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Montenegrin Whistleblower News

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 14th, 1877.

A NOTE OF THE TIME.

One of the most marked political defects with which we are troubled in Canada is shared by us with our neighbours to the south, and consists in the withdrawal from active public service and voice of the wealthy and educated citizens. All honour to the exceptions that exist. The depositaries of wealth have privileges of their own. As a class they are permitted a very considerable scope for the abilities with which nature has gifted them, and they have the additional privilege of using the faculties of other men for certain equivalents. If themselves fail through misfortune or ill-judgment they may often count upon assistance needed to recover themselves. They are looked up to as the exponents of good sense and deferred to upon the most important occasions. When their sympathies are directed to sacred interests they take the places of influence, and by their urbanity and general steadiness of demeanour do much to maintain the quiet flow of our affairs. Often showing themselves both pitiful and courteous, in great emergencies like the St. John fire they can come forward with large views and make clear to the community what they ought to do. We welcome such public spirit wherever found. But by such acts, resulting from the stimulus of public calamity and their own right feeling, we are only the more sadly reminded that in our civic affairs they have not as a body used their opportunities to anything like their full extent. With but few exceptions they are neither found in our Civic

Councils, nor represented in the corporations by the class of men, and the scientific experts whom their influence might be the means of electing or employing. They have in such measure kept aloof from our affairs, until, to speak restrainedly, the management of them in many cities has subjected all concerned to mortification and loss of prestige. We do not grudge our established men their wealth or power, for we know these may be made preservative of the general good, but their active help should not be wanting to us. We shall hardly be supposed to be addressing these thoughts to mere speculators and stock gamblers, but it is well known that many men of business are very far from being of that type, and many see that notwithstanding the pernicious examples that have influenced Montreal especially, life is something more than a mere rush for dollars and cents. The hasty partisans we meet with, however, have but imperfect conceptions of the needs of town or country. With the habits of business, good faculties, wanting practice only, for judgment in affairs, are often found. We should not keep out of sight, then, that property has its duties as well as its rights—as the old French courtiers echoed "*noblesse oblige*," and might have saved a revolution if they had followed it also. So a useful social existence is not developed in the mere retirement of the hermit or the man of taste, even if the gentler graces of life be not under-rated, but rather in those who are prepared to act to the extent of the powers the constitution has allowed them, in maintaining the social order when threatened, and in meeting those difficulties that spring up from time to time in the history of a city or nation. What is said about the well-to-do people, applies in a great degree to that considerable, but not compact body, not always wealthy, but always useful, who undertake the management and partial support of the various institutions of benevolence. Our position with regard to them is, that for the protection of life and property and philanthropic interests and the general advance in intelligence and well-being, their members should take some more direct interest in civic affairs. The late lamented Dr. Carpenter has left a striking example which they will do well to follow, for we ought not as civic bodies to stay content with our reforms, so long as our statistics show so unfavorably in comparison with some better systemed communities in the parent country, and with London especially which has shown its vitality by coming forward so handsomely for the assistance of our destroyed city of St. John.

The fire-proof window-shutter in use by the London Banks and sometimes seen, we believe, amongst ourselves, is composed of steel or iron laths formed into a curtain and kept rolled in the daytime. There are few better protections against fire from the outside or the attempts of thieves.

If any competent firm wishes to make a commencement in the manufacture of flooring tiles, plain or ornamental, their best plan would be to pay a visit to the burned city of St. John, and ascertain to what extent those who are about to rebuild would be willing to introduce them. There is no question about their being a great security against the spread of fire.

The foregoing are doubtless good expedients and fair instalments towards a fire-proof regime, but it is not certain in such a fire as St. John's that any combustible material about a building could escape the onslaught of the flames, the intensity and the mass of them were both so great. Are we therefore to reject arrangements that are valuable in any outbreak of fire or for deferring the moment of ignition? A good fireman will say no, and will advise any plan that can give him time to work, and the building a

respite from destruction; he will remember that all fires are not great ones, nor accompanied by such fearful winds.

Our contemporary the *Mercury* should be consistent. He has long declaimed against the rural municipalities, and suggested a reversion to some other system, and now that their faults of organization are made evident to all, he talks about making the farmer members personally amenable to the courts. Even if that were possible, it would not secure the safety of the public. What would be preferable would be something of the moderate kind we proposed, namely, some periodical and properly centralized inspection by each Provincial Government, of all works belonging to the municipalities within its province. Let the rural councils construct what they please, or have need for, and certainly let their liability be unimpaired if practicable, but the Governments should provide the best inspection available, and see that such works are kept safe and fit for use or travel.

THE CANTON OF EBRATION.

As was duly announced in these columns, the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England by William Caxton was duly celebrated in Montreal by an exhibition of works pertaining to the art of typography. The exhibition was a wonderful success, and the gentlemen who conducted are worthy of the highest praise. We give a pictorial view of the event in the present issue, and though the subject may appear dry to some of our readers, we deem it our duty to give a full account of the exhibition, under the conviction that the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is precisely the paper which is expected to preserve the accounts of such literary and artistic episodes. We shall, however, be as brief as possible.

I.

EARLY PRINTING.

There were specimens of miscels and manuscripts anterior to the invention of printing, such as a new Testament in Latin, of the date 1250, an elaborate and beautiful specimen of calligraphy done in colors, by a German scribe, on fine vellum, and undoubtedly of the age stated; of 1430 a remarkable interesting and excessively rare manuscript, with colored initial letters, and on vellum and paper; a roll of Egyptian papyrus, a Tamil school book on palm-leaf, leaf, Burmese MSS., Coptic and Arabic MSS., &c.

Among the earliest printed works figured the names of Eggesteyn, Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde and Pynson. There were the Decretum Gratiani, illuminated initials, large folio, Strasbourg, 1472, printed by Henry Eggesteyn, apprentice of Gutenberg. This book, dated 1471, is exhibited in the British Museum as the first book printed with the date at Strasbourg. It is Eggesteyn's best production. The Diets and Sayings of the Philosophers, William Caxton, at Westminster, 1477. This extremely rare work is now being reproduced in London in facsimile and by the kindness of the publisher, Mr. Elliott Stock, the Committee were enabled to exhibit these sheets in advance of publication. Polychronicon, translated and printed by William Caxton, at Westminster, 1482. The "Polychronicon" is one of the rarest of Caxton's works, still extant. For this the committee were indebted to the courtesy of Joseph Drexel, Esq., New York, for lending the copy now on view. Law Statutes, Henry VII., Richard Pynson, London, 1510, Tulley's Offices, Wynkyn de Worde (one of Caxton's assistants), 1534. The Committee are also under obligation to Mr. Drexel for the loan of this rare book, only second in value to the work of Master Caxton, "Vitae Patrum," translated by William Caxton out of French into English, and printed by Wynkyn, London, 1495. This very fine and very perfect specimen was Caxton's last work; he left it unfinished and his successor completed it "Grammatica Prima Partis," &c., a Roberto Whitintono, Wynkyn de Worde, London, 1533. England's second printer was distinguished for his series of grammars; this copy, in English and Latin is one of his most noted and best specimens of typography.

The gem of the collection was, however, the Mazarin Bible, a great treasure, brought here through the kindness of Dr. Trumbull of Hartford. It is in two large well-preserved volumes dated 1455, and in their original binding, the work of Gutenberg himself, the inventor of printing, from movable types. It lately sold for \$25,000. There are only four copies in existence. A book printed by Faust, dated 1495, was also on exhibition.

Of specimens from the invention of the art to 1650 there were no less than 534 specimens on exhibition, from ancient printers and presses, located in all the great European centres. "The Consolations of Philosophy," by Boetius, with red initials inserted by hand, is a famous work; an edition of Dante, dated 1491, and printed at Venice, has very fine woodcuts for that early

period, 1491. Coming into the sixteenth century, we have a copy of Chrysostom's works, printed by John Froben, of Basle, 1521, which bears additional interest from the fact that he exposed his proofs to public view, and offered a reward to every person that should discover an error.

II.

EARLY AND RARE EDITIONS OF BIBLES, PRAYER-BOOKS AND PSALTERS.

Eight hundred and seventeen works were on exhibition in this department. We give a few titles:—

Psalm's of David. Translated by St. Jerome out of Hebrew into Latin. Augsburg, 1471. Biblia Sacra Latina. (Jacob Saxon.) Lugduni (Lyons), 1511. A Black-Letter Latin Bible, 1521. Psalterium Sextuplex; ornamented initials. Hebrew, Greek and Latin. Sebastianus Gryphius, Lyons, 1530. A good specimen of a famous printer, the Bagster of his day. Matutina Supplicio; or, A Latin Version of the New Testament, R. Stephanus, Paris, 1531. Coverdale's Bible, 1535. Biblionum Sacrorum translatio duplex, vetus et nova, cum locupletissimis annotationibus, &c. Roberti Stephani, Antwerpia, 1543. Novum Testamentum Graecum, editio. Lutetia (Paris), 1516. Biblia. Bartholomaei Gravii, Lovani, 1547. This is the first Louvain edition according to the recension of Henricus, as approved by the doctors of Louvain, and is of very considerable rarity. Jesu Christi D.N. Novum Testamentum. (Greek and Latin) Theodore Beza, &c., &c. Long title page with a curious symbolical picture. Henricus Stephanus, 1567. The preface in Latin in 1567. The Greek and Latin translations are printed parallel, with Latin notes in the margin. At the end are the creeds—Apostles', Nicene, Athanasian, Anathematisma in Latin, and the Confession of Faith of the Council of Chalcedon in both Greek and Latin. Several copies of the "Breches Bible" of the 17th century.

III.

NEWSPAPERS, AND MAGAZINES, CHIEFLY CANADIAN.

The Quebec Gazette, No. 1, June 21st (facsimile reproduction), 1764. Gazette du Commerce et Littéraire de Montreal, No. XI. (single copy) Imprimeurs et Libraires, Chez F. Mesplet & Co. Berger, Montreal, 1778. Montreal Gazette, vol. XI., Thursday, 5th June, 1788. Quebec Herald, 1st vol. Quebec, 1788-89. The Quebec Gazette, No. 1302 (single copy)—in both languages. Printed by Samuel Neilson, No. 2 Mountain street Quebec, 1790. The Montreal Gazette—Gazette de Montreal, No. XXXI. (single copy), printed in both languages, by Fleury Mesplet, No. 40 Notre Dame street, Montreal 1793. The Times—Le Cours du Temps, No. 29 (single copy). Printed at the new printing office, Mountain street in both languages, Quebec, 1795. Montreal Herald, 1811-12. Quebec Mercury, 1814. Kingston Gazette, 1816; Kingston Chronicle, 1816. Minerva, 1826; the new Montreal Gazette, 1827; Montreal Transcript; Kingston News; Montreal Witness, Vol. 1, No. 1 commenced as a weekly newspaper, January 5, 1846; the New-Wester, the pioneer newspaper, Hudson's Bay Co's territory, Ross & Coldwell, publishers, Colony Gardens, Jan. 14, 1860, to March 16, 1861; Quebec Gazette, centenary number, June 21st, 1864; Miniature copy of Montreal Weekly Witness, reduced by photography. Thursday, Dec. 7, 1876.

IV.

ANCIENT IRISH BOOKS.

Mr. Edward Murphy exhibited a number of manuscripts and printed books in the Irish language and character, and facsimiles of the national manuscripts of Ireland.

"Irish MS. Devotional work; wants a few pages. Written about A.D. 1650. This work was evidently written by different persons, as a difference in the hand-writing may easily be detected. It is a good specimen of its day. Small capital letters will be found on pages 100 to 104. Many quotations from scripture are given, with chapter and verse. It is divided into three or four parts. That on page 100 begins with a verse from the 129th Psalm, in Latin: "*De profundis clamavi ad te Domine*," &c. (From the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord, &c.) The leather cover is a curiosity. The last half of it is very old, and the fastenings of the cover to the back are also curious.

Among books printed in the Irish language and with Irish type are "An Teomha Madh," the New Testament, A. D. 1600, by Archbishop O'Donnell, of Tuam. This New Testament was first printed in 1603 and reprinted in 1687, 1830, 1835. The Old Testament was published in Irish by Bishop Bedell in 1640.

There were also several books printed in the Irish and English languages on alternate pages.

"Leabarna-g-eart," or the Book of Rights. Translated by the eminent Irish scholar and philologist, J. O'Donovan, Esq., LL.D., F.C.D. D. This work is a treatise on the Rights and Privileges of the ancient Kings of Ireland. It is translated from the original *Vellum MS.*, called the Book of Lecan, which was compiled from various older MSS., by Duaid McPhirbis, in the year 1418. A more ancient book of rights was written by Benعان (or St. Benignus, as his name was Latinized), successor to St. Patrick, who died in A.D. 468. The work in its present form,

however, was not written by that Bishop, but was compiled and written by Cormac McCullenan, King of Munster, and Archbishop of Cashel, who died A.D. 968, and it is an interesting fragment of Irish history, of undoubted authenticity. This book was an authority among the Irish Kings for centuries. The fac-similes of Irish manuscripts were very remarkable and attracted much attention.

PRINTS AND COINS.

There were a number of various prints and engravings many of them exhibited by Messrs. J. Horn and T. D. King. Indeed, the walls of the hall were lined with them. Several of these were ancient and curious; including the names of such celebrities as Albert Durer, Rembrandt, Woollet, Gallé, Goltzen, Bartalozzi, Reynolds, and Sharp.

Mr. McLachlan displayed probably the largest collection of coins, ancient and modern, in the Dominion. In the Canadian department of these was a coin struck by the Copper Company of Upper Canada in 1795; the silver piece of Louis XV., the oldest Canadian coin of any kind. There is a collection of 45 *nu sous*. Among Canadian medals is that given by George III. to the Indians. It is four inches across, and of silver; the Confederation medal; a silver one commemorating the capture of Montreal. France represented as a female weeping, and on the reverse the words, "Conquest of Canada completed." Also a medal commemorating the Fenian invasion of Canada.

SHOW DAY.

School show days seem, from what we have observed this year, to have lost none of their charms in the eyes of mothers and sisters. Whether it be at time-honoured Cambridge (where it is called Commencement Day, we suppose because it ends the scholastic year) or in some fresh built village of the Far West (where these ceremonies are called Openings, we presume because they close the term, crowds of people, ladies especially, don annually their gala costume to hear the same old pieces recited in the same old way, and the same time-honoured, unhesitating praises of the scholars from the lips of a chairman who generally knows little or nothing about them. Year after year the temporary platform is trod by the heroes of Shakespeare in out-away coats and white kid gloves, and heroines of *Molière* in short frocks and sashes. Year after year are we delighted to hear that "the examination papers have never been so good," and "the behaviour of the scholars never been better."

The question is often asked: Are "show-days," after all, of any use? Are they not productive of more harm than good? They seriously interfere, it is plain, with the work of the school. Do they not, often, lead to unbecoming and most unwholesome cramming? Do they not, more often still, breed conceit in the showy and fortunate scholar, and jealousy in the slow and the unsuccessful?

We are afraid that they do all this, and yet we think that their advantages on the whole outweigh their drawbacks.

They are not necessarily evil, we believe, because they act as temptations to conceit or jealousy. The temptations incidental to school life, if the way they are yielded to or resisted by his scholars is well watched by the wise teacher, are the very things which give strength to the school-boy character. Temptation withstood is moral victory gained, and in a school temptations to conceit and jealousy *have to be withstood*, for their exhibition will be greeted with a storm of mockery and contempt.

A little incident in a cricket field will perhaps illustrate this. We once saw the favourite batsman of a school walk to the wicket amid the anticipatory clappings of his school fellows, and with sure hopes of a "double figure score" radiant on his face. Quietly but confidently he took his stand. But, lo! the very first ball pitches to leg, rises invisibly over the shoulder of his bat, and sends the off ball spinning in the air. His fondest hopes are blasted in their bud. Here you would say is a needless temptation to irritability and bad temper. Our hero felt as if life had no more charms. But he walked in seeming good humour to the tent, and merely said, with the quietest control of his voice, to the boy who was to go in next, "Take care of those balls, they twist like the mischief." Are not temptations like this, under such strong pressure to resist them, good moral training? Amid such heats as these were wrought the heroes of Trafalgar and Waterloo!

We cannot annihilate our petty emotions, but every time we check or sharply punish their manifestations, we may scotch if we do not kill them. I once gave a fifteen-cent prize to a little girl in a country school, and three of her school-fellows burst into bitter tears. Seeing that I was non-plussed as to the cause, the teacher told me it was jealousy, and that it was always so when prizes were given, even when they were fairly awarded by drawing lots. I think I made the school laugh so heartily at the picture I drew of the folly of being sorry because some one else was glad, that the vices of envy and jealousy appeared in their proper silly and odious light.

It is, we believe, provided by law that there shall be a public examination of every school in the Dominion, big or little, every year. This shows that the wisdom of our legislators thinks of "show-days." And indeed they are, on the whole, desirable in many more ways than one.

The desirability of giving prizes, too, is not obscurely hinted at in our statutes. School prize-giving is a powerful lever for good, though, like every other good thing, it is, of course, liable to abuse.

We have more than once detected favourites in the awarding of prizes in this country; a thing undreamed of, to the best of our belief, in the public schools of Great Britain. Cham, the Parisian caricaturist, once hit this sort of thing off capitally in one of his sketches.

"Delice must get a prize," the President of the Lycée is represented as saying to the head master, "his father has five hundred thousand francs a year." "But he perseveres in his idleness and mischief," replied the teacher. "Then give him a prize for perseverance," says the President!

In Canada we have observed a tendency to give prizes to clergywomen's daughters. They rank above the average in intelligence and good behaviour, and very often do deserve prizes, but they sometimes get them even when they do not.

Some schools, especially private schools, ingeniously contrive to give a prize to every single scholar, on some pretext or another. In this case the gifts cease to be prizes at all. One prize in every class, each term—two at most, if the class contains more than fifteen scholars—is an ample allowance. Where there are a hundred scholars and ten prizes, each prize is an honour indeed. Increase the number of prizes, and the honour of getting one, the cream of the whole thing, is eliminated, and a powerful stimulus to merit disappears. We have known of a "general proficiency," (nick-named "general deficiency") prize being given to all who were neither first, second, or third in anything!

The "good conduct" prize is often a joke to the initiated. "A good conduct prize," said a witty under-master to a lady whom he happened to be sitting next to at a show-day, "we give to the boy who is so stupid that we cannot give him a prize for anything else." "I'm sorry for that," said the lady, "for my son has got one."

Sometimes prizes are awarded entirely on the results of the Examination; they then crown one day's success with what should go to reward the diligence and application evinced during a whole term. Every school-day, every school hour, a boy should be anxious to gain good marks for his lessons, and not lose any for punctuality or bad behaviour. Are boys likely to be thus anxious if these marks are not counted towards the prize which, as the tangible emblem and symbol of merit, is too often valued more highly than merit itself? At the same time the results of the examination should have more weight than they would be entitled to, if it were not necessary that the interest and excitement be kept up unflagging to the end.

It is nonsense to say that children ought to work for work's sake. Perhaps they ought. But they certainly do not. "How I do hate my lessons" has been the honest exclamation of many a bright boy and intelligent girl. Prizes, punishments, and above all, a fostering of the spirit of emulation are all needed, to induce the young to climb the knotty tree of knowledge, the rich fruit of which is so invisible to their eyes.

As a rule, public examinations are favoured more especially at the better class of schools and by the most conscientious teachers. They at least consider them desirable. It is true that they interfere with the regular course of study, and where used as advertisements to secure pupils, do so too much. We know of a school where they begin to prepare for the midsummer recitations as soon as the first week in April! But in good schools, under good teachers, they absorb but a small fraction of the year, which under good teachers can be well spared.

It is one inestimable advantage that whatever is learnt on Prize Day is generally learnt well. To learn even one thing to perfection, is a great point gained, and one *never* attained in many a long school life. Out of the hundreds of pieces of poetry learnt for "Rep." at school, often the only one remembered for life is the piece got up for a recitation for "show-day." The exhibition of dialogues, moreover, often gives a boy an insight to the art of acting, a thing which it is well worth while to devote a week or two to acquire.

In conclusion the rising generation will thank us for protesting against the occasional practice of substituting medals and crowns for books as school prizes. Of what use on earth is a medal? If the owner hides it, it is as if "colourless it lurked in virgin mould." If its owner, on the contrary, makes a display of it, is he not open to the charge of conceit, yea, even, guilty of the blunders of self-praise? Are medals an ornament? Did a right-minded school-boy ever wear one? Does not the "ingenuous youth" blush with "ingenuous shame" when his mother opens the medal cases on the drawing-room table? Does he not wish them at—let us say, Jericho.

Medals are neither of ornament nor use. Now school prize books are generally the masterpieces of such authors as Kingsley, Hughes, Farrar, Mayratt, or some mightier genius still. All such books are well-springs of moral and intellectual improvement wherever they go. "One of the happiest experiences in life is "to do good in secret and have it found out by accident." How pleasant it was to see some honoured guest at our father's house, take up a book from the drawing-room table, and watch him come accidentally on the inscription inside the cover, which showed it to be a well-earned trophy of our industry and our intelligence.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CAXTON CELEBRATION.—The following figures explain our picture on another page:—
1. Decretum Gratiani, illuminated initials, Strasbourg, 1472, printed by Henry Eggstein, apprentice of Gutenberg. 2. Mazarin Bible. 3. A very complete and interesting collection of extremely ancient and modern coins and medals in the Dominion. 4. "Durandus," by Faust after he had left Gutenberg, 1459. 5. A book in miniature, printed in Paris, 1819. (Natural size.) 6. Koran. 7. Livre d'heures, prayer book which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. 8. Finished type. 9. Type casting machine. 10. Specimen of Caxton's typography. 11. Lord Rivers presenting his book, Dictes and Notable Sayings of Philosophers, to the King. 12. The entire Book of Esther in Hebrew, done in Paris during the last century. 13. Type founding in 1564. 14. Caxton's house in Westminster. 15. The house in which Caxton lived at Bruges, 1468.

INTERNATIONAL GAME OF BASE BALL.—The sketches which we give in our present number were taken during the late match between the Tecumseh club of London and the Maple Leaf club of Guelph. The match was a very exciting one, and was witnessed by several thousand spectators. The base ball grounds and buildings, of which we give several sketches, have been fitted up at an expense of upwards of \$3,000, and without doubt are the best for the purpose in the Dominion. Thousands of spectators visit the grounds whenever a match game takes place; in fact, on such occasions, everybody seems to give up business for base ball.

A SWIMMING BATH.—This bath for swimmers and learners, which we present to our readers to-day, is from the designs of Mr. E. W. Sewell, the architect of the "Northern Light," kindly given in agreement with a suggestion from a contributor of this paper. There seems no reason to suppose that a floating bath need be more expensive than one on shore, and there is by the former method the great advantage secured of a constant stream of fresh water flowing through from end to end. A stream there is in most baths, but this would form a perfect supply. The bath is intended to be open to the heavens, would give one hundred and sixty feet by forty feet of swimming surface, with rounded ends for turning, and would be furnished with dressing boxes for the entire length. We would venture to suggest the addition of railed-in galleries for spectators above the dressing boxes. The moderate distance from shore at which the bath would be moored would be overcome by ferriage. Besides covered baths, which might be conjoined with skating rink arrangements in the same building, the third plan of a long-shore bath, fenced in, and with dressing conveniences, might easily be conceived of. The in-shore stream, however, of any river is seldom as good as that in the open. Our enthusiasts in things aquatic, in more than one Canadian city, have no doubt been indulging visions of swimming professors, season tickets, fresh dry towels by the hundred, and a noble tournament to close the season's enjoyment. It is better than dawdling in any event, and we sympathize with their hopes, because we see in swimming and its encouragement the means of rescuing our people from the wretched thralldom of boating and bathing accidents, which in Canada reminds one of Andromeda and her ordeal. Such a bath as Mr. Sewell's could be devoted to the use of each sex on separate days. We cannot go on longer in the Dominion as we have done in the past, for that kind of neglect is unworthy of an aspiring people. We have got to move in this Dominion, and our coming celebration will not be any the less complete for being signalized by the formation of swimming clubs in the important cities, for the service of whom, somewhat simpler, if less complete, plans might be sketched for the current year. Our Government, both Federal and Provincial, would have reason to look kindly upon exertions so made, for the cultivation of the art and science of swimming would go far to relieve them in many of their painful responsibilities in maintaining the public safety, and in instituting enquiries after that has been sacrificed. The other dimensions and particulars to elucidate Mr. Sewell's plans will be found in connection with the drawings.

Mr. Sewell writes: "The dressing rooms, some fifty in number, to be well fitted up and furnished with mirror, couch, towels, &c. A large entrance or waiting room to be fitted with a proper gangway at one end, &c. The necessary ground tackle and ballasting would be fully adjusted."

FOOT NOTES.

THE ROMANCE OF CHESS.—All chess-players will be gratified to know of a beautiful and spirited realization of the idea of the "Royal Game" of intellectual battle, reproducing in miniature statuettes the heroes, queens and prelates, of the grand and romantic Middle Ages. There has been for some time in the chess-room of the Lotos Club, in Fifth avenue, an elaborate and strikingly elegant set of metal chess men, finished in the highest style known to modern reproductive art, designed, manufactured and presented to the Club by Mr. J. Le Mou, a well known civil engineer of N.Y. city, who has, during several years, devoted his leisure to the completion of the work. The set is in statuettes, about three inches in height, on a circular low basis, and shows the heroes of the "golden age of chivalry" contesting the field: France, under Philippe Auguste, opposing England, led by the daring "Richard of the Lion Heart," each

daring warrior being attended by his court, and valiant men at arms.

The following is a list of the characters represented on the two sides of the game, of the period 1190-99, A. D.:

- White: England. (Silver.)
King: Richard, "Cœur de Lion."
Queen: Berengaria; born Princess of Navarre.
K. Bishop: Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Q. do.: William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely.
K. Knight: William Longchamp, Earl of Salisbury.
Q. do.: William Beauchamp, Baron of Worcester.
Castles: Anglo-Norman, Twelfth Century.
Pawns: Men-at-arms, Twelfth Century.
Black: France. (Gold.)
King: Philippe Auguste, "Dieudonné."
Queen: Ingeburge, born Princess of Denmark.
K. Bishop: Philippe de Dreux, Beauvais.
Q. Bishop: Etienne de Tournay, Paris.
K. Knight: Mathieu II., Baron de Montmorency, Grand Constable.
Q. Knight: Guillaume des Barres, Comte de Rochefort, Chef de la Garde du Corps du Roi. "La fleur de la chevalerie de France."
Castles: Franco-Norman, Twelfth Century.
Pawns: Men-at-arms, Twelfth Century.

The contemplation of this mimic battle on the checkered field awakens stirring memories of hard fought fields and deeds of "derring do" by valiant knights beneath the applauding glances of the royal and noble dames of chivalry's Age of Gold. In every detail of costume, blazonry, artistic excellence, and spirited realization of a noble idea, this set of statuettes leaves nothing for the artist or scholar to desire, being entire original and *sui generis*.

LITERARY.

BROWNING'S translation of the "Agamemnon of Æschylus" is now completed, and will shortly be published.

SOMEBODY once said to Victor Hugo, "It must be very difficult to write good poetry." "No, sir," replied the poet, "it is either very easy or utterly impossible."

BAYARD TAYLOR, in his remarks before reading his poem at the re-union of the Army of the Potomac, wisely said: "No author can quite do justice to himself or to political art in waiting for an occasion which seems to prescribe the subject, if not the manner of treatment."

THACKERAY, when speaking about fame, would frequently tell the following anecdote: "When at dinner in St. Louis one day he heard one waiter say to another, 'Do you know who that is?' 'No,' was the answer. 'That is the celebrated Mr. Thackeray.' 'What's he done?' 'Blessed if I know,' was the reply.

The gentleman whom Miss Thackeray lately married is a connection of her family, as his name—Richard Thackeray Ritchie—implies. He is twenty-two years old, and his wife is thirty-eight. He is a Cambridge undergraduate, and has just gained an appointment by open competition in the India House.

A CAXTON Commemorative Volume is to be issued in connection with the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England. The work will be a *fac-simile* edition of "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," the first book printed in England, by Caxton, in 1477.

MR. WILLIAM F. GILL, of Boston, has for some years been engaged in collecting materials for a new and complete biography of Edgar A. Poe. He has just completed the work, which is to be published in a few days. Among its many interesting features are fifteen full-page illustrations, including four *fac-simile* letters of the poet, a *fac-simile* letter from the lamented Willis, dated from the office of the Home Journal, and a copy of the original manuscript of "The Bells."

HUMOROUS.

A FORTUNE awaits the man who invents a newspaper with only one place for advertisements, and that arranged so that each advertiser may have the head of a column next to local matter.

SEND us from every town and county in America, poems, sad, sweet, dreamy poems, or "Summer." Write only on one side of the paper, please. We want the other side to write editorials on.

IN dining with the best society of England, General Grant, it is said, preserves in its pristine purity the beautiful American habit of eating with his knife. And the habit is courteously referred to by his hosts as a charming eccentricity.

"BUT I pass," said a minister one Sunday, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades!" yelled out a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next day, being assisted by one of the deacons with a full hand of clubs.

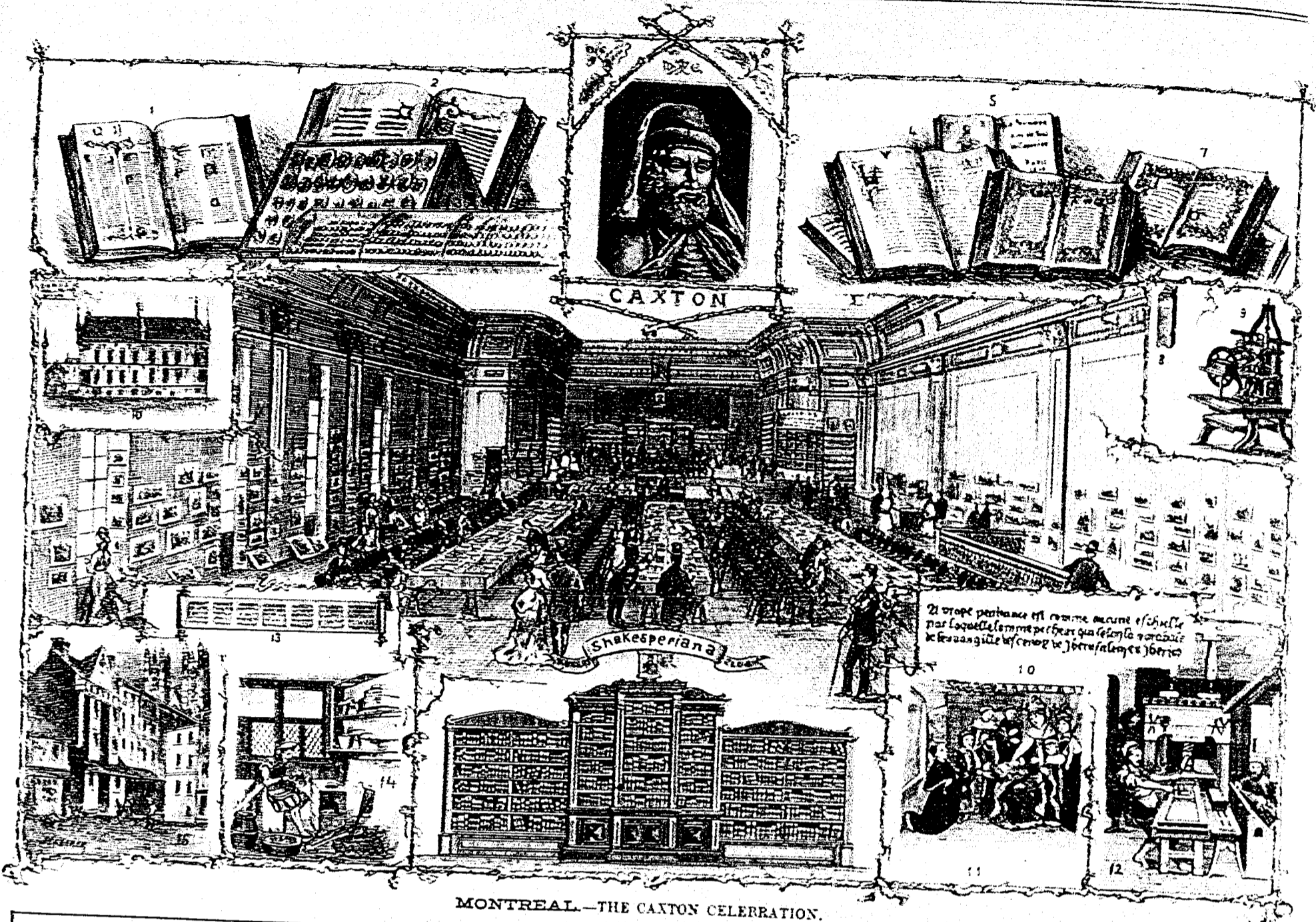
JOSEPH BILLING'S MENU FOR A LOVE FEAST.—"Spring" soup and Pot au Feu, two soles (with but a single thought), Sauce Piquante, Gail's heart au My deary, Filly a la Fimbleere, Lamb Chuddits, To mate her sauce, Amour Fowl trust au Paté de Foi. Tongue au naturel brain sauce, Green Gage Tart, sweet sauce; Cherries, Pairs, Love apples, Legs: none, Wine: Chateau Ma go, Chateau in Rose, Beau jolly, Port—not crusted—Sherry—Amoroso, Liqueur—Cure her-so, Cate au Champ Elysées.

ARTISTIC.

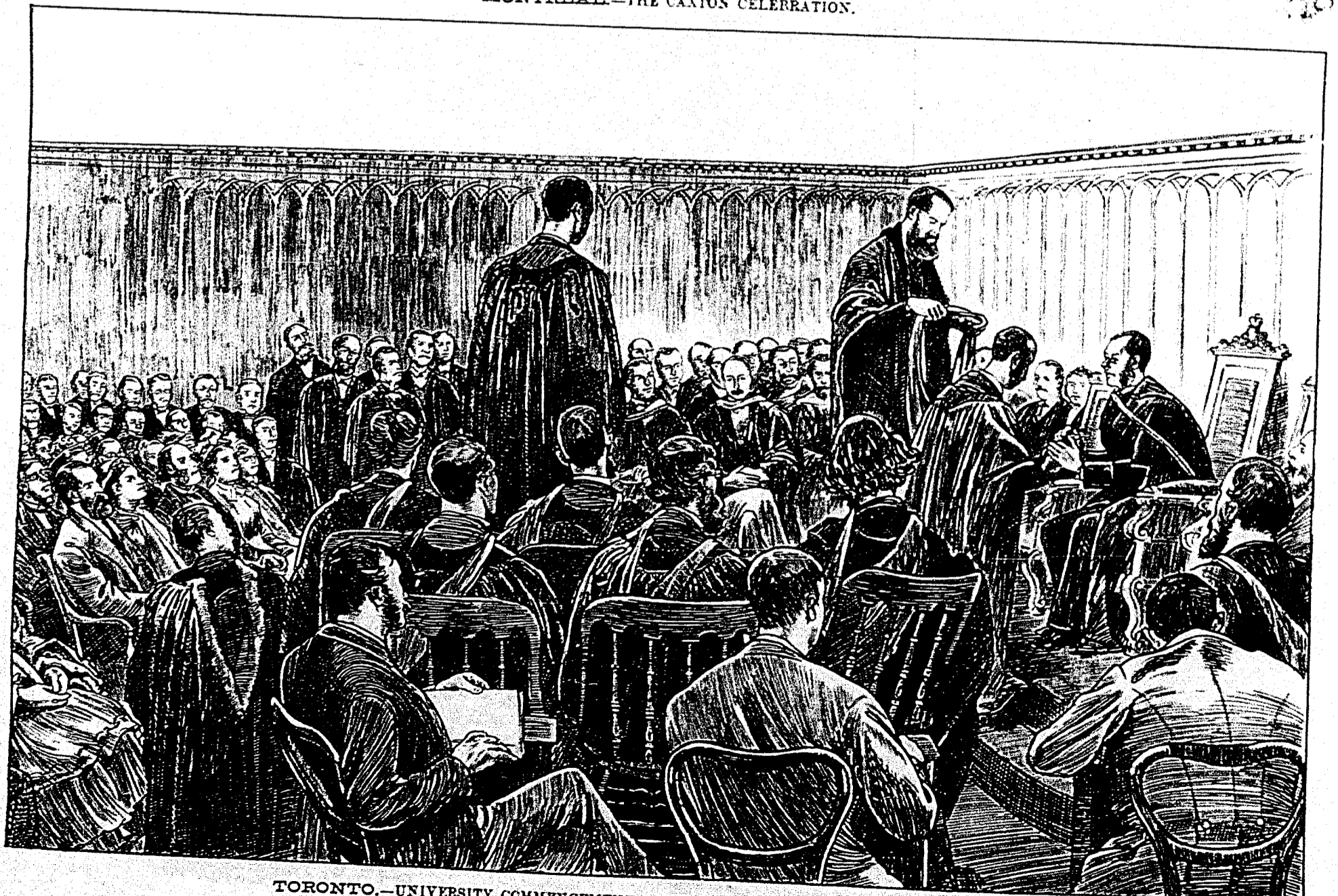
FRENCH lady art students in Paris do not join classes of men when studies are made from nude life; but American girl students of art in that city do.

HORACE VERNET originated the word "chie," used to describe things striking and agreeable, almost as used in English-speaking countries as in France. Vernet had a clever pupil who painted so like his master and drew with such strength and precision that he held him up as an example to all his class of pupils. When a pupil displeased him, he would say, "Look at Chie!"—that was the name of his favourite—"see how he works; do as he does," &c. Chie died young. Vernet felt very badly about it; and when he went into his studio and looked at the work of other pupils he would fold his hands, cast down his eyes, and say to himself "O chie pas Chie!"

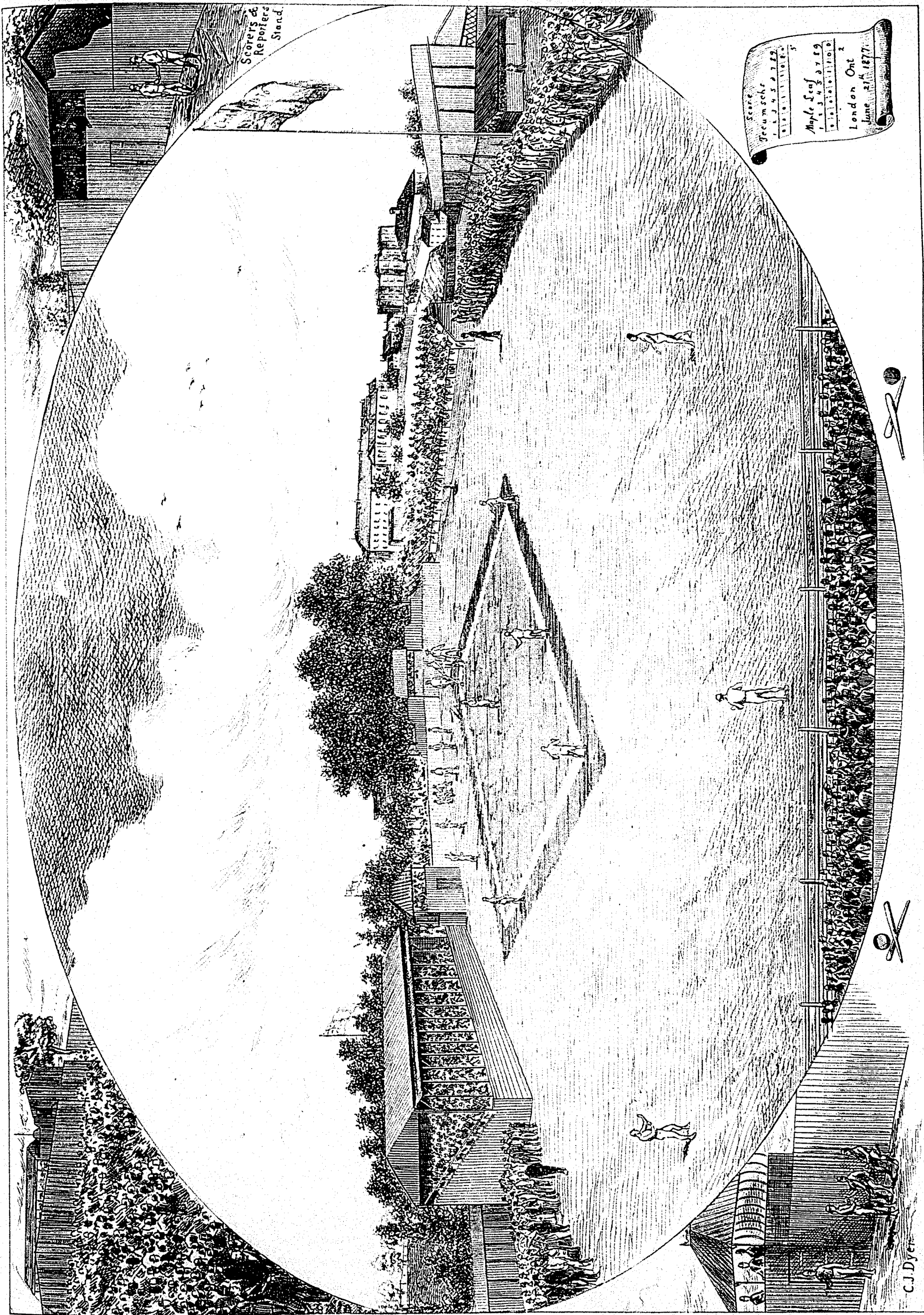
"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Luby's Parisian Hair Restorer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEYVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.



MONTREAL.—THE CAXTON CELEBRATION.



TORONTO.—UNIVERSITY COMMENCEMENT. VICE-CHANCELLOR MOSS CONFERRING DEGREES.



LONDON, ONT.—INTERNATIONAL BASE BALL MATCH BETWEEN THE TUCUMSEH CLUB OF LONDON, AND THE MAPLE LEAF CLUB OF GUELPH.

FROM A SKETCH BY C. J. DYER.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

IV.

PERCÉ—PABOS—NEWPORT—POINT AU MAQUÉREAU—L'ANSE AU GASCON—PORT DANIEL—CHEGOUAC—PASPEBIAC—NEW CARLISLE—BO-NAVENTURE—MARIA—CARLETON—NOUVELLE—RESTIGOUCHE—A DRIVE ALL AROUND.

The roads throughout the County of Gaspé are tolerably good on the whole, for a new and sparsely settled country. Those in the Township of Percé are decidedly the worst, and most of the bridges are in a very dangerous state, without railings or guard of any kind, to prevent the traveller from being precipitated into the abyss below.

The Court House and gaol at Percé being in a most dilapidated state, there is every probability that new buildings will be erected at Gaspé Basin, which will then become the shire town. The distance from Percé to Cape Cove is eight miles, and ten from thence to Grand River. The land throughout this section of the country is well adapted for agricultural purposes, comparatively level, and well watered. All the front lots are occupied, and the inhabitants are evidently paying more attention to their farms than heretofore.

Grand River is the only one in the district of Gaspé which has been bridged by the inhabitants. The money was borrowed from the Municipal Loan Fund, and it is much to be regretted that what might have been an important public benefit bids fair to become a public nuisance, in consequence of the dissensions between the inhabitants to which it has given rise. The harbour at Grand River is a bar harbour, accessible only to small vessels. The seigniorship of Pabos joins that of Grand River. Little Pabos is the next settlement, with a river of the same name, which was bridged by the Government in 1844.

Next comes Great Pabos, where a chartered English company, under the name of the Gaspé Fishery and Coal Mining Company, formerly established their headquarters and squandered the monies entrusted to them by the duped shareholders. Under the French rule, this appears to have been a well settled locality, as traces could be lately seen of what once constituted the foundations and cellar of a large house, said to be that of the Governor or Intendant. The remains of three mill-dams on the north side of the river were also visible, and the various articles found from time to time prove that a considerable number of families must have once occupied the front.

Pabos is a bar harbour, and very difficult of access. There are two rivers which empty themselves into the lagoon at a short distance from each other. A large portion of the land in Great Pabos is unfit for culture.

The Pabos as well as Grand River are the resort of large flocks of wild fowl in the spring and fall. The inhabitants are all sportsmen. The distance from Grand River to Pabos is about eight miles, thence to Newport three.

The Pabos estate may be said to be in chancery, part of the buildings have been sold and removed; the rest are going to ruin.

Newport is a snug little cove, with good anchorage for small vessels. There are two small fishing establishments here, one belonging to Messrs. Charles Robin & Co., the other to Mr. Philip Hamon, a native of Jersey, who resides here with his family. About two miles beyond are two small patches of rock, called the Newport Islands, where Captain Philip Dean, of Jersey, once had a fishing stand. A mile and a half further brings us to Point Maquereau, the eastern boundary of the County of Gaspé. This point marks the entrance to the Bay of Chaleurs, the Island of Miscou, distant about fifteen miles, being the boundary of the bay on the New Brunswick side. From the islands the road leaves the shore and passes through the woods a distance of about five miles to L'Anse au Gascon. Point Maquereau is not visible from the road, so that the traveller passes the boundary between the two counties without being aware of it. The land through this portage is rocky, and scarcely fit for settlement.

Having reached L'Anse au Gascon, the country is again broken, and you have a continuous succession of hill and dale. The scenery from this to Port Daniel is bold and romantic, and when you reach the summit of the range of Devil's Cape, (some call it Cap au Diable, others Cap à l'Enfer), the beautiful bay of Port Daniel suddenly meets the eye, and a splendid and varied panorama lies before you. As you descend the mountain on a fine summer afternoon, an interesting and amusing scene often presents itself.

The fishing boats having just returned, men, women and children are all busily engaged in landing, splitting, and carrying the fish to the stages. At the mouth of the Port Daniel River we have again the usual lagoon and bar which prevents the entrance of vessels of any size, but there is good anchorage under the Cape. On this, the east side of the river, just at the harbour's mouth, snugly ensconced under the hill, stands the Roman Catholic church. The Gaspé Fishery and Coal Mining Company commenced an establishment and built a couple of small vessels on this river, and their so-called coal field, a bed of shale, is about three miles up the stream.

Crossing the ferry, about a quarter of a mile further, is another river, on which there is a

small saw mill. A good substantial bridge, built by the Government, spanned this stream, but the approach from the westward being a sand bank, without protection of any kind, has been washed away, and no steps have been taken by the municipality to repair the damage.

This is a thriving settlement, having many good farms in and around the bay. Port Daniel is also the name of the township which commences at Point Maquereau. As you ascend the hill on the west side of the bay there is a small Presbyterian church, and on the level beyond, another place of worship belonging to the Church of England.

From this point the country assumes a level appearance, the land is better adapted for agricultural purposes, and the farms denote a higher state of cultivation.

An hour's drive from Port Daniel brings us to Chigouac, a small settlement, through which runs a good mill stream, with two grist mills erected on it. There is also a small Episcopal church and parsonage. This is the Township of Hope. About a mile and a half further is a small Roman Catholic chapel, which is in a settlement called Nouvelle. Beyond this we come to a small cove and river, with a small grist mill upon it. Having crossed the bridge, we come to a fine level tract of land called Hope Town. The settlers are chiefly Scotch, and the fine farms and good buildings prove that the owners are industrious and economical. The road from this to Paspebiac is perfectly level. The last three miles pass through what is termed Hope Town Woods, a fine piece of forest land owned by Messrs. Charles Robin & Co. But these gentlemen having sold or leased the lots along the road, for settlement, handsome cottages are springing up, and the forest is fast disappearing.

As we emerge from the woods, a number of vessels at anchor, and the fine white buildings on the low sandy beach, denote that we are approaching some important place. This is Paspebiac. From Paspebiac to New Carlisle is a beautiful drive of three miles. The Bay of Chaleurs is before you on the left, in all its beauty and grandeur. The adjacent coast of New Brunswick, which is now plainly seen, forms the back ground. On the right you have well cultivated farms and neat cottages. The whole range of land, from Nouvelle River to the Great Bonaventure, is of excellent quality for agricultural purposes. From New Carlisle to Bonaventure River, a distance of about eight miles, the road is tame and uninteresting, the only objects worthy of mention being two grist mills.

The Bonaventure is a large river, abounding in salmon and trout, and forms an excellent harbour for small vessels. Some years ago vessels of two hundred to two hundred and fifty tons could load here with timber, but the bar has increased so much of late that vessels drawing more than eight to nine feet cannot enter. An extensive business has been carried on in Bonaventure at different periods, even within the last ten years, but it appears as though some fatality attended all who have attempted to establish themselves in this locality. Nothing is done here now, and the harbour is wholly deserted, except when the coasters of Messrs. Robin or Le Boutillier Brothers come in to collect fish, or in spring or fall when a number of schooners, which winter here, are being fitted out or laid up. No extensive lumber trade could be established in this locality at present, all the rear lands from Paspebiac to New Richmond, or nearly so, being still owned by the Gaspé Company. The sale of these lands was an act of injustice to the inhabitants of the Townships of Cox and Bonaventure, who are thus almost precluded from obtaining even firewood. This river is the resort in spring of immense shoals of smelt, which enter it to spawn, and thousands of barrels are recklessly destroyed by the inhabitants for the purpose of manuring the land. Thousands of barrels of herrings, of which fabulous quantities arrive, are every spring used for the same purpose. The herring do not enter the river, but literally roll in shore along the sandy beach, which extends from here to Little Bonaventure. The inhabitants have been known to drive their cart to the water's edge, and there load by scooping the fish from the sea with a dip net.

To the westward of the harbour is a fine new Roman Catholic Church, the largest, we believe, in the District of Gaspé. Bonaventure is a populous township, originally settled by the Acadians.

Three miles further brings us to Little Bonaventure River, a small stream scarcely deserving the name of river. In 1856 the Bay of Chaleurs was completely frozen over from the Great Bonaventure to Bathurst, the whole surface of the bay being as smooth as a pond. Numbers of persons crossed over with horse and sleigh even as low as Little Bonaventure, from which forty persons went to Petit Roches, a distance of fifteen miles, for ash to make hoops. Though this is generally known as the Parish of Bonaventure, it is now the Township of Hamilton.

A couple of miles beyond Little Bonaventure the country assumes a more picturesque appearance, with a succession of hill and dale. Passing Black Capes, a Scotch settlement in the township of New Richmond, a grand coup d'œil presents itself as you reach the highest point. The village and bay of New Richmond form the foreground, with the settlement of Maria running along the base of the Carleton Mountains, which tower aloft in the rear. To the left of these you see the islands near Dalhousie, and the New Brunswick coast from thence to

Bathurst. Having crossed the Little Cascapedia, you pass the Presbyterian Church, on your left, and soon reach what may be termed the village. Here is situated the fine property owned by the heirs of the late William Cuthbert, Esq., a Scotch gentleman who carried on a large business in the lumber trade and ship building. Just beyond is the Roman Catholic church. From Black Capes to the Great Cascapedia is a good agricultural district, principally occupied by Scotch settlers. The land between the rivers is a fine level country, occupied in rear as far as the seventh concession. There is good, safe anchorage for large vessels between the two rivers. This should have been the shire town, being more central and better adapted in every respect than New Carlisle, from which it is distant about thirty miles. Both the Cascapedia rivers abound with salmon and trout.

Crossing the great Cascapedia we land in the township of Maria, which extends along the sea-shore at the side of the Carleton Mountain range. Just as we leave the river the road passes through a small Indian settlement of the Micmac tribe, and a little beyond is a grist and saw mill; about four or five miles from the ferry is a large new Roman Catholic Church. The land along the sea shore of Maria is low, the road being but little elevated above high-water mark. This is a populous township, the soil being good, some three concessions deep, to the foot of the mountains.

There is nothing worthy of notice until we reach Carleton Church, a large new building, about a mile from the village. There are no Protestant places of worship on this side of New Richmond.

Passing the village of Carleton we proceed through the township, which at this part is a narrow strip of land, scarcely one concession deep, until it touches the base of the mountain, which rises here with a steep acclivity. The summit is a fine table land. There the inhabitants of the village obtain their fire-wood, which is brought to the edge and then shot down the inclined plane. A considerable extent of land has been cleared on the summit, and good hay is raised to feed the cattle which are employed in drawing the wood during the winter months.

The next township is Nouvelle, which includes the seigniorship of Schoddbred. Nouvelle River is a considerable stream, abounding in salmon and trout, the latter being the finest fish we have ever seen. Meganacha Point, which is seen on the left, is about two miles from Dalhousie, and derives its name from the rich color of the soil, which, in the Micmac language, means a long time red.

We cross the river by a bridge at some distance from Nouvelle Basin. An hour's drive brings us to the township of Mann, in which is situated the Micmac colony known as Mission Point. The total number of Indians in the county of Bonaventure at the last census was 641, of whom about 500 are located at this place. They have their own church; and a Roman Catholic missionary, who speaks their own language, is stationed here. They have turned their attention to agriculture—a large tract of land being specially reserved for them—and some of them are in tolerably easy circumstances. One of the tribe, known as Peter Basket, paid a visit to Her Majesty Queen Victoria some fifteen years since, and returned with numerous presents which he had received from the hands of our Gracious Sovereign and the lamented Prince Consort.

The Indian settlement is on the River Restigouche, nearly opposite Campbellton on the New Brunswick side. Restigouche is the next township, then Metapedia—the last in the county of Bonaventure. These townships are but sparsely settled, but the land is good and well situated for cultivation. The land throughout this county is little inferior on an average to that of some of the best English counties, and as good grain, peas, beans, potatoes, turnips, and vegetables of all kinds can be raised as in the old country, in proof of which we need only state that wheat grown in New Richmond took a first prize at the Paris Exhibition.

BURLESQUE.

SHE ONLY WANTED TO KNOW!—A man was yesterday pushing an iron lawn roller around a yard on Woodward avenue, when an old lady came along, leaned up against the fence, and watched him for awhile, and then called out—

"Say, mister, what are you pushing that around for?"

"To roll the lawn," he answered.

"What do you want to roll the lawn for?"

"To make it level."

"What do you want to make it level for?" she continued.

"That's what I was ordered to do," he answered, as he wiped away the perspiration.

"But what did they order you to do it for?"

"Why, they think a smooth lawn looks the best, I suppose."

"Why do they think a smooth lawn looks the best," she persisted.

"I haven't time to talk," he said, as he started up again.

"Why haven't you time to talk?" she shouted.

"Go'n ask the boss?"

"Why shall I go'n and ask the boss?" she screamed.

He disappeared behind the house to get rid of her, and after waiting five minutes for him to re-appear, she slowly sauntered off, muttering—

"Some folks are so smart and stuck up that

you can't get within a mile of 'em unless you blaze all over with diamonds."

DINNER TABLE HINTS.—When taking a lady down, do not ask if she is "peckish" or "sharp-set."

Do not say, "I hope they will give us a good tuck out!"

When you are seated, keep calm, whatever there is for dinner.

Soup should not be chewed; you must swallow it whole.

Never hammer with your feet for the next course, or shout "waiter!"

When anything nice is put on the table, do not chuckle or rub your chest.

When the entrées come round, make a free choice, but don't pocket.

Never take more than four helps of anything.

Do not sponge your gravy with your bread and squeeze it down your throat; it has an uneducated look.

Never speak with your mouth full: first, because it's vulgar; and secondly, because you can't.

If you feel uncomfortable symptoms arising from repletion, you must dissemble; do not call for brandy and peppermint drops.

If your fair neighbour asks what is the matter with you, has en to assure her that it's not catching.

Crack nuts for your hostess—if your teeth are good.

Do not say "I'm chock full!" when dinner is over; it has a foreign air about it.

Before joining the ladies, wash your hands in the bowls provided for the purpose; you should not call for soap or bath towels.

MAKING HIM HEAR.—A hand-organ man was making his way up Adams Avenue, yesterday, when a boy met him and asked:

"How many tunes do you play?"

"Sixteen shunes—nice, sweet shunes," replied the man.

"My father is fond of music, but he is a little deaf," continued the boy.

"Oh, dat make no deference—I mak a him hear."

The boy led the way up the street to where a plaster bust of Sir Isaac Newton had been arranged in a bay window to look like a living man, and the Italian spit on his hands and began on the crank. He ground out all the tunes in rotation, and then began at the bottom and ground back up the scale till he got all the tunes in the garret of the box again. The man in the bay window didn't move a hair, and the Italian drew a long breath and signed:

"Play moar muzek—mak a him hear soon."

He ran out eight tunes, and then threw some gravel at the window. The bust didn't even work its ears, and the Italian leaned the organ on the fence and loudly sang:

"Oh! who shall dinks of me som moar
When I am far a-w-a-y!"

The other seven tunes were rattled off at a lively pace, while the man coughed, whistled, kicked on the fence, and encouraged a dog-fight, in order to attract the deaf man's attention.

"Sing louder—play harder!" called the boy from the next street corner.

The grinder secured a brace for his feet, unbuttoned his vest, and the way he roared brought out the citizens by the score. He kept his eye on the bust, and gave no heed to the crowd, and the organ box was smoking hot when he let up on the grind. Resting the music on the ground, he leaped over the fence and got a square look at his victim. His quiet grin faded into a look of woe, and misery, and murder, and getting his eyes on the boy with the red neck-tie, he ran him four blocks and under a carpenter shop before a still, small voice whispered that he had better hold on.

THE GLEANER.

It has been discovered in Paris that the little yellow marks upon certain brands of Havana cigars, which causes them to be highly prized by smokers, are created by the sprinkling of acids.

THE POPE is still able to joke. It is related that to a German princess, who is immensely rich, his Holiness was complaining recently that out of so many splendid offerings none of the donors had guessed the gift which would have been most acceptable to him. The princess was, of course, anxious to supply the deficiency, but she was obliged to renounce her intention when his Holiness smilingly informed her that what he most wanted was a pair of new legs.

Of all the sons of Queen Victoria none so much takes after his father, the great and good Prince Albert—for he was a great and a very good man—as the Prince Leopold. His health is weak, but his brain is strong, his tastes artistic, his intellectual aims lofty and his interest in mental culture keen and sincere. It is in this regard he resembles his good father. The other sons partake of the Bœtian George rather than of the courtly prince, their father. Queen Victoria is passionately devoted to this son.

PHOSFOZONE.

Contains the most valuable compounds of Phosphorus and Ozone. Certificates received daily from all quarters.

The PHOSFOZONE sells well. It is a favourite tonic with the ladies. JAMES HAWKES, Place d'Armes Drug Store, Montreal. Pamphlet sent postage free on application to EVANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

The lives of the pioneers in the remote mining districts of California were generally devoid of romance or excitement, save that witnessed at the gaming tables; and to relieve the monotony of mountain life they frequently passed a few weeks in "Frisco" (San Francisco), or sojourned for a season with the Webfeet, otherwise known as Oregonians.

Mr. Charles Bradbury, of Indian Town, Northern California, had been quite fortunate in mining, and as winter was approaching, when little could be done in his claim, he left it in care of his partners, and set out to visit a relative who resided in the Willamette Valley, some three hundred miles distant. A party had been made up to cross the Siskiyou, on the summit of which the snow already lay deep. This, it was understood, would be the last party which would undertake the passage of the mountains before they should be closed for the winter.

Near the time of starting they were joined by a young man named Alfred Boyce, whose parents resided in Oregon. He had recently been suffering from indisposition, and was cautioned not to undertake the trip, which was sufficiently arduous even for the most vigorous; but his anxiety overcame his prudence, and he set out with the others.

Before the summit was reached he became quite exhausted, and had it not been for the kindness of Bradbury, he must have perished. From this occurrence they became true friends, and at young Boyce's urgent solicitation, Bradbury accompanied him to his home near the head waters of the Umpqua, where he was cordially welcomed by the family. A sister of his friend, named Adaliza, was a charming girl of seventeen or eighteen summers, and at once won the admiration of the susceptible Californian.

His stay was lengthened from the few days which he at first purposed remaining, to several weeks. Not wishing, however, to prolong his visit unduly, he bade his new-found friends a reluctant adieu, and continued on his way to the Willamette. Here he purchased a fine horse, and not infrequently tested his speed with that of the best horses in the neighbourhood, and always to his entire satisfaction. Bradbury remained a few weeks with his relatives, but the spirit of unrest possessed him, and he soon turned his face southward, urging as an excuse that his business at Indian Town urgently demanded his presence.

But his business was not so pressing but that he turned aside to halt awhile at the home of his friends, the Boyces. His admiration for the fair Adaliza had deepened to the tender passion, and this fact he was not slow to declare. But she replied, "You Californians like nothing better than to come here and make love to us Oregon girls, and when you have won our hearts you go off to your cabins and claims, and never come back."

"But," said Bradbury, "I will marry you before I go back, and when I have provided a home for you, you shall come to me, or I will come after you."

She would give him no direct answer, but remained on very friendly terms with him, and they often rode to the neighbouring village, and to other points about the valley, together.

One day they were slowly riding towards home, and Bradbury was urging his suit, and pleading for an answer to end his suspense. They were nearly a mile from a house near which grew two large oak trees, standing very near each other, when Adaliza said, "If you will pass those twin oaks before I do, I will go with you to California some day."

Bradbury prided himself upon his horsemanship, and accepting the challenge with a wave of the hand and a laconic "I'm your man!" dashed spurs to his steed and sped like an antelope over the plain.

The girl was taken by surprise at his sudden movement, but gave her horse the word, and he too "stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth rang."

It has been already intimated that Bradbury was well mounted; his companion was no less so, and they rode on as only those can ride who are at home in the saddle.

Bradbury's sudden movement had given him the advantage by a few rods, but he soon realized that it would be no easy matter to maintain it. The girl was urging her horse by whip and voice, and having been the winner in many a hotly contested race he bent to his work in true race-horse style. "Reaching long, breathing loud like a creviced wind blows."

Little more than half the distance was passed when Bradbury became aware that his competitor was pressing hard upon his flank, and he knew that his weight was beginning to tell upon the noble beast, which seemed to realize the value of the stakes for which he ran.

For a quarter of a mile he held his own, Miss Boyce, however, coming once or twice very near but maintaining her position at Bradbury's side. The goal was almost reached, and he was confident of victory. But he had not counted on his opponent's skill as a race rider. She had restrained her horse for the final dash, and now came on with a burst of speed that placed her fairly at Bradbury's side, and seemed sure to give her the victory. Indeed, the victory seemed already hers, for with long and steady leaps her horse was sweeping past at the moment they were to pass the goal.

At that moment, however, the fore feet of Bradburn's horse went down in a burrow; he

stumbled upon his feet, the girth parted, and Bradbury went over the horse's head and into the air like a rocket, landing beyond the goal and a yard or two ahead of his fair competitor. Striking upon the soft earth he performed a series of evolutions, but regained his feet with no injury save a pretty severe shock from the abrupt manner of dismounting.

He had sufficient presence of mind to exclaim with his first breath, "I believe you're mine!" while Adaliza, reining in her steed with a ready hand, sprang to the ground and in a moment was at his side, anxiously inquiring if he had been hurt. His horse had regained his feet, and stood near with a sheepish expression, as though he was the was the veriest on earth. Bradbury found himself able to walk, and before he and his companion reached the house she had promised that when spring should come again, she would become his wife and go with him to his mountain home. And so it was settled that at that time he should come for her.

With this understanding he again clasped hands in parting, and set out for his home in the Siskiyou. He found his partners eagerly awaiting his return, and all were busy with pick and shovel.

As autumn approached, and the water in the creek became too low for mining purposes, Bradbury set about erecting a house somewhat more pretentious than the limited quarters occupied by himself and partners.

A pleasant site near the town was selected, and though the house was far from being an elegant or imposing structure, it was neat and comfortable, and far superior to a majority of the homes of pioneers.

Not long after he left Boyce's, a young drover from Southern Oregon called at the house, and stopping for a day or two, became quite enamoured of the fair Adaliza. His attentions were not received with favour, but he persisted, and at the first opportunity proposed.

The girl frankly told him that she was affianced, and that her lover was in California. Of this he was already aware, but had feigned ignorance. He laughed at the idea of her trusting to a miner from the mountain, saying they were like the sailors, and made love for pastime.

After some time, becoming wearied with his importunities, she told him that if Bradbury did not return by the appointed time she would talk with him, but until that time she would have nothing more to say on the subject.

He then took his departure, not, however, until he had made arrangements with a friend who lived near by to notify him promptly if Bradbury did not arrive by the twenty-fifth of December.

While engaged in building his house, Bradbury received an injury from a falling timber which disabled him for some weeks and occasioned some delay in his departure, so that Christmas was already past when he set out. Crossing the mountains, he stopped one night at Jacksonville, and then pushed forward as rapidly as possible, for his forced delay had occasioned no little anxiety.

On the second day after leaving Jacksonville he fell in with a traveller, riding like himself, on horseback, and in the same direction. This stranger gave him the name of Harkman, and after a few hours became communicative. He said that he had become tired of leading a single life, and was going down to the Umpqua to change his condition.

Bradbury appeared to take but little notice of his remarks, but contrived to keep him talking until he learned that the young lady whom he was going to see had been engaged to "a chap from California," but as he (the Californian) had not appeared at the appointed time, Harkman expected to step in and win the prize with scarcely an effort. They continued to travel in company, and when they came in sight of Boyce's house, Harkman remarked, with much assurance, to Bradbury, "There is the home of the future Mrs. Harkman!"

Bradbury said nothing, and pretended that he was journeying on to Portland or Salem. Harkman, however, invited him to call and see his fair Dulcinea, and touching his horse's rein, they rode together to the house. Adaliza was at the door in a moment, and as Bradbury sprang lightly from the saddle she came joyfully to his arms.

Harkman looked on with surprise, but at length found words to exclaim, "What a fool I was not to know it!"

He turned his horse's head in the direction whence he came, and no grass could sprout beneath its feet until he was out of sight.

In less than a month there was a wedding at Boyce's house, and a few weeks later a horseback journey down to the Willamette; and when the early spring had come, and the skies were clear, a longer ride through the flower-besprinkled valleys of Oregon, and over the pine and fir-elad Siskiyou to the neat cabin at Indian Town.

My friends in that distant mining town tell me that the voices of beautiful children may be heard around their unassuming home, where all is peace and happiness.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

VARIETIES.

A MODERN JASON DRAWN BY GEESSE.—According to recent London advices, the manager of Sanger's Amphitheatre was drawn on June 9 in a tub by four geese from Battersea to Westminster Bridge. He was dressed in a naval captain's attire, and made his start on the ebb tide to a salute of four guns, being piloted by Gosling, and conveyed by about half a dozen boats to clear the way. The geese were harnessed to the pole of the tub, and satisfactory progress was made down the river, past the Vauxhall Bridge, arriving at Westminster Bridge about three o'clock, the trip having been accomplished in an hour and twenty minutes.

LIZZI.—The Abbé Lizzi, according to a recent writer, speaks all languages, and copies his works himself. He is a very early riser, and has at his house only a bad square piano, that he never touches. After having read his breviary, he breakfasts frugally upon half a dozen oysters, or if it is a *jour gras*, upon a small piece of beef, and then pays visits during the remainder of the day. His two worldly predilections are for *café noir* and for small and very bad Roman cigars, but cheap if not gratuitous. He is assailed by mamma who wish him to give piano lessons to their interesting progeny. They have gone so far as to offer him a whole dollar a lesson. Upon days when he has no engagements Lizzi dines *à la table* with his son-in-law, M. Ollivier, the French statesman, and at dessert they converse on temporal affairs.

CHEERFUL PICTURES.—Mothers have a pretty custom in Hartford, it is said, of having stereoscopic views of their children taken nude in various attitudes and groupings. With a strong light thrown upon them, splendid effects are produced, the figures standing out as clear and distinct as statues of marble. Particularly admirable are some of the groupings of three or four younger children of a family. When the practice first came into favor infants only were photographed, and their pictures were, and are now, frequently displayed in the photographers' show cases. As the custom grew in popularity, elder children were thus photographed, but seldom beyond the age of five or six years, after which period, as they begin to grow rapidly, they lose some of their beautifully rounded outlines of early childhood, and develop angles and sharp lines, which detract from the pleasing effects of the pictures.

SOMETHING LIKE CRITICISM.—When they gush at all in America they go all the way. It is thus that an enthusiastic journalist writes of Miss Jones, a clever actress:—"She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw. She is a white woman—as white and serene as a star. There is no cheap colour flaming in her pure face. Beyond the blue of her eyes and lustrous brown of her hair, the chaste creaminess is nowhere broken, save where the prisoned blood frets itself into red passion in her lips, or kindles like a pent flame in her rosy palms. I think men become tired of those women over whose faces dowdy pink and scarlet runs at every caught breath. The colour is put on too near the surface. There's suspicion that it is not an essential and integral illumination. But a charmingly serene white creature like Jones, with the glow coming from the depths of the soul, and just tinging the face up to cream colour, leaping into flame at the lips only, and barely pinkening the finger tips.—*Alas! a passion built up against a woman like this withholds the grave.* She is a great white rose with a sunbeam prisoned in the bud. *She gets 250 dollars a week for her work as an actress.*"

OPERATIC OPINION OF PURGATORY.—It appears from the letter of a well-informed correspondent that the opera, "Le Roi de Lahore," which is just the topic in Paris *salons*, is founded upon a beautiful legend of an eastern prince who loved a fair maiden of the Himalayas, but had to wait ten years, till the conclusion of the war, ere he could marry her. As he was proceeding to claim her hand he was killed by a flash of lightning, and descended into purgatory, where he submitted to the usual tortures in order to insure his eternal felicity in Heaven. As he arrived at the gates of Paradise he thus addressed the angel who was awaiting his arrival:—"May I return to the earth for an hour to see the one I love?"—"Thou may'st, faithful heart," the angel answered; "but that hour will cost thee ten thousand years of torment such as thou hast just endured." The lover closed instantly with the offer and fled to earth to find his beloved—whispering to another lover the vows of eternal and immortal constancy she had once breathed to him. He returned to purgatory, but was met at the gates by the angel, who said to him:—"Thou hast earned thy title to Paradise, for what thou has just witnessed is more tormenting than ten thousand years of weeping and gnashing of teeth!"

LEMONS A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—A correspondent of an English medical journal furnishes the following recipe as a new cure for consumption: Put a dozen whole lemons in cold water and boil until soft (not too soft), roll and squeeze until the juice is all extracted, sweeten the juice enough to be palatable, then drink. Use as many as a dozen a day. Should they cause pain or looseness of the bowels, lessen the quantity and use five or six a day until better, then begin and use a dozen again. By the time you have used five or six dozen you will begin to gain strength and have an appetite. Of course as you get better you need not use so many. Follow these directions and we know that you will never regret it if there is any help for you. Only keep it up faithfully. We know of two

cases where both of the patients were given up by the physicians, and were in the last stages of consumption, yet both were cured by using lemons according to the directions we have stated. One lady in particular was bedridden and very low; had tried everything that money could procure, but in vain, when, to please a friend, she was finally persuaded to use the lemons. She began to use them in February, and in April she weighed 140 pounds.

AN EPIC POEM.—Poetical aspirants are proverbial for the good opinion they hold of their own productions, but a young gentleman of Madras has just out-Heroded Herod, if we are to believe the following story told by an Indian contemporary:—"A native lad, fresh from the examination-room, was talking to a friend of mine who took much interest in education, and who used to assist such students as he thought promising. Asked if he intended to continue his studies, he answered in the negative. 'Why not? It is a pity to give up now.'—'Yes, but I have some other work on hand.' 'Indeed; what is that?'—'Sir, you can assist me. I am writing an epic poem, and I wish to ask you to help me in publishing it.' My friend coughed to hide his emotion, and then proceeded to 'give his auditor sense.' He pointed out that in these busy days people have little leisure to read long poems, especially epics, and even named some two or three ventures which had of late years fallen flat on the world. 'Yes, but if the poem is really good!' This from a lad who could hardly speak six consecutive words of idiomatic English, and whose peculiarities of English I have not even attempted to reproduce, was nearly too much for my friend. Wishing however to put a clincher on the matter, he said, 'Well, good as your poem doubtless would be, remember that even Milton is scarcely read nowadays except by students, and epic-writers of less note not at all.' 'Sir,' replied the huddle-dehoy, in the most perfect good faith, 'I have read Milton and Shakespeare with care, and have avoided the errors of both.'"

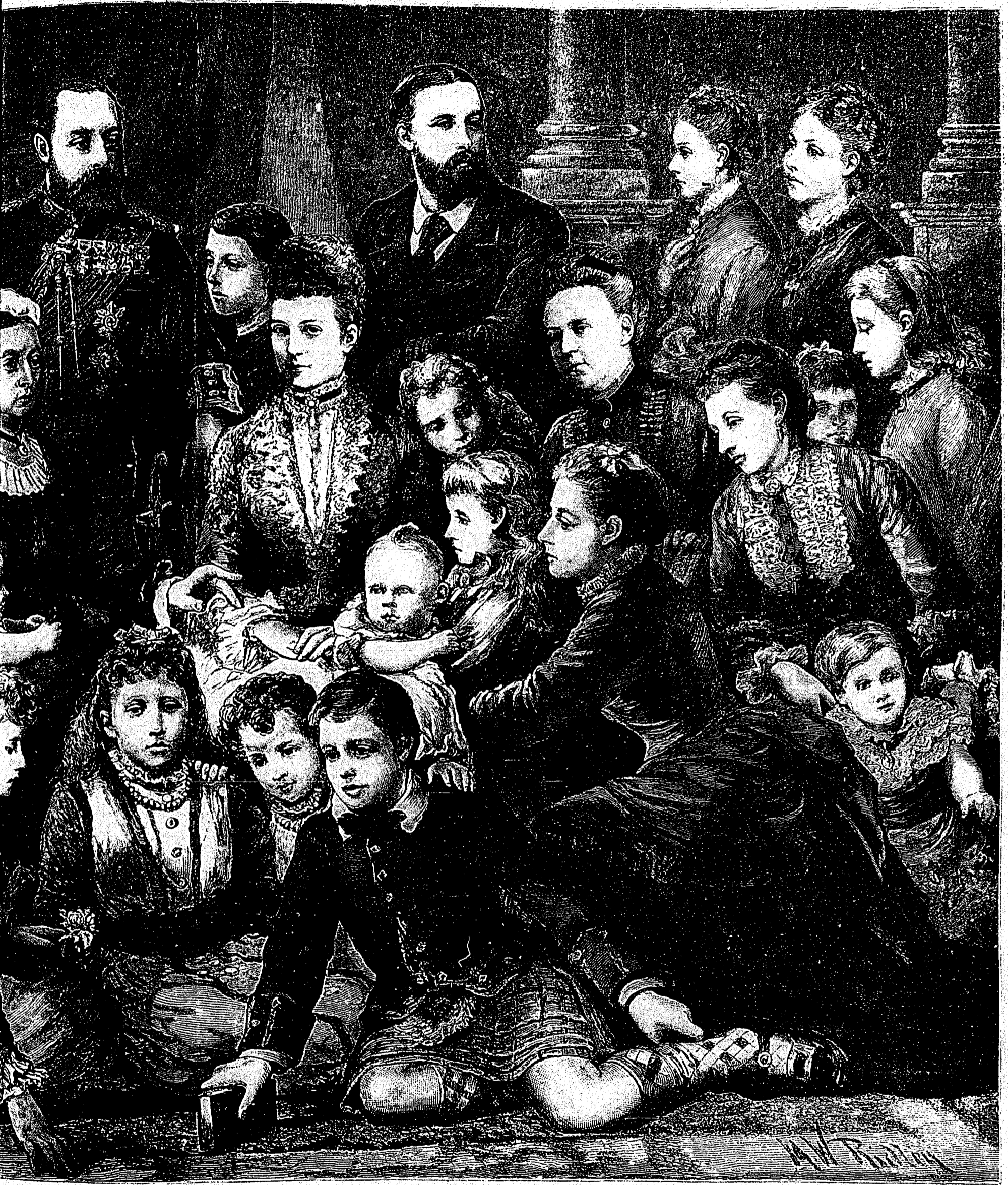
BLONDIN.—There died in Paris some little time ago, an old gentleman who had been a constant attendant at the Comédie Française for nearly seventy years. He was known at the theatre under the surname of Blondin—a name which he owed without doubt to a fine blonde wig, skilfully curled, with which he coquettishly ornamented his venerable forehead. He was always at the disposition of questioners. He was a living memorial, a choice collection which comprised the complete archives of the Comédie Française for more than three-quarters of a century. Endowed with an excellent mind, he was not one of those gentlemen who praise the past at the expense of the present. He did not resemble those old amateurs who disparage the modern theatre, abusing the contemporaneous actors, and at every turn saying:—"Oh, Mlle. Contat! Mlle. Fleury! they were artists! those were the days of the Comédie!" M. Blondin, who had seen these stars of the past, rendered them full justice, at the same time declaring that the comedians of the present day were as good, and that the drama is as perfectly played now as in the early years of the Française. M. Blondin kept himself in admirable health by his constant habit; in it he found all the benefits of a regular life and of a moderate exercise of the mind. A few days before his death he said: "If I should begin my life again I should not do otherwise. I owe to the theatre my fortune, my safety, my long existence, my health, and my good humour." With these calm utterances was sweetly extinguished this philosopher so constant, this sage, who, during seventy years, had been the faithful habitué of the Théâtre Français.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Mr. Joseph Maas, the tenor, has reason to be very proud of his voice, for it once saved his life. He is passionately fond of hunting and fishing, and about four years ago started on a buffalo hunt, in company with his old friend Dion Boucault. The surrounding country was full of badly-disposed Indians. But our hunters were at all times willing to risk their scalps for a good week's sport. On this occasion they managed to lose their way and miss the trail which led to their temporary camp, so that as night came on they were utterly at a loss which direction to take. They had fortunately killed a young bull just before dusk, and making a virtue of necessity they tethered their horses and lit a fire. They had scarcely finished a hearty meal of buffalo-steaks when an arrow came whizzing by their camp-fire, and, in less time than it takes to read this, they found themselves bound hand and foot by the rascally Apaches. There was no hope of deliverance, and both Mr. Maas and Mr. Boucault expected instantaneous death. At this juncture Dion, who was almost comatose from fright, murmured feebly, "Joe, sing me *Fra Poco* once more before I die, and my scalp will come off much easier." Mr. Maas tearfully complied with his friend's request, and had got as far as "The wild flowers soon will shed their bloom around my sad and lonely tomb," when two big Indians came up smiling all over and grunted, "Heap good—more!" The gifted tenor finished the aria, but explained that he could sing no more unless he was unbound. The Apaches loosened his thoughts, and Mr. Maas, with a despairing hope, went on with the opera. From nine p.m. until three the next morning he kept on singing. Every time he stopped the savages poked him with a spear. However, just as his larynx was about to burst, the last Indian dropped to asleep, and Mr. Maas stole away, after cutting the hide ropes which bound his friend.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA AND





SEE OUTLINE KEY, PAGE 32.



THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

'Tis All the Same in a Hundred Years.

I.
Whether we smile, or sigh, or weep,
Whether we plow, or sow, or reap;
Or idly scoff, or wisely pray;

II.
What if our arms can reach no goal,
Or discontent disturbs the soul;
What if our friendships falsely prove,

III.
So let us fill the cup of life
With pleasant thoughts instead of strife.

SHORE.

London, June, 1877.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"I want you," he began at length, with that same grave gentleness; he had himself well in hand now;—"I want you to give me, as a friend, some explanation of that which you told me the other day."

"As a friend"—he had not then forgotten the day of the month. That was one passing thought. And then, if Mr. Rollo had interest in new displays of character, he had a chance to prosecute the study, and see Wych Hazel as other people sometimes saw her; so far off she seemed in her reserve. This was not the sprite who had disputed his authority and pelted him with short speeches; nor the shy girl who had blushed if he but came near her; there was not even the faintest tingling of the cheeks, nor the least gleam from out the deep shadows of the eyes. Only in one way did the slightest agitation betray itself; but twice she began to speak, and twice could not command her lips; the third time she conquered them and went on. With down-looking eyes, and head a little bent, and hands quietly folded, as if they were too tired to hold each other in the old way, and that pathetic quiver still every now and then sweeping round her mouth and chin, Wych Hazel went straight to the midst of things, as if not daring to waste strength on preliminaries.

"Sir Henry Crofton had laid a wager—or vowed a vow—that he would not go back to England until he had waltzed with me. I saw him once or twice in the fall, and in town he came often to the house, and after that I met him everywhere. And he very often asked me to waltz. And I always refuse."

"One night"—she drew her breath as if the words stifled her—then went on swiftly, as before, preventing all questions: "One night, at Newport, we were both at an out-door party. There was music, of course; everybody was dancing. Except me. Sir Henry made his usual request, and then asked me to walk instead."

"Do you really never waltz?" he said, as we passed up and down. "I told him no."

"But why not?" "I said, one of my guardians disapproved of it."

"Is he here to-night?"—"No."

"Then, he will never know what you do." I said then, that I had promised.

"Then it was not for my own pleasure I had given it up?" I said no.

"Didn't I sometimes wish for the pleasure again? Sometimes, I confessed, when I heard the music."

"Had I promised for always?" No.

"O well!—it was very easy to forget the precise date." I said (here for an instant a flush came) that I had not forgotten it."

"We were standing just then by the open lawn and the circle of dancers; and—I think—my foot stirred a little, answering the measure of a new waltz which the band struck up. In an instant, before I had time to think or speak, he had whirled me off among the crowd. So much taller than I, so much stronger, so skilled a dancer, that at first I could only go where I was taken, obliged to keep the step, in my own self-defence. One hand of course he held; but the other—did not—touch him. And, presently, I made him let me go. But (we had gone so fast) not till we had taken rather more than one round, I think, I am not quite sure. And I always meant to tell you."—The voice fell a little, breaking off short.

She had not looked at him once since he came in; she did not look now, to see how her story was received, but sat still, feeling as if her very life were at a stand. His face had changed notably as she went on; its burden of grave care

cleared away; his brow grew full of light; the eyebrows came into their wonted line; but Rollo's eyes were the eyes of a man whose soul is on fire. He stood breathlessly at first, then sitting down beside the girl got possession of one of her hands, but only so speaking his sympathy or eagerness; till as she finished he brought it to his lips, or rather bowed his lips to it and kissed the little hand over and over. He made no other answer; he said no word at all, till the dark flush which had kindled in his face at her story a little faded away. Then, still holding her hand perhaps unconsciously close, he said, low enough:

"And what about the guardianship, Hazel?"

The girl was in that state when to withstand or to bear seems equally difficult; there is no strength for either; and the colour which flitted over her face at his demonstrations was less of shyness than of intense feeling. It all went now, at his words.

"I thought," she said (the words came too quick, but she could not help it) "that you had resigned, Mr. Rollo."

Rollo got the other hand into his keeping, and merely inquired in the same tone "what she wanted him to do?"

"I used to want you to trust me. But I would not be any use now."

Rollo's lips touched her hand again, both hands. "What about the guardianship, Hazel?" he repeated, with a glow and sparkle of the grey eyes, which yet had an odd veil of softness over them. "But a man will be a man. I am afraid Rollo was smiling at the same time."

If anything could be called clear in Hazel's mind, at that minute of supreme and universal confusion, it was, that belonging to somebody was getting to be much more than an idea. And that Mr. Rollo should merely pay her the compliment of requesting to have the fact put in words, might be highly characteristic on his part, but was not exactly composing on hers. How could she think, or speak, without even one hand free? And droop her head as she might, what could the soft falling hair do, but touch up the beautiful flushes which Hazel felt, if she did not see? Her words, when they came, went to a very self-evident point.

"But—if you wanted it—why did you give it up?"

"Give up—what?" came with undoubted astonishment from Rollo's lips.

"You escaped away—" said the girl, under her breath.

"I have come back. And I want my sentence."

In a sort of desperation, Hazel gathered up her courage, as if realizing that she was face to face with the one question of her life, where she must risk anything but mistakes.

"But," she said,—"but, Mr. Rollo, you did not mean to want it, when you stayed away."

He laughed. "Look here!" said he, "I want it now, Hazel. I'll stand all your questions, after you have answered mine."

"I think mine come first," she said softly,—"and something of the sorrow which had hung about the questions crept into her voice. "Because there might be—at least, there might have been—things which I could not explain. And then—as you could doubt me once, you would again. And I could not bear that twice!" said Hazel, with a sudden quickness which told more than it meant. Nerve herself as she would, her hands were trembling now."

Rollo was not a man of more than average patience, sometimes. Nevertheless, though sorely tempted, he controlled the desire to give her kisses instead of retakes, and answered quietly and gravely:

"I took your own word once against yourself. I will never do it again, Hazel! So take care what you say to me. Have you nothing to say to me now?"

If she had, it was not forthcoming.

"About the guardianship, Hazel?"

She hesitated a little—not much; thinking of the face she dared not look at, and which she had scarcely seen for a year; answering then with a grave quietness which again was very like herself, where deep feeling was at work; the girlish voice falling and trembling just a little:

"If you want it—you can have it, Mr. Rollo."

He took her in his arms then, very tenderly and gravely, kissing her on lips and cheeks with kisses which seemed to tell of a wish to indemnify himself—and her too—for the last three weeks; but then, having got what he wanted, for several minutes thereafter spoke not; partly for his own sake perhaps, partly for hers. A stillness more mighty than words, and quite beyond their sphere. When he did speak again, it was in a different key.

"How comes your hair to be wet?"

"Mine? O—" said Hazel, starting,— "it is nothing but a little water."

"No," said Rollo laughing, "nothing else. The question is, how came a little water on your hair?"

"What a question! It was put there. And if you want to know why, I will tell you. On purpose."

"Who did it?"

But that answer was slow to come. "Gyda," she said at last.

"Gyda!" echoed Rollo, starting up a little, and removing Wych Hazel to a little distance from him, that he might look in her face better. "For what purpose has Gyda been putting cold water on your hair?"

"O—! I was tired when I got here," Hazel said, trying to look up and laugh, and some-

how failing. "And—and—and it does not signify the least in the world now."

Rollo looked at her a minute silently, and then demanded imperiously to know "what didn't signify?"

"Being faint is nothing," she said. "At least after you have got over it."

"What made you faint?" in the same tone.

Now Hazel had no mind to go into that; partly for the intrinsic merits of the case, but also with a growing consciousness that with those waves of trouble which had ebbed away so fast her strength was going too. That false strength of tension and self-control, by means of which she had lived and held her head up, through all these last weeks. Even excitement was giving way to reaction; and Hazel dreaded lest, before she knew it, she should break down; lest, before she could hinder it, that wilful fountain of unshed tears might insist on having its way. She knew from old experience what that meant; but (except for the slight specimen before Prim's eyes) nobody had ever seen her in one of her tear-storms, and she did not mean that any one should. And at the same time, belonging to somebody puts hindrances in the way of unseen escape; and the next thing would be, that some tender word or touch would find its way to the very depths which had been so lonely and sweep away all her defences. Then there was the walk! She answered, studying her case,—

"I think, two or three things. But let me go now, please, Mr. Rollo. I must go home,— it is late."

"Let you go?" said he, in a curious, considerate way, as if studying several things.

"Yes," she said, trying to get ready to get up from her chair. He sat looking at her, then touched the wet hair. What was he thinking about?

"It seems to me," he said slowly, "you must have some of Gyda's porridge before you go."

"Oh, no!" she said with some eagerness. "I could not! Just let me go—!" and she rose up, steadying herself with one hand upon the chair-back. Rollo rose too, but it was to take her in his arms.

"The carriage is not here," he said, looking at her and noting how well she needed the support he gave.

"Not just here—Reo is waiting," Hazel answered, flushing and drooping her head, and feeling as if every minute took her more and more out of her own reach.

"Where is he waiting?"

"Never mind—Where I left him. O Mr. Rollo! let me go!"

"But you see I must know, if I am to fetch him. Where is he, Wych?"

"At the foot of the hill"—No use! She could not debate matters, but her head bent lower.

"Reo was not at the foot of the hill when I came."

"I mean—the other hill."

"What other hill?"

"O"—she said deprecatingly; then went straight through. "I came the other way."

"I don't know but one way," he answered half laughing.

"Well—I do."

"You will have to teach me. But something else must be done first. Come here and sit down again. You can hardly stand. You must rest and have a cup of coffee before I let you go anywhere. What sort of guardianship do you think you have come into?" he said very gently.

He put Wych Hazel in her chair, and then stooped down upon the hearth to lay brands together and coax up the decayed fire. Having made it burn, he turned and took an observation of her face. She had given one eager look after him as he turned away, but now was not looking, apparently, at anything unless at some hidden point where she was trying to master; for her breath came a little quick, and her hands held each other tight; she was not even leaning back in her chair. And as to resting her head on her hands, Hazel would as soon have dared do anything. Well she knew, that with even that slight veil between her and the outer world, the last remnant of self-command would go. No, she must face it out, somehow, and drink the coffee, and wait. If only Gyda would not come in! And what would she say when she did?—"And I could not stop her now," thought Hazel to herself "if I say three words about anything!"—She passed her hands over her eyes with a quick gesture, then put them down and held them tight. Could she run away! No, she was not strong enough, if she had the chance. And to be overtaken and brought back!—she had tried that once. And all the while, as she sat thinking, these surges of repressed sorrow and joy and everything else that had filled her heart for the last month and the last hour, seemed to be just rolling nearer and nearer, gathering up their force as she lost hers; and how she was to stop them Hazel did not know. Only she must not break down there. Not before him. But the colour left her face again in the struggle.

Rollo needed very small observation to move him to action. The first point was to bring up to the hearth a large wooden chair, half settee, with arms of very ample proportions; looking as if anybody less than a burly old ship-captain or fat landlady would be quite lost and cast away in it. This chair Rollo proceeded to line and partially fill with cushions—from whence obtained, was best known to himself; making

sundry journeys into an inner room; from which finally he brought a great soft shawl, looking suspiciously like a travelling plaid, and laid it over the chair, cushions and all. Taking Wych Hazel's hands then, he softly transferred her from her own chair to this, and placed a cushion under her feet. Then considered her with a grave face and eyes from which no one of average self-confidence would have hoped to conceal anything.

"Where is the carriage?" said he, taking one of the little hands in his own.

"Just—in the cross-road."

"What cross-road? Didn't you come through the Hollow?"

"No."—The word just audible.

He was silent half a minute, considering this statement.

"How did you get here?"

The girl struggled hard with herself to bear it. She had ventured that one look as he went to the fire, but had known instantly that she must not risk another; and then, somehow, she had controlled her voice to answer his questions and had nerved her face when he placed her in the cushioned chair. But if he had turned her defences!—and, with that, Hazel gave way. She caught her hand from him, and turning half round laid head and hands upon the chair, and let the flood come she had kept back so bravely. Sobbing as it never entered her mind that anybody could sob; her head bent as if one wave after another was going right over it. A spring fresher after the winter frost, telling a little what the ice had been.

Rollo's life had been a good deal of himself alone. Prim was all the sister he had ever known, and nearly all the mother too; unless Gyda might have the better claim to that title. All the readier, perhaps, he was able to deal with his burst of thoroughly natural passion, thoroughly womanish as it also was. His point of view had not been spoiled by feminine pettiness. He took this paroxysm for what it was, something that must in the first instance have its way and work its own relief. He did not speak to Hazel at first, nor attempt to check the out-flow of feeling which he contemplated with a very grave brow. Indeed for a minute or two he left the room and went out to speak to Gyda. Coming back, he remained quite silent and still until the first violence of tears had spent itself; then he sat down by Wych Hazel's side and began a series of mute testimonials that he was there, and that he had entered upon his life-long right to share and soothe whatever troubles concerned her. His hand upon her hand, or upon her hair, or on her cheek; and then her name half-whispered in her ear in a grave tone of voice.

"I did not mean"—she said at last trying for words. "O you should have let me go!—I knew, I knew!"—

"Did you?" said Rollo. "Well, I know now."

Precisely what, Hazel dared not think; but perhaps, the idea that he was learning anything about her, was as good a tonic as she could have had just then. She came back to her quiet bearing very fast, pushing her other self and setting her little foot upon it with extraordinary vehemence of purpose. Rollo did nothing to hinder this operation. Indeed he rather left her to herself, while he as usual made himself busy in helping Gyda, who came in to get her table ready. Rollo drew the table up into Wych Hazel's neighborhood, and when it was set, took upon himself the oversight of Gyda's pot of coffee, which was on the coals before the fire. He seemed to be quite at home in the business; and smiling up at Wych Hazel as he stooped to his cookery, asked her "if she liked the smell of coffee?"

"Yes, I think so," she answered, not too sure of anything in the world just then.

"Never smelt it before, perhaps?"

The lips gave way, but the smile so nearly turned into trembling, that Hazel checked them both together.

"I don't believe you know how to make it."

"Well—" said Hazel somewhat vaguely, from under her shadowing hands.

"That's a gentle confession of ignorance. Here comes Gyda, and porridge. What else is to bring, Gyda?"

He went off, and came back in another minute with his hands full. Porridge and flad-brod and cheese and broiled fish were set on the table; the coffee was at the fire. Rollo stood a moment surveying things, the old woman by the table, the little woman in the chair.

"You may kiss her hand, Gyda," he said in a tone that implied everything.

Hazel received this announcement and its consequences with a great flush. Only, with the way she had of putting some pretty grace into the most disturbing things, the little fingers locked themselves round Gyda's furtively for a second, so giving the recognition which she could not speak. And Gyda was too gently wise to say a word. After that, both combined to wait on Hazel, though Gyda did not get a chance to do much. And Hazel tried hard to obey injunctions and eat porridge, principally because it gave her something to do; but her performance was unsatisfactory, except in the matter of coffee, which she drank rather eagerly.

"Now," said Rollo, "tell me where to find Reo."

"Where?"—with a swift up-look, almost too swift to see,— "why?"—And then Hazel remembered to her confusion, that she did not know. "I—I suppose—he would have brought me to the nearest point. Of course."

As no doubt Reo would, if he had known where she was going! That thought confronted her next; and with a dim consciousness of having stopped the carriage at a venture, for fear he *should* know, Hazel began again:

"At least,"—But there was no going on from that point. "Is it very far along the foot of the hill?" she ventured, without any look this time.

"I should say," returned Rollo gravely, "it might be about some five miles."

Hazel leaned her head on her hand and tried to recollect,—and nothing stood out from all that morning's work but the pain and the difficulty and the fatigue.

He sat down and took the little hand again.

"Which way did you come over the hill, Wych?"

"I do not know."—If it must come, it must! "I was thinking only of getting up; and you know there are not many landmarks. At least, I do not remember any."

"Did you come through the wood?"

"No. I am sure of that."

"Then did you come east or west of it?"

"I do not remember the wood at all," said Hazel, feeling very much ashamed of herself.

"I was not looking. But there were no houses—I am sure of that."

"What did you see, Hazel?"

"I think, of all people to cross-examine one!" said the girl in her extremity sending a little bit of her old self to the front. "I am certain I can find the way, Mr. Rollo, without the trouble of considering what I did not see, or what I did."

"May I venture to ask, what orders you gave Reo?"

"The usual orders: to wait till I came."

Rollo laughed a little, but if his face did not mean that he understood the whole matter, it did not mean anything. It was very grave, though he laughed.

He went out, and left Wych Hazel again to herself, with only Gyda moving about and keeping up the fire. It was a full mile over the hill to the cross-road where the carriage was standing, and Hazel had a good time of quiet all to herself. As once before that day she had looked up the moment Rollo turned and so watched him out of sight. And now Hazel sat among her cushions, her head down against the side of her chair, looking into the winking embers with very grave wide-open eyes. Mentally, she knew there had come a great bill over all troublous things; a bill which she was not just then strong enough to disturb by handling it in detail. But physically, she felt shattered, and very little able to practice self-defence; and she began to long to get home, and by herself, where no keeping up of any sort would be needed. One thing was yet to do, however. So when Gyda had ended her work and sat down at the corner of the hearth, Hazel left her cushions and knelt down beside her.

"My lady," said Gyda, turning her bright eyes upon Hazel with a happy look.

"You will not tell him anything of all this? my coming, and all about it? And what I said?"

"No need," replied Gyda placidly. "My lady will tell it herself."

A very resolved little gesture of the girl's head dismissed that statement. She was silent a minute.

"And then," she began again, more hesitatingly, "at least you will not speak of it. Not—of—a year ago?"

"Last year?" said Gyda. "When my lady came here before? That was not for him to know. That was only me alone. To-day my lady will tell him about, when she pleases. And Gyda smiled over this statement benignly.

Hazel heaved her head against Gyda's arm gazing down into the firelight; it seemed to her to-day as if she had to think over anything a great many times to get used to it. She must be tired. The afternoon light was wanting fast when the quick step outside was heard again, and Rollo came in. He surveyed the group quietly, and then went off to his room to change his dress. And when he returned to relieve the guard, it was with a most composed and unexciting manner. He scarcely said three words, till a boy brought the message that the carriage was waiting in the hollow. Then he wrapped the great plaid shawl round Hazel, for the evening had fallen chill and her dress was thin, and they went out into the dusky twilight for the walk down to the carriage.

Dusky, and yet clear; a cloudless depth of sky out of which stars were brightening; a still air with almost a breath of frost in it; outlines of the hollow hills darkly drawn against the soft twilight sky; the silence of evening, when mill-work was done, over all and everything. Rollo did not speak, and they heard—if they heard—only the sound of their own steps down the path. When they were in the carriage Rollo presently with a gentle word untied Wych Hazel's hat and took it off; drew a corner of the shawl over her head, and putting his arm round her made her lay down her head upon his shoulder and lean upon him.

"But Mr. Rollo—" said Hazel timidly, finding that her acted remonstrance had no effect.

"What?"

"I am quite able to sit up."

"I have no faith whatever in that statement."

"If you will let me try—the other,"—Hazel began.

"The other shoulder?"

But the answer to that tarried. Hazel knew

perfectly well that if she spoke in the first minute she would laugh; which was not at all according to her present system of tactics. And in the second, her words were not ready, and by the time the third came it was rather too late. So silence reigned, while Rollo sent the horses along, over the level smooth road, and the evening air came in crisp and fresh at the open window, and stars looked down winking in their quiet way of saying things. They always do, when one is happy; sometimes in other states of mind they seem high above sympathy. But to-night they looked down at Hazel confidentially, and crickets and nameless insects chirruped along by the roadside; and on and on the carriage rilled, mile after mile. Rollo was as still as the stars, almost. And so was Wych Hazel, for a long time; still as anything could be that lived. Suddenly a question broke from her.

"What was it you were going to say to me?"

"When?" The word came with a ring of many thoughts, through which a grave tenderness most vibrated.

"You said that was the best time. And you did not take it," said Hazel.

"Hush," said he softly and gravely. "All has been said, except that I shall never forgive myself, Hazel."

CHAPTER V.

ASLEEP AND AWAKE.

Wych Hazel went to her room so utterly spent, so completely prostrate, that even Phoebe could not talk during her ministrations; nor dared Mrs. Bywank find fault. *Wych* Miss Wych must needs tire herself to death, over nobody knows what, was a trial to the good house-keeper's patience as well as her curiosity; but for that night the only thing was to let her sleep. It was the only thing next day. The reaction, once fairly set in, was strong in proportion to the causes which had prepared it and brought it about; and Wych Hazel lay in a motionless stupor of sleep, from which nothing could rouse her up. She would open her eyes perhaps, and answer a question, but anything more than that was plainly beyond her strength; and for three days and three nights she lay as helpless as a little child. "Sleeping her life out," Phoebe said, and certainly frightening Mrs. Bywank half to death; but in reality passing safely out from under the mortal illness that had hung over her by a thread.

And so, on the fourth morning after the day of events, Hazel did fairly wake up, and dress herself, and go down stairs; devoutly hoping that nobody *but* Mr. Falkirk might come to breakfast, and extremely ready to dispense with him.

Wrapping herself in the soft folds of a crimson morning dress, which at least would keep her in countenance; her face more delicate than pale; her step rather hesitating than slow; her thoughts in a maze of dreamland as misty and bright and shy as the morning sunbeams that went everywhere and just kept out of reach. What had happened *before* these three days, that Hazel knew well enough. But what had happened since that? Had Jeannie Deans been here, with her master?—and not finding the lady of the house on hand, had they then gone straight to Mr. Falkirk—did he know? or guess? And how many more times had her other guardian come to Chickaree! and what had he thought of the tidings about her?—and at what unexpected point of the day or the minute was she to meet him, on a sudden? Her step lingered on the last stair—went noiselessly along the hall; and then the next thing Mr. Falkirk knew, was a light hand on his shoulder and a soft

"Good-morning, sir."

"My dear!" said Mr. Falkirk, suddenly rising. "I am very glad to see you." And he took her hand, which was not common, and looked at her as if to convince himself that all was right.

"Are you, sir?" she said with a laugh. "You are sure it is not a hallucination, Mr. Falkirk?"

"I am sure of nothing, Miss Hazel, except that I see you. At my time of life, confidence in any conclusions is somewhat shaken. What has been the matter with you?"

"I have been having my own way, sir,—which has agreed with me admirably," returned Miss Hazel with an arch of her eyebrows. "There is nothing like it, I find. Will you come to breakfast, Mr. Falkirk?"

Her guardian cast two or three rather inquiring looks at her; but seeing that she was undoubtedly well, and probably had not been ill, he contentedly and unsuspectingly, man-like, dismissed the subject and came to breakfast as she bade him.

"It is so long since I had my own way," he remarked dryly, "I have forgotten how it feels. Your taste of serene satisfaction is unknown to me. How long do you intend to keep it up, Miss Hazel?"

"Until some restless person puts it to flight, sir, I suppose. That is the usual fate of my serene states, as you call them."

"It occurs to me," Mr. Falkirk went on, "that in our recent search after fortune and in the general hallucination which in such a search prevails, I am a good honest big Newfoundland dog—transformed into the present shape for the more efficient performance of the duty of barking round his mistress. I feel that to be about

my present status and dignity, plainly expressed."

"The way gentlemen make statements!" said Wych Hazel. "Perhaps you are aware, sir, who brought me home, here, a month ago, when I did not want to come?"

"I don't remember it," said Mr. Falkirk. "I only remember who took me to all the watering-places on the continent—where I didn't want to go. I should like to be informed, Miss Hazel, when the search after fortune is to end—when I may reasonably hope to resume my own shape again? You may not suppose it; but barking tries a man's powers."

"I had not perceived it, sir. On the contrary, your voice has been particularly sonorous of late."

"Are you aware it is the first of October, Miss Hazel?"

"Time for chestnuts, isn't it?" said the girl.

"I had forgotten all about them."

"There are other nuts to crack besides chestnuts. The owner of the house you had last winter has written to ask if you want it again this year."

"Talk of the restlessness of women!" said Hazel. "Here are we but just settled in the country, and Mr. Falkirk already proposing to return to town."

"I don't know what you are," said Mr. Falkirk, "but I am not settled. Of course, coming home at the end of the season, I have no cook; and Gotham informs me that the kitchen chimney smokes. I should think it did, to judge by the condition of my beef-steaks."

"I am very sorry, sir! Suppose you condescend to my beef-steaks—until the cook and the smoke change places! The blue room is in perfect order—and would suit your taste of mind," said Miss Wych, eyeing Mr. Falkirk with an air of deep gravity. "Then there is always Europe—"

"Is that the next thing?" exclaimed Mr. Falkirk, with a positively alarmed air. "I have been expecting it."

"I wanted to go last year, you know, sir,—and (if nobody said anything against it) I think I should write at once and secure my passage."

"To what quarter of the world, Miss Hazel?"

"We might go round, sir; and stop where things promised latest."

"We might. Then I am to understand you do not like the promise of things at Chickaree?"

"What do you take to be the promise of things here, at present, Mr. Falkirk?"

"Quite beside the question, Miss Hazel. Am I to tell this man you don't want the house in Fifteenth street?"

"I should prefer another house, I think," said Hazel gravely. "Mr. Falkirk, I had a letter from Kitty Fisher this morning, and she sends you her love."

Mr. Falkirk gave an inarticulate grumble.

"You may throw it back to her, my dear; her own love is all she cares about; and as I don't care about it, we are suited. Do I understand that you wish me to look for another house, then?"

"I did hint at Europe,"—said Wych Hazel.

"But if it amuses you to look for houses, sir, I have no sort of objection."

Mr. Falkirk laid down his knife and fork, and looked across the table.

"It don't amuse me to look for anything in a fog, my dear. Do you want to go to Europe?"

"O well, we need not go this week, sir? Shall I invite all the neighbourhood to a grand chestnutting, when Kitty Fisher comes?"

"Miss Hazel, that girl is not proper company for you. I hope you will not ask her to help you in your merrymakings; she understands nothing but a romp. And, my dear, if you know your own mind I wish you would be so kind as to let me know it. To go to Europe this fall, you must be off in three weeks at latest. Have you spoken to Rollo about it?"

"Truly, I have not!" said Wych Hazel, with a glow which however Mr. Falkirk charged to displeasure. "Did you ever know me speak to him about anything connected with my own affairs, sir?"

"I don't know, my dear. He has a word to say concerning them. Do you wish me to sound him on the subject, then?"

"Did you ever succeed in 'sounding' him, sir? on any subject?" said the young lady, consulting her watch, and with all her senses on the alert for interruptions. What were "business" hours at Morton Hollow, she wondered? Then she rose up, and passing round to Mr. Falkirk, gave him a smile that was very sweet and not a bit teasing.

"I must go and rest, sir. I find sitting up tires me to-day. But you will come to dinner?"

She went off with that quick step, betaking herself to the crimson room; for to-day Hazel seemed to prefer high-coloured surroundings. There she sat for a while before the great picture, thinking of many things; and there, still down on her foot cushion, laid her head in one of the easy chairs and went to sleep; with the gray cat dozing and purring in the same chair, close by her head. Only the cat's eyelashes were not wet, and Wych Hazel's were.

(To be continued.)

"I try to preach the milk of the word," replied a city clergyman to a parishioner who remonstrated that his sermons were too long. "Yes," remarked the other, "but around here what we want is condensed milk."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Most men love little women, and little women love most men.

A TUNE that young ladies try to catch: a million-air.

JEAN PAUL says: love truly but not excessively. That is to say, never fan a girl so hard as to spoil her crimps.

THEY can stay at home and darn, if they can't stand on the street corners and swear. This refers to women.

WHY is a young lady of seventeen brief summers like the Sultan's Asiatic possessions? Because she is a she minor.

ALL the women of the villages on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico are in the habit of swimming. The young ladies are all diving-belles.

YOU may wish to get a wife without a failing; but what if the lady, after you find her, happens to be in want of a husband of the same character?

THE misery of the young man who courts a sparkling fashionable belle, and loses her, is only excelled by the misery of the man who courts her and wins her.

If there were a Miss Robinson Crusoe on a desolate island, with no one to please her but her own reflection in the water, she would yet every day make and wear the newest fashion.

A STRONG-MINDED woman was heard to remark, the other day, that she would marry a man who had plenty of money, though he was so ugly she had to scream every time she looked at him.

AN old lady sleeping during divine services in a church, let fall a Bible, with clasps to it, and, the noise partly awakening her, she exclaimed aloud: "What! you've broke another jug, have you?"

"ALGERNON," she whispered, "will you always love me?"—"Evangeline, I swear it," he responded in a passionate murmur. Then there was a sound as of a clam falling into the mud, and all was still.

AN ingenious girl on Long Island, who has never had a "feller" in the world, goods the other girls in the neighbourhood to madness by lighting up the parlor brilliantly, and then setting her father's hat where the shadow will be boldly marked against the curtain.

AN aged man said, "If husbands only had any sense, they'd never have any trouble with disobedient wives. I never did, an' I've been married nigh on fifty years."—"What is your secret?" asked a friend.—"Why, I always tell my wife to do just as she pleases, an' she never fails to do it."

"You see, you young folks," said old Uncle Jeff, "just you hearken to me attentively. Marriage begins with courting, and sometimes ends with courting; the first being proceedings in courtship and ending with the parson, and the second being proceedings in the court-house and ending with the sheriff."

A WOMAN once called her little boy "a jewel" for doing something that pleased her, but a little while after she chased him out of the house for doing something bad, when the little fellow put his head in at the window, and cried out, "You'll never get rich, ma, if you throw away jewels like that!"

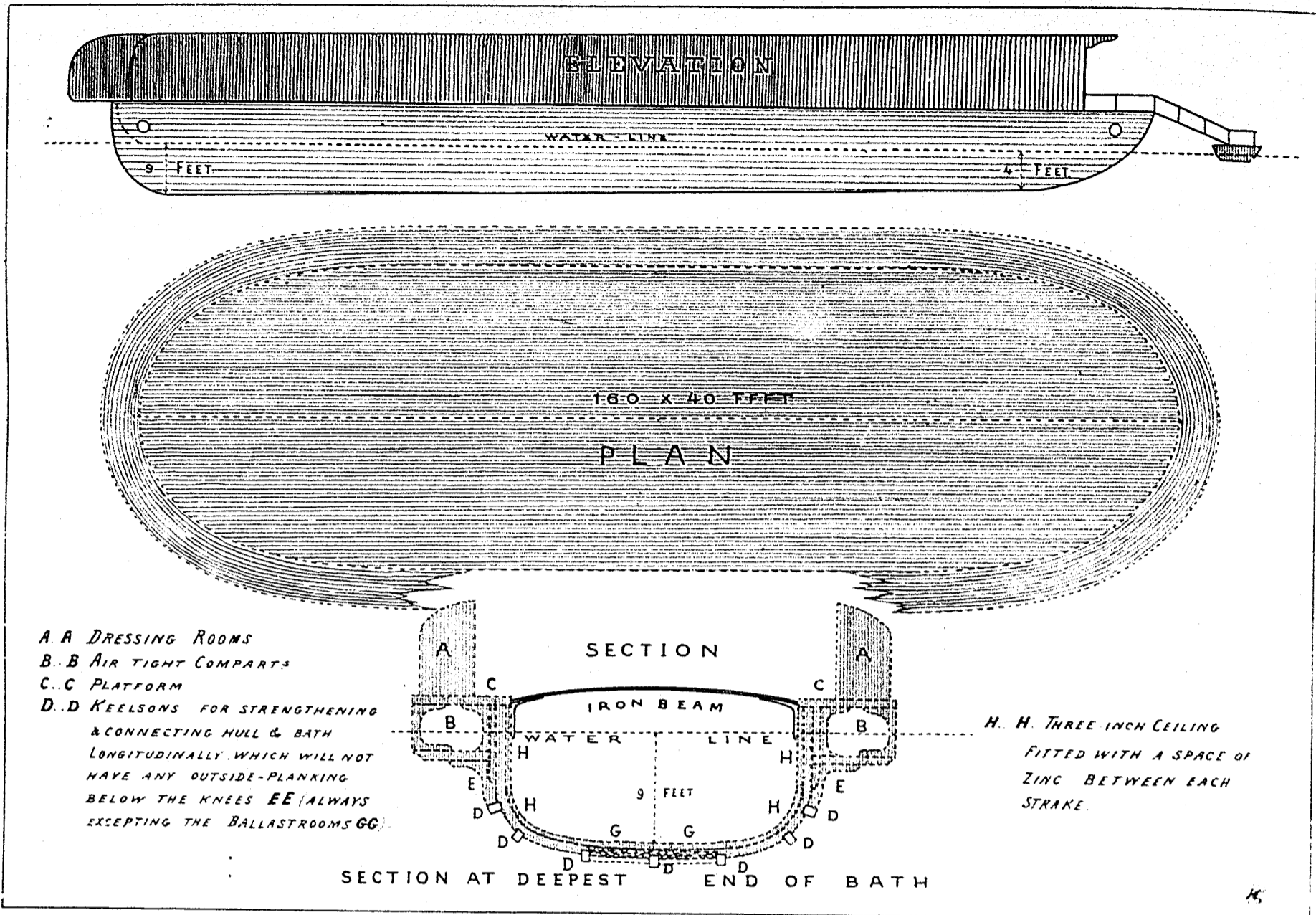
HE had just remarked, "Thou art my morning star," when the firecracker went off under the seat. She fainted dead away, and he took a flying leap to clear the fountain, and came down in the basin. There were eight little boys in the park, and they all laughed, but he believes the red-headed one fired that cracker.

"LOVE caught the brush," he wrote to her, "and painted your glowing picture upon the living canvas of my soul." This was a young man on a six-dollar salary, and if he had had seventy-five dollars a week and a rich aunt he couldn't have nixed her more completely. Now they are married, and he only wears a boiled shirt upon Sundays.

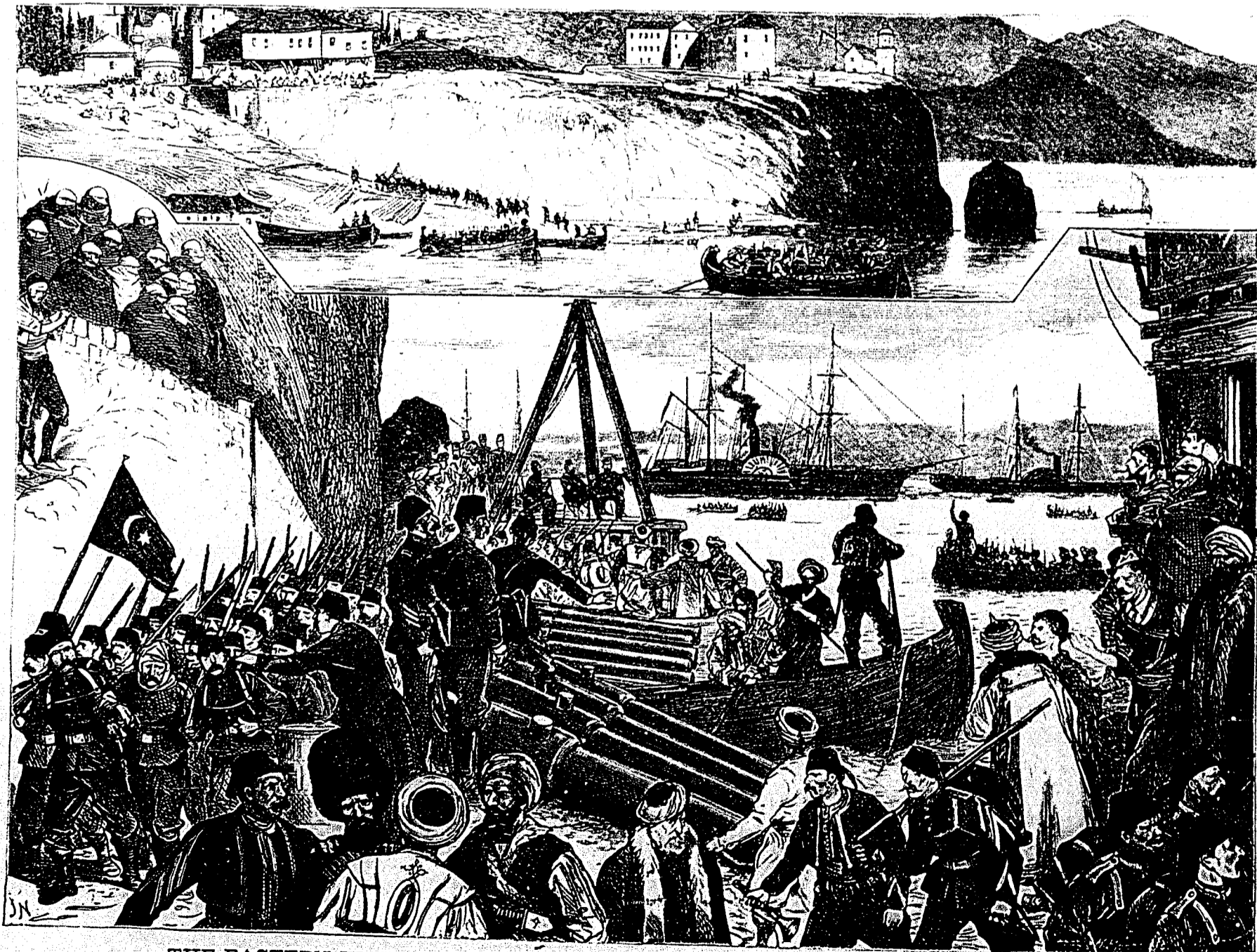
JULIA WARD HOWE rebuked a fellow who interrupted her in a speech at a woman's meeting at London recently, by saying: "There is one thing I may add before I sit down. In my country when a woman rises to speak you may hear a pin drop." Then she sat down. Her "hit back" was received with loud and long applause.

A COMMERCIAL traveller, by mistake, handed a merchant, upon whom he had called, a portrait of his betrothed instead of his business card, saying that he represented that establishment. The merchant examined it carefully, remarked that it was a fine establishment, and returned it to the astonished and blushing traveller, saying, "I hope that you will soon be admitted into partnership."

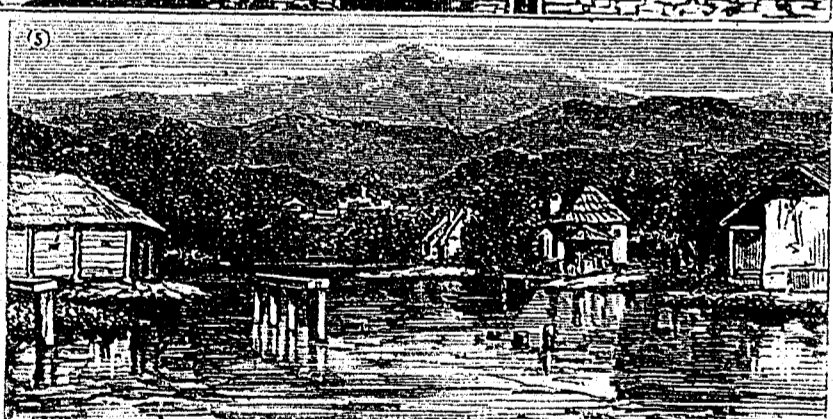
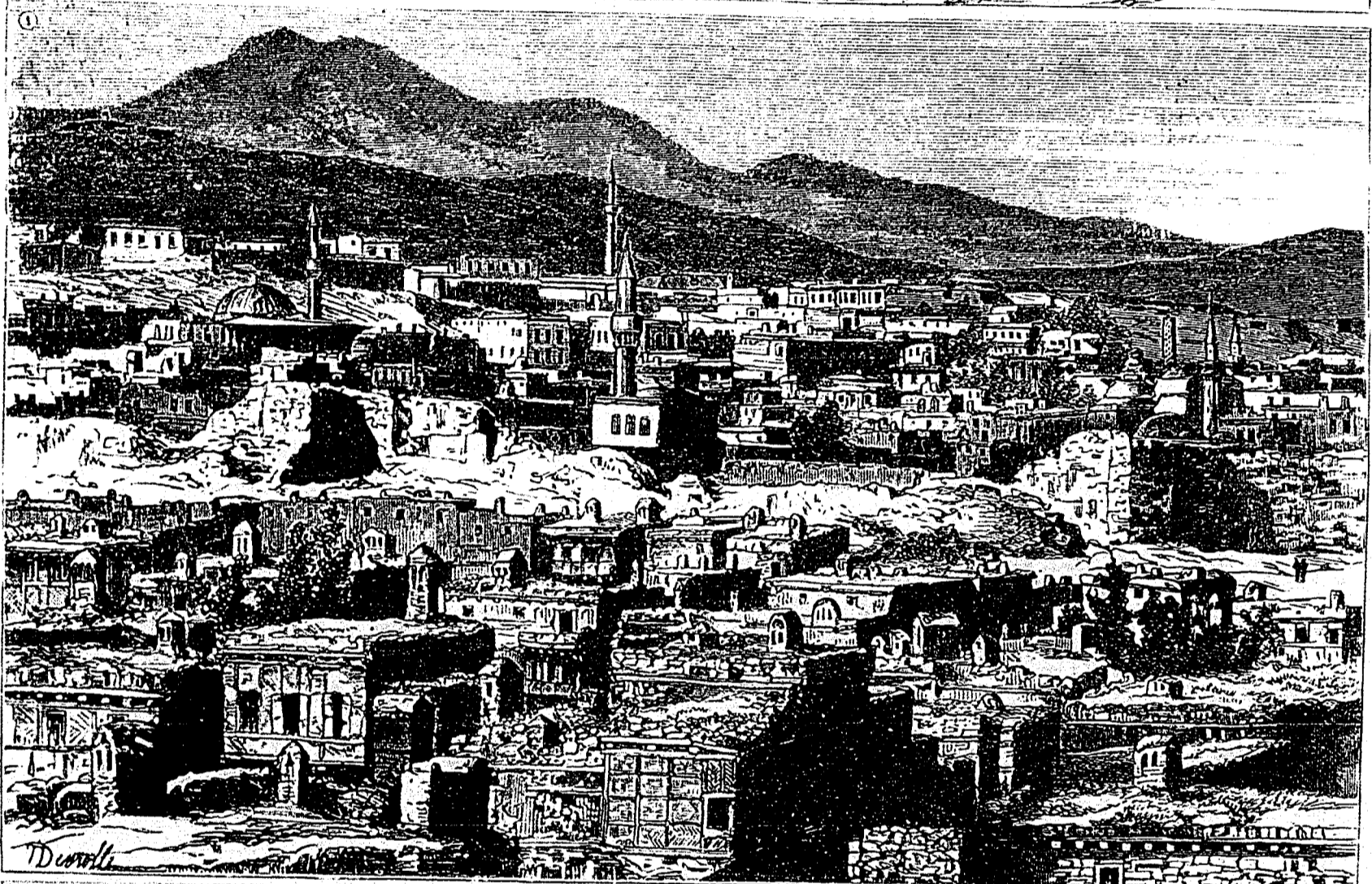
JONES agreed to do some slight service for the lady he intends to make Mrs. Jones, and, as a consideration thereof, she agreed to pay him in kisses. At the time the service was concluded, there being company present, so that she could not pay him, as one might say, the cash down, he naturally inquired when he could receive his pay. "Oh," said she, with downcast eyes, "not until you present your bill!" "Perhaps it is needless to say that at the proper time and place he presented it.



SCHEME OF A NEW SWIMMING BATH.



THE EASTERN WAR.—LANDING REINFORCEMENTS AT TREBIZOND FOR THE TURKISH ARMY OF ASIA.



1. ERZEROUH. 2. BAJAZID AND MOUNT ARARAT. 3. THE CASTLE OF BAJAZID. 4. SOUKHOUM KALEH. 5. HASSAN KALEH. 6. KARS.—THE S. E. SIDE RECENTLY BURNED BY THE RUSSIANS.

THE EASTERN WAR.—THE SEAT OF WAR IN ASIA MINOR.

BASSO CANTANTE.

TO MR. HENRY C. PRAKES, THEATRE ROYAL.

Strong as the thunder on the purple hills,
Grand as the organ in cathedral loft,
Deep as the murmur of cascaded rills,
Or as the eagle's wooing, sweet and soft;
Potent to sound the magic word of scorn,
The scream of vengeance or the sigh of love,
Thou dost intone Orlando's magic horn,
And moanest Lucrezia in the dusk above
Thou dost rehearse old Beppo's fell disgrace,
The wail of Devilshoof beneath the trees,
Thou dost, unrivalled save by Faure, retrace
The stark, red spectre, Mephistopheles;—
O Voice! in all these varied notes I scan
The genius of the artist and the gentleman.

JNO. LESPERANCE.

Montreal, July 3rd.

WHAT CAME OF A PIC-NIC.

"I vote we have a pic-nic to-day," exclaimed Fred. Campbell, springing into the breakfast-room through the low window, and startling the group at the table by his sudden appearance. "It's a nice day, cool and breezy, and we fellows can fish, while the girls arrange the luncheon on the beach. Who'll second my motion?"

"I will!" "And I!" "And I!"

"To work, then! Dear mother, be generous with the good things. Girls, don't forget the olives and sardines. I'll have the horses put to the wagonette, and we will go over to Fordham's Beach."

"Why not nearer home, where we could walk?" asked Florence Campbell, hastily. "I think Crescent Bay much more convenient, and equally pretty."

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Fred, in a contemptuous manner common to sixteen-year-old brothers; "the fun is getting out of sight and sound of people. Why, we can see Crescent Bay from the lawn!"

Florence made no further objection, though she went about her task of packing the luncheon-baskets rather slowly and unwillingly, as if she did not quite approve of the day's programme.

The little party, who were spending the summer at Campbell Cottage (as the country-seat was called), consisted of Ella and Josie Carter, twin sisters, pretty, blooming, and eighteen; Arthur Rodman, a dashing young collegian of twenty, who was in a really melancholy state of uncertainty as to which of the pretty twins to fall in love with; Tom Ferguson, also a collegian, but one who made it his boast that he "hated girls;" George Campbell, handsome and clever, and rather impressed with his own dignity; Fred, who needs no description; and Florence.

To describe Florence Campbell justly would be a very difficult task; so I will only say that she was handsome, rather haughty, of a quick but generous temper, and always well dressed. And the last quality, let me say, is by no means to be overlooked in any woman.

Shawls, hampers, baskets, and fishing-rods were indiscriminately piled into the wagonette, leaving but small room for the living freight. At last, however, amidst much laughing, the party was all seated and off.

Fordham's Beach was about five miles from the watering-place where Campbell Cottage was situated. Its name came from Charles Fordham, who owned an isolated though beautiful place on the coast. A young man, of not more than twenty-seven or eight, alone in the world, and of a moody disposition, there had been at one time an almost intimacy between Fordham and George Campbell. The former would terminate his daily rides at the cottage, and would spend many of the long summer evenings within its hospitable walls. Three years before the commencement of this story, these visits had suddenly ceased. Fordham closed his house, leaving only one servant in charge, and left for Italy, without even bidding adieu to his friends at the cottage. Many were the expressions of wonderment at this strange behaviour, and many were the conjectures as to the cause. But no one guessed—what would almost be a natural conclusion—that a "woman was at the bottom of it!"

The facts were simple enough, though unknown and unsuspected. Fordham had fallen madly (for that is the only word to express the strength of his passion) in love with Florence Campbell. He was, in reality, a shy man, although his manner was coldly self-possessed; and it was some time before he ventured to address himself to Florence. When he did so at last, he was rewarded by the assurance that his love was returned. Their engagement lasted only two days, and had been kept a secret between the two. Fordham was jealous, passionate, and proud; he took exception to Florence's manner of receiving the visit of a gentleman who had long been an intimate friend at the house; spoke to her about it in an unwarrantable manner—and a quarrel ensued. Florence, who was as quick-tempered as himself, demanded that the engagement should be broken off. He took her at her word, and the next day made his arrangements for leaving the place. In the three years of his absence, not one word had come from him to her. She "suffered, and was silent," and concealed from all the world the pain she still endured. His name had hardly been mentioned before her for two years. She avoided any such mention; and even her rides and drives were invariably taken in an opposite direction to Fordham Beach.

The place was wild and beautiful. The house was almost hidden by old trees, whose sturdy

trunks had resisted the great storms, and winds, and ocean gales, for a hundred years and more.

As the pic-nic party drove through the unhinged and unused gate, the loneliness of the scene was almost mournful. The leaf-littered park, and grass-grown walk; the great, silent house, and the near view of the sea, as it rolled against the rocks, would have had a depressing influence on any party less gay than ours. But the high spirits of Ella and Josie Carter, and the rollicking hilarity of young Rodman and Fred Campbell, were not to be put down. They shouted and laughed and threatened an invasion of the old mansion, suggesting ghosts as a reward. George Campbell made some remark about the absent owner, and spoke regretfully of the broken friendship. Florence only said nothing; but she looked sadly and longingly at the deserted house, and, perhaps, formed a picture in her own mind of how it "might have been."

They drove to the beach; the horses were taken from the carriage, and instantly cared for. The girls were all busy in arranging the lunch, and had retained Arthur Rodman as an assistant. George, Tom Ferguson, and Fred were away on the distant rocks, fishing.

Florence felt an uncontrollable sadness upon her; she tried her best to be interested and amused by their novel occupation; but the very jollity of her companions jarred upon her; and, after awhile, she wandered off by herself, and, following the beach for a short distance, she clambered over some rocks, and crossed the neglected lawn to the house. There, seated in the porch, hidden by bushes and trailing vines from all sight of her companions, and almost out of hearing of their merry voices, she gave way to her grief and tears, as she had not done before in the three long, past years. Tears brought relief, of course, and some of that heavy weight at her heart was lessened.

Then a wish came over her to go into the house, and wander through the rooms which had been his lonely home. She knew that a servant had been left in charge of the place, so she ventured to knock at the great oaken door; but no sound of life came in answer, only the hollow echo of the knock in the long hall. But the desire to enter there was now too strong upon her to be easily relinquished; so she knocked again and again, and at last turned the handle of the door. She had not really thought that it would yield to her, and was almost frightened when the door opened reluctantly, and with dismal creaking.

She entered timidly, and, at first, could see nothing; but, at last, the shadowy outline of massive furniture and closed door-ways appeared through the gloom; and gathering boldness from the sunshine which was shining in through the opened door, she made her way across the hall.

To the right, of course, she would find the dining-room, and to the left the library. She had often heard her lover speak of the lonely, dreamy days he passed in his library; and in the happiness of their brief engagement he had told her how he hoped it would be some day when she would be there at his side.

Now it was with almost a feeling as if she were going to his grave, or to the grave of their dead hopes, that she softly neared the door, and slowly and gently opened it. Everything lay in gloom and shadow, at first only intensified by the faint light which now fell upon the threshold. But Florence was brave and bold, and her longing was to sit where he had sat, and dream as he had done; so she groped her way into the long, old-fashioned room. As before, the furniture and frame-work of windows and pictures started out of the darkness, and she now more easily moved towards a great easy-chair, which stood by the side of the chimney-piece. But, suddenly, she stopped, and, with a half-shriek, pressed her hand to her heart; for, rising slowly from the chair, was the figure—the well-known erect figure of Fordham!

If Florence, for one-half minute, thought it was the ghost of her lover, or the effect of her own imagination, such thought was soon dispelled. It was Fordham himself standing there, and looking coldly and steadily at the intruder.

Without a word, Florence, stretched out her hands; but he did not move to take them. She hesitated a moment—pride was tugging at her heart; but love was stronger than pride; she moved impetuously forward, and, seizing the hand which hung heavily at his side, she put it to her lips, and murmured the word "Forgive!" And then—

And then, oh, with what passionate love he clasped her, and pressed her to his bosom! She had been the first to yield; but, after all, his was the greater yielding. For now no words he could utter would sufficiently express his desire for her pardon—his self-reproaches, his deep, wild love and admiration for her. On his knees he entreated her forgiveness; he praised her nobleness and generosity in having first used the disarming word, and reproached himself for the pride and stubbornness which had so long separated him from all he loved on earth.

The explanation of his presence in the house was soon made. He had returned only the day before, and had forbidden his only servant to open the house or speak of his arrival. He had come with no defined intention of seeing Florence; and yet it was the very urgency of his desire to see her which had brought him home from across the seas. He had not noticed the picnic party as they drove through the grounds, but had seen Florence as she crossed the lawn to the porch. There she was hidden from him,

and he had not been witness to her tears. When she told him that she had wept at his door, and all the thoughts that were then crowding into her breast, he took her into his arms, with an inward vow to make her so happy that she should never have cause for tears again.

It was very reluctantly that they, at last, returned to the "outer world;" or, in more simple speech, joined the picnic party. But Florence remembered that her friends would be uneasy at her prolonged absence, which, indeed, proved to be the case.

Fordham was received with enthusiasm by George Campbell, and the fact of the engagement was too evident for any concealment to be even attempted.

"Oh!" said Fred, after a long and thoughtful stare at his sister, and then at Fordham. "Oh! I fancy I see through your walking off so suddenly three years ago." And Master Fred fancied himself very sharp. "Oh, bother!" he added, as a new thought struck him. "Now this place will be spoiled for picnics. You'll be living here, I suppose? What a bore!"

And, after a few months, they were, indeed, living in the old house; and, as years rolled on, many little feet chased through the big rooms and played upon the beach.

Fordham's moodiness and reserve were of the past.

HEARTH AND HOME.

ASPIRE.—Take this wis' lesson. Aspire to the high places, and leave those you now have for other beginners. Aspire, but remember that you shall win them only by present content, and by doing well what you have in hand. You reach them only because you have more than filled your present place. If, because you think yourself too good or too big for 'it, you decline its duties, you will simply demonstrate your unfitness for it; and the shrinkage will slip into a smaller place.

FOOL'S PARADISE.—We must all live according to the light that is in us, and, if we cannot see for ourselves that our paradise is only that of fools and not of men, we must abide by the consequences of our darkness, as the blind must bear the broken heads which come when they run full tilt against a wall. The fool's paradise of certain success, when there are no means by which it can be insured, is not to be confounded with the true patience and courage of persevering men. This, if one likes, is noble, and the power by which the world is moved; the other is pathetic by its futility, and deplorable as a waste, a misdirection, and a delusion.

TEMPER.—A cheerful temper in a house is like perpetual sunshine, gladdening and enlivening every one, in the presence of which you forget your troubles and would be ashamed to remember your annoyances; but a bad temper spoils everything. Offence taken at airy nothings, impatience under unavoidable worries, small things made into great ones by the magnifying powers of suspicion, sullenness, irritability, ill-humour—who can say that all this has no influence? You might as well deny the stinging power of a midge or the penetrating quality of dust as deny the depressing effect of ill-humour wherever it is found, and the corresponding good influence of sweet temper. Also, the imitation of either the one or the other, as it may chance which rules, is sure to break out in the younger and weaker of the family.

GIVE US THE BOY OR GIRL WHO SMILES AS SOON AS THE FIRST RAYS OF THE MORNING SUN GLANCE IN THROUGH THE WINDOW, GAY, HAPPY, AND KIND. Such a boy will be fit to "make up" into a man—at least, when contrasted with the sullen, morose, crabbed fellow, who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, or growls and grunts like a hyena from the moment he opens his angry eyes till he is confronted by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favourable, will be good material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame and harmonize a rude brother, making him gentle, affectionate and lovable. It is a feast to even look at such a joy-inspiring girl, and see the smiles flowing, so to speak, from her parted lips, displaying a set of clean well-brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness; singing as merrily as the birds that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the sun was approaching and about to pour a whole flood of light and warmth upon the earth.

WAIT.—Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get on with the household affairs "as your mother did;" she is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the long weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that long spell of sickness. Do you think she is made of cast-iron? Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes—the old light for the old days. Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, weary, and "out of sorts." He worked hard for you all day—perhaps, far into the night; he has wrestled, hand in hand with care, and selfishness, and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is one place in the world where he can find peace, and quiet, and perfect love.

CUTTINGS FROM NEWSPAPERS.—Every one who takes a newspaper which he in the least degrades appreciates will often regret to see any one number thrown aside for waste-paper which contains some interesting and important articles. A

good way to preserve these is by the use of a scrap-book. One who has never been accustomed thus to preserve short articles can hardly estimate the pleasure it affords to sit down and turn over the pleasant, familiar pages. Here a choice piece of poetry meets the eye, which you would long since have lost had it not been for your scrap-book. There is a witty anecdote—it does you good to laugh over it yet, though for your twentieth time. Next is a valuable recipe you had almost forgotten, and which you found just in time to save perplexity. There is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you when almost ready to despair under the pressure of life's cares. Indeed you can hardly take up a single paper without reperusing. Then hoard with care the precious gems, and see at the end of the year what a rich treasure you will have accumulated.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

It is said that Wagner is coming to America to reside permanently.

SANTLEY used to be glad to get \$100 a night, but now he charges \$300 and \$400.

AIMEE has made \$250,000 in the United States. She will make it \$400,000 and retire to private life in Paris.

It is said that Mr. Irving the actor has been offered \$50,000 for a hundred nights' performances at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and has refused.

MAX STRAKOSCH proposes to bring out in December an opera on American subjects, now being written by Max Maretzek. Miss Kellogg to take the principal rôle.

It is not generally known that Lola Montez is buried in old Trinity churchyard, New York. A plain slab bears her real name—Elizabeth Gilbert—and her age, 41. She died poor and almost friendless in 1861.

ALBONI IS 53; Bishop, 63; Ole Bull, 67; Von Bulow, 47; Jules Benedict, 72; Jenny Lind, 56; Gounod, 59; Pauline Lucca, 37; Nilsson, 34; Offenbach, 58; Sims Reeves, 56; Scherler, 42; Titiens, 43; Wagner, 64; Wieniaski, 42; and Vieltuxtemp, 57.

BARRY SULLIVAN, the actor, has recently submitted to the painful process of having his eye-bell out open. It had troubled him ever since he was wounded by a sword in Drury-lane Theatre, and it was found that the sword point had thrust in an eyelash. This was successfully extracted.

VERDI, composer of the "Trovatore," is a slender, middle sized, gray bearded man, of a distinguished, friendly expression of face, but with fiery, flashing eyes. In the presence of his orchestra he does not only guide, he conducts in the fullest sense of the word. He utters his musical thoughts in his countenance, in his bearing, in every motion of his baton.

THE Queen herself is a pianist of high rank. When a young woman she possessed a fine contralto voice, which she cultivated in a very artistic manner. Lablache, who frequently had the honour of singing with Her Majesty, said she sang as well as any artist. Court etiquette, however, prevents her from singing or playing except alone, or in the presence of her immediate family circle.

MUSIC-CRITIC is submitted as a more correctly formed compound than musical-critic. Usage ought never to sanction expressions that are obviously ungrammatical. What would be thought of any one who would say "musical-master" instead of "music-master," or "artistic-critic" instead of "art-critic"? These examples are sufficient to prove that "music-critic" should be used to describe a critic or reviewer of music, and that when we speak of a "musical" person we mean one who is a performer of music of some kind or other.

MR. MAPLESON has hit upon a novelty in operatic entertainments. He is trying morning operas. On Wednesday "Faust" was given in the afternoon at Her Majesty's Theatre, with fair, tolerable success. It will be difficult, however, to get people to imagine that opera is given at two o'clock. The lyric stage is an expensive luxury in England, and depends quite as much upon grand dresses in the auditorium as upon the singing of the prima donna. It gives ladies an opportunity for displaying themselves in their grandest attire.

MR. DANNREUTHER, lecturing on Liszt at the Royal Institution, spoke of the way in which progress in piano manufacture had influenced styles of playing. In Beethoven's time one ounce and a half dropped on a key was sufficient to cause a note to sound. In a piano such as that used in the lecture eight ounces are needed. A totally different position of the wrist and arm results from this. While many instruments remain as they were, two octaves have been added to the piano since the beginning of this century. Chopin and Liszt, and particularly Liszt, Mr. Dannreuther regards as representing the last stage to which the technique of pianoforte playing could be carried.

THE unusual presence of mind of an actor is illustrated by the following anecdote in the Virginia Chronicle: Last night James Ward was Myles na Coppaleen in the "Colleen Bawn." The weapon did not respond to the discharge—only the click of the hammer could be heard. Danny Mann, however, fell as usual, and Myles, after he had rescued Eily O'Connor, pulling out his gun, went right ahead as follows: "He the powers, thim little air-guns is a great invention. Ye can blow a hole in the back of a blaggard without making enough noise to wake a sleeping cat; and, behead, the smell o' smoke is done away wid entirely." The actor's promptness brought down the house.

SUPERSTITION.

A panacea, or "cure-all," is one of the myths of the age of superstition. Dr. R. V. Pierce does not recommend any one or even his whole list of standard remedies as adequate to cure every disease. For severe lingering coughs, bronchial, throat, and chronic lung diseases he believes his Golden Medical Discovery is unsurpassed, but it will not cure you if your lungs are half wasted by consumption. The Discovery not only exercises a potent influence over pulmonary affections, by reason of its pectoral properties, but possesses also the most valuable alterative, or blood-cleansing properties, and is therefore a sovereign remedy for blood and skin affection. But while it will cure scrofulous and other ulcers or sores, blotches, pimples, and eruptions, it will not cure cancer, nor does its manufacturer claim any such merit for it as is done by proprietors of other blood cleansing medicines, who dishonestly try to deceive the afflicted into the belief that their preparations will accomplish impossibilities. By reason of its intrinsic merit it has a sale surpassing that of any other blood and cough medicine.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J.W.S., Montreal.—The subject you speak of shall not be neglected. Correct solution of Problem No. 128 received.
 H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Correct solution to Problem No. 128 received.
 Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 128 received. Correct.
 C. H., Montreal.—The problem shall be examined.

ALTERNATION CHESS.

Much has been said by those who find no pleasure in the game of Chess to the effect that it is a selfish amusement, which so absorbs the attention of the two players of a contest that they are for the time completely separated from those surrounding them, and that it almost entirely prevents that general desire to be gratified, and at the same time to gratify others, which is the true source of all social enjoyment.

There is no doubt of the truth of this to some extent, and it is one of the reasons why Chess is so rarely provided as one of the amusements for those who occasionally gather together to renovate the mind after it has been jaded by the weighty cares of business, public or domestic.

It is, we suppose, to do away to some extent with the cause of this reproach that what is called Alternation Chess is being revived in one, at least, of the principal clubs of England. The term is applied to games of Chess in which four players carry on the fight, two at each side, who are partners, and who move in turn without consulting one another.

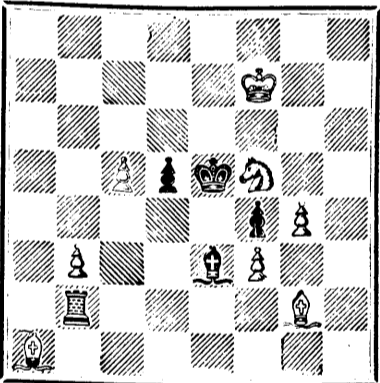
As a matter of course, games played in this way are wanting in some of the chief points of interest which attach themselves to contests in which each player is at liberty to follow out his own aims, and concentrate his powers in developing a scheme by which he ultimately expects to be victorious. Occasionally there must be in some of the contests what is vulgarly called a "muddle," especially as the partners are not permitted to advise, or consult with each other. Success in a great degree appears to depend upon the powers of each player to perceive the purport of his partner's moves, and to assist in carrying out his schemes whatever they may be.

The plan has the merit of actively engaging the attention of double the usual number of players occupied with one game, and must lead to the exercise of the mind in directions which cannot possibly occur where two players alone are the antagonists, but we doubt much whether Alternation Chess will ever become a favorite mode of carrying on the game with players generally. We will try to give a specimen of this mode of play in some future Column.

Mr. Wisker, it appears, is doing much to advance the cause of Chess in the Australian Colonies, and has already established a Chess Journal, which we feel convinced will be well patronized by the enthusiastic players of that distant part of the globe.

PROBLEM No. 103.

By G. E. BARBIER.
 BLACK



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 187TH.

Played at London, Eng., some time ago, between Mr Bird and Mr. Lord.
 (Ruy Lopez.)

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>WHITE—(Mr. Lord.)</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P to K4 2. Kt to KB3 3. B to Kt5 4. P to Q3 5. Castles. 6. P to B3 7. P to KR3 8. P to Q4 9. P takes P 10. Kt to B3 11. B to K3 12. B to Q3 13. Q to B2 14. Q R to Q sq 15. KR to K sq 16. P to R3 17. P takes B 18. K to QB sq 19. Kt to R2 20. P to Q5 21. B to KB sq 22. R to Q4 23. Q to K2 24. B to Kt2 25. R takes P 26. Q to Q2 27. B takes R 28. B takes Kt 29. R takes R 30. P to B3 31. B to K7 32. K to R sq 33. B to R4 34. Kt to Kt 35. B to B2 36. Q to Kt5 37. K to R2 38. Kt to R6 (ch) 39. Kt to B5 40. B to Kt3 41. Q takes Kt P (ch) 42. Kt takes Q P (ch) 43. Q takes P (ch) 44. Kt to QB4 | <p>BLACK—(Mr. Bird.)</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> P to K4 Kt to KB3 Kt to B3 B to B4 P to Q3 Castles. Kt to K2 P takes P B to Kt3 Kt to Kt3 P to B3 R to K sq B to K3 R to QB sq B to R4 B takes Kt B to Q2 Q to B2 P to B4 P to B5 Q to R4 B to R5 Q takes P Q to Kt6 Kt to B5 R takes R Q takes KB R takes P Q takes R Q to B5 Q to B4 (ch) Kt takes Q P B to B3 P to KR4 Q takes P Q to R8 (ch) Kt to B3 K to B sq Q to K4 (ch) Q to Kt7 K to K sq K to K2 K to Q sq Resigns |
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SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 128.

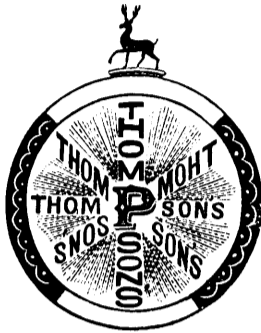
- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>WHITE.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. B takes P at Black's 2. P to Q Kt 3 3. R takes P 4. Q P mates | <p>BLACK.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P to K Kt 3 2. P to K Kt 4 3. P takes R |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- (There are other variations.)

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 126.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>WHITE.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q to Q Kt sq 2. K takes R 3. Q or Kt mates | <p>BLACK.</p> <p>R checks
 Any move</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 127.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>WHITE.</p> <p>K at QR5
 R at QB4
 B at Q7
 B at QB sq
 Kt at K6
 P at Q Kt 2</p> | <p>BLACK.</p> <p>K at Q Kt 6
 K at KR sq
 Kt at Q4
 Pawns at Q6
 Q B6, and Q R 7</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- White to play and mate in two moves.



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