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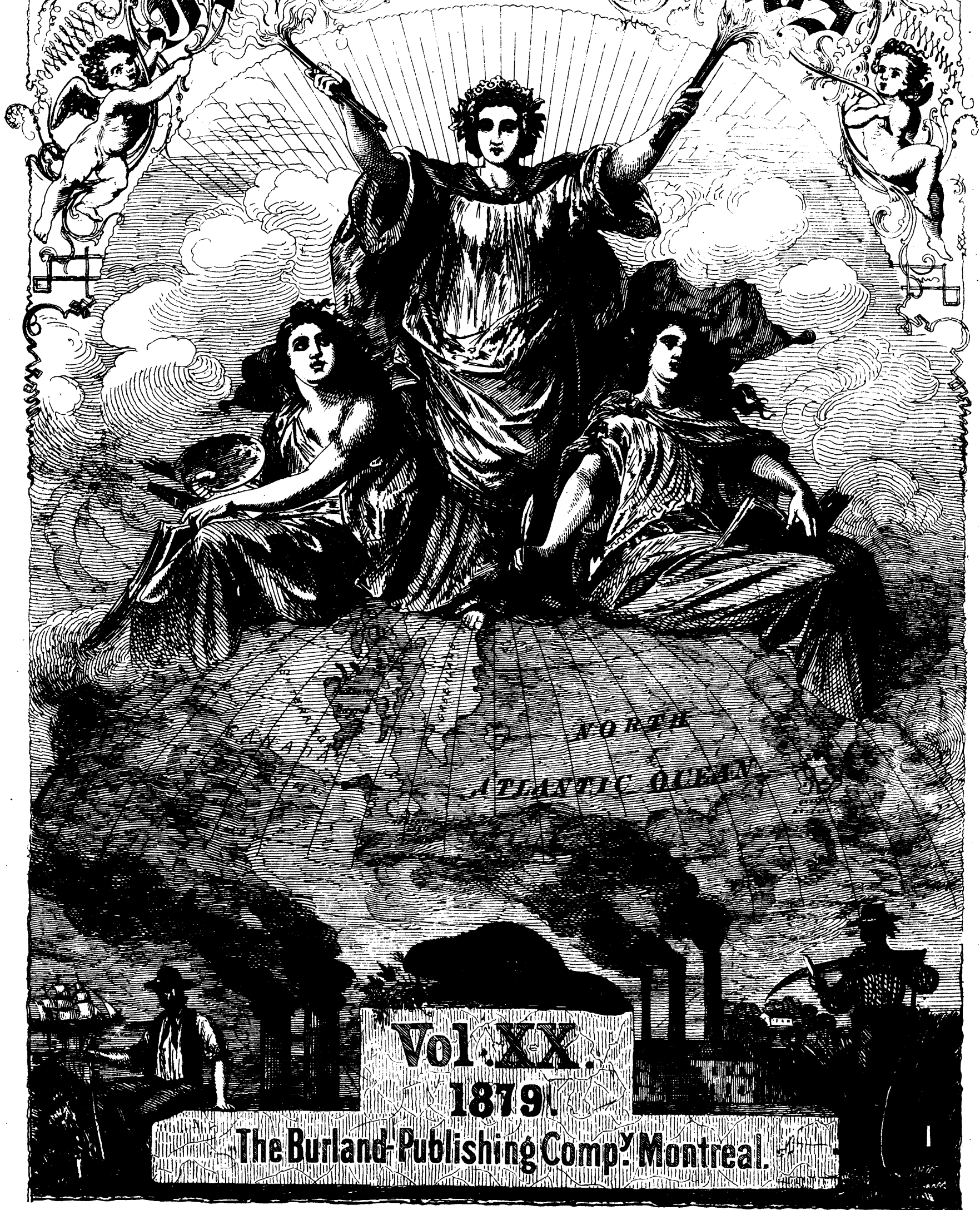
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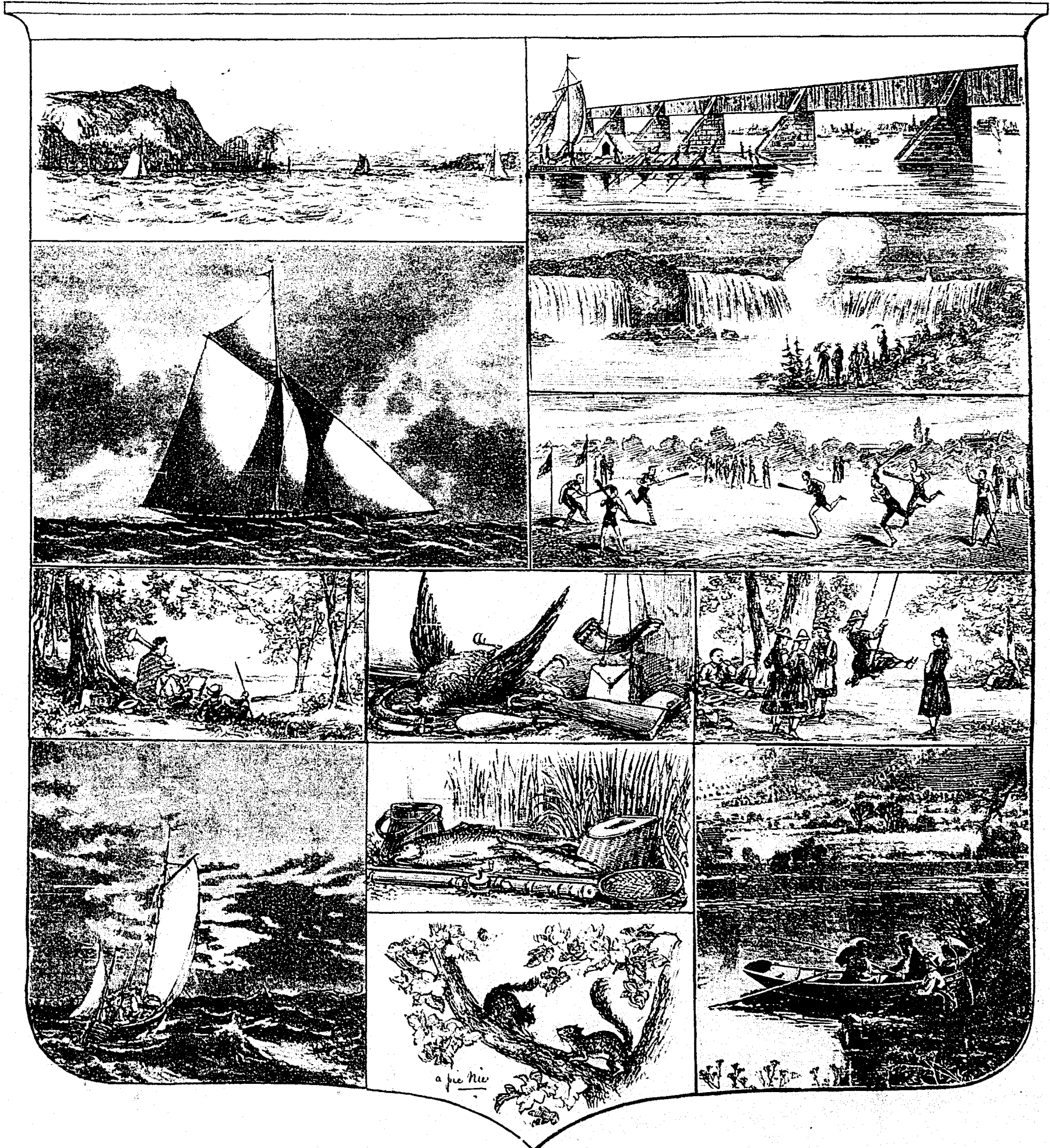
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DOMINION DAY.

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PROSPECTUS OF VOL. XX.

We have the pleasure to announce to all our friends and patrons that, in this issue, we commence the XXth Volume of THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and with it 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:

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- HENRY J. MORGAN, Esq., Ottawa.
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- REV. S. W. YOUNG, M.A., Toronto.
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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.
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- 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.

With this number we begin the publication of an 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 Voudouism, and touch delicately upon several of these social questions which have so thoroughly agitated the North and South since the war. Begin your subscriptions with the opening of this story.

NOTICE.

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.

NOTICE.

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 Bleury 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			Corresponding week, 1878				
June 30th, 1879.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	June 23rd, 1878.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon..	77°	54°	65°	Mon..	78°	58°	68°
Tues..	80°	60°	71°	Tues..	75°	65°	70°
Wed..	84°	67°	75°	Wed..	79°	69°	74°
Thur..	87°	70°	78°	Thur..	71°	59°	65°
Fri..	86°	73°	79°	Fri..	81°	60°	70°
Sat..	81°	65°	73°	Sat..	81°	61°	71°
Sun..	75°	69°	72°	Sun..	79°	71°	75°

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 5, 1879.

THE QUEBEC LEGISLATURE.

The second session of the fourth Parliament of the Province of Quebec was opened last week with the customary ceremonies by the Lieutenant-Governor in person. Owing to the ill-health of His Honour it was thought an administrator would have been appointed; but this step was avoided, although as it proved it was almost too great an effort, for his strength failed him after he read the Address in French, and he was obliged to call on the Hon. Mr. STARNES, President of the Legislative Council, to read it in English.

The Speech from the Throne is a very lengthy document and contains a quantity of matter as has been proved by the very lengthy speeches that have been made during the debate in the Legislative Assembly.

Its opening paragraph, containing a welcome to His Excellency and his Royal wife and an expression of loyalty to Her Majesty, has afforded an opportunity to the French members of the Assembly to refer to the lamentable end of the Prince IMPERIAL of France while fighting under the British flag. These references were made in delicate and touching language and on each occasion were received with applause by the members on both sides of the House, that fact alone being significant not only of the loyalty of our French-Canadian fellow-countrymen to our Gracious Sovereign, but also of their sympathy with the Napoleonic dynasty as opposed to the present form of French Government.

The Speech then mentions the completion of the Government Railways and points out the benefit of the new works undertaken in connection with them. It congratulates the Government upon having effected an amicable arrangement with the municipalities and informs the House

of the intention to lease the road to men of business possessing sufficient capital and the amount of experience essential to the prosecution of enterprises of this nature, and who would be directly interested in the success of the railways. The settlement of the Quebec Fire Loan and a promise to assist colonization societies then follow. A deficit is foreshadowed and still further economy promised. The Speech concludes with a list of Government measures to be brought down during the session regarding the organization of public instruction, which is expected to embrace the abolition of inspectors of schools,—licenses, the municipal loan fund, the macadamizing of roads and also concerning lunatics. The Legislative Council is to be once more attacked and a Bill concerning petitions of right, although the last Government measure referred to will yet be the first brought before the House, as the Attorney-General has already given notice of it.

The Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne was moved by Mr. RACOT, member for Missisquoi, and seconded by Mr. MEKLE, member for Argenteuil. Both gentlemen were called on at the last moment to take these positions and they were therefore unable to do themselves justice. Mr. RACOT is a gentleman of well-known abilities and has already proved himself to be an able debater. Mr. MEKLE was a silent member last session and was rather nervous in the delivery of his speech on Friday last; but he is a quiet man and so soon as he overcomes his timidity will make a useful member of the House, as he now is the most useful member of his Municipal Council.

After a holiday of four days the House resumed its business on Wednesday when the Hon. Messrs. Chapleau, Joy and Church spoke for about two hours each. They all appeared unsettled, as though they were unused to the subjects they handled, not to be wondered at on the part of the Opposition members, who could not be familiar with the facts of which they spoke, as they were the acts of the Government and had not been explained to the House. The gist of the attack on the Government is because they had expended large sums of money without first obtaining the consent of the House. The Government reply to this that the objects were urgent and necessary and being so were authorized by the Treasury Law. On this Mr. CHAPLEAU has based an amendment and on that amendment the House debated.

The great question of the session will be the proposed leasing of the Government road, a project which is supported by members on both sides of the House. But it is not in the leasing the difficulty lies, it is in the manner of leasing and in the *personnel* of the lessees. The mover of the address approves of the lease, but like every other speaker avoids the subject till full particulars are furnished to the House. The lease as made public had been adopted by an Order in Council and will be made a Government measure, so it is said; if that be so it may be carried, but at present that is doubtful, for though it will be supported by some members of the Opposition, yet still there are some of the Government supporters who are opposed to it.

BYRON'S OSTRACISM.

The news has lately reached us that the Vestry of aristocratic St. George's, Hanover Square, have refused to permit the erection of a statue of Lord BYRON in St. James-street. The vote was thirty-three against twenty. It is astonishing what a feeling there still exists against the memory of the unfortunate poet. Even Dean STANLEY, who solicited the burial of DICKENS in Westminster Abbey, almost as a favour, steadily refuses to allow so little as a bust or a tablet of Byron to be placed on the Abbey walls. In reading this announcement one naturally asks himself the reason of this strange hostility to one of the greatest geniuses of modern

times, and after SHAKESPEARE, the most brilliant light of English poetry. It is to be found in that same aristocratic pride and hypocrisy which drove the poet from his native shores sixty years ago, and did its part to prevent his burial in his native soil after his glorious death at Missolonghi. Had Byron been a plebeian, or even a commoner, his sins would have been condoned in consideration of his wonderful productions, but because he happened to belong to the nobility his memory has been ostracized. There might have been some excuse for this among his contemporaries, but after the lapse of two generations the persistence of the same spirit is inexcusable, and puts a certain aspect of British exclusivism in a very unenviable light. Even the action of the vestry of "aristocratic St. George's" might be overlooked with pity, but that so genial and generous a man as Dean STANLEY should join in the movement amounts to a psychological phenomenon. Were the venerable face of Westminster the resting place of only the pure and virtuous among great Englishmen the exclusion would be less invidious, but every traveller must needs smile when he remembers that there repose such a precious rascal as CHARLES II., such a scapegrace as JOHN GAY, on whose tombstone we read the scolding lines—

"Life is a jest and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it."

and scores of other writers whose lives were anything but models of domestic righteousness.

In happy contrast to the decision of Dean STANLEY is the action of Lord BEACONSFIELD three years ago, who readily associated himself to a committee that proposed the erection of a memorial to the immortal author of "Childe Harold." With his usual aesthetic insight and rare felicity of language, the leader of the aristocratic party in England maintained that, after the lapse of half a century, private character should not enter into the estimate of literary genius, and that, conceding Byron's faults, as we must, it should be remembered that he lived amid exceptional temptations, and died very young. The poet himself, in more places than one of his writings, foresaw that he would be harshly judged and unjustly treated after death, though he had the consciousness of genius that his works would keep his name from oblivion.

"But I have lived and have not lived in vain,
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish, even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall tread
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire:
Something unearthly which they drive not out,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love."

He was willing to leave it to time that due honour should be done him at last, and his apostrophe on this subject is invested with a melancholy grandeur which recent events only render more interesting—

"Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead
Abolisher of pain, comforter
And only healer when the heart has bled—
Time! the corrector when our judgments err."

Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes and heart, and crave of thee a gift.

The gift has not as yet been wholly granted. The "late remorse of love" has not yet touched the vestrymen of "aristocratic St. George's" nor the Dean of Westminster, but public opinion, which is always just and humane, will yet force a national recognition of the memory of the bard whose name will live when all the vestrymen in England will moulder in ashes, and even many a STANLEY will have been forgotten.

It affords us much pleasure to learn that the British Government have given a large contract for fluid beef to our enterprising fellow-citizen, Mr. J. L. JOHNSON. This means of encouraging Canadian manufactures will no doubt be welcomed by many of our readers, and is another step in the National Policy.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

MINISTERIAL MOVEMENTS—THE CRISIS IN MANITOBA—REVIEW OF THE SITUATION—AN IMPARTIAL STATEMENT.

OTTAWA, JUNE 25TH, 1879.—Since the session there has been a singular calm in the political atmosphere of Ottawa. Sir John A. Macdonald has not yet left here en route for England, as was expected. He probably awaits the papers in the Letellier matter from the Imperial Government; and it is understood that he is afterwards to see the Governor-General. After that there will probably be some news. Sir Charles Tupper left on Wednesday for England, and Sir Samuel Tilley the week before. The departure of these important members of the Government is understood to have relation to financial matters respecting the Pacific Railway, under the resolutions sanctioned by Parliament at its last session. Mr. Langevin, it appears, remains in England to await his colleagues. Although the Ministry has not as yet given any sign as to its proposed action respecting Governor Letellier, you may take it as an absolute fact, as I have from the first told you would be the case, that this question will come back to Canada for settlement in accordance with the advice of the Dominion Ministers.

The political crisis in the Province of Manitoba contains many points of great interest, and questions affecting the rights of minorities. It is not at the first or even the second sight a desirable thing that parties in that Province should be divided by a sharp *race* line, which also probably means a *color* line as well, and when one thinks of the passions which have been excited in the past by questions of this nature, one feels a certain reticence in entering upon the discussion of the Manitoba crisis. It is true that the interests do not appear to be of great magnitude, if viewed in relation to the number of the combatants, but they are of great interest in themselves and of a nature to excite the liveliest sympathies in the old Provinces of Quebec and Ontario.

There does not appear to be any ambiguity as to the facts in the issue. There was a Norquay-Royal Government in power, supported by a majority of the Legislative Assembly. But this majority was mainly composed of French-speaking members, the majority of the English-speaking members voting against the Government. Mr. Royal (the leader of the French party) and his followers were not satisfied with this state of things, and so they held a meeting and deputed Mr. Royal to tell Mr. Norquay that he should strengthen his position by getting more English support. What, in short, they wanted was what we in the old Provinces of Quebec and Ontario formerly knew as the "double majority," they undoubtedly recognizing in this a principle of protection for a minority. Upon receiving this intimation, Mr. Norquay communicated with the English-speaking members, and the next day (May 29) he wrote a letter to Mr. Royal in the following terms: "Referring to the conversation we had yesterday, in which you stated that you were deputed by the members of the House representing French constituencies, to inform me that they could no longer continue their support of the Government, on the ground that the Government had not the support of the majority of the English members of the House, I have the honour to request that you will place the department over which you preside at the disposal of the Government, believing as I do that the lack of support to the Government from the English speaking side of the House is owing to your presence in the Cabinet." Here was a tuning of the tables with a vengeance! Mr. Royal was deputed to ask Mr. Norquay to strengthen his position, and Mr. Norquay answers, viz., an abrupt dismissal of Mr. Royal, which, as premier, he had the power to do.

Mr. Royal does not appear to have lost much time in the circumstances, as he at once called a meeting of the French members who had deputed him to make representations to Mr. Norquay, and on the same day he sent a letter to him, resigning his position, as did also Mr. Delorme, his colleague, both acting apparently upon an unanimous resolution of the French members. In this letter Mr. Royal told Mr. Norquay that the representation which he was deputed to make did not constitute "a menace to the Premier," but was "moved by an earnest desire to see his Cabinet supported by a larger number of the English speaking members, in accordance with the understanding at the time of the election in October last." Mr. Royal further said that he "did not believe in a strict and ever-existing double majority, yet a Government to be strong and efficient, must command, if not the absolute support of the two sections, at least a support which is not, as in the present case, almost exclusively composed of one section of the representatives of the people." The weakness of this position is, that if Mr. Royal did not want absolutely a "double majority," he should have been content to go on with the Government as it was, the

French having substantially the reins of power in their hands. But then he had not reason to expect that Mr. Norquay would have made so sharp a turn about.

Mr. Norquay, it appears, did approach French members, and asked them to join his Cabinet; but they declined. He also asked Mr. Dubuc, M. P., to resign his position as member of the House of Commons, and take a portfolio. This Mr. Dubuc also declined to do.

He next wrote a letter to Lieut.-Governor Cauchon, to request to be allowed to finish the session without filling the two seats in the Cabinet, vacated by Messrs. Royal and Delorme, but this the Lieut. Governor flatly refused to do, in a letter which he wrote him in reply. His Honour's letter was sufficiently short, and he told his Premier the request made to him was not constitutional. There are only five seats in the Council, and two out of five would, of course, make a big vacancy. It might have been a luxury at this stage to have dismissed Mr. Norquay for making an unconstitutional request, and what would have been held to be oppressive action. But that style of thing is not in fashion after what has happened to His Honour of Quebec.

Mr. Norquay in this state of things fills up his Cabinet with two English speaking members, putting Mr. S. C. Briggs in the place of Mr. Royal as Minister of Public Works, and Mr. John Taylor in the place of Mr. Delorme. This completed the sharp *race* line. Mr. Taylor, however, it appears, has obtained his re-election in his mixed constituency by a large majority.

At the ministerial explanations that were made in the Legislative Assembly on June 4th, Mr. Norquay announced that the two principal measures of the new government would be, 1st. A re-distribution of seats, the effect of which would be to give a largely increased majority to the English speaking members; and 2nd. The abolition of printing documents in the French language, with the exception of the statutes. Mr. Norquay said the last measure was necessary as a matter of economy, and stated that the printing during the last eight years had cost the Province \$83,167.47. One of the papers states that the cost during last year was over \$12,000. This expenditure for printing was certainly excessive in comparison with the means and population of the Province, and Mr. Norquay said the saving was to be applied to the improvements of roads, of which certainly there is great need. It appears from the subsequent proceedings of the House that these measures, as announced, have been pressed through with a rigour or harshness which has not taken into any account the feelings of the French. I think, for my own part, that this is to be regretted, but such a result could not have been long postponed at the rate in which the Anglo-Saxon and Teuton population has been pouring in the Province from Ontario, the United States and Europe. It is plain that the setting up of a barrier of reticence or sentiment against the interests of such elements, would be a very vain thing! But there would have been a very great propriety, in view of all that is past, and of the position which the French have occupied in the Province of Manitoba, to have postponed all action respecting the re-distribution of seats until after the authentic results of the census of 1881 were known, and it would have been much better to have made economies in the printing on the old basis, than to have passed a sweeping measure very deeply wounding to the old inhabitants, and really sweeping away what they understand to be a constitutional right, guaranteed to them when the Province entered into the Confederation. There appears, however, to have been no clause in the Act which guarantees Manitoba against itself in this matter, and it is the Legislature of Manitoba which has done this act of violence. It is unfortunate that political feelings become more exaggerated and bitter, in small communities, and the unhappy result we see, makes one regret that the "double majority" question was mooted by Mr. Royal when he was in power with a majority. It would have been much better to have gone on as things were; and, as the adage says, have "let sleeping dogs lie."

It is better as things stand to look the hard facts fairly in the face, and I do not think, as I have said, there is much reason to hope for any tender delicacy at the hands of the Teuton and Saxon majority which is so rapidly peopling Manitoba, and the adjoining territory. But the minority has still the safeguard which was made a part of the Canadian Constitution for the protection of the British minority in the Province of Quebec, when Sir George Cartier was leader, viz.: there is an appeal reserved to the Federal Parliament on the part of minorities as against possible Provincial majorities in matters pertaining to education and religion, and there is always more hope of justice in the wider area of the general parliament, than from such majorities as are likely to be in Manitoba for some years to come.

There is a further point. Mr. Royal stated that Mr. Norquay admitted, that when the French consented to have the Legislative Council abolished from motives of economy, they gave up their sheet anchor. But this argument cannot have any practical bearing now, except in as far as it may be a reproach to Mr. Norquay. And at best, where the seat of power is the people, the majority will get over all forms, sooner or later.

Mr. Royal is a man who has grace and polish of education, but does not seem to be popular among the English. Perhaps he could not be with his sympathies.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ST. JEAN BAPTIST CELEBRATION.—Our double page in this number chronicles pictorially the scene of the celebration of the national holiday of our French fellow-citizens better than any written description could do. The procession this year is admitted to have been one of the finest ever held.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.—The golden wedding of this illustrious couple was celebrated on the 11 June last, amid great and genuine rejoicing throughout the German Empire. In connection with this event our readers will doubtless be pleased to view the portraits of their Majesties as they appeared on the morning of their wedding fifty years ago.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.—IQUIQUE.—The port of Iquique, Peru, has been blockaded by a Chilean fleet, and off that town took place, on May 21, the naval battle between the Chilean wooden vessels *Esmeralda* and *Covadonga* and the Peruvian armour-plated frigate *Independencia*, which resulted in the sinking of the two Chilean vessels, and the running ashore and complete wreck of the *Independencia*. Iquique is the next important Peruvian port to Callao, and contains a mixed population of English, Americans, and Germans, owing to its large export trade of nitrate of soda, guano, and silver. Troops had been moved there from the beginning of the war, but unfortunately the port is completely open and unfortified. The town is a sandy-streeted, wooden-housed, new-looking place, with a few decently laid-out streets, and a bit of a plaza, with a clock-tower and a faint show of greenstuff in the middle. As Iquique is the principal port of the nitrate of soda trade, the loss to the revenue of Peru by the blockade will be enormous.

THE FIRE AT THE AUTEUIL RACE COURSE.—The Paris races are always attended by great crowds of spectators, not so much for the races themselves as for the fact that they do draw these great crowds, so that all who attend them are sure to see and to be seen, the grand desideratum with most of the people of the region. The expectation that the Prince and Princess of Wales would be present on that Sunday was naturally an additional attraction, and half Paris went out to the race-course, despite the miserable weather. Oddly enough, one of the three great covered stands which are always filled to their utmost capacity by spectators willing to pay for a spectacle which the vast majority of those present witness gratis, ranged in a dense crowd all round the course, suddenly burst into a blaze, to the terror of its occupants, who had but just time to rush out of it, when the whole building became a mass of flame. Happily, the staircase and doors were wide and easy, so that the crowd of occupants got out very quickly and no one was hurt. As some time elapsed before fire-engines could be procured and a supply of water organized, it was feared that the other stands might take fire; but such was not the case, and their occupants witnessed a spectacle even more exciting than the races.

THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS OF AFGHANISTAN.—The scene represented in our sketch is the procession conducting Yakob Khan, with Sir Samuel Browne on his right hand, and Major Cavagnari on his left, from the hill above the Khati stream at Gundamak along the road to the camp, a distance of three miles. The two conspicuous mounted Afghans, riding close behind the Ameer and his new-found English friends, are Daood Shah, who is the Sipah Salar or Commander-in-Chief of the Afghan army, and Habib Ullah Khan, the Finance Minister or Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Cabul Government. Another is Mahomed Hashim Khan, a son-in-law of the late Ameer Shere Ali. The gentleman seen through the space between Sir Samuel Browne and Yakob Khan, at the farther side of the roadway, is Mr. Jenkyns, second Political Officer. The guard of honour in the rear is formed of a detachment of the 10th Hussars, under Major Wood. The road is lined with soldiers of the 45th Regiment (Sikhs) of Native Infantry. Among the hills in the background is that called "the Forty-fourth Hill," which derives its name from the last fighting stand made there after the retreat and destruction of the army in January, 1842, by a few of the 44th Infantry, who escaped from the passes of Jugdulluk. The Ameer was courteously entertained by Sir Samuel Browne in the British camp, and formal visits of ceremony occupied the first two days.

VARIETIES.

A LESSON IN HUMANITY.—The Japanese are very kind to animals. Professor Morse tells us that a boy is never seen to throw a stone at a dog or a bird, and crows come into the city of Tokio and lodge on the houses. They pay for their kind treatment, for they act as scavengers, picking up what rice or fish may fall to the ground. In a crowded thoroughfare he has seen a dog lying asleep in the middle of the road. No one disturbed him, but carefully turned out from him. He once threw a stone at a dog to see how he would act. The animal rose to his feet to let the stone pass, and looked surprised, and took only the same notice of a second assault—quite different from how a dog belonging to a Christian would be likely to act.

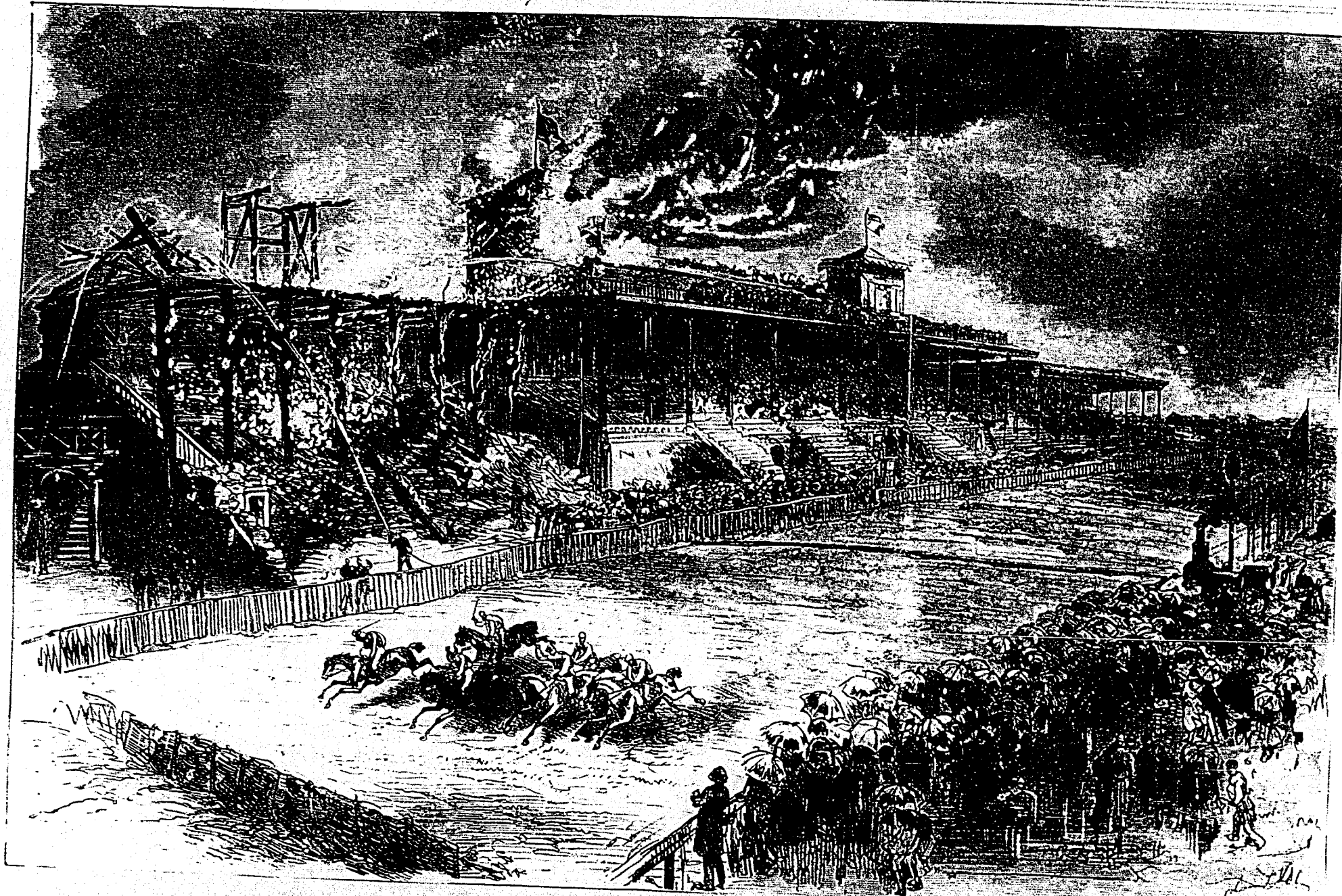
AN INTERESTING LIFE.—In the death of Mr. John Sheppard, of Frome, in his 94th year, another link has been snapped connecting the present with the last century. He was an intimate

friend of John Foster, and made important contributions to the biography of that distinguished essayist. Mr. Sheppard printed a remarkable correspondence which occurred towards the close of 1821 between himself and Lord Byron. In looking over the papers of his deceased wife, who died almost in the first year of their married life, Mr. Sheppard came upon a written prayer which Mrs. Sheppard had composed at Hastings in 1814, in which she pleaded in most affecting language on behalf of Lord Byron, who was then also sojourning at Hastings. Mr. Sheppard transcribed the paper and sent it with a touching little note, explaining its authorship, to the illustrious poet. Lord Byron replied in what is perhaps the most note-worthy letter he ever wrote.

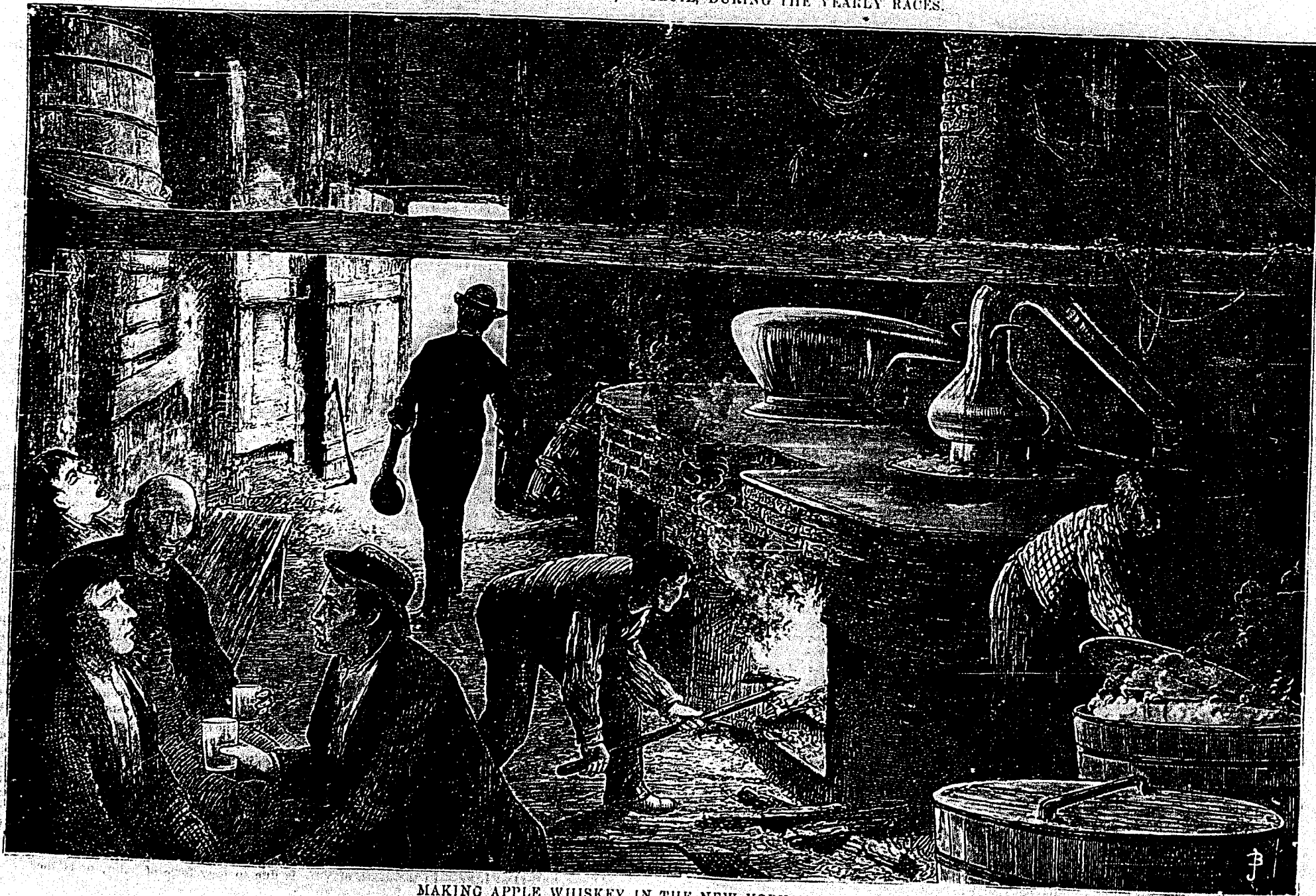
MILITARY DRAUGHTSMEN.—Sir Garnet Wolseley and General Crealock, who is now in command of the lower Tugela division, served together as subaltern officers in the 60th Regiment. Among the many talents they have in common is exceptional skill in draughtsmanship, and it was in connexion with this that a rather amusing incident arose at the relief of Lucknow. When Lord Clyde made his victorious entry into the town, he was surprised to find the external walls of one of the palaces extensively ornamented with curious pictures, representing a wide variety of Hindoo gods, but with English faces; and one and all had the same features, which happened to be those of a well-known 90th officer. Evidently some one must have added these heads to the native artist's work just before the entry took place, and the Perthshire volunteers had no difficulty in deciding who that "some one" was. And he had been remarkably busy elsewhere, for Lord Clyde declared that it was the very same face which had met him at every dak bungalow on his road up country—a bald head, with three hairs sprouting from the forehead, and a Brobdignagian nose swallowing up the rest of the countenance.

ENGLISH DELICACY.—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore tells the following story of English politeness: "I was once the recipient of a very marked politeness in London. My husband and I received a verbal invitation from Lady Vilas, whom I had met once or twice pleasantly, to come to her house next evening and meet a few friends of hers. We accepted and went. But I was deceived by the informality of the invitation and supposed it was merely to meet half a dozen neighbours or intimate friends. So we went out riding in the afternoon, stopping there on our way back to the hotel. Judge of my amazement to find the house illuminated and a very large and brilliant party assembled in full dress in my honour. There I was in a plain carriage dress, bonnet, black gloves! I went right into the house and to the ladies' dressing-room, whence I sent a note to the hostess saying I had misapprehended her invitation and was not in appropriate costume. She ran up and reassured me by telling me they had come to see me and didn't care for the dress, and carried me right down with her. All in full dress, and the ladies without hats, and hair elaborately dressed; I with brown dress, bare hands, bonnet on. I soon recovered the self-possession which the *faux pas* somewhat disturbed, and was greeted with splendid cordiality. In a few minutes Mr. Livermore edged around behind me and whispered, 'Didn't you think, Mary, that all these ladies had on white kids when you came in?' I looked around, and they were all bare-handed! Moreover, I observed that a half-dozen had bonnets on. This half a dozen rapidly increased, till we were in a majority; and I soon discovered that no lady who arrived after I had removed her hat. Now that is what I call politeness!"

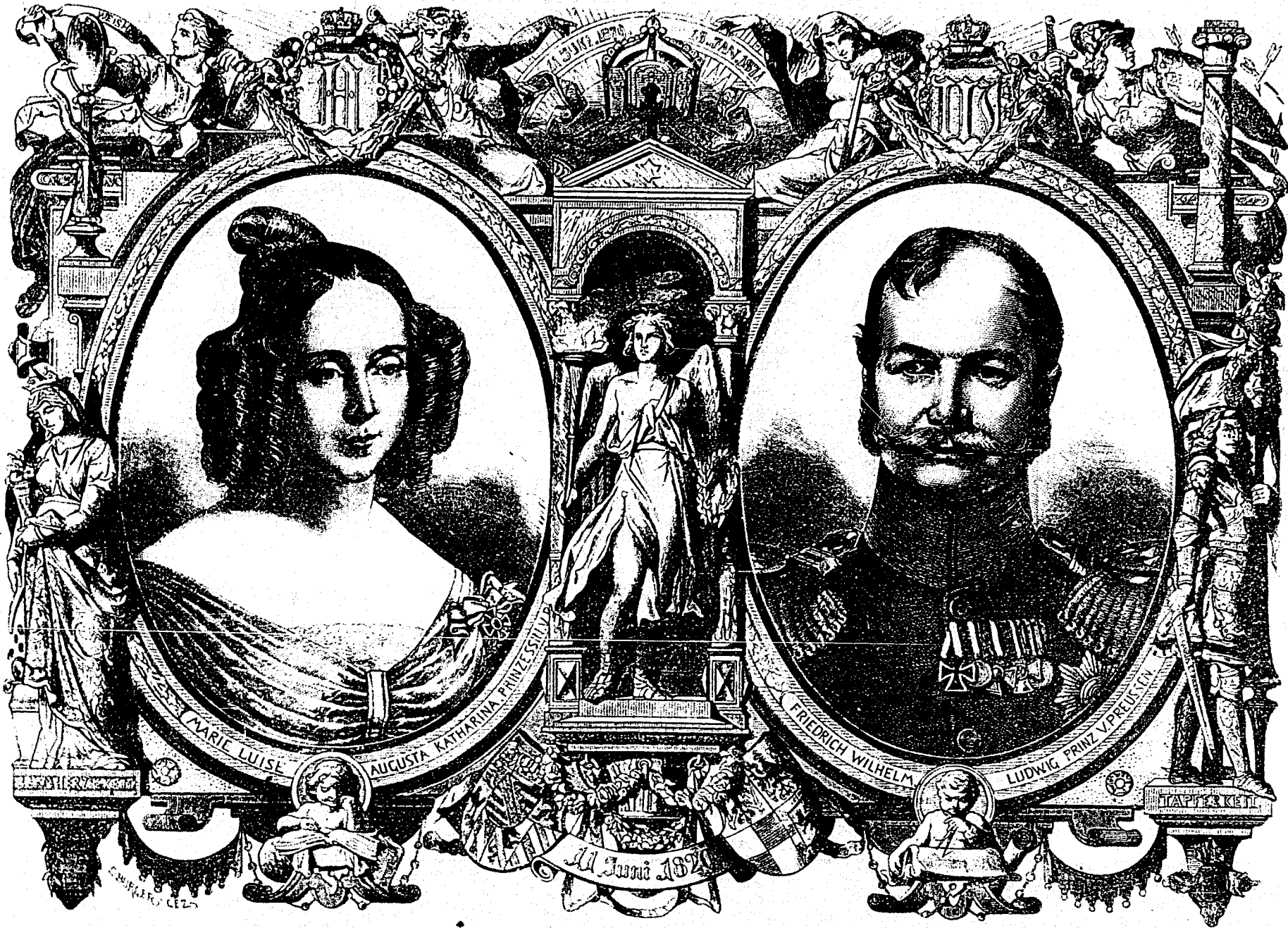
BEACONSFIELD AND HIS HAT.—A correspondent writes:—I trust whoever may undertake the Boswellian task of recording the idiosyncracies of the great men of our time will not overlook the comediatta, nightly enacted in the House of Lords, of Lord Beaconsfield and his hat. When in the lower House Mr. Disraeli was noted for the care which he displayed in regard to that particular article of male adornment. Unlike his great rival, he was never known to appear in a shabby hat. Having taken his seat on the Treasury bench, he would stoop down and gently deposit his "tile" as far as possible under the seat, where it would be safe from the risk of a chance kick, and in taking it out from its resting place he would mechanically brush it round with his coat sleeve, prior to putting it on his head. Now that the Premier has been translated to a more dignified sphere, his hat is a perennial source of trouble to him. He walks down the House from the Prince's Chamber with his wonted jauntiness, takes his seat on the front Ministerial bench, fixes his eye-glass, and stares across the table to where the leader of the Opposition should be, but probably is not, sitting. Then in an apparent fit of abstraction he bends forward, thrusts his hat between his legs and finds that it won't go below the seat. Evidently astonished at the sudden check to his usual procedure, he solemnly adjusts his eye-glass and examines the red leather screen which has caused it; then smooths down the hat with his coat sleeve, and deposits it under the table in front of him. As the Lord Chancellor rises to put the question "that this House do now adjourn," the comedy is repeated. Lord Beaconsfield feels below him for his hat, is manifestly surprised at not finding it, awakes out of a brown study, and picking up the missing article, walks off with it in dignified style. Whether this amusing scene is due to long force of habit, or is merely an intentional eccentricity, I am unable to say; but it is regularly looked for and as regularly witnessed by the usual frequenters of the House.



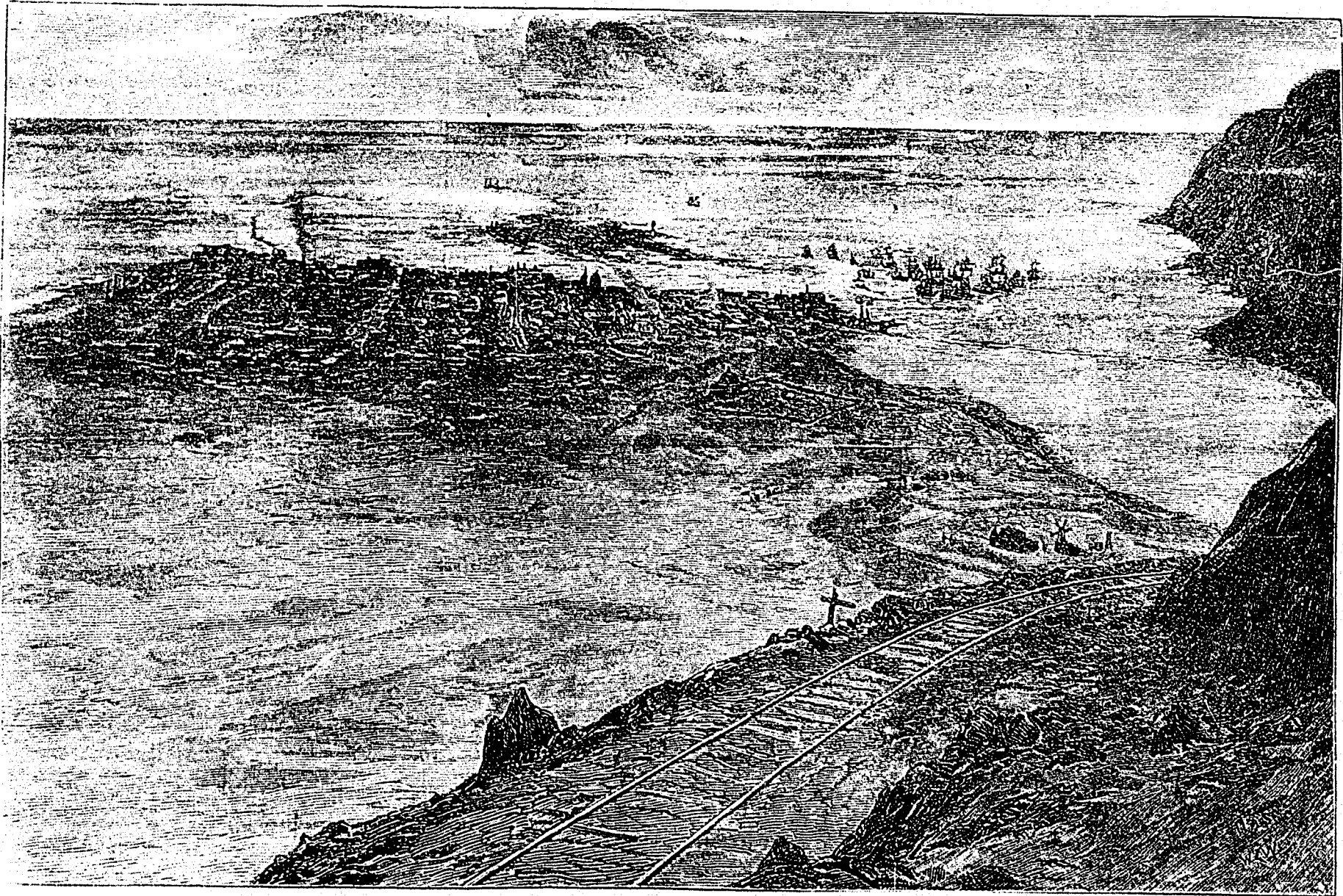
FIRE AT THE GRAND STAND, AUTEUIL, DURING THE YEARLY RACES.



MAKING APPLE WHISKEY IN THE NEW YORK MOUNTAINS.



THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS. THE PORTRAITS OF THEIR MAJESTIES AS THEY APPEARED ON THEIR WEDDING DAY, FIFTY YEARS AGO.



THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.—TOWN AND HARBOUR OF IQUIQUE. SCENE OF THE LATE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

In lovely June when flowers in bloom
With fragrance filled the air,
And humming-birds in gorgeous plumage,
So pleasing, bright and fair,
Sought fairy groves and scented bowers,
Where sweetest roses blow,
My thoughts returned to groves and bowers
Of twenty years ago.

They brought me back to boyhood's day
And manhood's early prime,
When through green fields we'd hie away,
Mount Royal's heights to climb;
For pure delight with footsteps light,
Out o'er its crest we'd go,
To where the tiny streamlet bright
Ran, twenty years ago.

In sylvan shade, through wood and glade
O'erhead the birds did sing;
Their tuneful notes in chorus made
The grand old forest ring;
Whilst our light bounding hearts set free,
With joy did overflow
In merry glee, beneath the tree,
Just twenty years ago.

Blithe hour so gay in life's short day,
How soon thy sands were run,
How short thy stay—like hoar frost gray,
Beneath the ardent sun,
Or, like the strain we loved to hear,
Whose echoes faint and low,
In measures clear fell on the ear,
Just twenty years ago.

Since then, alas! what friends most dear
And comrades kind and true,
Have crossed the "bourne" so many fear,
And laid this world adieu,
To calmly sleep beside the stream,
Whose waters as they flow,
Reflect in cease the willows green,
Since twenty years ago.

Yet many an old familiar face
We meet upon our way,
Of those who held a foremost place
For worth without display;
And like the some who now, as then,
On all occasions show,
They're still the narrow-minded men
Of twenty years ago.

There's old Per Cent. with back now bent,
And rigid mien most cold,
Whose scolded mien is still intent
On raking in the gold,
Who ne'er withheld a helping hand
To one in grief and woe,
His notions grand are stocks and land,
Like twenty years ago.

See yonder smirking dandy pass,
His little face awry,
With affection's rounded glass,
Stuck in his languid eye,
His coat and vest in fashion's best
And outward form do show,
That taller still can stand the test
Of twenty years ago.

Through maudlin fall we still can tell
You wreck with studied pose,
Whose cheeks so pale contrast too well
The brilliant pinched nose,
Whose tip so grand shows by its brand,
And bright vermilion glow,
The thousand treats it's had to stand,
Since twenty years ago.

Bland eyeopiants with empty plate
Their "little games" still play,
To flatter and cajole the great,
Or hero of the day,
But should misfortune's sudden blight
One's schemes and hopes overthrow,
With bow polite they're out of sight,
Like twenty years ago.

But, with a few exceptions rare,
Our men are good and true,
The young are brave, our maidens fair,
With eyes both dark and blue;
Their merry faces bright and clear,
Unused to care or woe,
Remind one of their mothers dear,
Just twenty years ago.

J. HENDERSON.

St. Hypolite Street, Montreal.

SIR ROWLAND HILL, K.C.B.

On Friday, the sixth of June of the present year, a deputation of the Court of Common Council waited upon Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., at his private residence, to present him with the copy of a resolution accompanied with a gold casket, conferring upon him the honorary freedom of the City of London. It is a matter of regret that a reward so richly merited should have moved so slowly towards its object, and only have reached Sir Rowland when, by reason of his great age, and of consequent infirmities, he was not able to visit the City, much less to be the distinguished guest at a Guildhall banquet, which is the usual as well as the graceful accompaniment of such honours. The ceremony was consequently of the simplest kind. A deputation consisting of the mover and seconder of the resolution, attended by some of the officers of the Corporation, waited on Sir Rowland at his place at Hampstead where the following resolution and the casket above referred to were presented to him:

"Resolved unanimously that the freedom of this City in a suitable gold box be presented to Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., in acknowledgment of the great social and commercial benefits this country has derived from the adoption, in the year 1840, of his system of uniform penny postage in the United Kingdom."

Fully to appreciate the social and commercial revolution which the change brought about, it may be of advantage to see what the postage rates were in the United Kingdom before the introduction of the penny postage system. It may be remarked that the rates levied in Ireland were rather in excess of those imposed in England and Scotland, but the difference was so trifling as to make unnecessary for our present purpose the insertion of a separate table for that island. The following therefore gives the

rates of the postages for single letters charged in England and Scotland:

Table with 3 columns: Distance, £, s, d. Rows include distances from 8 miles to 230 miles.

and for every hundred miles, or for any fractional part thereof over 300 miles, one penny additional. Letters to North America were £0.1.3. The above rates were exacted for what were called single letters, irrespective of the question of weight. Any enclosure, no matter how trifling, doubled the rate of postage. The postage to foreign countries was very exorbitant, as each country charged its own full postage rates. The rate, for example, between Paris and the English frontier was one franc; and between London and the French frontier ten pence, representing together a postage rate of £0.1.8 on a letter from London to Paris.

At the same time the United States' rates were as follow:

Table with 2 columns: Distance, Cents. Rows include distances up to 400 miles.

The Canada rates we may be sure were not less than those of the United States, and as until a comparatively recent period, each country exacted its own rates, it will not be difficult to assume that the amount of postage on a letter from Montreal to New York would have been about fifty cents.

The number of letters arriving in London daily in the year 1838 was from 39,000 to 49,000, representing an average of 35,000. The number of letters and newspapers posted in all offices of the United Kingdom, in the week beginning on the 15th January, 1835, was:

Table with 2 columns: Country, Number. Rows for England, Scotland, Ireland, and a total.

Assuming that the week above mentioned represented a fair average of the mailable matter sent through the post offices during the other weeks of the year, it would have followed that in 1838 nearly sixty three millions of letters and newspapers should have passed through the post offices of the United Kingdom. But the week we have cited could not fairly have represented the post office service during the other weeks of the year, as we learn that the number of chargeable letters delivered in the United Kingdom in 1838 was 76,000,000.

The act establishing a uniform system of penny postage was passed in 1839 and went into operation in 1840. In connection with the presentation of the gold box and the freedom of the City of London to Sir Rowland Hill, it will be instructive to refer to the latest report of the Postmaster General. The letters, newspapers and other mailable matter had increased in number from what they were in 1838 to 1,475,000,000. From 1840 to 1878, that is in thirty-eight years, the post offices and receptacles for the deposit of correspondence had increased from 4,500 to over 25,000. Post office orders for money remitted had risen from 188,000 in 1839 to 18,500,000 in 1878. Moreover, notwithstanding the lowered rates of postage and the increased cost of the service, the net revenue had advanced nearly half a million of pounds and was still advancing.

High rates of postage naturally suggested modes of evasion and encouraged various forms of fraud. It was not lawful, for example, for individuals to be the bearers of letters from one place to another, and yet it was notorious that travellers did carry about them a good deal of correspondence that ought to have gone through the Post Office. This, however, was not the only way in which the authorities were balked and the revenue siphoned. It is within the memory of people still living that on one of the occasions when the poet Coleridge was making a solitary tour among the lakes of Cumberland and while staying at old wayside inn, a postman arrived with a letter for the waiting maid. The charge for postage was one shilling. The girl looked silently and earnestly at the letter and returned it to the postman saying he could not afford to pay for it. Coleridge considerably gave her the shilling which the girl accepted with some reluctance. After the postman had gone she explained to her benefactor that he had spent his money in vain, as the letter was only a blank sheet of paper. The direction on the outside, however, included some apparently careless and insignificant marks of which she had taken careful note before returning the letter to the postman. The direction was in the handwriting of her brother and those marks had told her all she desired to know. "We are so poor," she said, "that my brother and I have invented this manner of corresponding and of franking our letters." How far this system was carried on elsewhere than by the clever maid of the roadside inn and her brother, we have no means of knowing. Letters, not prepaid, were necessarily sent, but as people were not bound to take them they were frequently refused. Now, however, such ingenuity as we have described would not avail, as all letters mailed in the United King-

dom, and in many other countries, must be prepaid.

One looks back with sheer amazement at the difficulties that Sir Rowland Hill had to encounter, and the opposition he had to overcome before he could get Parliament and the country generally to accept his projects of postal reform. Like all benefactors, his plans of amelioration included shocks to some nerves, violent assaults on chronic abuses, and what was regarded as a ruthless interference with vested rights. Members of Parliament and official personages enjoyed the privilege of franking letters, their signatures thus becoming the equivalents of an indefinite number of shillings. Moreover, there was a detestable traffic in such frank, for they were regarded by servants and dependents as perquisites that might be openly sold; hence resistance to a postal reform, that included the abolition of franking, issued at once from high and low quarters—from nobles in the drawing-room, and from their servants in the hall, and from cooks in the kitchen. Then the system itself was regarded as a marvel of organization and completeness, and consequently a source of national pride. Moreover, the profits of the department represented a large annual contribution to the Exchequer. Sir Rowland Hill did not venture to impugn the organization of the service, as we know by subsequent experience he might easily have done; neither did he deny their objections who urged that the revenue would, in the first instance, suffer shrinkage. He wished to substitute a simple for a complicated system of rates, and he calculated on the increase in the correspondence of the people and to the stoppage of illicit modes of conveyance eventually to recoup the revenue for the loss to which it would immediately be exposed. As Sir Rowland Hill, in answer to the speech of the City Chamberlain, touchingly observed: "Like every one else who endeavoured to effect improvements in existing institutions, it had been his lot to encounter misrepresentation, injustice, and strenuous, though doubtless often honest, opposition; but, on the other hand, there were probably few innovators who had had the good fortune which had been granted to him—to live to see his plans crowned with a success far exceeding his most sanguine expectations; to find former opponents converted into zealous friends; and, above all to know, as he did by that day's ceremony, and by other tokens which from time to time had reached his hands, that though nearly forty years had passed since his plans had come into operation, the public still retained a kindly remembrance of his services to their common country, and, as had been kindly said, to the world at large."

It should not be forgotten that Sir Rowland Hill was a benefactor to the whole world, for every civilized country has followed the example of the United Kingdom by adopting the postal system which Sir Rowland Hill so successfully established in the British Islands—a system whose advantages he was able to illustrate with singular felicity when answering the address of the City Chamberlain: "Of those then present," Sir Rowland said, "probably few were aware that a lower rate of postage now carried a letter from Egypt or the farthest parts of Europe to San Francisco, than was charged in 1839 on a letter coming from Guildhall (which they had left scarcely an hour ago) to that house, though the latter distance, as the crow flies, was scarcely four miles."

The great work that Sir Rowland Hill achieved was accomplished with much difficulty, and only by indomitable exertion; for, even after all the evidence had been submitted to the Parliamentary Committee in 1835, that Committee, when the principle of uniformity of postage was put to the vote, was equally divided, and this question of uniformity—the very essence of the scheme—was only carried by the casting vote of the chairman, whose name, though he has passed away, deserves to be recorded, viz., Mr. Robert Wallace, at that time member for Greenock. It is, however, worthy of note that, on the question being put whether a uniform rate of one penny should be imposed, an amendment was carried raising the rate to twopence. This unforeseen difficulty was eventually, and in a somewhat curious way overcome, so that Sir Rowland succeeded in winning his hard fight, and in giving to his country and to the world a lap full of inestimable advantages.

Sir Rowland Hill had previously received acknowledgments from the State and honours from his Sovereign. He has now accepted the right hand of fellowship with the freedom of the city of London, and no doubt his name is held in high honour in many other lands besides his own. All will unite with the City Chamberlain in the wish that the sunset of Sir Rowland Hill's life "may be brightened by the reflection that he has been permitted to become one of the greatest benefactors of mankind."

When signing the roll of citizenship the Chamberlain observed that the archives of the City Library showed that Sir Rowland Hill was the third of that name and family who had become connected with the city of London. The first was a direct ancestor, and bore the same arms, viz., Sir Rowland Hill, citizen and mercer, who was Lord Mayor in 1519, a benefactor of Christ's Hospital and founder of the Grammar School at Drayton. The second was General Sir Rowland Hill, who in 1814 received the honorary freedom of the city for his services at the battle of Vittoria, and the third is Sir Rowland Hill, the author of the system of penny postage prepaid by stamps.

Ottawa.

F. T.

MUSICAL.

Last Thursday the first of a series of grand promenade concerts came off at the Victoria Skating Rink, under the leadership of Dr. MacLagan, with Miss Gertrude Franklin as prima donna. The Overture of William Tell, by Rossini, was the first piece on the programme, the rendition of which was highly creditable to the whole orchestra, and duly appreciated by a fashionable audience. The solos particularly were played as true as we have heard them in large cities on the other side of the Atlantic. Miss Gertrude Franklin sang an air with variations by Rade, which brought out her voice most brilliantly, and by which she fully sustained all that our American critics said of her cultivated voice. The higher keys, especially in "It was a dream," impressed everyone with the fact that Miss Franklin has a bright future before her. Of affection, which often is found among professional singers, she is free, and cannot but gain many admirers among the music-loving public. After every song Miss Franklin was *encored*, and gave "Robin Adair" and "The Last Rose of Summer." Mr. Boucher, in a "Polonaise" violin solo, by De Beriot, showed a remarkable talent, and was well supported by the orchestra, except on two occasions when the accompaniment was a little behind time. It would, however, add greatly to the effect of Mr. Boucher's playing if he could show more repose in his attitudes. Mr. Jas. Shea's singing is well known to our public, and on this occasion has added to the reputation which he has made for himself heretofore. On the whole, we are pleased to chronicle that the first grand promenade concert this season was a success, perhaps not financially, but we hope that the management will be rewarded in future in this direction also, as the music which has been and will be performed consists of masterpieces.

HUMOROUS.

"A saw for the times: 'No man should live beyond the means of his creditors.'"

NORTHMAN will make a bald-headed man so mad as a fly that doesn't know when it has had enough.

In the midst of life we may be called upon by a female task-agent.

AN old joke: Ask a friend to dine with you at a restaurant, and then leave him to pay for his own dinner.

THERE'S many a man whose highest ambition is to successfully contest a seat on a nail keg in a corner grocery.

WHEN an honest hen is playing the foundation for a family and doing all the hard work, some absurd rooster is ready to do the crowing.

THE house-fly held their regular annual convention all over the country the first of this month, and unanimously resolved to adopt last year's platform without any changes.

SCIENTISTS say that the house-fly has 1,000 eyes. With so much eyesight to take care of and none of it poor, it is no wonder that he occasionally leaves his eyes around.

THE coloured brother in a Virginia church hit the nail on the head when he prayed at the close of the white brother's sermon: "Lord, bless de boulder to whom we has listened to so patiently."

THE following excellent suggestion is made by the New Orleans *Procyon*: "Loafers should not be allowed to stand on the corners of streets, except for the purpose of being unstruck."

PROBABLY no man so fully realizes the hollow-ness of life and human ambition as the man who laddies a teaspoonful of new milk horse rubbish into his mouth, under the impression that it will cure him.

A PARISHIONER of a Berkshire pastor was asked what the colour of the parson's eyes was. He didn't really know, "for," he said, "when he prays his eyes are shut, and when he preaches I generally shut mine."

HE was brought before the judge charged with a number of unpleasant crimes. The judge was very severe, and addressed him in most reproachful tones. The fellow was very much annoyed, and at last remarked: "Condemn me, sir, if you will, but don't dishonour me."

WHEN the thermometer marks 20 degrees in the shade in Greenland, the Greenlanders get around mopping the perspiration off their brows and asking one another, "I it hot enough for you?" And they wish a thunder storm would come up and cool off the atmosphere.

ABOUT this time of year city people are getting really anxious about the welfare of the country. This anxiety and solicitude will grow as the season advances, and when they can bear it no longer, they will pack up four children and two trunks and go and see about it.

"I SAY, you fellows have got a queer notion of punctuation," shouted an up-town man to an ice-cream driver. "What makes you put a period after every word on the side of your cart?" "Oh, that's 'cause we have to stop so often." "There was a degree of coolness in the reply that was unexpectedly refreshing to the inquirer."

A BOY stole seventeen bottles of homeopathic medicine from Curtis' drug store yesterday and carried them to the High Street school, where the contents of thirteen of the number were divided up among the children and eaten. The other four bottles were rescued alive. We have not heard that any had results followed this impromptu and ill-advised attempt to practice without a diploma.

IT doesn't do any good to veto a butcher's bill. Boggaby tried it, and the butcher, in defiance of all law and constitutional precedent, absolutely refused to vote any more supplies until the bill passed. Boggaby says the country is on the verge of a new revolution, and in fact the new revolution has come, for he now walks clear around the block to avoid that butcher's shop.

An agricultural journal tells how to make a very pretty window ornament. Taken good sized sponge, it says, saw it full of rice, oats or grass seed and place it in a dish of water. The sponge will absorb the water, and when the seeds begin to sprout, attach a cord to the sponge and suspend it in a window. We should like to serve some of the good-sized "sponges" in this neighborhood in the manner described, but the difficulty is they are already very costly, and will not absorb water worth a cent.

THE CAPTIVES IN BABYLON.

We sat by the rivers of Babel and wept, When we thought on the land where our forefathers slept;

Our sad hearts were breaking, our harps were unstrung, As on the green willows they silently hung.

No—never, proud heathens, these valleys shall ring With the music of Zion, for how shall I sing The songs of the Lord, while the hill and the vale Are profaned by the temples and worship of Babel!

In the day I forget how the Gentile defiled The City of God! and His people reviled, Let the Sill from my right hand forever depart, And no tongue fail to utter the wish of my heart!

O ye daughters of Salem, oh, weep for our race! Who are exiles from home in this desolate place— Oh, weep for our kinsmen who fell by the sword! Oh, weep for the temple—the house of the Lord!

Proud Princess of Babel, the Lord hath declared, By the mouth of His prophet, thou shalt not be spared; The crown from thy brow by the Mole shall be torn, And thy beauty shall vanish like dew in the morn!

Paris, Ont. H. M. STRAMMING.

AT THE DOOR WITH SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

I.

Most of us have known people, have had them for dear friends, maybe, who could be charming at all times, but who were perhaps most charming in those two or three minutes, when they lingered at the door, finishing off, as it were, the end of a night's conversation.

Left a track of light behind her heel, Had struck and flashed like amorphous steel.

It is a gift that, with given moderate ability, may easily be cultivated, or might be, if art in social life have not departed with powder, shoe buckles and small clothes. We shall never, perhaps, know what we have lost by the departure of the stately life, in society at least, of the 18th century. It was not a very moral life; it was not a religious life.

And here I beg you to observe my astuteness in getting a chance to introduce to the reader's notice the title of these papers, when I had, apparently (and as a matter of fact too), lost my way in a hopeless entanglement of subjects and ideas.

You see it gives me a chance to remark that I must have been a very glorious thing to have had Sydney Smith in to dinner, and have him stand in the door-way (let me hope there would be no draught) and chat for awhile, and then just give us one "good thing" as a parting benediction.

His jokes were serious and his serious jokes.

In a very interesting book on Holland House, by the Princess Marie Leichenstein, there is a story about Sydney Smith which I dislike. It is alleged that the conversation turned on the wickedest man in history, and Sydney Smith is alleged to have said, in the presence of the Prince Regent, "The Regent Orleans, and he was a Prince." And the Regent is alleged to have said, "I should have given the preference to the Abbé Dubois, and he was a priest, Mr. Sydney." I always take leave to doubt that very cruel and very objectionable story on grounds that are good, and chiefly from what literary men know as "internal evidences."

In Macaulay's life by Trevelyan there is a little incident which comes in pat for my purpose.

"In the spring of 1829," says his cousin, Mrs. Conybeare, "we were stopping in Ormond street. My chief recollection of your uncle during that visit is on the evenings when we copied verses. All the family were quick at it, but his astounding memory made him super-ominent. When the time came to be off to bed at his chambers, he would rush out of the room

after uttering some long-sought line, and would be pursued to the top of the stairs by one of the others who had contrived to recall a verse which served the purpose, in order that he might not leave the house victorious, but he, with the hall door open in his hand, would shriek back a crowning effort and go off triumphant."

Until we read Macaulay's Life we had no idea, most of us, that the stately old gentleman who marshalled his sentences as a field officer marshalled his troops, and put them through their series of splendid and sparkling movements to quick and slow time, could have had so much of the boy in him. The "Life" did much to make Macaulay a more lovable character in literary history, and added him to the list of famous people whom we should love to have chatting with us at the door after an evening's amusing talk.

Walter Scott would be facile perhaps on such an occasion. The man was full of humor as a human being could be, and by humor we must not always understand fun, but quaintness, oddness, pathos as well as amusement, the tears as well as the laughter of literature. What a boon companion the great novelist must have been! It was a time when society was pretty lively, and when a stranger went into the northern lands he was greeted with the Shakespearean line—

"He'll teach thee to drink deep and long."

At Abbotsford, in Edinburgh, or London, the great man shone with almost undiminished lustre for a great many years. His books we all of us know. I always pity a boy who has not read Walter Scott; he has lost so much that life can't make it up to him. I could pardon many a traitor, if I were a school master, if I could be assured that the morning had been spent in watching Quentin Durward's struggle with the Wild Boar of Ardenne, or the siege of Front de Bœuf's Castle by the Black Knight and Robin Hood. A very great man of our day (the greatest mind in Europe, perhaps, at this moment), no less than the Rev. John Henry Newman, reads Walter Scott to this day, and has obtained much from his style, and quotes him still with the most exquisite aptness. I have an idea that it was Walter Scott's labors in popularizing medieval history that we owe in great part that revival of middle age reverence and that study of the middle age church which have landed so many great names in the bark with Peter during the past forty years. In dear old Washington Irving's account of his visit to Abbotsford there is a little scene that I always recall with pleasure.

"Scott," says Irving, "as usual took the lead, lapping along with great activity and in joyous mood, giving scraps of border rhymes and border stories; two or three times in the course of our walk there were drizzling showers, which, I supposed, would put an end to our ramble, but my companion trudged on as unconcernedly as if it had been fine weather. At length I asked whether we had not better seek some shelter. 'True,' said Scott, 'I did not remember that you were not accustomed to our Scottish mists. This is a lachrymose climate, always showering. We, however, are children of the mist and must not mind a little whimpering of the clouds any more than a man must mind the weeping of a hysterical wife. As you are not accustomed to be wet through, as a matter of course, in a morning's walk, we will bide a bit under the lee of this bank until the shower is over.' Taking a seat under the shelter of a thicket, he called to his man George for his tartan; then turning to me—'Come,' said he, 'come under my plaidie, as the old song goes; so making me nestle down beside him, he wrapped a part of the plaid round me, and took me, as he said, under his wing.' So let us think of them together, the rugged Scotch genius, and the gentle American humorist; the one wrestling with gigantic ill-fortune, the other gliding gently through a little-troubled life; the one wasting in vain his giant intellect in the effort to found a family at Abbotsford; the other going through life alone, in quietude and sweetness of living, true to the memory of the one love of his youth who slept under the daisies. A good many of us would give a good deal thus to nestle with Scott under the lee of a storied cliff and hear him tell his stories of old Scotland—

Of lovers' sighs, of ladies' charms, Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms, Of patriot battles fought of old, By Wallace mighty and Bruce the bold, Of later fields of feud and night, When, pouring from the Highland height, The Scottish clans, in headlong sway, Had swept the scarlet ranks away.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

Ottawa, June 24th.

(To be continued.)

IF.

There are few words in our language more lightly, carelessly and continually uttered than the little seemingly insignificant word *if*, yet there are few, if any, fraught with more weighty meaning, or entering more deeply into the constitution of all things. It expresses the conditionality of the universe with all its complicated relations; it is the link which unites cause and effect, the term which conveys the mutual dependence of all things, one upon another. Certain it is that every event that transpires and

every state of things that exists is the combined result of millions of events and states that have preceded it, and that if any of them had been different, the whole of what we now call the present would have taken an altered form.

Such reflections, however, do not usually attend our ordinary use of this little word. It is rather in the narrow circle of our own personal fortunes that we review contingencies and trace the workings of causes, and imagine other and different results that might have happened, if certain things on which they depended had transpired differently. Especially when misfortunes and troubles have assailed us we are apt to indulge in such retrospects. If we had had more wisdom, or if we had exercised what we did possess, if we had yielded to the advice of some friend, or if we had resisted the persuasion of another, if other people had acted differently, or if some apparently unimportant event had never taken place, we argue that this trial might never have come upon us. Few deaths take place where the surviving friends do not look back with self-reproach or displeasure at something that was done or left undone upon which they lay the blame of their affliction. So in other cases of trouble, the fortune need not have been lost, the friendship need not have been broken, the good name need not have been sullied, the hopes need not have been crushed, if only something else had or had not happened, or if some one had taken a different course. Generally speaking, these regrets are only productive of increased discontent and gloom. They are often greatly exaggerated from the morbid condition of mind which brings them forth; but even where they are well founded, they are not healthful subjects for contemplation. Could we go back far enough, and in imagination open up all the contingencies which might have been, and arrange them to bring about what we consider more favourable results, we should, in our fancy, subvert the whole order of nature. As it is, by drawing in our own minds the very limited pictures which our powers can furnish, we attribute far too great an influence to single causes, and the reality that rushes back upon us, with increased force, is all the harder to bear. Time has closed the record, and we only aggravate our own pain by striving to tear open the pages.

There is, however, one exception to this, one way in which the thought of what might have transpired under other circumstances, is a wholesome and desirable one. It is where the motive is to obtain clearer light to guide the future. Then it is no indulgence in useless complaints or sickly repinings, but a searching investigation into the past, to obtain the lessons it holds for the future. If we have erred through wilfulness or ignorance, if we have acted hastily or foolishly, if we have weakly yielded up our judgment, or obstinately refused to listen to reason, it is well not to shrink from the knowledge. Especially where moral *ifs* are involved; where our misdeeds and neglects have set in motion a train of evils; where, if the outbreak of passion had been curbed, or the lawless desire controlled, or the loving counsel respected, or the inner voice of conscience obeyed, the present time might have been one of honour or happiness, instead of humiliation and distress; in such cases the pain of retrospect is salutary. Yet even these, to be useful, must be combined with energy, hope, and resolution. To dwell morbidly upon our sins is as futile as to dwell morbidly upon our calamities. Only as they are made to give out their earnest lessons for the future are they a safe or wholesome subject of meditation.

It is not the past alone, however, that holds the *ifs* of human life and action; the future is as full of them and as dependent upon them as the past, and often is a far more cheerful and useful field for thought. Many of the issues which are yet to come depend upon our own character, will, and energy. Upon these it is always safe to dwell, and these are by far the most important. Take the possibilities of the youth just setting out in life, how rich and full they are, and yet how many are the contingencies! If he but follow the inner promptings of his conscience, if he but turn a deaf ear to the tempter, and put far from it the allurements of evil, if he but arm himself with firm principles, and obey the dictates of duty and the pleadings of love, what a happy and valuable life may he not, with good reason, look forward to! Many other contingencies are beyond his control, many plaus and hopes may be realised or crushed, property, employment, health, life, friendship, love, may be his if unforeseen circumstances do not interfere. The *ifs* that lie hidden from his view, in the years to come, are only for trust and faith to accept, as they come, one by one; but the great moral *ifs*, which he can guide and direct—the decisions which lie within his own power to make—the balances which, from time to time, he may turn for good or for evil—these are the hinges of destiny, the true factors of life.

Thus may we obtain the key by which the real significance of this little word *if* may be discovered. Not as a discontented murmur of what the past might have brought us, not as a gloomy foreboding of troubles the future may have in store for us, not as a repining reverie on the uncertain vicissitudes of life, but as a means of ordering our conduct, of strengthening the foundations of truth and right living, of avoiding the pitfalls and snares which lead to destruction, of cultivating whatever is pure, and true, and noble, and generous, and lovely in life and in character. This is the one *if*, in all human existence, on which no uncertainty rests, and which will never disappoint the brightest expectations.

FOOT NOTES.

AN ELEPHANT'S GRATITUDE.—The Birmingham Gazette says that among the animals belonging to a menagerie that visited Tenbury recently, is a fine female elephant named "Lizzie." Nearly five years ago this animal, after a hard walk, was allowed to drink a quantity of cold water, the result being that she was seized with severe illness, and her life was all but despaired of. A chemist of Tenbury being called in, by his vigorous efforts and skilful treatment she ultimately recovered. Lizzie had not forgotten her preserver; and when she was walking in procession through Tenbury, recognizing the chemist at the door of his shop, she left the other animals, and going to him affectionately placed her trunk in his hand. In the evening the chemist visited the exhibition, when Lizzie gave him a warm and most gratifying reception. Gently encircling him with her trunk, she held him for some time captive, to the anxiety of the spectators, and was with difficulty induced to let him go.

BUZZERS.—These good-natured people are not so disagreeable as they have the reputation of being, and their disagreeableness would sink to a minimum did those that were afflicted with them know how to get rid of them after a reasonable interval. All that you have to do is to let the buzzer run on at random. It is unnecessary to say anything yourself. Give him rope enough and he will tell you everything—where he has been, what he has done, whom he has seen, and all about it. All that you have to do is to grant an occasional yes or no, and ply a question here and there. He is an indubitable bore, but he must be endured, for in polite society it is not permissible to pick quarrels with people merely because they get us into corners and talk us overmuch.

The buzzer has his reward. It consists in his estimate of himself. It pleases him to think that he knows everybody and that everybody knows him; that his memory is stored with anecdotes and that his tongue is never at a loss for words; that he can accustom himself with a sort of vulgar ease to any society he happens to be in, and that his incomparable cheek knows not what blushing means. A man thus favoured by nature may make the world his home; he would not be "silent upon a peak in Darien." No grandeur, no sublimity would have the power to thrill him. He makes good gabble, and on that account is acceptable at large dinners or small tea parties.

BURLESQUE.

TOO MUCH GRAMMAR.—The peril of employing highly educated young men as clerks was again illustrated recently. A woman stopped at a green grocer's on Woodward avenue and asked:

"Is them lettuce fresh?"

"You mean that lettuce," suggested the clerk, "and it is fresh."

"Then you'd better eat it!" she snapped as she walked on.

The grocer rushed out and asked the clerk what on earth had happened to anger her, and the young man replied:

"Why, nothing, only I corrected her grammar."

"You have turned away one of my best customers. Only yesterday she came in and asked me how I sold those white sugar, and I got an order for a whole barrel. Hang you, sir! but if them customers want grammar they don't expect to find her in a grocery! No, sir, and if you see she again you want to apologize in the most humblerest manner!"

STRICT VEGETARIANISM.—A man wandered down Calhoun street recently, and approaching Frey's grocery store asked of the proprietor:

"You got some greens, don't it?"

"Greens? Yes, sir."

"You got rooting bakers?"

"Rutabages! Yes, sir; how many will you have?"

"Got some little red plates, mit green tops?"

"Red plates with green? Well, no, sir; I suppose you will find them at the china store, up town."

"Don't got no little red plates? guess it was better of you got some; guess you was a liar. Vich you call dese?"

"Those? why those are radishes."

"Red dishes—dot's vat I said. Say, maybe I get some letters of you to-morrow. You got it?"

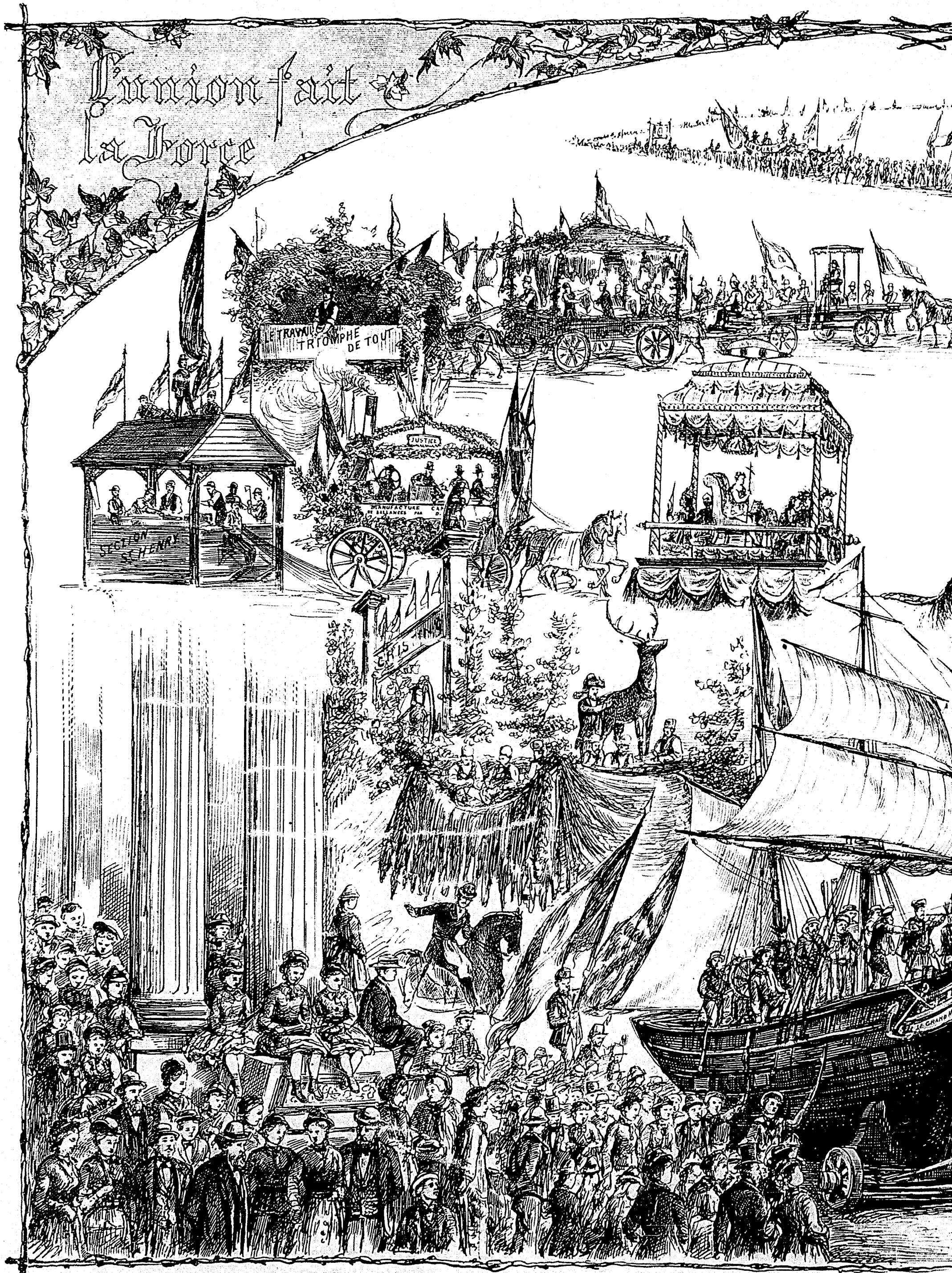
"Letters! There are no letters here for you; you must inquire at the post-office."

"Ankwire mit the best office for letters! Dose was a fine skeems. I was up town and vent auf a bake shop and vant some buns, und the man said 'Get out, you old bum, or I'll fire you tree de door.'"

"You should have said 'buns.' He!"

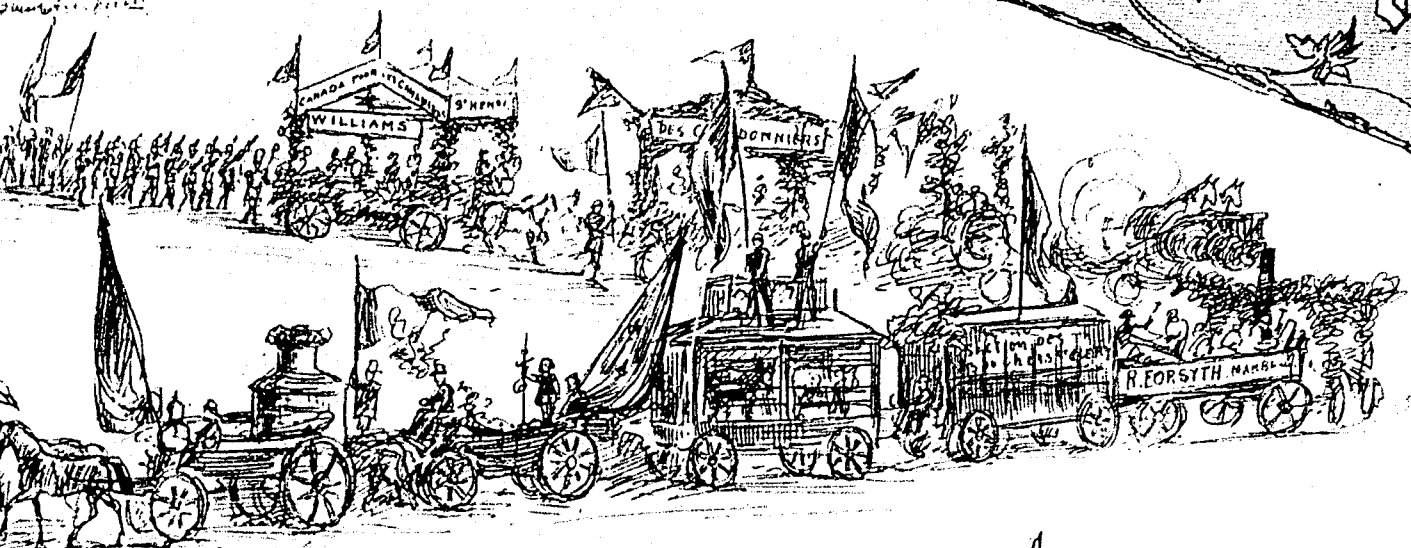
"Buns! Dot's vot I said—buns; and den I comes and vant some red dishes, und you dell me to go auf a china store; I vant some letters to eat und you say go mit de best office. I ogspect off I vant some beants you telle me go to de station-house. I tell you vat I do—you can go to de tyfel. Of you vas a nice man, I vant some injins und cowumpers, und plenty dings, but I guess I go to de drug store und buy a brick und beddels rat pizen."

"HAVE you any objects of interest in the vicinity?" the tourist asked the Burlington man. "I have," eagerly replied the other, "but I can't get at it to show it to you. It's a ninety days' note and it's down in the bank now, drawing interest like a horse race or a mustard plaster." The traveller smiled as though an angel had blessed him. But it hadn't.



SCENES OF THE PROCESSION ON ST.

Union is Strength



ST. JEAN BAPTISTE DAY, MONTREAL.

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MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE,

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

Introit.

I.

ON FOOT.

It was the last day of June when I set out on my yearly excursion to Valmont. I went on foot, the distance from St. Louis being nine miles. My luggage was to come after me, in charge of Josh, our negro coachman.

This was the fourth year that I went to Valmont to spend my long vacation. It was barely daylight when I started out, and the sunrise overtook me as I reached the outskirts of the city, clearing the last houses and getting a glimpse of the level fields. It was a glorious apparition. I took off my cap and adored the God.

Thenceforward I felt not the fatigues of the way. Gazing right and left, stopping at intervals, I enjoyed the varied scene as I should have done the successive cartoons of a panorama. Here was a cottage embowered in trees or festooned with vines; there a herd of red and white cows, knee-deep in the grass; further, a clump of woods vocal with birds; further still, stretches of prairie, rolling away to the infinite.

I had no set phrases to express my admiration; no scraps of poetry to tack on to the landscape, as mottoes in a theatre. I was still too young to be conventional. I saw and wondered and enjoyed. I neither spoke to myself nor shouted nor tossed my arms aloft. I walked on, perfectly happy. I was not even conscious of all my happiness at the time. It is only now, after many years, that I recall and understand it.

I kept no account of time. When one has the whole world before him and a long summer day at his disposal, what cares he for the hours? It was nine o'clock, therefore, and the sun poured down its hot rays, when I came up to Rock Bridge House without knowing it. I sat down on its front gallery to rest and watch the going and coming of customers. There were drovers with their long whips, broad-brimmed hats, check shirts and top-boots of raw leather. There were farmers with clean shaven faces, honest eyes, and clad from head to foot in cool, unbleached linen. They bustled in and out of the house, while their wives and daughters, seated under immense cotton umbrellas, in their wagons, kept patient watch over the hampers and baskets which they were carrying to market. There were three or four young swells from the neighbouring villas who spent most of their time at the inn, playing dominoes, drinking iced liquors and ogling the pretty women who passed.

Everybody seemed to know Rock Bridge House, and make it a point to stop there. The lazy oxen drawing immense hay loads, the capricious mules pulling ponderous wains, the frisky horses attached to light vehicles, all looked up on hearing the old familiar yell, and turned in from the road without waiting for the word of the driver.

And beyond all this noise and confusion, the fair fields stretched far away, softly resplendent in the sheen of the morning sun; the great calm woods on the right and left waved a silent invitation to their cool recesses, and the far hills stood like phantom sentinels warding off all hostile incursions from the peaceful valley.

I sat for a long time admiring the scene of quietude and beauty, till the hot rays crept from the ground to the steps, and from the steps to the gallery itself. The copious draught which I had taken at the well still produced a sensation of freshness, and, as the heat had not yet reached its highest point, I judged it prudent to continue my solitary tramp.

II.

IN THE HOLLOW.

From Rock Bridge House there was a steep hill leading to a ravine, which crossed the main road at an oblique angle. This ravine was a wild bit of scenery—rocky, overgrown with scrub oaks and hardy brambles, and in the spring flooded by torrents from the distant heights. At present it was quite dry, and its dark, green sides were besprinkled with dust. The heat in that hollow was intense.

When I reached the bottom of it my attention was drawn to the figure of a man seated on a large stone a few steps from the carriage-road. His head was bent on his knees and his arms were huddled under his chest. He presented the appearance of a scraggy bundle.

I should probably not have noticed him, but for the fiery heat that was then plunging into the gorge. If the man was sleeping, as I thought he was, and remained in his present position another half hour, he would inevitably be sun-struck.

I went up to him and pulled him by the sleeve. He did not move. I then took time to examine him more minutely and had no difficulty in making him out to be a soldier. The

unsightly shako, then worn in the American army, lay beside him, but the high, stiff sides were sadly lumpy, the black gloss was effaced, and the white ball or tuft on the front top was nearly picked off. His haversack was on the ground, too, but it was battered and so flattened as to be apparently empty. There was no musket, no bayonet, no side-arm of any sort, no ammunition-box. The brass plates on the knapsack and above the brim of the shako, indicating the number of the regiment, were gone. On the latter, however, there was the reminiscence of a silver eagle in the shape of two claws clenching a bundle of arrows. The rest of the bird of freedom had flown.

The man himself was wretchedly dressed. He had on a greyish coat, ripped nearly the whole length of the back and revealing a problematic shirt. This last garment looked like faded calico. Its colour was nondescript. The trousers had been blue, but they were brownish now, and the regulation side-stripe was indistinct. The shoes were immense brogans, hardened and twisted like bark and slit in different directions.

The man remained immovable during this inspection. I did not hear him breathe. My imagination then began to work a little, and I made a rush upon him, shaking him more violently than before. The broad back gave a nervous shrug, the arms unfolded and stretched out slowly, and the sleeper raised his head. His eyes, as they encountered the glare of the sun, opened and closed several times, and the expression of the face was one of bewilderment. Otherwise it was a noble face—long, white, though beaten by the weather, and young. The eyes were a light blue, very tender. About his head a striped cotton handkerchief was wound in the shape of a turban.

At first the man seemed to take no notice of me. He was yet floating in the vagueness of hot dreams. He said in a voice that was half a mutter, half a growl,

"I was sleeping, I believe. Who woke me?"

"I did."

"What made you do it? Was I in your way any?"

There was less harshness in his voice as he said this; only a little reproach.

"The sun was beating on your head," I answered. "I feared a rush of blood."

The man passed his hand over the crown of his head, and said:

"Yes, it is very hot."

He then rose, stretched out his arms and whole body, now to the right, now to the left, yawned about two or three times, drew himself up to his full height and tightened the belt about his waist. Even in his rags, he looked every inch a soldier.

I made bold to address him again, inquiring whence he came and whither he was going.

"I come from Santa Fe," said he, resuming his seat on the stone, "and I am going to St. Louis, if I can ever get there after these weeks and weeks of weary travel."

"You have not come from Santa Fe on foot?" said I.

"On foot, nearly every mile of the way. On the plains there was no one to give me a lift, and in the settlements I was shunned where I was not ill-treated."

"Ill-treated?" I exclaimed; "who would ill-treat any of our soldiers?"

"In places I was driven from door to door; I was hoisted out of some villages; I was refused a night's lodging in many a house."

"Why, how could that be?"

"I was looked upon by some as a bush-whacker; by others as a deserter."

He then drew from his pocket an old wallet of green leather, which he opened with great care. There were several papers in it of different colors—white, blue, yellow and pink. Some of these were probably letters from friends—perhaps love notes. There were two or three small parcels done up with black ribbon—tokens and mementoes of the dead. Finally, after some search, he produced an oblong paper, worn and soiled with much fingering. It had the unmistakable look of an official document. Scattering the leaves a little, he handed it to me with an earnest glance.

It was his military discharge. It recited in full the services which the bearer had rendered his country. He was a Missourian—born near Carondelet, or, as it was then called, Vide Poche. He had enlisted in the first regiment of his native State for service in Mexico. His name was Gustave Dablon. He was one of the three thousand Missourians who had joined Gen. Kearney's United States dragoons at Fort Leavenworth in June, 1846, and set out for the conquest of New Mexico. He was at Santa Fe in August. In the autumn he formed part of Col. Doniphan's expedition against the Navajos. In December he returned to Santa Fe and joined the little army of occupation. It was thus that he shared in all the perils of that eventful winter, when a terrible revolution broke out, Gov. Bent was cruelly murdered, and every American

resident was in danger of his life. He took part in the bloody battle of January 21, 1847. He was with Burgwin at the storming of the Embudo Pass on the 29th of the same month. He assisted at the attack on Pueblo de Taos, an admirably fortified town, where the engagement lasted from nine in the morning till night. On the next day, the 5th of February, he was wounded in one of the streets of the town, just before the capitulation was determined upon. On the return march to Santa Fe, he had been detached with some others to scout after Indians, who hung upon the flanks of the army. He was captured by these, badly wounded in his efforts to escape, and finally scalped and left for dead on the prairie. This misfortune incapacitating him for future service, he was furloughed or discharged, as the event might prove, and recommended to the War Department with the highest eulogy on his fidelity, gallantry and uniform good conduct in the service. The paper was signed by Sterling Price, Colonel Commanding the Division of New Mexico, Santa Fe, April 12, 1847.

I shall ever remember how I was moved by the sight and handling of that document. The men who appeared so far away doing great things were now with me. Here was a man who had been in the romantic battles which the people talked so much about. He had fought side by side with Doniphan, who seemed to me a legendary hero. This was the handwriting of Sterling Price, the pride of all Missourians.

I folded the paper reverently and returned it to the soldier with every mark of respect. I was awed at his appearance and resolved to do my best to help him. The distance to the city was still seven full miles; the day was going to be extremely hot; the man was weak and evidently footsore. I must find some means of having him transported and properly protected during the rest of his journey.

Picking up his shako, knapsack and stick, I handed him these articles and pointed to the hill.

"Have you had breakfast?" said I.

He nodded affirmatively.

I then led the way up the ascent back to Rock Bridge House. He followed limping and dragging himself painfully. When I got in sight of the inn, I saw a farm boy making ready to mount his spring-wagon. After a brief parley I confided my charge to the youth, with instructions to take good care of him until he was safely deposited at the military office on Vine street. The soldier thanked me, making the military salute and muttering something which I did not catch. After the wagon had started he turned and waved his hand to me. I noticed that tears were in his eyes.

III.

THE BIG FORK.

I resumed my journey. Within a quarter of an hour I had reached the Forks. These were two creeks, one considerably larger than the other, which twisted about through the adjacent country and crossed the high road, along which I was travelling, at a very picturesque spot. There was the Big Fork and the Little Fork. The former, torrential at certain seasons, was spanned by a rough rustic bridge. This bridge was one of my landmarks. When I saw it I knew that my journey was drawing to a close. A turn in the road a little further on, a little piece of wood to traverse, and Valmont burst into view.

When I reached the bridge this morning, I stopped and leaned over the parapet. It was in the shadow of squat blackjacks, and I felt the cool breeze in my hair. I gazed into the water beneath. I saw the white flat stones over which I had often passed barefoot and with trowsers rolled up to the knee; the little circular inlets where the cattle came down to drink and dream for hours; splinters of log green with mould; tufts of moss undulating with the current; patches of cress over which the ladybird fluttered. And while I gazed, I heard fainter and still fainter the buzz of noonday insects, the shivering of the tree tops and the low sing-song of the water. The bridge, the hillside, the white road, the trees, the creek seemed to be turning round and round in a circle of vapour. I was completely mastered by the influence of the time and place, and instead of continuing on my journey, remained bent over the parapet in a state of delicious somnolence.

Presently the water under me brightened like a silver mirror, and I thought I saw outlined in it the features of a human face—broad forehead, salient cheeks, amorous lips, rounded chin. The eyes were closed, and the face seemed to mount and mount buoyed by the water up to me. I watched it with such fascination that I stirred not a line from my position. When it came within reach of my hand and I was about stretching out my arm to touch it, the lips parted with a ravishing smile and the eyes opened. Those eyes! The magical pictures that we read of, so full of inexplicable surprises, could not have more effect than this, and the eyes were such as I had never seen before. I looked again. Come, what was this? Yes, once before, for one second, I had seen those eyes and those eyes had flashed on me. It was on Commencement Day, just a se'n-night ago, as I was coming down the platform with the silver medal of my class on my breast. I trampled the world under my feet that day. I walked in air. I heard nothing save the indistinct hum of friendly applause; I saw nothing save the indistinct mass of the multitude. I should probably have remembered

naught of the scene beyond my own triumph, had I not been suddenly restored to consciousness by the sight of two glorious brown eyes that gazed full upon me as I hurried by to regain my seat. I turned to meet them again, but they were gone; the head was probably averted and the divine glance directed elsewhere. After the exercises I resumed my search, but in vain.

Here, however, were those eyes once more, mirrored in the water. I looked at them, and they seemed to draw me down into their depths. I was sure of them now. I would remember them forever; I would recognize them anywhere.

Not many minutes elapsed in this contemplation. All at once the face of the water began to wrinkle, the beautiful countenance gradually dissolved, now one feature, then another mingling with the liquid till there remained only the eyes. A moment later, they too sank out of my sight. Simultaneously I heard a rattle on the bridge; the wooden frame shook, and turning rapidly I saw a carriage clear the further end, rolling at great speed. A young girl on the back seat turned round and waved her handkerchief to me.

I recognized Mimi.

IV.

VALMONT.

In less than ten minutes I am at the foot of the well-known slope. There is the hospitable roof, there is the broad gallery, there are the secular trees. I hear the noise of youthful voices, and a shout of welcome comes musically to my ears. They have seen me.

"Yes, here he is! here he is!" resounds on all sides.

I have scarcely reached the front of the house when I am surrounded by a boy of children, girls and boys—some older, some younger than myself—first cousins, second cousins, third cousins, neighbours, for Valmont was the paradise of children during the summer vacation. I am received with all honors, being the big boy from town, the college boy, and the predestinated master of the revels.

Aunt Aurore comes to the head of the steps leading to the front gallery and there receives me in her own tender way. She is our favorite—Aunt Aurore—the favorite among so many aunts and grandaunts of an unusually large family. She loved all children, but I always thought she had a special fondness for me, probably because my poor mother had been her pet before me, and chiefly because I was an orphan and alone in the world.

"Here is my boy," she said, folding me in her arms and kissing me on both cheeks. "Come to Valmont to spend another summer with us, eh? But how tired we look; how dusty we are. Rest a little while, while I prepare a nice supper for you."

Dear old aunt! How she understood children. She would always have them eating. It was her first offer when they came; the last when they went away. She spent a large part of her time in preparing all manner of dainties for them, and she was a great cook. She herself would set the table; she waited on us, filled our plates, replenished our glasses, urged us by words and gesture to eat and drink.

After leaving Aunt Aurore, my first duty was to pay my respects to Uncle Louis. He was seated in his rush-bottomed easy chair, on the back gallery, his two hands resting on the head of his hickory stick. He had heard my voice and was waiting for me.

"Good day, Uncle Louis. Here I am again," said I, taking off my cap.

"Good day, Carey. Good day, my boy," was the old gentleman's reply, as he extended his large hand and squeezed mine in its hearty embrace.

"Just in, eh? What is the news?"

I understood that reminder. I fumbled in my breast pocket and drew forth the morning papers, which I handed him. This was a little attention which we never forgot whenever any of us went to Valmont. Uncle Louis was a great reader. When he sat in his arm-chair on the gallery, with his horn-rimmed spectacles on, his corn-cob pipe balanced between the first and second fingers of his right hand, the paper in his left hand, his big stick lying askant between his knees and his favorite dog stretched lazily at his feet, he looked an ideal picture of happy old age which I can never recall without emotion.

Having thus delivered my passports, and feeling secure of the favor of my uncle, I set out to roam over the house. It had not altered a bit during the year. Every room was as I had left it; not a single piece of furniture had changed place. The same curtains hung around the bedsteads, and at the windows, clean, fresh, stilly ironed. On the mantelpiece over the fire-place in the large sitting-room—a room also as a dining-room—there was the row of nick-nacks which I had seen there from my infancy. First, a plaster cat, painted blue and green, with her nose knocked off and a hole behind her ear. The hole was a convenient receptacle for matches. Also, two apples of some conglomerate or other, exquisite imitations of the fruit. I could not tell how often, in days gone by, I had bitten into those apples, fancying they had been put there expressly for me. Also, a little work-box of stained birch-bark, encrusted with shells. Also a tiny brass cylinder, fretted and punctured and attached to a little wheel which had ceased to turn. This was the "innings" of a music-box long since come to grief. There

was also a lot of pipes, and on the right of the French clock, which held the place of honor on the mantel, a deck of cards. One noticeable thing about these was that the topmost card, with face up, showed either the queen of hearts or the jack of spades. If the former, it was one of the boys who had put it there. If the latter, it was one of the girls. A last detail. On the wall, to the left of the mantel, hung a magnificent tobacco pouch of scarlet flannel wrought with glass beads and porcelain ornaments of every hue. It belonged to Uncle Louis, and was a token of the early days of St. Louis, when the Indians pressed closely around the infant colony.

I was delighted to find all things thus in their place. It seemed as if I had been thought of in my absence; as if, when I departed last year, Valmont had resolved to remain just as it was in order to offer me a more pleasant welcome on my return.

I hurried back to the front porch and from its high position swept my eye over all the surrounding landscape—so beautiful, so varied, so familiar. I then took off my cap and flung it on the floor; pulled off my coat and waistcoat; unfastened my necktie, undid the collar-button of my shirt, and thus disencumbered, cut a tremendous caper on the gallery with my feet, and sent forth three wild whoops, such as Uncas himself would not have disowned. It was the shout of liberation. I was a boy again—free to roam, to lounge, to wake, to sleep, to do absolutely as I pleased for two whole months, and these the loveliest of the year.

At that moment I heard my Aunt Aureole calling:

"Carey!"

"Here!" I exclaimed, hastening to her.

"Why, my dear, what have you been doing? The children are waiting for you this half hour."

"Doing? I don't know what I have been doing, aunty. All I know is that I am back at Valmont and I feel glorious."

"Well, never mind your coat or cap. Go as you are. You must be hungry. Eat plenty, and we'll see afterwards what you will all do to amuse yourselves."

Thus was it the first day. The following days resembled this in their rounds of amusements. I should willingly linger over a thousand incidents of the long vacation, but the march of my story requires celerity. I shall therefore refer to only one or two episodes.

V.

MIMI.

I have already mentioned Mimi Raymond. She was one of my many cousins-german. She, too, had gone to Valmont to spend her vacation, and, as we have seen, went out there the same day as I did. She had recognized me at Big Fork bridge, in the midst of my meditations, and would have taken me in, but that I appeared to be waiting for somebody.

She was sixteen years of age and had attained her full development. She was tall, delicate, yet strong. The fullness of her cheeks, the roundness of her shoulders, the plumpness of her wrists, and the dimples on the back of her hand showed that she had that amplitude of flesh which nature destines as the complement of vitality.

Her hair was of the usual auburn shade, but very abundant and very glossy—two infallible signs of good health in a girl. Combing out her hair, she could sit on it, a feat which would be phenomenal in these days of flax and hemp head-dresses. It was one of Mimi's peculiarities to take great pains with her hair, having been taught to regard it as a glory and protection of womanhood, intended to accustom the female to habits of cleanliness, neatness and regularity. She learned this from a nun whose own locks had been clipped to the roots. She never issued from her chamber, no matter at how early an hour, unless perfectly combed.

Another trait of Mimi's was that she rarely smiled. Her way of expressing gratification was a half closing of her brilliant hazel eyes, a slight dilatation of the nostrils, and faint lines at the corners of the mouth. In other words, her whole face smiled, not her lips. Beautiful at all times, she was particularly handsome when her countenance thus beamed.

It must not be inferred that she kept her lips pressed or pinched. She was anything but a *precieuse*. And, besides, she could not hide her double row of large white teeth. Indeed, when she spoke these showed conspicuously, and, more than anything else, gave her an air of artlessness and, therefore, of extreme youth. I often talked to Mimi just to see her teeth. Once, and once only, during this summer I spoke to her for another purpose. It was after hay-time, when we had been thrown together every day for several weeks. Strange that though my reason told me from the first she was fair, it was not until this particular morning that her beauty struck home to my heart. Hitherto she had been only my cousin. I took in her just that pride and self-satisfaction which one takes when he has a lot of handsome female relations. If any one praised her in my presence I would merely say with a careless vanity, "She is my cousin."

But this day she appeared quite other to me. Suddenly she assumed a new beauty, and there was attraction in her very form which I could not withstand. By a change brought about mysteriously in a single night I was in love with Mimi. And so violently in love that I could not let the morning pass without telling her of it.

I met her at the spring, where she was sprinkling a basketful of flowers which she had just gathered. I began by a compliment on the poetry of her occupation, to which she answered pleasantly and in excellent taste as might have been expected of her.

I next ventured to remark on her rosy cheeks, ruddier for these healthful rambles in the dells of Valmont. She blushed, thus setting the seal to her loveliness. Stooping there, with the basket of flowers on her knee, her sun-bonnet fallen back so that the blue ribbon encircled her throat, her eyes full of illuminations and her cheeks tingling with conscious blood, her beauty was irresistible. I ran forward, threw my arms around her neck and kissed her. She quietly allowed herself to be kissed. This, I must confess, surprised and disappointed me. I had expected that she would struggle, shriek and scold. I withdrew my arms, feeling and doubtless looking very sheepish. Mimi was nowise disturbed, but kept on assorting her flowers.

I soon rallied, however, and determined to be more explicit.

"Mimi," I said, "There must have been something unusual in the sound of my voice, for she looked up vivaciously and asked:

"What is it, Carey?"

"Mimi, I love you!"

She gazed fixedly at me, her eyes sparkling with fun, as she replied:

"I hope you do. I love you, Carey. Are we not cousins?"

"Yes—yes—but—"

She seized a little bunch of nasturtiums and scoured my cheek with it. I mistook this play for one of the usual tricks of love and tried to speak again, growing very red in the face. But she promptly checked my impertinence.

"Come, come, my dear boy. If you don't stop I'll tell aunty on you, and you'll be the laughing stock of Valmont for the next week. Love, indeed! How ridiculous to think of such a thing. You and I have something else to do besides worrying our minds with these fooleries; get along."

I walked away abashed and disappointed: not answering a word. The incident may appear trifling, but the sequel will show how momentous it really was. However, I was not altogether unhappy. I had a reminiscence to feed on. I had tasted the sweets of a first love.

VI.

LITTLE FORK.

One day as we were standing on the front gallery of the farm-house, a drove of a dozen horses belonging to Valmont, having found the gate of the enclosure open, trooped into the yard. Among the many animals thus grouped, a fine studly for a Landseer or a Rosa Bonheur, my eye singled out a handsome sorrel colt, to which I called my uncle's attention.

"A good breed," was the reply. "The colt is yours, Carey, if you can break him."

I was delighted, of course, and set myself at once to put the animal under my control. I was told afterwards that I had a knack at training horses, but whether that is so or not, I was surprised to find that, at the very first trial, I was able to bridle the colt. I next broke him to harness in a heavy tumbail prepared for the purpose. Breaking him to the saddle was a more arduous feat, but I accomplished that too. Within a fortnight I was so far his master as to ride him to and from the city quite pleasantly and without the least fatigue. Altogether the colt proved very accommodating. Having made up his mind to quit his wild life, he resolved to go further and be social. He became the pet of all the children. He ate from our hands and allowed himself to be mounted by anybody. Mimi was particularly fond of him and rode him frequently. As she was to remain at Valmont for some time after my departure, I bequeathed the colt to her.

A few days before the close of my vacation, I had gone early one morning on a shooting excursion along with the Beauport boys, sons of Uncle Louis and Aunt Aureole. We had scoured the country with only slender success, and were returning, about the middle of the afternoon, quite exhausted with our long tramp. Somehow, when in the vicinity of the Forks, we separated, and I found myself on Big Fork bridge alone. There I sat down to rest. The day and night before it had rained in torrents, so that I was not surprised to find the stream unusually swollen and chafing with thunderous noise over the rocks. From the height of Big Fork bridge I could see the Little Fork, which was also flooded and driving in a tremendous current. Little Fork in ordinary weather was easily forded, but after a storm was more dangerous than its larger companion.

Overcome by fatigue and perhaps lulled by the sound of the water, I had fallen asleep, when I was suddenly aroused by a loud cry in the direction of the Little Fork. I rose at once and looked over in that quarter. There was no immediate repetition of the cry, but I fancied I heard the patter of hoofs in full career. A moment later I was struck by another scream of terror, followed by a splash in the water and the loud snorting of a horse in distress. Though I saw nothing as yet, I hurried in the direction of the sound. When I reached the bank a sight of horror met my eyes. Mimi with my colt was struggling in the current. The horse was on his side and she had fallen over him with her foot or dress entangled in some part of the saddle. Fortunately the horse's feet were turned

away from her or she would certainly have been bruised to death in their convulsions. I threw down my gun, slipped off my shoes and, without one moment's hesitation, plunged into the stream. By this time the two had floated far down from me and into the widest part of the creek where the water was deep. They were borne off so fast that I despaired of overtaking them. Mimi had ceased calling; she was probably already insensible. The moment was critical. If they got into the rocky portions of the torrent, the danger would be extreme. Being a good swimmer, I made superhuman efforts to reach them. All at once the saddle-girth burst and the horse floated away, leaving his rider alone to her fate. Until then, the buoyancy of her garments had held Mimi up, but now, with the weight of the saddle attached to her, she would be sure to go down. Putting forth all the strength and all the skill of which I was master, I finally succeeded in overtaking her. Holding up her head gently with one hand, with the other I conveyed her safely to the shore. As I did so, several of my companions came up, having been attracted by my outcries. With the aid of two of them, I bore Mimi to a grassy spot under the shelter of some trees, where we gave her all the assistance which instinct more than knowledge prompted us to render. One of our band, who had run up to Valmont for snecor, returned with a close carriage in which were both Uncle and Aunt Beauport. We all went back to the farm together, leaving the poor colt to get out of trouble as he might. For my part I never expected to see him again. What was my astonishment, on reaching Valmont, to find him waiting at the gate for admittance, and looking hardly the worse for his adventure.

Beyond a painful shock to her nervous system and a few superficial bruises, the condition of Mimi was not such as to inspire uneasiness. She was speedily restored to consciousness, and her first inquiry was into the particulars of her rescue. She attributed the accident to a random shot from the rifle of one of our party, which so startled her horse that she lost all control of him, as he dashed at full gallop in the direction of the Little Fork.

My last days at Valmont had now arrived, and I was obliged to depart before Mimi had fully recovered or could even quit her room. On taking my leave, I was surprised to find her a prey to strong emotions which she took no pains to conceal.

"Well," said I, "I am going, Mimi. When you return to town you will come to the college to see me, will you not?"

I then added with a smile:

"But before I go, I have a little question to ask you."

"What is it, Carey?" she inquired gravely.

"Will you still regard me *only* as your dear boy?"

She paused awhile, as if not understanding; then looking up with tearful eyes, she held out her hand and said:

"You are my hero, Carey!"

I was satisfied. There was something of a reparation. I quitted Valmont and returned to College for my last year with a hopeful heart.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

If you desire to make a friend of her for life, pretend to mistake her for her daughter.

It is better to dwell upon a housetop than in a tent with a woman who wants a new spring bonnet.

A DUTCH judge, on conviction of a culprit for having four wives, decided: "He has punishment plenty; I lifts him mit one!"

Two children talking of their parents: "Which do you like best—pa or ma?" "Pa. Which do you?" "Ma, then."

"Give me your hand," said the school-master sternly. "And my heart, too," she replied meekly. Being pretty, her soft answer turned away his wrath.

The dear girl who read the thrilling essay, "How to Get Along in Life," when she graduated last summer, is getting along nobly. She is now the mother of triplets.

WHENEVER a woman does a wicked or a foolish thing the newspapers designate her as beautiful and accomplished. Perhaps that is the reason why some good, homely women become bad.

Boy: "What are you crying for, Sally?" Girl: "Cos I got the toothache." Boy: "You go round to my grandmother; she'll show yer what to do; she knows how to take hers out and put 'em back whenever she wants."

"JOHN, I'll give you a good slapping if I ever see you do that again," said his mother. "The easiest way you could make a slapped Jack," and Johnnie kept right along in his course, but he missed his slapping. His mother thought he was too sweet, already.

"MARION," he asked, in that style which a big brother assumes when patronizing a little sister. "Marion, do you know that the earth turns round?" "Of tos I does," answered Marion, resenting the imputation of ignorance; "that's the reason I tumbles out of bed."

A NEW boy at school diverted the minds of the other pupils from their books by munching peanuts, whereupon the teacher relieved him of his edibles and reprimanded him. Next day

the "master" received a note from the new scholar's mother, which conveyed this information: "If mi Boy can't eat Pee nuts out loud in Skule, I'll edikate him myself at home."

A LADY just returned from a protracted stay in Paris says: I was thoroughly astonished, in visiting Worth's, to find all the newest costumes made short. In fact no fabric was too costly to cut up into dresses of walking length. Only dinner costumes and ball dresses were made long. House dresses, carriage dresses, promenade dresses, are all made of one length. A Parisian lady does not pretend to be seen on the streets holding up her skirts.

"WHY do you look at me so, sir?" He said that he was not aware of having done so, but he insisted. "I beg your pardon, but it's this eye, is it not?"—lifting his finger to his left optic. "Yes, sir, it's that eye." "Well, my dear lady, that eye won't do you any harm; it's a glass eye, madame—only a glass eye. But I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman." The compliment delighted her, and she married him soon afterwards.

SEVERAL weeks ago the little sister of baby died, and baby could not understand what had become of her. She asked where she was. "She is in heaven, my child," replied mamma. The last day of the old year baby was amusing herself with one of those little toy balloons. "Mamma, if my balloon should get away where would it go to?" "Up in the air." "Only in the air?" "Maybe to heaven." Baby went to play again, and after a while came back without her balloon. "What have you done with your balloon?" "It has gone to heaven. Little sister will have it for my New Year's gift."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. CHARLES READE'S adaptation of L'Assommoir is to be called Drink.

MARIE ROZE has conquered San Francisco with her realization of Carmen.

GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE is preparing a new legendary play for John T. Raymond.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY, of "Mrs. Brown" fame, is to appear at the London Gaiety Theatre as "Falstaff" in King Henry IV.

PLANTAGENET POTTER, in Mr. H. J. Byron's comedy "The Girls," is as much talked about in London now as "Old Middlewick" was during the run of "Our Boys."

"THE Banker's Daughter" brought \$125,000 into the treasury of the Union Square, of which Mr. Howard got \$5,000 as royalty, and Mr. Palmer \$45,000 as profit.

MISS NELSON has of late suffered more frequently from off recurring temporary indispositions than at any previous period of her eventful life, much to the regret of herself and manager.

THE salaries of the vocalists in the Grand Opera, Paris, were \$0,000 francs in 1777; in 1877 they were \$2,494 francs. In the former year the expenses of the orchestra were \$3,482 francs, in the latter \$79,500, while the authors' fees were 4,000 and 1,95,317 francs respectively.

GLUCK'S Iphigenia in Tauris has reached the hundredth year of its existence. It was first performed in Paris on the 28th of May, 1779. The great composer's first opera, "Arminio," was written for the Ducal Theatre, Milan, in 1742, when he was only twenty-eight years of age.

LONDON has been having another great Wagner festival in the Albert Hall, under the direction of Herr Hans Richter, Kapellmeister of the Vienna Opera. There was an orchestra of 110 instruments and the festival was a great success. Selections from Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann and other great composers were also given.

SPONTINI'S "Olympia" has been selected for the gala performance at the Royal Opera House at Berlin, in honour of the golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress, on the 11th of June. The opera was composed for Paris, where it was brought out in 1819, after nine months' rehearsals, and proved a complete failure. Two years afterwards it was a success in Berlin.

A COMIC drama called "The Strange Gentleman," which Charles Dickens wrote when he was known as Boz, and which was played in September, 1836, when Pickwick had only reached its sixth monthly part, has been reprinted in London in fac-simile. The original edition is now rare, and as much as \$42 has been given for a copy of it.

G. S. CLARKE, as "Toodles," in the pump-handle scene, has to kick his hat off at the wings. While playing the part in London lately, to his own horror, and to the intense amusement of his audience, he kicked his hat into the centre of the royal box, where the Duchess of Edinburgh was sitting. By command of the august personage, a lady in waiting picked it up and threw it at the actor.

THE revival of the *Muette de Portici*, at Paris, will be inevitably postponed until next month, as it is intended to give to Auber's *chef d'œuvre* the character of a musical event. The scenery painted by the distinguished artists who are employed at the Grand Opera is unusually magnificent, particularly the one representing the market place of Naples, where the immense proportions of the stage and the movable background will permit the arrangement of a perspective never before even attempted. More than 500 choristers and supernumeraries will be employed in the piece, and the old-fashioned *décors* of the market-place has been turned into a ballet, in which we shall see the *premiers sujets* of the National Academy of lyric and choreographic art.

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.



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Habib Ullah Khan,
 Finance Minister.

Mr. Jenkins, Political Officer.

General Sir S. Browne.

Yakoub Khan.

Major Cavignani.

CONCLUSION OF THE AFGHAN WAR: ARRIVAL OF THE AMIER MAHOMED YAKOUB KHAN AT GUNDAMUK.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.



"TELL ME," BY W. OLIVER.

SONNET.

BY JOHN READE.

["The thing that hath been is that which shall be and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun."—Ecclesiastes, 1-9.]

Has aught been changed, or is there any more
To tell of what the human heart can feel?
Or is there any phase of woe or wail
That has not been a thousand times before?
We live the lives our fathers lived of yore;
Our loves, our hates, our longings are the same;
Our creeds have little changed, except in name,
And our wise books repeat the ancient lore.
The men who walked through Babylon's proud streets
Were just such men as walk our streets to-day,
And the fair maid who blushes as she meets
Her lover—such as she, far, far away.
Long, long ago (oh how the tale been told),
Was many a sweet, fair maid who lived of old.

PICNICING ON THE NOTTAWA-SAGA.

BY C. E. JACKWAY, M.D., STAYNER, ONT.

The locomotive utters a shriek of warning, the cars move slowly away from the crowded, noisy, dusty platform of the City Hall Depot, and I give a parting nod to my cousin Jack, who, leaning lazily against a huge heap of luggage, looks with pitying eyes upon his infatuated kinsman, that chooses rather to spend Dominion Day away among the green meadows of the country, than take part in the manifold amusements the loyal inhabitants of the Queen City of Ontario are preparing for the celebration of Canada's birthday.

Away we go, sluggishly at first, as if the iron horse is loath to leave its stall, but when Brock street is passed, and the fresh balmy breezes of the country begin to play around, it gives a fresh snort, dashes off into the bush, leaving Toronto and its busy streets far behind, and gallops at a break-neck pace over the land. How glad I am at the prospect of once more turning somersets down mossy banks, climbing trees, sailing, fishing, &c., after being cooped up for months in a dingy, seven-by-nine office, with my nose almost rubbing against mouldy, yellow, old documents! I am gladder perhaps than many would be under the circumstances, because I have not always been a "city chap," but was once a brown-faced, little country lad, that had chased the cows home many and many a time. Many a time too had I knelt at my fond mother's knee and said my childish prayers, while the robins called to me through the open window and told me it was too early to go to bed. Ah, well, she died years ago, that sainted mother, and the old homestead has passed into the hands of strangers, yet there is a tender spot in my heart that this busy world cannot harden, and it is sacred to the memory of my childhood home in the country.

On, on, we go through the beautiful County of York, stopping every little while, as if to give our loud-puffing steed a short breathing spell.

"Newmarket!" shouts the brakeman. Ah, this once was a familiar place to me, for here I went to school for some time. I look eagerly down the platform, but the faces are all strange—no, I am wrong, for there is a group that I have often met on the cricket field, and good upright cricketers they are, hard to conquer, but able to stand defeat like men.

"Hallo, Dick—Lem—Gus—how are you?" I shout. "Match to-morrow?"

"Yes," answers Dick, captain of the eleven, "with Bradford."

"I wish you luck! Good-bye!"
A wave of the hand and we are off once more. Now I look steadily from the car window, for we are rushing over the road that I trudged along to school through sunshine, rain and snow. There is the pond where I learned to skate! Yonder, over that hill, is the old homestead I mentioned just now, and a big lump jumps into my throat as I strain my eyes to catch a better view of it through the trees. Poor old Holland Landing, you are a dear, romantic-looking place, even if your glory has departed. Listen! That is the church bell. Its music is dearer to me than that of any other church bell I ever heard. I may be prejudiced in its favour, but I do not believe you can find its equal in any rural church in all Ontario. Does not the little stone church look pretty too, crowning that beautiful hill? I must get off here for a moment. How strange the folks look! I imagine I have seen most of them before, but their faces are greatly changed. Ah, here is somebody I know! I shake hands confusedly with a lot of people, being ignorant of the identity of half of them, then away the train goes again, and I sink back in a state of bewilderment on my seat. I believe I would cry if I was a girl, there's such a big lump in my throat.

Then I began to sing a merry tune to drown my sad thoughts, but not being a success as a singer, I pitch it rather low, and in such a doleful key that the man in front turns around and stares at me in amazement.

"You're mistaken, young man," I grumbled to myself, as my song suddenly dies into silence. "You think I'm drunk? You're wrong this time."

Somehow the presence of this man jars my nerves. He must be thinking unfavorably about me, I suppose, and by some means the peripheral extremities of his nerves communicate with mine, and I feel that I am inferior to him in every respect. He is a bigger man than I am; his coat is not so dirty; his collar fits better than mine; and he glances at me once in awhile in such a contemptuous way, that I begin

to look around to find another seat, but they are all occupied, so I shut my eyes and try to doze. I fancy I have a short nap, for when I open my eyes again we are all at Allandale, and there, across the smooth, glassy bay, is the beautiful town of Barrie. What a pretty picture! The sound of the tea-bell calls me from the magnificent view, and I hurry off to attend to the welfare of my stomach. There is no time to spare either, for I have hardly had enough to eat when the train is ready to go.

It is beginning to get dark now, and the fences and everlasting array of black pine stumps become indistinct as we hurry past them. My tormentor in front is putting on more airs than ever. Never mind, I'll soon be rid of him.

"Stayner!" Here I am at last! I jump up, and so does the man in front. He rushes out on the platform, and just as I am about to grasp the hand of my uncle, who is expecting me, he coolly takes the proffered palm and shakes it heartily. What a glance of lofty surprise he bestows upon me when uncle gives me a warm welcome!

Uncle then takes us, one on either side, and we accompany him to his residence, which is pleasantly situated in the suburbs of the village. Here we receive a kindly greeting from my aunt and three cousins. The cousins are young ladies, and tolerably good-looking ones too. We spend an agreeable evening discussing the programme for the next day. It has been decided to have a picnic at the mouth of the Nottawasaga, and I, having been there before, look forward to that event with much enthusiasm. The fact that Minnie May, a young lady whom I have seen on previous visits to this part of the country, is also going, no doubt adds to the brilliancy of my expectations.

I learn that my strange companion on the train is a Mr. Phillip Landon, who lives at Holland Landing, and is supposed to own considerable property. There appears to be some sort of relationship between him and uncle's family, but it is of such a remote nature that no one seems able to explain the connection. The girls make considerable fuss over him—no, I am not quite right there, for Fanny, the eldest, treats him with a little reserve, and soon comes over to me for a quiet chat, while the others jingle the old piano, and join with him in trios that certainly sound very well, Landon being a good singer. No wonder he stared when he heard me attempt to sing on the cars! Fanny is a very nice girl for a cousin, so I have an agreeable talk with her when the others do not make too much noise.

I retire to bed about twelve o'clock and dream about Minnie May until daylight, when I hear the girls talking and laughing. Hurriedly I spring up and dress myself, for we are to start off very early. It is a beautiful morning, without a cloud visible in the sky, excepting a misty gauze that floats over the blue mountains of Nottawasaga. Suddenly a waggon clatters round the corner, and Tom May, accompanied by his sister Minnie, drives up. I meet Minnie with as much ease as possible, but fancy that I am acting like an awkward body. After a great deal of bustle and confusion we are ready to start off. Of course I expect to be with Minnie, but, being a little fashful, pretend to be very busy assisting cousin Fanny, who sends me back to the house after her umbrella. Confound that fellow, Landon! He's actually taking my coveted place with all the coolness imaginable, so I have to go in uncle's waggon with Fanny.

We are soon rattling over the rough Second Line of Nottawasaga, that leads to the Georgian Bay, but somehow I do not enjoy the corduroy road as much as I did the last time I came this way. Fanny is very quiet too. I suppose she thinks there is no use exerting herself to amuse a cousin. All the rest seem to be having a lively time, and I can hear Minnie's voice mingling with Landon's as they try to sing; the song invariably breaking into a peal of laughter, as an unexpected jolt of the waggon nearly jerks their heads off. The roaring of the water now becomes very loud, and presently we are on the beach. "Good-bye, rough road!" shouts the driver. The horses quicken to a sharp trot as we touch the smooth, hard sand, and seem to enjoy travelling on a path of such unwonted evenness. The fresh, bracing breeze, the splash of the water, and the merry voices around, arouse for a short time my low spirits, so I burst out in a delicious way for a little while, but soon calm down again, and, although the drive along the beach to the mouth of the Nottawasaga River is perfectly delightful under ordinary circumstances, I am glad when it is over and we drive up a steep hill, round an abrupt curve, and into a beautiful leafy glade, where we come upon the cook of "Roaring Camp," who is busily occupied in frying fish.

"I—I—yes, to be sure, although—unexpected—nevertheless—that worthy person begins, as he waves his hat in one hand, and a two-pronged fork in the other, "I—say, Wes, Sed, Harry, Frank, come here!"

The individuals thus addressed rush from their tent and greet us with great hospitality. "We didn't think you'd have been here so soon, or we'd have been better prepared to receive you. I hope you've brought lots to eat with you," cried the foremost.

On making enquiry I find that those gentlemen complete our party—that, in fact, we are to be their guests for the day. I also learn that their camp has received the euphonous title of "Roaring Camp" on account of the noisy privities of its occupants.

The horses are unhitched, tied to trees and fed, after which boats are produced. I never attempted to row before, so I grasp a pair of oars and go out to practice on the river before the others are ready. The exhibition I make is not very flattering to my vanity, as I cannot persuade the boat to go in the direction I endeavour to send it, and soon I hear my companions laughing at me, and I am sure that Minnie and Landon laugh louder than the rest. After many frantic efforts I manage to reach the shore, having formed a vague idea of how I ought to steer, but I am in a very bad humor, and my hands are beginning to blister. I do not feel like asking anyone to accompany me, so I pay no heed to any of the ladies, but wait moodily until Fanny takes pity on me. The rest are soon in their boats. Minnie and Landon take the lead, and he, no doubt intent on showing off his superiority, shoots away upstream at a very lively pace. It does not take long for the others to leave my boat far in the rear. Fanny is very quiet and sober-looking. I suppose she is not enjoying the sailor's pace at which we are going. For my part I wish myself back in the city again. After I tug at the oars for an indefinite period of time, Minnie and Landon suddenly reappear before us at a sharp bend of the stream. "We were afraid something had happened to you, and thought we had better come back to see," calls Landon.

"You might have saved yourself the trouble," I answered somewhat ungraciously. "We are getting along very well."

Landon turns his boat about and off they go again. Fanny and I at length reach the place where the rest of the party have landed. "Dinner is ready!" they shout. "Hurry up!" My style of rowing is criticised so numerously during dinner that I make up my mind to stroll off and hide myself from my companions. I cannot eat very much, and soon sneak away from the improvised table, and hurry through thick bushes and over long ledges of sand, until I fancy I am free from interruption.

"This world is a mean, disconnected, disjointed institution," I grumble, as I gnaw savagely at my finger-nails like a hungry cannibal. While thus pleasantly occupied a crackling sound among the dry twigs near me attracts my attention, and looking up I see Landon approaching. His hat is pulled down over his face, which is darkened by a most unpleasant scowl. My first impression is that he has been taken ill, and is suffering from pain. When he notices me he gives a short whistle of surprise and approaches slowly.

"This is a miserable place!" he growls. "Why, I thought you were enjoying yourself!" I ejaculated in surprise.

"I am bored nearly to death, but I thought all the rest of you were as happy as possible."

"I might be happy enough under some circumstances," he answers grimly. "If I hadn't been tied to that lifeless little girl I could have made my existence more endurable. If I had such a girl as your cousin Fanny to accompany me I'd feel better."

"Then why in the name of common sense didn't you take her instead of leaving her to me?" I blurt out, being somewhat incensed at the manner in which he spoke of Minnie, though I had been calling her all sorts of names, mentally, myself.

"I've had mighty little chance," he replied. "You've monopolized her ever since we arrived last night, and I've hardly been able to speak to her, I don't wonder though, for she's a splendid girl."

"She's well enough, but I don't care for cousins under some circumstances, so if you'll tie yourself to her for the rest of the day, and allow me to attend to your former partner, I'll be satisfied."

"That's a bargain," he exclaims energetically, "let us go back!"

Off we travel together at a rapid pace, and are hailed as a couple of naughty truant, that have been away enjoying a quiet smoke undisturbed by feminine tongues.

"Minnie," I say in some anxiety, "are you afraid to trust yourself in a boat with me?"

"No, certainly not."

"Well, come along," I impetuously exclaim, and we are soon gliding down stream. "I have not had a chance to speak a word to you all day," I say presently, "you've stuck so closely to that Landon."

"I couldn't help myself," replies Minnie. "You and Fanny are so absorbed with each other that I had to become the martyr."

"Martyr!" I echo. "I've been the worst kind of martyr all day."

"You seemed to be enjoying yourself extremely well for a martyr," she answers demurely.

"I've not enjoyed myself a bit yet, and will not unless you allow me to be your cavalier for the rest of the day."

"What about Fanny?"

"See for yourself," says I pointing shoreward. Fanny and Landon are walking along the river bank very slowly, and, if I mistake not, Fanny appears more animated than she has at any previous time during the day. Minnie looks in the direction I point out, but says nothing.

Either I am becoming more proficient in the art of rowing than I was, or Minnie does not weigh as much as Fanny, for I find there is more pleasure in rowing now than there was before. We are silent for some time, and Minnie looks very pretty as she sits with down-cast face looking into the clear water—so pretty, in fact, that I forget myself and tell her that I love her, that I have loved her for I don't know how long,

and that I want her to be my wife. Dear girl, she blushes painfully and tries to hide her face, but falters out a low, sweet "yes" in answer to a certain question I ask her.

How fast the time flies! Why, I am astonished when they say it is time to go home. If you want to have a good, enjoyable time don't forget the Nottawasaga River. It is the most delightful place imaginable. Then the drive home in the evening along the beach, with the great setting sun hanging just over the horizon, tipping every wave of the broad bay with gold, is glorious. I do not know how Fanny and Landon are getting along. I hope they are as happy as we are. I don't believe Landon is a bad fellow after all. It is very dark before we get home, but Minnie and I can talk more boldly in the dark, so, before the horses stop, the time is fixed for our wedding.

"We've had a splendid time, haven't we, Fanny?" I overhear Landon say, as they are bidding Minnie good-night.

"Yes," replies Fanny enthusiastically, "it was the best picnic I ever was at!"

From which remarks, and other little tokens, I infer that she and Landon have arrived at quite as satisfactory an understanding as Minnie and I.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 229 received. Correct.

G. W. L. Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 229 received. Correct.

R. F. M. Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 226 received. Correct.

J. W. Ottawa.—Letter received. Many thanks.

H. L. Clarkburg.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 225; also of Problem for Young Players, No. 226. Try No. 228 again.

We have often been asked by learners what are the best methods to be pursued by those who are desirous of becoming skilful in the game of chess. We answer that the general opinion seems to favour practice, as much as possible, with those who are able to play well, and a steady determination to reach a like proficiency.

There is, however, no regard to the carrying out of these means, one impediment, and we are inclined to believe that it is the reason why so many after beginning to feel an interest in the game leave it off disheartened with the little progress they are able to make. Those who are to a fair extent at home over the board, are not at all anxious to play at chess in order to improve inferior players. They are willing to play for their own amusement, but they are not inclined to teach. As a rule people are not fond of teaching as a profession. There are, indeed, few amateur teachers. The player who has by study made himself a proficient wishes to meet with a foeman worthy of his steel. One as nearly equal to himself as possible, so that the contest may produce that excitement which is the soul of the game. Should he win, he has added to the number of his hard-earned victories; should he lose, there is no discredit. Inferior, his antagonist be a learner, and considerably inferior to himself, to win a game is a tame affair, to lose is disgraceful.

The benefit and excitement are all on one side. A young man determines to improve his chess play, he joins a club, and puts himself in the way of those from whom he can learn, he finds, however, that all on a level with himself are equally desirous of self-improvement, and that the advanced players are not willing to sacrifice their own enjoyment for the sake of others. In this way, numbers throw up the game with disgust, not, however, without determining some hard feelings towards those whom they look upon as selfish to a degree.

Now, there is one plan which we can strongly recommend to every young player, and one which we feel sure, if carried out steadily, will enable him to approach very rapidly every antagonist he may meet, although at the beginning of their encounters the difference in their play may stand considerably in the way of their being anything like what might be called a rivalry over the board.

The plan we propose is the study of chess works, chess openings, the theory of the game, combined with the continuous practice of the game by playing over specimens of the skill of the great masters, which are to be found in all works treating the subject scientifically.

There is no royal road to chess. It is like all good things, to be sought for by hard study. We must not expect others to do for us what we can do for ourselves. Therefore, we advise our young friends to play over the games of Morphy, Anderssen, Lowenthal, Staunton, La Bourdonnais, Macdonald, and a host of others who are giants in their way. Let them try to fathom the deep thought which produced the beautiful combinations which games of this character exhibit, and their progress will soon lead to their being agreeable antagonists to those whom they are likely to meet in an ordinary chess circle.

CAISSA.—The heroine of Sir William Jones' poem on chess, (1763) and since then generally regarded as the Muse, or goddess, of chess:—

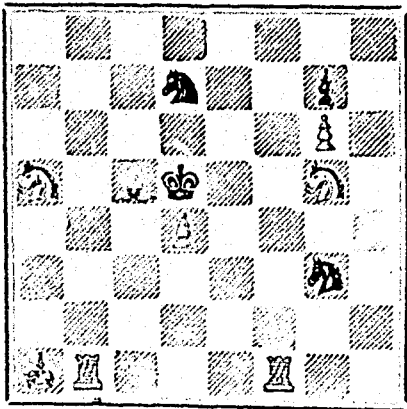
O'er hills and valleys was her beauty famed,
And fair Caisa was the damsel named.

George Walker, in his admirable sketch of the immortal contests between MacDonnell and La Bourdonnais, says:—"I have seen MacDonnell an hour and a half or more on one move; and I once timed La Bourdonnais 55 minutes. Herr L. Paulsen has consumed 50 minutes on a move, but Paul Morphy seldom took over five minutes."

There was a large gathering of chessplayers at Leigh last week, on the occasion of Mr. Blackburne's visit to the town. The meetings were held in the reading-room of the Liberal Club, and on the first day of his visit Mr. Blackburne played simultaneously against all comers, losing only two games in the middle. The winners were Mr. Allan Green, of Bedford; and Mr. John Alfred, of Chesham. On the second day the English master played against eight of the local champions; and, as he invariably does, brought all the games to a conclusion at one sitting—indeed, within the space of a few hours. The play resulted in Mr. Blackburne winning six games and drawing the remaining two.

The tournament for the Lowenthal Cup at St. George's Chess Club ended last week in Professor Whyte carrying off the trophy with a score of nine out of a possible twelve, Mr. Minchin securing second honours with a score of seven and a half.—Illustrated London News.

PROBLEM No. 231. Br A. Cyril Pearson. BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 370111.

(From the Dramatic Times.)

An interesting game played by Mrs. and Miss F. Down in consultation, against Mr. W. Potter.

[Ruy Lopez Knight's Game]

WHITE.—(The Allies) BLACK.—(Mr. Potter.)

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

White resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) Of course, in a serious game Black would not make this weak move. (b) P to Q 3 is best here. It avoids the attack which results at this point provokes (c) P to Q B 3 would have developed their game more rapidly. (d) P to Q 5 would have worried Black by preventing his King from getting as speedily as he did, into safe quarters. (e) This B would have been more serviceable at K 2. (f) The allies play with great spirit, considering the superior army that is opposed to them, and the skillful general that is commanding it.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 229.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K B 2 2. Mate accordingly. BLACK. 1. Any move

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 227.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K B 3 (cb) 2. Kt to K 5 double check and mate. BLACK. 1. K takes Q (cb) by dis.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 228.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to K R sq 2. R to K 5 3. Kt to K 5 4. Pawns at K 7 and K Kt 4. BLACK. 1. Pawns at Q 2. K B 2 and K Kt 3 and 4.

White to play and mate in two moves.



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F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 16th June, 1879.

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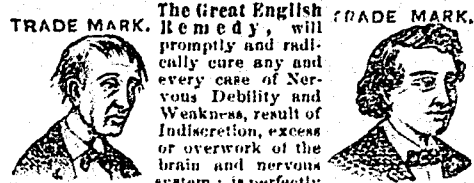
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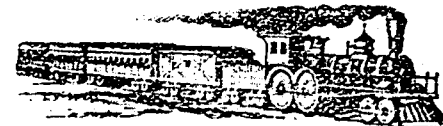
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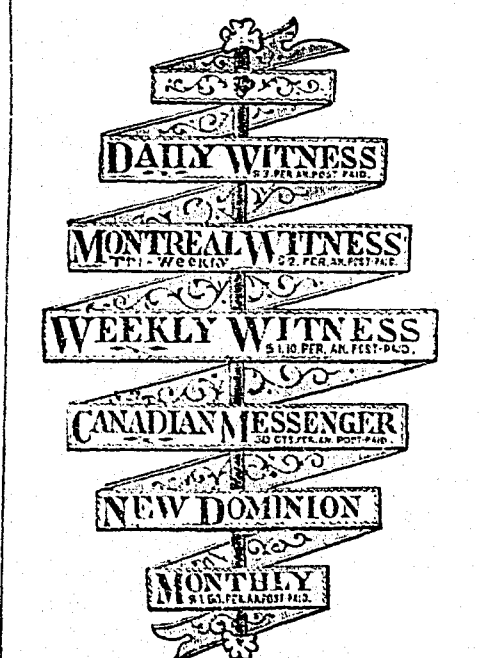
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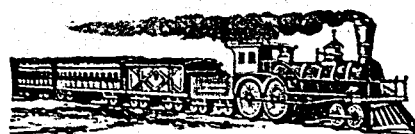
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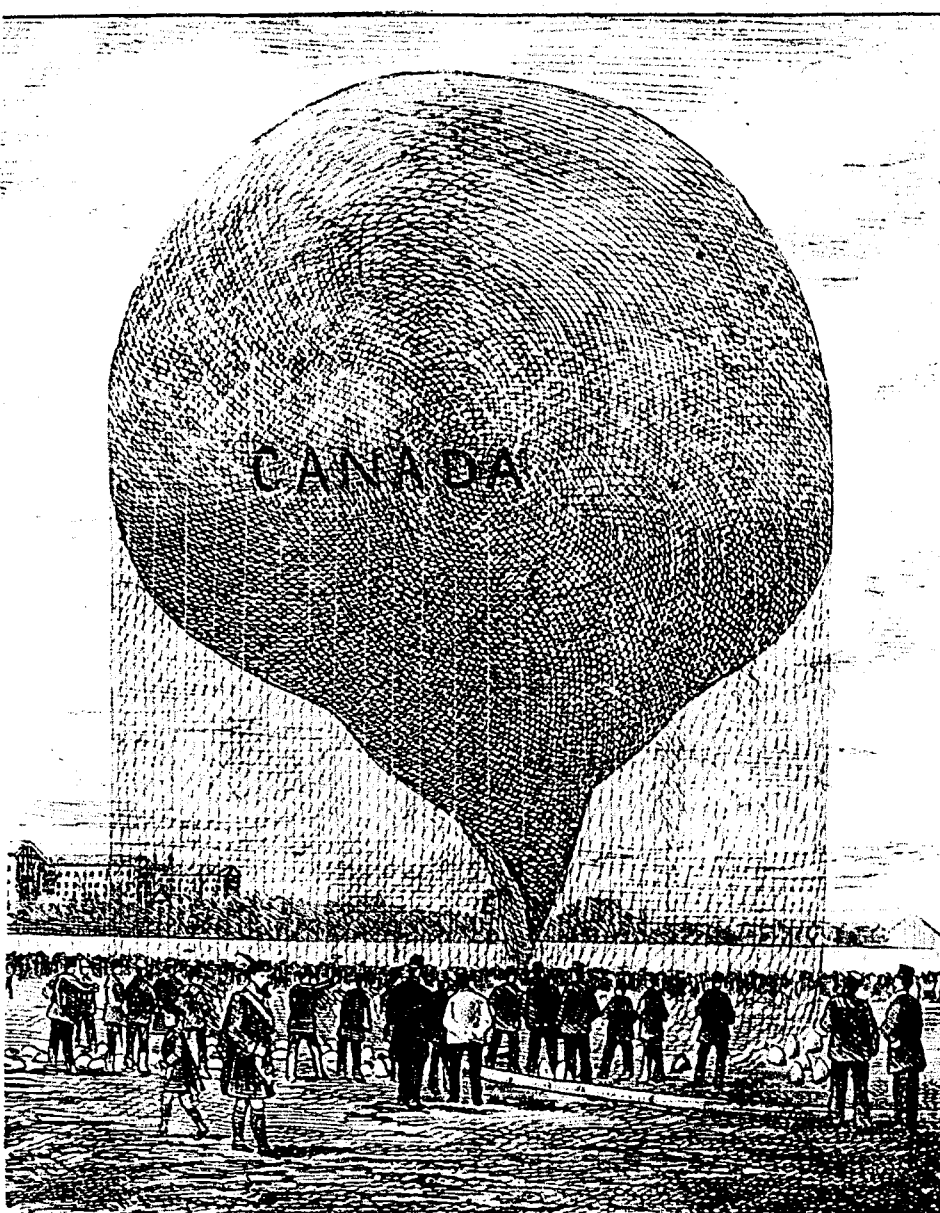
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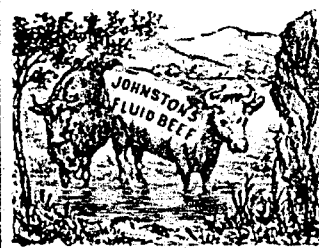
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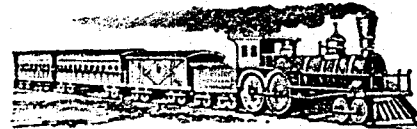
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Arrive Three Rivers.....	7.45 p.m.	11.30 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers.....	8.40 p.m.	4.30 a.m.
Arrive Quebec.....	10.46 p.m.	9.00 a.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Quebec.....	2.20 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers.....	5.10 p.m.	11.20 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers.....	5.25 p.m.	3.25 p.m.
Arrive Hochelaga.....	8.40 p.m.	8.30 p.m.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later. Tickets for sale at offices of Starnes, Levy & Alden, Agents, 202 St. James Street, and 158 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile-End Stations.

J. T. PRINCE,

Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Feby. 7th, 1879.

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