new nave."

"Well, then, let us begin."

I never felt so fit for work. The iron was in the fire; Valentine took the tongs and the small hammer, I the sledge, and we began.

Each time in my life that I have seen distinctly what I wanted, and when, instead of star-gazing and going on day after day as usual, I have fixed on anything difficult, and which required both attention and courage, then my good-humour would return to me. I sang, whistled, and wielded my hammer like an old workman. The greatest trouble is to have no fixed idea; now I had one which pleased me immensely.

The evening of that day, when about to return to our cottage, I set off without dread, determined to hear all my mother had to say, and to make no reply. As I came near the house I met my father, very pale and frightened; he beckoned me into a deep lane between the orchards, where we could not be seen. I followed him, and the poor man said to me, trembling all the time—

"Your mother made disturbance enough yesterday, my boy; how dreadful it is! Now, what are you going to do? Are you going away?"

He looked at me, quite pale. I saw he was in a state of great anxiety, and I replied—

"No, father, no! How could I leave you, little Etienne, and Marcelline? It is not to be done!"

Happiness shone in his face—he seemed to revive.

"That is well," said he. "I knew you would stay, Michel. Yes, yes, I am so glad I spoke to you. She is all in the wrong; she loses her temper too easily. Ah, I have suffered enough in my life-time, but it is all right; you stay here; it is all right."

He held me by the hand, and I felt very much affected.

"Yes," said I, "I will stay, father, and if my mother cries out again—why, she is my mother; I shall listen to her without replying."

Then he was reassured.

"That is right, said he. "But listen one minute; you must wait here an instant or two. I will go home alone, for if your mother saw us together I should have a hard time of it. Do you see?"

"Yes, father. Go on."

He then left the lane, and some minutes after I quietly followed him, and went in. My mother was spinning on the hearth, with her mouth shut. She thought, no doubt, that I was going to say something to her—tell her I was going away. Her eyes followed me about, and she seemed preparing to curse me. Little Marcelline and Etienne at her feet were playing a basket, without daring to look up. My father was chopping firewood, watching me all the while; but I looked as usual, and I only said—

"Good evening, father; good evening mother. I am very tired. We have had hard work at the forge to-day."

I went up the ladder. No one replied. I lay down, satisfied with what I had done. I slept well.

XIII.

The next day on going to work early I found the Three Pigeons full of people already; they were coming all along the road, some in carts, the others on foot. The news was soon spread that the memorial of our complaints and grievances was nearly finished, and it was to be conveyed to Nancy to be incorporated with those of the other bailiwicks.

Since the election-day many of the deputies to the bailiwick had sent for their wives and children to Lixheim; they were now on their road home, well satisfied to get back to their nests.

They called out as they went by—

"It is finished. The rest are coming this evening; it is all settled."

Valentine and I were well pleased at soon seeing Maitre Jean back at the forge. After working ten years together, it is very dull to remain three weeks alone, and not to see the good-natured fat face which called out from time to time—

"Now, boys, get on!" or, "Stop, let us have a minute to breathe!"

Yes, there is something wanting; one is quite bewildered.

So we hung up our jackets, and talked of the good news, while looking at the crowd which had stopped at the inn, Nicole, and Dame Catherine, who went out with chairs to help the women to get down from their sarts, and then compliments and greetings, for all these women were acquaintances, and since their husbands had been named deputies, they were much more ceremonious and called one another "madame."

Valentine laughed heartily.

"Look here, Michel," said he, "here is the Countess Gros-Jaques, or the Baroness Jarnique! Look, this is just the time to learn good manners."

He was not deficient in wit when he ridiculed those who were not noble; on the contrary, when he saw the bows they made, he laughed till he cried, and always ended by saying—

"That is as becoming to them as lace to Finande, Father Benedict's donkey! Oh, the beggars! To think that this sort should dare to revolt against his majesty, the queen, and the highest authorities! Fancy their asking for their rights! I would give you your rights—that I would—I would send you packing, and if you were not satisfied I would double my Swiss guards and my gendarmes."

He discoursed in this way in a low tone, while he blew the bellows and held the iron in the tongs. I knew all his thoughts, for he was obliged to talk aloud to understand himself; it did me good.

We had begun to work again. The anvil had been heard for three hours, sparks flew, and we were busy with our work, when a shadow was thrown on the little door; I turned round; it was Margaret! She had something in her apron, and said to us—

"I bring you some work; I have broken my spade; could you mend it for me by this evening or to-morrow morning?"

Valentine took the spade, which was all notched, and the socket broken. I was delighted. Margaret looked at me, and I smiled at her as much as to say—

"Be easy; I will do it for you properly; you shall see how I work."

She smiled in return, seeing how pleased I was to do her this little service.

"By this evening or to-morrow morning it is not possible," said Valentine, "but if you could come to-morrow evening—"

"Nonsense," cried I, "it is nothing to do. 'Tis true we are very busy, but Margaret's spade must be done first."

"You are very welcome to it," said he; "only it will take more time than you think, and we are very busy."

Margaret laughed.

"So I may reckon on its being done, Michel?"

"Yes, yes, Margaret, you shall have it this evening."

She went away, and I fitted the small anvil on its block directly. I put the old iron part in the fire, and I took hold of the bellows-handle. Valentine looked at me with surprise; my eagerness astonished him; he said nothing, but I felt my ears were getting red as well as my cheeks. So I began to sing.

And he as usual followed me in the plaintive manner of the old journeymen smiths. Our hammers struck in time, and while thinking I was working for Margaret, my heart overflowed with satisfaction. I do not think I ever worked better in my life; my hammer left the anvil quicker than it fell; the iron was spread out as easily as paste.

I hammered my spade first hot, then cold; I made it square, rather than the rib well in the middle, the blade like the tail of a swallow, the neck so round and well whetted, that Valentine stopped from time to time to admire my work, and I heard him mutter to himself—

"Every man has his own line. Maitre Jean has no equal for making horseshoes, I am best at fetters and tines. Yes, it's a gift from Heaven, no one can deny it. He is best at spades, pick-axes, and ploughshares; in that he excels; it is the gift of the Lord."

He came and he went, came again, and sometimes asked me if he should help me.

"No," cried I, proud and pleased to see my work get on so well.

Then I began singing again.

At last, about five, my spade was finished. It shone like a silver plate, and sounded like a bell. Valentine took it, weighed it in his hand for a long time, and then looking at me, said—

"Old Rebstock, of Ribeauville, who sells scythes, spades, and ploughshares, even down to the farthest part of Switzerland, old Rebstock himself would put his big R on this spade, and say, 'I made this.' Yes, Michel, the Chauvels may be proud of having a good spade, which will last, maybe, as long as they will. This is your masterpiece."

You may believe I was satisfied, for Valentine was a good judge, but the satisfaction arising from his praise was nothing to the pleasure I should have in carrying the spade back to Margaret, but it wanted a handle, and I wanted a new one of ash. Without delay I ran to our neighbour, the old turner, Rigaud, who set to work and made me such a handle as I required, light and strong at the same time. I paid him for it at once, and I went back and put the spade behind the door till the day's work was over.

At seven, while washing my face, neck and hands at the pump in front of the forge, and chancing to look up the street, I saw Margaret sitting on the bench at their door, peeling potatoes. I showed her the spade from a distance, and I walked up to her quite content saying—

"Here it is; what do you think of that Margaret?"

She took the spade, and looked at it in admiration. I could hardly breathe.

"Ah," said she, looking at me, "Valentine made this."

I answered her, quite red in the face—

"So you think I cannot make anything?"

"Oh no! but this is so well made. Do you know, Michel, you will make a good workman?"

She smiled, and I was very happy again when she said—

"But this will cost dear; what do I owe you for it?"

When I heard that I came down from the clouds, and said to her almost angrily—

"Margaret, you want to vex me. What! I work for you; I make you a present of a spade; I am happy to do you a service, and you ask me what it costs!"

Seeing my piteous face, she said—

"But you are unreasonable, Michel; all work is worth its pay; and then there is Maitre Jean's cooke, and your time, which you owe him."

She was right, and I felt it; but it did not prevent my saying, "No, no, it is not that!" and even to lose my temper, when suddenly the father Chauvel in his grey frock, with his stick in his hand, took me by the arm and said—

"What is all this? what is it, Michel? what are you two disputing about?"

He had just come back from Lixheim, and looked at me good humouredly; as for me, I could hardly speak; I was terribly embarrassed.

"Why," said Margaret, "he has mended my spade, and now he won't be paid for doing it."

"Nonsense," said Chauvel; "why?"

A happy idea just came into my head, and I answered—

"No, you must not make me take a denier, Monsieur Chauvel; have you not lent me books often? did you not get my sister Lisbeth a place at Wasselonne? and now don't you help the whole country to recover its rights? When I work for you it is for friendship sake, in gratitude; I should think myself a beggar if I said to you, 'That costs so and so much.' It is contrary to my nature."

He looked at me a moment with his little quick eyes, and said—

"That is all very well, but I do not do these things either that I may not pay people. If I had done so from such a motive I also should think myself a beggar. Do you see Michel?"

Then, as I did not know what to say, I was ready to cry, and I said—

"Ah, Monsieur Chauvel, you give me pain."

And he, no doubt touched by that, replied—

"No, Michel, I have no such intention, for I look on you as a brave and honest boy, and to prove it to you I accept your present. We both of us accept it, don't we Margaret?"

"Yes," said she, "since it gives him so much pleasure, we cannot refuse it."

Chauvel then looked at the spade, and praised it, saying I was a good workman, at that later he hoped to see me a master, and doing a good business. I had become tranquil; and when he went into his house, and when Margaret had said, "Good night, Michel, and thanks," all was forgotten.

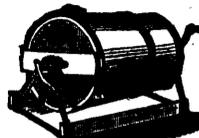
I was pleased at having answered so well, for Chauvel's glance, while I was speaking, had disturbed me, and if my reasons had not been so good he might well have suspected something. I took this as a warning to be prudent, and to conceal my projects about Margaret till the time came for asking her in marriage.

(To be continued.)

C. A. MACDONELL,
 Union Marble Works, 10 and 12 Bleury Street,
 opposite Notman's, Monuments, Mantels, Altars, Figures,
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 of Marble Works of every description. 11-22-52-158.

HUTCHISON & STEELE, ARCHITECTS
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HORIZONTAL
Ice Cream Freezer,

Is adapted for SALOONS, HOTELS, ICE CREAM
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 Awarded SILVER MEDAL, first premium over all
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 Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, Oct. 1874, for "superiority,
 economy, security of contents, and rapidity of
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 The closed Head saves ice enough in one season to
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 The horizontal position secures perfect uniformity in
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 requires but one filling to freeze. Sizes, 3, 4, 6, 12, 20,
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PROVIDENT MUTUAL BUILDING SOCIETY.
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 The Directors of this Society have determined to
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 1. The Shares to represent \$200 each.
 2. The Entrance Fee is 10 cents per share.
 3. The Subscription 10 cents per share per week.
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 The Subscription Book is now open at the Office of
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 And on MONDAY EVENING, from 7 to 9, at
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 712 1/2 CRAIG ST.
W. TURNER, Sec.-Treas.
 May 14th, 1875. 11-21-2-154

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 The undersigned is prepared to contract for the deliv-
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 EITHER AT
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F. W. HENSHAW,
 GENERAL AGENT.
 OFFICE NOVA SCOTIA COAL CO., }
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 Begs to say, in reply to numerous enquiries,
 that he has
Not the slightest intention
 of giving up his
GYMNASIUM.
 May, 1875. 11-21-157.

WANTED.
 An active and intelligent CANVASER for the ad-
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 speak English and French fluently, and possess a good
 address.
 Apply to
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 TAYLOR BROTHERS, LONDON, having
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 Nutritive and Sustaining Power. One trial will estab-
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 on, and a Soothing Refreshment after a late evening.

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 Entire solubility, a delicate Aroma, and a
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HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA.
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 THE ABOVE ARTICLES are prepared exclu-
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 by Storekeepers and others all over the world.

MUSTARD.—TAYLOR BROTHERS'
 celebrated "Challenge" brand is pre-
 pared from the choicest Seed by a patent
 process which prevents fermentation, and
 at the same time retains the pungency and
 purity of flavour to a degree which no other
 process can accomplish. The double superfine
 quality is specially recommended. STEAM MILLS,
 BRICK LANE, LONDON. EXPORT CHICORY
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FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Insurances effected on all classes of Risks.
 LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.
 Ninety per Cent of Profits Divided among Policies
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 We can suit you in Time, Style, and Price.
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 115 St. Francois-Xavier St., and 311 to 319 St. Antoine St.,
 MONTREAL.

OTTAWA, KINGSTON, AND LONDON DEBENTURES,
\$180,600, SIX AND SEVEN PER CENTS.
 Messrs. DRUMMOND, CASSELS & CO., Montreal, are authorised to receive, on or before the 2nd day of June
 next, Tenders for \$180,600 of Debentures of the Cities of Ottawa, Kingston and London, Ont.
 Tenders may be for any portion of the above Debentures, from \$100 upwards, and are to be at a rate per dollar,
 to which will be added accrued interest up to date of payment.
 Ottawa Debentures \$35,000.—These bear date 1st March, 1872, and mature 1st November, 1891. Principal and
 Interest are payable in Ottawa—the Interest, at 6 per cent, half-yearly, on 1st March and 1st November.
 The population of the City is now 24,253. Its debt, excluding the Water Works Liability, which is itself repro-
 ductive, is \$736,808. Against this there are, all absolutely liable for the payment of these debentures, assessed
 property \$1,574,495; Corporation property, excluding Water Works, \$233,099, and the Sinking Fund for the above
 debt, already amounting to \$189,197.
 Kingston Debentures, \$75,900.—These bear date 31st December, 1872, but mature annually, as per schedule, in
 different amounts, from 1879 to 1901. Principal and Interest are payable in Kingston—the Interest semi-annually
 at 6 p. c., on the first days of January and July. The Interest Coupons, payable 1st July next, are attached.
 The total debt of Kingston is \$470,000, and the assessed value of property, all of which is absolutely liable for
 the payment of these Debentures, is \$5,168,490.
 In cases of more than one tender for the same Debenture or Debentures, preference will be given to the highest
 tender, and Debentures of similar amount, or less, of the next nearest dates of maturity, will be allotted to the ten-
 derers in order, unless in their tenders they mention a preference for other Debentures.
 London Debentures \$69,700.—These are all twenty year Debentures, maturing, as per schedule, chiefly on 1st
 June, 1895. Principal and Interest are payable, the Interest half-yearly, chiefly at 7 p. c., in London, Ont.
 The population of London is 18,413, and, with its suburbs, is nearly 30,000. Its debts amount to \$1,097,937,
 but, besides a total assessed value of property, amounting to \$3,092,660, and real property, belonging to the Cor-
 poration, to a very large amount within the City, all of which is absolutely liable for this debt, the Corporation
 holds First and Second Mortgage Bonds, and other interests in the London and Port Stanley Railway, amounting
 to \$1,111,529, from which an annual revenue is derived, under the lease to the Great Western Railway.
 All of these Debentures form securities of the very highest character. To indicate the esteem in which Canadian
 Municipal Securities are held in England, it may be mentioned that Ottawa Six per cent. Debentures sold, on 23rd
 April last, on the London Stock Exchange, at 7 per cent. Premium.
 The awards will be made to the highest tenderers, to whom advice will be promptly sent; but the right is re-
 served to reject any proposals, and to allot a portion only of any bid. The Debentures will be ready for delivery
 immediately after the awards.
 Payments to be exchanged at Montreal for the Debentures, may be made through the Bank of Montreal.
 Detailed Schedule of the Debentures, with form of tender, can be obtained at the different Branches and Agencies
 of the Bank of Montreal, or from Messrs. DRUMMOND, CASSELS & CO., Montreal.
 Montreal, May 13th, 1875.

BANK OF MONTREAL.
 NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT A DIV-
 idend of
SEVEN PER CENT.
 upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has
 been declared for the current half-year, and that the
 same will be payable at its Banking House in this City,
 on and after
TUESDAY, the FIRST DAY of JUNE NEXT.
 The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to
 the 31st MAY, both days inclusive.
 The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will
 be held at the Bank on MONDAY, the SEVEN-
 TEENTH day of JUNE next.
 Chair to be taken at 1 o'clock p.m.
 (By order of the Board.)
R. B. ANGUSS,
 General Manager.
 Montreal, 23rd April, 1875. 11-18-7-138.

Metropolitan Bank
 NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of
FOUR PER CENT.
 upon the paid up capital Stock of the Bank has this day
 been declared for the current half year, and that the
 same will be payable at the Banking House in this City
 on and after TUESDAY, the FIRST day of JUNE next.
 The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to
 the 31st May, both days inclusive.
The Annual General Meeting
 of the SHAREHOLDERS will be held at the BANK
 on MONDAY, the SEVENTH day of JUNE next. The
 Chair to be taken at 12 o'clock, noon.
 By order of the Board.
A. S. HINCKS,
 Cashier.
 Montreal, April 28th, 1875. 11-19-4-141

La Banque Jacques Cartier.
 NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of
Four per Cent.
 on the paid up Capital of La Banque Jacques Cartier
 has been declared for the current half year, and will be
 payable at the Bank on and after the FIRST day of
 JUNE next.
 The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to
 the 31st May next, both days inclusive.
 By order of the Board.
H. COTTÉ,
 Cashier.
 Montreal, 29th April, 1875. 11-19-4-142

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L. STOCK AND SHARE BROKER,
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 Artificial Limbs, Trusses, Supporters, Braces, In-
 struments for Deformities, Weak Ankles, &c., fitted to
 every case by Dr. J. ENEAS, at the Victoria Truss Fac-
 tory, corner of Bleury and Craig Streets. 11-19-26-136.

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RICHARD PATTON,
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PETER HIGGINS, manufacturer of Marine and Land
 Boilers, Tanks, Fire-Proof Chambers, Wrought Iron
 Beams, Iron Bridge Girders, Iron Beams, &c. For all
 kinds of above works, Plans, Specifications and Estimates
 given if required. Repairs promptly attended to.
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 Importer of PIANO-FORTES AND CABINET ORGANS,
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JUST received a large Stock of reversible CLOTHES
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W. P. WILLIAMS, FRUITERER, CONFECTIONER,
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 tions. 134 Queen Street East, bet. George & Sherbourne
 Sts., Toronto, Ont. 11-9-52-110

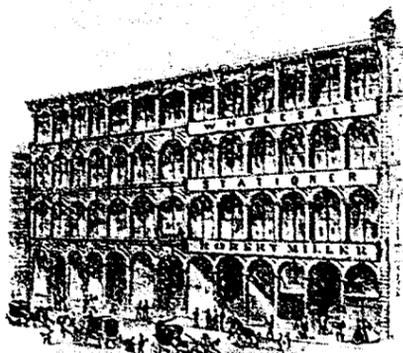
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 Stands side by side with the mower, the reaper, and the
 cotton gin, as tributary to the material progress of the
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\$5 to \$20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted
 All classes of working people,
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THE FOLLOWING

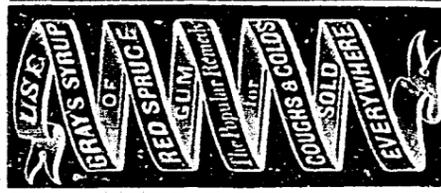
IS AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER dated 15th May, 1872 from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Warminster, Wilts. I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep, and a good appetite, this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78 years old. Remaining, Gentlemen yours very respectfully. To be Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, London.



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BEST Selling Imitation Gold Watch, in the market. This is a Pure Coin Silver Hunting Cased Watch; English rolled Gold plated; sunk Second Dial; Full Jewelled; Expansion Balance; Nickel Movements; beautifully engraved Cases; and is equal in appearance to a Gold Watch that costs from \$50 to \$100. It sells and trades readily, for from \$25 to \$60. If you want a watch for your own use, or to make money on, try this. Price \$17 only. We will send this watch C. O. D. subject to examination, if you send \$2 with the order, the balance of \$15 you can pay the Express Co. if the watch proves satisfactory.

ALL CAN make splendid pay selling our goods. We have other novelties which are as staple as Flour. Send stamp for our illustrated catalogue Address F. P. GLUCK, New Bedford, Mass.

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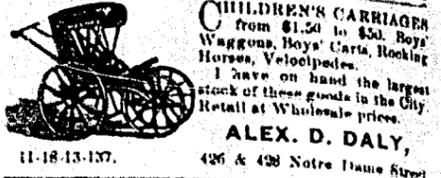


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