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# PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND Whistler's News

Vol. XX.—No. 9.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1879.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO CHARLOTTETOWN.—FROM SKETCHES BY E. M. GROSS.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

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## PROSPECTUS OF VOL. XX.

We have the pleasure to announce to all our friends and patrons that this is the XXth Volume of

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and in it we introduce a number of improvements tending to make it still more worthy of public encouragement. We have engaged the services of a talented Superintendent of the Art Department, competent to infuse new energy and excellence in our illustrations; and to show what we intend to accomplish in the Literary Department, we have only to publish the names of the following Canadian writers of note who have kindly consented to be occasional contributors to our columns:

J. G. BOURINOT, Esq., Ottawa.  
 REV. A. J. BRAY, Montreal.  
 DR. CAMPBELL, London, Ont.  
 S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.  
 F. M. DEROME, Esq., Rimouski.  
 F. L. DIXON, Esq., Ottawa.  
 N. F. DAVIN, Esq., Toronto.  
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 W. D. LESCEUR, Esq., Ottawa.  
 J. M. LEMOINE, Esq., Quebec.  
 CHAS. LINDSEY, Esq., Toronto.  
 MRS. LEPROHON, Montreal.  
 H. H. MILES, LL.D., Quebec.  
 HENRY J. MORGAN, Esq., Ottawa.  
 HON. E. G. PENNY, Senator, Montreal.  
 REV. JAMES ROY, M.A., Montreal.  
 JOHN READE, M.A., Montreal.  
 MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS, Montreal.  
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 FENNINGS TAYLOR, Esq., Ottawa.  
 THOMAS WHITE, Esq., M.P.  
 REV. S. W. YOUNG, M.A., Toronto.  
 COUNT DE PREMIO REAL, Spanish Consul at Quebec.

In addition to these attractions we beg to call attention to the following special features of the NEWS:

I. It is the only illustrated paper in the Dominion; the only purely literary weekly, and in every respect a family paper.

II. It contains the only Canadian Portrait Gallery in existence, numbering already over 300, and containing the picture and biography of all the leading men of the Dominion in every department of life. This collection is invaluable for reference, can be found nowhere else, and ours is the only paper that can publish it.

III. It gives views and sketches of all important events at home and abroad, as they transpire every week.

IV. It has been publishing, and will continue to publish, illustrations of the principal towns, manufactures and industries of the country, which, when collected in a volume will constitute the most complete pictorial gazetteer ever printed.

V. Its original and selected matter is varied, spicy, and of that literary quality which is calculated to improve the public taste.

VI. It studiously eschews all partisanship in politics, and all sectarianism in religion.

The expenditure of an illustrated journal is double that of any ordinary paper, and to meet that we earnestly request the support of all those who believe that Canada should possess such a periodical as ours. The more we are encouraged the better will be our paper, and we promise to spare no effort to make it worthy of universal acceptance. A great step will be made if, with the new volume, all our friends help us to the extent of procuring for us an additional subscriber each.

## OUR NEW STORY.

In this number we continue the publication of our original serial story, entitled:—

### MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY,

BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

This story will run through several months, and we bespeak for it the favour which was accorded to "The Bastonnais," originally published in these columns two years ago. The subject is new and interesting. The book will deal, *inter alia*, with the mysteries of Voodooism, and touch delicately upon several of those social questions which have so thoroughly agitated the North and South since the war. Begin your subscriptions with the opening of this story.

## NOTICES.

To prevent all confusion in the delivery of papers, our readers and subscribers are requested to give notice at this office, by post-card or otherwise, of their change of residence, giving the new number along with the old number of their houses.

Subscribers removing to the country or the sea-side during the summer months, are respectfully requested to send their new addresses to our offices, 5 and 7 Blenry Street, and the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be duly sent to them.

### TEMPERATURE.

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

#### THE WEEK ENDING

August 24th, 1879.			Corresponding week, 1878		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 65°	51°	59°	Mon.. 77°	64°	70° 5
Tues.. 65°	57°	61°	Tues.. 75°	62°	68° 5
Wed.. 75°	52°	64° 5	Wed.. 76°	66°	71°
Thurs.. 71°	60°	65° 5	Thurs.. 77°	65°	71°
Frid.. 82°	63°	72° 5	Frid.. 78°	67°	72° 5
Sat.. 81°	66°	74° 5	Sat.. 77°	65°	71°
Sun.. 72°	60°	66°	Sun.. 76°	69°	72° 5

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 30, 1879.

### THE SPEECHES AT GALT.

Mr. MACKENZIE, the leader of the Opposition, and Messrs. BLAKE and YOUNG, two among the chief of the slain at the general election in September last, have all been making speeches at Galt. These have been carefully reported in the chief organ of the party at Toronto, and may be taken as Opposition manifestos—the first guns fired during the recess. Mr. MACKENZIE'S speech was marked by his usual vigor and directness. Nobody could mistake what he was driving at. Mr. BLAKE'S, on the other hand, was more polished and glittering; but the reader would find it more difficult to define and describe the points which he sought to establish; and when he had finished the perusal, he would find it more difficult to say what was sought to be established. Both regretted the loss of Mr. JAMES YOUNG to the party, and certainly it was a great one. But he did not seem to be depressed by defeat. On the contrary, he was very confident in his predictions of the coming crushing victories of the Reform party. All three, indeed, treated the result of the September contest as an accident. It was however, upon the most optimistic view, from their standpoint, an exceedingly damaging one for them. Messrs. MACKENZIE and BLAKE both treated the Protectionist cry as a mere catchword which had at onceajoled and deceived the electors. But when we look at the progress which this cry has made, and the results to which it has led among the English-speaking peoples in North America, we find sufficient reason to induce us to accept the allegations of these gentlemen with reserve. The question is also very much more complex than Mr. MACKENZIE put it. He treated it, for example, as a thing of supreme absurdity to suppose that the imposition of higher taxes on manufactured commodities would increase the prosperity of working men, or enable them to live better. It certainly is undoubted that, if the imposition of taxes should keep out of the country a foreign article and

cause it to be manufactured instead, that the men engaged in that manufacture, inhabitants of the country, would be better off for the wages they received; and they, in their turn, might buy the products of the farmer. It is not, moreover, demonstrated indubitably that protected manufactures are necessarily dearer than those which would be otherwise imported in their places. A mass of serious testimony is adduced against this assumption. It is not, however, our purpose again to argue this vexed question. We simply desire to show that it is not of so simple a nature as Mr. MACKENZIE, with party objects, set forth before the people of Galt; nor are the able men who have taken the Protectionist side such blatant fools as the simple application of his assertions would prove them to be. It is related of an Irishman in one of the New England towns, that he was dilating with great eloquence upon a meal of inviting potatoes, &c., that he could purchase in his own country for a penny—a splendid meal, in short, which it was hopeless to get out of Ireland; when a bystander asked him why he had left such a paradise! The answer was: "Sure, I could not get the pinny." Getting the "pinny" has a great deal to do with the whole of the argument on this question, the thing to establish being how best to do so; and we did not find anything of this in any of the speeches at Galt. There is one plain fact which the public mind will seize; it is, that the Protectionist policy has been enacted by an overwhelming majority. Its effects cannot be criticised at this early stage with any pretension to fairness, and we think it is an exceedingly doubtful policy now to bring it up for re-discussion in simply party interests. The part of wisdom as well as of patriotism is to help to give the new policy, now it is law, the fullest fair play. Mr. MACKENZIE made a vigorous attack on SIR JOHN MACDONALD and his Government for the dismissal of Mr. LETELLIER. He did not, however, bring out any point that has not been fully discussed in these columns. We shall not, therefore, dwell on his remarks. He made also an exceedingly vigorous attack upon SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S Government for changing, as he alleged, the route of the Pacific Railway from Burrard to Bute Inlet, thereby adding, he alleges, many miles to its length, steepness to its grades, and increase to the cost by many millions of dollars. But if it should happen that Mr. MACKENZIE should come to find that he is quite mistaken in his assumptions, he will probably feel very sorry that he, as the late Prime Minister and the leader of the Opposition, had been betrayed into the use of such vigorous language. There is certainly, so far, nothing to justify Mr. MACKENZIE'S assumption. All that is done is to declare that, in the present state of knowledge of facts, it was premature to decide, as Mr. MACKENZIE'S Government did, on the Burrard Inlet route. People who do not want to deceive themselves, and who want to learn all facts before they make up their minds, will be in a better position to judge when the result of the survey in which Mr. CAMBIE is now engaged in the North, is made known. There was another notable point in Mr. MACKENZIE'S speech—that of his utterances on the constitution of the Senate, in the presence of Mr. BLAKE. Mr. MACKENZIE declared that he had been a Conservative as respects the Senate as now constituted, but he found that the events of the last Parliament had caused him to alter his mind. Mr. BLAKE and Mr. MILLS would probably receive the confession of this great convert with an effusion of joy. But what will the Hon. Geo. BROWN say? Is the great organ of the party to change its tune and to follow suit, or draggle its plumes in the mire? These are questions of great interest in our party politics. We do not ourselves find that Mr. MACKENZIE gave sufficient reasons for his change of views on so grave a question; these being, mainly, that his Government, while in office, had been fictionally hampered by the Senate and particularly by Senator MACPHERSON.

Our illustrations this week are devoted to a variety of subjects which have received ample notice from the daily local journals, and which it would be impossible for us to repeat in detail. The Viceregal visit to the Maritime Provinces has occupied public attention for the last fortnight or more, and it must be said to the credit of our sister Provinces that they have surpassed themselves in the spontaneity, warmth, and artistic excellence of their reception. The sketches on our front page will give a good idea of the demonstration in Prince Edward Island. The Quebec riots have also attracted a great deal of painful attention, and it is to be hoped that the present lull may prove more than a mere truce, as so often before. Our artist has given us, from sketches drawn on the spot, views of the sanguinary engagement on the historic ground of Champlain street, where a heroic battle took place one hundred years ago, resulting in the death of MONTGOMERY. There is also a view of the barricade on the same street, where two small cannon barred the passage.—The grand regatta at Barrie was a success, the fulness of which was marred, however, by the match between Hanlan and Riley, which has given rise to much comment in sporting circles. Hanlan subsequently declined to row the race over again and the money prize was then tendered to Riley.—The Caledonian Games in Montreal were more brilliant this season than they have been, to our recollection, for years past, and this circumstance is mainly due to the International gathering of Scottish societies which was coincident with them. The Montreal managers and members did the honours royally, and our visitors from the West and the United States were loud in praise of the reception which they received. We publish a view of the games and grounds, as also a sketch of the grand Fête at Hamilton, in honour of the Grand Lodge I.O.O.F.—We beg also to call attention to our three artistic pictures—two from Giacomelli's unrivalled pencil, devoted to the swallows, with delicious French verses by DeTheuriet, as also the Rapids of the Au Sable, by A. Parton.

THE contract has been let for 100 miles of the Canadian Pacific Railway west of Winnipeg, and men are already at work. The construction is to be pushed rapidly forward. The contractor, Mr. RYAN, of Brockville, is believed to be competent, and has furnished the necessary securities. This railway will be built much more cheaply than the public at all supposed. The cost will only be about six thousand dollars a mile. A thousand miles of railway at that rate would not be a very stupendous undertaking for the Dominion of Canada. The sale of Dominion lands will very soon pay for that. There are rumours that English capitalists (Mr. BRASSEY'S name is mentioned) are going to undertake the work, but we believe that so far there is no authentic intelligence of this. It would not, however, be a matter of surprise in the present aspect of affairs in England, social and monetary, that English capitalists should be found who would undertake this work. The hundred miles to be immediately constructed will give the public a taste of the wheat lands to be opened up, and we predict that population will rush after this construction with a rapidity never before known in the West. That fact will settle many doubtful questions, and will probably bring light to the eyes of several persons in Montreal, who have been indulging in some very foolish writings. We may, in this connection, notice that further news has been received from England to the effect that SIR MICHAEL HICKS BEACH has not told the Canadian Ministers that the Imperial guarantee would not be granted, but rather advised the postponement of putting the question; while he was in favour of an Imperial Commissioner being appointed to guarantee the proper apportionment of the Land Grant for the purposes of the railway. All this is natural enough. We pointed out last week how

averse the Imperial Government and Parliament were to receive or accede to any demands from Colonies for the Imperial guarantee. And we do believe that nothing but the gravest reasons of Imperial concern should induce its being given. In our apprehension, however, those reasons may be found in the work of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

We have another announcement from England, which shows the signs of the times as respects the great agricultural depression question. Two paid Sub-Commissioners are appointed by Royal Commission to visit the United States and Canada, in order to enquire into their means of competition with farmers in the United Kingdom. If these Sub-Commissioners are men who are thoroughly up to their work, they will take home with them a story that will carry heaviness to the hearts of British landowners. They will establish the fact that with the present organized means of transportation, both by rail and steamship, there exist means for exporting to the United Kingdom both wheat and cattle in almost illimitable supply, and at prices at which it is perfectly hopeless for British farmers to attempt to compete.

We notice in this connection that the Hon. J. H. Pope, the energetic Minister of Agriculture, has sent instructions to the United Kingdom to cause meetings of tenant farmers to be held, with a request that each of such meetings should send a delegate to Canada, in order to spy out the land, and report the facts to his fellows. Nothing can be more plain than the fact that the tenant farmers of the United Kingdom would have much more confidence in the report of one of themselves than in any possible statements that could be made to them by any agent, however authorized. The result will probably be that a number of these delegates will at once come, and they will report what they find. We believe that if the proper exertions are now made, Canada may secure a very large number of British tenant farmers with means, and they will be the most desirable class of emigrants that ever left the British shores. If they come in large numbers, they will immediately and sensibly add to the wealth of Canada, and the change will probably be beneficial for them and their children. The public thanks will be due to any Minister or Government which shall bring about such a result.

**THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.**

Another all-night sitting, and three motions of want of confidence—all in one week, after a like number in the preceding week. The struggle between the two parties is terrific, and although the eighth week of the session has arrived there is not the slightest sign of abatement. The Opposition appear determined to leave no stone unturned to put out the Government, and on the other hand the Government are equally determined that they shall not. So the war wages, each debate almost a counterpart of its predecessor, nothing but some extra amusement on the part of the members by throwing paper balls and chair seats about the House when the debate draws into the small hours of the morning to show that the session is drawing to a close.

For the past fortnight the business of the House has been practically brought to a standstill by the series of want of confidence motions moved by different members of the Opposition, each motion attended by a debate and concluded with a division always with the same result—defeat.

The general subject of conversation and wonder is why all these motions? The Government cannot be defeated because its supporters prefer the present to a possible future Government from the Opposition members, and many of them do not hesitate to say so; but why all these motions? Because the Opposition desire to have the note of each member on each separate act of administration of the Government for use in future elections, and they are rolling up a fearful and wonderful account against the present Government, but as things are now, and as they appear to be, it will be three years before they have much chance of using them, and by that time they may grow stale or may even be unnecessary.

There is a rumor current here among the quiet members, those who are sick of this constant struggle for power, that a Coalition Government will shortly be formed in which neither Mr. Joly nor Mr. Chapleau will hold office. It

has long been understood that Mr. Chapleau would retire from the Local House as soon as a change in Government is effected; he is wanted in a larger and wider field where a high position awaits him. This session he has proved that by study he has mastered the English language in a manner seldom acquired by so young a man in so short a time. Last session he seldom spoke in English, this year he has used that language several times, and in doing so has always elicited remarks of surprise and approval from those in the Press Gallery capable of judging, as well as from the English members of the House. By so doing he is but qualifying himself for the position before mentioned.

At the right hand of Mr. Chapleau sits Mr. L. O. Loranger, member for Laval, one who must be looked on as a future leader of the Province, and perhaps of that new Government now rumoured of. The best French speaker in the House, with an excellent knowledge of the English language, a political and personal record without a stain, respected and liked by both sides of the House, and always listened to by all; he is the one man who is able to command the respect and assistance of the moderate party in the House, now undoubtedly in the ascendant.

When this millennium will arrive it is impossible to say, but it is the general opinion of the moderate party that such will shortly be the case.

Mr. Joly appears weary of the struggle, but he will not give way to the Opposition, as he believes he and his Government are better able to administer the affairs of the Province than the Conservatives.

This afternoon the House is transacting business and a feeling of relief is visible on the faces of the members, the subject of discussion being the Education Bill which proposes to reduce the salary of the Superintendent of Public Instruction from \$4,000 to \$3,000 per annum; also to do away with the French and English Journals of Public Instruction and the Book Depository.

Even the members of the Government express their regret at the necessity for reducing Mr. Ouimet's salary, and all unite in expressing their high opinions of his fitness for the office. The Opposition are to a man opposed to the reduction, arguing that as Mr. Ouimet gave up his profession and his position as a public man for the position he now occupies, and that his salary was fixed by statute, it is a disgraceful and shameful act to reduce it.

The two Journals of Public Instruction though abolished by Government will not cease to exist. After having lasted nearly fifty years it ceases to be a Government property, and will be carried on in future by private subscriptions. Only one narrative this week, which may be amusing. It occurred a few nights since and is illustrative of the general admiration Mr. Bontin has for everything and everybody appertaining to the Joly Administration. It appears that in one of his recent speeches Hon. Mr. Irvine noticed that the member for Bellechasse (Mr. Bontin) was quite enthusiastic, clapping hands and applauding with fury.

As soon as Mr. Irvine had terminated, being on his way to the Speaker's room, he tapped the hon. member's shoulder and said a few kind words to him. The hon. member paid him his compliments and said it was one of his best speeches; he had never heard him speak in a happier manner. Mr. Irvine thanked him in a few happy words, and was about leaving when Mr. Bontin said to him, "Pardon, monsieur, je ne comprends pas un mot d'anglais." Mr. Irvine had of course spoken English all the time.

The past week was a week of riots, fears and anxiety, but fortunately for those at present in the ancient city, "les jours se suivent mais ne se ressemblent pas." The rival forces having at last agreed upon a truce, or upon what is to be hoped will be a permanent peace, people began to sigh for something to turn their thoughts to. They were not long kept waiting, for it was announced a few days ago that Admiral Peyron and the officers of *La Galissonnière* were about to give an *après-midi*, at which dancing would be on the orders of the day. The day originally fixed was Tuesday, but Jupiter Pluvius, who, however, must be thanked for cooling the hot blood of the rioters, set his veto against the *fête* coming off on the day appointed. The treat was therefore postponed to Thursday. At two o'clock in the afternoon the Admiral's courteous aide-de-camp, M. Davoust, was at the Queen's wharf with a flotilla of boats, towed by the frigate's steam-launch; into them stepped a number of M.P.'s with their wives, daughters, sisters, cousins and aunts, together with members of the bar, and of the volunteer force and others. The sight on climbing the quarter deck was a pretty one; a large tent composed of the flags of all nations had been erected, and was tastefully decorated and hung with flowers and evergreens; from the centre depended a chandelier made of entwined revolvers and sword-bayonets, and on the grating at the foot of the mainmast was the device "Canada et France" worked out in flowers. Trophies of Chassepots, swords, boat-hooks, etc., added to the ornamentation of the ball-room. Dancing began immediately on the arrival of the guests, and, no doubt, out of compliment to them, the excellent band discoursed such time honoured strains as those of the old yet ever popular Mabel Waltz, and such good old-fashioned dances as the polka, polka-mazurka and Sir Roger de Coverley, were gone through. "Fast" dances, with the exception of two or three waltzes and a rattling final

galop, were at a discount. Below, in the officers' mess-room, was a buffet laden with cold dainties, and in the smoking-room, men too *blasés* to dance could puff away the fragrant *régie*. A novel drink was introduced, and a sensible one at that; it was cooling and gave fresh vigour to the dancers. Many givers of balls will be astonished when it is said that this was simply iced beef-tea, a delicious innovation which met with great success. It is to be recommended as an excellent substitute for lukewarm negus, bad champagne or sour claret-cup, three abominations which are responsible for many a headache after a ball. It is needless to add that throughout the whole afternoon all enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and that the gallant officers were ubiquitous and unceasing in their efforts to make the dance a success. Of course, Montreal ladies will be anxious to know something about the toilettes worn by their Quebec rivals in grace and beauty; on this point, however, it is impossible to gratify them, as there was little or no dress worth speaking of. Paris-like, the writer hesitates in naming a belle; for when was there ever a ball given at which there was not a belle? However, public opinion having pronounced itself, he has but to chronicle its verdict and to say that it awarded the golden apple to a young French lady, a resident of Quebec; she, with two American ladies, one of whom is the wife of one of our most hard-working and intelligent M.P.'s, were praised and sought for as much for their gracefulness as for their splendid dancing. The Hon. Premier "danced" a quadrille, setting an example to the youth of the present day who "walk" through the "square" dances. Shortly before six o'clock the whole party left and made a rush for Dufferin Terrace, to witness the arrival of H. M. ships "Bellerophon" with the Governor-General and H. R. H. the Princess Louise, "Tourmaline" and "Griffon." The affair took place amidst much booming of big guns, and a cheerful and an eventful day was thus brought to a close.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

CREDIT VALLEY RAILWAY,  
TORONTO, Aug. 21st, 1879.

To the Editor of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR.—In your issue of the 16th inst. reference is made to an article of mine in July's *Nineteenth Century*, and a notice from a correspondent who says that he has been fifteen years trying to find my address. His "researches" have scarcely been very extensive, as I left Upper Canada at the period he mentions to take the position of Engineer to the Board of Works of the Province of New Brunswick, in which capacity I remained three or four years, and I was subsequently, and till within the last three years, engineer and manager of a leading railway in Nova Scotia, running between Halifax and St. John. I have been associated with most of the railways and public works in the Lower Province, and anyone connected with either of them could at any time during the twelve years I have resided there have given your correspondent my address, which, as a public man, I could not, had I wished to have done so, conceal. It is scarcely fair for a man to use your columns in the way he has done, to make me the butt of a lot of uncharitable criticism, and to publish his own ignorance of what is doing in the sister provinces, for any peevish annoyance he may have had in seeking the address of a party, who, by his own showing, had left his own rather obscure locality five years before he wanted to find him. The above address will find me for the next three months.

Yours faithfully,  
VERNON SMITH.

[Our esteemed correspondent will forgive us if we express the belief that he misinterprets the spirit in which the inquiry from Stirling was made. From the name of the writer and other internal evidence we understood this inquiry to result from a desire to know more concerning the author of a remarkable magazine paper. Had we suspected any other design in it we should certainly not have published it, as we altogether share the admiration for a writer whose articles we twice had occasion to quote in our columns.]

**HEARTH AND HOME.**

**MOTHERS.**—Children always need a mother's devotion, and need it as much when they are nearing maturity, or by and by when they are bearing the heat and burden of life's noon-day, as when they are babes in arms or toddling over the floor. Mothers should save themselves, even by what seems to them selfishness, from too early fading and dying. Recreative idleness, pleasuring in purpose, time to read taken from time spent in sewing, and a visit here or there, would keep from many a too-wholly-devoted mother the coming of that fatal messenger whose token is "an arrow sharpened by love."

**MODESTY AND BASHFULNESS.**—There is a great deal of difference between modesty and bashfulness. The latter is a terror of being approached by strangers or confronted with an unaccustomed fact or position. It proceeds from egotism, for, if we were not fancying ourselves observed by others and fearful of their criticism, we should simply appear at ease, and do what we were required to do as a matter of course, and, so doing, would appear well. Modesty is never self-assertive. It doubts itself, but is never afraid to express its willingness to attempt what

is asked; and, when we are successful, modesty prevents us from boasting or supercilious assertion.

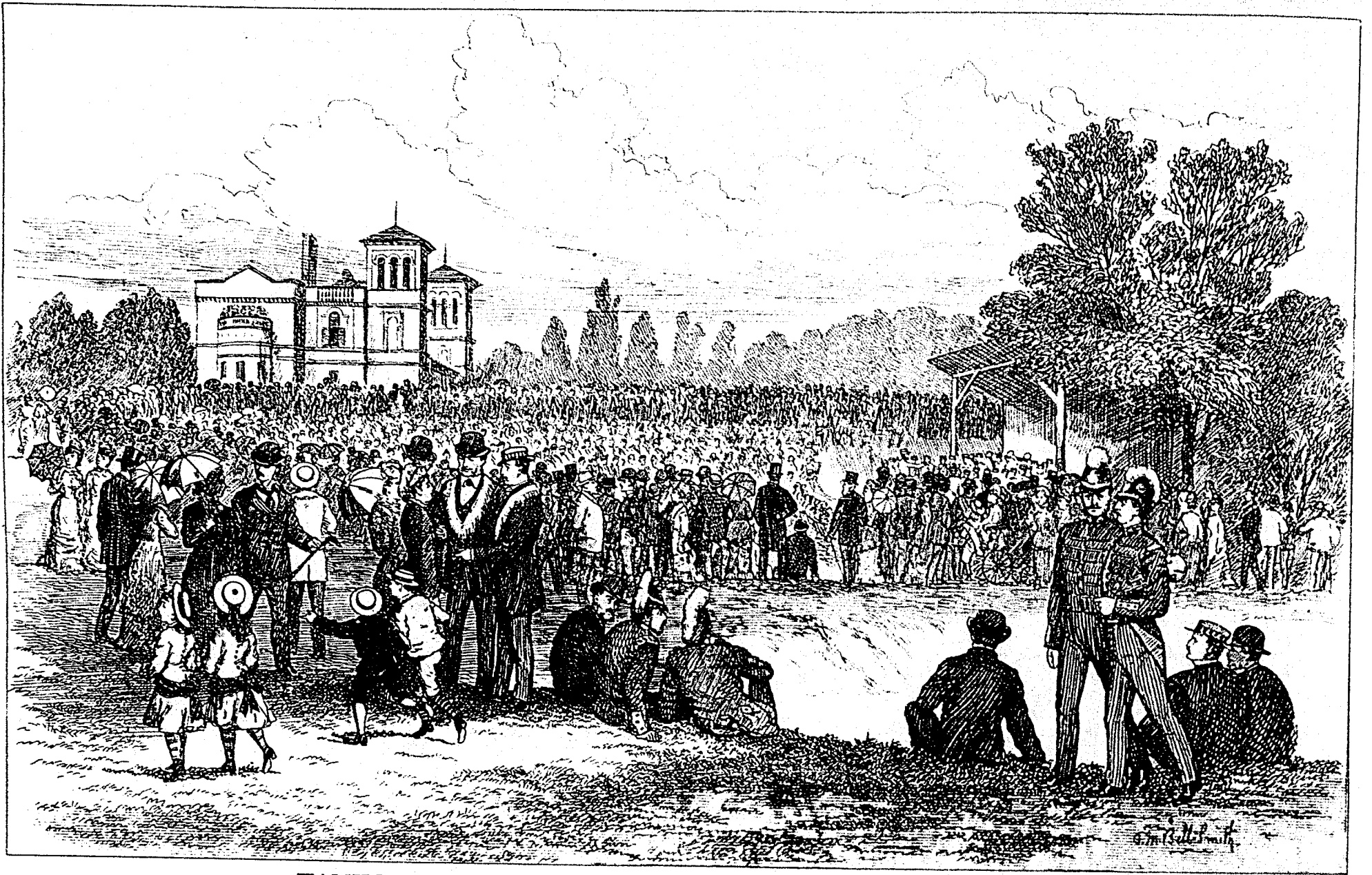
**JADED HEADS.**—One of the first and most imperative symptoms that the strain of living is becoming too great is the jaded head—the head that cannot be depended upon for a long stretch of work, that grows weary prematurely, that has to be coaxed from the pillow in the morning, and that does not face the work of the day cheerfully. There are more of such heads than might be supposed. They are found in every rank of life, but chiefly among persons of sedentary pursuits, and among both sexes, and almost all ages above fourteen. Generally the first symptom of the malady is discomfort during headwork in the back of the head and in the upper part of the spinal region. He is a happy man who meets this symptom with rest, and seeks in sunlight and fresh air some new investments for his nervous system.

**THE UNHALLOWED HAND.**—In the border counties of Scotland it was formerly customary, when any rancorous enmity subsisted between two clans, to leave the right hand of small children unchristened, that it might deal the more deadly, or, according to the popular phrase, "unhallowed" blows, to their enemies. By this superstitious rite they were devoted to continue the family feud or enmity. The same practice subsisted in Ireland, for in an old history we are told, "In some corner of the land they used a sinful superstition, leaving the right arms of their infants, males, unchristened (as they termed it), to the end it might give a more ungracious and deadly blow."

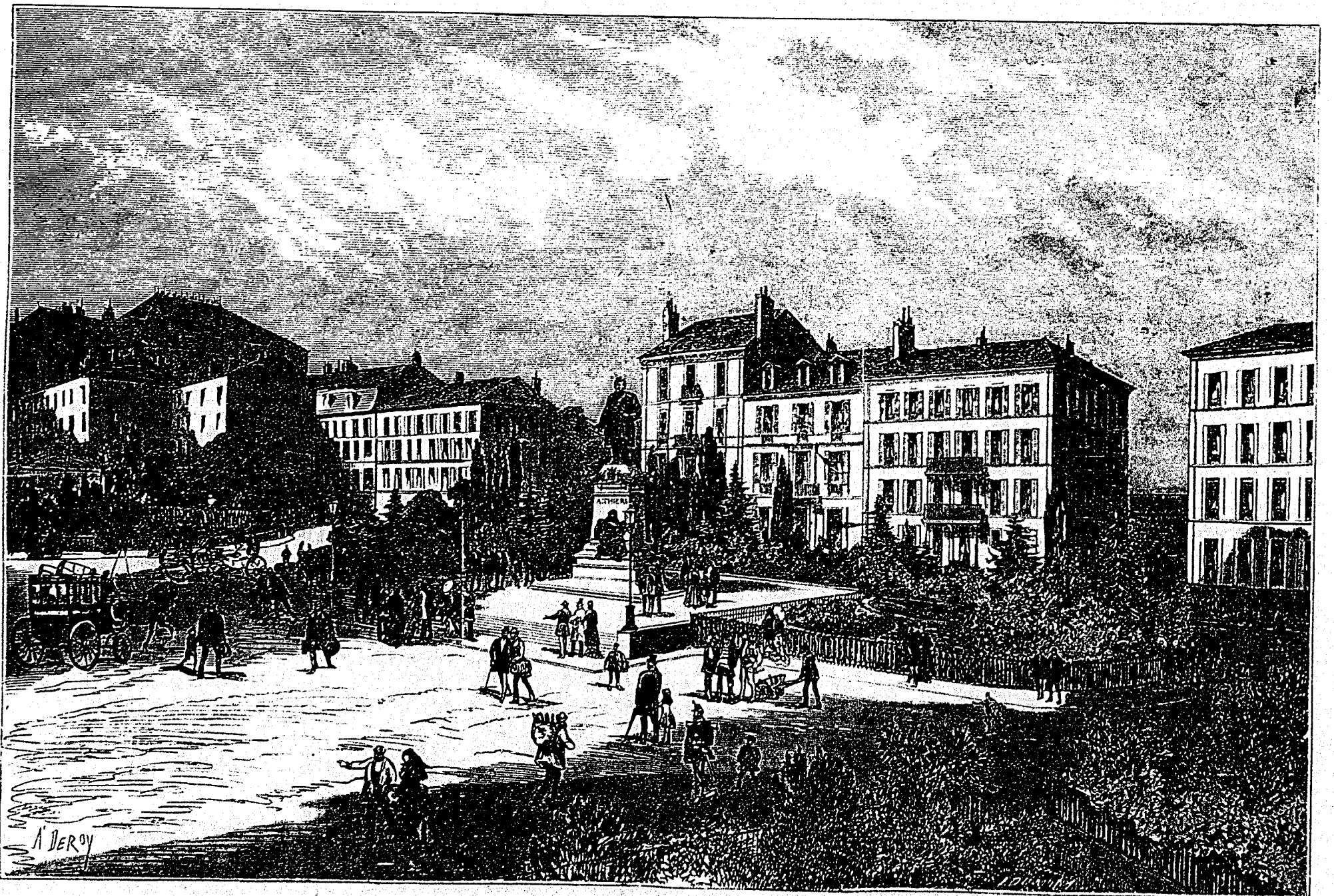
**A CHEERFUL FACE.**—Carry the radiance of your soul in your face; let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good, wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams—"on the just as well as the unjust." Such a disposition will yield you a rich reward, for its happy effects will come home to you and brighten your moments of thought. Smiles are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotion of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them, those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant nature in the cheerful, loving faces of those who lead them. Let them not be kept from the middle-aged, who need the encouragement they bring. Give your smiles to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of summer, making fresh and verdant the long, warysome path of life. Be gentle and indulgent to all; love the true, the beautiful, the just, the holy.

**FASHION NOTES.**

- LACE fans are always in fashion.
- TUSCANY straw fans are in favour.
- BLACK lace will be very fashionable this fall.
- THE lily-of-the-valley bonnet is very popular.
- AT Newport the hat is worn over the left eye.
- THE old lace called point à Paris is again in use.
- GLEANER'S hats are worn by young English girls.
- MARTHA WASHINGTON lace collarettes are in style.
- MORNING balls are exceedingly fashionable in Paris.
- DRESS-SLEEVES are becoming shorter and shorter.
- HIGH-HEELED shoes are worn with short dresses.
- TORTOISE-SHELL sticks are very handsome for black fans.
- HANDSOME satin parasols are embroidered in pale and wood shades.
- REAL bouffant paniers should never be worn by short or stout women.
- FOR light mourning are black satin fans with open carved wooden sticks.
- DRESSES gathered to the waist are confidently predicted as the coming style.
- THE Pekin ribbons are most admired for garnishing black grenadine dresses.
- THERE is nothing new in the chains used in suspending the fan from the belt.
- THE skirts of dresses are nearly all short, and are becoming shorter and shorter.
- BRIDESMAIDS adopt the English fashion of wearing large quaint hats or bonnets.
- SKIRTS of plain linen, with long, loose princess jackets, are the fashionable house dresses in Paris.
- BLACK satin and black French hunting make a handsome as well as an inexpensive walking costume.
- "JACK, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be." "No, she has left that off and turned expensive."
- A SAN FRANCISCO woman calls her husband her darkest hour, because he generally comes just before dawn.
- THE woman who said she wouldn't marry the best man living kept her word. She married a very poor specimen.
- LATE handkerchiefs are round, finished with French needlework, and trimmed with closely-plaited Valenciennes lace.
- THE Cincinnati girls complain that the coal smoke spoils their complexions, but then the young men are easily sooted there.
- ONE of the prettiest costumes seen at present is the short, plain skirt with the *bouffante matinee*, as this style of polonaise is called.
- SLEEVES are made to fit the arm closely, the latest styles showing the arm above the elbow fitted as closely as to the waist or shoulders.



HAMILTON.—GRAND-FETE IN HONOR OF THE GRAND LODGE I. O. O. F. AT DUNDURN.



NANCY.—THE STATUE OF M. THIERS AT NANCY.



RAPIDS OF THE AU SABLE.—A. PARTON.

THE WOUNDED CAPTIVE.

The dubious light of grey-eyed morn now breaks  
Thro' the arched casement of the vaulted room,  
The vet'ran guard to the relief awakes.

R. S. M. B.

The foregoing lines were written whilst I was a  
captive in the Fort at Isle-aux-Noix, from whence I was  
removed, under an escort of volunteers, commanded by  
Captain March, en route for Montreal. At Pointe à la  
Mule the prisoners were transferred to an escort of the  
66th Regiment, under the command of Lieut. Johnson.

R. S. M. B.

THE DUKE OF KENT.

HIS MEMORY VINDICATED.

The publication and thereby the preservation  
of historical curiosities, chiefly relating to this  
country, have always been one of the principal  
features of the News, and there is perhaps no  
journal in Canada whose bound volumes will be  
found more useful for consultation and refer-  
ence by the student and antiquary.

MONTREAL, August 8.—Several months ago,  
as some literary men of Montreal were convers-  
ing on the ample and curious material for his-  
torical romance which exists in Canada, a gen-  
tleman well known by his historical writings  
suggested the sojourn of the Duke of Kent at  
Quebec, in 1791-94, as a very interesting sub-  
ject for such treatment. Thereupon I gathered  
all the books relating to that period which I  
could find, and while the result did not prove  
as favourable as I should have wished, I learned  
enough to take a deep interest in the history of  
that unfortunate prince. The residence of the  
Princess Louise in the Dominion having re-  
vived the memory of her grandfather on several  
different occasions, I have thought that the ex-  
amination of one at least of the mysterious  
phases of his history would not be amiss.

The lady went under the name of Mme. de  
St. Laurent, but her title was Alphonine  
Therese Bernardine Julie de Montgenet de St.  
Laurent, Baronne de Fortisson. She is said to  
have been a sweet and very beautiful woman, and  
the Duke's attachment to her was very strong,  
as appears all through his correspondence. In  
1791 the Governor of Canada was Lord Dor-  
chester, or Sir Guy Carleton of Revolutionary  
fame. The local legend is that he never re-  
ceived the Duke socially or called on him,  
acting no doubt in accordance with instruc-  
tions from the home authorities. We know  
besides, from the chronicles, that Lady Dor-  
chester was rather fastidious and exclusive in  
dealing with the society of Quebec, having had  
trouble with the wife of Gen. Prescott in 1797.  
However that may be, it is certain that the  
Duke and Mme. de St. Laurent were received  
in all the old aristocratic French drawing-  
rooms of the time, and that at Kent House,  
still standing near Beauport, they gathered  
about them all the respectable families of the  
colony. This could never have happened if  
any scandal had been connected with his domes-  
tic relations. But there is more conclusive  
proof still. On June 29, 1792, the pair appeared  
as sponsors for a child of the Sieur de Sala-  
berry, and the certificate of baptism bears the  
signatures of Chas. Francis, Bishop of Capsum,  
and M. Renaud, priest. Those who know the

rigid sacramental requirements and conditions  
of the Roman Catholic Church will understand  
that neither bishop nor priest would have  
officiated or allowed the choice of sponsors if  
any suspicion had attached to the latter. It may  
be added that these, besides other ecclesiastics,  
including the Père de Berrey, were very fami-  
liar with the Prince.

A second argument is this: In 1794, after  
brief but gallant service in the West Indies,  
His Royal Highness received orders to establish  
his headquarters at Halifax as Commander-in-  
Chief of the Forces in Nova Scotia and New  
Brunswick. His residence of four years in that  
place is fully recorded by Haliburton, the  
author of "Sam Slick," and it is clear that  
Mme. de St. Laurent, presiding over his house-  
hold, received and was received as his lawful  
spouse. Had she been otherwise, the Home  
Government itself would have been held re-  
sponsible for the outrage. The same reasoning  
holds for 1799, when, after a short trip to Eng-  
land, the Duke was sent back to Halifax as  
Commander-in-Chief of all British America,  
and brought Mme. de St. Laurent with him.  
Again, from 1802 to 1803, he lived at Gibraltar  
as Governor, and there again his beautiful  
companion shared all his social and official re-  
lations, a circumstance which neither the army  
nor public opinion in Europe would have toler-  
ated if the lady had been no more than the  
Duke's mistress. Some time after his recall, and  
when it was known that he was in disfavor at  
the Horse Guards, the inhabitants of Gibraltar  
subscribed a thousand guineas for a piece of  
memorial plate to him.

From 1803 to 1817 the Duke resided at Ken-  
sington Palace, and continuously in the com-  
pany of Mme. de St. Laurent. He was bur-  
dened with debts and offensively kept in the  
background, but his letters showed that he  
entertained largely, and that the madame was  
everywhere recognized except at Court. When-  
ever the Prince had occasion to go there he  
went alone. His letters show that up to the  
last moment his devotion to the Baroness re-  
mained as tender as ever. But there came an  
end, and it is not a pleasant one. In 1818, by  
the sudden and premature death of the Prin-  
cess Charlotte of Wales, there was danger of the  
succession falling in the House of Brunswick,  
and the state policy required the immediate  
marriage of the younger branches of the Royal  
Family. This included the Duke of Kent of  
course, and accordingly, on the 29th of May of  
the same year, he was united at Cobourg to  
Mary Louise Victoria, widow of the Prince of  
Leiningen. On the 29th of May, 1819, his  
royal daughter was born, and in the following  
January the Prince ended his troubled career.

Meantime what had become of Mme. de St.  
Laurent? After 1817 her name unaccountably  
drops out of sight, and the only intimation of  
her whereabouts at the time of the Cobourg  
marriage is that she had retired to a convent.  
She appears further to have survived till 1830  
or 1832.

While we all know that by the Royal Mar-  
riage Act no Prince or Princess of the blood may  
marry without the consent of the Sovereign, it  
will never do to cast a slur onmorganatic al-  
liances, as in this instance of the Duke of  
Kent. It is much handsomer to admit this  
marriage as the facts adduced prove it, than to  
stamp his memory with public libelism for  
nearly thirty years of his life. On the other  
hand, the case of the Duke should effectually  
preclude British writers from moralizing about  
the Bonaparte-Patterson and other similar  
entanglements.

I have no doubt that his relations with Mme.  
de St. Laurent were the cause of all the Duke's  
trouble with Parliament and his family. He  
was persistently snubbed by the Prince Regent  
and his Royal brothers, and Parliament always  
refused to help him out of his debts. Writing  
from the West Indies, where he served in  
1794, he said: "The wish entertained by me  
in certain quarters, when serving there, was  
that I might fail." Writing in 1820, about  
his infant daughter, he says: "My little  
daughter thrives under the influence of a De-  
vonshire climate, and is, I am delighted to say,  
strong and healthy, too healthy, I fear, in the  
opinion of some members of my family by whom  
she is regarded as an intruder."

The neglect of the Prince has continued,  
more or less, to our own day. He was a per-  
fect gentleman, a brave soldier, a faithful pub-  
lic officer, a generous friend, and it is for this  
reason that a stranger and alien has written  
these lines to rescue his memory from a suspi-  
cion that has been too long allowed to cover it.

X. Y. Z.

The *World* has the following editorial com-  
ments on the above paper:

"A Canadian correspondent of the *World*  
makes a real contribution to history in our  
columns this morning. His accounts of the  
domestic relations of the Duke of Kent, the father  
of Queen Victoria, is the first clear and appar-  
ently authentic story of them which so far as we  
know has ever seen the light. It shows that  
through the Duke of Kent, as through his much  
less estimable sons, the Duke of York and  
Clarence and the Prince Regent, the sins of the  
youth of Geo III. came home to him in his old  
age. That the King himself was as much a big-  
gist in the eye of the law of his own realm as  
Jerome Bonaparte ever was, has long been con-  
ceded. What became of Hannah Lightfoot may  
be a matter of debate. It is hardly a matter of  
debate that she was married to George III. in

his youth as Prince of Wales. So far as appears  
the interesting narrative which we publish to-day  
the Duke of Kent treated his first and lawful  
wife for many years with more consideration and  
tenderness than were extended to their lawful  
wives by any of his brothers excepting the Duke  
of Sussex. He seems to have abandoned her  
only under the pressure of the state necessity  
which was put upon princes after the sudden  
and lamentable death of the Princess Charlotte,  
when all England went in horror of the possible  
accession sooner or later to the throne of the de-  
testated Duke of Cumberland. That the father of  
Victoria was an exceptionally generous and  
mainly scion of his race has always been admitted  
by the sternest censors of the English royal house,  
and it is fortunate that his daughter seems to  
have inherited more of the paternal than of the  
maternal nature. The Duchess of Kent may not  
have deserved all the terrific vituperation which,  
according to Greville, was poured out upon her  
by King William IV. But the chronicles of  
English society make her out a much inferior  
woman, in all that makes woman most attractive  
and most admirable, to her unfortunate predeces-  
sor, of whom our correspondent paints so agree-  
able and so interesting a picture."

THE ZULU NATION.

Cape Colony originally was a small promon-  
tory on the south-west extremity of the continent  
of Africa. Like the British possessions in India,  
and for the like reasons, it grew rapidly in ex-  
tent and population until its dimensions are now  
about 800 miles long and 500 broad. In 1875  
the population was about 721,000, of which  
more than one-third were whites of European  
origin; another third were Kaffirs or Bechuanas,  
and the rest were a mixture of Malays, Hotten-  
tots and Fingoes. The Colony includes all the  
territories from the Atlantic and Indian oceans  
on the south and west, to the Orange River on  
the north. To the further north of Orange  
River, in Griqualand, are the famous diamond  
fields of South Africa. Beyond the Vaal river  
is the Dutch settlement of the Transvaal, which  
was seized by the Boers in 1840, and by them  
erected into a republic. But as it was a source  
of weakness rather than of strength to white  
rule in Africa, it was, seventeen years after-  
wards, formally annexed to the British posses-  
sions. The Colony of Natal derives its name  
from the fact that it was discovered on Christmas  
day, 1497. It is separated alike from Cape  
Colony on the south and the Orange River Free  
State on the west. On the east it has 200 miles  
of coast, and for its northern frontier in danger-  
ous proximity it is, so to speak, overlapped by  
the Zulu nation. The Zulu coast line does not  
exceed 150 miles, and the country on the east,  
and for some distance in the interior, is wedged  
in between the Portuguese possessions on the  
north and the colony of Natal on the south.

This geographical description seems to be the  
more necessary as the country under the name  
of Zululand has only recently found a place in  
the maps. Nothing was known either of the  
place or the people a century ago; some ill-  
authenticated stories of kindness to mariners  
shipwrecked on the coast have been preserved,  
but these stories afford but a faint clue to the  
history of an interesting people or to the fact  
that the Zulu belongs to a race distinct and dis-  
tinguishable among the tribes that have peopled  
the African continent.

Indeed it is scarcely more than fifty years  
since the Zulu tribe seemed suddenly to emerge  
from obscurity, and with barbaric force, under  
King Chaka, a chief of cruel instincts and savage  
courage, asserted its right to military promi-  
nence, for he conquered or assimilated neigh-  
bouring tribes, and with a strong hand welded  
them into a great and mighty people. Of this  
branch of the Kaffir race we really know but  
little. Their traditions point to a two-fold  
origin. Poetically they are said to be of celestial  
mould, the moon in some way being responsible  
for their existence. Practically, their earthly  
birth-place is believed by them to have been a  
bed of reeds, where they, in common with the  
rest of the human family, received their earliest  
nursing. Perhaps the tradition points to the  
bulrushes of the Nile, and who knows whether,  
like bees in an over-crowded hive, they may not  
have been cast out of Egypt to find somewhere  
among the sources of the Nile a land, which,  
though not a land of promise, was one to be  
acquired and held in right of the robber law:

Let him get who has the power  
And let him keep who can."

In the absence of records,—and there seem  
to be none on that part of Africa,—speculation  
is idle. All that can be assumed is that the  
Zulu originally was a wanderer, and that when  
he settled and took possession he did it in a  
military way and with warlike accompaniments.  
King Chaka was the busiest of conquerors; his  
moving passion was to wash his spears in some-  
body else's blood. He had heard of the con-  
quests of Napoleon, and straightway he consti-  
tuted himself the Bonaparte of Africa. Subse-  
quently he learned that Napoleon had been  
overthrown by the English, whereupon he ac-  
cepted the situation and became without delay  
an African George. His ambition at that time  
extended no further than local supremacy over  
the black races; but his subjects got tired of  
their sovereign. A revolution was brought  
about in 1828, which included the assassina-  
tion of Chaka and the succession of his brother  
Dingana to the Zulu throne. By another revo-  
lution, in 1840, Panda, "the fat," succeeded

Dingana. The English settlers appeared to have  
lived amicably as neighbours of the Zulus, but the  
Dutch hated the black races, and when they  
joined the English at Natal they succeeded to  
their heart's content in inoculating the latter  
with their aversions. The Dutch and the Eng-  
lish then joined their forces and successfully  
made raids into Zululand, and, besides women  
and children, they carried off, what the Zulu is  
said to love better than wife or child, his flocks  
and herds. Indeed, the currency of the country  
appears to be cattle, and marriage settlements,  
even, usually rest on a basis of cows and calves.  
But Zulu endurance gave way at length. Ten  
thousand chiefs and warriors assailed the in-  
vaders. A desperate battle was fought at the  
Tugela, in which the Zulus, although their dead  
lay in companies like windrows in a hay field,  
not only defeated the combined forces of the  
settlers with heavy slaughter, but actually  
sacked Natal itself. The disaster was soon  
retrieved. Dingana was dethroned and Panda  
was named as his successor, while, as the penalty  
of defeat, a large portion of territory was an-  
nexed to Natal. But then the English Govern-  
ment interfered. The Dutch Republic was  
annihilated. Strong measures were taken to  
prevent the recurrence of aggressions, and Natal  
became definitively an English colony. Panda,  
instead of being a nominal chief as the Dutch  
intended he should be, was treated as an inde-  
pendent sovereign, and proclamation was made  
that the Zulu people and country should there-  
after be dealt with all honour and respect.  
Then, however, it appeared that the marriage  
customs and military tastes of the Zulu monarchs  
were not acceptable to their subjects. Thousands  
flocked from Panda's cruelty, and represented,  
no doubt, an unwelcome immigration—an im-  
migration that British Governors did not care  
for and British subjects did not want.

Panda reigned from 1840 to 1872, though for  
the six last years Cetewayo seems to have shared  
in the exercise of sovereignty. The English  
have recently had unpleasant dealings with  
the latter, and through a discipline of disaster  
have been compelled to respect his ability and  
courage. The war, whatever the occasion, is  
the more to be regretted because the Zulu  
king seems not to be deficient either in liberality  
of thought or in tenderness of feeling. He  
wished to modify the Zulu customs, and parti-  
cularly to reduce the number of offences punish-  
able with death. These modifications included  
the substitution in many cases of minor punish-  
ments for capital ones. But no persuasion  
would induce the king to mitigate the extreme  
penalty for the crime of witchcraft. That  
offence in Cetewayo's estimation was too serious  
to be trifled with. The law must take its course.  
In other cases Cetewayo frequently interposed in  
the direction of mercy. He would not allow the  
man "smelt out" to be executed. He said the  
"diviners," or "smellers," were "harsh;" they  
"must smell again."

Again, when Cetewayo was informed by a mis-  
sionary of the death of the Prince Consort, "he  
expressed great sympathy," and alluding to the  
central pole that supports the Zulu huts the king  
added "that the pole was gone that supported  
the house." The religious question in that part  
of Africa, as in some parts of Europe, is also a  
political one. Cetewayo objecting to Christianity  
as the Czar does to Polish Catholicism, chiefly  
because the converts would be lost to him as  
soldiers. Neither could he understand the moral-  
ity which taught "that it is wrong for Christians  
to serve a day pay the usual allegiance to a heathen  
ruler." And many besides King Cetewayo would  
stumble at such teaching.

This is neither the place nor the time to  
criticise the conduct of the war, or the circum-  
stances that gave rise to it. The result, one  
would suppose, would be the incorporation of  
some powerful military allies with the British  
empire in Africa, and some valuable light  
troops, in the simile of Cossack soldiers,  
with the British armies, that may yet be called  
on to serve in that interesting country.

Ottawa.

F. T.

A PHILOSOPHIC FRIEND.—"I should like to  
sell you a gimlet," said a care-worn looking man  
as he walked into an office the other day.

"We have no use for one," replied the  
cashier.

"But you should always look into the misty  
future," went on the friend demurely. "Next  
winter you will want to make holes in your boot  
heels, so you can get your skates on."

"I use club skates—no straps required."

"You may want to serew some boards to-  
gether some time. The old-fashioned method  
of driving the screws in with a hammer is dan-  
gerous, as it deteriorates the tenacity of the  
fangs of the screw as it were."

"Nothing to-day, sir."

"This gimlet acts as a corkscrew."

"I don't want it."

"It also may be used as a tack hammer, a  
cigar-holder and a tooth brush."

"I don't want it."

"It has an eraser, a pen, an inkstand, a tab-  
le for computing compound interest, and a lunch-  
box attachment."

"I can't help it; I don't want it."

"I know you don't; you're one of those men  
that don't buy a gimlet unless it has a restaurant  
and a trip through Europe and an Italian opera  
company attached. You're the kind of man who  
wouldn't live near an electric light to save a gas  
bill."

And the peddler walked out with his mental  
plumage on the perpendicular.

CANADIAN SONG.

(AIR: "THE SHAMROCK.")

I.
Come, fill a glass,
And let it pass,
We'll drink to one another;

CHORUS.

Oh, our fair land!
Our dear Canadian rare land!
No foreign host shall ever boast,
Our dear Canadian rare land!

II.

Both Scot and Frank
In equal rank,
With Saxon, Celt and stranger,
United stand
A nation grand,

III.

Then let us prize
Canadian skies,
Canadian hills and mountains,
Canadian lakes,
Canadian brakes,
Canadian rivers and fountains,

Green Park, Aylmer, Aug. 22, 1879.

WHO GOES FIRST?

ETIQUETTE OF PRECEDENCE IN ENGLISH SOCIETY.

We must begin, like Euclid, with axioms to be taken for granted. First, that there are five "grades" in the peerage, in this order: dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts and barons, dukes being highest and barons lowest; and, secondly, that any peer's eldest son is lower in rank than his father and higher than his brothers (who are equals).

If this be understood and granted it will be seen that there are fifteen different degrees or steps of rank for gentlemen who are peers or sons of peers. And the rule which establishes the relative ranks of all these is this:

"The eldest son of a peer of any grade ranks next below a peer of the next grade below and next above a younger son of a peer of the next grade above."

For mathematicians we may state the "formula" thus:

"The eldest son of a peer of the nth grade ranks next below a peer of the n+1th grade, and next above a younger son of a peer of the n-1th grade," a duke being considered as of the first grade.

Now let us apply this rule in the different instances. First, take the case of a marquis' eldest son. The rule becomes:

"The eldest son of a marquis ranks next below an earl and next above a duke's younger son."

Next, taking the case of an earl's eldest son: "An earl's eldest son ranks next below a viscount and next above a marquis' younger son."

Similarly, "a viscount's eldest son ranks next below a baron, and next above an earl's younger son."

In the case of the eldest son of a duke or baron only one-half of the rule will apply; thus, "a duke's eldest son ranks next below a marquis," and "a baron's eldest son ranks next above a viscount's younger son."

The five examples given above include all the fifteen steps, except the highest and the lowest. Adding these in their proper places, we may form a complete Table of Precedence, which will be as follows (bracketing those steps which appeared in the same example):

- 1. Dukes.
2. Marquises.
3. Duke's eldest sons.
4. Earls.
5. Marquises' eldest sons.
6. Duke's younger sons.
7. Viscounts.
8. Earls' eldest sons.
9. Marquises' younger sons.
10. Barons.
11. Viscounts' eldest sons.
12. Earls' younger sons.
13. Baron's eldest sons.
14. Viscounts' younger sons.
15. Barons' younger sons.

A duke, as is generally known, is styled "His Grace." The next nine steps, from marquises to barons, both inclusive, are "Lords;" a marquis being "Most Hon." and the other eight "Right Hon." The five lowest steps are simply "Hon." In the case of younger sons of dukes and Marquises the title "Lord" is placed before the

Christian name, which must be expressed either in full or at least by one initial. For instance, it is quite incorrect to write or speak of Lord George Hamilton as "Lord Hamilton." Newspapers often commit the error. "Lord G. Hamilton" may be written, or "Lord George" either written or spoken; but "Lord Hamilton" could only mean a peer or a peer's eldest son.

In one respect, the precedence of ladies is more simple than that of gentlemen: there is no principle of promogeniture among daughters. If an earl, for instance, has eight daughters, they all take rank as eldest daughters, and for purposes of precedence there is no such thing as a "younger daughter." This accounts for that which at first sight seems an anomaly, viz.: that all an earl's daughters are "ladies," whereas only one son is a "lord." The advantage which ladies enjoy in this respect forms some compensation for the more frequent honours which are naturally enough bestowed upon their husbands or brothers; of which honours some are not capable of being shared by a wife, and others shine in solitary grandeur where there is no wife or sister to share them.

Hence, if a Table of Precedence were to contain only peeresses and their daughters, we should have no more than ten different steps. But with these ten steps we have to combine ten more, representing the wives of eldest sons and the wives of younger sons. Strictly speaking, an eldest son's wife is equal in rank to her sister-in-law, but the latter, by a graceful "courtesy," yields precedence to her; and thus, as we said above, the number of steps is practically twenty, though theoretically fifteen.

Remembering, then, that a wife shares her husband's rank in the peerage—except in certain cases, which we shall consider presently—the following Table of Precedence will follow naturally from what has been said. The "degrees" are added, 20, as before, representing a baron or baroness.

Table of Precedence listing ranks and their corresponding numbers: Duchesses (32), Marchionesses (29), Wives of dukes' eldest sons (28), Dukes' daughters (28), Countesses (26), Wives of Marquises' eldest sons (25), Marquises' daughters (25), Wives of dukes' younger sons (24), Viscountesses (23), Wives of earls' eldest sons (22), Earls' daughters (22), Wives of marquises' younger sons (21), Baronesses (20), Wives of viscounts' eldest sons (19), Viscounts' daughters (19), Wives of barons' younger sons (18), Wives of barons' eldest sons (16), Barons' daughters (16), Wives of viscounts' younger sons (15), Wives of barons' younger sons (12).

In this table those ladies who derive their rank from their husbands are supposed to be of lower rank by birth, or at any rate, of equal rank; for, if this is not the case, ladies retain their unmarried rank, unless they marry peers. For instance, suppose the Lady Mary Smith, an earl's daughter, marries the Lord John Jones, a duke's younger son. The bridegroom is of higher rank than the bride, who, therefore, becomes the Lady John Jones, taking his rank; but if she rejects Lord John and marries Lord George Brown instead, whose father is only a Marquis, then she will be of the higher rank, and will retain her maiden designation, Lady Mary, becoming Lady Mary Brown, just as if her husband were an honorable, or a baronet, or commoner of any kind. If, however, our supposed Lady Mary Smith, instead of giving her hand to either of the younger sons mentioned above, aspire to a coronet and marry a baron, she will actually lose rank in one sense, for she will rank as a baroness, who is lower than an earl's daughter. This loss of conventional rank is supposed to be fully compensated by the superior dignity "which doth hedge" an actual peeress. A similar anomaly exists in the case of an English bishopric being accepted by a clergyman who is by birth of higher rank than a bishop. For, unless he is a viscount, or a temporal peer of some higher grade still, he takes rank, on entering the House of Lords, as a bishop, that is, as a senior baron. Hence, Lord Arthur Hervey, the son of a marquis, lost rank, technically speaking, upon taking his seat as Bishop of Bath and Wells; since a marquis' younger son is higher than a bishop. And, anomalous as it may seem, his wife is now of higher rank than himself, though deriving her rank from him; for his lordship ranks as a bishop, or senior baron, while her ladyship ranks as the wife of a marquis' younger son, a bishop's rank not being communicable to his wife.

Another anomaly may be noticed here, viz.: the case of a "lady" who marries a "lord" of lower rank than herself, when he is an "eldest son" bearing, by courtesy, his father's "second title." In this case the lady would gain no compensation as a peeress by sharing her husband's rank, and, therefore, in accordance with the usual principle that ladies are allowed to retain after marriage any higher rank which they have previously enjoyed, she is known by her husband's courtesy title, exactly as if it were a surname, her own Christian name being placed before it. Thus Viscount Sandon, an earl's eldest son, married a marquis' daughter, who is not styled "Viscountess Sandon," but "the Lady Mary Sandon." If the married pair are of equal rank, it is usual for the lady to share her husband's rank, instead of insisting upon displaying her own. Thus Lord Elcho, a Scotch earl's eldest son, married an English earl's daughter, who is styled Lady Elcho.

With regard, however, to ladies, in cases of ambiguity it is usually conceded to them by

society to choose for themselves. A widow is thus allowed by general custom to retain, if she pleases, the rank and title which she derived from her first husband after a second marriage by which, in theory, she unquestionably loses both. The celebrated Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity, married Lady Affleck, a Baronet's widow, and she, it is said, wished thenceforth to be known as Mrs. Whewell, her second husband being, indeed, an infinitely better known man than her first. But the master, with a curious kind of weakness, preferred the sound of "Lady Affleck," and consequently to her dying day the great philosopher's wife never bore his name, but only that of his obscure predecessor!

An instance of the opposite, and far more becoming, usage is afforded by the case of the present Countess of Derby, who, having been previously married to a Marquis, might have retained her former rank, but prefers to share the rank and title of her second husband.

But we are digressing from the subject of precedence. And we have said nothing of the various knights and of their wives. As was said before, the wives of baronets and knights are more properly styled dames. "Lady" and "ladyship" are usurpations on their part, and give rise to the apparent anomaly than an "Hon. Mrs." is higher than many a "lady." We do not know how that accomplished lady who is best known as "the Hon. Mrs. Norton" chose to be styled during the few last months of her life after she had married Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell. "Mrs. Norton" would really have been the higher title, but "Lady Maxwell" would have sounded so. We have heard of a fictitious character who in the same circumstances elected to "eat her cake and have it" by claiming the best of both titles, as though the celebrated daughter of Tom Sheridan had dubbed herself "the Hon. Lady Maxwell."

But there are dames and dames. Sir Robert Walpole was a Knight of the Garter while yet a Commoner; and, though at present the distinguished nonagenarian, Viscount Stratford de Redclyffe, is the only Knight of the Garter of any rank beneath an Earldom, there is no reason why Mr. Gladstone, e.g., when his party returns to power, should not be decorated with any garter that may be vacant. If so, he would rank just below the eldest sons of barons, and, therefore, above the younger sons of viscounts and many other "honorable." But the lowest "honorable" is higher than the highest ("premier") baronet, and baronets are higher than all the orders of knighthood other than the Garter. Hence, between the dame whose husband was a Knight of the Garter and whose husband had been "knighted" for presenting an address, there would be an almost immeasurable difference of rank.

We alluded above to certain "prefixes" which some dignitaries in the Church enjoy. We cannot but think, however, that it would be a much more edifying state of things if the Church would discard such apparent claims on the part of some to be greater than others. The system of entitling the clergy "Reverend" has a smack of worldliness and vanity which ought to be most foreign to their sacred office. Many of them object to it, and drop the "Rev." for instance, on the title-pages of books written by them. And since it has been ruled by a court of law that "Reverend" is no legal title, but merely a designation of respect, there is nothing to prevent any demagogue who preaches on a tub from assuming it. The vicar of a remote country parish had a worthy parishioner, a cobbler, whose sons were "preachers." The vicar met the cobbler's wife one day with a letter in her hand, waiting to give it to the rural postman. They had a little conversation. "I've been writing to my son, sir," said Mrs. B., holding up the letter that the parson might see the address. It began "The Rev." The good woman (who is said to have been a preacher herself in former days) doubtless thought her son was "as good as the parson," and took care to let the latter know it.

We can fancy that many of the bishops must often be inwardly wearied by the "right reverend" and "lordship" which accompany their episcopal functions, and that they would willingly forgive the ignorance of those who have not studied the rules of rank, precedence, etc. The head master of a cathedral school received not long ago a letter from a bishop, inclosing an application, envelope and all, which the secretary of the athletic sports committee in the school had sent to his lordship for a subscription toward prizes, etc. The good-natured prelate inclosed a check for a guinea. The head master guessed the reason why the secretary's envelope was sent. It had been addressed to "The Very Rev. the Lord Bishop of —," instead of "The Right Rev." In order to prevent such carelessness in future the master, who enjoyed the joke, propounded to Mr. Secretary and his fellow committee boys some such heraldic problems as the following, to be solved as part of their evening work:

What is the right way to begin and to address a letter to: (a) A marquis who is a general? (b) a viscount who is a dean? (c) an admiral who is a duke's younger son? (d) a bishop who is an earl's younger son? (e) a baron who is an archdeacon? (f) a baronet who is a major, etc.

There were, of course, some absurd mistakes made in the answers, such as "Viscount the Very Rev. the Dean of X.," "The Ven. Lord Archdeacon Y.," "My Lord General," etc. But the boys probably made no mistakes of this kind the next time they sent out "begging" circulars.

WHAT TO DRINK.

In these sweltering summer days, when a man feels very much like taking off his flesh and sitting in his bones, as witty Sydney Smith once advised, one is apt to look about him for a good temperance drink with which to slake his thirst. Good temperance drinks, however, are not easily found, and the man of temperate habits must, in nine cases out of ten, content himself with some of the sloppy beverages, or wear a parched throat for the remainder of the day. Up to the present time lager beer afforded a somewhat grateful appeaser of thirst, and temperance men hailed it as a boon, but an over-shrewd chemist in St. John, N.B., lately analysed a quantity of a certain German fluid, and discovered that it was an intoxicant and contained a considerable proportion of alcohol in its composition. Of course, after such an opinion, no temperance man can drink the creamy lager, but must solace himself with the innumerable varieties of ginger beer, spruce beer, Ottawa pop, and other soft drinks. These, however, are far from satisfying, and the palate soon grows weary of soda plain, or soda with syrup, or that other mysterious compound, yelegt Sarsaparilla Mead, which foams but does not inebriate. The question is a momentous one; this question of drinks for the man who has "sworn off," and who seeks something mild as a substitute for the whiskeys, and brandies and wines of other days. Dr. Richardson, a London physician of much note, the inventor of anæsthetic appliances, and one of the first men in his profession, has been giving this subject of cheap and simple summer beverages a good deal of his attention. The learned doctor is a prominent temperance man, and the President of the British Medical Temperance Association—an organization which has done in its time a vast amount of good in the community. A banquet of the society was held in London recently, and the banquetees had a fine opportunity of practically testing a few of the refreshing mixtures which Dr. Richardson laid before them as harmless, non-intoxicants. These combined several varieties of unfermented wines, including favorite brands of "Port" and "Sherry," fruit drinks, malt drinks containing no alcohol, hop beverages—a species doubtless of soft cider—very pleasant to the taste, made, as may be supposed, from apples, an inspissated juice of the grape, acid in tone and tonic in character, and some others. Ginger ale was awarded an honored place in the collection, and pronounced by the connoisseurs of the party to be the finest drink of the lot. Admirable fruit essences, and attractive "liquors," un-intoxicating, concluded a list which furnished variety enough for all purposes and requirements. But one very agreeable drink, healthy without, un-intoxicating, and a sure quencher of thirst, appears to have been omitted from the "card." There seems to have been no Montserrat Lime Juice at the festive board, and that was assuredly a very serious omission. It is a well authenticated fact that no finer temperance drink exists than good lime juice, sweetened with loaf sugar and freely diluted with water. It is just the "neat thing" these hot, roasting days, when soda water with its sticky syrups only increases the thirst, when lager beer and Dr. Richardson's unfermented wines are not available here in Canada. Lime Juice is healthy, it is highly beneficial at sea, and on land it acts as a good medicine for the cure of rheumatism and all bilious complaints. It is palatable, refreshing and cheering. It is par excellence the temperance drink, and those who take something, whether Sons of the Order or not, should encourage a beverage which possesses every virtue, and has not a single vice. G. S. Quebec.

DUTY and privilege are usually a unit. Like cause and effect, they are so related that you cannot separate them without destroying both. Like soul and body, they are identical in the living man. Take away the duty of keeping, and the privilege of sharing is gone; take away the privilege, and the duty is so disabled as to have no motive power. In nature, in morals and law, in right, advantage, and blessing, they are one.

A BLUE BLOSSOM.

A small blue flower with yellow eye
Hath mightier spell to move my soul
Than even the mightiest notes which roll
From man's most perfect minstrelsy:

Filled with a longing vague and dim,
I hold the flower in every light;
To purge my soul's re-darkened sight
I grieve till all my senses swim;
In vain! I feel the ecstasy
Only when suddenly I see
This pale star with the sapphire rim.

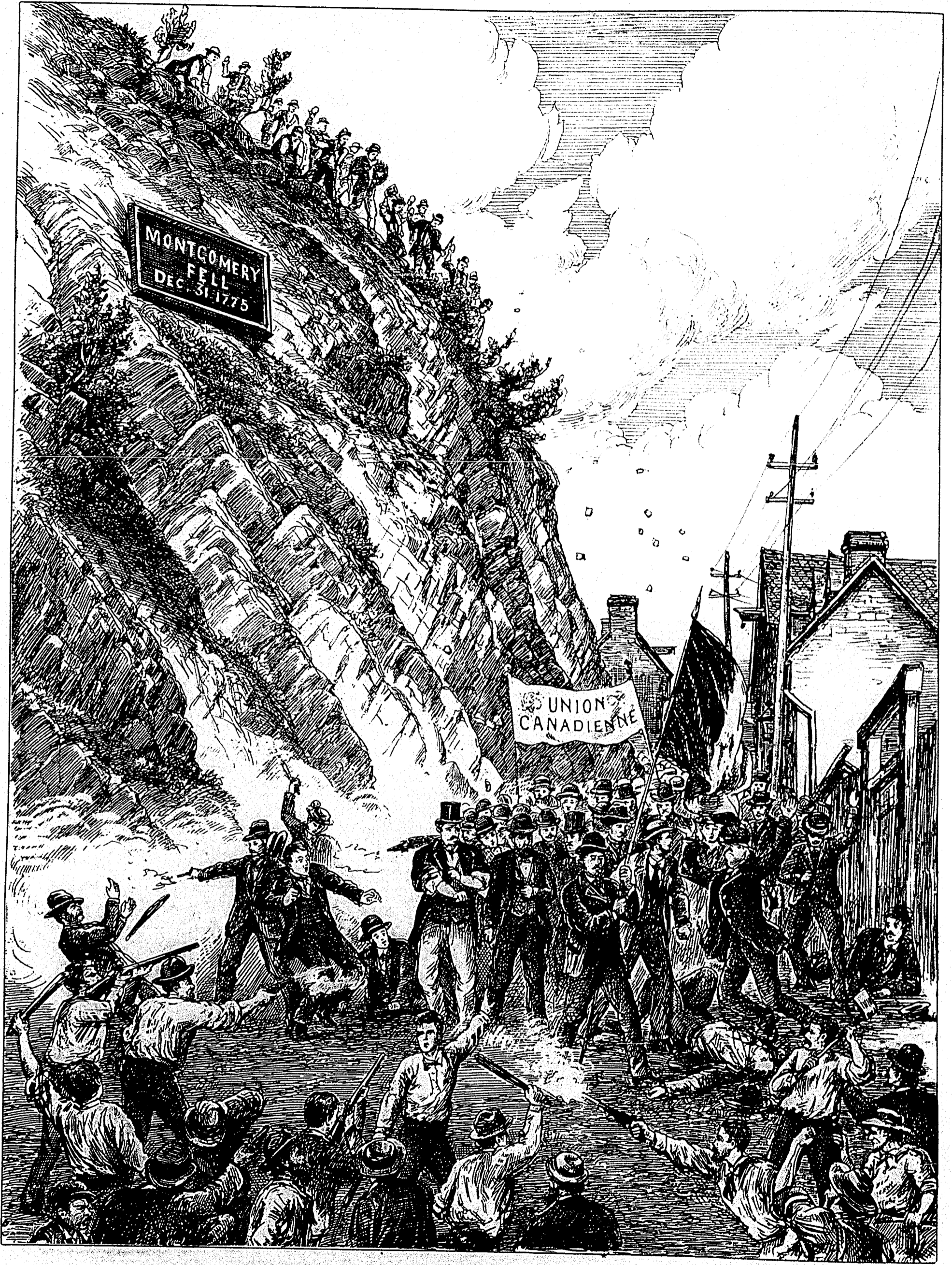
Nor hath this blossom such strange power,
Because it saith "Forget me not,"
For some heart-holden distant spot,
Or silent tongue, or buried hour;
I think immortal memories
Of some past scenes of Paradise
Speak to my spirit thro' the flower.

Forgotten is our ancient tongue—
Too dull our ears, our eyes too blind,
Even quite to catch its tones, or find
Its symbols written bright among
All shapes of beauty; but 'tis hard,
When one can hear, to be debarred
From knowledge of the meaning sung.

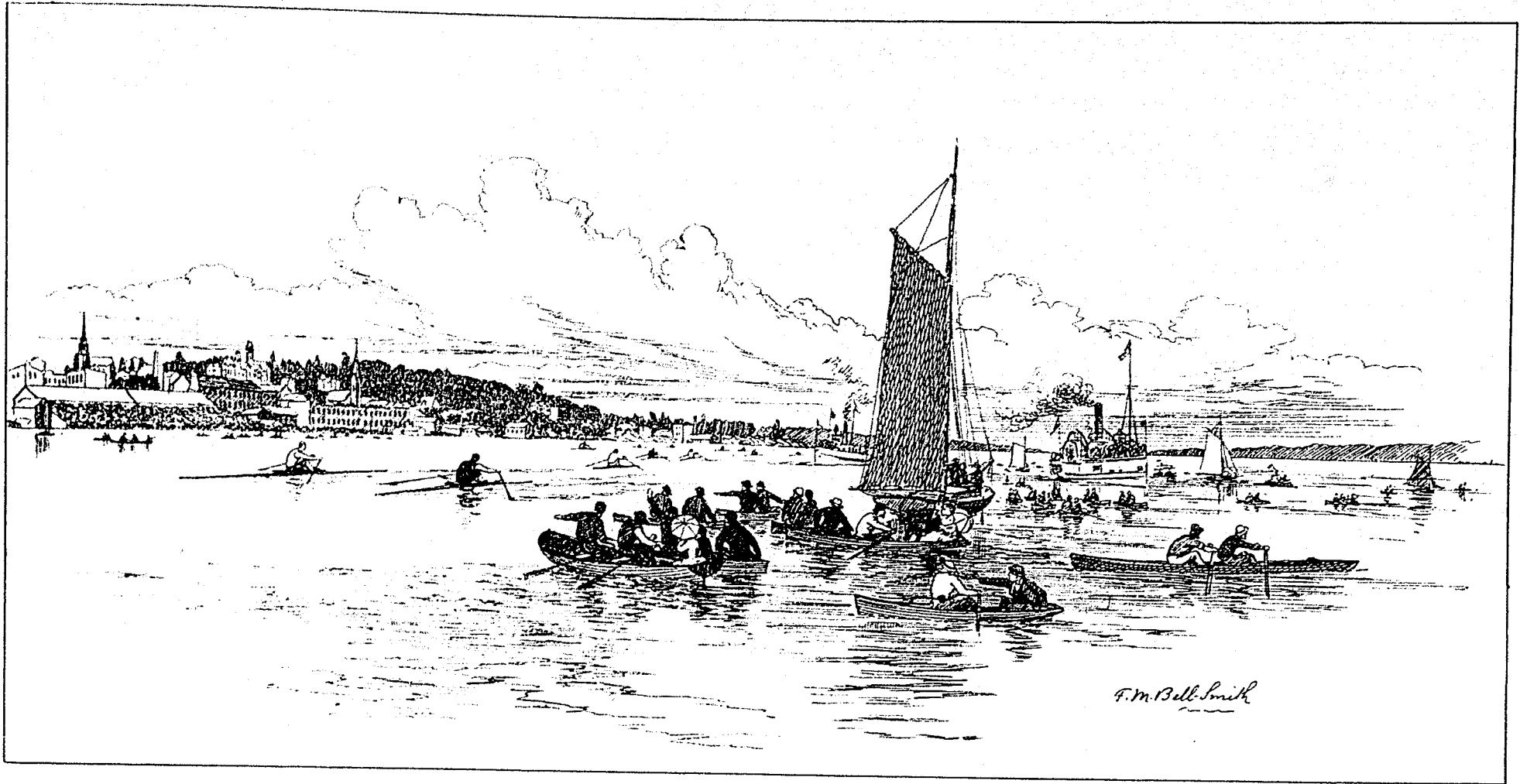
Fredricton, N.B.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTA.

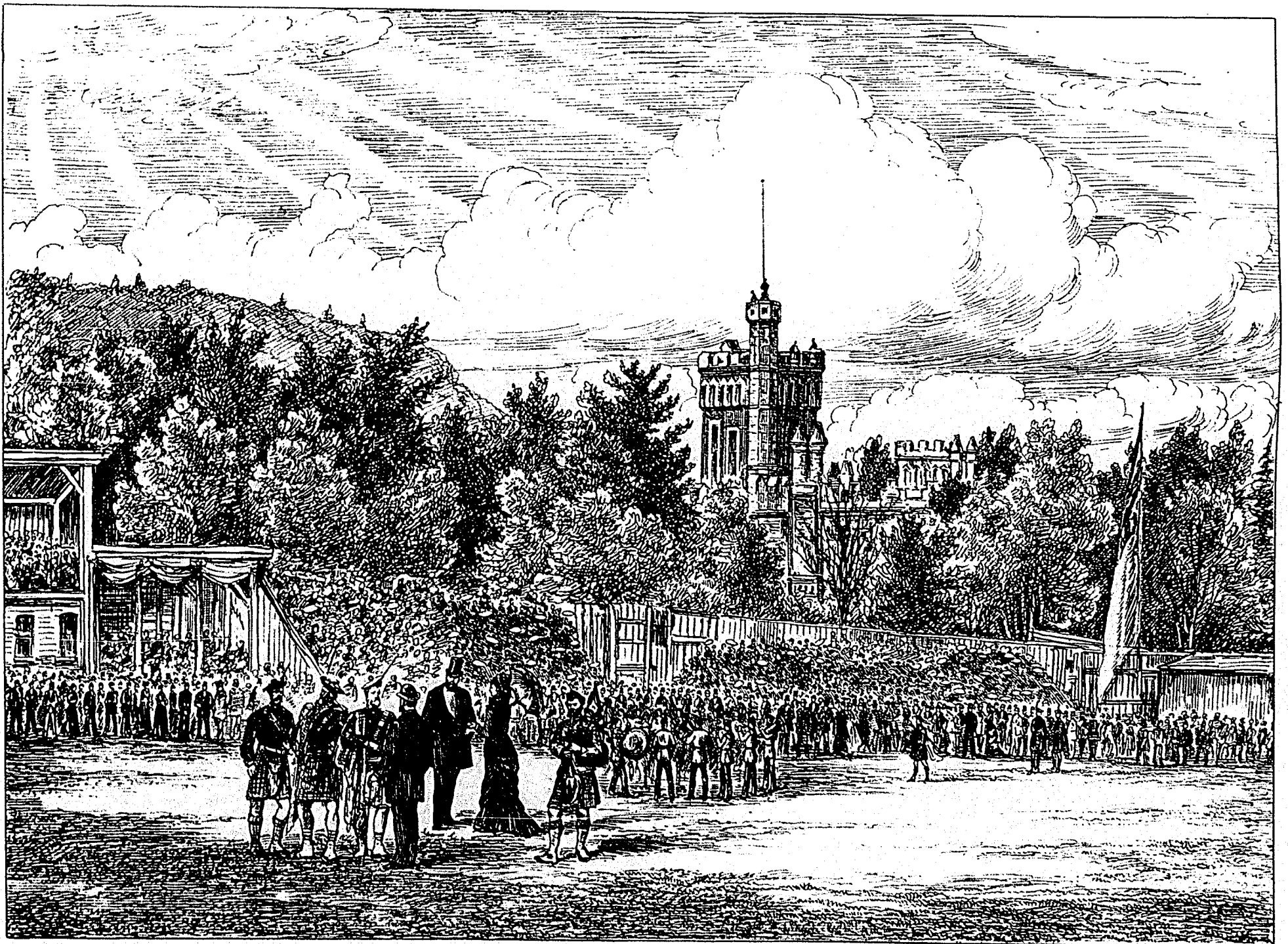




THE QUEBEC RIOTS.—ATTACK ON THE FRENCH IN CHAMPLAIN STREET.



BARRIE.—THE GREAT REGATTA.—THE DEAD HEAT BETWEEN HANLAN AND RILEY.



MONTREAL.—THE INTERNATIONAL CALEDONIAN GAMES.—THE GATHERING OF THE GLANS ON THE MONTREAL LACROSSE GROUNDS.

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## MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE,

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &amp;c.

Book III.

TWO BLACKS DO NOT MAKE ONE WHITE.

VI.

THE LADY IN BLACK.

We went along a by-path so thick-set with tall bushes that we could not be observed. When we reached the front door, Ory said:

"Go in quietly, without ringing. I will be with you in a moment. I must slip up to my room and change this dress, for the sight of blood might give poor papa a shock."

Here was another proof of female forecast. I had forgotten all about the blood-stained gown.

"Very well," I replied, "I will sit down on the step here till you come back."

Ory had scarcely disappeared up a side stair when the door of the hall opened and M. Paladine came forward.

"Ah!" said he, "I thought I had heard voices. How are you, Carey? No worse than this morning, I hope?" And looking about, he added:

"Where is Ory?"

"She has just run up to her room, sir. She will be with us in a few minutes."

"Come then into my study. She will meet us there. It is more comfortable than here."

The old gentleman presented me a large easy-chair. I sank down contentedly into its luxurious depths.

"Will you smoke, Carey?" said M. Paladine.

"Thank you, sir; yes. I have not smoked today."

"Not I."

"You have not been ill, I trust, sir?"

"No, Carey. It is one of the miseries of old men that they must always be brooding over something or other. None of me, I have been moping all day, and I never even thought of smoking. Here is one of my best boxes. Help yourself, Carey."

After we had lighted, M. Paladine got up and pulled a bell. The door leading to the hall was immediately opened.

"Some refreshments, if you please," said my host.

My back was turned and I did not observe the person to whom he spoke.

"I hope you enjoyed yourselves to-day," said M. Paladine.

"We did, indeed, sir; I think Ory will have no reason to be displeased with her visit."

"Oh! I am sure she was well received. I know the lady to whom I sent her. There is not a nobler woman on this earth. And how did she take the tragic story of last night?"

"I confided all that to Ory, sir. She will give you a full report. I left the two together for an hour or so, and when I returned my mamma was quite calm, and even cheerful."

M. Paladine smoked on in silence, but I saw that his countenance expressed relief and satisfaction.

"And I am glad to be able to add," I continued, "that mamma approves me in wishing to have the whole matter hushed up."

"For your sake, Carey?"

"For the sake of all concerned."

"Ah! I will present her my personal thanks for that. And I must repeat them to you once more."

Observing that the old man's features betokened an anxiety which he was vainly striving to master, I said:

"Perhaps it is best to say no more about it, sir."

"Oh! but I must speak, my young friend. I have thought of nothing else the whole day. You are entitled to an explanation. Nay, more than that. It is necessary that you should know all. It is very painful for me. It is galling. But I will do my duty."

At this point the door from the hall opened and a person entered with a tray. She set it on a little table by our side. At first I did not notice her, my attention being engaged with the words which I had just heard, but as she turned to go, I looked up. The shock of surprise which I experienced was so violent that I dropped my cigar to the floor. It was the lady in black. She was dressed precisely as I had seen her in the cave. The only difference was that she now wore a white apron, and her glossy, raven hair was somewhat more negligently arranged. She was exceedingly pale. Her whole manner was nervous.

I rose and bowed profoundly. She answered with the most graceful and humble courtesy, and, timidly raising her eyes, cast me a sad, imploring glance. She then departed, closing the door after her.

I picked up my cigar, resumed my seat and looked at M. Paladine. He was looking at me.

"If you could get that young woman to tell me the truth, I would be spared the terrible necessity of speaking. Upon her depends the whole

mystery. But, of course, she cannot tell you, and I must. Ah! here comes Ory."

VII.

TODDY AND CIGARS.

"Good afternoon, papa," she said guiltily, walking up to her father and kissing him fervently on both cheeks. "I didn't come down as soon as I expected, but in Carey's good company you did not find the time long, I am sure. They tell me you have been quite well all day."

"I was a little lonely, my dear, not being used to have you away, but I knew you were in good hands and doing a good work, and that was a great comfort. Sit down, Ory."

"But what have we here?" she said, turning to me with a slight blush: "Carey smoking?"

"The mildest cigars, Ory."

"Ho! ho! and one of my very best," interposed M. Paladine.

"And lurching on Burgundy and fruit-cake?"

"I have not touched either, as yet."

"Nor must you. Why, papa, if you only knew. For the cigar, let that pass, as it is indeed very mild and fragrant." Like all true Creole girls, Ory enjoyed the balm of good tobacco. "But Carey is more fit to be put to bed on toast and tea,—we might, perhaps, allow a drop of Cognac in the tea,—than to drink hot wines and eat heavy cake."

"Why, what is the matter with him?" asked M. Paladine.

"Oh! nothing, sir," I replied, laughing.

"Ory thinks I got too excited over the splendid gait of your chestnut sorrel."

"Don't he move well for a pony?" said the old man, brightening up.

"That is not it; that is not it at all," broke in the girl, merrily. "The wound in his shoulder has broken out afresh, and is by no means looking well. I bandaged it for him on the road as well as I knew how, but I was very anxious to get home to have it dressed properly."

M. Paladine grew serious.

"Why did you not tell me so at once, my young friend?" said he. "Such things cannot be trifled with. Perhaps the wound is more grievous than we thought it was. Now that Ory has mentioned it, I see you are looking paler than you were."

"Believe me, sir, it is nothing. The wound looked so well this morning that I neglected to bandage it. The jolting of the carriage caused it to gape anew, and blood flowed, but thanks to Ory's skillful dressing, it is now tightly compressed, and I feel no inconvenience from it whatever."

"Please observe, Carey, that I am as much interested in this as you are," said M. Paladine.

"And I, too," murmured Ory sadly.

"Thank you, sir; thank you, Ory. I assure you that if I thought there was the least occasion for it, I should ask nothing better than to be ruled by you in this matter. But I am certain that the wound will give me no further trouble."

M. Paladine looked resigned and did not insist. Not so Ory. She appeared both grieved and anxious.

"Well, at least you will not refuse a light toddy?" she said.

"Not if you brew it," I replied with a smile.

"You will find the cognac and the sugar in the closet there," said M. Paladine.

In a few moments she had prepared the delicious beverage.

"Won't you take a companion tumbler, papa?"

"I don't mind if I do, dear. For Carey's sake, yes. It is only anticipating my night-cap by a few hours, that's all."

Ory sat between us—a little nearer to me, however—while we sipped and chatted and smoked.

VIII.

FIFTY YEARS BEFORE.

Chatting is not the proper word. We had some little playful talk at first, it is true, but even that could hardly be called pleasant, because we all felt that it was only the prelude to more serious conversation, which we should have liked to avoid, if it had been possible. But as M. Paladine had decided that it was not possible, he himself, after many pauses and significant hints, brought the interview round to a point from which he could naturally enter upon his explanations.

When Ory perceived her father's design, she arose, as if about to take her leave. But he retained her.

"Stay with us, my daughter. You may hear what I have to say to Carey this evening. It is only the first part of my narrative. The rest I will tell you when Carey will be better than he is at present."

Ory removed her seat to a corner of the room where she was partially concealed by the shadow of the wall. In her new position she no longer faced me, but sat nearly in a line with me. Thus we could both listen to M. Paladine without being distracted by mutual glances. I must say, however, that, with true woman's tact, she had placed her chair a little in the rear of mine, so that she could, if she liked, watch the effect of the revelations upon me.

"You remember, Carey," said my aged friend, "that I once told you The Quarries were formerly the patrimony of your family."

"Yes, sir, I do, perfectly."

"And did you never inquire of your mamma or others how it was that it came into my possession?"

"Never. I was tempted once or twice to speak to my mamma about it, but each time the thought that I might pain her by the question deterred me. As to others, I believe not one of my family suspects that I know even the existence of The Quarries, so absolute is the silence that they have always kept and still keep about it."

"That is singular enough. If you were a morbidly imaginative youth, you might conclude from this silence that there is some awful tragedy, some tale of shame connected with the transfer of this property from yours to me. If, even, you expect any startling revelation in connection with the event, you will find yourself mistaken. It is simply a case of misunderstanding, of blindness, attended with many sorrowful circumstances which a little goodwill on one part and a little forgiveness on the other might have effectually prevented. Of all the original actors in the transaction, I am the only survivor. They died without any open sign of reconciliation on their part or mine. Many even of the second generation have fallen off—though how many I cannot tell, for I have long lost sight of them—and not one of those who still live is disposed to forgive me, unless, as I was delighted to hear to-day, it is your foster-mother. The work of reconciliation is reserved to the third generation."

As he pronounced these last words M. Paladine looked significantly at me and his daughter. I made no reply, but I observed that Ory hung down her head, as if painfully impressed by her father's discourse.

The old gentleman continued, after striking off the ashes of his cigar:

"Your maternal grandfather, Carey, was one of the earliest settlers of Mis-ouri. He came to St. Louis very shortly after Laclède Liguest and Pierre Chouteau had planted their cabins on the site of the present Old Market. Wonderful men, those ancient pioneers, and your grandfather was a prince among them. A lordly man every way."

"Such a man had not come to the wilds for nothing. He was not merely a *défricheur*; he aimed to be a builder up. With him to wish was to do. He was indomitable. He discovered the three quarries from which this property derives its name. The white rock cropping out of the tufted grass tempted him. He opened the seams and the first blocks which he extracted were used to lay the foundation of his house. His keen common sense, which in him amounted to genius, guided him at once to fortune. Others had come to the Far West in search of gold and silver. Some had contented themselves with digging for iron and lead. Some penetrated further up the Missouri to trade in furs with the Indians. He let them go. To him the quarries were both mine and mint. He finished his house, which for years was the palace of the colony. The vast outlying prairie, for half a mile in circumference, was fenced in as his. He furnished rock and stone to the city. He gratuitously contributed the materials for and the erection of the first church and the first hospital in St. Louis."

"At length, when he had fairly won a foremost position, he went down to Kaskaskia, and there married the belle of the village. I perfectly remember his housewarming. I had then just returned from France, and the contrast between what I had seen in Paris and what I beheld here was such that I have never forgotten it. I had come up from New Orleans through the wilderness of the Mississippi in a flat-boat. I landed here in the heart of a mighty continent, amid a straggling population, speaking French, indeed, and preserving all their French characteristics; yet how different from their compatriots on the sunny banks of the Seine! In the long tedious voyage up the solitary river I had found something to feed my fancy—to entertain my taste for the romantic. The wraith of De Soto haunted me all the while. I watched the phantom canoe of La Salle for hours together, till I saw it dissolve in the gold and purple splendors of the setting sun. I counted the camp-fires of Marquette on island, bluff and sandy flat. I revelled in some of those emotions which Chateaubriand found distinctively connected with the Mississippi, and which he could not revive on the banks of the Jordan, the Scamander or the Ilissus. But when I reached the infant town of St. Louis, saw the ruins of its original stockades, the log cabins of its poorer inhabitants, the white-washed houses of its aristocracy, its grassy streets, which were only bride-paths to the river, the silence of the expanses on its outskirts, the awful solitude of the woods and prairies far around wherever the eye could reach, a terrible feeling of loneliness came over me. It was as if I had suddenly dropped down into another world. I felt that the beautiful country from which I

came was now so far that I could never return to it. I could never make my escape through a whole continent of forest, swamp and river. And yet I thought I should die if I remained here. I should be stifled by the contact of the elements that thus hemmed me in. It was in vain that I tried to take comfort from the presence of my father, my mother and my sisters and the pleasure of their company after so long an absence. I had scarcely been here a week when I fell ill from excess of fretting. You are smiling, Carey."

"Pardon me, sir. Your description of St. Louis half a century ago brings me back to a state of things so incredibly different from what we see now that, as you were speaking, I was asking myself how I should have felt in your place, and I laughed to think that I should have been more desperate even than you were."

"I hardly think so. I do not believe that through the force of imagination you could put yourself precisely in my place. It is true that our city to-day bears no trace of what it was fifty years back, but still, as you have been raised here, you have heard from your childhood minute accounts of our ancient days which have habituated you to the facts; besides, you have seen many changes since you were a little boy, and these have given you an idea of the greater changes undergone before you were born. Remember, too, that I was brought up in Louisiana, near New Orleans, which is an older city than ours, and which, through its contact with the outer world as a seaport, had almost entirely lost its character of frontier outpost. St. Louis was, therefore, for me the very antipodes of Paris."

"I wonder how Ory would have felt under the circumstances," I said, looking around at the girl.

She raised her head and answered in a low voice:

"I do not know that I should have thought differently from papa in the same circumstances, but this I know, that having listened to his narrative, word by word, I think I should have come to like the simple, happy life of those good old times."

"As I did, my dear," exclaimed M. Paladine.

IX.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF JEFFERSON.

This little interruption gave M. Paladine occasion to light another cigar. I was induced to do the same by the kind indulgence of Ory who herself presented the box, remarking in her quiet way that a second one leisurely smoked could not harm me much.

"As I did," repeated the old gentleman. "I was about to relate how the change came on when we broke off. A fortnight after my arrival your grandfather, Carey, gave his housewarming to which all our family were invited. "Le Jeune Parisien," as I was called, received a special and very gracious invitation. Of course I made it a point to go. I shall not enter into a description of the feast. Suffice it to say that on this first occasion which I had to meet the cream of Missouri society, I was astonished to find an array of beauty, a display of culture and a spirit of union and social amity which I had no idea could exist in so new and isolated a settlement. The host and hostess were the particular objects of my admiration. She was a bright little woman, full of vivacity, yet very modest in word and action; handsome and with only as much timid self-possession as showed that she relied for everything on her husband. He was loud-voiced, off-hand, jovial, with a word and a laugh for everyone. On looking at him you felt that he was master in his own house, and was likely to be master wherever he chose to assert his authority. Nothing could be more charming than the way in which he received me. He expressed his pleasure on making my acquaintance; hoped that the little festival would serve to render St. Louis agreeable to me; trusted that my stay in the colony, with the experiences I had acquired in Europe, would contribute to its social elevation. All this was said naturally, without ceremony or affectation of any kind, and was the more pleasant because I felt it to be sincere."

"From that day my friendship for your grandfather took its origin. He was several years my senior, and his knowledge of real life increased the difference between us still more, but we took to each other as equals. Our friendship ripened into intimacy somewhat later when I acquired a farm a little below his, half way between the city and Vide Poche. I soon lost all my French notions—at least, I understood the advantages of the free, hearty, unconventional life of the New World. I became a farmer in the largest and best sense of the word. My days were spent in the open air, superintending my field work, or laboring in the garden. My mornings and evenings were devoted to my dear books. Although quite a young man still, with all the passions of youth burning at my heart and all the fancies of youth teeming in my brain, I found abundant occupation for my activity and sufficient enjoyment for my desires. One of my favorite recreations was hunting. Every month or so your grandfather and I would camp out for a few days in the woods or on the prairies. There we almost invariably found splendid sport. There, too, I learned to appreciate the best qualities of my friend—his endurance, bravery, foresight, indefatigable energy, good humor and scrupulous honor. Ah! the game

has vanished from the hill-side bushes, the alders of the swamp and the lanes of the forest, but I still remember those old hunting days, and if I chose to recall any portions of my life, my shooting excursions are those which I would like to go over.

"Several years passed thus with nothing to disturb the harmony of our relations. Meantime settlers kept pouring in and the purely American element gathered strength by reinforcements from Kentucky and Virginia. Even at this early period your grandfather predicted that St. Louis would become the great city of America, and I was disposed to agree with him.

"One day as I was riding past your grandfather's gate, on my return home from the city, I heard a voice calling on me to stop.

"Hitch up, Paladine," said your grandfather, who had come forward to meet me. "You are just the person I want to see."

"I dismounted and we both walked into the house.

"What news in the city?"

"None in particular. I went in on business."

"You heard nothing of the contest then?"

"No. What contest, Florival?"

"My friend then went on to explain that there was to be an election for some municipal office or other—a very inferior office, as I now remember—and that the choice lay between a small grocer named Chamart and a certain Evans who was conveyancer and real estate agent. In ordinary circumstances the election would have attracted no attention, but somehow or other it was made the pretext for a war of nationalities.

"In a mixed community like ours it was natural enough that distinctions of birth should be kept up. There had all along been a Creole party and an American party, as well in public affairs as in social life. On more occasions than one this rivalry had broken out with some violence, but the intelligent men of both sides understood that it was their mutual interest to smother it as much as possible, and until then there had been no general outbreak.

"At this election, however, the parties came in presence again and seemed determined to measure their strength. Excitement ran high, and, for the first time, the quiet little western city was destined to be the theatre of an election row. I had absolutely heard nothing of all this till I was informed of it by my friend Florival. But I was by no means surprised. I had long expected such a result. I foresaw that a pitched battle was inevitable at some time or other.

"We must back Chamart," said your grandfather.

"I laughed and answered that I doubted whether the game was worth the candle.

"But a principle is at stake," said Florival.

"Chamart is a low fellow," I replied.

"Evans is the sworn enemy of the Creoles."

"But he is a fine man. I have had many dealings with him, and I always found him very genteel."

"I observed that my friend was getting excited. He appeared annoyed at my contradicting him. I therefore begged of him to go over the whole ground coolly with me, by which I hoped that we should soon understand each other. A few moments of serious conference proved to me that we were likely to be more separated in opinion than I ever imagined we could be.

"I must remark here that politics had already crossed the Alleghanies, and invaded even the remote city of Laeade.

"The echoes of the war that was raging on the Atlantic seaboard between Jefferson and Adams were caught up on the banks of the Mississippi and sent inland into the far back woods. The American settlers in Missouri were all Democrats or Republicans, as they were called in those days. The Creoles, on the other hand, were Federalists or Whigs. The reason they assigned for this preference was that they believed the Republicans were hostile to the French and Spanish descendants, and that the vaunted conservatism of the Whigs meant justice and equal rights to men of every race. I could never account for this hallucination, which exists even to the present day. I have known Creoles to vote for Clay against Polk simply because they believed that the latter wanted to drive all 'foreigners' out of the country."

"I wonder what the Creoles, who lived only a few years after M. Paladine spoke these words, thought of their theory when they saw their favourite Whig party inaugurate Native Americanism and Know-Nothingism!"

"As for me," continued M. Paladine, "I was an out-and-out Jeffersonian. The purchase of Louisiana appeared to me to give Jefferson a personal claim on my gratitude. That was my first attraction to him. But I had others. I admired his principles. Indeed, Thomas Jefferson was the oracle of my youth as he is still the idol of my old age. I regard him as the first American statesman. I set him not after, but alongside George Washington. The latter won our independence; the former gained our freedom. The distinction is worth remembering. Jefferson delivered our infant institutions from a peril as great as that which threatened our infant army after the battle of Brandywine. He saved us from the hybrid monarchy of Hamilton, the oligarchic exclusiveness of Adams and the feudalism of Fisher Ames. He was the true father of the people. He pointed out their rights, fought for them and finally secured them. The election of Jefferson to the Presidency was the definite establishment of popular govern-

ment. Before that, under the two administrations of Washington and the administration of John Adams, it was vacillation, compromise, uncertainty, and, without the intervention of Jefferson, all might have crumbled into anarchy.

"The Declaration of Independence is the most wonderful document ever penned by man. Not for what it says, but for what it suggests; not for its mere theory, but for the practical benefactions which have flowed from it. The illuminated sheepskin of Runnymede was only a partial concession, as the event has proved; The Rights of Man have been only half recognized; The Declaration of Independence has 'changed the face of the earth'—at least on one continent.

"Its preamble subverts all our preconceived notions of moral philosophy. In a few lines it destroys whole chapters of Grotius and Wolff. You cannot argue against it, for it is not syllogistic. It is even despotic in its positiveness. It allows of no contradiction. It looks elementary, but if you begin to analyze it you are started at the mazes into which it draws you. It deals boldly in first principles. It is oracular. And yet the popular conscience has taken it up, understood it and practised it. There remains only one fulfillment—the extinction of slavery in our country—and then truly may the parchment be hung up with rites in the Holy of Holies."

I was so transported by the enthusiasm of M. Paladine, that I offered the remnants of my glass to the memory of Thomas Jefferson.

My old friend was delighted.

X.

THE JURY DISAGREES.

"Entertaining such views, I found myself naturally at variance with the majority of my fellow-Creoles," said M. Paladine, after a considerable pause. "I need not say that Florival was a Federalist; that he was outspoken in his opinions, and that he was looked up to by his party. On the occasion just alluded to, when he discovered that I was not disposed to enter so warmly into the contest as he was, he reproached me with my Democratic tendencies, and insinuated that I was not playing the part of a patriot. I answered with some warmth I was every bit as absolute and hot-headed as your grandfather, and, of course, a controversy on so combustible a subject as that of the Chamart-Evans election could have no other than disagreeable results. I take credit to myself for having kept my temper within certain bounds. Florival tried to do the same, but he used some very offensive expressions against me. To prevent a complete outbreak, I cut short the interview. We parted on good terms, but from that day a coolness sprang up between us, which went on increasing till it culminated in a violent and painful rupture.

"I may add that from the same occasion a prejudice was conceived and propagated against me in the community. I was accused of being an infidel, an atheist. It was said that I had imbibed all the worst principles of the French revolution; that I had been initiated into all the refinements of Parisian vice, that my whole philosophy consisted in the enjoyment of sense, and that I recognized no other authority than my own passions.

"Precisely the same charges—*sic parris compere magna solham*—were made against Jefferson, because of his sojourn in France during the first period of the French revolution. And when I had the honour of visiting the venerable statesman in 1821, at Monticello, he told me with a cheery smile that I would not outlive these accusations any more than he had done.

"Alas! he told me true, as the painful events even of these days can testify.

"My final outbreak with Florival was brought about in this way. It was five years after the first incident just narrated that I found myself a jurymen on an intricate case of murder. Florival was on the same jury and acted as our foreman. During the trial, which lasted many days, owing to the fact that several of the witnesses could speak nothing but French, and that their testimony had to be translated to the court in English, much to the annoyance of everybody concerned, Florival and I were on speaking terms, and, indeed, he several times demanded my advice in the discharge of his duties as foreman. At length the depositions were all taken, the lawyers had all spoken, and the judge, a raw-boned Kentuckian, ugly and clever, had delivered his charge and the case was solemnly left to the jury. We retired to our room for deliberation, and the court remained open to await our verdict. At the end of an hour a messenger came to inquire from the judge how we stood. He was instructed to make answer that there was no prospect of our agreeing before the regular hour for adjournment. Hearing which, the judge dismissed the court, and we were locked up for the night. You have never served on a jury, Carey. It is a civic duty which, of course, should not be shirked when imposed upon us, but beseech your guardian genius not to be summoned too often, especially in complicated cases of life and death.

"That evening, when we had gone over the evidence together in a summary way and there appeared traces of dissent among us, we deferred further study of it until we had refreshed our fagged and weary bodies. I remember I enjoyed that evening meal immensely, and was particularly disposed to be in good humour. I exchanged several words with Florival across the

table, and he, too, appeared to me to be in his usual fine spirits. It was quite dusk when we got through our supper; the table was cleared, and candles were produced. Then the usher, in the sly, mock-modest fashion peculiar to all ushers from the throne-room and the vestry down to the dissecting-room and the hotel dining-hall, half opened the door, and inquired if we needed anything else.

"I shall always recall the ring of Florival's voice as he answered:

"Nothing else except this: You will tell my man to be here with the carriage to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Our minds will be made up by that time; we will deliver our verdict, and I will drive home immediately. I don't intend to remain immured here one second longer than I can help."

"We then resumed our deliberations. The copious supper must have cleared the intellects of my fellow-jurymen, for whereas before they were divided in opinion, now they all rallied without resistance to the decision of the foreman. All except two who hesitated to pronounce a definite judgment one way or the other. As for me, I declared point blank that I was opposed to the views of the majority. I noticed a blackness gathering about the long lashes of Florival as he announced in a loud, rasping voice:

"So we stand nine for acquittal and three against."

"We are not precisely against it," said my two colleagues timidly.

"Then try to know your own minds," replied the autocratic foreman, "and be quick about it. You can't hang fire in this way."

"The sharp sally so disconcerted the feeble-minded men—I believe, however, that the feeble-minded men make the best jurymen, after all—that they leaped to a conclusion in a marvelously short time. Florival gave them a summary rehearsal of the evidence; the other jurymen grouped around them with persuasive nudges and convincing noddings of the head, and before I had well completed the study of human nature which the little scene presented, my two allies had turned tail, surrendering at discretion.

"From the way that Florival then advanced on me, I felt that a storm was coming. He said:

"You will withdraw your objections now, Paladine, and make the verdict unanimous. The thing will go by acclamation, let us say."

"This was spoken not in a tone of inquiry, but with an air of command. I took offence at once, though I struggled to restrain myself, as I answered:

"I can't change my mind that way, Florival, whatever others may do. If you give new arguments I may alter my mind; otherwise I will hold to my opinion."

"But we can't argue all night," he said, testily.

"No. We can argue to-morrow, however, and the day after, if need be," I replied.

"That won't do. We have already been locked up for a fortnight. The case is clear. Our business is suffering from our absence. I give you half an hour to decide."

"And saying this he stalked away to the other end of the room. I walked quietly to the window, threw up the sash—it was a fine autumn evening—lighted a cigar and sat down to enjoy a smoke, and watch the brown shadows creep over the bright colours of the landscape. I don't know how long I remained there, for the stillness of the outside world, the low buzz of voices inside, the fatigues of the day, and possibly the subtle fumes of the gentle nicotine, had all combined to set me asleep. I was startled out of my nap by a rude stroke on the shoulder and the roar of an angry voice at my ear.

"It is ten o'clock. We are going to bed. I want your answer."

"I was very indignant. Turning full upon your grandfather, Carey, I said to him with great warmth:

"See here, Florival. This rough game must stop. I won't allow myself to be bullied in this way by you or anybody else."

"I am foreman of this jury and have a right to speak and act," he answered, stamping on the floor.

"You mistake your powers as foreman," I said, somewhat amused at the assumption. "These consist merely in presiding at our deliberations and announcing our verdict to the court. But even if your powers were more absolute, this would not dispense you from acting as a gentleman towards gentlemen."

"Florival's attitude now becoming threatening, I arose from my seat and continued:

"I have already told you that I am prepared to discuss the merits of the case with you, as in duty bound. If your views persuade me, I hope I have conscience enough to defer to your judgment."

"Conscience!" muttered Florival, curling his lip.

"But," I added, "I will not submit to your dictation or your insult, as others have done."

"Hi! hi!" exclaimed several of the jurymen, closing in upon me with angry gestures. I moved from them and facing my adversary, said:

"If I were disposed to make mischief, Florival, and were it not that you lean toward acquittal, which in itself is a merciful act, I might denounce you to the judge as having used undue influence to force the jury to your thinking, with indecent haste, and for the avowed purpose of getting away from here by ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"And I," shouted he, "will denounce you to the judge for making a factious opposition to "

verdict of acquittal from personal motives of hidden guilt. You know more about the dead woman than you care the world should know. You would have the prisoner hanged so as to hush up forever his knowledge of your connection with the circumstances which have led to the deed of blood."

"This was too much. I lost my head completely. I rushed up to Florival and slapped him on the cheek. The blow must have stung as if given by a glove of steel, for the blood spurted.

"Florival was a more powerful man than I. Wrought to fury, as he then was, he might have crushed me to death. He contented himself with seizing a chair and felling me to the floor. Recovering at once, I drew from my pocket a long poniard which I had brought with me from Paris, rose with a leap and flew at Florival, aiming directly for his heart. If I had reached him—and would to God I had—"

Here the old man, fighting his youthful battle over again, had risen in his excitement and was being wrought into one of his ungovernable fits of passion, when Ory sprang forward and threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, do not say those terrible words, dearest papa. You are fatiguing yourself going over the history of those ancient troubles. Let us stop here."

I had been listening in rapt attention all the while to the narrative of M. Paladine, made intensely real by his animated gesticulation and the varied intonations of his fine voice. My cigar had long since gone out between my fingers, and my head had fallen on my breast. When I heard the fierce imprecation and saw the movement of Ory, more beautiful now, in her pleading face and the involuntary graceful curves of her body, as she clung to her father's neck, than ever I had yet seen her, I arose also, and approached a step or two.

"Ory is right, sir. This whole subject is painful to you. Please recall no more of it."

The old man gently disengaged himself from his daughter's embrace and walked to the window. He said nothing, but his excitement had not subsided. He looked out over his garden and up at the fading sky. He then drummed on the window pane. Ory and I stood beside each other, painfully waiting for the issue.

"Ah! there she is," exclaimed he at length, half turning toward us and pointing out with his left hand. "Do you see the moon rising over the edge of Cantin Bluff? The twilight is past. It is the most dangerous hour of the old man. The hour when shadows chase each other, the shadows and the spectres of a guilty past. And no light then. The sun is down and the moon is not yet up, nor a solitary star when the nights are dark. There! the moon is shining clear into my face. I am better. The paroxysm is gone. Pardon me, Carey, for the vengeful wish which I uttered against your grandfather. I buried it in his grave, some years ago, and would not revive it now. Pardon me."

I pleaded, of course, that I counted for nothing in the matter; that it was himself he should look to. Ory likewise implored him to suspend his narrative and take a little rest.

The old gentleman consented so far as to listen patiently to his daughter's arrangements for tea. We were to have a light repast served in the study; Ory was to prepare the toast for us with her own hands, and while she was doing so her father would wind up his story or such part of it, at least, as he wished to tell me that evening.

M. Paladine smiled and approved.

(To be continued.)

SPECIAL NOTICE.

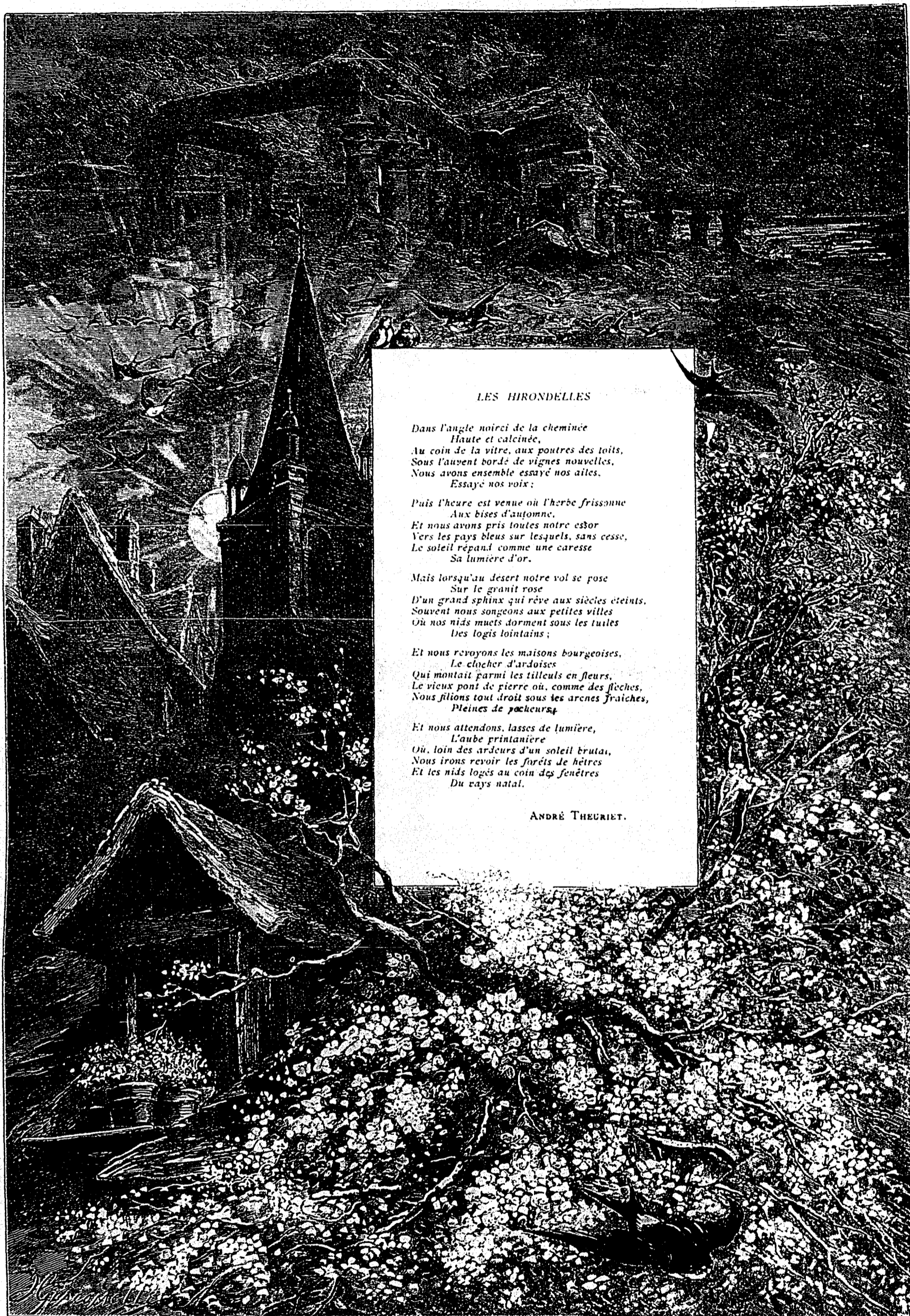
Pimply eruptions on the face, so annoying to the young and baffling to medical skill, can be completely cured by ACNE PILLS. They contain no arsenic, potash, or any injurious drug; nor, except the disease, do they affect the system in any way, save as a tonic. Box containing 120 pills, with full directions, mailed to any part of Canada for one dollar. Address W. HEARN, Chemist, Ottawa.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

A CARD.

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



## LES HIRONDELLES

Dans l'angle noirci de la cheminée  
 Haute et calcinée,  
 Au coin de la vitre, aux poutres des toits,  
 Sous l'auvent bordé de vignes nouvelles,  
 Nous avons ensemble essayé nos ailes,  
 Essayé nos voix :

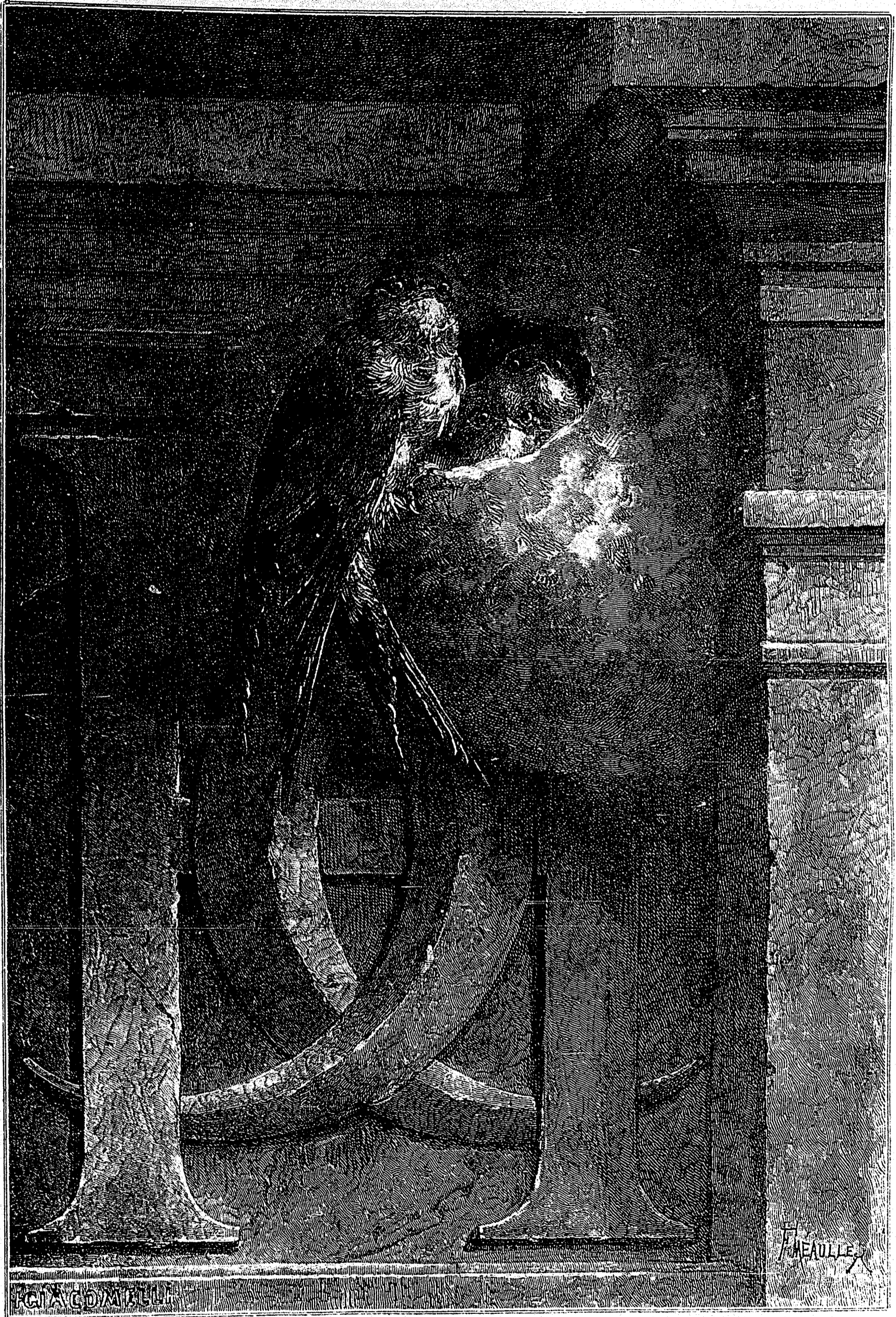
Puis l'heure est venue où l'herbe frissonne  
 Aux bises d'automne,  
 Et nous avons pris toutes notre essor  
 Vers les pays bleus sur lesquels, sans cesse,  
 Le soleil répand comme une caresse  
 Sa lumière d'or.

Mais lorsqu'au désert notre vol se pose  
 Sur le granit rose  
 D'un grand sphinx qui rêve aux siècles éteints,  
 Souvent nous songeons aux petites villes  
 Où nos nids muets dorment sous les tuiles  
 Des logis lointains ;

Et nous revoyons les maisons bourgeoises,  
 Le clocher d'ardoises  
 Qui montait parmi les tilleuls en fleurs,  
 Le vieux pont de pierre où, comme des flèches,  
 Nous filions tout droit sous les arcades fraîches,  
 Pleines de pêcheurs ;

Et nous attendons, lassés de lumière,  
 L'aube printanière  
 Où, loin des ardeurs d'un soleil brutal,  
 Nous irons revoir les forêts de hêtres  
 Et les nids logés au coin des fenêtres  
 Du pays natal.

ANDRÉ THEURIET.



THE SWALLOW'S NEST.

## AN INVISIBLE WOUND.

One of the most celebrated practitioners of Pesth, Dr. K., was called upon one morning to receive at an early hour a visitor in great haste, who, while waiting in the ante-chamber, sent in word by the footman that delay for him was danger. He must be received immediately.

The doctor threw on his dressing-gown hastily and had his patient shown in.

He found himself in the presence of a man utterly unknown to him, but who, to judge by his dress and manners, evidently belonged to the best society. His pale face bore traces of great physical and moral suffering. He carried his right hand in a sling, and in spite of his efforts to restrain himself, from time to time a stifled sigh escaped him. Seeing the poor man stagger the doctor invited him to sit down.

"I am tired. I have not slept for a week. There is something the matter with my right hand—I do not know what. Is it a carbuncle? Is it cancer? At first the suffering was slight, but now it is a burning, horrible, continual pain, increasing in intensity day by day. I can bear it no longer. I jumped into my carriage and here I am. I have come to beg you to cauterize it, or to cut out the painful part, for one more hour of this dreadful torture would drive me to perdition."

The doctor asked to see the hand, which the patient put into his, gnashing his teeth meanwhile from the intensity of pain, while the physician proceeded to undo the bandages with every possible precaution.

"Above all, doctor, I beg of you not to attach any importance to what you will see. My complaint is so strange that you will be surprised, but I beseech of you to take no notice of it."

"Where is the painful spot? It is surprising. I see nothing."

"Nor I either; and yet the pain there is so dreadful that I feel tempted to knock my head against the wall."

"The doctor took a magnifying-glass, examined, and shook his head.

"The skin is full of life. The blood circulates very regularly. Underneath there is neither inflammation nor cancer. It is as healthy as any other part of your body."

"And yet it seems to me that it is rather more red there than elsewhere."

"Where?"

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket-book and traced on his hand a circle as large as a ten-cent bit, with the remark, "Just here."

"The doctor looked. He began to think that his patient was crazy. "Remain here," he said. "In a few days I will cure you." The doctor saw to his astonishment that his strange visitor spoke seriously. He took off his coat, turned up his shirt-sleeves and took a bistoury in his left hand. A second more and the steel would have made a deep incision in the flesh.

"Stop!" cried the doctor, who was afraid that his patient through unskillfulness might open some important vein. "Since you judge the operation indispensable, so be it."

He took the bistoury, and holding in his left hand the right hand of the patient he begged him to turn away his head, some people not being able to bear the sight of their own blood.

"It is unnecessary! On the contrary, it is I who will indicate how deep down you will cut."

In fact, he watched the operation to the end with the greatest possible composure, indicating how far it was to go. The open hand did not even tremble in the doctor's hand, and when the little piece of round flesh was cut out he heaved a deep sigh, like one who experiences a feeling of immense relief.

"The burning pain has ceased?"

"It has quite gone," said the stranger with a smile. "The pain has entirely ceased, as if it had been taken away with the part cut out. The slight pain occasioned by the bleeding is, as compared with the other, like a refreshing breeze after an infernal heat. In does me really good to see my blood flow. Only let it flow, it does me so much good."

The stranger looked with delight at the streaming blood. The doctor was obliged to insist upon dressing the wound.

While he was binding it up the patient's face changed completely. The expression of pain passed away, he smiled on the doctor with a look full of good-humor, and there was no longer any contraction of the features, any look of despair. He seemed to have taken a new lease of life. His brow cleared; the color returned to his face; his whole person underwent a visible transformation.

When his hand was replaced in the sling he made use of the one that remained free to shake the doctor's hand warmly, saying to him with cordiality: "Accept my most sincere thanks. You have positively cured me. The small remuneration that I offer you is in no wise proportioned to the service you have rendered me. During the rest of my life I will try by what means I can discharge my obligation."

The doctor, however, would not consent to accept the thousand florins placed on the table. The stranger on his side refused to take them back; but seeing that the doctor was beginning to grow angry, he begged that he would bestow them on some hospital, and so took his leave.

The doctor informed several of his colleagues of this singular case and each formed a different opinion on the subject without, however, any of them being able to give a plausible explanation. Towards the end of a month Dr. K. received a letter dated from his patient's residence. It was closely written and he saw by the signature that his patient had written it with

his own hand, from which he concluded that the pain had not returned, for if it had he could hardly have held a pen.

The letter ran as follows:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR—I do not wish that either you or medical science should be left in doubt, as to the mystery of the strange disease which will soon bring me to my grave—and even elsewhere.

"I am about to describe to you the origin of this terrible malady. It broke out a week ago and I can struggle against it no longer. At the present moment I can only manage to trace these lines by placing on the sensitive part a piece of lighted tinder, to serve as a cataplasm. As long as the tinder burns I do not feel the other pain—and it is as nothing in comparison.

"Six months ago I was still a very happy man. I lived, without care, on my income. I was on friendly terms with all the world, and I took pleasure in every thing that can interest a man of thirty-five. I had married a year ago, married for love, a most beautiful young girl of cultivated mind and with the best heart in the world who had been companion to a certain countess, my neighbor. My wife had no fortune, and the love she had for me was only gratitude, but also the genuine affection of a child. Six months passed in such a way that the morrow always seemed to me happier than the eve. If sometimes I was obliged to go to Pesth and leave my home for a day my wife had not a moment's peace. She would come two miles on the road to meet me. If I was belated she would stay awake all night waiting for me, and if, by dint of entreaty, she was prevailed upon to go and see her former mistress, who was still very fond of her, no power on earth could keep her there more than half a day, and even then her regrets for my absence put the others out of temper. Her fondness for me went so far as to make her give up dancing, so as not to be obliged to put her hand into a stranger's; and nothing caused her such grave displeasure as the compliments she was apt to receive. In a word, I had for my wife an innocent child, who had no thought but for me, and who would confess her dreams to me as enormous crimes if she had not dreamt of me.

"One day I know not what demon whispered in my ear. Supposing all this were only dissimulation? Men are mad enough to seek how they can torment themselves in the midst of the greatest happiness.

"My wife had a work-table, the drawer of which she kept carefully locked. I had noticed this several times. She never forgot the key, and never left the drawer open.

"The question ran in my head, 'What can she be hiding from me there?' I had taken leave of my senses. I no longer believed either in the innocence of her face or in the purity of her eyes, in her caresses or in her kisses. Suppose all that were nothing but hypocrisy?"

"One morning the countess came again to fetch her, and after much entreaty succeeded in deciding her to spend the day with her. Our estates were some miles apart, and I promised my wife to go and join her.

"As soon as the carriage had left the courtyard I gathered together all the keys of the house and tried them in the lock of the little drawer. One of them opened it. I felt like a man committing his first crime. I was a thief about to surprise the secrets of a feeble woman. My hands trembled as I drew from the drawer, prudently, carefully, one by one, the objects contained therein, so that no confusion should betray that a strange hand had ransacked them. My breath heaved; I was well-nigh suffocated. Behold, suddenly, beneath a mass of lace, I had placed my hand on a packet of letters? I felt as if a flash of lightning had passed from my head to my heart. Alas! one glance told me what these letters were. They were love-letters!

"The packet was tied by a pink ribbon with a silver edge.

"As I touched the ribbon the thought occurred to me: Is this right? Is this worth of an honest man? To steal the secrets of a woman! Secrets which belong to the time when she was a young girl! Can I ask her to render an account of the thoughts she had before she belonged to me? Can I be jealous of a time when she did not know me! Who could suspect her of a fault? Who? I was base enough to do so, and the devil again whispered in my ear: 'Supposing that these letters were of a time when I had a right to all her thoughts, a right to be jealous even of her dreams, when she was already mine?' I untied the ribbon. No one saw me. There was not even a mirror in the room to make me blush for myself. I opened one letter, the another, and read them to the end.

"Oh! what a fearful hour that was for me! What did those letters contain? The vilest betrayal of which a man was ever yet the victim; and they were written by one of my most intimate friends! And in what a strain! What passion! What certainty of his love being shared! How he spoke of secrecy! What counsels he lavished on the art of deceiving a husband! And all these letters were of a time when I was married and perfectly happy! Shall I tell you how I felt? Imagine the intoxication caused by a deadly poison. I drank deeply of that poison. I read all the letters—all. Then I refolded them, retied the ribbon, replaced the packet and shut the drawer.

"I knew that if I did not go for her at 12 o'clock she would come back from the countess in the evening. And so it happened. She got down hastily from the carriage and ran towards me as I stood waiting for her on the steps. She kissed me with extreme tenderness and seemed

to be very glad to be with me again. I let nothing be seen on my face. We talked, we supped together and then retired to our separate bed-rooms. I did not close my eyes. Wide awake, I counted every hour. When the clock struck a quarter past midnight I got up and passed into her bedroom. There was the beautiful blonde head buried in the white pillows. It is thus that angels are depicted in the midst of white clouds. What a fearful lie was this on the part of Nature; vice with a face of such innocence! My resolution was taken. I had the stubbornness of the madman hunted by a fixed idea. The poison had corroded my whole soul.

"I placed my right hand gently under her throat and hastily strangled her. She opened for one moment her large, dark blue eyes, looked at me with astonishment, then closed them and died. She died without struggling against me, as if falling asleep. She was never angry with me, not even when I killed her. One drop of blood fell from her mouth on the back of my hand. You know where; I did not perceive it until the next day, when it had dried. We buried her without anyone suspecting the truth. I lived there in complete solitude; who was there to control my actions? She had neither relatives nor protectors to question me on the subject and I designedly put off writing to my friends, so that none of them could arrive in time.

"On coming back from the vault I did not feel the slightest weight on my conscience. I had been cruel, but she deserved it. I did not hate her; I could forget her; I hardly thought about it. Never did a man commit a murder with less remorse than I.

"On my return, I found in the chateau the countess so often mentioned. My measures had been so well taken that she also arrived too late for the funeral. She seemed much agitated on seeing me. Terror, sympathy, grief—I know not what—made her speak so confusedly that I could not understand what she said to console me.

"Did I even listen to her? What need had I of consolation? I was not sorrow-stricken. Finally she took me familiarly by the hand and said in a low voice that she was obliged to confide to me a secret and that she counted on my honor as a nobleman not to abuse it. She had given to my wife to keep for her a package of letters that she could not keep herself, and she begged of me to give them back to her. When she was speaking I felt that I shivered several times from head to foot. With apparent coldness I questioned her on the contents of these letters. At this question the lady started and replied with indignation.

"Sir, your wife was more generous than you. When she took charge of these letters she did not ask me their contents. She even gave me her word never to look at them, and I am convinced that she never even glanced at them. Hers was a noble soul, and she would have disdained to break in secret her given word."

"It is well," I replied. "How shall I recognize the package?"

"It was tied by a pink ribbon with a silver edge."

"I will go and search for it."

"I took my wife's keys and began to search for the packet; although I knew where it was I pretended to have some difficulty in finding it.

"Is it this?" I said, handing it to the countess.

"Yes, yes! See, the knot I made is still there. She never touched it."

"I did not dare to lift my eyes to her. I feared lest she should read in them that I had undone it, and that I had undone something else besides. I took leave of her hastily; she got into her carriage and drove off. Poor woman, she had her excuse. Her husband was brutal and dissipated. If I had been like him I should have deserved a wife like her. Oh! but my wife! her heart was innocent, her soul angelic! She loved her husband even in the moment when her husband killed her. I do not know what I did during the first hours that followed. When I came back to the consciousness of the horrible reality I was in the vault, beside the coffin. I saw the lid slowly raised and the dead woman within rose noiselessly before me. I was stretched, stiff and stark, beside the coffin, one hand on its edge and the other beneath her head. The lips of the corpse were white; one drop of blood hung from them. She bent slowly towards me, opened her eyes as when I murdered her, and kissed my right hand. The drop of blood fell again on my flesh; her eyes shut once more; she fell back on her cold pillow and the coffin closed over her dead body.

"A short time after I was awakened by a pain as that produced by a scorpion's sting. I rushed into the open air. It was early morning. No one saw me. The drop of blood had disappeared; there was no outward sign of the pain, and yet the spot where the blood had fallen burned as though being eaten away by a corroding poison. The pain gave me no respite and increased from hour to hour. I could sleep sometimes, but even then I never lost consciousness of my suffering. There was no one to whom I could make complaint, and for that matter there was no one who would have believed my story. You have been witness to the intensity of my suffering, and you know how much your operation relieved me. But as soon as the wound heals the pain comes back. It has come now for the third time, and I have no longer the strength to struggle against it. In an hour I shall be dead. One thought consoles me—as she has avenged herself on me in this world, she will, perhaps, forgive me in the next. I thank

you for your good offices. May God reward you for them!"

A few days after the newspapers of Sz— recorded that one of our richest landed proprietors had blown out his brains. Some attributed the suicide to grief at his wife's death; others, who were better informed, to an incurable wound. Those who knew best said he was a monomaniac, and his wound, which could not be cured, existed only in his imagination.

The last number of the *Harp* contains a detailed account of the reunion of the Alumni of Ottawa College, with a portrait and biographical sketch of the President, Dr. Tabaret. We had the pleasure of presenting our readers with a view of this institution some weeks ago, in our list of Canadian Houses of Learning, and we are glad to hear that it is so prosperous. It has turned out many of our most talented young men in this city and throughout Ontario. It is also largely patronized from the United States.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letters received. Thanks.  
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 232.  
R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 233.  
E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 236.

We see that the American Chess editors are asking the question, "Shall there be a Chess Congress this year in the United States?" This Chess Congress, as a matter of course, means a grand tourney of chessplayers, with prizes to be competed for, and also a problem tourney with similar attractions.

The chief difficulty exists in determining whether it shall be restricted to players of the United States, or whether it shall be open to the talent of all nations.

Another point equally difficult of solution is the choice of a city which would be the most eligible place for the assembling of players who would be anxious to take part in a gathering of this nature.

There is sufficient interest taken in chess by our cousins situated south of us to lead to the success of the undertaking, even though they should confine it to native skill, but it is very probable that many among them would much prefer that it should be open to all comers, as was the case at the Paris Exhibition. Here again, however, another difficulty presents itself, and one which at the present time will weigh very heavily, and that is the raising of sufficient funds to make the prizes attractive enough to overcome the impediments of distance and loss of time.

The Americans, however, with their tact and enterprise, would not be overcome by an obstacle of this nature, and, therefore, should they really set to work in the matter, we are sure it will be a success.

We observe that St. Louis is spoken of as a locality which would offer many advantages to the players of the United States. There can be no doubt of this, should it be decided to make the Congress a national one, and, even in case it should be opened to all players, the facilities for travelling on the continent would considerably lessen the disadvantages of those who might be tempted to send their names as competitors from the other side of the ocean.

The increased interest taken in Chess in the United States is wonderful; an increase which took its rise, no doubt, from the success obtained a few years ago, both at home and abroad, by Paul Morphy.

The next thing, then, is to keep it up, and to do this effectively there must be Chess magazines, Chess Columns, and Tourneys, and as many Chess gatherings as possible. By all means, then, we would say to the players across the line, "Have a Congress."

## THE COMING MATCH.

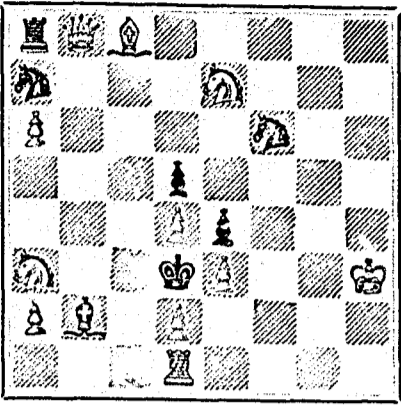
The negotiations between Messrs. Hooper and Mackenzie for their proposed match have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion; nothing remains to be agreed on but the time when play shall begin, which Captain Mackenzie leaves to be named by Mr. Hooper. From the tenor of the correspondence between these gentlemen we gather that it is the desire of Mr. Hooper to have the match begun at once. He has been requested to name the exact time, and Captain Mackenzie, as we go to press, awaits his reply. The match is to be played in Chicago, and is to be decided by the winning of five games by either party, draws not counting; the time limit is fifteen moves an hour, and three games per week are to be played. James Morgan, Esq., of Chicago, the well-known chessplayer, has been agreed on as stakeholder. The amount of the stake is at present fixed at \$500, but there is a probability that it will be increased. Mr. Hooper allows Captain Mackenzie \$100 for his expenses.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

John J. White, of Cleveland, O., has the largest chess library in America, and next comes the library of the deceased Professor Allen, and next to this may be mentioned that of Charles A. Gilberg, of Brooklyn. The latter numbers nearly 1,000 volumes.—*Hartford Times*.

The combatants in the Mason and Potter match are again level, Mr. Mason having won the thirteenth game, which was commenced on Saturday last, continued on Monday, and finished on Wednesday. Mr. Mason had a noticeable advantage at least twice in the game, but was not able to effect his objects; and we think that but for an ill-advised course adopted by Mr. Potter on his forty-sixth move there would have been a draw. The present state of the score is: Mason, 3; Potter, 3; drawn, 7. So far it has been a neck-and-neck contest; indeed, a harder-fought match has not taken place for a long time. The combatants have both played hitherto with extreme care, and cannot be said to have given each other many chances. For this very reason nearly all the games have been remarkably difficult, and the parties have had to fight in the most dogged fashion for advantages that between players of a finer style would scarcely come into the reckoning.—*Land and Water*, Aug. 2.

Mr. Mason has won another game of his opponent, and is therefore now one ahead. This game was commenced on Saturday last at the Divan, and continued at the City Club on Wednesday. Mr. Potter, at the adjournment, had a most decided advantage, but, on the resumption, he ingeniously contrived to turn what was practically a won game into a lost one in a very few moves. The score now stands: Mason, 4; Potter, 3; drawn, 7.—*Land and Water*, Aug. 9.

PROBLEM No. 239. By J. G. FISCH.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 3838. CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Game played between Mr. J. Henderson, of Montreal, and Mr. M. J. Murphy, of Quebec.

- WHITE.—(Mr. Henderson.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to K B 3. 3. B to Q B 4. 4. Kt to K Kt 5. 5. P takes P. 6. B to Q Kt 5 (ch). 7. Q to K 2. 8. B takes B (ch). 9. P to Q B 4. 10. Kt to Q B 3. 11. P takes P. 12. P to Q 3. 13. K Kt to K 4. 14. P takes Kt. 15. Castles. 16. Q to Q 3. 17. K to R sq. 18. P to K B 3. 19. Kt to K 2 (b). 20. P to Q Kt 3. 21. K R takes B. 22. P to Q B 4. 23. P to K B 3. 24. K to R 2. 25. R to B 3. 26. Q takes R. 27. R to Q B sq. 28. Q to Q 3. 29. R takes R. 30. Q to B 3. 31. Kt takes Q. 32. K to Kt 3. 33. P to B 4. 34. P takes B P. 35. K takes P. 36. K to K 4. 37. Kt to Q sq (c). 38. Kt to K 3. 39. K to Q 4. 40. Kt takes Kt. 41. P to K Kt 4 (ch) (f). 42. P takes P (ch). 43. K to B 4. 44. K to B 5.

NOTES.

- (a) P to Q B 3 here is the move approved by the authorities. (b) The right move. (c) This was forced, as White evidently intended to double his Rooks. (d) His retreat of the Q does not improve Black's game. (e) A very important move at this point. (f) This move settles the matter.

GAME 3840.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

Game played between Mr. S. H. Gossip, of Colchester, Eng., and Mrs. J. W. Gilbert, of Hartford, Conn., U.S.

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

SOLUTION.

Solution of Problem No. 37.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to K 2. 2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 235.

- WHITE. 1. R to K R 8. 2. Kt to Q B 6 (ch). 3. Kt mates.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 235.

- WHITE. K at K Kt 5. Q at K Kt sq. R at Q 7. B at Q R 3. Pawn at Q B 4.



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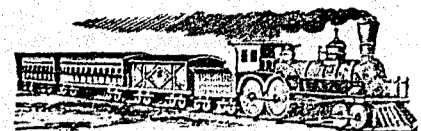
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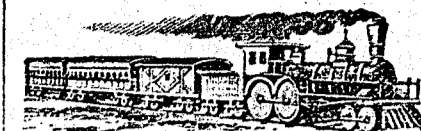
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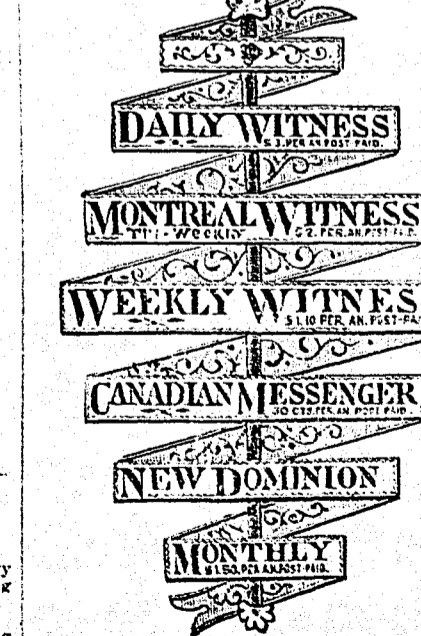
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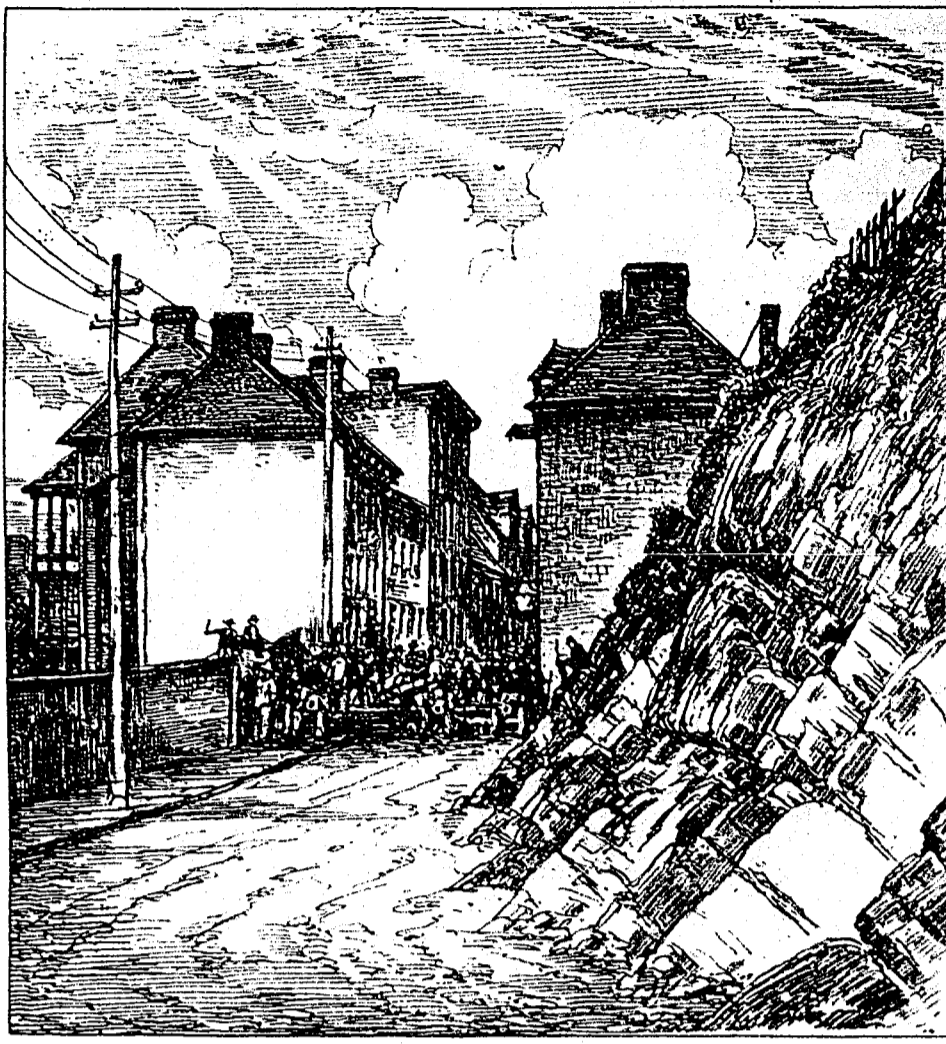
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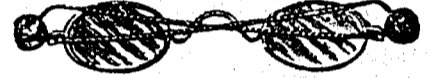
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" " Hull at.....	9.10	and 4.45
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