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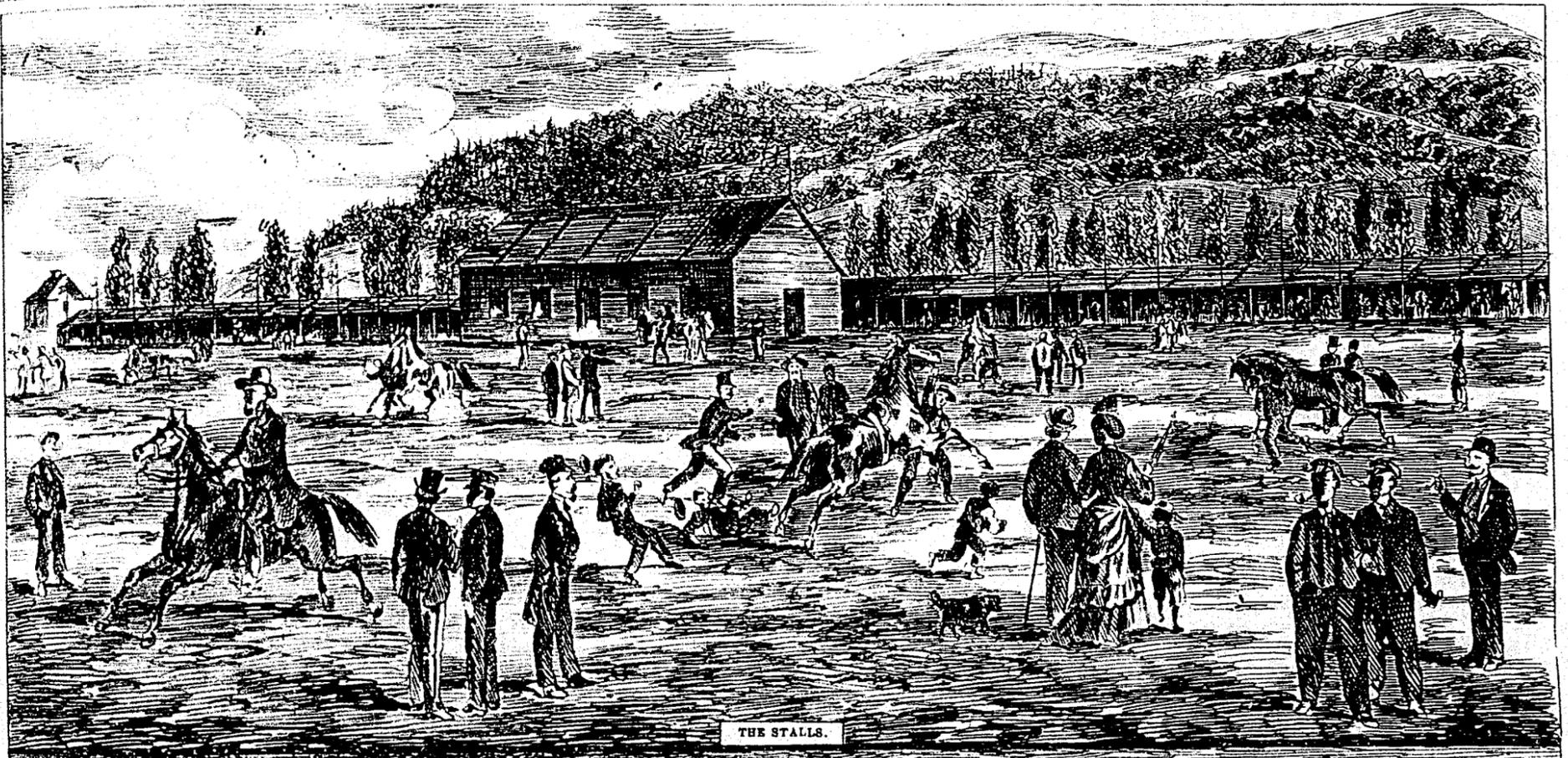
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Illustrated News

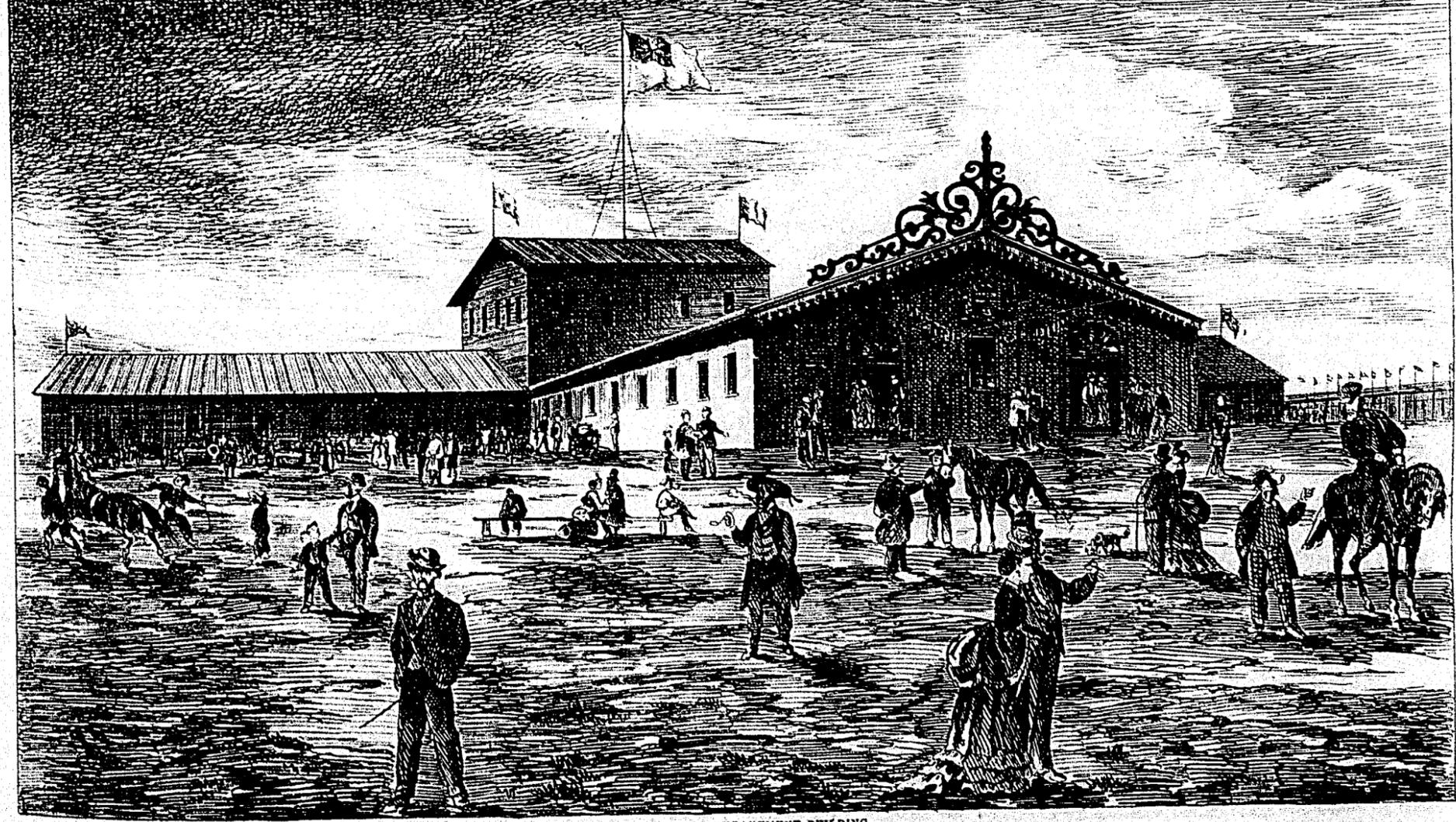
Vol. VIII.—No. 13.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

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THE STALLS.



THE INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT BUILDING.
MONTREAL.—THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY,	Sept. 28.—	Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
MONDAY,	" 29.—	St. Michael and All Angels. Michaelmas Day.
		Montreal: Beethoven Quintette Club.
		Quebec: SS. "Polynesian," (Allan), due from Liverpool.
TUESDAY,	" 30.—	St. Jerome
		Barrie: North Simcoe Agricultural Fair.
		Hamilton: Central Fair.
		Montreal: Beethoven Quintette Club.
		Ottawa: Eastern Fair.
		Quebec: SS. "Nyanza," (Temperley), due from London.
WEDNESDAY,	Oct. 1.—	St. Remigius, Abp.
		Barrie: North Simcoe Agricultural Fair.
		Chatham, Ont: Agricultural Society's Fair.
		Hamilton: Central Fair.
		Montreal: Reopening of Faculties of Law and Medicine, McGill College University.
		Montreal: Villa Maria Lottery Drawing.
		Ottawa: Eastern Fair.
		Quebec: SS. "Mississippi, (Dominion), for Liverpool.
		Toronto: Reopening of Faculty of Medicine, Victoria University.
		Toronto: Reopening of University College.
THURSDAY,	" 2.—	Chatham, Ont: Agricultural Society's Fair.
		Hamilton: Central Fair.
		Oshawa: Agricultural Fair.
		Ottawa: Eastern Fair.
		Stratford: Agricultural Fair.
FRIDAY,	" 3.—	Halifax: SS. "Hibernian," (Allan), due from Liverpool.
		Niagara: Agricultural Fair.
SATURDAY,	" 4.—	Niagara: Agricultural Fair.
		Quebec: SS. "Circassian," (Allan), for Liverpool.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

WITHIN only a few days after his arrival in England, Hon. Mr. Tilley communicates to the country the welcome intelligence that he has succeeded, even beyond his most sanguine expectations, in negotiating the loan of the Intercolonial Railway. Indeed, the popularity of the loan is evinced from the fact that whereas less than two million pounds sterling were called for, upwards of four millions were bid. The average premium obtained is four and a half per cent.

Some of the papers in offering merited congratulations to the Finance Minister, are pleased to draw the inference that the credit of the Dominion has no wise suffered from the recent attacks which have been made upon the Government and the Pacific Railway. While it is not sure that the credit of the Dominion has not been more or less impaired in the eyes of European capitalists, the salient source of confidence in the case of the Intercolonial Railway is that it is guaranteed by the Imperial Government and thus affords every condition of security to such as may choose to invest in the enterprise. But the success of Mr. Tilley becomes really striking in view of the recent crash in New York, a disaster now ascertained to have been caused by worthless paper issued in the interest of railway gamblers. These bonds have flooded the market, and been forced upon capitalists by a barefaced system of advertising tricks, until all faith in even in *bona fide* railway lines has been shaken, if not utterly destroyed. Erie began the process of demoralization and now the Northern Pacific has finished the work with a tremendous stroke. Hereafter it will be a matter of supreme difficulty to obtain foreign capital for trans-Atlantic railways and naturally Canadians will have to suffer for Americans. And not unjustly. For, whatever may be the issue of the investigation now going on before the Royal Commission, there seems no manner of doubt that a discredit has been thrown upon the Canadian Pacific, which even a complete vindication of Sir Hugh Allan will require time to efface. It is hardly going too far to say that this very suspicion is one of the greatest misfortunes which has befallen the Dominion since its establishment, for the reason that the Canada Pacific and cognate public works are essential conditions of our stability and progress.

THE abnormal condition of the American money market has led, on several memorable occasions, to startling surprises and almost revolutionary shocks; but perhaps none has produced such an effect as the suspension of the great banking firm of Jay Cooke & Co., in New York, at the close of last week. It was not that the failure was unexpected. For upwards of a fortnight, previous to the event, there were the usual premonitory signs of a crash, like the elemental symptoms which forebode a sea-storm or an earthquake, and the only doubt was on whom the thunderbolt would fall the first. It fell on the largest and most honourable of the New York houses, the fiscal agents of the American Government, who negotiated the gigantic loans of the war and floated U. S. bonds on all the European markets. The cause of their failure was primarily this: they advanced large sums to the Northern Pacific Railway, taking bonds as securities, and expecting to realize from their rapid sale. For weeks large sums of money were thus disbursed by them. The country banks and individual depositors kept up a continual drain on their deposits in the keeping of the firm, who found that the sales of Northern Pacific bonds were neither large nor rapid enough to repay them, and Jay Cooke & Co., being unable to withstand the

strain, were forced to declare a suspension. Of course, they dragged other institutions down with them. Their houses doing business in Washington and Philadelphia had to go under and so did the First National Bank, which was almost entirely in their hands. The Northern Pacific was likewise stunned by the blow and other banking firms have been more or less affected.

The lesson taught by this extraordinary event is an elementary one, indeed, but it ought to come home to the Americans and to the people of this country as well. It is simply a necessary result of a depreciated currency. There can be no safety in money based on paper irredeemable on demand in its face specie value. American money is thus irredeemable and furthermore, the quantity of its paper has been far too great for the necessities of the nation. The fabulous issues of greenbacks have led to extravagance in the modes of living and to rampant speculation. The only remedy for the present evils and the only guarantee against still greater and more widespread catastrophes, lies in a gradual return to specie payments. As Canada is about to embark in public works and private railroad enterprises of very considerable dimensions, it should take warning betimes against exchanging its present healthy gold standard for hazardous paper securities, which would dazzle our inexperience by a fictitious prosperity, but bring on disaster at last. What should add to the force of the warning is the fact, that this country is by no means in the position to stand such financial shocks as the United States.

The Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition which took place in Montreal last week was in some respects a successful one, but in others it can hardly be pronounced satisfactory. The show of stock was superb. The horses and cattle, imported by wealthy farmers or by agricultural societies, were, of course, among the best of their class; but what we were most interested to see was the progeny of these noble animals, raised in this country within the past few years. Here there was no room for disappointment. Very creditable specimens of colts, fillies, yearling bulls and heifers were exhibited. The same remark applies to sheep, and, in a qualified degree, to swine.

But the Industrial Department, we are sorry to say, was by no means a representative one. It gave the stranger no idea of the vast resources and the rapid progress of the Province within the year. Not only was the building itself not filled, but the quality of many of the articles exhibited was inferior, and a large number of our most salient, popular, and even distinctive industries, were not exhibited at all. This was a serious mistake. The exhibition is essentially an advertisement. And it is the part of an enterprising people to take every advantage of it, both in the interest of individuals and of the country at large. Visitors from Europe or from over the border, were they to base their judgment solely on what they saw in the Industrial building, would have a rather unfavourable opinion of the wealth and prosperity of the Province of Quebec. We attribute this partial failure not to the Board of Management, who did their work with praiseworthy zeal and intelligence, but to the apathy and lack of foresight of manufacturers themselves. It is to be hoped that the lesson taught this year will be fruitful of reform for future exhibitions. The Province needs only to be known to be appreciated.

In our issue of the 8th inst. we published a despatch from Three Rivers announcing a boiler explosion in the mill of Mr. Stoddart in that town, by which one man lost his life. In commenting upon the accident we took occasion to remark that the result of the sudden change from agricultural pursuits to the cultivation of manufactures was an ignorance only too prevalent among proprietors, who in turn employ men for the charge of the boilers who know less than themselves, thus leading to the use of low-priced and defective boilers, to the scandalous risk of life and limb to the working class generally throughout the country. The proprietors of the mill in question have taken exception to our remarks as applicable to themselves, and request us to make the following facts public: Believing that their boilers were perfectly reliable, as they had been thoroughly tested in the spring, and desiring to know the true cause of the explosion, they sent for a well-known and experienced boiler-maker of this city to make an examination into the cause of the disaster. The result, so far as the boilers are concerned, was perfectly satisfactory. The report of the expert goes to show that the explosion was caused by the water being allowed to get too low in one of the boilers, and not from any weakness or defect in the boilers themselves. In fact, both the workmanship and the material of the latter were all that could be desired. Since the explosion, the boilers have been repaired and tested to 140 lbs. without showing the slightest weakness. The proprietors can only account for the fact that the water was allowed to run too low on the supposition that the engineer, who has always been found to be sober and careful, trusted too much to his fireman, whose immediate duty it was to look after the water.

We cheerfully give publicity to the above facts, as they are calculated to clear away any suspicion of guilt, or at least of carelessness, which may have rested on innocent parties. The fact, however, still remains that the explosion, to all intents and purposes, was the immediate result of carelessness—care-

lessness which was heavily visited on the culpable person. In this case the accident certainly would not have been avoided by any Government examination either of engineers or of boilers. Having before us the case as stated in the daily newspapers, we made it the theme for a suggestion which we are as willing as ever to support. It is not certain that in every establishment where machinery is used the same care is observed as has been exercised in the Three Rivers factory. The revelations following the recent steamboat disasters in the United States all go to show how frequently irresponsible men are placed in situations for which they are totally unfit. We still, therefore, hold fast to our opinion that examinations for engineers and periodical boiler inspections, under the auspices of the Government, would be highly desirable, and would tend to a large diminution of such disasters as that which occurred last month at Three Rivers.

THE rescue of the "Polaris" crew by a whaler and their safe arrival at Dundee, close the last act of an Arctic drama which had well nigh been fraught with tragedy. It is a relief to know that Buddington and his party are safe in a hospitable land, after their bleak winter encampment on Littleton Island, and their perilous summer voyage in canvas boats. The "Tigris," which reached the spot where the "Polaris" lay wrecked and entombed in ice, has recovered all the papers of the expedition, so that now, by means of these documents and the statements of Captain Buddington himself, we may look for a full history of Hall's disastrous cruise. Enough is already known to make us attribute much of the failure to the miserable equipment of the vessel, and to the want of proper discipline on board, but there remain to find out the true secret of Hall's death and the reason why the expedition did not prosecute his researches even after his death. It is not expected that the scientific results of the expedition will amount to much, beyond the fact that the highest point ever reached by an Arctic explorer was attained by Hall in sleds. The existence of a Polar sea remains as great a mystery as before, and the theories of Kane, though disputed, are as yet by no means disproved. The late expedition, however, will not have been without its uses, if it impresses on future explorers and on the Government which may undertake to further scientific discovery at the Pole, the necessity of severe military management in the crew, and of unquestionable aptitude in the scientific corps. Without such precautions, any expedition is sure to be fruitless, and the case of the "Polaris" proves that it may end in catastrophe.

One of the chief uses of an illustrated paper is the insight which its portraits give the physiognomist into the character of public and prominent men. Where a column of letter press will fail to convey an adequate idea of a noted personage, a glance at his face, reproduced in a pictorial, will furnish his stamp and measure. The one who habitually reads an illustrated paper and keeps it on file, will, in a brief space of time, familiarize himself with the faces of most of the men who occupy the attention of the public, and, unconsciously, he will be able to judge of and to speak of them with a precision which he could not have otherwise obtained. This is an advantage of the greatest importance, and one which, in general, is not sufficiently appreciated. This journal has made its portraits a leading feature from the beginning. Its gallery of Canadians more particularly is the completest of its kind to be found anywhere, and hereafter it will have an incalculable historical value.

A correspondent writes as follows:—

"We Canadians must all hope to see an end put to the bribery of voters at elections, as well as firmly rely upon the future maintenance of the inviolable sacredness of private correspondence *in transitu*, in spite of the tendency of egotism and party spirit to obscure the vision and corrupt the judgment upon such primary questions as these. So soon as we shall learn as a people to legislate for general and social, in place of party objects, as it may be trusted before long we shall be brought to do, the people will be delivered from many misfortunes now affecting their lives. We shall see, then, that not only ought good laws to be enacted with a promptitude proportioned to their intrinsic importance, and with reference to their actual effect upon the public life, health and prosperity, but that defective laws ought as promptly to be repealed. Now, setting persons aside, there could, we suppose, be no more suitable member of an effective Commons House of Parliament than the thoroughly qualified Inspector of Breadstuffs, for the time being, of the commercial metropolis. And the collective wisdom must surely have been taking a temporary dose, when it put its hand to any enactment having the effect of excluding so much practical ability from the sacred parliamentary limits. There can be little need to dread that Parliament will be overburdened with the practical influence of experts in commerce and science; and turning our attention to the appointment itself, and the due fulfilment of its duties, it would surely have been far better to have left it in the hands of the municipality than to make an office requiring real personal skill and judgment, dependent for all future time upon the political leanings of its incumbent. Our very precautions would thus seem to be engaged in defeating the ends of good government; and without any wish to flatter the political aptitude of the people at large, we do not think they would have fallen into such an error as this, if left to themselves. It happens to be, moreover, an error that does not concern the Dominion alone; for even the commercial world of Europe itself, with its vital interest in the quality of the flour it purchases, must have an opinion of its own upon the inspection of that flour, which if it may not be our duty openly to consult, should at least be thought worthy of our consideration."

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

"THY WILL BE DONE."

It was a cross to me,
I felt it hard to bear!
Why should I lift that burden up
And take that load of care?
Came a sad voice to me,
Speaking with mournful power—
"I have borne long for thee,
Canst thou not bear one hour?"

It was a toil to me,
Waking when I should sleep!
Why should my eyes grow dim
Watching the slow hours creep?
Over the distant hills
Came a voice full of pain,
"I have watched long for thee,
Oh! have I watched in vain?"

It was a rugged path—
Tearing my weary feet.
Here were such verdant fields,
Rest in them would be sweet!
Sobbing across the plains
Came that sad voice to me—
"I trod the way of tears
Ending in Calvary!"

I clasp to my heart the cross
He hath borne more for me.
My watchful eyes search for the dawn,
Soon may it come to me!
Feebly I stagger on—
If long the journey be,
And I bear to the end—
Lord! wilt Thou pardon me?

ESTELLE WILSON.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

"WHAT IS AN OGRE?"

BY

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"What is an Ogre?" enquired Miss Lu, *etat. six*, of her charming sister Rosabel, whose acquaintance we have already made.

"An Ogre," said that sweet tempered girl, looking back into the period of her own childhood, "is a horrid ugly monster, ever so tall and strong, with a great mouth and great big teeth, who carries off little girls and women and shuts them up in big castles and puts them in dark dungeons and sometimes eats their tender flesh."

"Are there any Ogres now?" asked Lu, creeping a little closer to Rosabel.

"No, pet; brave knights killed them all long ago, and tore down their castles.

"I'm glad," said Miss Lu, and ran off to play.

After the child had left the room, I took Miss Rosabel's little hand in mine—Rosie allows this familiarity to an old man like me—and said: I think there are Ogres. I know those, *mutato nomine*, who answer the characteristics. True, these Ogres have not great brazen castles, nor do they delight in raw meat, but they carry off maidens now as then. I know a respectable Ogre, my dear, he wears the best of broadcloth, his shirt is of spotless linen, his conversation is pleasing and his voice low and sweet; but he carries off maidens. He plies them with his honey words, he creeps into their confidence, he wins their innocent loves, and then this monster robs them of their purity. Then the poor robbed little things wander about and Society sees that the Ogre has eaten their hearts out and it throws stones at them and tramples them under foot, and the Ogre goes off in his respectable broadcloth looking for another little maiden whom he may destroy. O, Rosie, there are few knights now-a-days to blow the winding horn at Castle Debauch, few knights to draw the good keen falchion and do battle for those helpless young women against the cruel Ogres. And Rosie, my dear, mark this, when some poor little child, some *petite être*, with the fresh peach-down of the country on her cheeks, gets into one of those enchanted castles, your sex, Miss, feels no pity for her; but lifts up both hands and exclaims: "the forward little minx, why would she run into such danger?" Why, indeed? And should she escape out with the marks of the cruel manacles about her wrists and an ugly wound on her white palpitating bosom, her more fortunate sisters instead of taking her and bathing her little bruised hands and pouring oil and wine into that gaping wound, turn their backs on her and elevate their noses in a manner peculiar to your sex; instead of drawing this fluttering frightened little dove to their hearts and soothing and comforting it, they ring out bitter words of scorn and whistle the timorous little thing down the wind and laugh bitterly and say Society has a good riddance. But the Ogre puts on white kid gloves and goes to balls and parties and with the blood of some little sister on his cruel moustache is courted and made much of and leads out *la belle* in the dance and is run after and admired. And that very virtuous coterie which turned the bleeding girl out of doors invites Monsieur Ogre, *cum multis amicis* of his noble fraternity, into their midst.

There are Ogres who devour widows and orphans, Ogres with pious faces, who make long prayers and take the chief seat in the synagogue and hear the psalm chanted, may be by charity children in the organ-loft: "The Lord preserveth the strangers; He relieveth the fatherless and the widow, but the way of the wicked He turneth upside down." And then they go home and say: Ah, ha, we prosper, we are fat!

Have you ever seen the Ogres, Rosie, who build great gloomy looking castles, which they call factories? They send out and get the young children in and set them down to work and put task-masters over them, so that there is no laughing or talking and the little things grow hollow-cheeked on their low wages and pine for fresh air and sunshine and the joyous company of other children, and then some of them die and others run away and put paint on their faces and flout and flutter in the streets for a short time and then they die away too; but their empty places in the factory are soon filled by fresh recruits and the Ogre goes on and he builds his great Temple of Industry on the blood and the purity of little children. I would have some brave knight blow the horn and, pulling down his visor, do battle for these young ones and obtain for them a charter that is called in our dear mother land a Factory Act. And I would have those Ogres recollect that *qui se sert de la lampe, au moins de l'huile y met*.

You remember, Rosie, in that wonderful play of Macbeth how the poor guilty monarch gnashes his teeth at the ghastly procession the witches show him and exclaims in bitterness: "What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" Do you think my line of Ogres is growing too long? Are you

shocked, my innocent little girl, that there should be so many monsters going about in society? Well, my dear, take an old man's prayer and may you never know the Ogre of which I next speak. I say no word against your gallant captain; but lovers are like peaches, the bloomiest of them has a kernel in their hearts and the kernel will distil a drop of poison. We know Ogres, both of us, dear, who are polite abroad, but they treat their wives abominably at home and wound them to the heart, not perhaps with blows but with taunts and dicers' oaths. They do not tie them up by the hair as Blue Beard used to do, for a modern *chevelure* might not be so secure, nor do they flog them and scar their beautiful breasts as the cruel Prince did the vivacious Amine, but they snub them and hurl cruel words at them and dig into their sensitive hearts with unmerited reproach. They keep them slaving in the kitchen and in the nursery, wearing out their lives for dogs' wages, while those great Ogres go out to parties and to their clubs and dance and are merry; flirting perhaps, behind the sofa with Mrs. Spargus or drinking too much toddy with Captain Rubicheck, and presently they come home and if their wives are sitting up they swear at them for wasting the gas, or if they have gone to bed they swear at them all the same and remind them of a time when they would have waited up all night long for them. Oh, you Ogres, I hate you!

There are Ogres to their own children, who make Tom and Harry long for the time that they will be big enough to run away to sea, while Em and Maggie glue their faces to the nursery window pane and long for Prince Prettiman to come and take them away. These are not happy homes, but the Ogre eats and drinks and gnashes his teeth and draws in the heart blood of his unfortunate children as he eats his beef and mutton.

There are other Ogres, *ma bonne*, and perhaps before the evening is over we will meet some of them and shake hands and drink wine together and we dare not enquire, *Qu'il abattra de têtes?* But we hate them, Rosie, and, my dear, if in the future, when you are nestling close by the Captain's side and some poor fluttering little creature, flying from an Ogre, comes to you with dumb imploring eyes, do not cast the first stone at her. For the sake of this present time, dear; for the sake of the old man who may then be dead and gone, drop one word of kindness into that wounded heart. Think of the Merciful Christ eighteen hundred years ago, when the woman taken in open sin was brought before Him, and rescue the little one from the Ogre.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE WIFE QUESTION.

My remarks in reference to the discipline of wives, struck a cord in many hearts. I have received several letters from husbands since the publication of the article on that subject, which I will be pleased to notice in this, in their order. Had I promulgated my theory a few decades ago, it would have been instantly scouted by all parties: but, of late, the gentle sex have so advanced in their sway in the world, that many men are becoming open to conviction. I feel that I have a grave and solemn responsibility imposed upon me, and I am preparing myself for the great crisis about to come.

My first communication runs as follows:

"To Joel Phipps, F. G. A., P. Y. Z., H. M. R., &c., &c.

Dear Sir,

I read with intense interest your article which appeared in the CAN. ILLUSTRATED NEWS of the 30th ult., I feel, Sir, you have approached a subject of great importance and one that is destined, sooner or later, to agitate the whole social world. As you speak with so much knowledge and ability in the matter, I feel constrained to ask your advice and counsel on two or three particulars of a personal character. I have been married now for nearly eight years, and my wife has succeeded in enchainng me on every occasion on which we have been compelled to differ in opinion. Now, Sir, I want you to understand that I am a solid man, and one that is not accustomed to being trifled with. When I was engaged to my wife, previous to our union, I took care to comport myself in a resolute and independent manner, and she had occasion to feel, several distinct times, that I would allow no nonsense about me. After we were married the tables seemed to turn. She got into the habit of making extravagant demands, to which I could not conscientiously concede; so I put my foot down at once, and stated that it *could not be*. I spoke decisively. But still Charlotte persisted. I remonstrated loudly, and swept all before me in argument; yet invariably she gained her wish. Now, Sir, what am I to do? I don't want to tear the house down. I am not fond of "scenes;" I have tried them two or three times, and have been miserable for days after. I shall be happy to have your opinion.

Yours, truly,

AMOS DINGLEY."

I am confident, Mr. Dingley, that you are altogether wrong in your *modus operandi*. As matters stand, I take it that you make yourself perfectly transparent to your better half. She sees right through you, and consequently has no occasion for fear or awe. You profess, and, doubtless are, actuated by good motives, but you can never get along successfully so long as your purposes are so lucid. You must get up mystery—this is what puzzles and frightens a woman. Startle and terrify her by the most enigmatical course of conduct; for instance:

Your wife begins to agitate the matter of having your mother-in-law make a six weeks' visit at your house. You shudder, and see nothing in this but six weeks' torture. Don't come out strong and say "no," or that you "don't think it best." Don't argue the matter; she'll wax you on this ground, I'll go as high as two dollars and a-half on that. But open your eyes as wide as possible, and fix your gaze upon her; she will return your look with a mixture of surprise in her own. Proceed, then, to produce a vacant idiotic sort of grin, you know how to do this, (you ought to see how naturally I can assume it). This will increase her wonder. Above all things don't utter a syllable *apropos* the subject-matter, and as soon as your meal is done leave the table in a very excited manner; seize your hat and make for the door. During that evening she will begin to have apprehensions that something is wrong with you.

When you return in the evening, don't fail to have a bottle, labelled "Old Rye," in your breast pocket; if you are not fond of that beverage, fill it with water, (I have never had to practice this water deception, as yet; I prefer the original contents). As you enter the parlour gaze round in an abstracted manner. If she remonstrates, or undertakes any artifice prejudicial to your interests, begin to stagger a little,

and haul out your bottle. She will forthwith rush up to you in intense alarm and exclaim:

"Amos, my dear—my husband! what is the matter?"

"Moshern-law ish it, eh? Ish it?"

"Oh, Amos, Amos!" (Here she will burst into tears).

Then you must proceed to kick over one of the chairs.

She will then throw her arms around your neck and seize the "Old Rye" bottle with one of her hands, and then relapse into powerful sobbing.

You must now tragically tear yourself away and accidentally tumble over on to a couple of chairs, taking them down with you. Then spring up and exclaim in a high key:

"Moshern-law; eh? eh? eh? Comin here to vishit, eh? Shik weeks, eh?" (Here thump your fist down on the table).

Thereupon Mrs. D. will "go for" you again, and, once more, throwing her arms lovingly around your neck, will sob out: "O, Amos! my dear—my darling! No! She shan't! Oh, Amos, won't you be yourself again—to your own wife?"

Now you may moderate. Take the bottle, and open the window and smash it with great force. Make great efforts to compose yourself. Caress your wife a little. Retire early. Sleep soundly, and it will be some time before you are troubled about your mother-in-law again.

This is the way to do things. I discovered it before the end of the second year.

The next letter runs this way:

"To Joel Phipps, F. G. A., P. Y. Z., H. M. K., Q. X., &c., &c. My Dear Sir,

Would you inform me, as you seem to possess great knowledge and tact in such matters, what a husband is to do when his wife meets his reasonable decisions with tears. I overcome my wife fairly in every argument; I utterly silence all her objections; but then she bursts out into violent weeping; and, although I know I am right—hang it—I can't stand it, and give right in. I am thus losing all power to regulate things properly, and my authority will soon be a thing of the past. I am desirous of hearing your views.

Seriously, yours,

TIMOTHY WARDLE.

Your case is quite a simple one, Mr. Wardle, and admits of an easy solution. There is no getting over it, you have got to harden yourself. If those tears were tears of sorrow, or pain, it would, indeed, be cruel to ignore them; but they are not. They are the result of deliberate and keen calculation, and are intended for effect; hence you must meet them firmly, without flinching, and without a pang. When I was a single man the sight of a woman in tears was one of the most affecting sights I knew of. To have seen Clara in tears in those days would have wrought me up to a frenzy; but I did not then know how cheap the article was, how easily summoned. Clara has tried the little game two or three times since our union, but they were all miserable failures, and she has given up the experiment. It would excite your admiration, Sir, to see the quiet fortitude, gradually merging into provoking mirth, with which I view such little pantomime.

Never mind those tears. Smile sweetly like the Heathen Chinese. Ask the price of butter. Mention incidentally that the Royal Commission meets at 3 o'clock this afternoon. Refer casually to the Carlist Insurrection in Spain. You will be surprised to watch the effect on your anguish-stricken spouse. How gradually her tears will give way to wrath, and wrath to violent, hissing anger. Then you have her. Once angry, she is in your power. You may dictate terms, and do the caressing in the bargain. It only requires a little firmness, and works like a charm.

Several other pertinent communications will have to remain over. I have great hopes of the success of my "new departure," in working a wholesale reform. The subject is receiving my strict attention. Of my own experiences I shall speak more at large in another article. In the meantime, I hope husbands everywhere will rally now in the general struggle for their bartered freedom, and for their lost rights and immunities.

JOEL PHIPPS.

Scraps.

A correspondent of the New York Mail says that "kissing a lady with an Elizabethan ruff on is about as much fun as embracing a circular saw in full motion."

A new epidemic has appeared in India. The person attacked suddenly faints away, and dies after breathing hard for a few minutes. Strange to say, this malady generally affects the most healthy persons.

Father Hyacinthe has advanced a step further towards Protestantism, as he now denies that there are any material changes in the Eucharist—the "presence" is a spiritual, not a corporal one.

Chang, one of the Siamese twins, was recently summoned as a juror in a case in North Carolina. Eng of course had to accompany him. Exception is taken to the verdict on the ground that a man not a member of the jury was present in the jury-room where it was agreed upon.

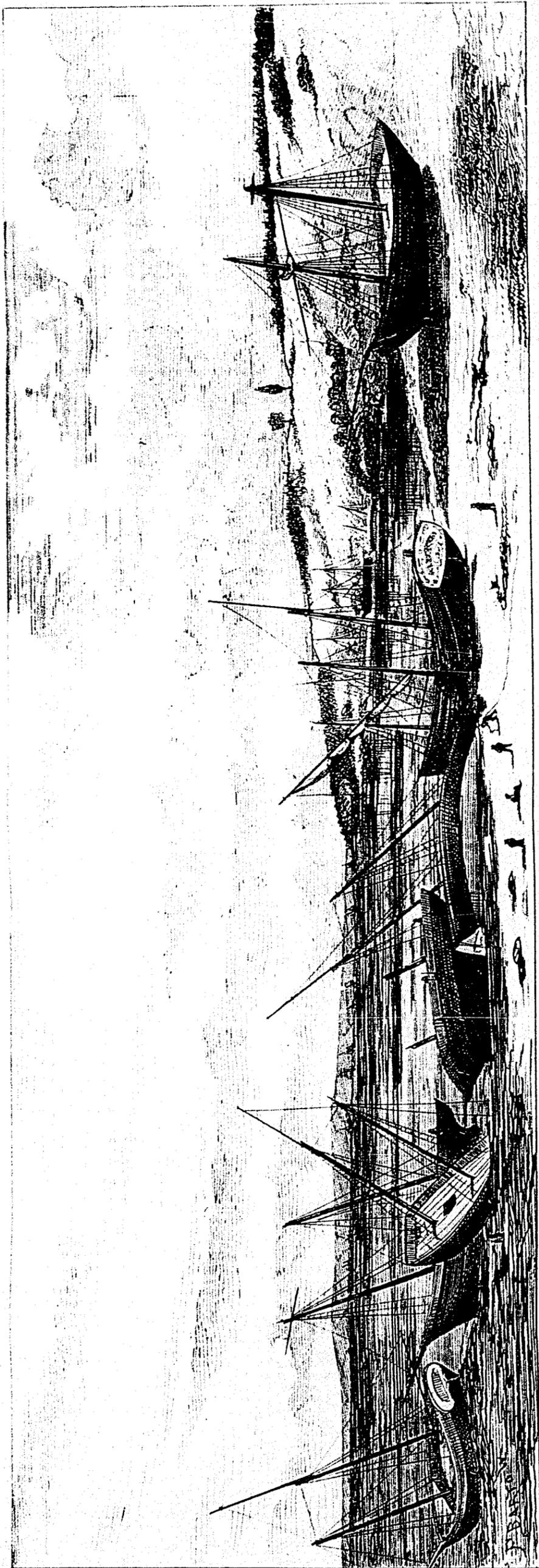
A "funny-man" correspondent writes to the Missouri Republican that he has got a situation for his baby. "He is apprenticed in the day-time to an image-maker. His part of the work is to be planted in a pot of melted wax, and when it is cool the modeler takes him out and pours in plaster of Paris and makes Cupids."

When there is not a breath of air stirring, and you are in danger of stifling, attempt to light a cigar out doors, and you will be surprised at the breeze that will start up. We have seen a man try this experiment in a dead calm, and by the time he had scratched thirteen matches it was really so windy as to be uncomfortable.

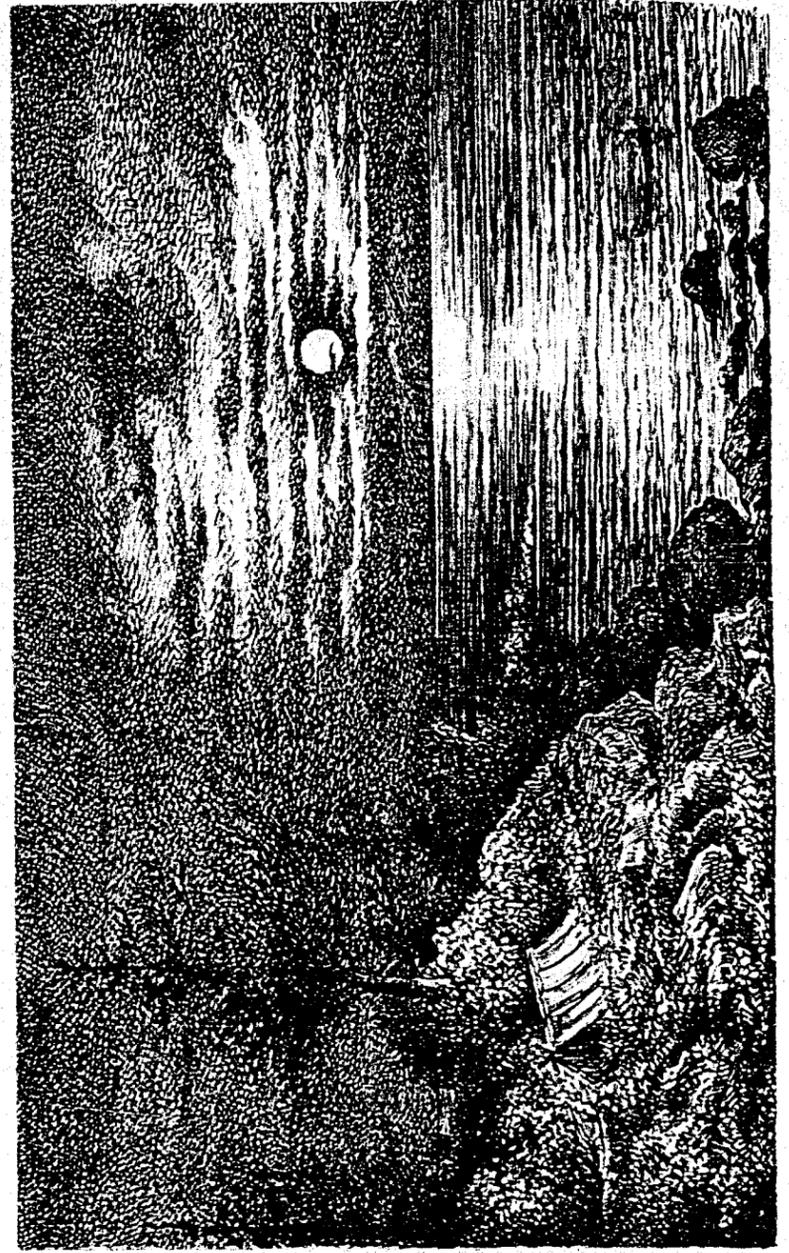
A curious controversy is in progress between the conjurers and the spiritualists. The latter assert that the rappings and other phenomena which take place at their *séances* are the work of disembodied spirits: the former maintain that many, if not the whole, of these so-called spiritual manifestations are but clever tricks.

Emma Black saved a man's life the other day on the Mississippi in a curious way. He was fishing, and was spilled out of his boat. Being unable to swim, he would have perished had not the maiden, discovering his danger, swam out to him, and throwing into his hands her back hair, four feet in length, towed him back to the land. We believe the narrative.

The Paris Figaro notes the singular destiny of Royal theatres. The Versailles theatre is now used for the sittings of the Assembly, and the Compténe Theatre, exactly modelled, according to the ex-Empress's wish, on that at Versailles, will be occupied by the court-martial to try Marshal Bazaine,—real dramas played in these edifices built for the performance of fictitious comedies.



THE DAY AFTER THE STORM AT NORTH SYDNEY HARBOUR, C. B., AUGUST 26, 1873.



MOONLIGHT ON GRAND LAKE, N. S.



THE PICWAUKEET HILLS, N. B.

PRESENT FROM THE QUEEN TO LADY VICTORIA BLACKWOOD.

By the kind permission of the Governor General we are enabled to publish a representation of a very beautiful locket which has just been sent to His Excellency's infant daughter, the Lady Victoria Blackwood, from her august god-mother, the Queen. The locket is of fine dull gold with a raised medallion portrait of Her Majesty in the centre enclosed in a circle of brilliants and surrounded by an outer border in which pink coral bosses are relieved by pearl and diamond settings. From the locket depend also five drops of the same beautiful coral, the whole forming a royal jewel equally graceful and superb. On the reverse is the following inscription: "To Lady Victoria Alexandra Blackwood from her Godmother Victoria R., 1873."

THE PICWAUKETT HILLS, N. B.

This view is taken from a spot near Hampton Station, distant from St. John about twenty-two miles, on the line of railway. In the foreground is the so-called "Darling's Lake," which is, however, no true lake, but a broad sheet of water formed by the junction of two rivers. In the distance loom up in bold outline the Picawaukett Hills, round the base of which winds the Kennebecasis.

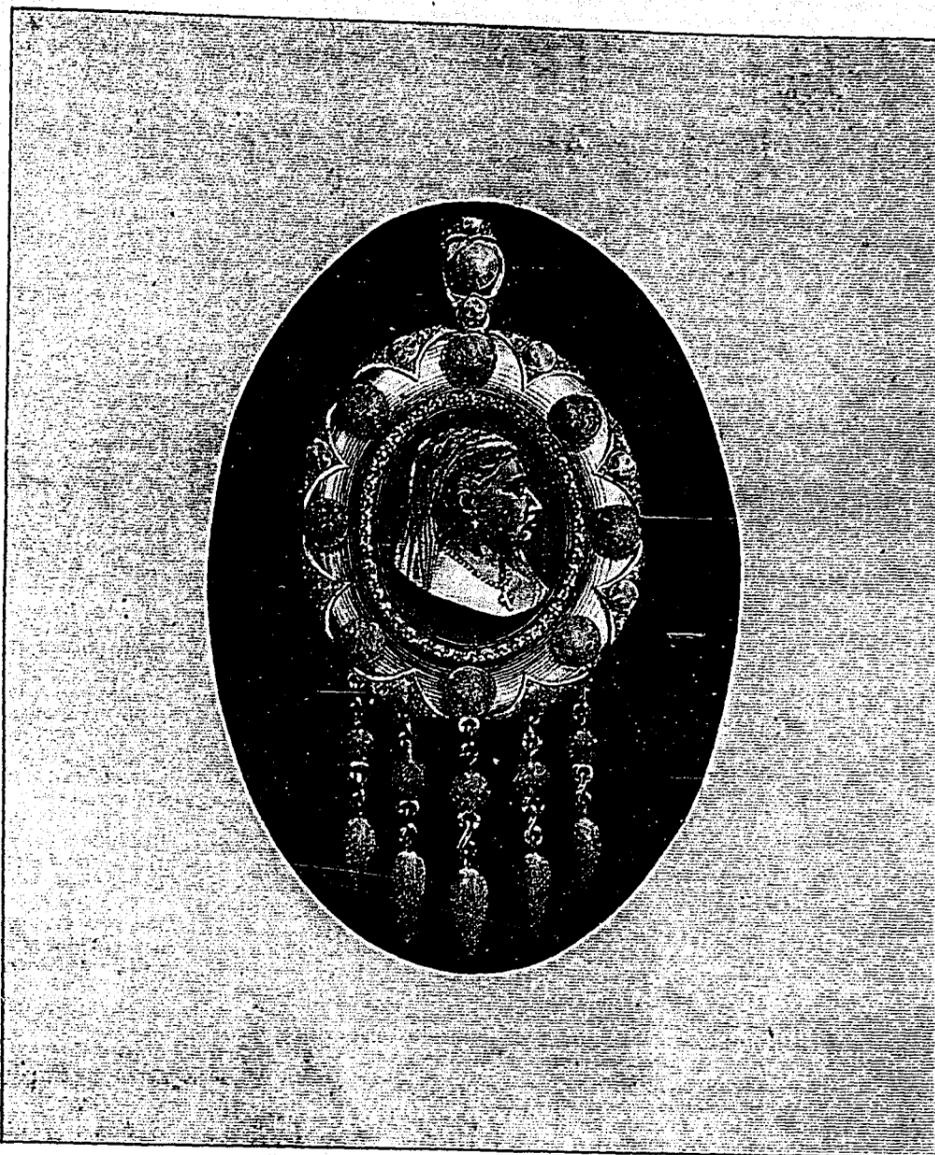
The original painting is in the possession of J. W. Daniel, Esq., of St. John, N. B.

MOONLIGHT ON GRAND LAKE.

Grand Lake lies at a distance of between twenty-five and thirty miles from Halifax. It is eleven miles in length and three broad. The Pictou Railway skirts its shores for some distance, and near its head waters is situated the residence of Col. Laurie. The lake is sometimes known as Seventh Lake, six others lying between it and Halifax. The entire chain is connected by canals.

NORTH SYDNEY HARBOUR THE DAY AFTER THE GREAT STORM.

This picture represents the effect of the recent great storm at North Sydney, Cape Breton, where thirty vessels were driven high and dry on the shore, most of them subsequently proving total wrecks. North Sydney is a town of two thousand



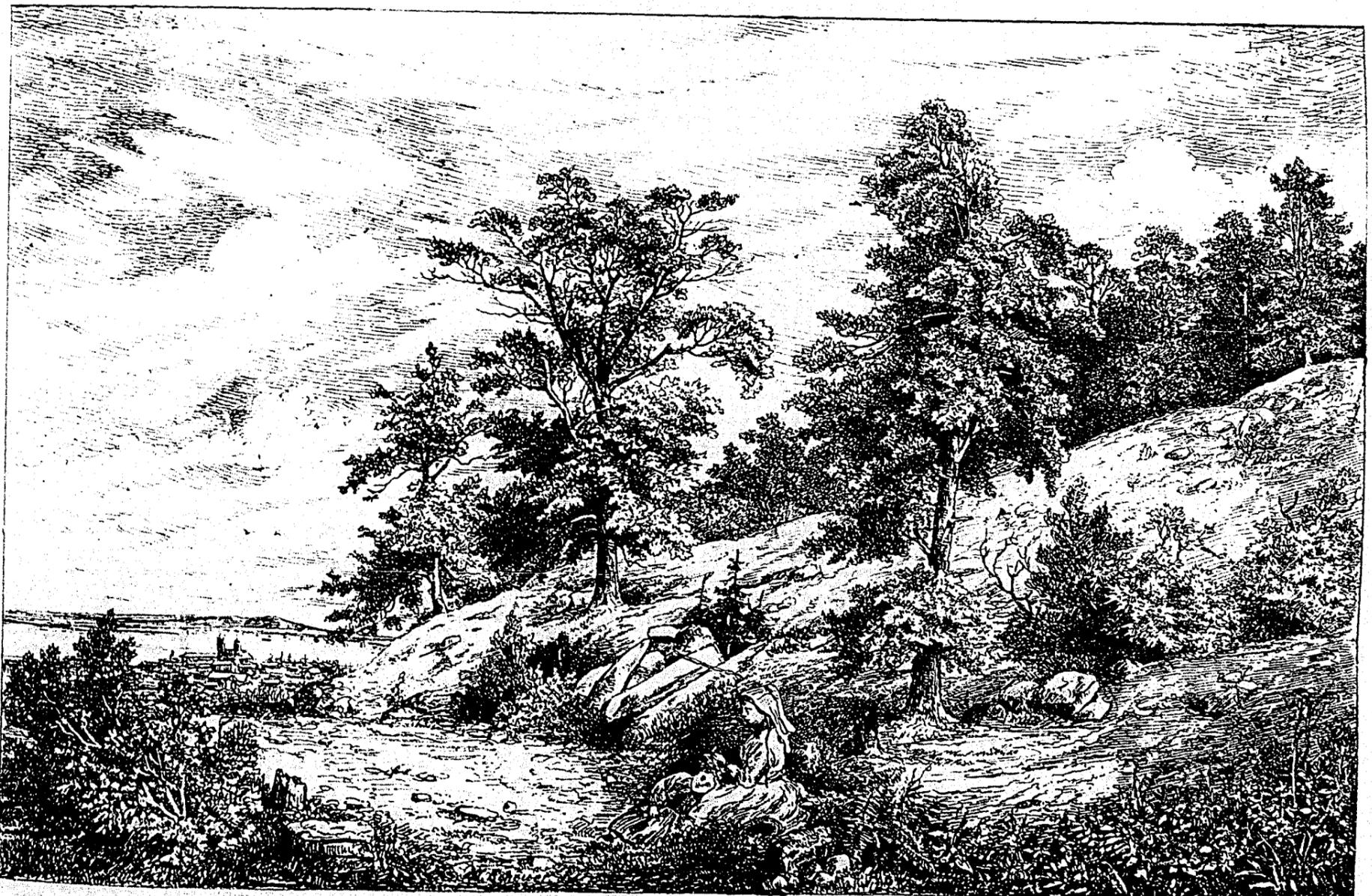
LOCKET PRESENTED BY HER MAJESTY TO HER GOD-CHILD, THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.

inhabitants, situated some seven miles from the sea. The principal business of the port is the shipment of coal. From fifty to a hundred vessels may be seen in the port at almost all seasons of the year, loading coal for all parts of the world. The harbour, one of the best in America, would not have been thought so on the 24th and 25th of August last, when large vessels, supposed to have the best possible ground tackle and riding over the best mooring ground in the harbour were rapidly drifting ashore, dragging their anchors, weighing 2,000 lbs., with two hundred fathoms of cable as if they were mere toys. In the town and surrounding country, houses, barns, trees, etc., etc., were flying in all directions.

The illustration is from a sketch by P. Barlow, Halifax.

A French physician has discovered that the peculiar odor of Russian leather has a very beneficial effect upon weak lungs, and he advises consumptive patients to repose upon pillows covered with that material.

The person who declares he has seen J. Wilkes Booth in the flesh since his supposed exit from the world relates the following incident, which he declares to be well authenticated: "While in Shanghai, which has three divisions or settlements of foreigners—Americans, French, and English—his old passion for the stage returning, he and several English and American naval officers and residents, with the countenance of Ward, organized a dramatic club, and Booth, being the leading spirit, was cast in the character of *Richard* in the play of 'Richard III.' All were astonished at the grace and bearing of the youthful actor throughout the performance, until the little scene where *Richard* and *Richmond* fight with such terrific energy, when astonishment gave way to a wild storm of applause, and high over all the tumult came the ominous words, 'Booth! Booth!' meaning very likely the elder Booth. The name, the situation, and the startling words, so piercingly distinct, caused him to become forgetful of where he was. Perhaps the recollection of the burning hate with which his name was heralded throughout the world, caused him to poise his sword and glare like a tiger at the audience. The excitement proved too much for him, and the curtain fell upon an unfinished play with a living *Richard*."



MONTREAL.—A VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN NEAR THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

POLLIE'S PICTURE.

A ROMANCE IN FIVE VERSES.

I.

Edwin made a sketch of Polly
Bending o'er her Berlin wool,
To wear upon his heart. What folly!
And beneath, the love-sick fool

II.

Wrote, "Would where this reposes
"Pollie's living head might rest."
"Would I'd wealth to strew with roses
"Her path. Then I indeed were blest!"

III.

Pollie vexed him—Then he reft it
(The picture) from its hiding place;
She endorsed it—he had left it
In his open writing case.

IV.

"She can cook and wash the dishes
"And each household duty fill—
"Woman weakly sighs "She wishes."
" 'Tis for man to Act and Will."

V.

"Did he take the hint?" I vote it
Needless now to tell you more.
It was ten when Pollie wrote it—
She was Edwin's own at four.

NEO P. MAH.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.)

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

Dean House, which had belonged for the last twenty years to the Standens, lay about half a mile from Hedingham, and the land belonging to it was in another parish, although the Standens were always considered Hedingham people. They had their pew in Hedingham church, which had not yet been restored in the modern-medieval style of open oak seats. They subscribed to all Hedingham charities; and, in a word, belonged to Hedingham.

The house, which had been built in George the First's time, was big and square, and red and imposing. There was some mixture of yellow bricks with the red, and there were stone dressings which relieved the general redness; but for all that Dean House was essentially a red house, and, seen from one of the hills that rose on every side of it—for this part of England is all hill and valley—made a glowing spot of colour against the back-ground of greenery.

There were three rows of windows, seven in each row; a centre of three windows, and a wing on each side. The top-most row was surmounted by a handsome cornice and stone pediment, which gave a certain grandeur to the grave solid mansion, and testified to the aspiring mind of the wealthy Dean who built the house—planted the three cedars that spread their dark branches above the wide smooth lawn, and laid down the turf of those two long bowling alleys which terminated in a grassy mound, planted with obelisk-shaped cypresses at the four corners, and crowned by a summer house of the High Dutch school of architecture.

Dean House was not unshrouded in the aristocratic seclusion of a Park, like Perriam Place, for instance, whose sombre walls the eye of man only beheld dimly in the remote distance, solitary and unapproachable as a Magician's Palace. Dean House fronted the high road, and was open to the public gaze athwart the florid iron work of a handsome gate. A stone paved walk led across the front garden, where the blaze of huge scarlet geraniums in huge green tubs was almost painful to behold on a hot summer's day. No one had ever seen a yellow leaf on those geraniums, after eight o'clock in the morning. Indeed one must need be an early riser to discover any trace of neglect or decay in the gardens of Dean House. The two old gardeners had been trained into abnormal vigilance, and whatever sickly leaf, or seeding blossom escaped their eyes, was cropped by the stout garden scissors with which Mrs. Standen armed herself when she made her morning round of inspection—a duty she performed daily, regardless of weather.

The stone paved walk terminated in a broad flight of shallow stone steps, at the top of which there were half-glass doors opening into the hall. This was a spacious apartment, half hall, half billiard room, or summer parlour, commanding a fine view of the flower garden and bowling alley, with the High Dutch pavilion at the end thereof. The lawn with the cedars was at one end of the house, facing the five long windows of the drawing room. The Dean had taken care that his house should be agreeable to look at on every side. There were no ugly bits, no ungainly outbuildings. Even the kitchen wing was a handsome piece of masonry, looking out upon a wide courtyard and facing the stables, a long low range of buildings in the same style as the house.

The billiard table was a relic of the late Mr. Standen. Mrs. Standen would never have consented to buy such a thing, even for a beloved only son. Indeed she could not quite conquer the idea that the game of billiards was sinful. But the best men have their weaknesses, and Mr. Standen, the banker, had liked billiards. His untimely death—he had died at fifty-five years of age, and just seven years after his marriage—made the billiard table sacred. His widow would not bring herself to part with anything that had belonged to him, or even to put it away ignominiously in an empty coach-house. So there the billiard table remained, and Edmund Standen played on it under the same hanging carcel lamp that had lighted his father. He would have taught Esther Rochdale to play, and thus secured an opponent on the premises, but against this his mother put her veto with uncompromising severity. Billiards for a man might be tolerable, if indulged

in with moderation. But for a woman—! Only by a shiver of horror did Mrs. Standen conclude the sentence. Esther sighed and obeyed, as she always obeyed her adopted mother. But in her heart of hearts she had a hankering for billiards.

The furniture of Dean House was like the geraniums in the forecourt and the flowers in the flower garden. Dust was a thing unknown, a rickety chair, or a scratch upon the polished tables and sideboards had never been seen by the visitor's enquiring eye. The furniture was old-fashioned without being antique. It belonged to that period of universal clumsiness, at the beginning of this century, when the minds of men were busy with thoughts and fears about great wars, and art and beauty had in a manner gone to sleep all over Europe—witness the furniture of the first French Empire. Indeed art seems to have taken a nap almost as long as the Sleeping Beauty's magic slumber, before the great awakening of the Gothic revival. Mrs. Standen's furniture, of which she was somewhat proud, was ineffably ugly. Everything was in squares, or parallelograms. You could hardly have found Hogarth's line of beauty in all the house. The dark hues of old Spanish mahogany and rosewood prevailed everywhere, only relieved here and there by a bit of clumsy brass moulding on a chiffonier, or the brass handles of a chest of drawers. The bedsteads were all awe-inspiring four-posters, shrouded by voluminous curtains of drab or green damask, within which a man might have made himself a hermitage, where to end his days, remote from the eye of his fellow-men.

The drawing room, a fine apartment, forty feet long, was furnished *en suite* with ponderous rosewood tables, rosewood chiffoniers, rosewood sofas flat against the walls, with square backs and square arms, and a general hardness of aspect. A cool-looking, washed out chintz shrouded the splendour of the crimson tabouret covers, save on festive occasions. Crimson tabouret curtains fell in long straight folds beside the five tall windows. No work of art relieved the vast expanse of flowered paper, white and gold, somewhat tarnished with long wear—a paper so expensive that it was supposed to last for a generation or so. One tall glass over the chimney-piece reflected the empty walls and a glimpse of the garden through an opposite window, two small low glasses over the chiffoniers duplicated the prim rows of Pekin-China cups and saucers, and be-dragoned bowls, and bottle-shaped pots. The rosewood tables were adorned with such ancient trifles as are preserved by ladies in old country houses. An oblong volume of engravings—The Beauties of Tunbridge Wells—tied with faded blue ribbons. A keepsake of the year '35, which opened of itself at a poem by L. E. L. A knitting box in Tunbridge ware, an inkstand of Derbyshire spar, a letter-weight of Cornish serpentine—relics of Mr. and Mrs. Standen's wedding tour. A blotting book worked in satin stitch, the silks faded to palest salmon and faintest grays. A set of Indian chessmen, presented by that generous Anglo-Indian kinsman which almost every respectable family possesses.

In spite of the ugliness and clumsiness of the furniture the room was handsome, and even pleasant. Space and light go for so much, and the Dean had spared no expense in the way of woodwork or carving. The low double doors were of solid mahogany, surmounted by garlands of fruits and flowers designed by no mean artist. The cornice of the room was in itself a work of art. Mrs. Standen's drawing-room had a cool airy look in summer, a cheering warmth in winter, and outside those long windows appeared the smoothest of lawns, shaded by the noblest of trees. Reared in such a home as Dean House, it would have been difficult for Mr. Standen to deny that his lines had been cast in pleasant places. Yet, so perverse is human nature, there were seasons when the irreplicable propriety, the undeviating order of his home almost worried this young man, when he felt, tempted no doubt by some Satanic influence, a wild yearning for a taste of some less perfect domesticity, even a draught from the fiery chalice of Bohemian life.

The servants were all old servants, trained by Mrs. Standen, servants who had been with her for twenty years or so, and knew "her ways," and might be relied upon to do the same thing always in precisely the same manner. There was no preliminary skirmishing when Mrs. Standen entertained company. The largest dinner party could not flutter the serenity of that model household. The parlour-maid knew every shelf in the spacious china closets, where the old Worcester dinner service, splendid in purple and gold, and the Crown Derby dessert service were laid out in state, as it were. She knew all about the best diamond cut glass, knew exactly what her mistress desired; so that Mrs. Standen had no more trouble than if she had been a duchess with an establishment of fifty servants.

To middle age the serenity of such a life is almost enough for content; but youth is apt to revolt against this calm beatitude, and there were moments when Edmund Standen felt that this sleepy monotonous existence had gone on a little too long. The four years which he spent on the continent, as a student at a German university, and afterwards as a wanderer among the famous cities of the world, serving the rich man's apprenticeship to Art and Beauty, made the only break in his life. He looked back at his college days then sometimes with a sigh, even now in the glory of his manhood, and thought of those reckless riotous fellow students with whom the long nights had passed so swiftly in the wine-shops of Heidelberg, thought of vacation tours in the Black Forest, and the various dissipations of that foreign life of which Mrs. Standen had but the vaguest idea. Had he any right to be dissatisfied with his life when his mother loved him so fondly, when his wishes and his fancies were always considered by her—when the grave, noble face brightened at his coming, come when he would, and the quiet voice was always tender to him? He said himself that he had no right to wish for any wider life than that of Dean House, and that his chief duty only was to be a good son.

This was before that fatal hour in which he fell in love with Sylvia Carew. He had been wandering about Hedingham one bright April Sunday, and found himself half an hour before the afternoon service, in the shady old churchyard, where generations of departed Standens had recorded their respectability in substantial middle-class headstones. It was only of late that the Standens had risen to place and power as it were, in Hedingham. A couple of generations back they had been simple yeomen or traders. Edmund's grandfather had set up that banking business which had given renown to the name of Standen.

Edmund dawdled about the churchyard this Sunday afternoon, not knowing particularly well what to do with his leisure. He had been strolling about the country in a somewhat vagabond spirit since the close of the morning service,

when he ought to have been partaking of that cold luncheon, or early dinner, which marked the Sabbath day at Dean House. This morning he had felt that the orderly meal, so provokingly exact in its resemblance to all foregoing Sabbath meals, would be a burden greater than he could bear. So he had roamed through hawthorn-scented lanes and water-meadows, and loitered by dusky trout-streams, staring at the water, and wishing it were a lawful day, and he were provided with his rod, and sauntered through the slow placid hours, which seemed much more pleasantly spent in this idle commune with nature than at his mother's perfectly appointed board, where he could but repeat the usual Sunday small talk—talk kept on purpose for the day, as it seemed to Edmund Standen—and stare at the diamond cut decanters and water-jug, and yawn feebly in the long intervals of silence.

"I should be glad if we regulated our lives a little less by the clock," he thought, as he rose reluctantly from the green bank above the trout stream, where he had stretched himself in delicious rest. "Indeed, sometimes when my mother preaches her little sermon about punctuality I feel that I could hate the man who invented clocks. How nice it must be to be a savage, with no particular time for getting up or going to bed, or dining, or dressing; only perpetual liberty, and the wild free woods for one's habitation." He remembered, however, that there was a particular time for the afternoon service, and that he was bound to appear thereat. He had excused himself for preferring this country ramble to attendance at the family meal; but there was no indulgence that would excuse his absence from afternoon service. So in his anxiety to be punctual he made a little more haste than was necessary, and found himself in the old churchyard half an hour too soon. A small side door stood open, and he looked into the church. The quiet grey old Gothic church, with its barbarous white-washed walls, its rotten remnant of a carved oak screen, its injured columns with faded hatchments stuck against the capitals, its low gallery, and clumsy organ, and ponderous pulpit, with its monstrous sounding-board; and that delicious sense of coolness and welcome shadow which made the temple almost lovely.

A babble of shrill voices had attracted him to this door, and looking in, he saw a row of small children in one of the side aisles, and a girl leaning against the door of a pew with a book in her hand, examining them in the Church Catechism.

This was Sylvia Carew. The fair, perfect face surprised him into such admiration as he had never felt for a woman's beauty till this hour. It was like the one picture in a crowded gallery which rivets the wanderer's gaze, and holds him spell-bound after a half-listless admiration of five hundred other pictures; the one melody in all the tangled music of an opera that smites the listener's heart.

He had no excuse for going into the church, he could only stand in the little archway and look at her, admiringly, almost reverently, as if he had seen one of the marble angels in Dame Sybil Perriam's monument in the chancel yonder conjured into life. While he lingered, lost in contemplation of this beautiful picture, the girl looked up, and their eyes met in that first look which was the unfelt presage of destiny. The girl blushed, and then smiled; and, encouraged by that friendly smile, Edmund Standen crossed the threshold.

The catechism was finished. Miss Carew's pupils had stumbled through their answers to those world-known interrogatories more awkwardly and hopelessly than village school children generally do stumble—for it must be confessed that Miss Carew's class in the Sunday school was always more backward than other classes; but then, as Sylvia argued, the people who took the other classes were fine ladies, who taught for their own pleasure, and prided themselves on their success as teachers, while she taught those tiresome children only because she was obliged.

"I'm afraid you find your class rather drowsy this warm day," said Mr. Standen, not knowing what else to say.

"They are always stupid and troublesome," answered Sylvia, with a disdainful toss of her pretty head. "I don't think the weather makes much difference. Mary Jane Harris will you be good enough to stand on the ground instead of on my feet. I brought them in here because the school was so crowded with children and teachers."

"I think a young lady I know teaches in your Sunday school."

"There are a great many young ladies who teach," answered Sylvia indifferently; but I don't know that their teaching does any good."

"The young lady I mean is Miss Rochdale," said Edmund, feeling that he had managed to introduce himself to the young lady in quite a creditable manner. He had no doubt that she was a lady, even in the Hedingham sense of the word. He saw no signs of poverty in that neatly mended white gown which became her so admirably. He only knew that she was lovelier than any living breathing woman he had ever seen; a reminiscence of the world of pictures; rather than a creature of mortal mould.

"I know Miss Rochdale to speak to," said Sylvia, "but I don't know much of her," and then, before Edmund Standen could say another word, she murmured a shy good afternoon, and went away with her little flock, almost as if she had melted from his sight like the memory of that old Italian picture which her perfect face recalled to his mind—a vision of fair tranquil beauty, with golden braided hair, and liquid hazel eyes.

This was the beginning of that passion which Mrs. Standen spoke of bitterly as Edmund's infatuation. He discovered before the day was ended that his peerless beauty was the parish schoolmaster's daughter. But the discovery made very little difference in the swift growth of this fatal flame. Before a week was over he knew that he was passionately in love with Sylvia Carew; that earth and heaven wore a new aspect; that henceforth to be happy meant to be with her.

For the dull round of respectable daily life this passion spoiled him utterly. The faultless machinery of domesticity at Dean House became intolerable to him. He could no longer dawdle, with a decent show of contentment, through the long summer evenings, strolling up and down the smooth gravel, or close shaven turf, looking at his mother's geraniums, or pulargoniums, or standard roses, and lingering patiently while she clipped a leaf here, or nipped off an imperfect bud there. Sylvia Carew filled his heart and mind, and he was always longing for their next meeting, always re-calling her last words, the fluttering touch of her little hand, the tender upward glance of those divine eyes.

Accident—he called it Fortune—favoured him. Sylvia and he contrived to meet very often before Hedingham knew of their folly. And in one soft June twilight, reckless of his

own future, heedless of any pain this choice might inflict upon the mother who adored him, he asked Sylvia Carew to be his wife.

What answer could she give him but a glad "Yes?" His was the first voice that had ever awakened tenderness in her heart; and village gossip had taught her to consider him the most eligible bachelor in Hedingham.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. STANDEN AND HER SON HAVE A FEW WORDS.

It is half-past ten o'clock, and the visitors have departed from Dean House, after what the two Miss Toynbees declare gushingly to have been a most enjoyable evening. It has borne a close resemblance to other enjoyable evenings at Hedingham. There has been a well ordered dinner, but not a banquet of surprises such as Heliogabalus or Regent Philip of Orleans might have prepared for his guests; since every one at Hedingham knows pretty well the strong points of his neighbour's cook, and could make a shrewd guess as to the contents of the silver *entrée* dishes before the covers are lifted. Then the ladies have taken a little stroll in the twilight to admire the bedding-out plants, have even visited the hot-houses, perhaps at the risk of whitening their seftal raiment; while the gentlemen, Edmund Standen, Mr. Toynbee and Mr. Holmes the curate, have talked politics—airing respectable Conservative opinions—over their claret and coffee. Then they have all met in the big cool drawing-room for tea and a little music, and they have simpered their approval of songs and mazourkas which they have heard a good many times since Christmas; and then they have parted, delighted with one another, and with a life which can boast such bright spots as these friendly little dinners.

If there is one time more than another that seems to lay itself out as it were, for a family quarrel, that period is the empty half-hour after a dinner party. The guests are gone, the society mask, worn perhaps unconsciously but worn all the same, drops off. Feelings that have been held in repression during this interval of artificial existence spring back upon us with strong rebound. The hatches have been battened down over that dark hold where we keep our emotions, but our bad passions thrust them open when society's restraining influence is withdrawn.

Esther Rochdale pleaded fatigue, and said good-night to her adopted mother, as soon as the guests were gone. "Good-night, dear auntie," she said, "and I hope you'll go to bed very soon, for you're looking pale and tired—I'm afraid the sun to-day was too much for you."

It had been agreed long ago that Esther should call her protectress "Auntie." In all things had Mrs. Standen been as a mother to the orphan, yet she could not bear that any lips except those of her own children should call her mother. Edmund's voice alone gave that sacred name its full sweetness, fond though she was of the daughter who had married, and made for herself new ties and a new home. In her heart of hearts Edmund was as her only child. She would not for the world have owned to such a sentiment, setting her face, as she did, against all sentimentality; nevertheless this was the feeling that had governed her years ago when she taught the little Indian child to call her "Auntie."

"The sun was powerful, but I don't mind *that*," said Mrs. Standen, with an involuntary glance at her son.

"What was it that bored you to-day, if it was not the heat, mother?" asked Edmund, when Esther was gone.

Those troublesome emotions would not be kept any longer under the hatches. The long dull evening enforced severance from Sylvia, and the prosy conversational meanderings of Mr. Toynbee and the Curate, had goaded Mr. Standen almost to madness. He felt that it would do him good to quarrel with some one—even with his mother. There was no tenderness in that sacred name as his lips uttered it to-night.

"I was unhappy about you, Edmund," answered Mrs. Standen, with a look of pain.

"Why should you be unhappy about me, mother?" asked the young man coldly, "I can see no reason. I have always been an obedient son."

"You have indeed," said the mother, stealing a tender look at her darling, who was walking up and down the room with impatient strides.

"And I shall be so still. Or if I cannot obey I shall at least know how to submit. Why should you feel unhappy, mother? You have made your decision and I am ready to abide by it. We can be friends all the same."

"No, we are not the same to each other—we are not what we were a month ago."

"Well, there may be a little difference in our mutual satisfaction, just at first," Edmund answered with a somewhat bitter smile, "it takes a man some time to accustom himself to the idea that his mother means to disinherit him. I don't mean as regards the change in his prospects. That is a small thing. But he has to reconcile himself to the knowledge that the mother he loves can deal hardly by him."

"Do you think it is no pain to me to deal hardly with you, Edmund?"

"If it were so painful you would scarcely do it."
"It is for your own sake, Edmund. If my affection has no influence with you, I must use the power your father's will gave me. I would do anything to prevent this wretched marriage."

"That you will never do. You can reduce me to beggary, but you cannot rob me of the woman I love. Nothing less than fate shall do that."

"You mean to marry Sylvia Carew, then?" asked the mother, with a desperate look. She could hardly believe that this idolised son could persist in his opposition to her will. She had entreated him with tears; she would have gone on her knees to supplicate him had there been any hope of success.

"I told you so the day before yesterday," he said, moodily.
"Yes. But some good influence might have softened your heart since then."

"There is no hardness in my heart. I have only made up my mind to marry the one woman I can thoroughly love. Is there anything unnatural in a man choosing for himself? I think you sometimes forget, mother, that I have come to man's estate. You fancy that I am still a little boy, protected from the risk of falling down stairs by a gate on the nursery landing, as I used to be twenty years ago."

"I should not attempt to interfere with your choice, if it were rational, the deliberate result of sober reason—an attachment that had stood the test of time; but to see you bent

upon marrying a girl whom you have only known since last May; of whom you know positively nothing except that she has a pretty face —"

"And that is the one face upon earth for me, and that she loves me, and that I love her. That's the beginning, middle, and end of a love story, mother. You can't improve it or take away from it, or add to it. No love match from the days of Paris and Helen ever had a longer history. One would think you never had been in love yourself, mother, by your talk of sober reason and rational attachments."

This careless thrust went home. Mrs. Standen had dreamed her fond girlish dream of love seven years before she married the portly banker, at the sober age of six and twenty. She had loved and been beloved, and sacrificed the tenderest hopes of a girl's heart upon the altar of family convenience. Should there not be a small stone altar in the hall of every house, as a symbol of that invisible shrine on which so many tender feelings are constantly being offered up before the implacable household god, Necessity?

Mrs. Standen would not tell Edmund that she too had suffered. It would have been disrespectful to that generous husband who had loved and trusted her so fully. But she went up to her boy, and gently took his hand, and said,

"I know what it is to suffer, Edmund, and to be disappointed, and to own afterwards that the disappointment was a blessing in disguise."

"I want no such equivocal benefits," said the young man, impatiently. "There's no use in arguing the point, mother. I mean to be a dutiful son always. Nothing can make any real or lasting difference in my affection for you. But I intend to marry the woman I love."

And then after settling the question thus with an air of supreme calm, that quarrelsome demon which had been disquieting him more or less all the evening, broke loose in Mr. Standen's breast, and he exclaimed, angrily:—

"Indeed, I cannot see what substantial reason you can have for objecting to the match. What are we that we should set ourselves up among the old county families?"

"On my side at least we have some claim to good blood," said Mrs. Standen with dignity. "The Bossineys are as old a family as any in the west of England."

Mrs. Standen had been a Miss Bossiney. That crumbling ivy-mantled vault in the churchyard enshrined the ashes of her ancestors. She had inherited the Worcester dinner-service, and the Derby dessert service from the Bossineys.

"Like the Copplestones and the Trelawneys, I suppose," replied Edmund scornfully. "But when we come to names Carew is as good as any."

"A very good name for those to whom it belongs. But I should question a parish schoolmaster's right to it."

"What, did you never hear of a gentleman in reduced circumstances?"

"Rarely of any gentleman living so obscure a life as Mr. Carew's, without some good reason for his preferring such obscurity," answered Mrs. Standen.

"You are full of prejudice, mother," cried Edmund, quickening his pace.

"It is not prejudice, Edmund, but instinct. Trust a mother's feelings in such a case as this. If it is life or death for you, it is life or death for me. Wreck your happiness and you wreck mine. I have studied that girl since I found out your infatuation for her."

"A period of three or four weeks!" cried the son, scornfully.

"Long enough for me to find out a good deal. I have talked to people who know Sylvia Carew. I have been to the school three or four times to see with my own eyes."

"Her character is not exposed to view in a glass case, like the trinkets on a jeweller's counter."

"She is shallow enough for me to read her, yes, to the heart of her mystery," answered Mrs. Standen. "Frisolous, proud, vain—that is the character I hear of her, and what I have seen confirms my informants."

"I wonder you can stoop to listen to petty village gossip, the ill-natured suggestions of women who are envious of my Sylvia's sweet face."

"I have talked to some who are beyond envy. Mrs. Vancouver has seen a good deal of Miss Carew, and her judgment, deliberately arrived at, for she is far too good a woman to condemn hastily, coincides with my own instinct. That girl is not worthy of the sacrifice you are going to make for her."

"Sacrifice?" echoed Edmund. "Were I an emperor I should be proud to win her."

"If it were only a question of worldly disadvantage, if it were merely the difference in your social rank, I would cease to oppose you," said the mother, yearning to be reconciled with this beloved son, and feeling how wide a breach yawned between them. "I would even say nothing about the mystery in Mr. Carew's life, the evident incongruity between the man and his position. If the girl herself were a good girl—"

"How dare you say that she is anything else than good?" cried Edmund, the long smothered fire flaming out at last. "How dare you judge her—you who pretend to rule your life by the gospel?"

This was another home-thrust. How is any woman to justify that dim foreboding fear which she calls an instinct?

"I want you to be happy, Edmund," his mother said piteously.

"I can only be happy in one way. I can only be happy if I marry the woman I love."

"How can you be sure of your heart? You are little more than a boy."

"It is all very well for you to think me that, mother; but at four-and-twenty I claim the right to consider myself a man."

"And you are prepared to face beggary, for the sake of this girl?"

"I am willing to resign my heritage."

"Like Esau," said Mrs. Standen bitterly.

"Like Esau, if you will. Things did not go so badly with Esau in after-life; he had his flocks and his herds, like his more astute brother. No, mother, I don't mean to face beggary; I mean to work for my living, as many a better man has done before me. I mean to succeed, God help me, for my young wife's sake; and I," with a sudden change to tenderness, "I look forward hopefully to the day when you will be reconciled to my choice, and when you will say to me,"

"After all, Edmund, a true heart is a safe counsellor."

That look of affection from the young man's honest eyes, that tender tone deeply touched the mother. She was not usually demonstrative of her tenderest feelings, but to-night she laid her head on her son's shoulder and sobbed aloud.

"My boy," she cried; "I seem to use you hardly, when I love you better than my life."

"Why, you foolish mother," said Edmund cheerily, every angry feeling gone at sight of his mother's tears, "do you think anything or anybody can alter the affection we two bear for each other? Do you think a paltry question of money would ever divide us? Do you think I love you any less because I persist in my choice of a wife? A man's heart must be small indeed, if it is not big enough to hold wife and mother."

"My best of sons!" murmured Mrs. Standen. "He who rules above us reads my heart, and knows it holds no selfish feeling where you are concerned. It is no personal prejudice—no mother's jealousy—that makes me oppose this marriage. But you have made up your mind—why do I speak of it any more? Let there be no bitterness between us. I can do no more except pray for your happiness."

Mrs. Standen had played her ace of trumps, and, as it were, thrown the card away. She had thought that when called upon to weigh the loss of his father's fortune against the gratification of his own caprice, Edmund would have hesitated to pay so heavy a price for his fancy. She saw him calmly resolute, unmoved by the prospect of so great a sacrifice, ready to surrender his heritage as lightly as if it had been one of the banker's silver snuff-boxes—those memorials of the departed, which were piously preserved under a glass case on the chiffonier yonder. She saw her tactics fail utterly. She had never meant to rob her boy of the inheritance that was justly his. She had never meant to enrich her daughter at the cost of her son.

She had only striven to stand between Edmund and a passion which that keen instinct of maternal love told her would be fatal.

(To be continued.)

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

BY NED P. MAH.

I.

"George," said Arthur Bannister, as after a searching scrutiny of his friend he removed the short pipe from his lips that he might speak more intelligibly, "George, you have got a fit of the blues again."

"No, Ait, I'm all right; a fellow can't be always cutting his jokes you know."

"George," this time Ait spoke like an oracle, "you are hiding your light under a bushel. You are worth better things than this."

"There was a time when I should have thought so too, Ait. Now, I am doing well enough as I am."

"You are not doing well enough, for you might do better."

Perhaps the reader would like to know what they were doing, these two friends. Let us take a look at their surroundings and we may perhaps judge.

They were seated—smoking, as we have seen—in a quaint little old-fashioned back parlour with an open fire-place; a room not by any means devoid of comfort according to bachelor notions. The carpet was rich, and by no means old, though it bore witness that its owners were devotees of the narcotic weed in more places than one. The furniture was good in all its details though it had evidently been subject to rough usage, the scratches and nail prints on the mahogany showing plainly that its possessors did not always take the trouble to put on their slippers before subsiding into positions more considerate of their personal comfort than the preservation of their chairs and tables. The walls were profusely covered with pictures, good of their sort, but in the selection of which masculine tastes were evidently predominant. Engravings and oil-paintings were mingled in most approved confusion, and portraits of celebrated trotters, prima donnas, premières danseuses, and rat-terriers, ranged side by side upon those classic walls. There was a pipe rack, too, where all that was curious, and costly, and convenient among the implements of the smoker's art, hung temptingly arrayed; there were boxes of cigars of wondrous brands; prime Havanas, choice Cubas, mild Manillas, piled away in the angles of the old brick chimney; there was a funny, carved old corner cupboard which contained decanters of choice wines, and black bottles filled with strong and subtle liquors, and spirit stands where, as now, was brewed that insidious nectar whose four elements, as Schiller sings, intimately commingled, put to life its finishing touch and give to the world its stableness.

At least there was no sign of squalor here, and if there was something lacking of that refinement and air of home which woman's hand alone can lend, at least there was no lack of comforts.

But what were they doing? what were the means by which these comforts were obtained by our two friends? A glance at the front of the house will show us it was an old Book Store. Yes, a Second-Hand Book Store. Ah! you may laugh, but there are those in the world who can tell you that there is money in that business, and that by it misers have ere now accumulated their hoards.

But our friends were too young and too fond of creature comforts to be misers, and that quaint little back parlour had witnessed feasts, and had seen company, which would have astonished you.

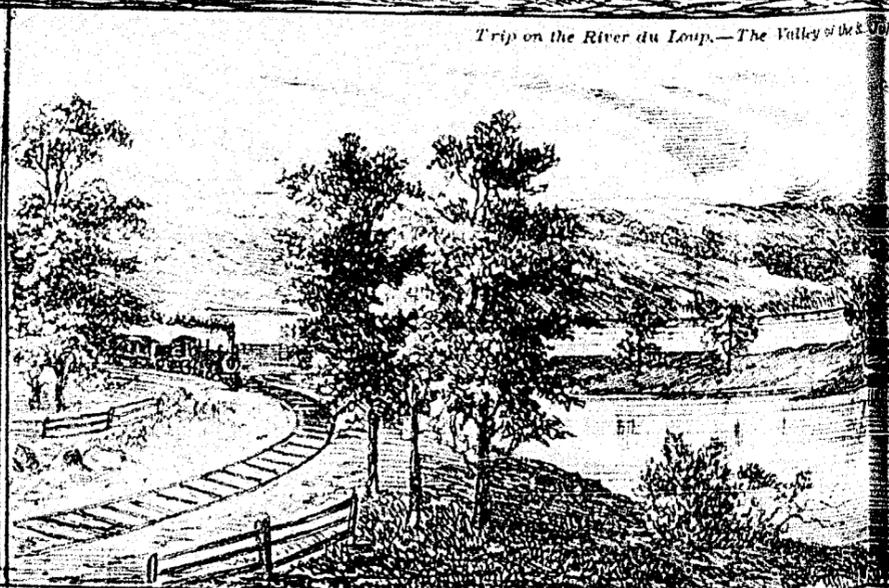
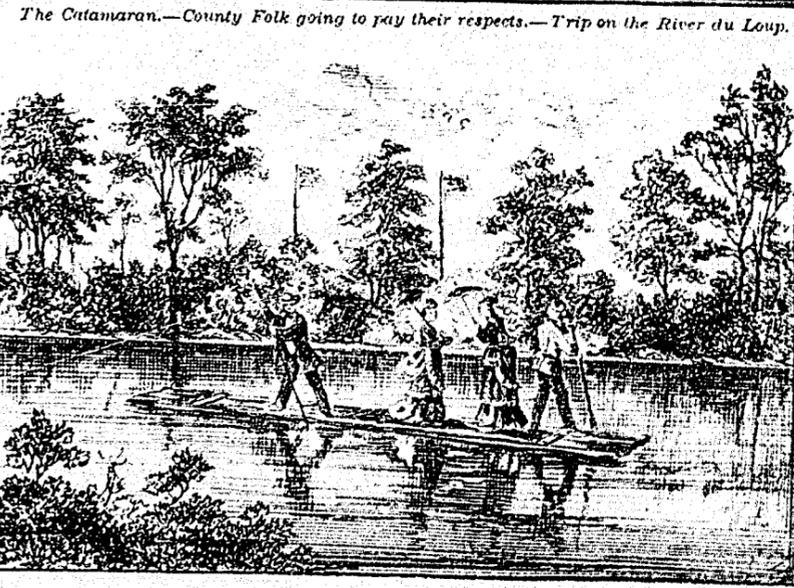
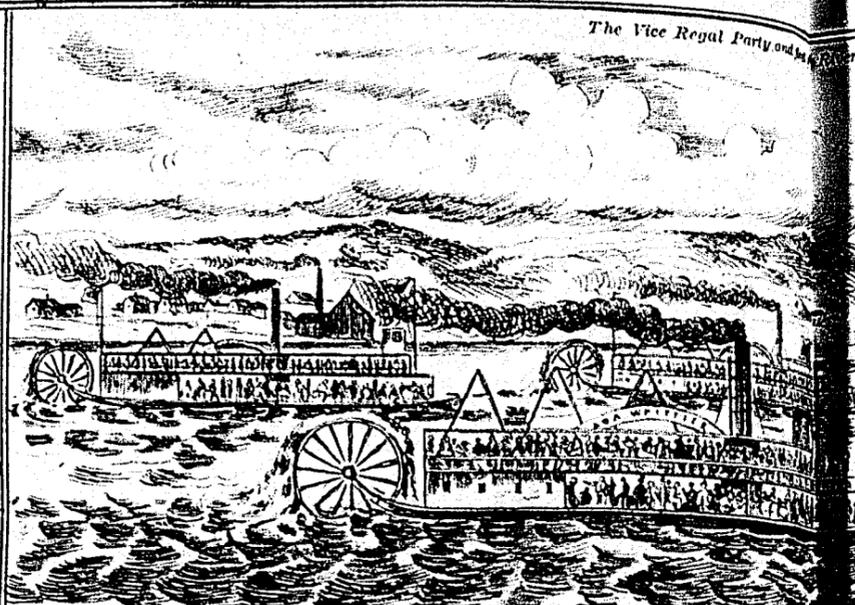
Celebrities of the sporting world and heroes of the sock and buskin had laughed and quaffed and joined the flow of bowl, and soul there. Sykes the fighting man had drunk his "heavy" there, and Middle, Joliejams had partaken there of oysters and champagne. But there, in spite of all this conviviality, George Benham sometimes got the blues and was told by his partner and best friend in the world, Ait Bannister, that he was worth better things.

"George," he said, "you must sell out of this. Business is flourishing; I can pay you a good handsome sum down as your share; you must go back to the world to your old haunts again and be respectable once more before it is too late. Clear out of this, invest in a few fashionable togs, the best that can be built for money, be seen only in the best seats at the opera, the theatre and in church, and of course you will do all this at Spatown where your palmy days were passed and where you have creditable friends, and if you don't retrieve your fortunes and make your mark—write me down a double s."

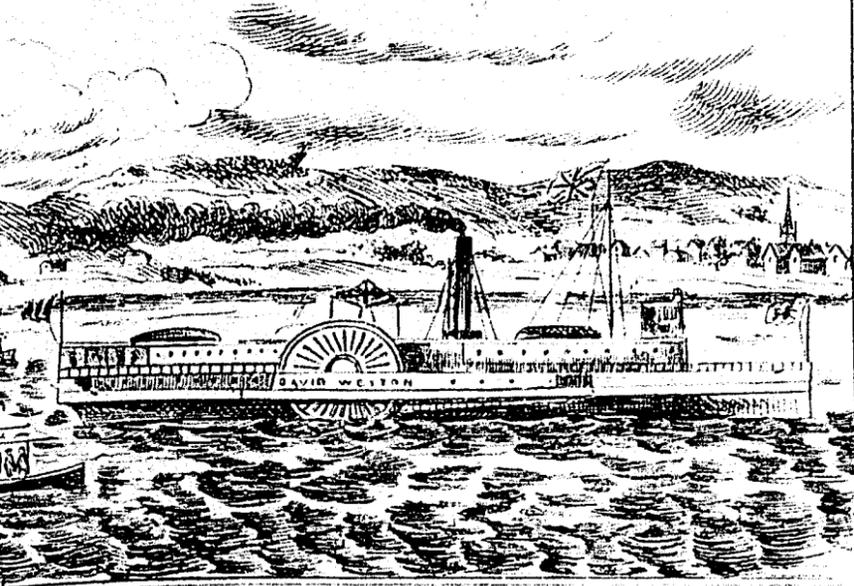
"How make my mark? How retrieve my fortunes?"

"Women, of course!"

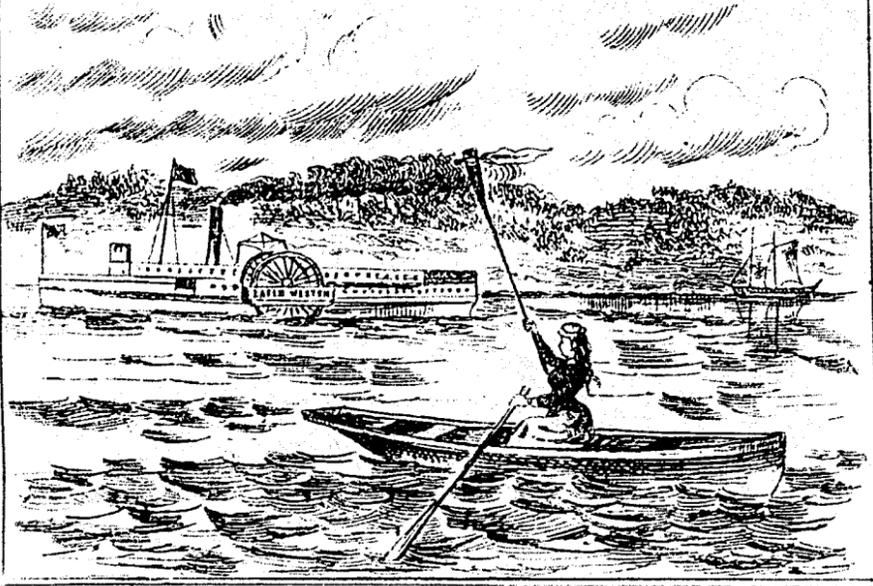
"And how explain my disappearance, my life in the interim?"



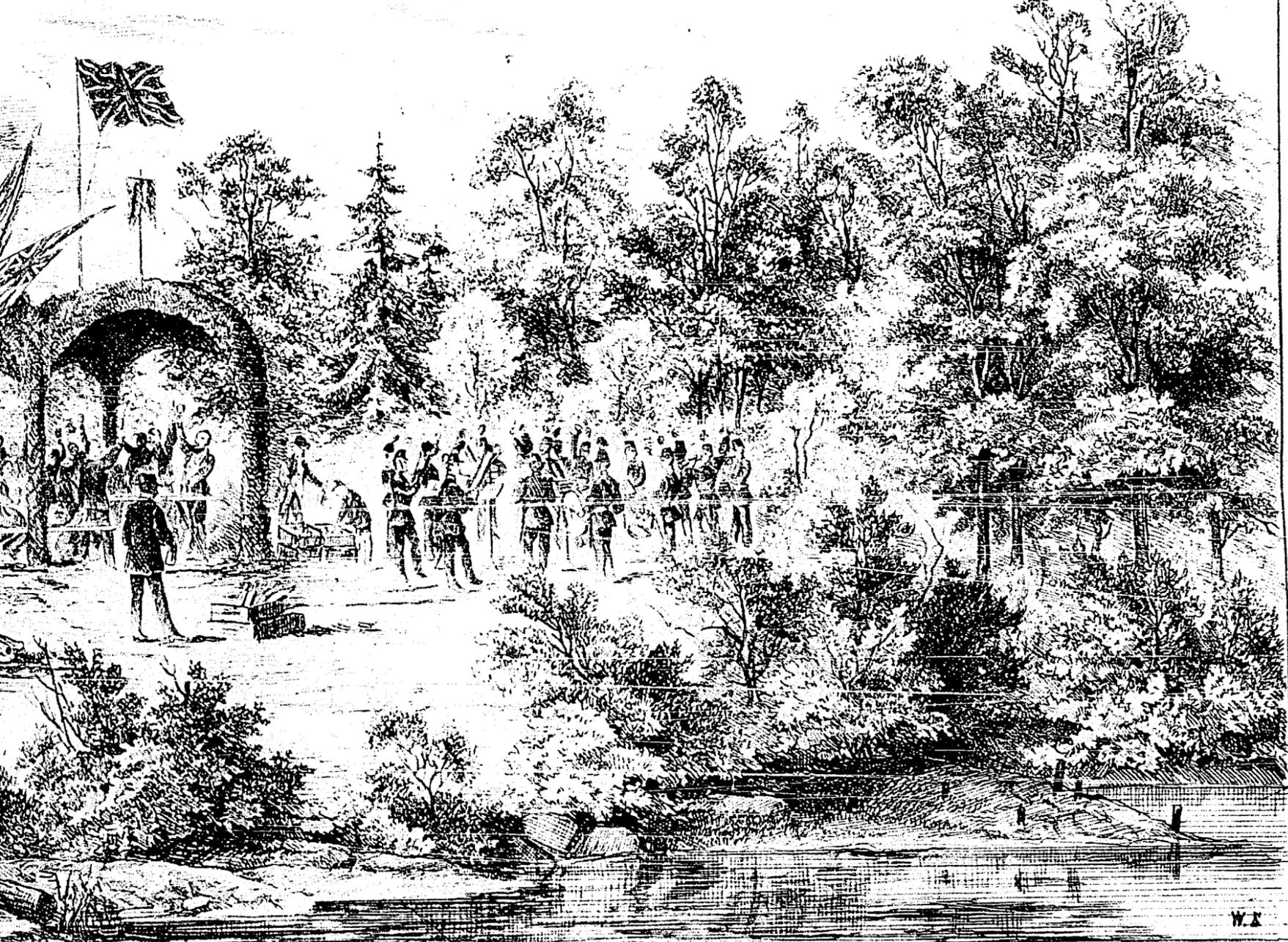
Boats approaching Fredericton.



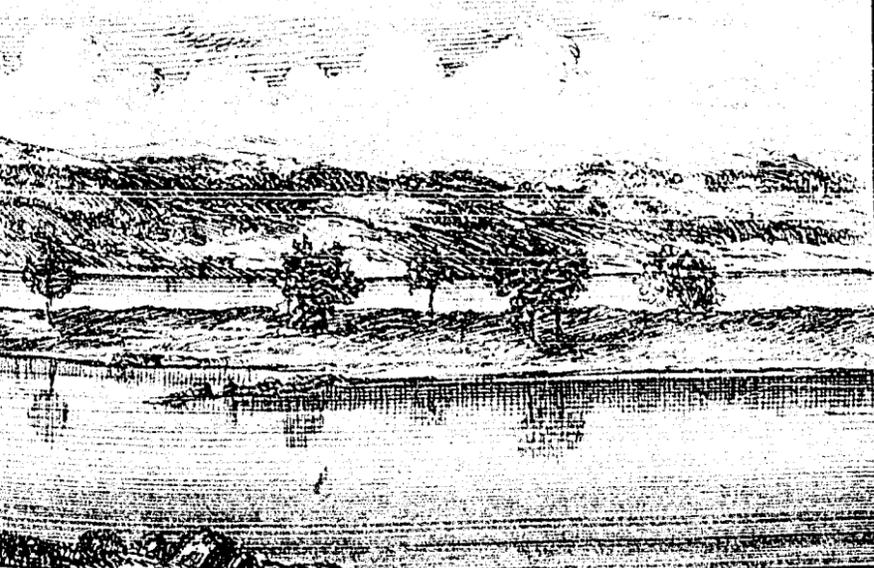
A River St. John Water Lily.



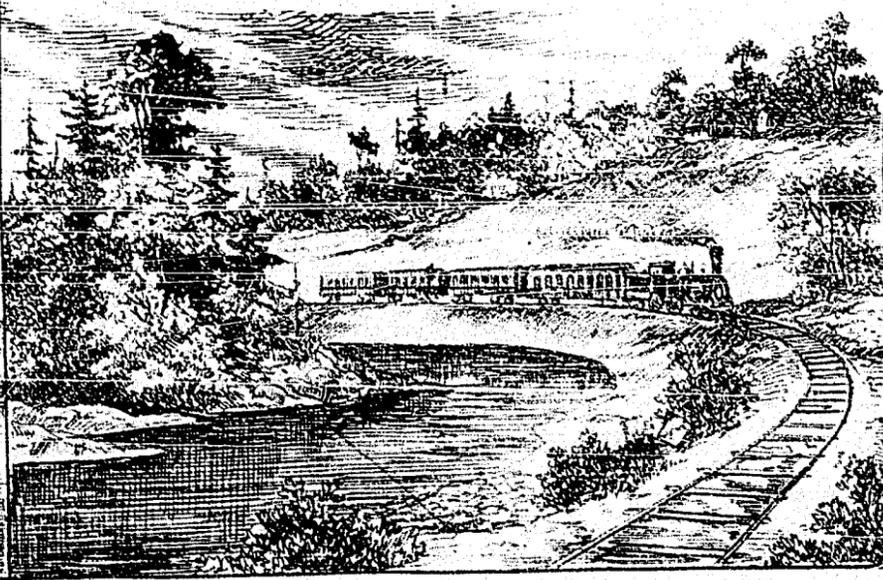
Railway.—The Luncheon.



6 miles above Fredericton.



Trip on the River du Loup on the West Branch of the Keswick.



ES.—THE RIVER ST. JOHN AND RIVER DU LOUP RAILWAY.

Useless to deny that I have been a hard case. What girl whose esteem and affections are worth having would look at me now?"

"Bosh, you don't know women as well as I do or you would know that a *souppon* of the *roué* is the best passport to their favour. The man of whom 'such dreadful things are said,' is always, to them, an object of curiosity, of interest, of pity, which is akin to love; ay, and though they would blush to own it, secretly, of admiration. Why, my young innocent, this is a very letter of recommendation!"

"And you think that now I have the courage to do this? That with feelings, passions, energies, blunted with ill-luck, and dissipation, and devil-may-careism I can rouse myself to act the man of fashion, the ladies' man, the lover?"

"You don't need any energy; the more you hang back the better; a woman rarely loves very violently the man who violently loves her. She laughs at him rather."

"And how about Polly?"

"Never mind Polly. Polly won't break her heart. She likes you to be sure, you have been kind to her and she thinks you have money. Leave Polly alone for the present; you will always have her to fall back upon should the worst come to the worst. She and I will receive you with open arms."

"By Jove, I'll try it!" cried George Benham flinging away his cigar and rising with a sparkle in his eye and his whole frame braced by resolve. "You're a devilish good fellow, Ait, and here's your jolly good health!"

"And here's success to an old favourite on his reappearance in public! For me, I can instruct others for the stage but am too old to tread the boards myself," said Arthur Bannister as he emptied his steaming tumbler.

II.

One of those pretty villas which fringe the sea at Spatown was brilliantly lighted, and as the sounds of music and revelry floated out of the open windows, the belated loungers of the Esplanade and the fishermen who were preparing for a night excursion knew that there was a great dance there to-night.

In the little glass balcony at the back of the house, the cool breeze fanning his brow, escaped from the music and the hot rooms and the dancing which he stigmatised as "confounded hard work—why don't they hire people to dance for them?" in a gloomy, meditative attitude, sat George Benham.

The young hostess, a lady of whom it was said by her admirers that she united the beauty of a Venus with the dignity of a Juno, came gliding softly out of the ball-room and stole with noiseless footfall to his side. "A pretty way my partners treat me," she said as she approached. "Do you know you were engaged to me for this waltz, George?" Then finding that he never noticed her—probably he had not even heard her, his head being out of the window and turned to the wind—she tapped him on the shoulder and said, "a penny for your thoughts, George."

He looked up at her, then, and answered her—just as he would have answered had the question been asked by his friend Bannister in their quaint little back parlour behind the Second-Hand Book Store—without any intention of making a fine speech, just what was in his mind, the plain, simple truth.

"Look yonder," he said, "do you see how that wave keeps leaping on to that rock-ledge, and falling back foiled. I was thinking how my life was just like that—just like the ocean in general too. I am always in motion, never resting, always vaguely aiming at an indefinite something and falling back without attaining any really useful object. Will I never have a really definite aim, or, if I have, will I never attain it? Will there never—never—never be a calm? Cannot your woman's wit tell me what my object ought to be? Cannot your woman's heart divine how, above all, such a calm might be obtained?"

He had looked up at her while speaking with, had it not been too dark to see it then, an honest frankness in his eyes. He looked down again, now, awaiting her reply.

He felt her bending over him, he felt the warm glow from her cheek, he felt that she caressed him with an infinite tenderness, though she never touched him; there are women that can caress us when they are yards away, and he heard her distinctly pronounce the words—though they were spoken in only the phantom of a whisper—"Marry me."

Had any would-be fortune-teller told George that morning that he would ever marry Mary Etherington he would have laughed her to scorn. Had such an idea been presented to him but half an hour since, nothing would have surprised him more. Yet it did not seem to surprise him now. He looked up, their lips met, and the next moment she was leaning on his arm as he conducted her back to the ball-room, and saying: "So all your difficulties are done away with now; your object has been found and the calm has already begun."

No, it hadn't seemed strange to him then, when it had happened, and while the mysterious influence of her presence was upon him, under the spell of her great love it had seemed perfectly natural to him, just as the strangest things seem perfectly natural to us under the spell of a dream.

But when he was alone, and for the first time was at liberty to reflect, it did seem one of the most remarkable things that could have happened. In the first place he did not love this woman, he did not even like her. He had known her to be sure, known her years ago, but she was the last woman in the world he would have thought of marrying. He had thought of her so long merely as a friend, that—well, he shook his head doubtfully as he contemplated his chances of a future "calm."

III.

Ait Bannister sat alone in his little den, puffing huge volumes of smoke from his big, veteran, silver-mounted meerschaum. The second-hand book business was more lucrative than ever, and Ait was growing sleek and fat, a little bald though, too—but as sleek and fat as the glossy tabby that reclined luxuriously on the leopard skin at his feet. And Ait's thoughts were with his old friend and ex-partner George Benham.

Hot and strong was his punch, Polly's fingers had mixed it; drowsily narcotic was his pipe, Polly had filled it; genial was the warmth that emanated from the quaint old hearth, that Polly's hand had swept. So that now when the figure of his old friend George glid in through the door and, selecting its favourite pipe from the rack sat itself down in its accustomed seat in its old position on the opposite side of the fireplace—Ait Bannister wasn't quite sure whether he were dreaming or not.

To dispel the doubt he opened his lips:

"Is that you, George?"

"Yes, Ait, it's me."

"Out o' luck, George?"

"No, Ait. I'm the luckiest fellow in God's world."

"Ah! Unhappy at home, George?"

"No, I've the most comfortable home on earth."

"Single, George?"

"No, Ait."

"Married, George?"

"Yes, Ait."

"Wife ugly, George?"

"She's a splendid woman, Ait."

"Hum—vixen, eh?"

"Angelic temper, Ait."

"Ha! She hasn't bolted, has she, George?"

"No fear of that, Ait."

"Then what is the matter, George?"

"Nothing Ait. My wife's an angel, she studies my happiness, she forestals my every wish; the fact is, Ait, she's killing me with kindness; she is so good to me that she makes me perfectly wretched. What have I done to deserve it all. I didn't love her; I didn't pay her any attention; I didn't want to marry her. She proposed, she married me, and now she's so good, and devoted, and loving that one can't in common decency do anything to offend her; and yet I've been dying ever since for a sit in the old chair with my legs on the old chimney-piece, for a smoke from my old pipe, a drink from the old bowl and a chat with my old friend."

"And, by Jupiter, nobody is better pleased to see you back with your old comforts round you, and to know that you haven't forgot your old friend in the pursuit of the 'better things' which you see you were 'worth' after all."

"I'm afraid, Ait," said George, "to be better isn't always to be happier."

Just then there was a whirl of wheels upon the pavement, the little bell over the shop door tinkled violently, and the next moment Mary Benham herself, as large and beautiful and commanding as ever, stood before them.

"Ah, truant," she cried laughingly, pointing a finger at George, "I thought I knew where I should find you. Haven't you been talking about your old haunts in your sleep for the last week, you rogue. But do you know you promised to take me to see Joliejams and hear Chanticleer at the New Tivoli this week, and as the horses were fresh, I thought I would drive into the city, pick you up, and make you redeem your promise, you know. Bah! how you smell of tobacco, and punch too, I declare!" and taking him under her wing and nodding graciously to Ait, she drove him off in triumph.

And Ait, left alone, hugged himself, and chuckled, and laughed softly to himself as he thought of his friend's lugubrious countenance, and said:

"Poor George! poor George!—Henpecked, by Jupiter!"

But Mary has proved herself by no means a hard task-mistress. A compromise has been effected by which she allows George two evenings a week off duty, on which he may amuse himself in his own way, and these two evenings instead of going to his club, he passes in the society of that genial cynic, Ait. But does she know that Polly, when she fills their pipes, and brews their punch, sometimes stoops over her friend with something very like tears of affection in her bright eyes, and brushes his cheek with something very like a kiss?

Our Illustrations.

The Provincial Exhibition this year was hardly such a success as might have been expected; yet notwithstanding the meagreness of the show, especially in the Industrial Department, and the very unfavourable state of the weather, the crowd of visitors was very great. An idea may be formed of the influx of outside visitors from the fact that on the opening day fully 5,000 visitors arrived in three early trains within the short space of half an hour. The Exhibition forms the subject of editorial comment elsewhere.

The illustrations on pages 196 and 197 are briefly described on the latter page.

A Ball, Regatta, Levee, and sundries filled up the brief sojourn in St. John of their Excellencies Lord and Lady Dufferin. Their visit was brief but memorable. The Earl's agreeable and courteous bearing and pleasant speeches, coupled with the smiles of his lovely wife will long remain in the recollection of the citizens of that busy city. Their departure for up the river on the morning of the 23rd ult., brought together a vast concourse of people to bid them God speed. The wharves at Indian Town and every available window and house top in the vicinity of the Union Line wharf was covered with spectators. As the splendid steamer "David Weston" moved majestically through the Narrows with its vice-Regal passengers the guns of various artillery corps on the heights, overlooking that highly picturesque gorge, boomed a parting salute which echoed and re-echoed among the surrounding hills. From St. John to Fredericton, by the river a distance of eighty miles, is an exceedingly pleasant and interesting trip. The class of steamers on the route are equal to any of their size on this continent for speed and equipment. The scenery is surpassingly beautiful and never fails to surprise and interest the tourist.

At each of the landings on the present occasion were assembled throngs of country folk anxious to get a glimpse of the distinguished travellers. In one instance a charming young damsel with fair flowing tresses, not content with a chance on the river bank, launched the family gig and boldly made for mid-channel with a hand-over-hand stroke that would have done credit to a professional oarsman. Nor did her loyalty end with her curiosity, for in response to the waving "cambrics" on the steamer she tied her own handkerchief to the top of the oar and sent it to the breeze with a sweetly musical cheer and merry laugh. Another little incident helped to make quite a pleasant tableau. A number of children were grouped on a sand spit that made out far into the river, the back ground was composed of a high range of hills with green sunny slopes, dotted with farm houses and a neat church. When the steamer came opposite the group a young urchin, one of the number, with a pair of brown unsocked legs, raised his little cotton Jack, which was the signal for a loud cheer from the assembled throng of the future rulers of the Dominion. The act was simple in itself. It will never be forgotten by that gathering of merry children whose forefathers settled on those very hills nearly a century ago when all was a wild unbroken wilderness, and may assist in cementing that love of country which is fast gathering in our young Dominion.

On approaching Fredericton the "David Weston" was met by three steamers, filled with children of the Sunday Schools. The fleet was chartered at the expense of John Pickard, Esq., M. P. What with the music of the bands on board and the hearty cheering from the hundreds of juvenile excursionists, another scene

and pleasant sketch was added to the many that had greeted the vice-regal party since they entered on the pilgrimage of the Maritime Provinces. Fredericton was never outdone by any of her sister cities in the Dominion in acts of loyalty. On this occasion, as on former, she was ready with her lamps well oiled. The artillery was in position, the military turned out complete, and that very popular Mayor Gregory accompanied with his efficient corporation ready to do the correct thing on the part of the city.

His Excellency went to the Government House and had a chance of rest on the day following, Sunday the 24th., although the day of storms.

On Monday, 25th, His Excellency and Countess went on an excursion on the River du Loup Railway accompanied by the Heads of Departments of the Local Government, the élite of Fredericton, and many distinguished citizens of St. John.

The River du Loup R.R. is narrow gauge and is being built and pushed forward at a most rapid rate. The Company is chiefly composed of St. John and Fredericton merchants, with Alexander Gibson, the great lumberman and mill owner, at its head as President. They expect to have it through to River du Loup in three years. The distance is 252 miles by mail route. The greater portion of the way is located in the valley of the St. John, and cannot fail when complete to attract tourists and travellers on account of the charming scenery which the line will open up, while the traffic through such a fertile and well-settled country will be something enormous. The vice-regal party went up 28 miles and returned half way to a pavilion formed of the boughs of the aromatic spruce, under which was spread a collation of choice viands and their usual accompaniments. The band of the volunteers discoursed sweet music, and the hungry pic-nickers did good justice to their *al-fresco* luncheon. His Excellency did up a speech in his usual happy strain, and the whole party returned to Fredericton after a most agreeable trip.

It must not be omitted that quite a concourse of farmers with their wives and daughters had assembled on the pic-nic grounds arrayed in their best, and all were invited to lunch with the distinguished visitors they had come to behold. On the river that skirted the woodland salls a manger, several catamarans conveyed the lovely sylphs of the Keswick to the scene of festivity. The propelling power was supplied by their cavaliers. His Excellency left for Woodstock on the following morning.

The original of our double page is by Mr. E. J. Russell.

The two reproductions on page 204 in relation to events in Spain will prove especially interesting at the present time. The first of these from the Leipzig *Illustrirte Zeitung* illustrates the episode of Captain Werner's capture of the insurgent frigate "Vigilante." Of the second the *Illustrated London News*, from which we copy, says:—"Although it is prudent not to believe all that is stated in the daily telegrams of the rapid advances made by the Carlists to seize Barcelona, there is enough anxiety concerning the fate of that city to give more than usual interest to one of our illustrations, which is a view of the fortress of Montjuich. The hill bearing this old name, which is a corruption of Mons Judateus, from its having in the middle ages been the abode of a Jewish colony, commands Barcelona and the shipping in its port. The fortifications of Montjuich are shaped as an irregular pentagon; its garrison is well provided with casemates and cisterns, and its batteries have all in the town at their mercy, as they proved by a bombardment in 1842. The people of Barcelona have always been regarded as turbulent and prone to insurrection. In the seventeenth century they rebelled against the Government of Castile, and gave themselves up to France, but their city was recaptured by the Spaniards in 1652, after a siege of fourteen months. In 1705, during the war of the Spanish Succession, in which the English army, under Lord Peterborough, played a brilliant part, the citadel of Montjuich was surprised by the English on Oct. 9, and Barcelona was forced to surrender. The town was bombarded by the French in 1714, and was afterwards taken by assault; a third part of it was destroyed. Napoleon, in 1808, gained possession of Barcelona by a fraudulent trick, and kept it till the Duke of Wellington drove the French again out of Spain. There were repeated insurrections at Barcelona in favour of Don Carlos, in 1827, in 1834, and several times between 1841 and 1843. In addition to Montjuich, there are two other fortresses, San Carlos and the Ciudadela, to guard the entrance to the port, and perhaps, at the same time, to overawe the town.

The subject of this picture is an incident of the Battle of Senlac or Hastings, Oct. 14, 1066. Before the engagement, a giant-Norman, called Taillefer, spurred his horse in front of William's army and sang in a loud voice the ballads of Charlemagne and Roland. As he sang, he played aloft with his sword, throwing it high in the air with one hand and catching it with the other. The Normans cried "Dieu aide, Dieu aide." Taillefer craved permission to strike the first blow. He was killed in the battle.

Art and Literature.

Senator Sumner and General Banks will both lecture this season.

The autobiography of John Stuart Mill will be published in October.

It is said that James Parton is about to write a "Life" of Charles Dickens.

G. W. Carleton has just issued a new edition of "Don Quixote" with Gustave Doré's drawings.

Hurd and Houghton are about to publish the unpublished poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary.

Constantinople has just had a very successful Fine Art Exhibition, and intends holding a second in April next.

Sir Charles Lyell and Sir George Aitry have been named Commanders of the First Class of the Polar Star by King Oscar of Sweden, and Professors Tyndall and Huxley, together with Dr. Hooker (of Kew), have been named Knights of the same Order.

The London *Athenaeum* has been unfortunate enough to incur the displeasure of Mr. Joaquin Miller. Its reviewer having said that his new book was a dull romance, Mr. Miller, who thinks otherwise, writes that he wishes "to tell him to his teeth that he is a liar, a coward, and a cur." Mr. Miller states that he has written without consultation with his publisher. The editor thinks that a gentleman of the high reputation of his publisher will be shocked when he hears how sadly wanting Mr. Miller is in the courtesies of life and the advantages of education.

Mr. R. Kalle Miller has written a book on "The Romance of Astronomy," which is full of amusing illustrations of the consequences which must follow from the varying size of the planets. In Ceres, which has a diameter of 160 miles, a baby might play with a rattle as heavy as a moderate-sized cannon-ball, an ordinary jumper could leap over a house, a marksman put a rifle-bullet into a target at twenty miles' distance, and a city be cannonaded, except so far as the planet's shape would interfere, from one end of the world to the other. A race-horse in that planet would be able to gallop five thousand miles an hour.

Severe sickness is often prevented by timely use of Colby's Pills.

Miscellaneous.

Sleep.—A medical man, discoursing upon sleep, makes this remark: "One man may do with a little less sleep than another; but, as a general rule, if you want a clerk, a lieutenant, a lawyer, a physician, a legislator, a judge, a president, or a pastor, do not trust your interests to any man who does not take on the average eight good solid hours of sleep out of every twenty-four. Whatever may be his reason for it, if he does not give himself that, he will snap some time just when you want him to be strong."

School Life III.—The Massachusetts Commissioner of Education says that the diseases incurred during school life prepare many victims for lingering illness in later life. Many troublesome complaints not of a perceptibly fatal character are contracted in school. Headache, bleeding at the nose, diseases of the eye and spine, affections of the bronchial tubes and lungs, and other complaints, are induced or aggravated by the collection of numerous children in school under unfavorable conditions as to ventilation, light, heat, cleanliness, and exercise. School furniture is responsible also for much curvature of the spine and short sight.

Female Patriotism.—The national subscription for the purpose of rebuilding the peasant cottages destroyed during the war, and the owners of which had no means of their own, has just finished its work. The Parisian ladies who belonged to the committee worked during two years at the task of collecting money at the doors of exhibitions, flower shows, and fêtes, and the organization of balls, sales, concerts, and other means of attracting donations; and the results arrived at appear from the reports published to be very good. Seven hundred and sixty-six cottages have been rebuilt by means of the subscriptions. Mme. de MacMahon was lady president of the fund. The maréchale has quitted France on a visit to England with her two children.

Roman Churches.—The suppression of the religious corporations in the city of Rome has brought out the facts in relation to their incomes. Here are some: "The papal revenue from religious houses amounts to \$600,000, while that from churches, convents, parishes, colleges and church offices amounts to \$210,000. The revenue of St. Peter's is \$98,200; of St. John Lateran, \$32,100; and of St. Maria Maggiore, \$31,200. The monks of St. Peter in Vinculis have a net revenue of \$7,400; of St. Barnabas, \$6,400; and of St. Vincent de Paul, \$4,000. The Benedictines of St. Calixtus have an income of \$19,600; the Oratorians, \$16,800; the St. Augustines, \$14,000; the Franciscans, \$11,000; the Jesuits, \$9,000; and the Dominicans of St. Minerva, \$8,400."

Frederick the Great's Uniform.—The uniform in which Frederick the Great died, according to a story which comes from Prussia, became the property of his valet, and remained in his family until recently, when it was sold to a dealer in old clothes for 150 thalers. The dealer soon met with a patriotic admirer of historical relics, who invested 500 thalers in the suit. The next purchaser was an Englishman, who ventured the comparatively high price of 8,000 thalers (£1200) as a speculation, hoping to realize as much as £5,000 by reselling it to a prince of the reigning house in Prussia, who was anxious to possess himself of the uniform; but the price alarmed him. The purchaser, it is said, has shipped the interesting garments to the United States, where he believes he will obtain even a higher price than that asked of the great king's descendant.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts.—The unusual paucity of offerings received from poor-boxes in a certain church of Paris of late caused the clergymen to keep secretly a strict lookout. This vigilance was rewarded by the discovery of two respectable looking youths who entered the church and opened the boxes. When a box contained a good round sum one of these pious young pilferers lit a taper, apparently as a sort of polite acknowledgment and thank-offering to the Deity for his good luck. Unmolested by this devout behaviour, the curé had them arrested, when they proved to be students belonging to a first-class school, who, finding, as impecunious "swells" say in their schedules of bankruptcy, their incomes insufficient to meet their expenses, hit upon this expedient for supplying the deficiency. They further showed their ingenuity by forging letters from their fathers to the schoolmaster to account for their absence when on sacrilege bent.

"With the Frame."—"In looking at some of the pictures that I see here," writes a correspondent from abroad, "I can imagine that they were painted by an artist of whom I heard the following story in Brussels the other day: His indulgent friends had praised his attempts at drawing and painting to such an extent that the youth really imagined himself an artist. His wealthy friends even bought his pictures for considerable sums, to encourage him. The youth was thus the victim of his friends—as so many others are. Recently, in walking along the main street in Brussels, he was much delighted at seeing one of his pictures neatly framed in a dealer's window—especially as he was with a lady before whom he wished to appear in the best light possible. Calling the attention of the lady to the picture, he said, 'Pardon me, but I have some curiosity to know how my pictures stand commercially,' and with that the two entered the shop. 'My good woman,' said he to the keeper of the shop, 'how much is the picture in the window there?' 'That?' 'Yes,' 'Three francs and a half.' 'Mon Dieu!' cried the artist, recollecting. The shop woman, thinking the exclamation to be surprise at her high price, said, 'Bless me, sir, it is with the frame!'"

The Scene of the Passion Play.—The village of Ammergau has profited by the Passion Play, which has drawn to it so many strangers from both the Old World and the New. A correspondent of an English paper thus describes its present appearance: "It is certainly a pattering village. On the wall of each house is a painting of some Biblical scene; the carved wood-work over the doorway and round the windows is often of singular finish and artistic excellence, and all along the street gay garden plots exhibit a wealth of bright flowers. In the church-yard a fine monument has been erected to the eight villagers who fell in the Franco-German war—all but one of whom, as it happened, had taken parts, though subordinate ones, in the Passion Play. Here, industriously knitting on a big seat in the street, is Frau Velt, well known to all our countrymen who have been here, who proceeds to introduce me to a whole cabinet of souvenirs presented to her by her English lodgers. From her I speedily have news of the Ammergauers. Joseph Mair, the 'Christus,' was especially favoured by the King, and instead of being sent to the war, was merely kept to garrison duty in Munich. He is now back at his trade of wood-carving, and is fully occupied by the orders which he gets from England. Zwink (St. John) is now training with his regiment. The King had been so delighted with the performance that he had given orders for the sculpture, for presentation to the village, of a colossal group of 'Christ,' 'the Virgin,' and 'St. John,' which was now being executed, and would be inaugurated next year with an imposing ceremonial, including tableaux like those of the Passion Play."

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

R. H. R., Cobourg.—The game will appear soon; happy to hear from you again.

C. S. B., Montreal.—Your Knight's Tour received. There is, apparently, some error in the solution. We should prefer seeing each syllable distinct also.

ALPHA, Whitby, Ont.—Your solutions of Problems No. 97 and 98 are correct. The second solution of Problem No. 96, as given by J. H., is as follows: 1. Q. to Kt. 6th; 2. Kt. to B. 3rd; 3. B. to Q. 2nd; 4. Kt. to K. 5th.

G. E. C., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 98 received. J. W. B., Toronto.—Your solution of Problem No. 98 is correct.

REVIEW OF CHOICE GAMES.

A brilliant specimen which occurred in the fourth match between De la Bourdonnais and McDonnell.

- Queen's Gambit. White.—De la Bourdonnais. 1. P. to Q. 4th. 2. P. to Q. B. 4th. 3. P. to K. 4th. 4. P. to Q. 5th. 5. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 6. K. B. takes P. 7. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 8. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th (a). 9. K. to B. sq. (b). 10. Q. to K. 2nd. 11. Q. R. to Q. sq. 12. P. to Q. 6th. 13. Q. Kt. to Q. 5th. 14. B. takes Q. 15. K. to K. sq. 16. Q. to Q. 3rd (d). 17. Q. R. to Q. 2nd. 18. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 19. P. to Q. R. 3rd. 20. K. R. to K. Kt. sq. 21. K. B. takes P. 22. P. takes B. 23. K. B. to Q. B. 4th. 24. K. to B. 2nd (f). 25. K. R. takes P. ch. 26. R. to K. B. 7th ch. 27. R. to Q. Kt. 7th. 28. P. takes Kt. 29. Q. to Q. Kt. sq. 30. K. to B. 3rd. 31. Q. to Q. R. 2nd. 32. K. to Kt. 4th. 33. R. takes B. 34. K. to R. 4th. 35. Q. to K. 2nd. 36. Q. to K. R. 5th. Black.—McDonnell. 1. P. to Q. 4th. 2. P. takes P. 3. P. to K. 4th. 4. P. to K. B. 4th. 5. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 6. K. B. to Q. B. 4th. 7. Q. to K. 2nd. 8. K. B. takes P. ch. 9. K. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 10. P. to K. B. 5th. 11. Q. B. to Kt. 5th. 12. P. takes P. 13. Kt. takes Kt. (c). 14. Kt. to K. 6th ch. 15. K. takes B. 16. K. R. to Q. sq. 17. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd (e). 18. K. B. to Q. R. 4th. 19. Q. R. to Q. B. sq. 20. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. 21. Q. B. takes Kt. 22. Q. Kt. to Q. 5th. 23. Kt. takes K. B. P. ch. 24. Kt. takes Q. R. 25. K. to B. 3rd. 26. K. to Kt. 3rd. 27. Q. Kt. takes B. 28. R. takes P. 29. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd (g). 30. R. to Q. B. 6th. 31. Kt. to Q. B. 5th dis. ch. 32. R. to K. Kt. sq. 33. P. takes R. 34. K. to B. 3rd. 35. R. to K. Kt. 3rd. 36. Kt. to K. 6th wins.

(a) White must either have overlooked the attack threatened by his adversary's last move, or, which is more likely, have considered it superficial, and pursued his own.

(b) If K. takes B. the reply would obviously have been—Q. K. ch., &c.

(c) A bold venture against such an opponent, as it is yet difficult to perceive, in the undeveloped state of Black's game, how this fine sacrifice should win eventually.

(d) White offers the exchange in order to get rid of the Kt.

(e) Much stronger than K. B. to Q. R. 4th here.

(f) The loss of a Rook could not have been avoided.

(g) This and Black's succeeding move effectually prevent White's threatened move of Q. to K. Kt. sq., and the strong position of Rooks and minor pieces soon became decisive.

The lively little game subjoined also occurred in a telegraphic match which we mentioned in a recent number as having been contested in 1855 between Quebec and Montreal. The former city possessed at that time, and for several years previously, a skillful and probably the most numerous club in British North America, which we are happy to hear, is about being re-organized, with every prospect of sustaining its ancient reputation.

QUEBEC V. MONTREAL. Evans' Gambit.

- White.—Quebec. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. B. to B. 4th. 4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd. 6. P. to Q. 4th. 7. Castles. 8. P. takes P. 9. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 10. P. to K. 5th. 11. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 12. P. takes P. 13. Kt. to K. R. 4th. 14. B. to Q. R. 3rd (b). 15. B. to Q. Kt. 5th ch. 16. Q. to Q. Kt. 4th (c). 17. Q. to K. B. 5th ch. Black.—Montreal. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. B. to B. 4th. 4. B. takes Kt. P. 5. B. to B. 4th. 6. P. takes P. 7. P. to Q. 3rd. 8. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd (a). 9. P. to K. R. 3rd (a). 10. P. takes P. 11. Q. to K. B. 3rd. 12. Q. to K. Kt. 3rd. 13. Q. to K. R. 4th. 14. Q. Kt. to R. 4th (e). 15. P. to Q. B. 3rd (d). 16. Q. B. to K. 3rd. 17. Resigns.

(a) The defense seems to lose time here.

(b) It is evident that Black could not safely have played—14. Q. takes Kt. in answer to this.

(c) Black's position required much more careful play at this point; probably 14. Kt. to Q. 5th would have been the best defense.

(d) If—

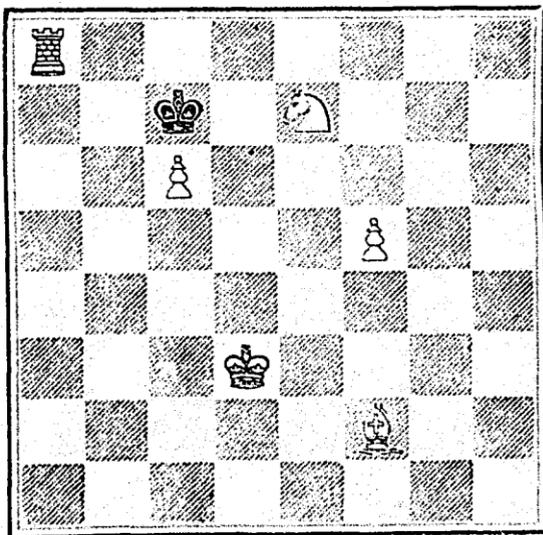
- White. 16. B. takes B. ch. 17. Q. to Q. 5th ch. 18. Q. R. to Q. sq. Black. 15. B. to Q. 2nd. 16. K. takes B. (best). 17. K. moves.

And White must win. (e) The winning coup: as the threatened check at K. B. 5th cannot be prevented.

PROBLEM No. 99.

By J. W.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

Music and the Drama.

Bellew has just given two readings in Brighton. Mrs. Marriott is playing "Hamlet" at Sadler's Wells. "L'Article 47" has been revived at the Ambigu Comique. Wachtel received an ovation at the Kroll's Theatre, Berlin. Santley has been singing in the Birmingham triennial festival. Mme. Piccolomini sang recently at Siena, Italy, for a charity. Mme. Arabella Goddard has been giving concerts at Melbourne.

Almée has produced "La Perichole," in New York with great success. "False Shame" has been very successful at the Theatre Royal, Brighton.

Mme. Adalina Patti has abandoned her intention of visiting Aix-les-Bains.

Mdme. Patti, who is at present in Paris, intends to remain there for some weeks.

Mdlle. Marlmon has been singing in Italian Opera at the Gaiety Theatre, in Dublin.

Rose Massey is at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, where she is playing in legitimate comedy.

Mr. Jefferson, the well-known American actor, is at present in England, recovering from an attack of paralysis.

The celebrated dancer, Carlo di Vestris, Count de Penna, has died recently at Florence, in his seventy-ninth year.

Pauline Lucca has purchased a lot and will erect a handsome residence for herself, on Fifth Avenue near the Central Park.

A son of Herr Dorn, the orchestral conductor at Berlin, has won the prize of 1,5000 thalers for composition left by Meyerbeer.

M. Victor, a comedian well-known in the provincial towns of France, while performing in Lyons a comic character, fell down dead.

The death is announced of Mrs. Frank Matthews, who has only survived her late husband, Mr. Frank Matthews, two years.

The Duke of Beaufort has accepted the office of President of the Musical Festival to be held in Bristol in the month of October next.

M. Pierre Schott, the head of the well-known firm of music publishers at Brussels, has just died in that city, after an illness of fourteen days.

Mr. Mapleson, in a recent visit to Milan, has engaged Signora Marianna Lodi, a tenor, Signor Camero, and a basso-profundo, Signor Giulio Perkins (an American).

Madame Nilsson has formally announced that she will not sing at Drury Lane Theatre next season "unless the conductor consents to lower the musical pitch."

Madame Nathan Treillet died lately in Paris. She was a pupil of M. Duprez, and made her debut in 1839, at the Grand Opera-House, as Rachel, in Halévy's "Julve."

An attempt is being made to open again, by subscription, St. George's Hall, London, for a winter Italian Opera, under the direction of Signor Monari Rocca, the basso buffo.

The properties for "Rabi and Bljou" are to be sold by auction. It is stated that it cost £20,000 to put this play upon the stage, and the properties to be sold are said to have cost £17,000.

It is said that Mr. C. D. Hess, the manager of the Kellogg-English opera troupe, which is to make a tour through the United States, has engaged Mr. Santley as leading baritone-bass.

Mr. Gye has, it is stated, engaged for five years Frau Witt, the prima donna of the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, who sang some seasons since at Covent Garden under the name of Mdme. Vilda.

Cool Burgess announces that he is now fully prepared for another tour through the Provinces with a new and powerful company. He went across the Atlantic and engaged a number of artists.

The Holmans will commence a series of operatic entertainments at the Music Hall, at London, lasting over the fair week. The company has been strengthened since its last appearance, with an addition of Mr. E. Ryse, late of the principal opera house of London, England.

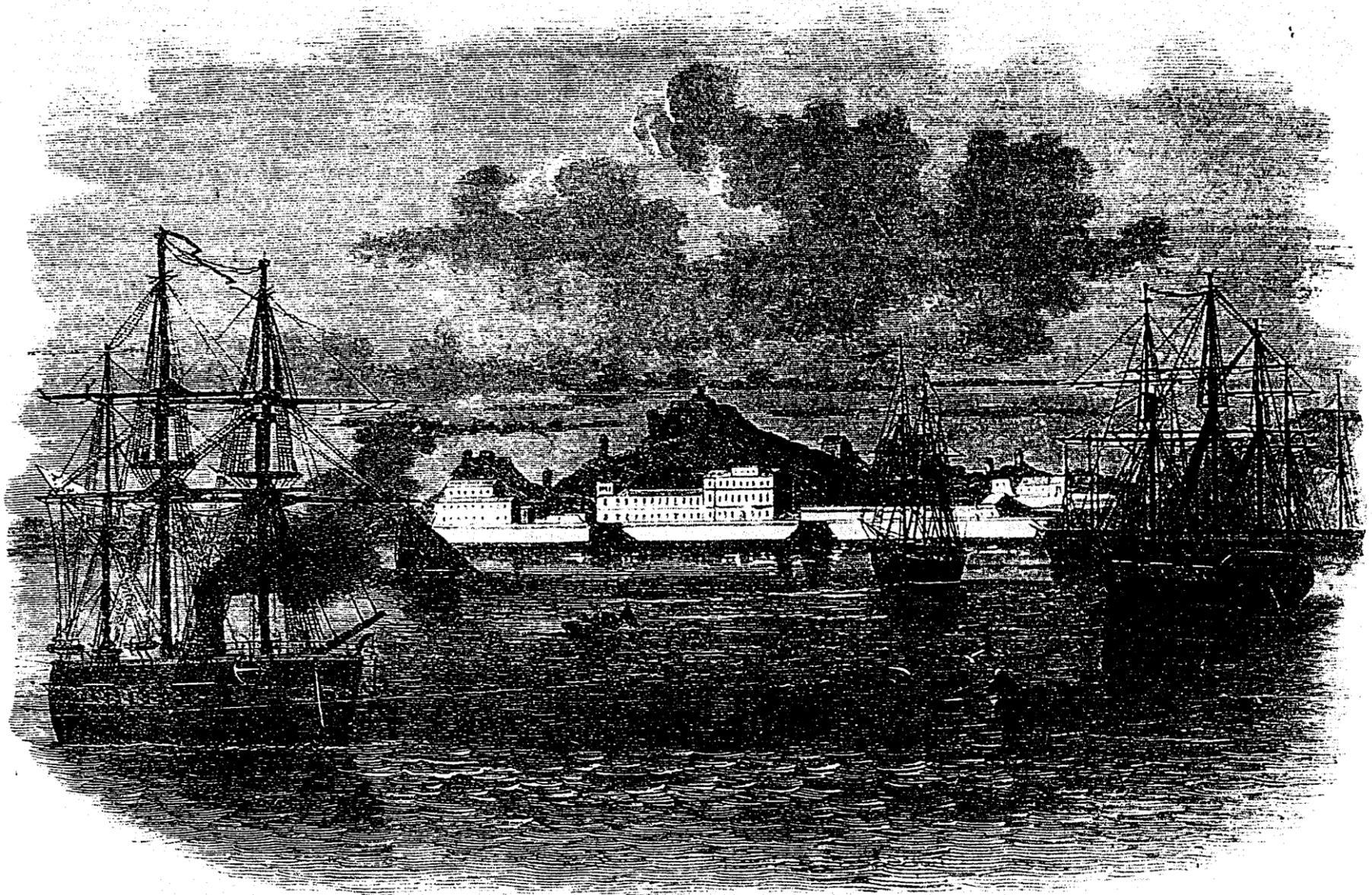
A new instrument called Pyrophone or fire sound, will be introduced in the orchestral accompaniment of Gounod's "Jeanne D'Arc," at the Paris Gaité. It consists of a lighted jet of gas playing upon glass tubes and giving a sound said to be unequalled for penetrating, mournful expression.

By the death of Herr Georges Hellmesberger, the violinist, Austria has lost one of the most eminent of its native artists. Born in 1800 at Vienna, Herr Hellmesberger succeeded in 1828 to the post of chef d'orchestre at the opera, and he also held a professorship at the Conservatoire, which he resigned in favour of his son Joseph.

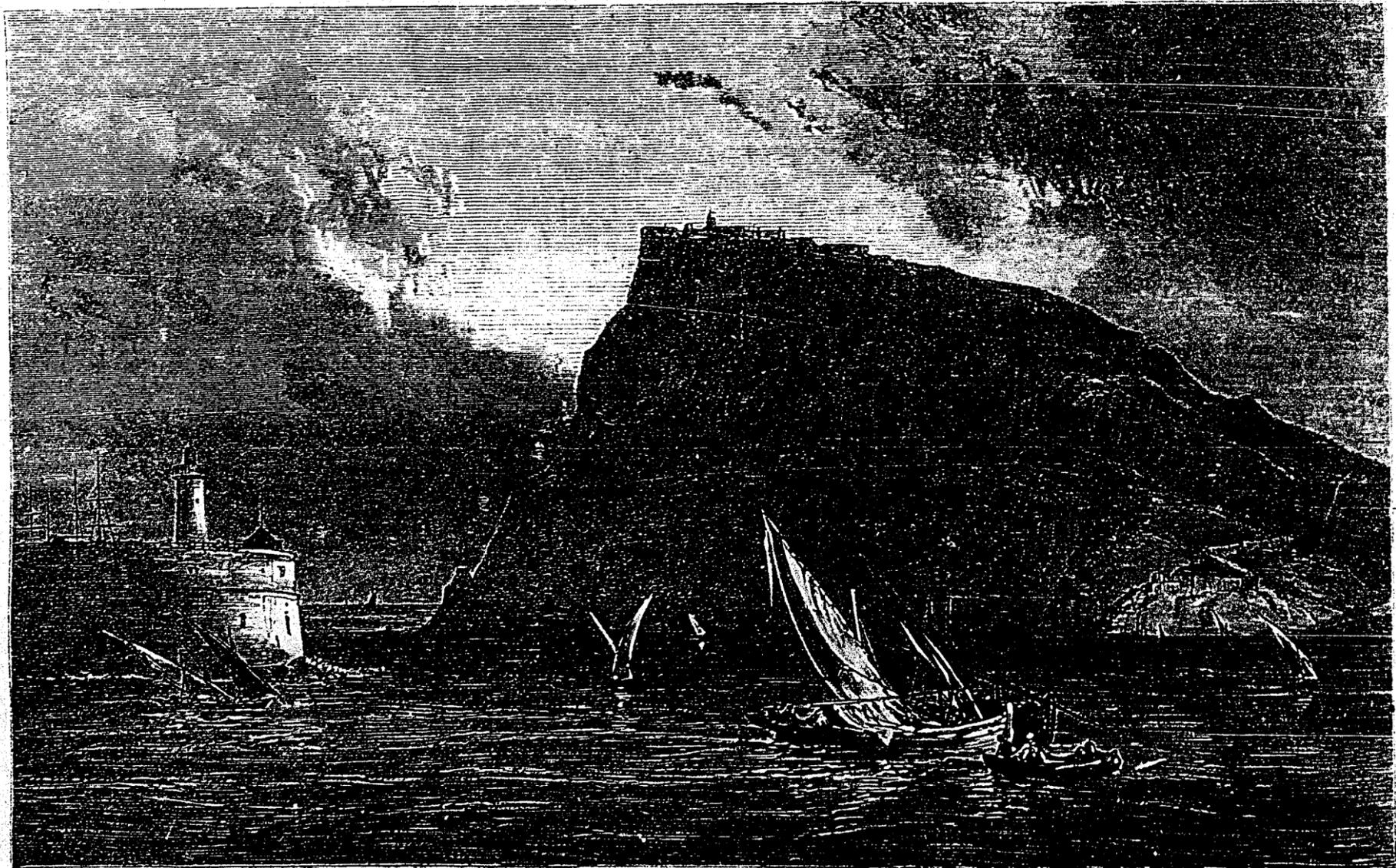
The Birmingham Musical Festival was held the last week in August. It commenced Monday with a performance of "Elijah," the solos being taken by Mdle. Tittens, Mdme. Lemmens-Sherington, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley. Sir Michael Costa conducted. On Wednesday, Mr. Arthur Sullivan's new oratorio, "The Light of the World," was performed. The piece had a very flattering reception from the audience, and the composer was publicly complimented by the President, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot. On Thursday the "Messiah" was performed in the morning, and Signor Randegger's new cantata "Fridolin" in the evening. The Duke of Ednburg arrived in Birmingham on Tuesday, and attended the performances on that day and Wednesday.

The Globe reopened under Mr. H. J. Montague's management, in the middle of September, with a new play entitled "Chivalry," by Mr. Richard Lee, author of the "Ordeal by Touch." The new Royalty Theatre is to be reopened early in October with "The Honey-moon," in which Miss Hodson, Miss M. Brennan, and Mr. T. Clarke will appear. Mr. Charles Reade's new drama, "The Wandering Heir," will probably be produced shortly at the Adelphi. Mr. Henry Irving appeared at the Lyceum as Richelleu, in Lord Lytton's drama on the 27th of September. On the withdrawal of "Manfred" at the Princess's, London, the new drama by Miss Braddon will be produced, with Mr. and Mrs. Rousby in the leading characters. The Prince of Wales's reopened on the 19th inst., with Mr. Robertson's "School." Miss Fanny Joseph has been engaged by Mr. Bancroft for the season, and Mr. F. Dewar joins the Court Company.

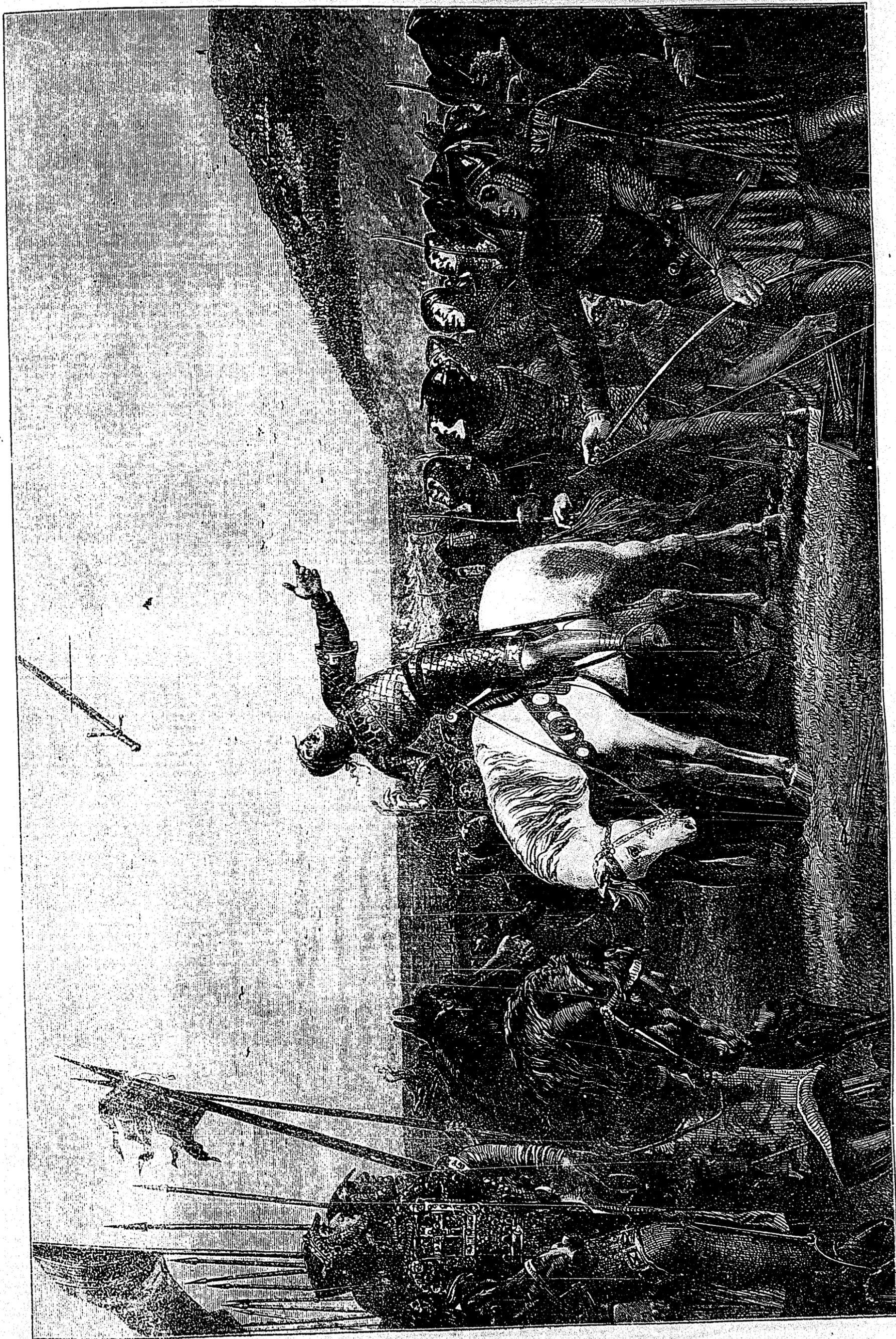
The autumn theatrical season in London is commencing. The Haymarket opened for a short season, when Mr. John S. Clarke appeared in two of his most famous impersonations—Doctor Pangloss in "The Heir-at-Law," and Major Wellington de Boots in "A Widow Hunt." The Charing Cross Theatre reopened, under Mr. Natton's management, with a revival of David Garrick's farce of "The Irish Belle," Douglas Jerrold's comedy of "Doves in a Cage," and a new musical extravaganza entitled "The Last of the Legends," by Mr. Gilbert a'Becket. At the Gaiety a new farce called "Seeing Toole" has been produced, in which the popular comedian is presented as worried by his enthusiastic admirers in the lobby leading to the theatre. Mr. George Conquest has taken his fantastic drama of "Snae Fell" to the Crystal Palace, where it is being performed daily except on Saturdays, which are just now devoted to the performance of standard comedies. The Strand company assisted by Mr. Lionel Brough and Miss Eleanor Buffon, performed "She Stoops to Conquer," and "The Rivals."



SPAIN.—THE GERMAN FRIGATE "FRIEDRICH KARL" AND THE SPANISH INSURGENT FLEET IN THE HARBOUR OF CARTAGENA.



SPAIN.—FORTRESS OF MONTJUICH, BARCELONA.



THE SONG OF TALLEFER AT THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.
By E. H. CORROUD.

Courrier des Dames.

Smart.

Five girls, none of them yet twenty years of age, have taken the necessary steps to obtain three hundred and twenty acres of land in Kansas, and intend thereon to make a fine dairy-farm.

Delicately Done.

The *Chattanooga Times* gives a narrative embodying the following: "There was something of a delicate and private nature going forward about the house visible to the commonest observer. But love and its devotees are proverbially blind. So he stayed and stayed until late in the evening, when one of our prominent physicians stepped from another room into the parlor where the youth and the eldest daughter of the house were billing and cooing, and blurted out: 'Well, young man, if you're done courting you can have a turn at nursing to get your hand in. There's another very young girl in the next room.'"

Pre-Raphaelites.

In England there is a little band of pre-Raphaelites, composed of painters and poets and art critics, and men with a genius for appreciation, and their wives. Morris and his wife belong to this band, and Rossetti and his sisters, and Holman Hunt. The ladies of this set have adopted a costume of their own. If you meet in society a woman who looks as if she had stepped out of one of Fra Angelico's or Perugino's pictures—with long skirts, that sweep but do not rustle, fashioned of material costly as their purse can buy, but severely simple; with jewels in quaint, antique setting; with laces fine as frost-work and yellow as amber—you are sure to hear some one say to some one else: "That is one of the pre-Raphaelite ladies."

Greek Parliament.

A Philadelphia gentleman, recently at Athens, attended a session of the national legislation of Greece. Most of the members are dressed like other Europeans, though some wear the fustianella, which looks at a little distance like a buscher's shirt. Some smoke, some walk about, and all speak at once. The question before the House was upon granting a pension to the widow of Marco Bozzaris, and the votes were deposited in a singular-looking tin-box, with the word *na* (yes) on one side, and *ochi* (no) on the other side. The Greeks seem to be thorough republicans. They have no orders of nobility, and say that but for fear of trouble with other powers they would not keep a king. From economical motives they have abolished their foreign embassies, and complain of the expense of royalty.

Professional Nurses.

Arrangements have been made with the trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital for giving a year's training to women desirous of becoming professional nurses. They will be received for a month's trial on probation, during which time they will be boarded and lodged at the expense of the training school, but will receive no compensation. If accepted as pupils, they remain a year, and are instructed systematically and practically how to take care of the sick. They are boarded and lodged at the "Home," and are paid ten dollars monthly for personal expenses. This sum is not considered as wages, as their education is regarded as compensation for their services in the wards of the hospital. After one year they receive a salary as regular nurses, and at the close of two years diplomas are given them certifying as to their knowledge of nursing, their ability and character.

Remains of Troy.

European papers are filled with comments on the discovery said to have been made by Mr. Schliemann of the treasures left behind by old Priam on the occasion of his hasty departure from Troy. His discoveries are said to be interesting and important. Mr. Schliemann is not a native of Germany, as might be supposed from his name, nor is he a doctor or professor of a university. His nationality is American. Originally intended for commercial pursuits, he found opportunities to learn French, English, Dutch, Russian, and other languages. Having established himself in St. Petersburg, he traded with the extreme East, and his fortune was rapidly acquired. At the same time he studied modern and ancient Greek, and he became passionately fond of classical antiquity. A few years ago he established himself in Paris, having made an intimate acquaintance with many of our learned men, although not making claims himself to being a savant. His book, *Ithaca and Peloponnesus*, in the beginning of which will be found his biography, breathes a naive faith. It was subsequent to his stay in Paris that he devoted all his time and his large fortune to this enterprise. His chief aid in the undertaking has been his wife, an Athenian woman, to whom he had communicated his enthusiasm.

Fancy Dresses.

The skirt is composed of four shades of grey tulle, arranged in puffs and dotted with silver stars; over this fell a tunic, caught up on one side with a silver moon, the other with a scarf sash of pink and grey attached to the shoulders with a crescent, and to the skirt with a silver bat; the bodice à la vierge, made of two shades of grey, with stars and dewdrops upon it, and opening in front to display a pink vest, festooned with crescents; ornaments, silver filigree. Another costume of Twilight was made of graduated shades of grey tulle in gathered flounces, the darker shade at the edge of the skirt. Across the bodice a scarf with the word "Twilight" upon it; a bat on one shoulder and an owl on the other. From the head hung a light pinky veil, and moths and other insects were dotted about the hair coronet. In the way of uncommon fancy dresses, I would suggest Wallachian peasant bride, white petticoat and body, embroidered in gold, scarlet tunic, scarlet cap, Vittoria Colonna in an antique Italian dress; Telegraph, Styrian Peasant, Lady of 16th century in black velvet and brocade, Dame des Pies, in erise quilted satin and black velvet; a Snowstorm on a Dark Night, black tulle with tufts of swansdown about it; Eclipse, a dress half black, half gold, divided perpendicularly; Alphabet; Rouge et Noir, a long trained skirt, striped red and black; Norma and Nun.

A French Countess.

A French countess stormed the Baden Park this season. She had a fine turn-out, and she always came in a different toilet. She had splendid black eyes and a heavy braid of glossy black hair that fell in a single loop down her back. She painted her face red and white, and had a general air of desperation. But her glory fell before common sense. A Hungarian statesman, who had more brains than money, came with his four daughters, aged respectively sixteen, twenty, twenty-three, and twenty-six. They were all tall, well-made, black-eyed, fair-complexioned maidens, and always appeared "in a body" in the Park, and in the same calico toilets—ecru petticoats, with light blue polonaises belted with ecru sashes, Suede gloves and black hats. Neither petticoat nor polonaise bore the slightest trimming. But the toilets were very neat; the girls were distinguished and knew how to walk, and were the observed of all observers. All the men raved and cried to their beruffled and beflowered families, "Behold beauty unadorned, and yet adorned the most!" while the piqued belles of fashion retorted contemptuously, "Oh, anybody could dress like that!" But, then, they didn't; and the calico girls won all the admiration and attention. Think of four New York girls going to Saratoga or Newport to storm the fashionable world in calico costumes, without ruffle or tuck!

They could do it, however, and win husbands in the bargain, if that was their desire. A fashionably rigged woman is enough to make even a long-pursed man stand aghast; while a pretty calico girl, who can dress her own hair, can be dreamed about on two thousand a year.

Austrian Women.

A few words about Austrian women from an eye-witness full of information. The Austrian woman is neither handsome, pretty, nor graceful, and has a temper like tinder. Subjugation begins the moment she is born. When she is three days old her ears are pierced. An intelligent Austrian woman, to whom I addressed the query, "Why do you put rings in your girl-baby's ears?" replied with the profoundest solemnity of wisdom, "Oh, for the eyes!" and I soon learned that this ridiculous old superstition dominated the entire country, and that a girl would never have a pair of eyes worth having unless her ears were stabbed!

The Austrian woman who is born to the inheritance of toil is merely a machine, a beast of burden. She toils in the field like an ox, and, after her day's work is done, carries home on her bent back a large wooden vessel filled with fodder for the cattle or fuel for the fire. From the moment she can walk well until her miserably shod old feet sink into the grave, she is never too young nor too old to be a beast of burden. Like an animal, she has offspring every year—if a boy, he goes into the Austrian army; if a girl, to perpetuate her own wretched existence. The most unique spectacle that Vienna furnishes the Exposition visitor from civilized lands, is the application of woman-power, in lieu of horse or steam power, to draw the water which waters its streets. The girl of the medium class has a fate less miserable in one sense, but in another she is more to be pitied, as she, being allowed a certain degree of education, possesses in proportion a greater degree of sensitiveness. Her fate is matrimony. Marriage does not enter into the Austrian domestic arrangements, as their daughters are disposed of in true Oriental fashion to the highest bidder. The wedding day comprehends for the poor creature two consolations, which in her helpless condition she makes the most of. She has, for the first time, dresses of silk—and the possibility that she may find herself married to a man she will love. If she does not love her husband, she has in course of time any quantity of children on whom she can lavish her affection. She has her pride, and endeavours to patch up her falling gait with powder and paint, so that at fifty she has a frightful complexion and a figure of the symmetry of a beer barrel. Baden with its park, where music brings together three times a day the *beau monde*, and where I have wasted many an hour in watching Austrians of both sexes, of all ages and conditions, has furnished me with a rare opportunity to form an opinion, at least from appearances.

Austrian women as a rule have well-formed hands and feet. They wear dust-colored cloth shoes, and bonnets that are veritable flower gardens. I never saw one too old to wear a white bonnet, or a bonnet decked with lilies and sundowers, or pink, sea-green, sky-blue, or corn-coloured ribbon. They adhere to life and its fashionable appurtenances with a tenacity worthy of a better cause. The tall women are all married to short men, and the most elegant woman who has promenade the Baden Park this season was wedded to a hunchback about half her own height. This class of unfortunate specially abound in Austria.

Fun.

"Have you one of them flip-flaps and a cool-off?" Inquired an old lady of an astonished dry-goods clerk in Savannah the other day. After a lengthy examination the terrified clerk finally discovered she wanted a palmetto fan.

A blood-thirsty citizen of Danbury, who thinks his life is in danger, carries a pistol to protect himself. He came in the *News* office lately to get a string to tie the stock and barrel together, as the other fastening is gone, and took occasion to observe that he would make the streets run with blood if people didn't quit fooling around him.

Mr. Swimpton weighs about 95 pounds. Mrs. Swimpton weighs 298 pounds, and Mrs. Swimpton's sister, who is visiting here, weighs just 305 pounds. Last evening Mr. Swimpton and the ladies were out for a stroll, he having each hanging (?) to his arm. A neighbour who was walking in rear of them says that Mr. Swimpton's feet did not touch the sidewalk more than twice in going three blocks.

A Kentucky editor received the following note from a subscriber, asking that a false notice of his death might be corrected: "Sir, I notice a few errors in the obituary of myself which appeared in your paper of last Wednesday. I was born in greenup co. not Caldwell, and my retirement from business in 1860 was not owing to ill health, but to a little trouble I had in connection with a horse, and the cors of my death was not smallpox, please make corrections for which I enclose 50 cents."

A West street family had a little social gathering on Monday evening. During the evening the head of the house volunteered to crack some walnuts, but cracked his thumb instead, and the walnut from which the hammer glanced flew against a ten-dollar vase, and knocked in its abdomen. Then the head of the house threw the hammer through the fire-screen, kicked the pan of walnuts across the floor and into the legs of the minister, and went into the kitchen to deliver an address. The party broke up.

HEADS, BY THE SMALL BOY.—Heads are of different shapes and sizes. They are full of notions. Large heads do not hold the most. Some persons can tell what a man is by the shape of his head. High heads are the best kind. Very knowing people are called long-headed. A fellow that won't stop for anything or anybody is called hot-headed. If he is not quite so bright he is called soft-headed. If he won't be coaxed nor turned they call him pig-headed. Animals have very small heads. The heads of fools slant back. When your head is cut off you are beheaded. Our heads are covered with hair, except bald heads. There are barrel-heads, heads of sermons, and some ministers used to have fifteen heads to one sermon—pin heads, heads of cattle, as the farmer calls his cows and oxen; head winds, drum-heads, cabbage-heads, logger-heads, come to a head, heads of chapters, head him off, head of the family, and go ahead—but first be sure you are right; but the worst of all heads are deal-heads, who hang around an editor for free tickets to shows.

The *Angusta Journal* gives the following story: On Tuesday morning, a man with wrathful features came into the office and haconically ordered the insertion in the *Journal* of a "To Whom It May Concern" forbidding all persons from harboring or trusting his wife, &c. He paid the bill as if it was a pleasure to him, and left. In the afternoon he came again, looking cheerful this time, and desired the advertisement suppressed—"as she and I have made up." He took his card and money, and went his way, buoyant and happy. But the next morning he came back once more, saying, "It's no use, she's got to be posted," and handing over his papers, disappeared. Before night he returned and again withdrew his advertisement, intimating that this time the reconciliation was genuine and everlasting. He did not put in an appearance the next day, but the day following he walked in, with an air of desperation, ordered for the third time the momentous advertisement to be published. It was put in type, and as the paper was about to go to press, a nervous, sharp-featured, bright-eyed woman of fifty appeared upon the scene,

bringing a writing from her husband to the following purport: "To the Editor of the *Kennebec Journal*: Please give my wife, ———, the card I left with you for publication, and do not publish the same." She bore it off in triumph, and there the matter rests at the present writing. The wife evidently is ahead.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The elections in P. E. I. took place on the 17th. Six members of Parliament were chosen.—The P. O. mystery in Montreal is still unsolved.—Col. David, Treasurer to late Trinity Board, Montreal, has been arrested on charge of embezzling about \$12,000 from the Pilots' Trust Fund. He was bailed.—The Provincial Fair, Montreal, was largely attended.—The Decker Park Fall Races were much interfered with by rain.—Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Hugh Allan testified before Royal Commission. Their evidence was very important.—The annual report of crops by the G. T. Officials published. It makes a favourable exhibit.—The Merchants' of London cup was won by the Province of Quebec, 279 points, in the matches of the Dominion Rifle Association on the 17th.

UNITED STATES.—Yellow fever has made fearful ravages at Sherbrooke, La. The cases reached 30 and 40 a-day out of a population of 100.—A number of R. C. clergy of the U. S. have sent sympathetic addresses to the German episcopate.—A large fire occurred in Chicago, on the 17th. 64 houses destroyed. Total loss about \$250,000.—Jay Cooke & Co., bankers, have suspended and a terrible panic is the consequence in N. Y. financial circles.—Bradlaugh has arrived in N. Y.—The steamer *Costa Rica* was wrecked in St. Francis harbour. Crew saved.—Gen. Grant with Secretary Richardson went to N. Y. to consult about the monetary crisis.

UNITED KINGDOM.—Floods have done much damage in Forfarshire, Scotland.—The Liberals of Cheshire have asked Mr. Gladstone to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country.—The defeat of a British boat expedition by the Ashantees, is reported.—A serious riot took place at Trade, Ireland, on the 16th. Several houses were gutted, and the police were compelled to charge the mob with fixed bayonets before it dispersed.—One hundred tons of American bar iron was sold in Liverpool yesterday, at a lower rate than iron is now selling in England.—Earl Hardwick died on the 17th, aged 71.—Mr. Storn, an English traveller, arrived from Central Africa, reports having met Dr. Livingstone last June, and parted from him on the first of July. The doctor was in perfect health.—The Irish team which won the Elcho Shield at Wimbledon were enthusiastically received on their return to Dublin.—Miss Rye sailed for Montreal on the 18th with 55 working women.

FRANCE.—The French engineers who have for some time past been sketching the passes of the Alps, near Mount Cenis, have received orders to suspend operations and return home.—The Emperor of Morocco is dead.

CUBA.—The Spaniards claim fresh victories over the insurgents.—A meeting was held at Havana on the 15th, at which various propositions for the abolition of slavery were discussed. It was reported the planters of Ciego Villas wanted to adopt ex-Minister Morel's 60 year emancipation law, and not broach the slave question until the Cuban deputies went to Spain.

AUSTRIA.—Victor Emmanuel arrived in Vienna on the 17th, and was well received.—Cholera rages in Hungary.—It is officially reported that there have been 2,755 cases of cholera in Vienna since the outbreak of the disease, and of this number 1,110 were fatal.—The Empress Elizabeth is ill.

SPAIN.—The Pampeluna authorities have imposed a tax on clergymen and others suspected of aiding the Carlists.—Carlist bonds are now quoted on the Frankfurt market.—Cartagena remains faithful to the Republic.—A session of the Cortes has been suspended until the 29th of January.

The Vendôme Column is expected to be finished by the end of February, and will be inaugurated in the beginning of March. Gustave Doré's most striking and characteristic Spanish drawings have been added to a new illustrated edition of "Don Quixote."

Josh Billing's Farmer's Almanac for 1874 will be illustrated with peculiar curious silhouette caricatures, from drawings by J. H. Howard.

Dr. Dudgeon, of Pekin, has received from the Emperor of Russia a beautiful diamond ring as an acknowledgment for his work, "The Relations of Russia with China."

Mr. C. A. Bristed's "Five Years in an English University," originally published by G. P. Putnam, in 1851, has been brought out in London with additional facts and slight modification.

It is intended to erect on a suitable place in the centre of London statues to the memory of Wycliffe and Tyndale, in connection with their efforts to secure "a free and open Bible" for the people.

An admirable tenor voice was discovered not long since at Paris in a wine shop, where the possessor of it waited upon the customers. His name is Cellier, twenty-eight years of age, tall and well-looking.

We understand that a new Literary Review will be published at the beginning of next year, covering the same ground as the *Athenaeum*, the *Academy* and *Notes and Queries*. It will supply a regular weekly account of English and foreign literature, science and learning, the fine arts and archaeology, music and the drama.

Hippophagy still makes great progress in France. In the first six months of 1867, the first year that horseflesh was definitely introduced in Parisian *meaus*, the number of animals (horses, asses, and mules) killed for food was 893. During the same period of 1870 (before the war) this had increased to 1,992. This year 5,186 animals have been killed from January to the end of June. A horse fit for cutting is worth from five to six pounds.

The *Times of India* tells us of a capital way they have in Persia of recovering debts. Some time since a suit was filed in Beshire against a man for debt; the claim was proved, but the debtor declared his inability to pay. Thereupon the Prince Governor did not lock him up or let him go, but ordered him to sweep the streets until the amount should be forthcoming. The sentence was carried into effect, and in a day or two the amateur scavenger somehow found the cash.

English Church Statistics.

Dr. Littledale, whose classification of the bishops and deans of the Church of England has already been noticed, undertakes to distribute the whole body of the clergy among the different schools of belief. Of the 20,000 clergymen of the Establishment he allots 10,000 to the High-Church division, 5,000 to the Low-Church, 3,000 to the "colourless or nondescript" class, and 2,000 to the Broad-Church wing. The resident canon he classifies as 25 High-Church, 30 Low-Church, 61 "colourless," and 14 Broad-Church. Of the 187 positions of honour in the establishment, he concludes that the Low-Church party has about its full share, the High-Church too few (thirty-seven instead of ninety-three), the "colourless" too many (eighty instead of twenty-seven). Of course all this is estimate, and may be partisan, but it has its value nevertheless.

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid Cures Sprains.

(For the *Can. Ill. News*.)
NIL DESPERANDUM.



I'm a beggarly, see ly, unfort unate wretch
That his desperate feeling can't stifle,
So I'll draw out my will
And seal for a "gill."
Then blow out my brain with a rifle.



What's the use of thus living mid sorrows and strife,
The grave is a pleasant though dark note,
And the easiest death
Is to stifle the breath
By igniting a bushel of charcoal.



My name, sir, the world has ruined for spite,
My word I'm sure no one relies on;
I'm not worth a cent,
And on mischief I'm bent,
So I'll swallow the deadliest "pison."



I'm fallen right down to the uttermost depths,
Though once I was happy and gay, sir,
So I'll go to some wharf
And strip off coat and scarf
Then instantly jump in the bay, sir.



My health is quite gone, my credit's the same,
In life's battle I'm not fit to struggle or
My debts I might pay, sir;
So I'll sharpen my razor
And open that vein called the jewel-ear.



My wife has ran off with a sooty-faced sweep
And my friends they all twit me with laughter,
So I've buried all hope
And I've bought a new rope
And, hang me! I'll hang from a rafter.



But stop, I'll consider, the world might grin,
But in that I'm sure they'll be orring;
My plan shall be wiser
If I sever life's tie, sir,
I'll stab myself through with a herring.

JEWELS HAVE BEEN WORN AS AN
adornment in all ages, but civilized nations
alone bring their production to the highest
perfection. FINE GOLD, artistically
wrought, is beautiful, but it is a luxury only
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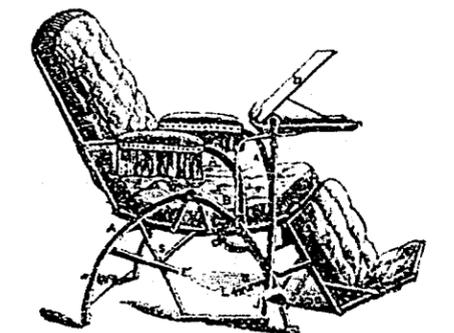
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Gentlemen, 6 to 9 a.m., and 2 to 9 p.m.
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Proprietor.
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effective in use, and employed with great success by the
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private practice in all parts of the world.

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cially for Female use in complaints peculiar to their sex.
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aid to digestion, and cure for Dyspepsia.
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CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma,
CHLORODYNE effectually cures and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diphtheria,
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CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and
Dysentery.
CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and
Spasms.

CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache,
Menigitis, &c.

From LORD FRANCIS CONYNHAM, Mount Charles, Donegal: 17th December, 1868.
"Lord Francis Conynham, who this time last year bought some of Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne
from Mr. Davenport, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half-a-dozen bottles
sent at once to the above address."

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch
from Her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully,
and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE."—See *Lancet*, 1st December
1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PRACY AND IMITATIONS.
CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly,
the inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FRANKMAN, was deliberately untrue,
which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 13th July, 1864.

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COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony
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1873. Summer Arrangement. 1873

On and after MONDAY, 26th inst., a Passenger
and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7:30 a.m.,
and be due in St. John at 8:30 p.m. A Passenger
and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 8:00
a.m., and be due in Halifax at 9:00 p.m.

Trains will connect
At Painesville with trains to and from Shediac and
intermediate stations.
At Truro with trains to and from Pictou and inter-
mediate stations.
At Windsor Junction with the trains of the Windsor
and Annapolis Railway.
At St. John with the Consolidated European and
North American Railway to Logy, Danville
Junction, Montreal, and Portland, Boston,
also with the International Steamers to and from
Eastern, Portland, and Boston.

LEWIS CARVELL,
General Superintendent
Railway Offices,
Moncton, N.B., May 1873. 7-2-4

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Strength & Vigor to the debilitated.

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Is the Great TONIC Stimulant AND NUTRITIVE.

INSTANTLY RELIEVES PAIN,
CURES ALL WEAKNESSES.

Consumption, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Lowness
of Spirits, Fever, Ague, Cholera, all Female
and Children's maladies, Sick Headache,
Bladder Complaints, Sea Sickness,
Influenza, Purifies the Blood and
THOROUGHLY RENEWS THE SYSTEM.

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WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT.
NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the un-
derigned, and endorsed "Tender for Welland
Canal," will be received at this office, until noon of
SATURDAY, the EIGHTEENTH day of OCTO-
BER next, for the construction of Fourteen Locks
and fourteen Regulating Weirs, a number of Bridge
Abutments and Piers—the excavation of the Lock
and Weir Pits—the intervening Reaches, Raceways,
&c., on the new portion of the WELLAND CANAL, be-
tween Thorold and Port Dalhousie.

The work will be let in sections, six of which,
numbered respectively 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, are sit-
uated between Port Dalhousie and St. Catherine's
Cemetery, and three (numbered 12, 13, and 14, ex-
tend from the northern side of the Great Western
R. R. way to near Brown's Cement Kilns.

Tenders will also be received for the enlargement
and deepening of the prism of the present Canal
between Port Robinson and the Aqueduct at Well-
land; work to be let in sections, each about a mile
in length.

Tenders are also invited for the completion of the
deepening and enlargement of the Harbour at Port
Colborne.

Maps of the several localities, together with Plans
and Specifications of the work, can be seen at this
Office, on and after THURSDAY, the TWENTY-
FIFTH day of SEPTEMBER instant, where printed
forms of Tender will be furnished. A like class of
information relative to the works north of Thorold
may be obtained at the Resident Engineer's Office,
Thorold; and for works at and above Port Robinson,
Plans, &c., may be seen at the Resident Engineer's
Office, Welland.

All Tenders must be made on the printed forms
supplied, and to each must be attached the actual
signatures of two responsible and solvent persons,
residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties
for the due fulfilment of the contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to
accept the lowest or any Tender.
By order,
F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, }
Ottawa, 4th Sept., 1873. } 8-11 6f

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