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Montreal Whist

Vol. XVIII.—No. 10.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1878.

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MONTREAL.—A BRITISH SUBJECT COMMITTED FOR REFUSING TO CRIMINATE HIMSELF.

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City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

NOTICE.

We beg to call particular attention to our views in this number of scenes on the Ottawa—lumbering, and views of Aylmer. The letter-press connected therewith will be found very interesting.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 7, 1878.

THE RE-ADJUSTMENT OF VOCATIONS.

The changes made in society, especially of the lower orders, by the division of labour consequent on the introduction of machinery, have frequently been the subject of consideration among political economists. They are taken up again in a remarkable paper which the *North American Review* for September-October publishes. Leaving out of view the modifying influences of trade and finance, and the various ameliorations and reliefs afforded by charities and noble benefactions the writer, Dr. W. T. HARRIS, puts forth two remedies—migration and higher education:

I. Those who migrate to the unclaimed lands of the interior have constant employment for all their time; are stimulated to their best efforts, because every stroke of work tells, and they see every week before their eyes the results of last week's toil.

II. Before they migrated they were working on half-time, perhaps; they had lost their property, and were compelled to see their weekly toil yield small visible results: now they have enterprise and life in their new settlement.

III. The effect of migration is beneficial at both ends of the line. The old community was overstocked, and demand for its products decreased. After the migration wages rise, and the demand for productions increases by reason of the market created in the new settlements of the border land. With regard to the remedy implied in education, it is, of course, industrial education that is intended.

I. There ought first to be a more carefully-devised scheme laying a foundation for industrial skill in general, before the pupil is mature enough to take up the studies of the general curriculum of the common school.

II. Drawing is the chief industrial study in the common school proper, and, if taught properly, will nearly suffice for the general training of the hand and eye, such as is indispensable in most of the arts and trades.

III. The institution called "School-Shops" creates versatility within the range of mechanical industries. It is in this school-shop that the pupil learns the theory and practice of tools in general, and a boy well trained in a school-shop would learn the mysteries of a special trade in a month, and would go forth into the world of industry able to re-adjust himself if any untoward accident happened to his special vocation. With a system such as this, it is obvious that "the progress of mechanical invention brings with it emancipation from physical labour, and the opportunity for each and all to ascend in the direction of those vocations having for their end the direct ministrations to the spiritual wants of man."

MADAME MARIE ROZE.

For years the magnificent abilities of Madame Marie Roze, of Her Majesty's Theatre, were overshadowed by the stupendous and deserved popularity of the late lamented Mademoiselle Titiens. Her style and her best characters being exactly those which were associated with the regretted Hamburg *prima donna*, it was impossible, while Titiens still reigned at the older opera-house, that Marie Roze could get a great chance in London.

But Mademoiselle Titiens, to whose counsels Mr. Mapleson owed much of his success as an operatic director, perceived, with the certainty of unerring genius, the French lady's capabilities, and recommended Marie Roze as her deputy in her own peculiar characters while Her Majesty's company were giving performances in the provinces.

Hence it happened that the fame of Marie Roze out of London was established across the breadth and over the length of England, and even Scotland and Wales, before metropolitans, who will accept nobody upon trust, even from province or continent of Europe or America, had been made aware of the operatic treasure they possessed in the object of this memoir.

Towards the close of the operatic season of 1877, however, she made her mark, and, together with Madame Etelka Gerster and Madame Christine Neilson, gave great brilliancy to the close of the operatic performances.

Again, during the following short winter season at Her Majesty's Madame Marie thoroughly distinguished herself.

Her first really important operatic successes were made in Paris, and led to her engagement by Mr. Mapleson.

In London she has successfully filled the rôle of *Marguerite* ("Faust"), *Suzanna* ("Le Nozze di Figaro") and other important parts with success. She won her first special favour as *Queen Berengaria* in Balfe's "Talismano."

About four years since she was married to Mr. Julius Perkins, an American *basso profundo*, who, to many amiable personal qualities, united artistic merits of a high order, and who did fair to reach the foremost rank in the operatic profession. His untimely death left Madame Marie Roze in the following year a widow, with a child.

In the spring of 1875, Madame Roze was engaged by Mr. Carl Rosa, for English opera, and made her debut on the English stage as *Arline*, in Balfe's "Bohemian Girl." She subsequently played other parts in English opera, but her engagement was not renewed by Mr. Rosa, who found the lady's high terms were incompatible with the prices for admission to his opera performances, and Madame Roze returned to the Italian operatic stage.

At the close of the opera season last year it was understood that Madame Roze was about not only to make a professional tour through America, but again to enter the bonds of matrimony by becoming the wife of a nephew of the director for whom she has now sung some years.

Almost immediately after this announcement the lady sailed for the United States, and there she has carried everything before her. The Americans quite recognize talent of any kind, and they are always the better pleased (like most of us) when talent is associated with beauty.

This qualification Madame Roze possesses in an eminent degree. Always good-looking, within the last two or three years she has developed into one of the most beautiful women upon any stage.

It was quite expected that she would be one of the successes at Her Majesty's this season. But the lady has not appeared.

We can only hope that she has not altogether abandoned England for America, as previously she had abandoned Paris for London. If so, the English, like the French metropolis, will regret the absence of a really great *artiste*, such as neither city can easily spare. It is to be hoped that Madame Marie Roze has before her very many years of success, in which to charm her admirers, not only of Europe, but also of the whole continent of America.

MADAME ETELKA GERSTER.

Madame Gerster has been a signal example of the suddenness with which renown may be gained. It may be said that practically nothing was known of this lady in London when she appeared last year at Her Majesty's, where she succeeded in recovering the fortunes of that house, which had received a severe blow by the absence, and finally the death, of Madame Titiens.

There was no doubt about this lady's success from the very first hour of her appearance. Madame Gerster is of Hungarian origin, and it is from the Danube this *débütante* came to the metropolis in the season of 1877. There can be no exaggeration in stating that the *Aminia* of the 23rd of June, 1877, at Her Majesty's Theatre, created great delight.

The Hungarian *prima donna* possesses wonderful facility and brilliancy, great dramatic instinct and sensibility, startling novelty of *fioriture*. Her mobility of features is very marked.

The lady was born in 1857 at Kassa, the capital of Upper Hungary; her father was a merchant, and her brother is a doctor. Her musical talents were recognised in childhood. A director of the Conservatorium in Vienna heard Etelka sing when fourteen, and was so struck with her voice that he at once suggested that her talent should be cultivated in Vienna, where the Italian mode of music, as distinct from the

French or German, is studied by the pupils. It was in 1872, she being then fifteen, that Mademoiselle Gerster went to Vienna, where she was put on the list of students at the Conservatorium. Her progress was rapid. Her first appearance was at the Fenice in Venice in 1875, as *Gilda* in "Rigoletto," a part she played no less than twenty-two times—an event almost unprecedented in Italy. She was the first *artiste* to perform the character of *Ophelia* in the Italian version of the "Hamlet" of M. Ambroise Thomas, for her fine delineation of which she secured the special acknowledgments of the French composer.

From Venice Mademoiselle Gerster went to Marseilles with success thence to the Carlo Felice, in Genoa, where she sang fourteen times in the "Sonnambula." Her next theatre was in Berlin, where her *impresario* was Signor Gardini. The Prussian critics were emphatic in their notices that since Sontag there never had been a greater marvel. The Emperor of Germany took a great interest in Mademoiselle Gerster's performances, and personally congratulated her on her vocal attainments.

At Berlin she married Signor Gardini, who had been her enterprising and successful director. From Berlin Madame Gerster-Gardini went to Pesth, where she sang in Italian opera. After Pesth she assisted at the Silesian musical festival at Breslau. She can sing, if required, in at least four languages—Hungarian, German, Italian, and French. Madame Gerster is now in her twenty-first year. A week or two since she returned to London, to sing at Her Majesty's, where she has shown that, if anything, since last season all her qualifications have improved. She is beyond question one of the leading singers of all Europe.

Unfortunately, certain critics, unwise friends of this now renowned lady, have endeavoured to enhance her reputation by comparing her with Madame Patti, the more especially that they both commenced their London reputation in the same character—that of *Aminia* ("Sonnambula").

No comparison of this character can be made. Madame Patti, from the early age of six or seven, has sung, as it were, phenomenally. She does not remember learning most of the well-known rôles of popular Italian opera. She is essentially a natural and phenomenal singer, as distinct from one who, having natural ability, devotes immense industry to the perfecting of a natural gift.

Madame Gerster-Gardini, as a singer, has neither the dramatic genius of Titiens nor the natural perfection of Patti, but nevertheless, after her way, she is a perfect *prima donna*, and she must remain in England a lasting favourite.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LORDS BEACONSFIELD AND SALISBURY AT GUILDHALL.—The Prime Minister of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs went into the City to receive from the Lord Mayor and Corporation the honorary gift of the civic franchise. It was half-past five in the afternoon when they started from the Ministers' official residences in Downing street. They were much cheered by the people along the streets. The entrance to the City, at Temple Bar, was adorned with two rows of flags, and with a trophy erected on the site of the ancient gateway. A wooden side arch, to correspond with the remaining stone arch, was put up on the side next to the great eastern tower of the New Law Courts. Each of these side arches was surmounted by a silver griffin, like the heraldic supporters of the City of London arms, upholding Venetian masts, gilt and decked with scarlet, between which extended a band displaying the motto "Peace with Honour." Many flags were hung out in Fleet-street and further along the route; and St. Dunstan's and other church bells were set ringing. The carriages were escorted by a small detachment of City police. At Guildhall the front courtyard was partly inclosed and covered by a awning. This formed an elegant pavilion, with tiers of seats for twelve hundred spectators. Its interior was decorated with mirrors at the four corners, emblazoned shields, trophies of flags, masses of verdant shrubs, and garlands of bright flowers.

The City Library, where the Lord Mayor received the illustrious visitors of the Corporation, is a beautiful modern Gothic hall. The scene here, as well as in the entrance pavilion or vestibule, was splendid and lively, with plenty of rich dresses of ladies, municipal robes, official and military uniforms; while the bands of the Artillery Company and of the London Rifle Volunteers made spirit-stirring music. Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, who wore Court levée dress, with the ribbons, George and Star of the Garter, were greeted by the Lord Mayor, Sir T. S. Ouden, in his robes of office, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress. After the due salutations, their Lordships passed into the Great Hall, through an avenue of palms and ferns in every room, staircase, and corridor.

The Grand Hall was prepared for the ceremonial by erecting a dais, under a canopy decorated with arabesques, for the principal personages concerned, and there were ten tiers of seats for members of the Common Council, and at each end of the hall twenty tiers of seats for other spectators, to the number altogether of nearly two thousand. Banners of the City Companies were ranged above the doors, and the sunlight through the stained glass windows, falling on the marble statuary, had a beautiful effect. The band of the Coldstream Guards was in the Music Gallery. The two Ministers of State, con-

ducted by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs and some other Aldermen and Common Councilmen, took their seats on the dais. The Court of the Common Council was opened in due form, the Lord Mayor presiding; and the Town Clerk read the resolutions of the 18th inst., that the freedom of the City, in a gold box, should be presented to each of their Lordships, for their conduct at the Congress of Berlin. The necessary formal documents were produced, certificates of their admission in 1874 to the Merchant Taylor's Company, and a voucher from the "Compurgators" that both were honest men, who would pay scot and bear lot, and not defraud the City or the Queen. Each of their Lordships then made his solemn declaration of allegiance, loyalty, and fidelity; after which the City Chamberlain addressed first Lord Beaconsfield, and secondly Lord Salisbury, in set terms of special commendation, referring to their late political achievements. The Prime Minister briefly replied, and was followed by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. They inscribed their name in the roll of City freemen, and the proceedings were ordered to be entered in the journals of the Court.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained the two Ministers, with a numerous and distinguished company, including the other members of the Cabinet, in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House. Lord Beaconsfield there made another speech, claiming for himself and his Government the credit of having secured for Europe a general peace which he believed would be enduring, because every one of the powers, including Russia, was benefitted, and not one was humiliated, by the arrangements now concluded. Lord Salisbury in the same strain, declared his persuasion that we had done with the Eastern Question, and that a period of peace and prosperity had been opened, and that all rancours should now cease. The Lord Chancellor, Sir Stafford Northcote, Colonel Stanley, and the Right Hon. W. H. Smith were among the Ministers who spoke at this banquet.

HALIFAX VIEWS.—We take pleasure in stating that the views of Halifax which appear in the present issue, and appeared in our last, are taken from photographs by Wm. Notman of Halifax, to whom we have often been indebted for similar favors. Not only does this Halifax house sustain the world-wide reputation of Notman, but it is the only one that has as yet produced a panoramic view of Halifax. We have a few more Haligonian views, derived from the same source, which we shall shortly publish.

THE CARTOON.—This picture represents a scene which will be memorable in the annals of Montreal Courts. During the Orange trial at present pending in the Police Court of this city, and in which the whole country is interested, Col. George Smith was committed for contempt by the Magistrate because he declined to answer a question that would set him down as an Orangeman and thus incriminate him. This is the scene which we have depicted on our first page. The scene might have become historical had the sentence been carried out, but judges of a higher court with unanimity and in eloquent terms granted a writ of *habeas corpus*.

RAISING THE BRITISH STANDARD AT LARNACA.—A description of this scene is embraced in a former description of the occupation of Cyprus.

FLAG OF TRUCE.—Another of Detaille's military canvases which have won him so wide a reputation, notwithstanding his extreme youth. This masterpiece has attracted much attention during the whole time of the Exposition.

HUMOROUS.

AN exchange calls the watermelon "that luscious capsule of pink moisture."

A BOY says that when he eats watermelon his mouth feels as if it were in swimming.

THIS is the last rose of summer, as the man said when he got out of bed on the morning of August 31.

THE worst thing about a mosquito is its long soliloquy as to when and where it had better settle down and bite.

DONN PIATT says that at Long Branch the wind blew out the brains of a swell who was trying to do the thing himself.

IT is possible to live on sixpence a day, so says a London physician. He does not state how the sixpence should be cooked.

THE boy who doesn't skulk up-stairs now and then, pack up his clothes and run away to sea, will make an awful good man when he grows up.

No photographer has any business to tell a sitter to assume a pleasant expression of countenance. If a man wants to look piratical that's his affair.

LEAVE your grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them by that time will require answering.

No newspaper should speak slightly of the man who, seated on a dry goods box with nothing on earth to do, stops every pedestrian to ask the time of day.

THE mushroom season has opened. You can tell them easily. Pick and eat them. If you survive, they are mushrooms; if they kill you they are toad-stools.

GUESTS at hotels in New Jersey are not permitted to mash mosquitoes on the walls, but must get 'em down on the floor and choke 'em to death and ring for the porter to draw off the corpses.

AN enterprising Chicagoan was discovered selling tickets for a wake, which, he said, wiping away a tear, would take place probably on Thursday night, but certainly before Sunday—the poor fellow was sinking fast.

THE discovery has been made that the world does not revolve with the same motion that it did a thousand years ago; but it still swings around fast enough to satisfy the man with a heavy bill coming due.

THE OLD HOME.

I have gone—I cannot always go, you know;
Home across the distant ridges of the years,
And the old house, standing still on the old ground,

THE ENSUING ELECTIONS.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
The following nominations have already been made for the House of Commons; and as other nominations shall be made from time to time,

ONTARIO.

- Addington.....J McRory
Algoma.....J J Hawkins
Bothwell.....J S Crawford
Brant, N.....A Watts
Brant, S.....W. Fitzsimmons

QUEBEC.

- Argenteuil.....J J C Abbott
Bagot.....Mousseau
Beauce.....Bolduc
Beauharnois.....Cayley

NOVA SCOTIA.

- Annapolis.....A Longley
Antigonish.....McKay
Cumberland.....Dr Tupper

NEW BRUNSWICK.

- Albert.....J Wallace
Carleton.....Appleby
Charlotte.....Gilmour

MANITOBA.

- Lisgar.....Schultz
Marquette.....Ryan
Provencher.....Hon J Dubuc

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

- Cariboo.....Thompson
Westminster.....McInnis
Vancouver.....Burnster

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

- Prince.....Howatt
Queen.....Hackett
King.....C Pope

LORD LORNE, in bidding farewell to the electors of Argyllshire, says:—"It is only because, through the favour of the Queen, I now have an opportunity of serving a country most dear to all in the United Kingdom that I gratefully resign the position you have allowed me to occupy."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

AN English hotel is about to be built in Cyprus at a cost of £60,000, for an English tenant, who is to pay an annual rent of £4,000.

LORD BEAUCONSFIELD paid a quiet visit recently to the spot on the Victoria Embankment where Cleopatra's Needle is being raised, and closely studied the monolith.

WE have reason to believe that a final decision has been arrived at on the question of dissolution, and that there is now no prospect of the natural life of the present Parliament being shortened.

THEY are working political conundrums at the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. One night lately one of the "corner men" asked "How could you convert Mr. Gladstone into a Conservative?"

A DIAMOND broker writes that a small collection of matrix stones has been received from Larnaka, in Cyprus, and, upon examination, has been found to contain diamonds, beryl, and emeralds, the diamonds comparing favourably with the best Oriental stones.

THE old colours of the 56th, or Essex Regiment, recently removed from Chelmsford parish church on account of the indignity with which the officers of the regiment conceived they had been treated by the rector and churchwardens of the parish, have been received by Her Majesty and ordered to be hung in one of Her Majesty's Palaces.

IT is said that two Treasury clerks have been told off to read over all the speeches delivered by Mr. Gladstone in the last six years, and cull from them all the choice morceaux that may be colourably interpreted as personal attacks on the present Prime Minister.

THE late Dr. Norman M'Leod tried to forecast the time when there would be a railway in the Holy Land, and when porters would be heard shouting "Change here for Bethlehem."

A CORRESPONDENT describes a Cyprus centipede that invaded an officer's tent and resented fiercely an attempt to turn it out, going so far as to stand upright on its hind legs and bark at the unfortunate subaltern who had encountered its wrath; being at last turned out, it at once indignantly communicated these facts to a special correspondent of a daily paper.

IN the first-class waiting-room of a station of a great English railway company there hangs framed and glazed in illuminated text, "In my father's house there are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."

THE Volunteer Fire Brigade feel somewhat envious of the honour of their brethren of the Rifle. The service of the latter is only contingent upon unexpected emergencies; the Volunteer Fireman performs important duties and incurs actual peril.

LIBRARIANS must be very fond of talk and very flush of money. The first Conference of Librarians met last year in the London Institution. Thither they came from all parts of the Continent, from America, and even from Australia.

ADDRESSING his students the other day, Mr. Spurgeon told a good story to illustrate the need of preachers being attractive. "When I was in Aaran, quite recently," said Mr. Spurgeon, "I heard of a minister who preached in a certain church, and, at the close of the service, was strongly urged to promise for a future supply, the collection after his sermon having been unusually large."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A MACHINE is advertised that will enable masters to pay their workpeople with punctuality.

THE French journal La Chanson has opened a competition for endowing France with a pacific national song.

THE ceremony of the distribution of prizes in connection with the Exhibition is fixed for Sept. 18 at the Palais d'Industrie.

WE hear that the Prince of Wales, who is one of the patrons of the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in the Bois de Boulogne, intends to send some of his Indian animals for exhibition.

CAPTAIN BOYNTON arrived on Thursday afternoon in front of the Exhibition, from his long swim down the Seine, accomplished within the time fixed.

THE Shah of Persia has made a present to the Ville de Paris of two camels of an extremely rare kind, and no larger than ponies. They are expected to arrive daily.

GLOW worms are particularly abundant in the Bois de Boulogne this year. They almost threaten to invade the capital itself. On any warm night the grass and trees are thickly studded with these terrestrial stars.

A COUNTRY girl called upon a lady to thank her for some kindness; astonished at her own toilette, the lady inquired how it was obtained, and the girl at once replied she was engaged to brawl birds from the cornfields.

ON Sunday, August 18, there was held a grand festival of military music at the Trocadéro for the benefit of the Association des Artistes Musiciens. All the bands of the army of Paris, together with those of the Gardes de Paris, and of the regiments of engineers and artillery of Versailles and Vincennes, took part in this brilliant solemnity.

THE Women's Congress proceeds quietly; a Mme. Deraisme combats the "prejudice" of the female being inferior to the male sex. On the question of divorce, both the single and the married ladies declared in favour of it the moment husband and wife were agreed to demand it, as in the case of judicial separation.

THE Paris cabmen show signs of giving in. Their first demands having been refused by the company, their delegates now propose the following conditions:—1. The day's work to be a minimum of fourteen hours, and a maximum of sixteen hours. 2. Salary five francs for the minimum, and six francs for the maximum.

IN a pavilion upon the banks of the Seine, close to the Paris Exhibition, the Minister of Marine has organized a very interesting collection of naval machinery, life-saving apparatus, and ship models. There is also a raised plan, modelled in cement by a captain of marines, of the town of Cherbourg; and among other objects exhibited are several articles which have remained under water nearly two hundred years.

COSTUMES of foulard, white or couleur tendre, are the fashion at Trouville. The Louis XV. style is all the rage, with trimmings of lace and natural flowers. The fashionable sunshade is of white cherry wood with the monogram of their fair owners half-way up the stick executed in silver or enamel. The straw hats in favour are entirely Louis XV., such as represented in the portrait of "la Camargo." High heeled shoes with coloured high heels are worn.

Two or three new galleries were opened last week at the Universal Exhibition: in particular, the long-talked-of exhibition of French Historic Portraits, which has been finally arranged in the two large salles on the first floor of the Trocadéro building in which conferences are held. The position is said to have been very ill chosen, but the Exhibition itself presents remarkable interest, for the collection of portraits has been made with the utmost zeal, and includes many noteworthy works that were almost unknown before.

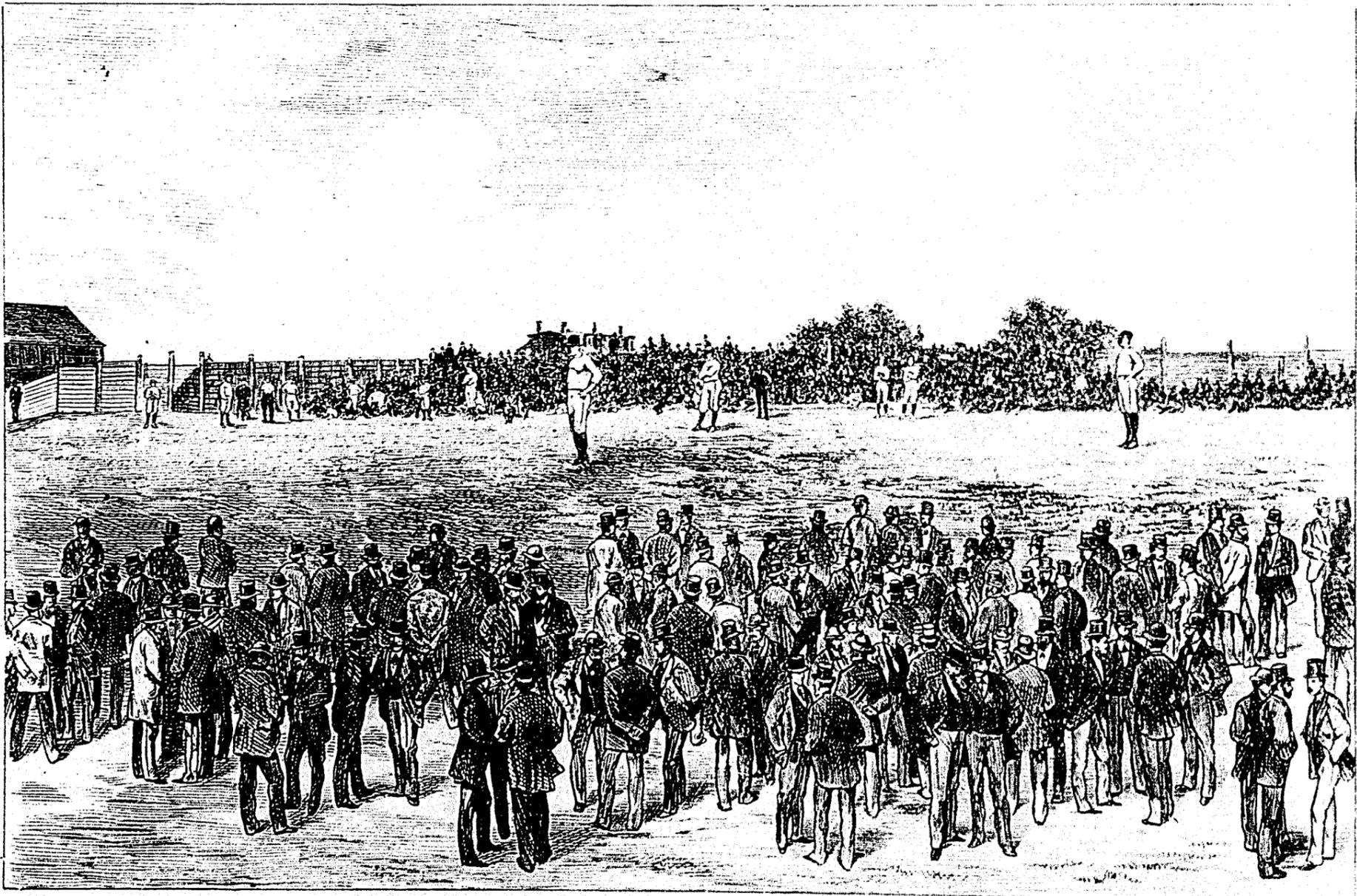
ANY one passing by the Pont des Arts in the afternoon, may observe an amusing sight. The watering place for horses on the quai is the dogs, swimming bath. Just as at the floating baths, the bathers become thick about the fashionable hour of five. The bathing of dogs forms one of the numerous and odd trades which are to be found only in Paris. An ordinary bath costs six sous, and the luxury of soap costs four sous extra. For this modest sum the friend of man is thoroughly washed by vigorous matres baigneurs and returned to its owner. Some of the dog washers have quite a reputation, and their services are much sought after by the owners of canine high life. In fact, at six o'clock, the abreuvoir of the Pont des Arts is a moving mass of dogs of all kinds, sizes, colours, and sexes. Another favourite spot for dog bathing is on the Quai des Celestins, but the Pont des Arts is the Trouville of dogdom.



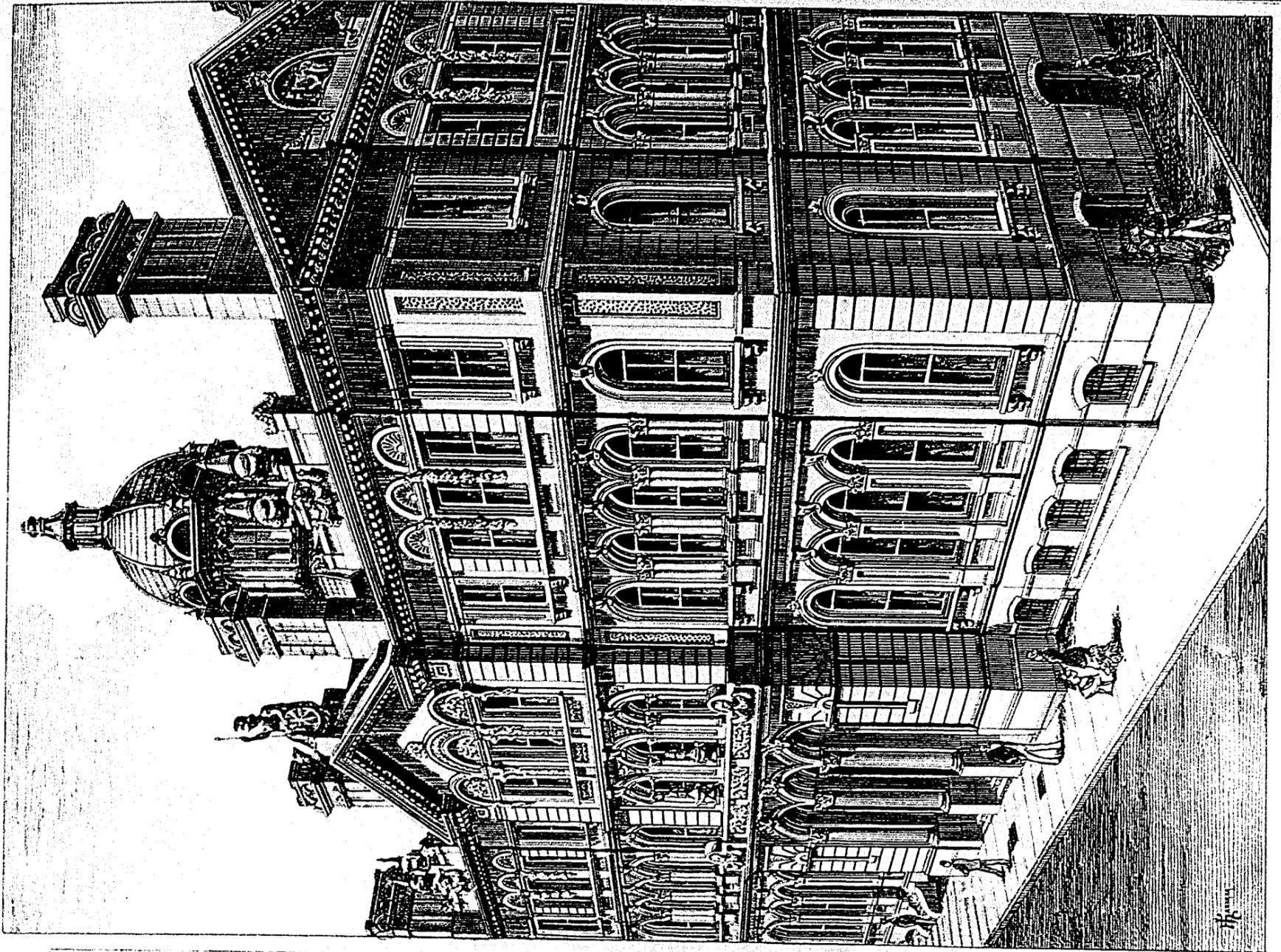
MISS ETELKA GERSTER.



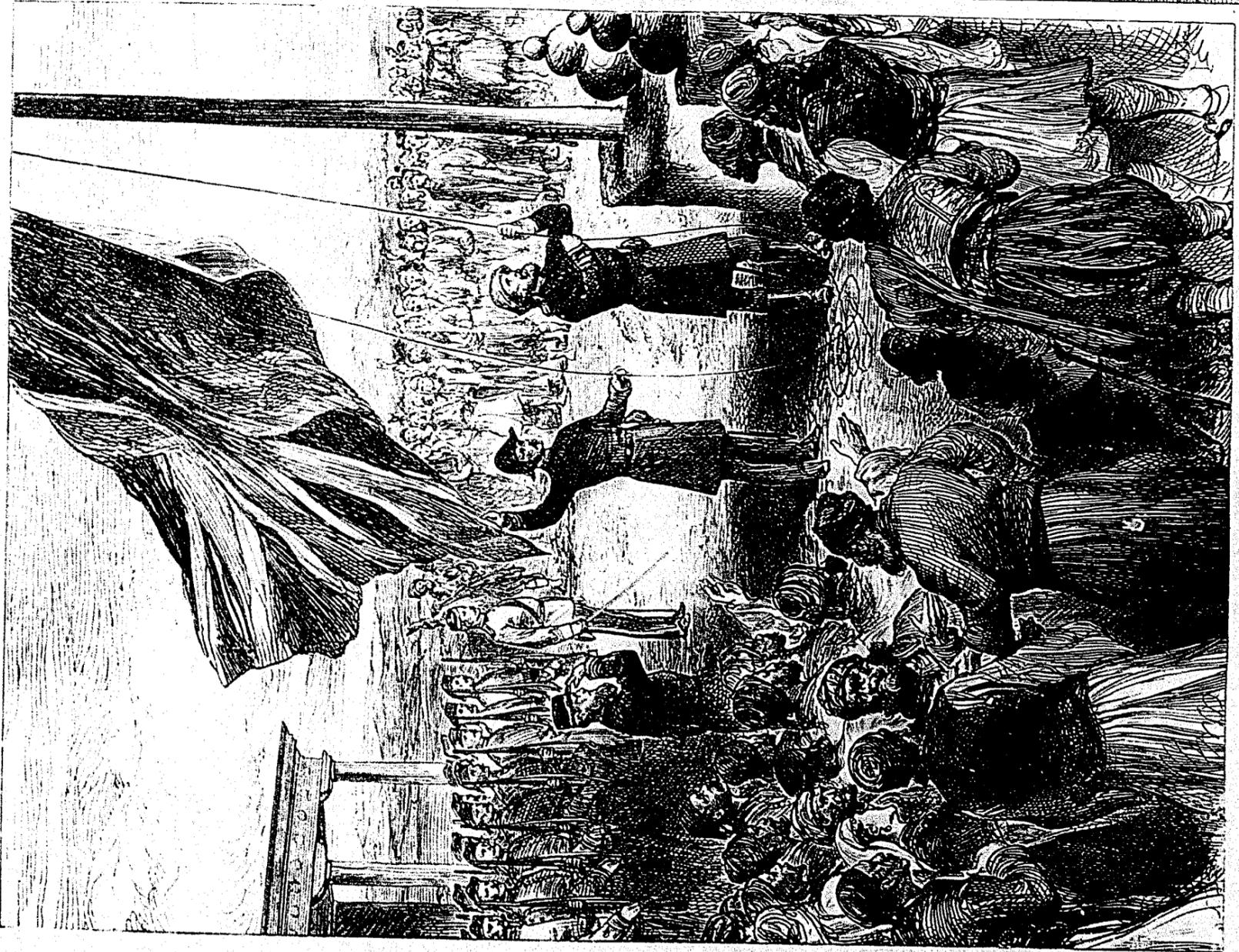
MME MARIE ROZE.



HALIFAX.—MATCH BETWEEN THE RESOLUTES AND ATHLETICS



HALIFAX.—NEW POST OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE.



UNFURLING THE BRITISH STANDARD AT LARNACA, CYPRUS, AND TAKING POSSESSION IN THE QUEEN'S NAME.

HALF-WAY TO ARCADY.

A poet dressed in evening clothes, but somewhat dusty, meets an Arcadian girl upon the road.

He. Here, child! Is this the way to Arcady?
She. Yes, noble lord.
He. No noble lord am I.
I am a poet, and a weary one.
Give me a drink of water. Child, the sun
Will flock that dainty skin with golden kisses.

Up, little heart! an altar quick prepare
Of well-trimmed turf entwined with flowers fair—
The flowers are tame in Paris. Here will I
Dwell with my love half-way to Arcady.

SONG.

Now together let us sing,
Hymen, Hymen! Hours take wing.
Hours quick-winged with our delight
Gone like smoke that's blue and bright
In the happy morning air.

Thus sang the two together sweet and low.
And days went by in order sweet and slow;
And sweet and low birds chattered 'mid the bloom,
And sweet and slow was life to bride and groom—
Lo! life was sweet to her and slow to him.

overtop the Mackenzie monument. If there is
a clock in it which sounds the hours, the tower
will probably be dubbed by the Opposition "a
striking illustration of towering pride."

BUILDING UP AND SHUTTING UP.

Some seven years have elapsed since I visited
the Capital. During that period the city has
improved vastly, and it now boasts a large number
of really fine buildings.

THE SUPERB SCENERY

commanded by the noble bluff on which the
Parliament Buildings so proudly stand. The
vastness and varied nature of the view is most
entrancing—at your feet the noble river with its
tiny-looking ferry-boats darting hither and thither;

As I before remarked, the Ottawa of to-day
shows many signs of improvement compared
with the Ottawa of seven years ago. That trust-
worthy guide, the excellence of its hotel accom-
modation, is especially noteworthy. This time
I tried the

WINDSOR HOUSE,

and had no reason to regret my choice. It is
conveniently located, has comfortable rooms,
affords an excellent table, and is a quiet, home-
like establishment, under intelligent manage-
ment.

Crossing the Suspension Bridge at the Chau-
dière, a drive of about nine miles along the
north shore of the Ottawa, brought me to

THE VILLAGE OF AYLMER, QUE.

The road is an excellent one; so is the toll—a
thirty cent affair. Nice residences dot the way,
and the farms are well tilled and seem to afford
capital crops.

Aylmer was known in 1825 as Simm's Land-
ing, being named after one of the pioneers, Mr.
Charles Simms, who appears to have been "a
general utility man"—to use a theatrical
phrase—hotel-keeper, general merchant, lum-
berman, &c. Simm's Hotel—a large stone
building—stands on the lake shore at the foot
of the main street.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

The general impression is that Aylmer should
have been located at the head of the Deschene
Rapids. This would have given about three
miles more of steamboat navigation, and planted
the village close to a magnificent water-power.

The opening of the Canada Central Railway
to Pembroke diverted an immense deal of traffic
from Aylmer. Before that, all the passengers
and freight for Upper Ottawa points went via
Aylmer, giving steamers and stages plenty to
do.

Aylmer is a rather quaintly laid out village,
and has about it a good deal of the peaceful
simplicity characteristic of French Canadian
rural life. The streets run in all directions, and
the buildings are of all sorts and sizes—from
the palatial residence, standing in its own park like
grounds, to the tiny log cabin, not large enough

to permit of swinging the proverbial cat (not
that I believe this to be the best way to ascertain
the dimensions of an apartment). Having be-
come somewhat accustomed to the diminutive
houses, it was pleasing to notice that among the
inhabitants thereof there prevailed a very gener-
al love of whitewash. It happened to be house-
cleaning time, and everyone able to wield a brush
and having anything to whitewash, seemed to
be busy from morn to night.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

The evidences of "dull times" were pain-
fully frequent. There are a large number of
empty houses and several completely gone to
ruin; the steamboat comes and goes and nobody
seems to care; occasionally there are one or
two passengers and a little freight, but if it were
not for the business of towing logs and timber,
the Company could certainly not afford to keep
a boat on the lake.

The recurring Courts (for Aylmer is the chef-
lieu of the Counties of Ottawa and Pontiac)
throw a little life into the village, and but for
this fact, I am inclined to think it would dwindle
away till only the few landed proprietors, the
churches, the convent and the Court House
would be left. "We are all waiting," said an
old resident, "for something to turn up." I
was much puzzled to find out how the bulk of
the population (about 1,500) got their living. I
enquired of a French Canadian merchant, whose
name (Ranger) suggested that his knowledge
would likely be extensive. The old gentleman
was seated in the shade of a tree in front of his
shop door gently stroking his wooden leg. I
opened the ball. "Who lives in that house,
Mr. Ranger?" said I, pointing to a domicile not
far off. "Mr. So-and-so." "What does he do
for a living?" "Nothing." "Who lives
there?" pointing to another house. "Mr. So-
and-so." "What does he do for a livelihood?"
"Nothing." I asked the same questions and
received the same answers till the thing became
monotonous. This man lived on what his wife
and daughters managed to earn; that man lived
upon "expectations," and so on and so forth.
Perhaps I happened to strike an unlucky spot,
for I did not hear of any one being really dis-
tressed for the wherewithal "to keep the wolf
from the door," though evidently a great many
villagers had nothing to do and were by no
means pressed for time wherein to accomplish
the task.

A NATIONAL CHARACTERISTIC.

But, in justice to Aylmer, I must say that
idleness is more or less a characteristic of every
village or town I have so far visited. There is a
vast amount of muscular raw material to be
found at almost every street corner, and looting
against the counters of every store where looting
is allowed. How the idlers stand it day after
day is to me an insoluble riddle. They read not,
neither do they talk to any extent—but they
chew—yet one would think even this would be-
come tiresome after a week or two. Yet "men
may come and men may go," but these idlers
adhere to the sidewalk or cleave to the counter-
and dried apple barrel with a pertinacity cal-
culated to put the average limper to the blush.
There may be something in the philosophy of
rural life which I have not dreamt of, but I am
bound to say that, as a branch of "home in-
dustry," idling is overdone. These idlers are a
source of great annoyance to those who de-
sire to do business. They will hang around and
submit to any amount of snubbing so long as
they can ascertain why one has called upon the
proprietor of the establishment. Few country
stores boast an office, so one is obliged to either
face the gaping crowd or make an excuse to
"call again," in the hope that the idlers will
have then left the coast clear.

THE COURT HOUSE AND JAIL.

for the District of Ottawa, comprising the
Counties of Ottawa and Pontiac, are included in
a substantial building, erected in 1850. The
foundation stone was laid with Masonic honors,
and Sir E. P. Taché was among the celebrities
present. The late Judge Mondelet held the first
Court. In 1852 the Counties were proclaimed
a separate District, and W. R. McCord, Esq.,
was appointed Judge. In 1869 the building was
badly damaged by fire, only the prisoners and
the archives being saved. Till 1872, when the
work of renovation was completed, the Courts
were held in a large room in the British Hotel.
The building now is in good repair, and remark-
ably sweet and clean. The cells are not arrang-
ed according to the most approved system—for
instance, the doors directly face each other—but
in all other respects the institution will bear
close inspection. The following Courts are held:
Queen's Bench, twice a year; Superior Court,
six times a year; Circuit Court, do.; Magis-
trates and Insolvent Court, as circumstances
may require. The large Court room is airy and
well fitted up. In the jail there is accommoda-
tion for thirteen males and four females. At
the time of my visit there were ten men and one
woman incarcerated. The latter is charged with
infanticide; one of the former is apparently a
kleptomaniac. He is a man owning consider-

THE
Cities and Towns of Canada
ILLUSTRATED.

X.

UP THE OTTAWA.

LIFE ALONG CANADA'S GREAT NORTHERN HIGH-
WAY — A GLIMPSE OF THE CAPITAL —
CHANGES WROUGHT BY THE IRON HORSE —
AYLMER AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS — LUM-
BERING.

Having devoted several months to the work
of illustrating the towns and villages along the
St. Lawrence, and my rambles having brought
me a considerable distance north, I thought it
might be well to make for Canada's other great
stream—the poetic Ottawa—and give the results
of a sauntering tour along its picturesque shores.
The capital having of late been pretty well illus-
trated in the pages of the News, I determined
to push on as speedily as possible for the com-
paratively unknown country along the north, or
Quebec shore. I remember well that at the
time the Northern Colonization Railway scheme
was inaugurated, those opposed to it were wont
to represent this region as a wilderness of the
roughest kind, and I know that a number still
entertain that idea. The impression with a
great many is that civilization comes to an end
opposite Ottawa city, and that the country on
the north shore of the river, above that point,
is a rocky waste. It will be my pleasing task to
help to undeceive those who thus think.

I arrived in Ottawa the day after Parliament
adjourned, and just in time to see the employees
of the House engaged in picking up the missiles
with which the assembled sages of Canada had
pelted each other the night before. It was a
touching sight. Here a little and there a little;
pub docs and paper pellets; a broken Jew's
harp and a battered tin trumpet lying side by
side. Sadly, but surely, the sweepers gathered
them in. I thought it would be an excellent
idea to label and publicly exhibit these evi-
dences of the wisdom and worth of our legis-
lators. After being shown in the different parts
of the Dominion, they might be arranged in a
glass case and placed in the centre of the floor of
the House of Commons. A unique addition
would be a phonograph containing the most
striking exclamations which characterized the
close of the session. This might be in charge of
a page under command of Mr. Speaker, who
would order the boy to turn the crank when it
seemed desirable that hon. members should be
reminded of the scene which made the dying
days of the second Parliament of the Dominion
infamous.

THE MACKENZIE TOWER.

An addition is being made to the Parliament
Buildings which, to my mind, will quite destroy
the beauty of the original plan. I refer to a
tower which is being added to the Western
Block. Unless a similar tower is added to the
Eastern Block and the main tower heightened,
the buildings as a whole will look lopsided. It
does not appear that the Government intend to
do this. The tower over the grand or main en-
trance to the Centre Block is called the "Mac-
donald Tower," and the one now being built is
to be called the "Mackenzie Tower." It is to
be taller than the former. If the next Premier
is an ambitious gentleman, the third tower will

J. S.

able property, yet he will persist in stealing. The cells are commodious, light, and command lovely views of the glorious river scenery. It would have made the heart of the philanthropist Howard leap to see such accommodation for culprits. The building seemed to be even luxurious. Asking Sheriff Coutlee (who, by the way, has been in office since the formation of the District) if he had ever had any remarkable prisoners, I was informed that the jail had very little of what would be termed "history," but a singular case was that of a female who could not be persuaded to take food. The doctor tried all sorts of expedients, but to no effect. The poor wretch had determined to starve herself, and she did it. Some meal was forced down her throat, but she died, and the *post-mortem* examination showed that so strong was her will that she had even checked the operations of the digestive organs, for though more than twice the time required for digestion had elapsed, the gruel was found in the stomach in the same condition as when administered. This may be cited as a sad but striking illustration of how stubborn the "gentler sex" can be when they choose.

MR. CHARLES DEVLIN, J.P.,

general merchant, brother of the member for Montreal Centre, is one of the most prosperous business men in the Ottawa District, and a gentleman who has figured prominently in public affairs. He may be cited as "a self-made man," one who at a very early age determined to "paddle his own canoe," and did it right well. Coming to Aylmer as a clerk some twenty-five years ago, he soon started on his own account, and speedily built up a large business. He has filled various public offices; he ran for the Wardenship against Mr. E. B. Eddy and defeated him; he was Mayor for many years, and finally retired in favour of the present occupant of the office. He was offered the Liberal nomination for the Local in either Ottawa or Pontiac, but respectfully declined, being of the opinion that one member of a family "sacrificed upon the political altar of his country" was sufficient. During his Wardenship he came prominently into notice from the fact of his refusing to sign the bonds for the Northern Colonization Railway—not being satisfied with the *bona fides* of the parties who then had the work in hand. Mr. Devlin is a large holder of real estate, having considerable property in the city of Montreal and the Ottawa District. The law offices of Messrs. Devlin & Devlin (Mr. B. Devlin, M.P., and Mr. O. B. Devlin, a son of the ex-Warden) are situated above the store.

MR. T. B. PRENTISS,

Mayor of Aylmer, is a New Englander by birth and one who has been "the architect of his own fortune." He started in Chelsea, a few miles back of Aylmer, in 1830, and moved to Aylmer in 1855, establishing himself as a general merchant, subsequently abandoning all but the hardware branch which he has developed into a considerable business. He owns a large amount of real estate and has for many years taken an interest in local matters. With Mr. Devlin and a few others he has always been in favour of progressive measures.

MOUNT PLEASANT,

the residence of the late Mr. John Egan, now occupied by his son-in-law, Mr. W. R. Thistle, is most appropriately named. The house, which is a fine type of the country mansion, stands in park-like grounds and commands a charming view of the lake. Near by is the burial place of the late Mr. Egan who, as set forth on the handsome monument which marks the spot, was widely known and greatly respected. The monument is of polished Annapolis marble—a beautifully mottled grey—relieved with pure white marble found at Portage-du-Fort. The inscription is as follows:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

JOHN EGAN, ESQ., M.P.P.,

Born at Lissirabane, Co. Galway, Ireland,

Who died at Quebec, July 11th, 1857,

AGED 57.

As a merchant, a legislator and an enterprising citizen he was the best friend the Ottawa County ever had. His name was identified with almost every advancement in material wealth and political importance which this part of Canada has undergone.

This monument is erected as a tribute to his great works by a few friends.

The firm of Egan & Co. did an immense lumbering business; one year they had one hundred (100) rafts *en route* for Quebec; were I to give the figures relating to the annual consumption of "pork and beans" in the shanties, I am afraid the average reader would accuse me of stretching the long bow to an alarming extent. Mr. Egan was a man of fine presence and genial manner; he was very popular all along the Ottawa and his memory is still warmly cherished. He sat during the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Parliaments after the Union for the Counties of Ottawa and Pontiac, and after their political separation to the time of his death he represented the latter constituency.

Mr. Thistle, in partnership with Mr. Carswell, is engaged in the lumber trade, and from the many times their names figure on the map of timber limits, seem to have extensive operations in hand.

LAKE VIEW HOUSE,

the residence of Mrs. Robert Conroy, is situated near the lake, of which it commands a full

view. Like Mr. Egan, the late Mr. Conroy was one of the lumber kings of the Ottawa and amassed considerable wealth. The family own several good farms and a fine property at the Deschênes Rapids, comprising a well-appointed grist-mill, a fine saw-mill and a water privilege which can scarcely be surpassed anywhere. The grist-mill is in operation, but the glut in the lumber trade led to the saw-mill being closed some time ago.

MR. R. H. KLOCK,

of the lumbering firm of R. H. and J. Klock, is one of the pioneer stock. His father ran the first packet—a Durham boat—between Grenville and Hull. The firm employ some sixty men and have this season been operating on the River Matawan where they have a splendid limit—the season's cut, amounting to nearly two hundred cribs, has produced some first-class timber. I may here mention that the large stocks and increased demand in the lumber trade has almost closed the market for second-rate timber, and that consequently very great care has been exercised this season in selecting pine for the axe. The rivalry as to who shall get out the finest lumber has been keen and some of the rafts have been of a very superior quality.

MR. W. R. KENNEY, B.C.L.,

is a member of the law firm of Fleming, Church & Kenney; his partners being the Hon. L. R. Church and Mr. J. R. Fleming, Q.C. Mr. Kenney's residence is very pleasantly situated on the road to the lake and but a few steps from the Aylmer Station of the Q. M. O. & O. Railway which is expected to be opened for traffic thus far shortly.

MR. R. H. SAYER

is evidently one who believes that the most complete enjoyment is that which is shared with others. I fancy this is the case because he has had a conservatory constructed so that it is flush with the sidewalk and consequently free to the view of all who pass by. Hanging baskets showing bright blooming flowers nestling amid velvety moss and feathery ferns form charming adornments to the adjoining veranda. Mr. Sayer has resided in Aylmer some seventeen years. He does a large trade in flour, feed and grain and is proprietor of a well-appointed bakery.

THE OTTAWA HOTEL

is one of the "institutions" of Aylmer. It has for the past thirty years been in the hands of the Holt family, of whom I saw representatives of four generations in the house during my stay. The old gentleman tells of the time when all the travel of the Ottawa region was done in bark canoes; when Ottawa had no existence and the offer, gratis, of several acres of land that now form the centre of the capital was respectfully declined, the party to whom it was offered being highly amused at the idea that the place would ever be selected as a site for a village, much less a city. The Holts were among the early settlers about Aylmer and in the flush times did a very large business what with hotel-keeping and staging—taking in as much as \$150 to \$200 per day. They still carry the mails between Aylmer and Ottawa, running a stage twice daily. Mr. Moses Holt, the present proprietor of the hotel, is quite a character in his way, a most jovial landlord, a great joker, with a smile always lurking in the corners of his mouth. He "runs" the establishment in a free and easy fatherly sort of way, and the only danger to which the guest is exposed is that of being tempted to eat too much; not that there is any lengthy bill of fare or attempt to "put on style," but the food is so good, cooked in such an honest fashion and served with such an air of rustic hospitality, that the temptation to take "just a little piece more" is exceedingly strong. Perhaps I cannot give a better illustration of the good living to be had at Mr. Holt's than is embodied in the fact that one of the boarders is a young man who walks to and from his employment in Ottawa daily. After a week at the Ottawa Hotel I felt able to do something extraordinary in pedestrianism myself. Anyone on the lookout for a place to spend a holiday quietly and cheaply could put in a good time at Aylmer, and I think there are few who would not enjoy the rough and ready way of doing things at the "Ottawa."

THE CONVENT

is a large and substantial structure of stone. It is in charge of nine of the Grey Nuns of Ottawa, Sister E. Curran being Superioress. There are at present about twenty boarders and sixty day scholars. The Sisters also conduct a public school for girls.

The Rev. Father Aignet is Parish Priest.

CHRIST CHURCH,

the Anglican place of worship, was erected about 1846, service previously having been held in a small stone building used as a Court House. The Rev. Canon Johnstone, now Incumbent of St. James' Hall, officiated at that time; Aylmer and Hull forming one mission. At the time of my visit the interior of Christ Church was anything but prepossessing; the walls were dirty and streaked by the inflow of rain at the eaves; indeed I was told that upon one occasion a worshipper in self defence hoisted an umbrella, so defective was the roof. Repairs were being talked of, and I trust ere this have been thoroughly carried out.

THE METHODISTS AND PRESBYTERIANS

have neat churches, but neither body support a resident minister.

LUMBERING.

The various phases of this great Canadian industry are truthfully portrayed in the group of views herewith. The pictures are from pen and ink sketches on the spot by Mr. Edmond, and all lumbermen to whom I have submitted them agreed that they are wonderfully realistic. The operations in the bush begins early in the fall; the first task being to locate the shanties or headquarters of the hardy workers who are about to make an onslaught upon the monarchs of the forest to be on the "limits." A limit is an area of timbered land embracing from five to fifty square miles. Besides the purchase price, which varies according to the quality and quantity of the timber and the facilities for getting it to market, the holder of the limit has to pay to the Provincial Government a ground rent of \$2 per mile; a duty of one cent and a quarter per cubic foot upon square timber; ten cents a log upon all saw logs up to sixteen inches in diameter, and fifteen cents upon all over that measurement. Some lumbermen own or rather hold (for their possession is merely from year to year) a very large number of limits. A great deal of "gambling" has been done in this way—limits being secured without the remotest idea of ever working them, but merely in the expectation that something might "turn up" to render them marketable at a much greater figure than that originally paid. There are firms which have been paying the dues upon vast areas since 1864. But I have now to deal with actual operations. The men are divided into "road-cutters" and timber-makers, the former doing the roughest work and the latter that calling for mechanical skill. A "timber-maker's" gang consists of a "liner," two or three "scorers" and a "hewer." The liner selects the trees to be cut and, when felled, clear off enough bark to enable them to mark the trunk square by means of a line either chalked or blackened. The scorers then proceed to roughly square the tree by chopping clefts equidistant along the trunk and splitting off the slabs. The hewer next comes along and, by means of a very broad axe, neatly finishes the stick so that it almost looks as though it had been sawn and planed. Meanwhile the road-cutters have been busy making roads in various directions but all leading to the water—which is the starting point in lumbering operations. The season having advanced—the rich tints of the fall having given place to the crystal glories of winter—the work of drawing the spoils of the forest to the front now begins. The squared sticks are first drawn through the bush to the nearest "road" and there laid up, to be subsequently drawn, stage by stage, to the river or lake. If circumstances permit, they are made up into cribs on the ice and thus escape a great deal of rough usage, but it is not often that this can be done,—the narrowness and wild nature of the roads requiring the sticks to be sent down for a considerable distance—the way being more or less diversified with rapids, rugged rocks, wild chutes and precipitous falls. The details of rafting the timber I shall endeavour to explain in my next letter—giving my experience as an amateur raftsman on the wild, somewhat dangerous, but decidedly picturesque sketch of the Ottawa between the Calumet Chute and Portage-du-Fort. In the bush the men work from daylight to dark—taking breakfast by the light of the fire or candles, and being at their work as the day dawns. If working a distance from the shanty they take their mid-day meal with them. The fare is wholesome and unlimited, consisting of beef—driven up in the fall and killed as soon as winter sets in—pork, beans, potatoes, pea-soup, bread, butter, molasses and tea. The bread is made with hop yeast and baked in circular iron pots, about fifteen inches by ten, having close-fitting covers. These pots are placed in a trough by the side of the fire which is made in the centre of a deep bed of sand. When the pots are placed in the troughs the sand immediately under the fire is shovelled upon them and thus the contents are admirably baked. Pork and beans are cooked in large iron kettles—first a layer of pork in slices, then one of beans and so on to the top. Pork and potatoes and beef and potatoes are similarly prepared. The cooking is simple and perfect—the vegetables being thoroughly saturated with the juices of the meat. The tea is made in a similar kettle. It is brewed very strong and drunk in the crude state; minus sugar or milk. The men drink tea largely at every meal. The preparations are so simple and the cooking capacity of the kitchen so great that a cook can easily minister to the wants of an immense number. An ordinary camp will consist of from sixty to seventy men, and food has to be ready at all times, some of the gangs going out earlier and coming in later than others, according to the distance travelled. The employers generally keep a supply store where the men get such articles as are not included in their board—tobacco, clothing, boots and shoes, &c. A well-regulated lumbering establishment will have a considerable farm in the bush for growing horse feed and a good dwelling with store-houses for the agent. The work is pretty closely mapped out—for instance the teamsters engaged in drawing timber are required to make thirty miles per day—the roads being divided into one mile sections and a day's work being so many trips. As I have said, water is the lumberman's starting point. The value of limits depends a good deal upon the distance the timber has to be drawn on land. It does not pay to draw square timber over fifteen miles, nor logs over five; these distances are extreme.

What are known as saw-logs are simply the trunks of trees sawn into serviceable lengths, from thirteen to sixteen feet, and from thirteen to thirty inches across. Saw-logs are for the home manufacture of lumber; square timber is for exportation. Wages have fallen very much of late years. Road-cutters get \$10 per month; scorers, \$15; liners, \$17; and hewers, \$40. A great number of the lumbermen of the Ottawa are French Canadians; there are a good many Scotch and a sprinkling of English and Irish. Indians are not good workers in the bush, but excellent fellows for the river. The hands are engaged in Ottawa and paid off in Quebec, with the exception of the hewers who leave in the spring. Of course there is great diversity of character among the men. Some are terribly rough at the best and very demons when excited by drink. Such as those will squander the results of nine months' toil in a week or so—sometimes they lose it all in a night and get fearfully beaten to boot. Others, again, are quiet, manly fellows, brawny and brave, embodying in mind and body something of the nobleness of the grand scenes amid which they labour. Looking at these fine fellows I have often thought what a splendid arm of the service they would make should Canada's hearths and homes ever be threatened. Used to roughing it; every man a natural campaigner; the wild scenes they pass through and the free life they live all tending to develop patriotic feelings—they represent a latent force of inestimable value. I trust they may never have to be called into requisition, but should such a dire necessity present itself, I believe they would constitute a legion of invincibles.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHEN a woman is all that a lover's fancy paints her, the roses on her cheeks will not wash off.

MRS. LEWIS SHEFFER of Williamsport has a head of hair that measures six feet nine inches in length.

"MORE curls than brains; more trails than sense," writes Donn Piatt regarding the water-ings-places.

A YOUNG lady being asked by a rich bachelor, "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" replied sweetly and modestly, "Yours truly."

THE old lady who was told by the photographer to look at that spot on the wall, after walking over to it, said she couldn't see it without her "specs."

A NEW YORK woman says there would be thousands more tramps than now if it were not for the noble self-sacrifice of the fair sex in marrying and supporting them.

"How is it, Miss, you gave your age to the census-taker as only 25, when you were born the same year I was, and I am 39?" "Ah! you have lived much faster than I, sir."

THE relationship of a man and woman in rainy weather is easily discovered. If they are lovers the woman will have all the umbrella, and the man won't care a fig how wet he gets. But if they are married it is just the opposite.

A WASHINGTON girl last week missed her pocket-book while returning from an entertainment with a gentleman friend of the highest respectability, and had him arrested. He was locked up for three hours, and then she found the pocket-book in the lining of her dress.

SHE is a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely plump. Stupid, too. She is singing the popular piece entitled: "I wish I were a bird." "If you were," thinks a guest to himself, "you'd be served with apple sauce and sage dressing."

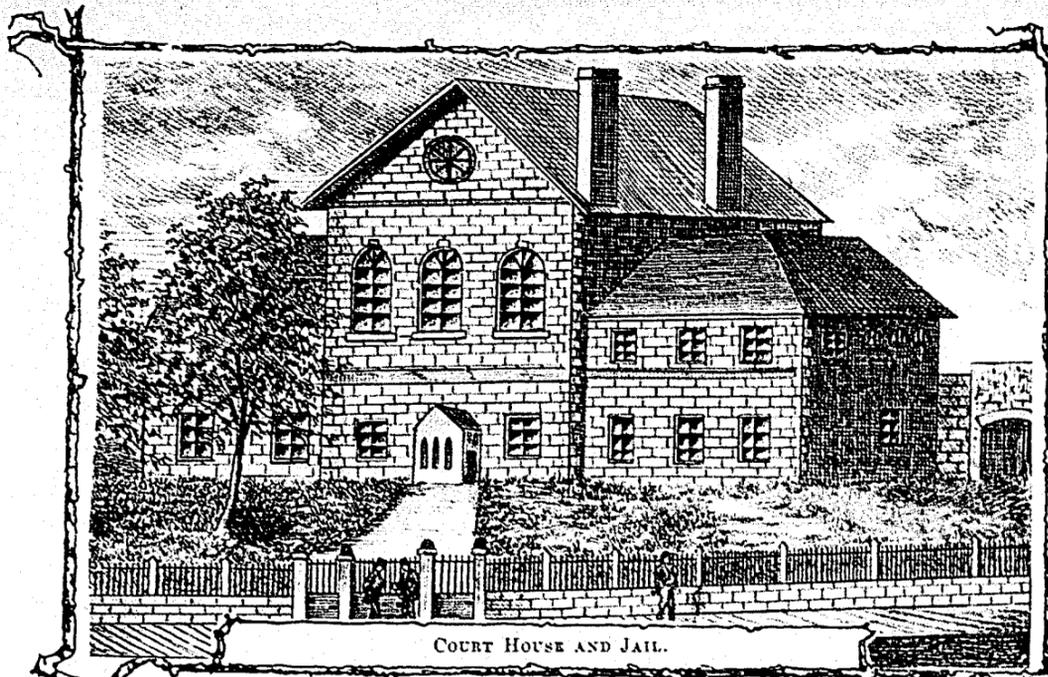
WOMAN is usually gifted with quicker wit, better judgment, greater self-possession than man, but there are very, very few women who can appear at ease and look pleasant when unexpected callers suddenly surprise her with a set of teeth in each hand and none in her mouth. And it is difficult for the callers to look unconcerned under such circumstances, too.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING Co.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING Co.—Bow Ties of every description manufactured. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.



COURT HOUSE AND JAIL.



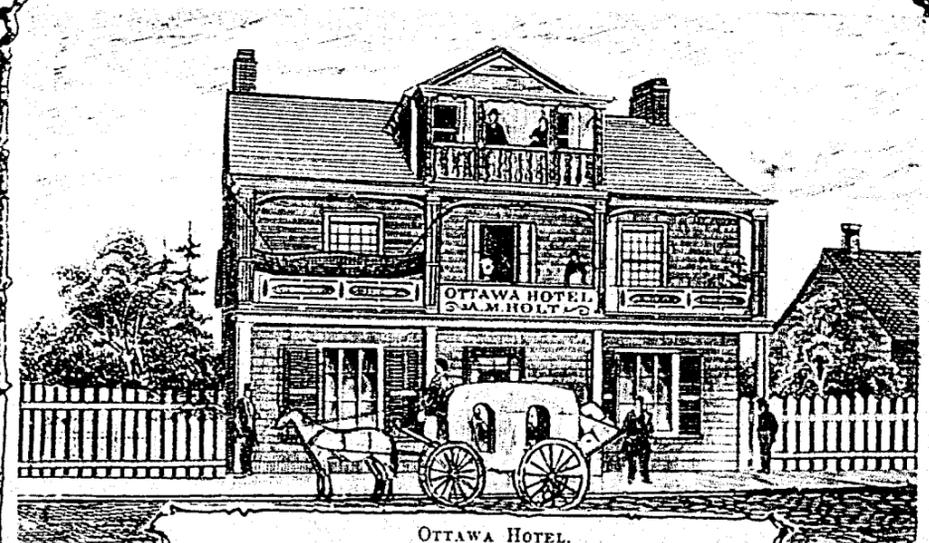
MR. T. B. PRENTISS, MAYOR OF AYLMER.



THE ENGL...



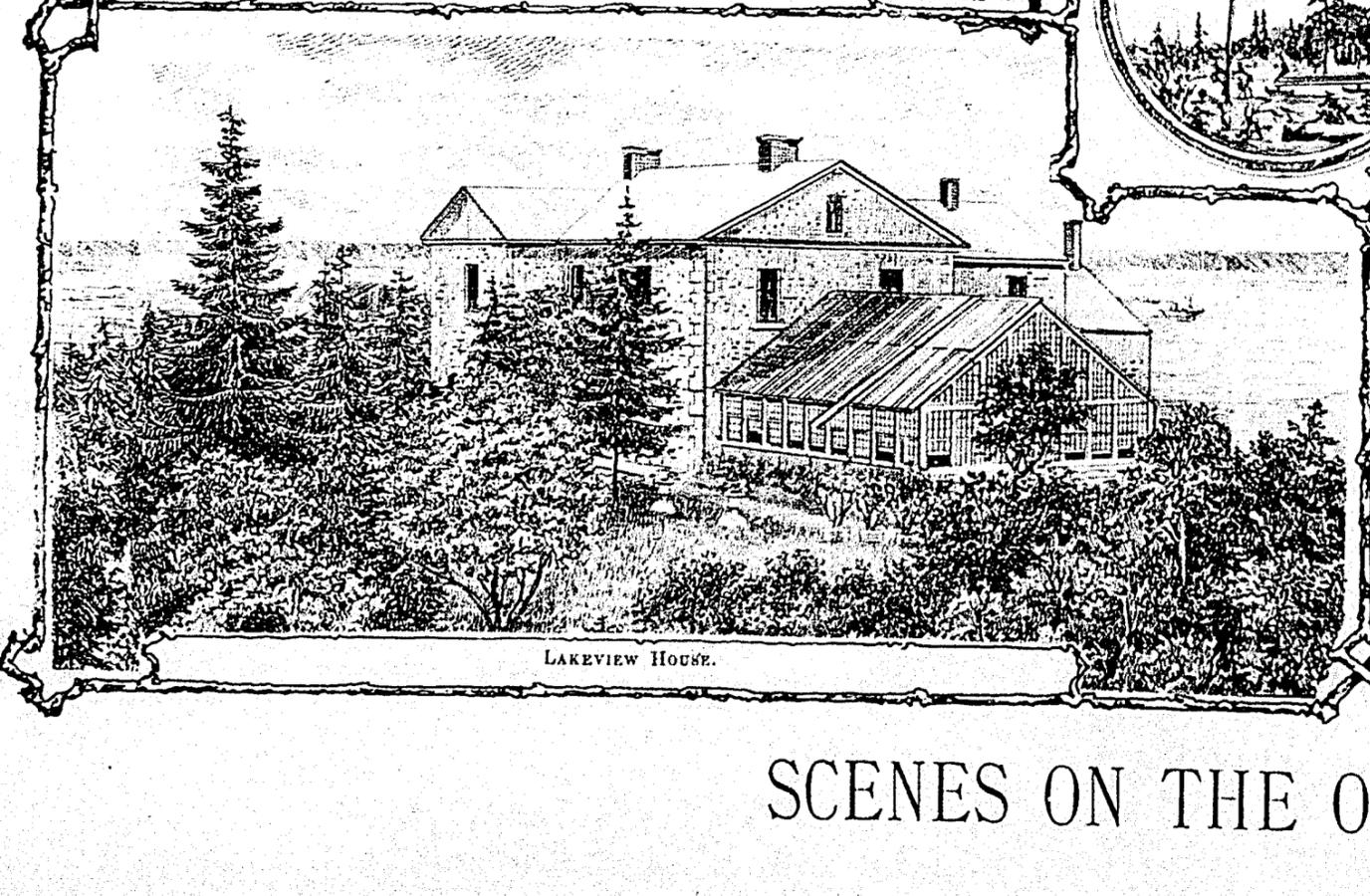
RESIDENCE OF MR. R. H. SAYER.



OTTAWA HOTEL.



LUMBER

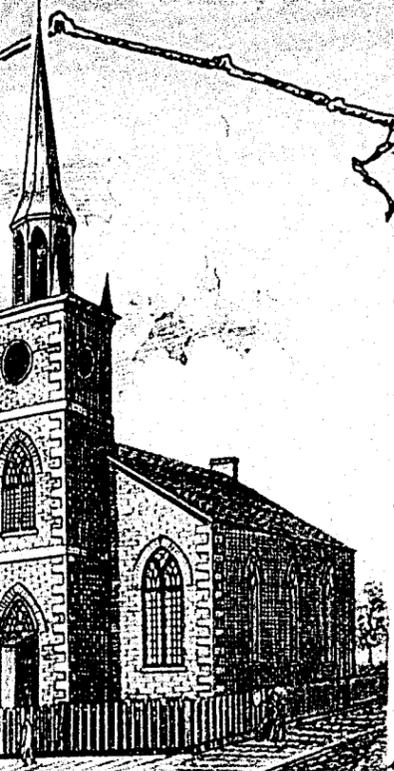


LAKEVIEW HOUSE.



OTTAWA: THE V...

SCENES ON THE OTTAWA.—LUMBER



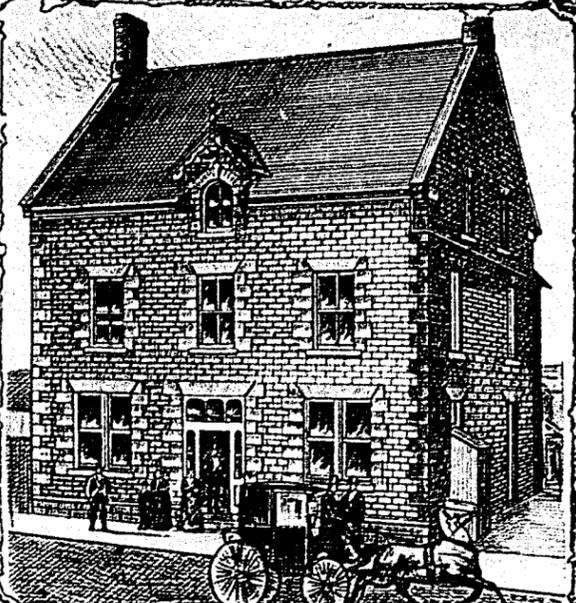
ENGLISH CHURCH.



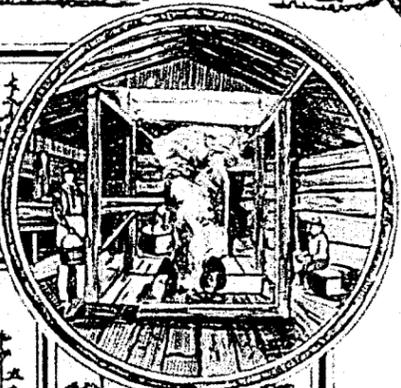
MR. CHARLES DEVLIN, J.P.



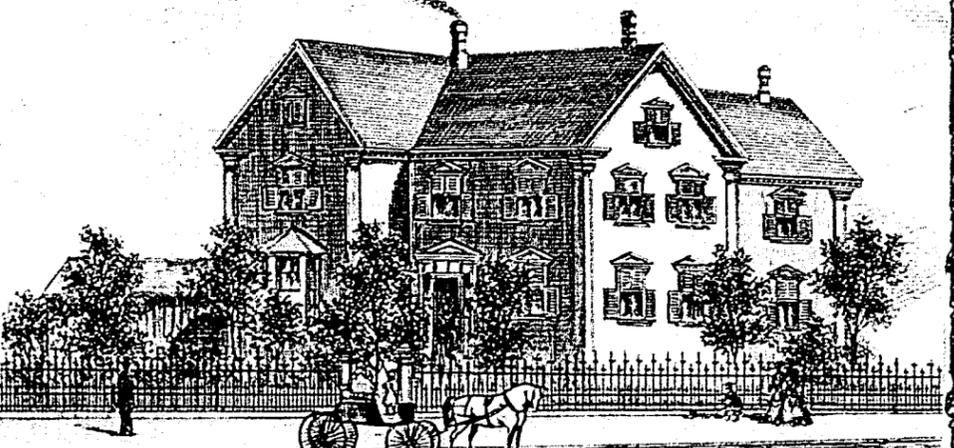
THE EGAN MONUMENT.



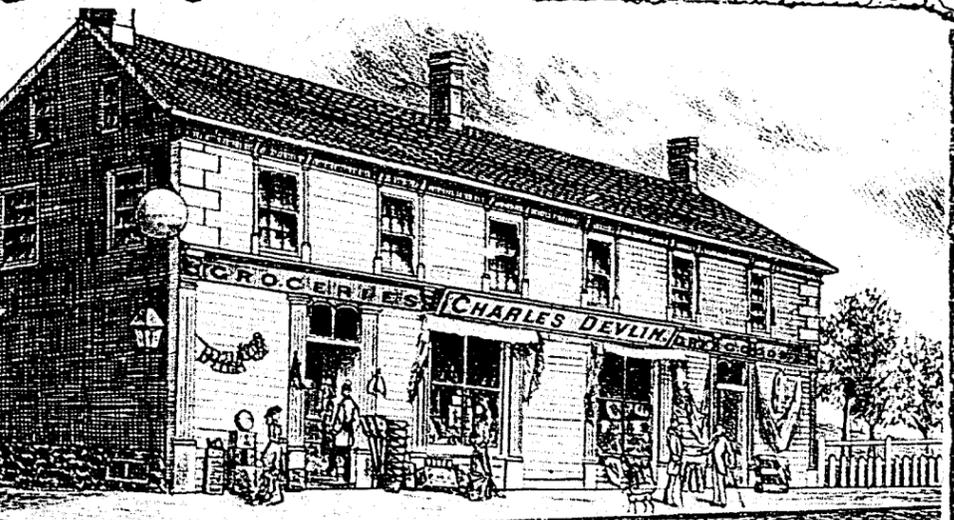
RESIDENCE OF MR. R. H. KLOCK.



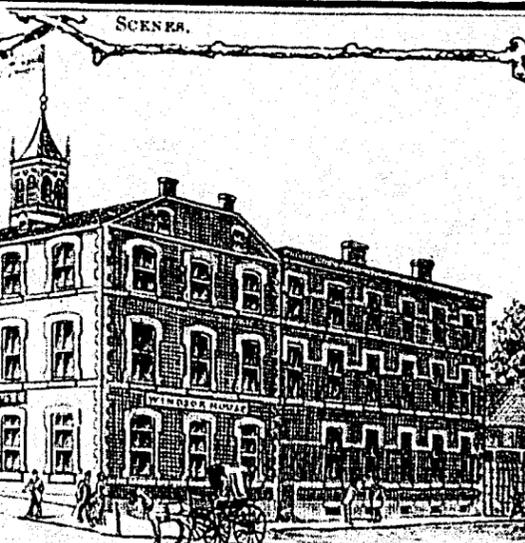
SCENES.



RESIDENCE OF MR. W. R. KENNEY, B.C.L.



MR. CHARLES DEVLIN'S STORE.



THE WINDSOR HOUSE.



MOUNT PLEASANT: RESIDENCE OF MR. W. R. THISTLE.

MINING.—VIEWS OF AYLMER, P.Q.

SHEATHING THE SWORD.

"We have brought you back Peace, but Peace with Honour, and such a Peace as, I hope, will satisfy the Sovereign and the Country."

—Spoken by Lord Beaconsfield from the window in Downing Street, 16th July, 1878.

I.

"I bring you Peace;" hear the thrice-blest Commission, Ye hearts that long have stood prepared for strife; Disarm, and sow and reap free from suspicion, Sell, buy, enjoy, promote the arts of Life! With transport let us hail the great reprieve, If that with Honour we may it receive.

II.

"I bring you Peace, and bring you Honour too;" Among the assembled Powers the British nation Bore itself loftily, as one which knew Its rights, its influence, and its high vocation. Hail, then, to Peace! hail, then, to Honour more! Again stands England as she stood of yore.

III.

No longer sunk in self—no longer seeking Specious excuse to shirk her duty's call, Nor in immunity gold-purchased sneaking; She'll prop the weak and raise up them that fall. For righteous ends confront we freely dangers— Our talent must be put to the exchangers.

IV.

But while we welcome Peace, sound aye the fame Of him whose skill and patience served our need— Who rancorous foes and frowning friends o'ercame, And showed how Constancy and Pluck succeed: To him our hearty offering let us yield, Praise, Honour, Gratitude to BEACONSFIELD!

W. G. H.

THE YOUNG HEIRESS.

"You're not serious, Ernest? Just pass me another cigar, and acknowledge that your last speech was a bit of unmitigated bosh."

Ernest Campbell pushed the box of Woodvilles across the table, and then leaned back in the arm-chair he was occupying beside the fire of his old college chum, Fred Murray.

Cannot a man make an honest decision without hearing it ridiculed?" he asked, at length.

"My dearest boy," said Fred, pompously, "I have a habit of calling things by their right names. I don't presume it will assist me in rising at the bar, but it renders me invaluable to my friends. For instance, if I had been a mere common-place character, I should have agreed with you in all you have said, and let you go to destruction your own way. As it is, I say, Ernest, old fellow, it's very well to despise money when one can't get it. I can discourse, by the hour, myself, on the pleasures of poverty, when my purse is empty; but for a man, in the nineteenth century, in his sober senses, or supposed to be so, to turn up his nose at thirty thousand pounds, passes my belief!"

"There's more things on earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy," quoted Ernest, watching the rings of smoke that floated around his head. "Neither do I remember any pretence of despising money. A man with a very limited income, and a poor prospect of increasing it, rarely does; I only object to becoming wealthy after a base and ignoble fashion."

Fred Murray cast up his eyes. "Hear him, ye gods! to have such a chance, and talk like this! Here's a fellow for you! An heiress offered to him; a pretty, lively, sensible girl, with thirty thousand pounds of her own, and he hesitates! I wish such offers were transferable; I'd step into your shoes, with the greatest of pleasure."

"I don't believe it," Ernest sharply retorted. "No man can marry a woman solely for her fortune, without feeling himself debased by the transaction."

"But, zounds, man! can't you marry her for herself?"

"A girl I've never seen since her babyhood, and who knows as well as I do that our fathers arranged this union before we were old enough to comprehend what matrimony means? No, no, Fred; I should have felt reluctant to carry out such plans when fortune smiled upon us; but now that my father's losses have made us poor, I can't and I won't woo the heiress; so we'll change this subject for a pleasanter one."

But Fred Murray was not so easily silenced. He was a volatile fellow, but a staunch friend; and after smoking for a minute or two, and answering at random the remarks made to him, he resumed the forbidden topic.

"Ernest, your father's conduct, under very trying circumstances, evoked every one's praise. It was universally acknowledged that he acted with the greatest integrity; and, for his sake, ought you not to think seriously before you refuse to marry Miss Linden?"

Ernest Campbell flung his cigar into the fire, and leaned his head on his hands.

"I'll confess to you, Fred, that this is the only point in the affair that troubles me. The dear old father has set his heart upon the match, and as Miss Linden was fortuneless when the compact was made, he considers my objection far-fetched. We argue till I hate the name of an heiress, and we part mutually dissatisfied."

Fred mused again. "Miss Linden is in town, isn't she?" he presently said.

"For a few days, I believe."

"Then go and see her, Ernest. You have had a general invitation from her guardian, haven't you?"

"Yes," replied the young man.

"Then avail yourself of the opportunity without delay," his friend again urged.

"And if the lady should lift her eyebrows at my audacity in presenting myself—"

"Bah!" broke in the impetuous Fred. "Look in that glass, if the dust will let you, and just ask yourself if the owner of such an Apollo's head, and six feet of muscles and sinews, need be afraid of being frowned upon!"

Ernest laughed, and his handsome, dark face flushed a little; but he gently replied, "You are very encouraging, Master Fred, but I don't feel disposed to venture. There are thirty thousand reasons why I should follow my own course, and avoid Miss Linden until my own position is a more assured one, or chance brings us acquainted."

"Go your way for an obstinate, chivalrous, unworldly Cymon!" growled Murray. "I've done with you."

"Then I think I'll go and see Helen Faucit, in the 'Lady of Lyons,' at the Theatre," said Ernest, taking his hat. "It may be the last opportunity. Will you accompany me?"

"No; I've hindered myself with you too long. I've a case to read up before I sleep to-night. Ta, ta! and don't come back till you've recanted some of your errors."

Fred Murray settled to work, and his friend carried out his intention of enjoying one of the last impersonations of the clever actress. Bulwer's fine play was followed by a clever burlesque; but the comic element jarred against a mind strung to so high a pitch by the eloquence of the struggle between love and pride he had just seen so forcibly portrayed, and he quitted the theatre.

The January night was cold, but clear and invigorating; the streets almost deserted, save by a policeman, who civilly gave the young man a light for his cigar.

At the same moment, two female figures, wrapped from head to foot in hooded waterproofs, rapidly crossed the road from the direction of the theatre, passed on, paused irresolutely and then returned to accost the policeman; Ernest drawing back, that his presence might not be a restraint upon them.

They asked for a certain street, which the man indicated, and, with a courteous "Thanks," the muffled figures quickened their steps; but during the short pause, a movement on the part of the tallest had displaced her cloak, and Ernest saw that she wore beneath it a rich evening dress of white and blue.

The policeman looked after them with a comical expression on his good-humoured face. He, too, had caught a glimpse of a white arm, with a rich bracelet upon it.

"Queer thing for ladies to do, isn't it, sir?" he remarked.

"I don't understand you," said Ernest.

The man laughed.

"Oh, 'tain't the first time I've been asked the way to — street. There's a woman lives in it as sets up for a fortune-teller; and if you'll believe me, sir, there is many ladies of good education goes to hear her rubbish, as poor girls, who may be forgiven for knowing no better."

"But I thought such impostors were always apprehended," Ernest observed.

He nodded.

"So they are, sir, when we catch hold of 'em. My beat lies this way, so I'll bid ye good night! If you should meet my mate, will ye ask him to keep an eye on — street till them ladies have left it?—for there's a queer character or two generally lurking about the end of it, who would make short work with them smart rings and bracelets."

Ernest promised compliance and went on. He soon came in sight of the young ladies, who had been joined by a fashionably-dressed young man, on whose arm the tallest was leaning, the other walking a few paces ahead. As he passed, he heard the girl who clung to their male companion sob convulsively, and murmur, "Dear Richard, for my sake, you will promise this! Ah! if you knew what I have been suffering since our last meeting!"

Ashamed to play the eavesdropper, Ernest quickened his steps; but, a little curious to see the end of this adventure, he returned along the opposite side of the street, where the deep shadows of the tall houses hid him from those he was observing. With a passionate embrace, they were already parting, the young man striding rapidly away, the weeping girl drooping her head on the shoulder of her friend, who was evidently doing her best to console her.

But now Ernest saw, with quickening pulses, that his watch upon their movements was shared by two of the "queer characters" to whom the man in blue had alluded. From the doorway in which they had been loitering, they came up behind the unconscious girls, exchanged signals, and evidently only waited an opportunity to rob them.

Buttoning his coat over his breast, and fixing his hat more firmly on his head, Ernest bounded across the road, but not in time to prevent the attack. A glittering chain around the neck of the tallest of the ladies had been clutched by one of the fellows. It broke, and rapidly passing to his mate the watch and trinkets appended to it, he was preparing to drag the bracelet from her arm, when a well-directed blow sent him rolling upon the pavement.

He was about to pursue the other thief, who had made off with the booty, when the younger girl prevented him.

"Ah! sir, do not leave us!" she exclaimed, piteously.

Ernest turned directly he heard the appeal, and hastened to assist her in supporting the lady who had been subjected to the thief's violence. She was half fainting; but an urgent whisper from her friend made her struggle to retain her composure.

Two or three persons were coming towards them; and not at all desirous of being made the centre of a curious crowd, Ernest politely asked if he should procure them a cab.

"Our carriage will be waiting for us at the doors of — Theatre," was the reply. "If we may trespass on your courtesy to protect us there, we shall be very grateful."

"I shall be happy to do so;" Ernest replied, "and also to endeavour to recover the watch of which you have been robbed, if you will give me a description of it."

The ladies looked at each other, and conferred together. Then the younger answered, in the soft, sweet tones he was already learning to distinguish, "We thank you, sir; but prefer to pay the price of our foolish enterprise."

"If you will promise to keep our secret," murmured the elder—a speech that evidently annoyed her companion, who made an impatient movement, and murmured something in her ear, which she pettishly answered aloud:—

"But it is no use to pretend to deny that I am anxious to conceal what I—what has happened."

"You need not be under any uneasiness, ladies," Ernest said, a little haughtily. "When I have seen you in safety, I shall make a point of forgetting that we have met."

They now walked on in silence. On reaching the theatre, crowds were pouring from it; and Ernest with difficulty piloted his fair charges to the principal entrance.

"Surely we need not trespass any longer on the gentleman's politeness?" the younger said to her companion.

"But the carriage, Annie; how shall we be able to find it?" And an appealing look from the dark eyes was cast upon Ernest, who gallantly answered it.

"You must permit me to look for it. By what name shall I inquire?"

"Miss Linden's," the elder answered.

With difficulty repressing a start, Ernest Campbell bowed, and departed, hearing the younger lady murmur something, as he went, about "Imprudent!"

A servant in very sober livery, driving a plain but elegant brougham, answered his call; and in a few minutes he had handed the ladies into the carriage, receiving from the younger merely a silent bow; but her friend leaned forward to give him her hand, and express her grateful sense of his kindness, at the same time throwing back her hood, and permitting him a fuller view of her handsome brunette face.

As they drove away, his eye fell upon something glittering at his feet. It was the bracelet the thief had tried to wrest from her arm. His violence had injured the clasp, and it had dropped off when she shook hands with Ernest, who put it into his pocket, with an amused smile.

"Fate seems to be conspiring with Fred Murray to bring me *en rapport* with the heiress. What will she say if she ever learns that the man whom her father chose for her, witnessed this night her clandestine meeting with the one she had chosen for herself? Shall I return this ornament to her, with Mr. Campbell's compliments, or carry it to her myself? Although a marriage with Miss Linden is now totally out of the question, I should have no objection to improving my acquaintance with her companion. How modestly reserved she was! and how sweet and low her accents were! I detest your loud-voiced, chattering women!"

The result of Ernest's cogitations found him at the hotel in which Miss Linden's guardian had taken apartments as early on the morrow as decorum permitted. The same old man-servant he had seen on the previous evening took his card, and showed him into a sitting-room, promising that he did not think any one was up but Miss Linden's companion, Miss Ayris.

A low exclamation met Ernest's ear as he entered the room at the heels of his usher; and a young lady, in a very quiet dress of dark merino, rose from a table at which she was writing, the delicate tints of her fair face lost in the deep crimson that covered it as the gentleman greeted her. So the "Annie" of the previous night's adventure was Miss Linden's hired companion! Just what he had expected; she had evidently too much delicacy to have entered willingly into such an enterprise.

He hastened to relieve her embarrassment. "I am glad I have found you alone. You need have no fears that I shall be wanting in discretion. The old friendship that existed between Miss Linden's father and mine is one excuse for this call; the other is here! Miss Linden dropped this bracelet last night, and I thought it would be more prudent to restore it personally than provoke remark by sending it."

Still drooping her long fringes over her hazel eyes, Annie stood twisting the bracelet over her fingers. "What must you think?" she faltered, and then dropped into her chair, as if overpowered with shame and confusion.

"Of you," said Ernest, seating himself beside her, "I think nothing which need make you uneasy. I saw from the first how unwillingly you participated in Miss Linden's plans, and honoured you for your scruples."

There was a little dash of scorn in his mention of the heiress, which Annie was quick to feel. She raised her eyes to his deprecatingly.

"Are not you judging my friend rather harshly? If you knew why she arranged —" Then pausing irresolutely, she added, "But I have no right to reveal the secrets of others."

"Neither have I any desire to learn them," Ernest replied. "It was no such idle curiosity that brought me here this morning."

"But," she stammered, "you may think that my friend—her peculiar relations to—"

With a vivid blush, she came to another pause, and Ernest finished her sentence for her—"to myself. You are mistaken, my dear Miss Ayris; I have no intention of becoming a suitor for Miss Linden's hand."

The bright hazel eyes glanced at him inquiringly, but were averted as soon as they detected the admiration in his.

"I believe Miss Linden has been taught to consider herself bound by some compact?" said the young lady.

"Which has not prevented her receiving the addresses of others, has it?" queried Ernest significantly.

"Indeed, you do her an injustice!" said Annie, with some warmth. "She would have striven to obey the will of her father."

"It is fortunate, then, for both of us that I am too proud and too poor to wish it," Ernest coldly retorted. "You are a generous champion of the young lady, Miss Ayris. To please you, I'll try to think well of her. And now tell me if I am interrupting some pleasanter occupation than talking to me is likely to prove?"

"No," she answered; "the notes were of no consequence."

And finding her willing to listen, Ernest talked his best. His fair companion was unusually well informed, and they ranged from subject to subject, sometimes agreeing, sometimes merely defending their own opinions, until the manservant entering with a message, recalled them to a consciousness that the gentleman's call had extended over a period of an hour and three-quarters.

"I am afraid Miss Linden will not be able to see you this morning, Mr. Campbell. Her throat is swelled, and so painful, that she sends to bid me make her excuses."

"Pray convey to her my regrets," he carelessly replied.

Then, with a lingering pressure of the taper fingers he was holding, asked if he might bring her a book of which they had been speaking. She hesitated.

"We return to Fernhurst on Monday," she presently said.

"So soon! But I may come to-morrow or Saturday? Pray, say yes!"

"Miss Linden will be pleased to see you, I dare say," Annie slyly answered.

Though very much disposed to say, "Both Miss Linden!" he contented himself with saying, "Then I shall certainly come; that is, if you will endorse what you have just told me, and let me have the pleasure of thinking that you will welcome me also?"

She did not reply; but the shy glance, the tremulous play of her rosy lips, sent him away perfectly satisfied, and imbued with the conviction that he had seen, at last, a woman worth winning.

Mr. Saville, a boisterous, good-hearted, hot-tempered country squire, met him in the hall when he paid his next visit.

"Glad to see you, my boy—very glad to see you! They told me you had called. Come as often as you like. But, stay! we are going home again in a day or two. Can't be away at this season! Will you go down to Fernhurst with us?"

Ernest politely declined the invitation, not a little to the old gentleman's surprise.

"You won't eh? Perhaps we don't travel fast enough for you? Well, join us, will you? Come when you like. Always welcome, you know. Best make your arrangements with the ladies. You'll find them up-stairs. No you won't, though. Augusta's gone shopping, I know; but whether she's taken Miss Ayris with her or—"

"Permit me to go and learn for myself," said Ernest, more disappointed at the prospect of having missed seeing the gentle Annie, than he would have liked Miss Linden's guardian to know.

Ah, fate was propitious! In the prettiest and simplest of walking dresses, a charming little hat perched on her nut-brown tresses, the young lady herself emerged from the sitting-room as he approached it.

"My friend is out! Are you destined to be unfortunate, Mr. Campbell?" she asked, as she returned with him to the apartment.

"I was just assuring myself to the contrary," he said, so ardently that she was mute. But the little shyness produced by his manner soon vanished, and they chatted as cheerfully and even more familiarly than before. It was with considerable difficulty that Ernest could tear himself away.

"So you return to Fernhurst directly, and I shall see you no more!" he observed with a sigh.

What was the charm about this young girl that had enthralled him already to such a degree that he contemplated losing sight of her with keen regret?

"I understood," she said, after a troubled pause, during which she seemed to share his emotion,— "I understood that you had been invited to Fernhurst?"

"Yes; but would it be right to go there, knowing the inferences that would be drawn from my doing so?"

"You are not very polite to Miss Linden," said Annie, reproachfully. "Cannot you regard her as the daughter of one of your father's oldest friends, and accept her proffered hospitality without so many doubts as to what Mrs. Grundy will say?"

Ernest, amused. He was less inclined than ever to encounter the heiress; and he knew that his going to Fernhurst would raise the hopes of his

father, only to disappoint them. Still, he could not positively determine to refuse an opportunity of seeing the heiress's companion again.

He bade her adieu, with a reluctance so evident, that she blushed deeply, and a tear glittered on her eyelashes.

"I will not say farewell, but *au revoir*, Mr. Campbell," she faltered, "I cannot fancy that this is our last meeting."

He put his lips to the hand she had laid so confidently in his, and left her. He was angry with himself for having lingered so long beside her. What right had he thus to ensnare the affections of a gentle young creature to whom he could only offer a share in the struggles of his chequered fortunes? He had done wrong in seeing her again—wrong in letting her perceive the hold she had taken upon his heart.

For a week, Ernest Campbell made himself miserable with such thoughts as these; and then the offer of a berth in one of the colonies aroused brighter hopes. It might still be years before he should achieve a position equal to what he had once held; but if put in possession of a certain income, there would be no great folly in trying to take a sweet little wife with him. Annie Ayris, accustomed to a life of dependence, might not refuse to share the lot of a comparatively poor man. At all events, he would not quit England without seeing her, and hearing from her own lips whether she reciprocated his affection.

Another week—tolerably long, because full of suspense—and then the appointment was confirmed; and, on an ever-remembered thirteenth of February, Ernest Campbell went down to Fernhurst. The weather—always capricious at this season of the year—had become bitingly cold. A sharp frost had set in, and the ornamental waters in the parks were thronged by joyous skaters.

Bluff, hearty Mr. Saville came out to greet his visitor to Fernhurst, as soon as he learned his arrival.

"Ah, Mr. Campbell; glad to see you! So you've come to us, after all! Second thoughts best, eh? Always find 'em so myself, except in the hunting field! Don't do to stop and think there, especially when there's a ditch before you and a dozen riders pounding in the rear? Terrible weather for us fox-hunters, isn't it? Glorious for the skaters, though! All our young folk are off to try their skill on the lake in the park."

"With your permission, sir, I'll walk there, and have a look at them," said the impatient Ernest.

"Do so—do so; and I'll walk with you. Hi! Hector, Nep! Come, dogs, come! A stroll will do us all good!"

With the old gentleman trotting briskly beside him, and keeping up a running fire of comments, Ernest crossed the crisp sward of the finely-wooded park, and presently came in sight of the sheet of water on which the party were disporting.

Mr. Saville uttered an exclamation of dismay as he saw that they had all congregated to one part of the lake, where a tall and stylish-looking lady was executing some very graceful evolutions.

"How foolish!" he exclaimed; "I told them to avoid that end of the water, for there are springs there, and the ice is decidedly weak in that part."

He shouted a warning to them as he hurried on. But they did not hear him; and Ernest, catching the infection of his evident alarm, proposed to hasten forward and repeat it.

The Squire, panting with his exertions, nodded assent, and the young man bounded down the slope. Ere he was half-way to the lake, an ominous crack in the ice was heard. With piercing shrieks, the terrified sisters fled in all directions, and reached the banks safely, with one exception.

The tall girl, in whom he now recognised the heiress, had been jostled by some one in the flight, had staggered, and nearly fallen; but was just recovering her equilibrium, when the glassy sheet gave way beneath her weight, and she was engulfed in the waters below.

Without a moment's hesitation, Ernest sped to her rescue. He reached her, but only to find himself in a peril as imminent as her own. She knew him, and, in her frenzied terror, clutched the hands with which he was trying to grasp her. Deaf to his entreaties, she wildly implored him to save her, and commenced struggling so violently, that the ice parted in all directions; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in keeping his own head above water. Fortunately, he retained his presence of mind, and succeeded not only in placing himself in the best possible attitude under the circumstances, but, by his own calmness, prevailed upon her to obey his directions.

"Unless you are still, we must both inevitably perish. Be quiet, and wait the issue of the efforts that are sure to be made to rescue us."

When he first ventured on the ice, Ernest had heard an agonized cry from a voice he knew. Annie was there—Annie saw his danger; and now his eye sought the trembling group on the bank, of which she doubtless made one. As is customary in such cases, suggestions were being made that could not be carried out. People were running in all directions; Mr. Saville was alternately shouting orders to his servants, and exhortations to Ernest to hold up, for help was at hand.

At last, a rope was brought; but how was this, in the rotten state of the ice, to be conveyed to the young man and his now fainting companion? Ernest set his teeth together as

he saw strong men look at each other, and felt his own strength failing.

Then a clear, soft voice boldly said, "I am the lightest of you all. Give me the rope;" and eluding the arms extended to detain her, he saw Annie, her face as white as death, but her eyes gleaming with resolution, seize the coil from the man who held it, and come gliding towards him.

"Back, back!" he cried. "Must you perish too? I will not accept my life if yours must be the price of it!"

She heard him, but still she kept steadily on, warily avoiding the dangerous places, and pausing when she was near enough to fling the rope. The ice bent beneath her light feet, and Ernest forgot his own numbed limbs in the agony of dread that assailed him as he watched her. And now she flings the noose towards him, and those on shore breathlessly await the result. Alas! it has fallen short, for her weak arms lack the required strength, and a repressed groan breaks from the lookers on. One upward glance, one fervent prayer, a more careful calculation of the distance, and the rope lies so near Ernest's hand that by shifting his hold of the helpless girl whose head has drooped over his shoulder, he is able to grasp it, and every one breathes again.

Not till Annie had glided back to the shore, and given the other end of the rope into the hands of a stout, strong man, did Ernest seem able to realize the prospect of escape the brave little maiden's action had secured to him. Not till then did he feel how terribly numbed and helpless he was fast becoming. Indeed, on being drawn out of the water, he lost all consciousness, and was carried to the house, as near death apparently as the pale girl he had been sustaining. A doctor and Mr. Saville were standing near the bed directing the usual appliances when he regained his senses.

"He's alive! he knows us!" cried Mr. Saville, with a sob. "God bless you, my gallant boy! Now don't talk; Mr. Jones says you must not, till you've had a refreshing sleep."

"But I must ask how—"

"How Angelina is? Recovering fast, thank heaven! We shall have you both up and well in a few days, I hope. Now don't talk—pray don't talk, but sleep; and—don't think I'm not grateful to you—but Angelina must thank you herself."

But here Mr. Jones interposed, and led him away; and Ernest tried to obey the Squire's injunctions. But it was long before his excited nerves ceased to re-act the scene he had passed through; and the gray dawn was peeping through his curtains when he succeeded in obtaining an hour's repose.

He was up before the family appeared to be stirring; for he was eager to procure an interview with Annie, and leave Fernhurst ere the heiress was sufficiently recovered to tender him the thanks her guardian had promised. Stiff and feverish from his long immersion, he sallied forth to try the effects of a brisk walk in the morning air. A thaw had set in during the night, and the air was balmy with the breath of the coming spring, though the gravel walks still rung out hard beneath the tread. A turn in the shrubbery, and Annie was before him; a cluster of snow-drops, firstlings of the year, in the little hands that had done him such good service not many hours since.

She started, and flushed, on finding him so near.

"Good morrow, sweet Valentine!" he exclaimed, gallantly, and possessed himself at once of the flowers and fingers from which they were fluttering. "Dear preserver of my life, good morrow!"

"I had forgotten the day," she said, with a gentle effort to extricate herself.

"But I had not; and shall regard the meeting as a good omen. I was devising schemes for securing an hour's conversation with you, and behold! the opportunity is here."

"But I am in haste," the young lady objected; "and you have not yet inquired for Miss Linden."

"I beg pardon; Mr. Saville informed me last night that she is recovering. Besides, I have other things to think of, that are of paramount importance to me and, I hope, the dear, dear girl to whom the life you have saved shall be dedicated, if you permit it!"

Annie began to tremble a little; but drawing her arm through his, he manfully set before her his prospects, and then asked her if she would consent to share them.

"But your father, Mr. Campbell, who expects you to wed an heiress," she said, faltering—"what would he say to you choosing a penniless dependent instead?"

"It may vex him at first, I confess; but when he knows you, he will acknowledge that I have done wisely."

"And yet, if you knew Miss Linden as well as I do, you might regret your haste," Annie coyly observed.

"Never! I love you, and you only!" And Ernest repeated this in many different forms, and even proceeded to seal his avowals on her rosy lips.

"It is very sweet to be loved for one's self," said Annie, smiling through the tears that shone in her eyes; "but ere I promise too much, we must both of us remember that I owe something to Mr. Saville, who has been my true and generous friend for years."

"Let us go to him at once," said Ernest, who felt that the sooner the Squire knew the precise nature of his intentions, the better.

Mr. Saville always breakfasted in his study, and thither they went. A middle-aged lady

was pouring out his tea for him, and arranging his newspapers; but both occupations were forgotten when the young couple entered.

"Glad to see you about again, my boy!" cried his bluff host, putting down his knife and fork, and coming forward to shake hands. "You don't look much the worse for being half drowned—really you don't; and my little girl here is like a rose this morning. Ah! what does it all mean?—what's this?" he added, in surprise, for Annie had quitted the arm of Ernest, and was weeping on his breast.

"It means sir," said Ernest, with a flush upon his manly face, "that my happiness is bound up in the hope that you will make no objection to my marrying Miss Ayris."

Throwing his arm around Annie, the Squire drew back a step, and grew very red in the face, whilst the middle-aged lady gave a little shriek, and sank into a chair.

"Marry Miss Ayris! Why—why, you're mad!" exclaimed Mr. Saville.

"Sir!" and Ernest Campbell drew himself up haughtily.

"You're mad, I say! or else—or else there's been some con— Speak Annie!—what does it mean?"

She raised her face, and gazed at Ernest, on whom conviction was slowly dawning, while she answered the Squire: "It means, dear guardian, that, by some odd mistake, Mr. Campbell has concluded that your stately niece, Angelina Denzil, is Miss Linden; and that I am—she nodded and smiled at the middle-aged lady—"Miss Linden's friend and companion."

"Well?" queried the still mystified Squire.

"Well, and what next?"

"I don't know, sir; unless Mr. Campbell will forgive me for being an heiress. Ah! if he knew how happy it has made me to be permitted this peep into his noble nature, and learned that when he wooed me, it was not as others have done—for my wealth!"

Ere she finished speaking, Ernest had impulsively drawn her from her guardian's embrace to his own.

"Humph!" said Mr. Saville. "I think, Miss Ayris, we're not wanted at any further explanations these young people may wish to make. And I say, Annie, if there's the usual pile of valentines for you, I may make them over on some one else, mayn't I? You've chosen the only one you'll care to keep, haven't you?"

"I believe I have," returned Ernest, with a bright smile playing over his face. "What say you, Annie?"

"Don't ask, Ernest."

And she nestled more closely within his embrace.

Somehow, Ernest Campbell stayed at Fernhurst; and, in the course of a few days, was able to renew his acquaintance with the handsome Angelina, who was sufficiently recovered to rally him unmercifully on his error.

"You'll be glad to know," she said, more soberly, "that my uncle has forgiven Richard, and that he is keeping his promise of amendment. But you look perplexed, Mr. Campbell. Didn't you guess that it was a scapegrace brother I coaxed Annie to evade Miss Ayris and steal out with me to meet that night? Why, what have you been thinking about me?" she queried, a little angrily.

This, Ernest thought it prudent to decline confessing; but to prove his repentance for misjudging the really amiable girl, he persuaded Fred Murray to join the party at Fernhurst, and assist in the arduous duties pertaining to the first bride's-maid; and there is a whisper afloat that ere St. Valentine's Day dawns upon us again, another couple will have followed Ernest and his Annie to the altar. L. C.

FOOT NOTES

POETS AND TAVERNS.—It is a curious fact that so many dwellings, once the homes of poets, should have been public houses at one time or another. Burns' native cottage was a house of this description; the house in which Moore was born was a whiskey shop; and Shelley's house at Great Marlow, a beer shop. Even Coleridge's residence at Nether Stowey, the very house in which the poet composed his sweet "Ode to the Nightingale," became an ordinary beer house. A house in which James Montgomery lived for forty years, at Sheffield, was a beer shop; and the birthplace of Kirke White is now a house for retailing intoxicating beverages.

PARIS IN THE MORNING.—It is an interesting sight to take a seat on the top of a street car at an early hour in the morning and witness the cleaning process that everything is undergoing. The housekeepers bring out all their rubbish and pile it up in the street, one pile for every four or five houses. It is no sooner emptied than the rag-pickers, who swarm the streets with their bags and buckets and hand-carts, pounce upon it and gather up all the fragments of paper, rags or metal to be found in the piles. They are so numerous that there is a scramble on every street, and they move from pile to pile as if their lives depended on their activity. They seem to take away one-third of the rubbish. Servants are everywhere to be seen with broom and bucket in hand cleaning off the fronts. The streets are being sprinkled with hose, and an army of men and women with birch brooms are sweeping the streets. On the boulevards horse-brushing machines are in motion, and the garbage carts are removing the piles thrown out by

the housekeepers. Water is turned on in all the gutters, and women with brooms are engaged washing them down. Men with hose are watering all the roots of all the hundreds of thousands of trees on the boulevards, and taking up the gratings so as to loosen the earth around them. All, or nearly all, this work is being done by the city authorities, and by nine o'clock the city is as clean as broom and brush and water can make it.

THE PATHOS OF HUMAN LIFE.—No poet since Burns—none, perhaps, since Shakespeare—has known and felt so deeply as Mr. Browning the pathos of human life. Other poets can feel as deeply as he its mystery and its wonderfulness. Other poets can feel as deeply as he—more deeply, perhaps—the fire of personal passion; at least, they can thrill us more intensely than he with the cries of an individual soul in its supreme ecstasy of joy or pain. But none save the two we have mentioned and Mr. Tennyson in "Tears, Idle Tears," realizes as he does the unutterable pathos of the tangled web as a whole; none sees so clearly what a pathetic thing it is to live and die, and to be surrounded by myriads of others who live and die—"to be here," as Corporal Trim says, "to-day and gone to-morrow"—to come we know not whence, fluttering for a day or two "in the sunshine and the rain;" to leave it and go we know not whither; to feel that our affections, however deep, our loves, however passionate, are twined around beings whose passage is more evanescent than "the flight of the swift bird across the sky"—may more fleeting (as the Talmud says) than "the shadow along the grass of the bird as it flies"—beings dearer to us nevertheless than our heart's blood, and dearer still for this, that when they leave us we know we shall never see them any more as they now are, and half dread that we may never see them any more at all.

HUMOROUS.

Do you wish to get up with the lark? Then go to bed without it.

A SMART boy and a gun are harmless when apart, but they make a terrific combination.

'TIS NIGHT. The moon her silent sable wears and firteth with the stars. (Give it a lift.)

RED used on a railway signifies danger, and says "Stop." It is the same thing displayed on a man's nose.

IF Columbus had known how New England would turn out as to defaulters he would have turned round and gone the other way.

SOME men keep savage dogs around their houses so that the hungry poor who stop "to get a bite" may get it outside the door.

LAMARTINE said: "A French republic would be a possibility if any one was willing to be the second person in it."

ONE opera singer will draw out a larger church congregation than the best sermon ever delivered. Let us think these things over.

NOTHING betrays the innocence of men's natures more than to see one feeling all over his coat-tails to find a pocket which is in his coat at home.

IF the sun knew his business, says the Detroit Free Press, he'd concentrate his rays upon the heads of a great many men who can't be hung and who refuse to drown themselves.

IT was about this time of the year when the little boy expressed the wish that he was built like a hencoop, out of laths, so that the breeze could blow right through him.

THE planet Mercury may be inhabited, but probably not. If they were lively chaps up there they couldn't refrain from throwing tomatoes down at the white plug hats worn on this earth.

IF a man works for a week and gets nothing for his labour, he takes it as bad luck and says nothing; but when he spends five minutes in sharpening a lead pencil and the point breaks off, he jumps around like a madman.

"I WISH you would not give me such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer who had an outstanding bill against him. "And I wish you wouldn't give me such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

IT would make a stone image turn green with envy to observe the expression of profound abstraction that settles down on the face of a worshipper when the contribution basket gets within about three pews of him.

A LECTURER, addressing a mechanics' institute, contended that "art could not improve nature," when one of the audience set the whole assembly in a roar by exclaiming: "How would you look without your wig?"

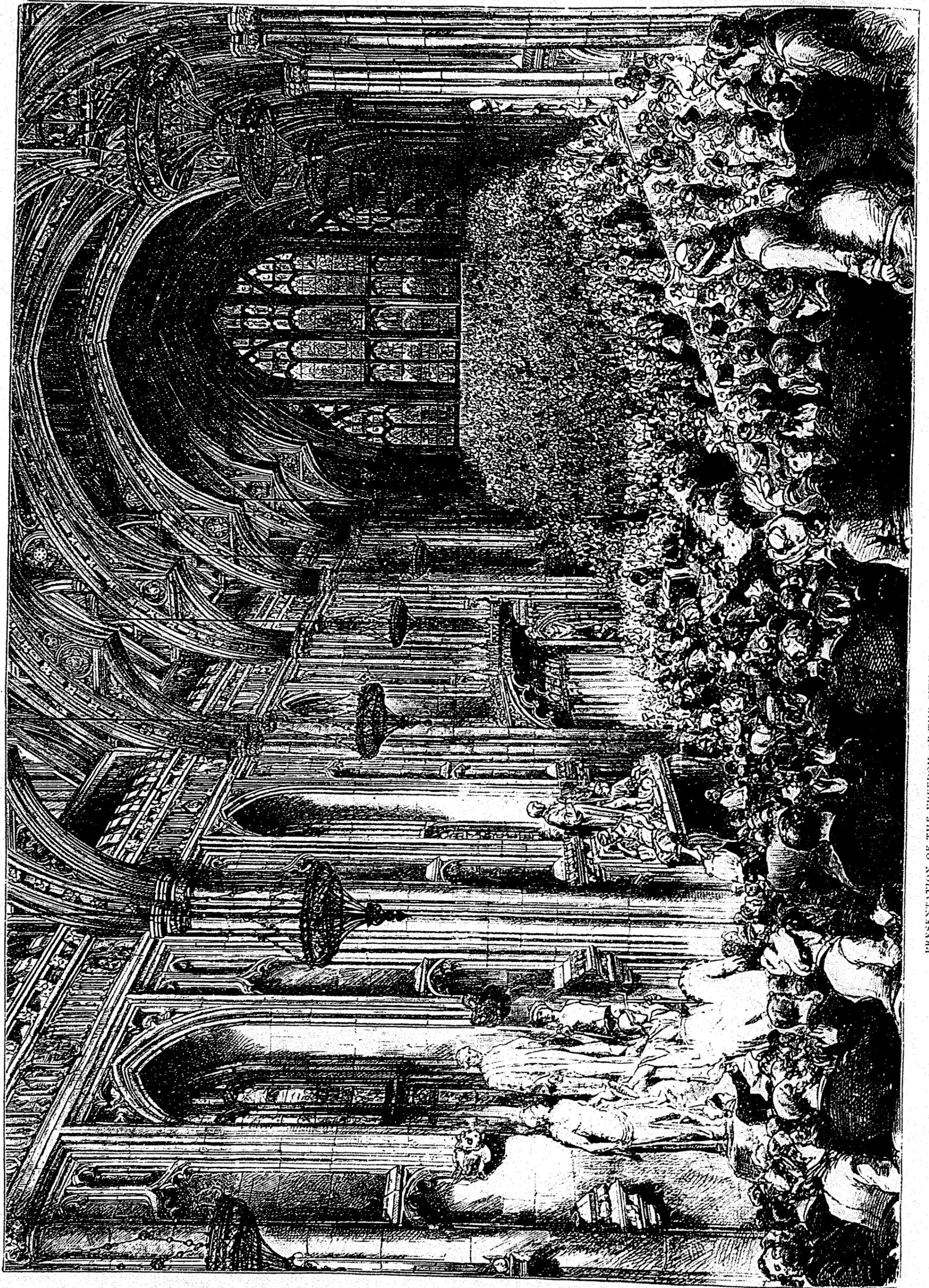
"WHAR was de sun dis morning?" asked Rev. Mr. Jasper of Virginia. "Why, dat side o' my house. Whar is it now? Whv, dis side o' my house; darfur de sun must ha' got round it, an' it couldn't do dat standing still. Wharfur de sun moves, sah!"

MAKING the best of it is a good rule for everybody. "What is the matter?" asked a lawyer of his coachman. "The horses are running away, sir." "Can you pull them up?" "I'm afraid not." "Then," said the lawyer, after judicial delay, "run into something cheap."

How women can manage to sit bolt upright, and not change a position, looking neither to the right nor left during a sermon in church, passes the understanding. A man will sit on a picket-line all the afternoon to see a ball match, but put him in a church-pew for three-quarters of an hour and he will wobble all over the seat. It can be said for the women that they do not wobble.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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



PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON TO LORDS BEACONSFIELD AND SALISBURY.



THE FLAG OF TRUCE.—FROM A PAINTING BY DETAILLE IN THIS YEAR'S SALON.

FRAGRANT BLOOM.

O, roses red and white, that glow
In summer glory at her door.
Fade, fall and die, that winter snow
May speed the springtime home once more!

O, roses red and white, that shine
Stars on the nimbus of her hair.
Tell her that all your thorns are mine,
Her tokens in my heart to wear!

O, roses red and white, that climb
About the windows of her room.
Breathe her the burden of my rhyme
In silent speech of fragrant bloom!

DARKNESS.

Dark masses of angry clouds drift swiftly across
A sullen sky. One, blacker than the rest, over-
rides them, shaped like a gigantic fiend.

I accept this presage; she is a human soul and
escaping from a legion of tormenting devils into
boundless space.

It is long past midnight. Soon the intermi-
nable chimes of the old church clock will play
again, and it will strike "One!" the knell of a
departed soul.

My preparations are perfect, I think. I should
have liked to challenge the opinion of a world
that dealt hardly with me, by asserting the con-
viction which has slowly shaped itself from a
contradictory crowd of perplexing dogmas and
superstitious beliefs.

It is clear to me that when the always doubt-
ful boon of an unasked existence becomes a bur-
den and a curse, it is but right and fair the suf-
ferer should relieve himself of it if he see fit.

But the world is not ready for my creed; and
for the sake of the few friends whom I should
grieve to shock and pain, I suppress it. Lying
circumstantial evidence will prove my death ac-
cidental, and it will be only a quiet grief to them.

A long letter to my brother lies unfinished on
my desk; a cheerful, chatty epistle, in which I
propose to meet him in town next week. It
was easy to arrange that the lamp should burn
down ere it was finished, and that my stump of
bedroom candle, lighted with the last match in
the box, should follow suit.

Yes; one thing remains. My housekeeper
knows I have suffered so much lately from neu-
ralgia, that for quite a month I have been com-
pelled to swallow several drops of laudanum to
induce sleep at night. Since this habit became
confirmed, she has been accustomed to place a
wine-glass upon my medicine chest, and the
chest within arm's length of the bed.

There are three rows of tiny bottles in this
chest; the fourth bottle in the first row contains
laudanum, the fourth in the second row prussic
acid. Stretching forth my hand in the dark-
ness, might I not mistake the row?

I had this last bottle filled the other day, that
I might poison my dog—poor old Nero. He
died instantaneously—painlessly. Old, half
blind, existence was a burden, of which I merci-
fully relieved him.

Shall I be less merciful to myself?
One last dying flicker, and a column of black
smoke rises from the red wick. The candle has
gone out, and it is so dark I can barely distin-
guish the outline of the medicine chest. Where
is the glass? I have it. How my heart beats!
Kate—

One sudden thrill of pain, sharp but short,
and I am falling backwards. My right hand
sinks awkwardly upon my breast, the clenched
fingers grip the wine-glass. I try to unclasp
them—to raise it. I cannot. This then is
death. Death—yet life. Life intensified—de-
veloped.

To what extent I cannot yet tell; my mind is
in a whirl; a crowd of undefinable sensations
overwhelm and perplex me. I am in a state of
mental chaos, the elements of which refuse to
assume any degree of distinctness, save that I am
conscious of two things—expanded power—utter
loneliness.

As one miraculously born into the material
world—a man in stature, strength, intellect—an
infant in want of experience—so am I, hurried
unprepared into spiritual life.

As he, the man-babe, conscious of power, igno-
rant of its extent, might stretch covetous fingers
to grasp the sun—might try to leap a mountain,
yet make timorous circuits of a mole-hill, or
neglect the fruit within his reach—so shall I
essay, presently, to discover, by blundering ex-
periment, the conditions of this unknown ex-
istence. Meanwhile, I pause tremblingly upon
its threshold, and watch.

I am aware of forces within me that struggle
vaguely towards action, but they are restrained
by fear—the fear of a blindfolded man who longs
to run. I would fain supplement crude reason-
ing upon imperfect premises by careful obser-
vation ere I act.

I can see, or rather I have some subtle gift of
perception that is sight, and yet is not; for the
room is in darkness, and human sight would
fail. To me the minutest object is as clear as
at noonday. It would seem all the natural
senses remain, but they are keener. I feel the
salt breeze blow in at the open window; I hear
the faint rustle of the bedhangings as it stirs
them; I see the hands of my watch lying in its
pocket behind and above my head. They indi-
cate it is within two minutes of one o'clock.

More than this. I see through the solid walls
into the deserted square, down the narrow street
along the desolate shore, whereon the waves
beat, beat unceasingly.

I see every object memory recalls, one by one,
not as recollection might paint it, but with a
distinct perception of what is actually occurring
and I know instinctively that by a mere effort
of will I could pass to them, or to any strange
spot upon this earth, as the electric current
passes swiftly, and without noise.

That the old physical sight should be thus ex-
tended causes no thrill of surprise. A more
marvelous gift, that of spiritual vision, only im-
presses upon me the general fitness of things.
For a new world is open—a world existing con-
jointly with the old, but independent of it; a
world governed by fixed laws, as regular as
those of the material universe, but so distant
from them as to never clash.

A world of spirits. They pass and repass;
they throng the room, the house, the silent
streets. Earth, air, ocean, are but three great
highways, wherein they come and go at pleasure.
Matter offers no obstruction; they pervade it.
They have a language that is not speech—a
language of which I am as yet ignorant as an un-
taught man of a foreign tongue. Yet as he, cast
upon some strange shore, might partially in-
terpret look, or tone or gesture, so did I receive
impressions. Looking into these spirit-faces, I
dimly trace somewhat of happiness or misery,
and I wonder whether all the joy, and pain,
and striving of their past be not written there,
were I skilled to read; for as they regard me, I
am conscious my earth-history is revealed, with
its abrupt and shameful termination, and some-
thing comes into the gazing spirit-eyes—pitying
sadness, exultant triumph.

But, oh, the loneliness! Strangers all, with
no welcome for him who came uncalled among
them. Surely, surely, the whisper of the Great
Unseen is borne by angel-messengers to dying
mortal ears, and they usher him into this spirit-
land, and teach him its mysteries, but I entered
unsummoned.

A mark was set on Cain's brow, and he be-
came a wanderer on the face of the earth; so a
voice calls to me, the self-murderer, "Arise!
wander among thy fellows!" My punishment
has begun.

I stand by the bed, and look upon the rigid
face that just now was mine. Just now, or ages
ago? That old life, the griefs, the hopes, the
interests of it, are removed infinitely further
than childhood's pursuits from the grown man.
Yet, as he may recall, with curiously sympathe-
tic interest, the fancies, the illusions, the gener-
ous or naughty impulses of boyhood, I recall the
dead past—with this difference, that memory is
perfected.

Ah, it is so! Not an action of mortal life,
not a sin, struggle, defeat, triumph, but memory
produces with complete clearness, only I regard
them dispassionately, from a height that dwarfs
and narrows into nothingness, as a minister of
state might note the progress of a childish game.
All the twistings and turnings, inexplicable be-
fore, of that game of life I played and lost, are
clear now.

A little patience here, a little forbearance
there, a little boast in God's Providence, a little
thought of immortal interests hanging on weak
probationary threads, and I might have won.

That still, cold, up-staring face is nothing to
me, no more than worn-out clothes a man puts
off for the last time. I turn from it to pass in-
to the night.

Motion is but an effort of will, I am in the
open air, but whither shall I go? This horrible
loneliness! the more hard that I am in a
crowd. If one presence of the myriads that
throng around would lead me to occupation,
such as they must have, since they come and
go; but the wish is vain—a great gulf lies for
the present between us.

My mind reverts to the old ties, between which
and me lies a still more cruel gulf. They can-

not stir me; I am utterly beyond, as a star is be-
yond its broken reflection in the suddenly dis-
turbed water of some clear pool; but I am com-
pelled to examine them, that I may clearly
know whether the pain they brought did indeed
overpower the sweetness, beyond mortal strength
to bear.

There were not many in the existence I have
left behind, only three; and of these, two did not
greatly influence me. I will look first at them.

Inland, over miles and miles of field, wood,
moor; over brooks, rivers, and a great canal,
that lies silent and spectral in the moonlight
(for the sky has cleared), to a distant town sleep-
ing in the shadow of a great hill.

It is two o'clock now, but my brother is not in
his bedroom. He occupies an easy-chair in the
study; the gas burns brightly; a money-market
review lies open on the table. I come behind,
and place my hands on his two shoulders. He
does not stir. I pass before him in the glare of
the gas, and he looks straight at me, without a
sign of recognition.

I see his thoughts. That is one of my new
powers. They are of stocks and shares, and of
a promising speculation on the morrow.

As I leave the room, I pass before a large
looking-glass; but it reflects no form.

Through the hall, up the broad oaken stair-
case, and I pause before my mother's door, locked
as usual.

For an instant only. Now I am looking on
her dear wrinkled face, on silver hair contrasting
with snowy pillow.

A smile plays about the lips; she is in dream-
land.

"Oh, mysterious country, neither mortal nor
immortal, wherein the soul, which cannot sleep,
disports itself whilst the body takes repose, can
I, a spirit, enter thee?"

No—that may not be; but I can draw so near
that she can recognise me.

We stand, as it were, on opposite shores, be-
tween which rolls the river of death; but I stretch
forth my arms, and call, and she answers. Her
dream has changed; it is of me now. I hear my
murmured name as I leave her.

Ay, I leave her, to look once more on the face
of my lost love—the fair, false face that lured me
to destruction!

In an instant I stand beside her, whispering,
"Kate! Kate!"

"Great Heaven, have mercy! My punish-
ment is greater than I can bear!"

Oh, mystery of pain, thou torturing fiend,
how often have I marvelled that the inscrutable
Divine goodness permitted these earthly existence,
but here, in the spirit-land, thy power is in-
creased a thousandfold, and I have yet a pre-
vision my agony is dull and feeble compared with
that to come.

That beautiful countenance, which with all
my mortal strength I loved so well, is now, as
then, the instrument of my torment. Then it
rose before me day and night, repeating the fact
a host of corroborative evidence confirmed, that
my passion was vain—hopeless. Now it tells
me, by virtue of the new power, to read mortal
histories in mortal features; that my passion was
from the beginning returned; that the highest
earthly happiness was ever within my grasp.

Poor deluded fool and poor girl-mourner, to
whom the dawning day will bring grief unutter-
able, from the height of my far-removed spiri-
tual existence I pity both; and with all my
developed might I suffer.

Not because my earth-love cannot be part of
the spirit-life. Great as it was, it seems so small
a thing now. But I know it was the immortal
germ that might have been my greatest earthly
blessing, until in due time it followed me, puri-
fied, developed into this new life, which must
now be a loveless one through the ages. In that
Knowledge lies the pain.

How can I tell of it in the language of a left-
off existence? And as yet I have no other. It
has cruel refinements and ever-varying phases.
The myriad voices of nature, that speak so loudly
to some human beings, speak a thousand times
more loudly to me; and there are corresponding
influences of the unseen world only, that tell in
trumpet-tones of an offended Deity and of a dis-
tant horror of judgment, approaching with slow,
relentless tread.

I am an unholy soul, and they amongst whom
my present lot is cast are more or less impure.
Now and again a bright presence passes, on whom
I may not look; but I bow my head, and fall
prostrate. It is involuntary homage, paid to the
ministers of the Unseen. What, then, of the
guilty soul that may behold His visible face?

Why do these souls flee away—thousands, tens
of thousands? What terrible power holds my
feet that I cannot move? Let me struggle loose,
that I may escape, also!

Thank Heaven—blessed Heaven, a dream
only! May I be pardoned last night's intention!
It was laudanum I swallowed, after all, and I
must have fainted with emotion the instant I
had done so, passing from the swoon into sleep,
for now the glorious sun shines hopefully. How
could I mistake the bottle? I have time before
me.

HE PREFERRED TO WALK.—"She's pretty
hot, ain't she?" said a backwoodsman passenger,
addressing the engineer of a Mississippi steamer
that was racing with another boat.

"So-so," responded the engineer, as he hung
an additional wrench on the safety valve cord to
stop the steam escaping.

"I reckon we'll overtake that craft soon,"
pursued the passenger.

"That's about it," returned the engineer,
giving the cords another twitch and hallooing
through the trumpet to the fireman to "shove
her up."

"One hundred and ninety-five," hummed the
passenger, looking first at the gauge and then
at the boilers.

"That's about where she's rusticated," put
in the engineer.

Then the passenger ran his fingers through
his hair nervously and walked about the deck
for a few minutes, when he came back to the
engineer and observed:—

"Hadn't you better leave the boat go?"

"Can't do it. Must pass her."

"But s'posin' we should blow up?"

"Well," said the engineer, as he peeped over
the guard to see how fast he was gaining, "if it's
the will of Providence for this boat to blow up,
we'll have to stand it." Then he hallooed to the
fireman to roll up another cask of bacon and to
mix plenty of rosin with the coal and give her
a little more turpentine and oil.

The next moment there was a splash in the
river, but before the yawls could be lowered the
man had succeeded in reaching the shore, and
hallooed out:—

"Go on with the race. I guess I'll walk."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letters and papers received
Thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 187 re-
ceived. Correct.

H. H., Montreal.—We will publish as many of the
games as we can.

THE DOMINION CHESS ASSOCIATION CON-
GRESS.

The Tourney of the Dominion Chess Association Con-
gress has not yet been brought to a close. It began, as we
stated last week, on Tuesday, August 20th, and was con-
tinued throughout the week. A large number of games
have been finished, but there are still more than thirty
to be played, and upon these, as a matter of course, the
final results mainly depend. Subjoined we add a table
showing the score of each competitor at the close of the
week's contest:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Games Played, Games Won, Games still to be Played. Lists players like Howe, Hicks, Henderson, etc.

*Drawn games count as one-half.

We have just received from England the August num-
ber of the Chess Players' Chronicle. It is filled, as usual,
with matter most interesting to lovers of Chess, but want
of space just now prevents us from saying more than
merely calling attention to "Chess Notelets," which will
be read with much gratification by those who like to
know something of the history and historical associations
of their favourite pastime.

(From the Agr Argus and Express.)

INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CARD TOURNEY.

A month ago, or rather two months ago, the Hartford
Times published three games now in progress in this
Tourney, which it was inferred were so many wins for
America. The score is now even. One of the British
team has been seven weeks without an answer from his
American opponent; another has been only fourteen
weeks considering his next move. An intimation from
the leader of the American team "to move on" is neces-
sary. Next week we hope to publish a game in this
Tourney, with notes by Mr. Loyd. It finishes with the
announcement—mate in eight; almost as neat as the one
Mr. J. T. Palmer gave.

A CHALLENGE.

In a recent issue of the Scientific American, M. Loyd
makes the bold announcement that he will solve any two
problems in the time that it will take any one else to
solve one. He wishes to have a few friendly matches
at these odds, but prefers there should be no stake. We
suppose the challenge is to Americans only.

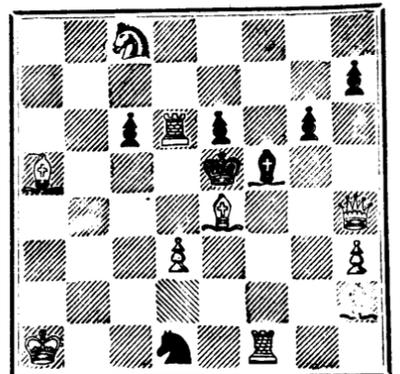
(From the Holyoke (Mass.) Transcript.)

Mr. G. M. D. Harris, the well-known solver of St.
Louis, and the editor of the Budget, are playing a Scotch
and Danish Gambit by correspondence, with annotations
from celebrated authors, applicable to the moves. This
novel style of play, adding zest to the games, was first
instituted by Mr. Shaw, of Montreal, and Mr. McLeod,
of Quebec. We shall publish said games before many
weeks.

PROBLEM No. 190.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE
White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 291st.

Played between Messrs. Saunders and Henderson at the Seventh Annual Congress of the Dominion Chess Association, held at Montreal, August, 1878.

(French Game.)

- WHITE.—(Saunders.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 3. P to K 5 (a) 4. P to QB 3 5. P to Q Kt 5 6. B takes Kt (ch) 7. P takes P 8. Kt to QB 3 9. Kt to B 3 10. Castles 11. P takes B 12. B to Kt 5 13. Q to B 2 14. B to K 3 15. Kt to R 4 16. P to K B 4 17. R to B 3 18. R to R 3 19. Q to Q sq 20. Q to K sq 21. R to B 3 22. R to B 2 23. Kt to B 3 24. P to K R 3 25. K to R sq 26. R takes Kt 27. R to B sq 28. R to B 2 29. R takes R 30. Q to Q B sq 31. B to Q 2 32. Q to K sq 33. B to B sq 34. Q to Q sq 35. Q to Kt 3 36. Q to Kt 8 (ch) 37. B to Kt 2 38. R to K Kt sq 39. Q to B 7 40. Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) This move in the French opening is not recommended. (b) The position of this rook is highly dangerous to White. (c) The winning move. (d) And mate must follow in a move or two.

GAME 292ND.

Played between Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal, and Mr. E. B. Holt, of Quebec, at the Seventh Annual Congress of the Dominion Chess Association, held at Montreal, August, 1878.

(Gioco Piano.)

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

NOTES.

- (a) This is bold play on the part of White, and requires much care, as the K becomes much exposed. (b) A hazardous position in which to place a Rook. (c) A slip which loses the game at once. (d) White makes the best use of his adversary's mistake. (e) R takes R, was preferable, but defeat could not be avoided by any mode of play.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 188.

- WHITE. 1. R to K B 3 2. Q to R 3 3. Mates accordingly

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 186.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to Q B 5 (dis ch) 2. Kt takes P 3. R to K B 3 Mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 187.

- WHITE. K at Q R 8 Q at Q R sq B at K B 5 B at K B 6 Pawns at K Kt 4 K Kt 6 and Q Kt 7

White to play and mate in three moves.

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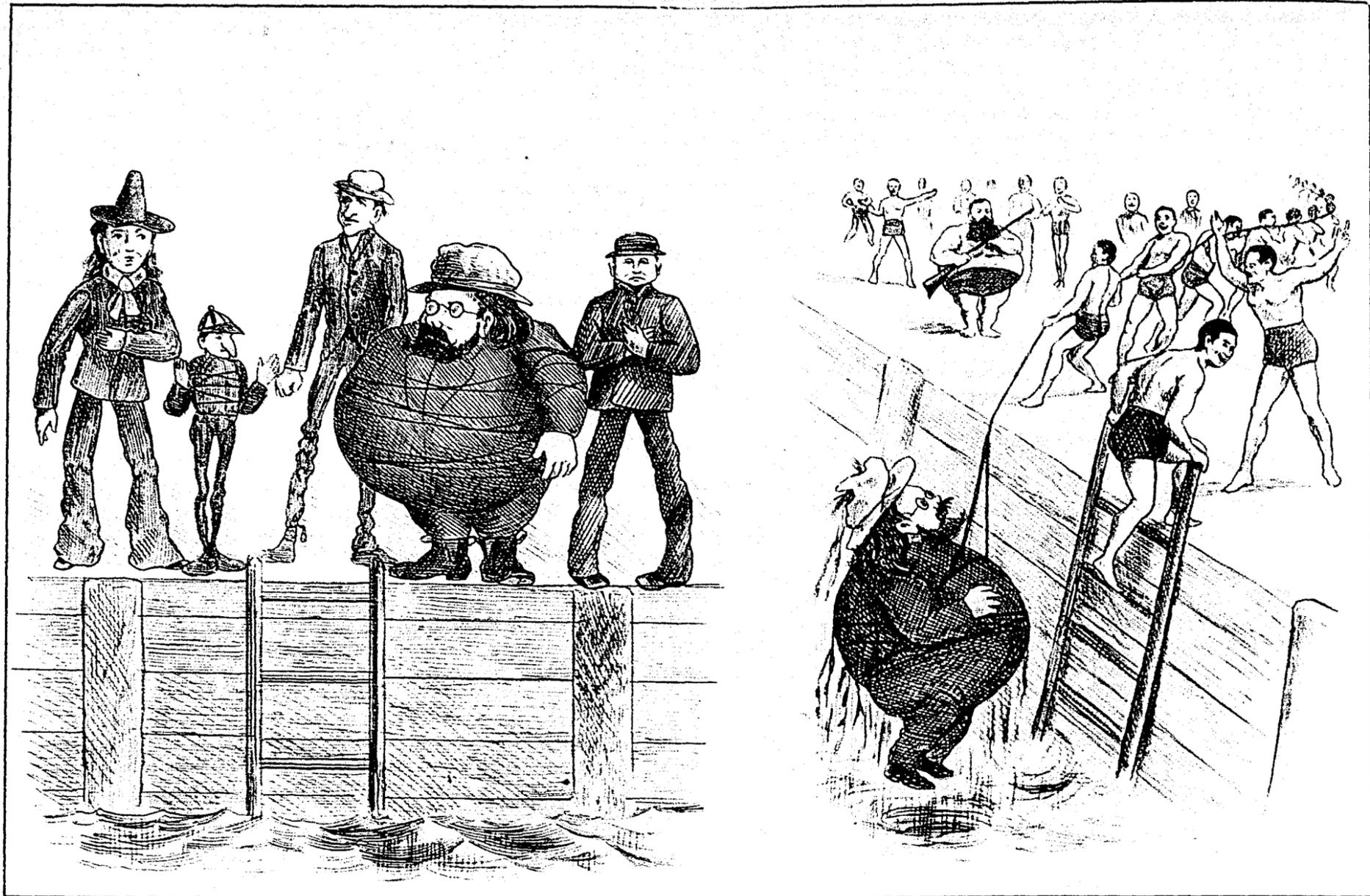
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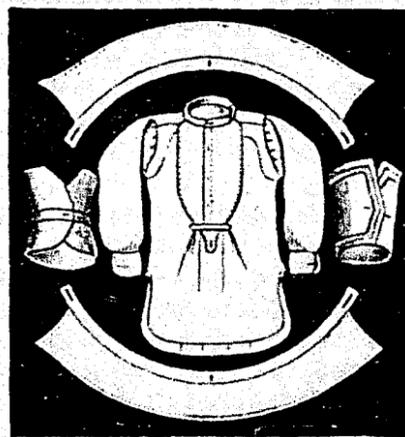
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