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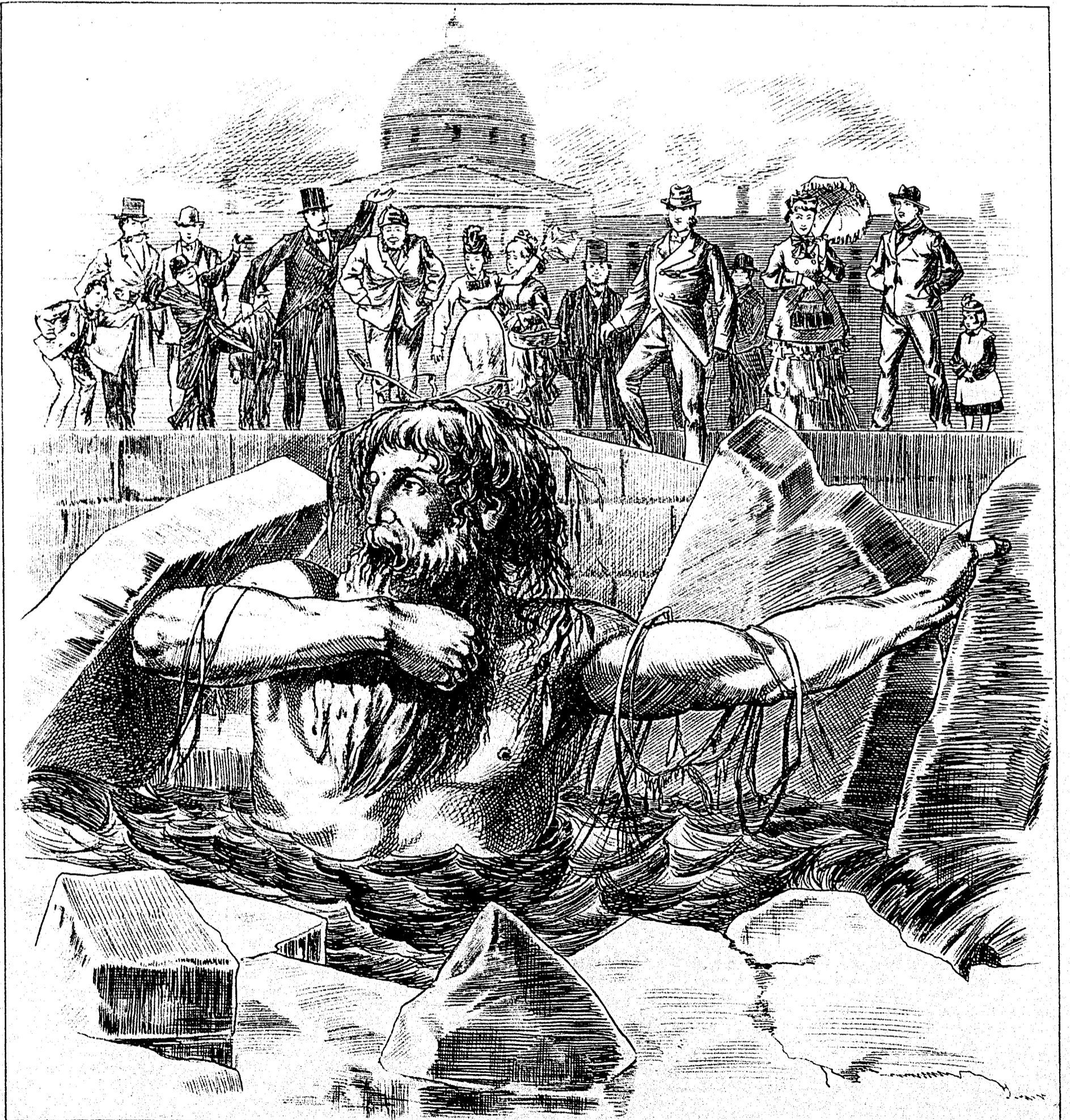
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# Montreal Wholesale News

Vol. XIII.—No. 19.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1876.

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\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



OLD FATHER ST. LAWRENCE SHAKING OFF HIS WINTER COAT, AND MAKING READY FOR A GOOD SUMMER'S WORK.

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All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, 6th May, 1876.

### AMERICAN TREATY OBLIGATION.

The severe remarks made by Mr. MACKENZIE as Prime Minister and Leader of the House of Commons, during the recent session of our Parliament, on the bad faith of the United States in keeping their treaty obligations, are now being very widely commented upon in the newspapers of Great Britain, endorsed as they were by Sir JOHN MACDONALD, the Leader of the Opposition, who characterized the conduct of the American Government as "most unsatisfactory." We gave during the session the points in the correspondence relative to the refusal to admit British Columbian Fish and Fish Oils into the United States under the terms of the Treaty of Washington, advantage being taken of a petty quibble, which can hardly be described as other than dishonourable. The date of the admission of that Province into the Dominion was anterior to that of the Treaty; although it is true that the negotiations for the Treaty took place before the admission of the Province. The latter incident is the whole extent of the subterfuge set forth for breaking faith, in not complying with the express words of the Treaty.

We come next to the question of Canadian vessels navigating American canals. Here, the case is, if possible, worse; and this matter, is not new. It will be remembered that the old Reciprocity Treaty provided that the United States Government would use their endeavours to obtain from the State of New York the right for Canadian vessels to navigate the canals of that State. But this treaty obligation was treated as so much wind. No effort was ever made to put it into effect. And now, the first letter of Governor HOFFMAN in the correspondence submitted to Parliament, last session, contains the information that the State laws offer no restrictions to such navigation, and never have offered any. The effect of this letter of the Governor of New York, without stating it in terms, is to charge the Government of the United States with a breach of faith.

This, however, is not all. Many will remember that, before the Treaty of Washington was finally negotiated, there were protocols published, in which the Commissioners of the United States sitting at home at Washington, under the immediate counsels of their own Government, did solemnly pledge the national good faith to use due exertions to procure for Canadian vessels this free navigation of the State canals, and did tell the British Commissioners that they might confidently rely on satisfactory results. After this solemn promise, reduced to writing, as a national offer, there came the solemn obligation of the Treaty itself, which still more strongly pledged the good faith of the Government and people of the United States. All is, however, of no use. It appears from the correspondence before us,

that, as soon as the letter of Governor HOFFMAN sweeps away one cobweb, some other petty little subterfuge, based on United States Revenue Laws is set up, just as if the first duty of the United States Government was not to alter its own Revenue Laws, so as to keep faith in treaty obligations and preserve the good name of a great nation from being smirched by dishonour.

The end of the list is not, however, yet reached. There comes news that fresh quibbles are to be invented to prevent the appointment of another United States Fishery Commissioner in the place of Ex-Governor CLIFFORD, deceased. The United States have in hand the Geneva award, the amount of which has proved to be much larger than required for the claims; and now there comes a question how they will make away with a large balance of money, not honestly theirs! We shall watch the progress of this Fishery matter with very great interest.

We have not the slightest expectation that good faith will be kept, but shortly, no doubt, we shall hear a great deal of oratorizing and American Eagle soaring, at the Centennial of the Republic, at Philadelphia. How will, however, all that high flown oratory compare with the Punic faith we have indicated, and, especially, when set off with the story of the gross corruption with which the highest officials at Washington seem to be "steeped to the lips?" No petty material gains won by sharp practice in negotiations can ever be set off to a great nation for the injury caused by such things. They are of a nature to make men ask whether one century is sufficient to make it proper to call stable the form of Government under which they occur.

### INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

No general census has yet been taken of the Indians of this Province. The estimate of about 30,000, given from the best information that could be obtained, may probably be found to be some thousands under the actual number. The Reserves are in a most unsatisfactory state, being small and insufficient at the best, and these very materially cut down by encroachments of white settlers. In the interior of the Province, the habitations of the Indians are like those of the other native tribes of the Dominion, but the coast Indians live in Rancherias, with 12 or 15 families in each house, and 12 or 15 houses in the village. These are built of boards split from cedar by means of wedges, with flat roofs with large timbers in the interior as supports, often carved. They have different localities for summer and winter residences, and remove the roof boards from one place to the other, leaving the frame and timbers permanent. No attention is paid to cleanliness, and on the approach of any epidemic, the tribes of course are decimated. At Cowichan, and some other places on the mainland, the missionaries have succeeded in changing this mode of living, and the condition and prospects of these Indians has greatly improved; and the Indians have adopted the manners and customs of the whites and often indulge in their luxuries. In agriculture several of the bands have made considerable advance. At Cowichan, and on many parts of the mainland, large quantities of potatoes, turnips, carrots and other vegetables were grown and stored for winter use, and some of the wheat, vegetables and apples grown by the Indians on the Lower Fraser obtained honorable mention at the Provincial Exhibition. On the Kamloops Reserve, 60 acres of grain were put in in 1874, and a much larger quantity in 1875. The Aht Indians, on the West Coast of Vancouver, have commenced clearing available patches of land, with a view to cultivation, but these Indians have very little prairie land, and their fields have to be obtained from dense and heavily timbered forests. On the North West Coast of the mainland, and on Queen's Charlotte's Island agriculture is difficult, the land along the coast being rocky and with thick forests of pine, but

the natives grow potatoes wherever there is a strip of alluvial soil and partially cleared ground. In all localities, the sea and rivers and lakes teem with fish, and this is the staple food of all the Indians of British Columbia. All kinds of fish are very abundant in the North Pacific waters, but the six varieties of salmon constitute the most constant article of food. The dogfish is caught for the oil contained in the liver, which is a common article of barter among the Indians. There is a great variety of fur-bearing animals, the exports of furs in 1874 amounting to \$307,625. Cranberries are also plentiful and are gathered for export as well as home consumption. In Cowichan and on the Lower Fraser, the Indians are beginning to buy and breed horses and cattle, and many tribes of the interior count their stock by the thousand. But the smallness of the reserves and the difficulty of obtaining grazing land is a very serious drawback to their prosperity. For instance, the band at Kamloops numbers 100 families, 830 head of cattle, while their reserve only gives 2 acres and a half of land for each animal for summer and winter and none for agriculture. The Songee Reserve, near Victoria, is very valuable, but is too near the city to be a proper place of residence for the Indians, and it is proposed to sell it and remove the Indians to a more suitable location. 7 Reserves on the mainland, and 9 on the Island have been surveyed and divided into 20 acre lots, but as a good deal of the land is of poor quality, it is manifestly very insufficient for the needs of the Indians. Few schools have as yet been established among these Indians. Nine received aid from the Indian Department in 1874, and a grant of \$250 is offered to each school with an average of 30 pupils on account of the migratory habits of most of the tribes, but this average attendance is not easy to attain. One new school was opened by the Wesleyans in 1875 at Fort Simpson. There are many most enthusiastic and devoted missionaries, several of whom conduct mission schools, and industrial schools with great energy and success. The suppression of the liquor traffic has been most beneficial, but, unfortunately, there is no law in the United States against selling spirits to other than American Indians, and the Northern tribes can still purchase considerable quantities at Puget Sound and take it direct to their houses. In Alaska, too, the Indians have been taught by the U. S. soldiers at Sitka, to manufacture spirits from potatoes, molasses or sugar and the numerous berries to be obtained in the country, and it was reported that the knowledge had been extended to the Indians of Queen Charlotte's Island, but so far, no difficulty has arisen from it. The mainland Indians are described by the agent to be "as a rule, sober, industrious, self-reliant, and law-abiding," but there is a good deal of dissatisfaction among them owing to the unsettled state of the land question, and fears are entertained of serious difficulty if some means are not devised to place it on a satisfactory footing.

The Indians on the West Coast of Vancouver Island were visited by the superintendent in 1874. These Indians comprise some 20 tribes, numbering about 3,000 souls. They are short in stature, dark in complexion and robust and strong in appearance. They are hardy and industrious and the richest of any Indians in the Province. It is not at all uncommon for a single Indian to realize from \$500 to \$1,000 a year from the seal and other fisheries. But, unfortunately, they are inveterate gamblers, and from childhood to old age there is no sacrifice they will not make to gratify this vice. The frequent assemblages of different tribes for "potlatches" or donation feasts, often at the most important time for their fisheries, is quite destructive to any settled habit of industry. They are splendid seamen and expert canoe men, but care little for agriculture, and the extent of cultivable land on the coast is so limited

and the supply of fish so unlimited that it is likely they will always remain "Toilers of the Sea." Their canoes are splendid models of architecture from the tiny child's tog to that holding a hundred men, and they manufacture a large number of articles with neatness and facility, among which are gold and silver jewelry, ornamental carvings in slate and stone, and wood, boxes, cups, baskets, shell work &c. They have very strict customs with regard to tribal rights and boundaries, which have led to frequent and bloody disputes, decimating their population, but a great change for the better has taken place. The superintendent states that observation and personal inspection have convinced him, that they are a simple but fearless people, confiding and easily controlled, only requiring firm and judicious management to be an aid to the general prosperity of the country, and friendly and peaceful citizens. They have never had any missions established among them.

### THE HARD THINGS OF THE BIBLE.

It is not often that a sermon preached in the ordinary course of parochial instruction can be singled out for special mention. The principles of social ethics are so generally recognized, the philosophy of Biblical exegesis has been so frequently and learnedly expounded, and the routine lessons of the catechism are so much a matter of course, that except in cases where the rhetorical qualities are a consideration, or some innovation of doctrine is attempted, we accept the sermons which we hear or read, and do not comment upon them. But now and then there is a sacred discourse that arrests our attention by the simplicity of its plainness, and the quiet force of its straightforward, incisive logic. Of these is the one bearing the title which we have placed at the head of this article, and a copy of which has been laid upon our table. Its author is Rev. JAMES ROY, M. A., Pastor, we believe, of the Sherbrooke St. Methodist Church of this city.

The sermon is unpretentious and brief, not extending beyond fifteen pages of a small pamphlet. But, in this circumscribed space, it goes over the whole cycle of the hardships of interpretation which, according to the Petrine dictum serving as a text, are to be found in the inspired volume. We are made to understand, at the outset, that there are three natural and sufficient causes why, in the Scriptures, are "some things hard to be understood"—first, when we consider the subjects of which they treat; secondly, the objects to be accomplished by the Scriptures, and thirdly, the time during which the Bible is to endure. In an argument by enumeration, the author shows that the existence of these difficulties has been confessed—first, by the Prophets themselves; secondly, by history; thirdly, by the denominational systems of to day.

The second part of the sermon passes from theory to practice, and urges the argument *ad hominem*, which is necessarily the marrow of all useful pulpit teaching. We are told that the wrong opinions formed on these subjects are to be credited, not to defects in the Bible, but to defects in our selves. These defects are subtly traced to the twofold source of personal idiosyncrasy and defective education, both of which are amply illustrated by psychological and historical examples.

The third part of the discourse is particularly fine where it is shown that our wrong opinions may be known by their disastrous effects. Wrong opinions are ever ruinous, and when the preacher applies what he calls the test of fruitage, his power, terseness and originality are remarkable. As a specimen of his mere style, we cite his peroration:—

"The traveller who seeks a land beyond the sea often finds it a lonely voyage. Chill winds blow about him, and he longs to see the shore. Far off upon the distant rocks, he sees the wrecks of gallant ships. The surf beats over them, and the low murmur of the waves sings their dirges; but, guided by the watching stars, and by

the clearer sun, he keeps away from the hidden rocks where the shipwrecks lie, and lands at last in safety. He who seeks the better 'home' must launch forth upon the ocean of the Bible's truth. Often will he, doubtless, feel himself to be alone. There will be times when he will see no shore. The sun will go down, and he will long for light and land. But let him be warned by the breakers that roar about the shipwrecks of those whose faith and whose good conscience have foundered on the sunken rocks of error; and, as he journeys, there will walk beside him One whose voice will ring out clear and encouraging: 'It is I, be not afraid.'

The question of the Commune is a more vital one in continental Europe than is generally supposed. It is Home Rule under another name. In France it takes the form of municipal autonomy, as in such great centres as Paris. In Spain it has the character of Provincial independence. The rights of the Fueros were one of the underlying causes of the Carlist war, and now that Don Carlos has fled, will form another among the many difficulties of the Madrid Government. The contention has already begun. The Junta of Guipuzcoa, one of the Carlist Provinces has elected five delegates to proceed to Madrid to confer with the Government. All five of the delegates are irreconcilable partisans of the Fueros. The Junta instructed them to decline any compromise fettering the future action of Guipuzcoa, to oppose conscription, to consent to moderate taxation in aid of the national treasury, and to withdraw from the conference and protest if the Government attempts any modification of the Fueros. The municipal authorities of San Sebastian persevere in their irreconcilable attitude, and the irritation in the interior of the Province continues.

We see much idle discussion in the papers about the late sittings of our Parliament telling upon the health of the members. We do not believe a word of it. Let the members talk and intrigue less, and work more, and the session will be less costly, more satisfactory, while the members will be all the better both in body and mind.

We may mention that the sermon of Rev. Jas. Roy, noticed elsewhere, together with a fine portrait by FIELD, are for sale at all the newsdealers for the benefit of the Sherbrooke Street Sabbath School Library.

THE FREE LANCE.

The wits of London are poking all sorts of fun at Mr. Disraeli for his passage of the Royal Titles Bill. Here is one of the cleverest:

Ducent creant Benjaminus. Exempti Ducent erat Gladstone annulus terti. At ille si creant Imperatorem Gladstone, non vinciet, eren Papan.

It may be Englished thus:

Ben Dizzie made a Duke. Bill Gladstone took His rival's hint and also made a Duke. And now the former has made an Emperor, T'other must make a Pope, nor more nor less.

A gentleman in Kansas, the other day, who must have been clothed in the Horatian oak and triple brass, had the hardihood to kiss Dr. Mary Walker. I am told the following dialogue passed between them:

"Sir, what do you mean?" "It is the custom, in Europe, madam, for men to kiss each other on the cheek." "But I am not a man." "Madam!" "I am only dressed as a man." "Oh, then, pardon me, madam. It was a mistake of ad-dress."

There are nearly 250 doctors in Montreal. No wonder the death rate is so abnormal.

At that solemn midnight hour, after the theatre or the concert, when the gasaliers burn low and, amid an impressive stillness, belated pedestrians wind their way through the vestibule of the St. Lawrence Hall, down into the resolute shades beneath, it has been remarked that there is almost always some solitary individual pacing about in silence and casting furtive glances at the dizzy spiral staircase which leads to the bar. The other night, as two young fellows were coming up, in amiable mood, after a night-cap, one said:

"Here is that poor dead beat again; let us take him down and give him a drink."

"Hush," whispered his friend, "that is a member of the Vigilance Association. He will spot us both."

Have you ever had a twenty-cent piece passed on you for a twenty-five?

Often. Have you ever succeeded in passing on others a twenty-cent piece for a twenty-five? Never.

It is remarkable how acute people are at detecting coin. On dark nights, in crowded rooms, in the midst of hurry and bustle, try and palm off a shilling for a quarter, and see how often you will be disappointed. The trader, the conductor and others, turn it under their thumb, give a glance at it and sing out "20 cents, sir," to your infinite disgust. And yet, how often have you been taken in.

FAIR IMPENITENT.—A lady of the world, wishing to reform a little during Lent, made a clean breast of all her peccadilloes to her pastor. The worthy clergyman looked glum all through the recital, and at one or two points, shook his head ominously. When his penitent came to the dancing and waltzing during the carnival, he lost patience, and bluntly told her that she had been guilty of so many mortal sins.

"Mortal!" exclaimed rosy-cheeks. "Come now, if they were, I should be dead long ago." The pastor laughed; what else could he do with such a perverse little rogue?

Arabella, an aristocratic beauty, meets Gustavus, a third cousin of hers, in Victoria Square. He proposes that she should visit his sister, living a little above Chaboulez Square.

"Very well, but we must take a cab." "I thought you were so fond of walking." "In Sherbrooke Street and Beaver Hall, yes; but I wouldn't for the world be seen walking in St. Joseph Street. People might think I live there."

The lobsters are coming back to us. Oh! the exquisite delight of a salad with Chablis or Claret cup. Last night, as I selected a couple of good big fellows, a man stepped up and said to Grimson, the dealer.

"Are these lobsters fresh?" "Of course they are, Sir, don't you see they are alive?"

The man saw that he was caught, but he put on a sardonic grin as he went away muttering: "My old woman is alive too, but she isn't fresh by a deuced sight."

A wag informs me that the journalists and literary men of Montreal have imagined a new mode of paying up their dues.

A creditor calls upon one of these, for at least the twentieth time, and presses for money.

"Please wait till the end of the month," says the Bohemian suppliantly.

"Why, you don't expect any extras then, do you?"

"I do. Last night, I had the happiness of being thrashed by..."

"The happiness of being thrashed?"

"Yes, and I will sue for five hundred dollars damage. You will get your share out of that!"

There are several ways of praising a woman. If she is married, without children, praise her husband.

If she is married and a mother, praise the baby.

If she is not married, but engaged, praise the betrothed.

If she is free, praise herself.

A wholesale liquor and spirit dealer of St. Paul Street was conversing with a friend about the improvements which the new Water Committee is expected to introduce.

"But what are these hydrometers?"

"They are meant to measure and thus curtail your supply of water."

"By Jove! What shall I do with these five hundred puncheons of high wines which I have to dilute into whiskey for the spring trade?"

What is that which is broken by being merely mentioned? Silence.

The Globe says that Sir John "was never much in Opposition." That is a fact. He was nearly always in office.

"One might have heard a pin fall," is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, "You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric handkerchief."

LACLEDE.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

We have received advance sheets of the life of this famous clergyman from Belford Bros., Toronto, who, with their usual energy and judgment, are issuing a Canadian copyright edition of the work which we cordially recommend to all our readers. From these sheets we have extracted the following notes of biography, but for fuller particulars the work itself should be purchased and perused.

Norman Macleod was born at Campbelltown, Argyllshire, on June 3, 1812. His father was Norman Macleod D. D., Minister of Columbia, Glasgow, and Dean of the Royal Chapel. The name of his mother was Agnes Maxwell. He seems from his childhood to have had many of the characteristics which distinguished him

through life—being affectionate, bright, humorous, and talkative. His mother, and that aunt who was the friend of his earliest as well as of his latest years, remember many incidents illustrative of his extreme lovingness and ceaseless merriment. Another, of his own age, relates, as one of her earliest memories, how she used to sit among the group of children round the nursery fire, listening to the stories and talk of this one child "whose tongue never lay." When a boy, he was sent to the Burgh school, where all the families of the place, high and low, met and mingled, but the great event of his boyhood was his being sent to Morven. He had been frequently there as a young child, but his father, anxious that his son should know Gaelic, and, if possible, be a Highland minister, determined to board him with old Mr. Cameron, the parish schoolmaster in Morven, and so, when about twelve years of age, he was sent first to the Manse and then to the schoolmaster's house.

When Norman was still a boy his family removed to Campsie, near Glasgow—a bit of mountain-country on the edge of all the bustling wealth of manufacture and trade, which became the home of his most beloved recollections, and where he now sleeps by the side of his father and brothers. His college career does not seem to have been of any special interest; he was no classical student, nor had he the kind of mind which is attracted by that absorbing enthusiasm which makes the scholar. Scotland to him was infinitely more interesting and attractive than Greece, and Wordsworth among his neighbouring mountains more near and dear than Homer or Sophocles. He was fond of talk and argument, and that unbounded reading for which youth alone has both time and appetite sufficient, and which stands the mature intellectual workman in such stead at a latter period. He became tutor to a young Englishman, Mr. Preston, of Moreby, when he was about twenty, and with him went to Weimar, where the two lads, the preceptor not much older nor more serious than the pupil, seem to have enjoyed themselves at least, if nothing else—singing, dancing, reading, flirting, nay, falling in love with all the fervour of youth. If Norman got any harm by this quaint outbreak of gaiety, it never makes any appearance in his after-life.

After returning to Scotland and completing his theological studies, he was admitted into the Ministry and appointed to Loudoun in 1838 where he spent five years. His part in the celebrated Disruption Controversy of 1843 is one of the most stirring and eventful episodes of his life, and our readers are particularly referred to it. In that same year he was transferred to Dalkeith where he remained till 1845.

The General Assembly of 1845 having determined to send a deputation to British North America, to visit the congregations connected with the Church of Scotland in these colonies, the late Dr. Simpson of Kirknewton, Dr. John Macleod, of Morven, and Norman Macleod, of Dalkeith, were appointed deputies. They accordingly sailed from Liverpool in June, and were absent on this duty for five months. The purpose of the deputation was to preach to the many congregations which had been deprived of their clergy during the recent ecclesiastical troubles, and to explain, when called upon, the views which had determined the policy of those who had remained by the Church of their fathers. They determined not to utter a disrespectful word regarding their Free Church brethren, and while firmly vindicating their own Church, to do nothing likely to interfere with the usefulness of any other Christian body.

Norman Macleod's Canadian reminiscences are full of interest and will be found in Chapter X. On his return he made a tour in Prussian Poland and Silesia in connection with the Evangelical Alliance. He then spent from 1848 till 1851 at Dalkeith again. In 1851 he was inducted minister of the Barony parish, Glasgow, in July; and on the 11th of August in the same year was married to Catharine Ann Mackintosh. The particulars of his labors from this time till his death are too important and numerous for rehearsal here.

Dr. Macleod never seems to have recovered anything like vigorous health after his Indian expedition; and his last great public effort was a speech upon this subject, made in the Assembly of 1872, one part of which was an indignant and eloquent protest against sending missionaries to India bound in strictest swaddling bands of doctrine; and forcing even Hindoo converts to "sign the Westminster Confession of the Church of Scotland, or the Doed of Demission and Protest of the Free Church."

In this same speech, which is said to have produced a very great impression, he announced his relinquishment of public work in consequence of his failing health, and bade a farewell to the Church in the pathetic words of the Psalmist: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." This farewell was not supposed by any one to be final. He was to withdraw from work to temporary rest, to fit himself for other labours to come.

But within a few days his manful and Christian career was ended. On the 3rd of June he was sixty, and his family were all gathered round him to celebrate the anniversary—his admirable and much-beloved mother—strange fortune for a man of that age!—joining his children round his table. He wrote his journal, he wrote letters to various dear friends. He assembled his children about him, nine of them, an unbroken circle, and no doubt there were murmurs, if too timid for bold utterance, of happy days to come. A day or two after he went out and caught a chill, but did his best to

keep his attendants merry on the last sleepless, restless nights, beguiling the monotony of the long hours by quips and jests and wretched smiles, smiles of a mirth more touching than tears. Then quite suddenly on the peaceful Sunday, everything still around him, his girls gone to church, his wife sitting by him, the church bell just ending, he laid back his head—and entered a better church than theirs.

PRUME AND LAVALLEE.

II.

It gave me great pleasure to note, on the evening of the 25th ult., an even larger audience at Association Hall, assembled to listen to the second classical concert given by Messrs. Prume and Lavallee. Mr. Prume played Mendelssohn's Concerto in E, a Cavatine by Raff, and a Rondo Capriccioso of his own composition with exquisite skill and expression; his technique is something marvellous, his conception of Mendelssohn and Raff perfection. Prume's Rondo Capriccioso is a beautiful and masterly composition, and its rendering caused prolonged applause to such an extent, that Mr. Prume was forced to depart from the strict rule and play an encore-piece. In performing his share of the second concert, Mr. Prume, if possible, surpassed himself and deserves justly the highest encomiums. I am forced to state that Mr. Lavallee did not reach, by any means, the same point of excellence evinced in the first concert. The only piece, coming anywhere near his usual style, was Ravina's Duo, from Weber's Euryanthe, played by him and Mr. Couturier, who showed great power of execution and precision in time, but it lacked warmth, coloring and feeling, altho' brilliantly played. I was very much pained by the incoherent playing, the unequal and often faulty phrasing, the departure from well and justly established rules in the rendition of the remaining piano-piece. The first movement of Beethoven's Op. 27, No. 2., (Moonlight Sonata) bears the following: "Sempre pp. e senza sordini"; it must throughout never rise in its crescendo above piano, else its delicious characteristics, repose and quietude, are fatally destroyed, and it becomes—what happened to it on the 25th—a mere medley of sound and broken chords. The second and third movements were far better rendered, particularly the Presto. The phrasing in Field's Nocturne, No. 5, was rather at variance with Field's composition, while the Saltarello was played too wild and fast. A large amount of Mr. Lavallee's failure, to do him justice, is no doubt due to a severe indisposition under which he was laboring on the day of the concert; but this cannot wholly excuse his irregular playing. I sincerely hope that I shall have the pleasant duty to chronicle in my next report a complete success for Mr. Lavallee. The first movement of Beethoven's Trio, (Op. 1, No. 1,) performed by Messrs. Lavallee, Prume and Wills, was excellently rendered; Messrs. Prume and Lavallee playing in their well-known style, whilst Mr. Wills fully realized the hopes I expressed in my last, and proved himself entire master of the violoncello. I venture to express the hope of hearing Mr. Wills during the next season, in some of Beethoven's Cello Sonatas and Kummer's Concertos.

Mrs. Prume's *chef-d'œuvre* of the evening was without doubt, "Flora," a vocal Bolero, composed by Mr. Prume; it is a noble composition and was nobly sung; her singing was far superior to that of the first night; she was sarer of her voice and in better tone. Mr. Couture's singing was not as good as on the 15th ult., but his failure to win complete success in the Air du Comte Ory, was not altogether owing to any fault of his own, but rather to having the accompaniment played far too fast for him. It would be an improvement if Mr. Couture would be polite enough to conduct the lady, who so kindly plays his accompaniment, on and off the stage, instead of preceding her and letting her follow as best she may. The Orchestra accompaniment to Mendelssohn's Concerto was very well played, Mr. Maple's winning golden opinions by the charming style in which he, at the proper moment, took up the melody from Mr. Prume; it was not a continuation of the Solo, but rather its echo without its faintness, which produced a most pleasing effect, an effect no doubt intended by Mendelssohn.

As a whole, the second concert was not as decided a success as the first, but from all I hear the third and last bids fair to be superior to either of the preceding concerts. Vox.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

NILSSON is expected to return to New York in October.

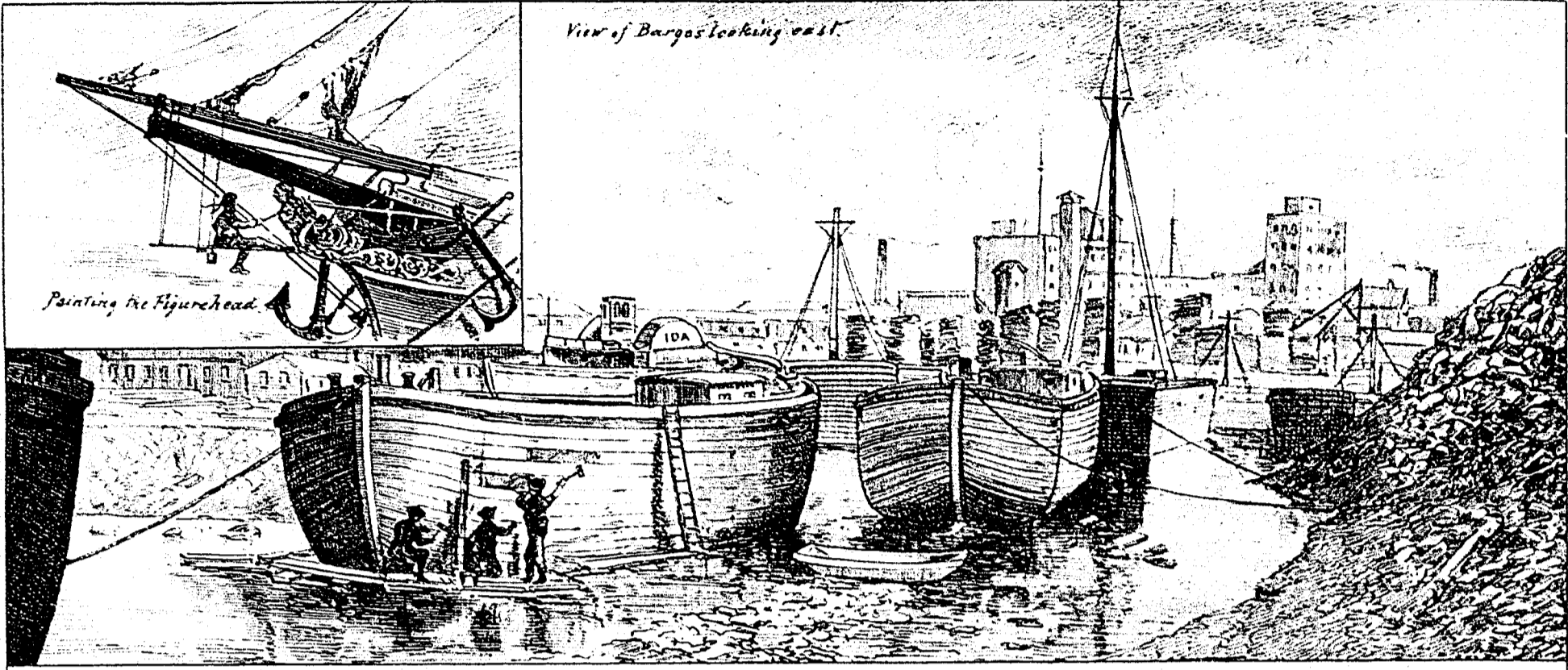
The income of Offenbach, the composer, is said to be \$60,000 a year.

Miss Emilie Kiralfy, the youngest of the Kiralfy troupe of dancers, was married recently in New York, to Gabriel Drebnauer, a merchant.

The husband of Agnes Ethel, the retired actress, has come into possession of his mother's estate, worth about \$200,000. His name is Tracey, and he lives in Buffalo.

BLOCCA, the new prima donna, is all the rage in New York society, and people are continually talking about her grace and beauty. She has been "taken up," as the saying is, quite as eagerly as Miss Nilsson was at the time of her first visit to the United States.

ILLNESS prevented Miss Adelaide Neilson from appearing at a London theatre the other evening, and with much fear and trembling the manager permitted a young American girl, just finishing her studies for the stage, to take the part. She did so well that the Londoners like her nearly as well as Neilson.

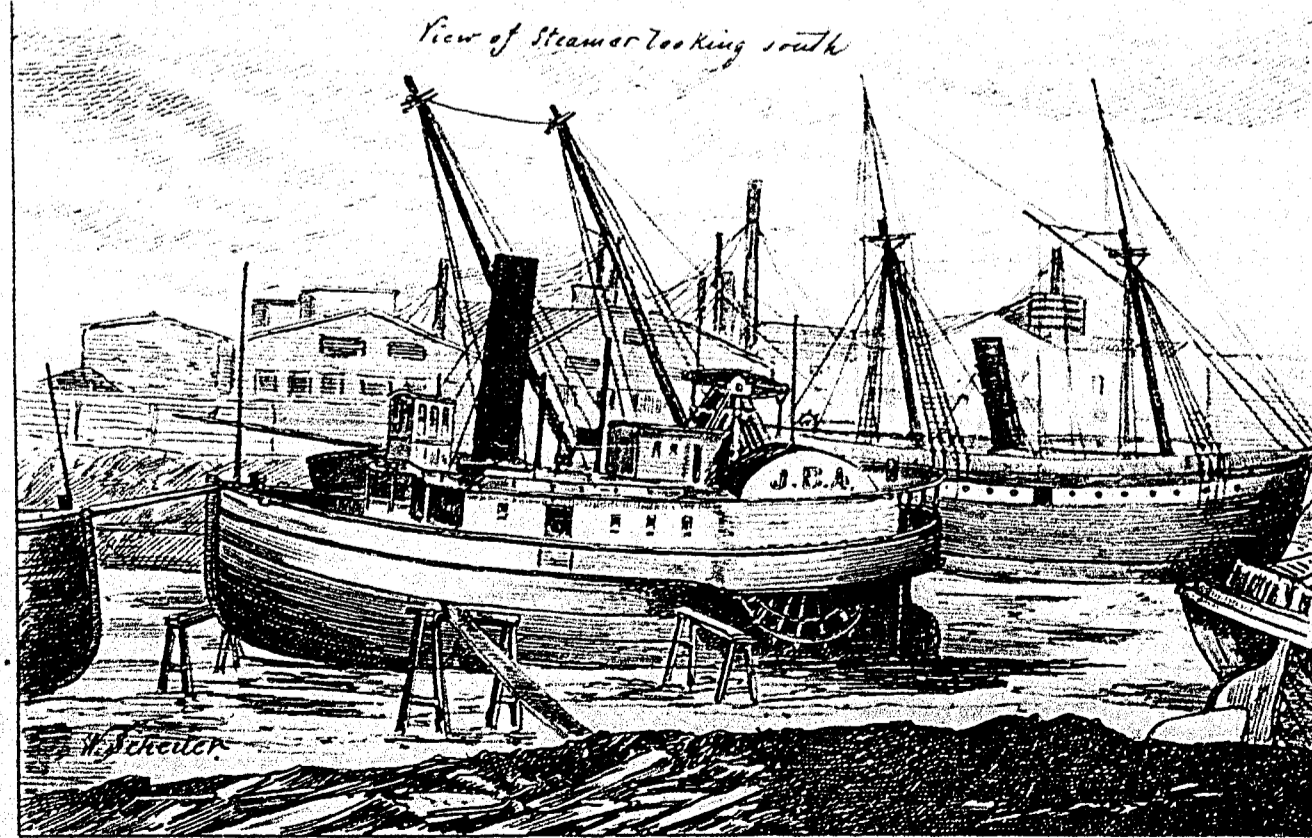


*View of Barges looking east.*

*Painting the Figurehead.*

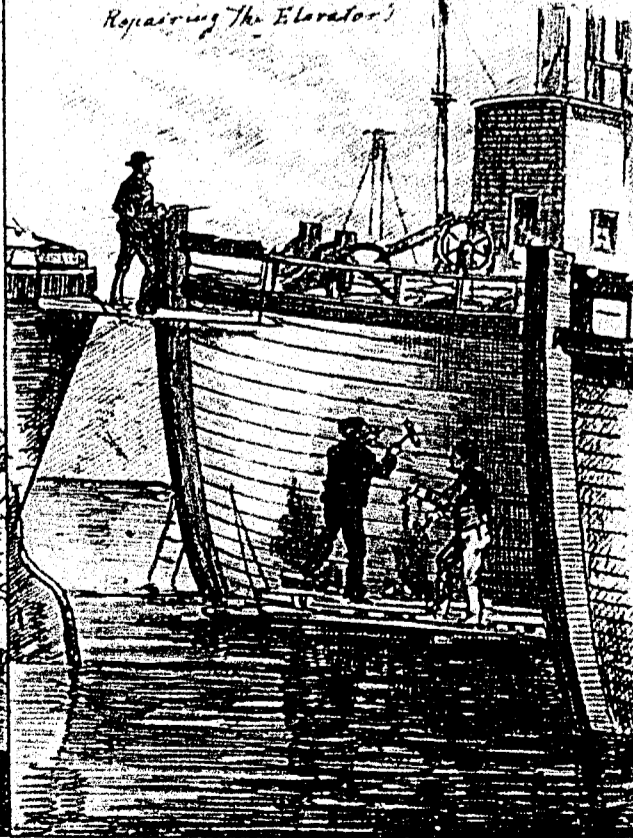


*View of Steamer looking west.*



*View of Steamer looking south.*

*V. Scheeler.*



*Repairing the Elevator.*

MONTREAL:—SPRING REPAIRS IN THE LACHINE CANAL, THE WATER BEING TURNED OFF.

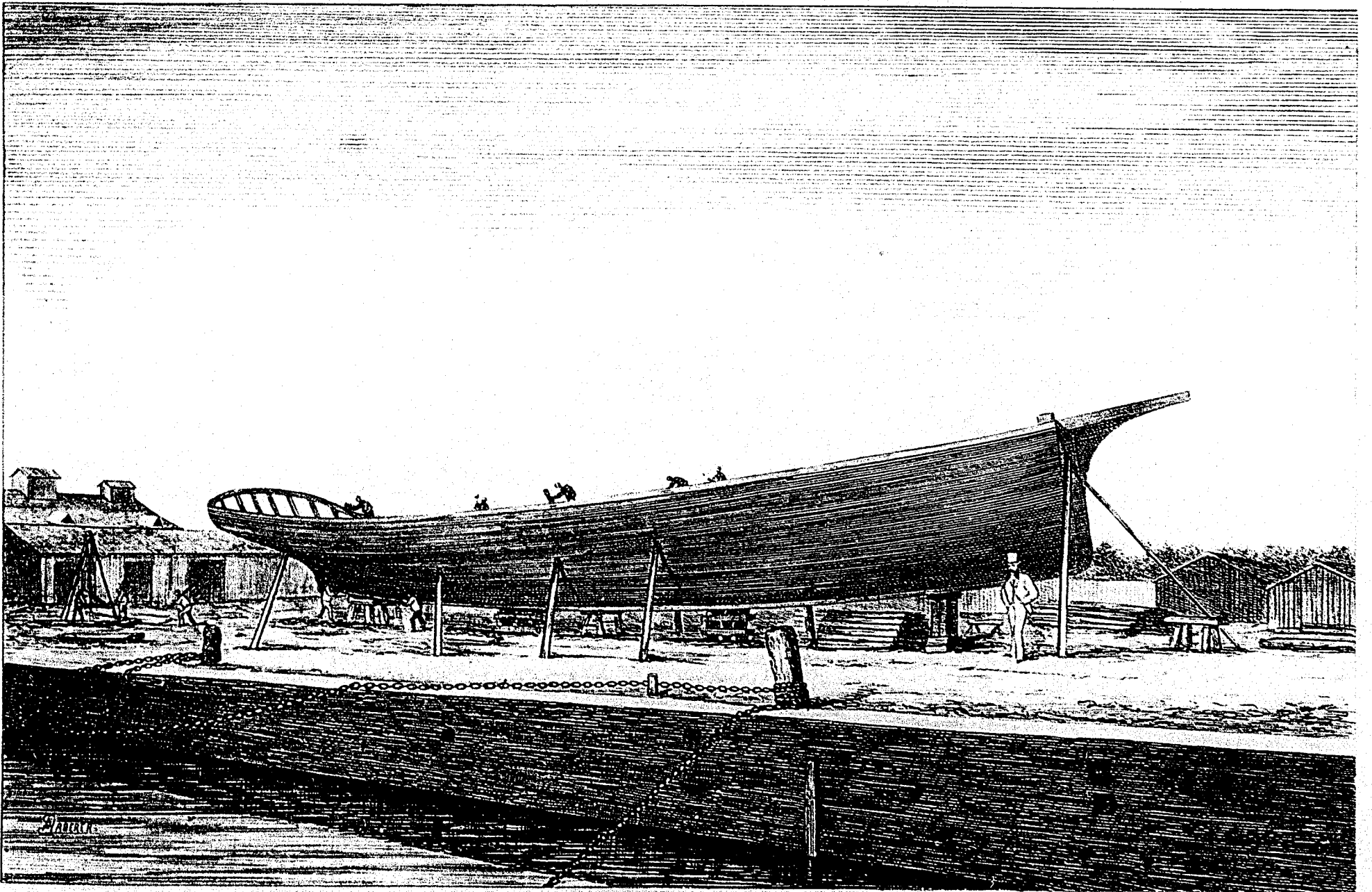
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 277.—A. I. LIGHT, ESQ., C. E.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. TOPLEY, OTTAWA.



THE LATE REV. NORMAN MACLEOD.



COBOURG:—THE YACHT "THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN," NOW BUILDING; INTENDED TO COMPETE AT THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA TO BE HELD THIS SUMMER AT PHILADELPHIA.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

## SUB NOCTE.

(A city incident in city idiom.)

Early dawn was lighting the eastern sky,  
And the city was hushed in deep repose.  
When two verdant youths from a stunning spouse  
Came forth to encounter our northern foes.

Jack Frost was around in an Ulster wrap  
Busy scattering gems from his icy horn.  
And the beautiful snow some cubits deep  
Lay glittering cold in the frosty morn.

"Which way shall we go?" asked the first fast gent,  
As he lurched and fell on the slippy street;  
"That craft has careened!" Jack merrily said  
To a passing Bob on his nightly beat.

"Which way (dost) we go?" echoed number two,  
"To home (his) land friends (his) by shortest trail;  
And, while he thus lectured his fallen chum,  
He lovingly clung to the nearest rail.

Samaritan-like Jack tendered his aid,  
And called on the Bob to lend him a hand;  
"Grab you the coon hanging on by the tail,  
I'll take the lubber who sprawls on the land."

Without more ado each grappled a cove,  
And off to the station hastily sped;  
"Does mother," said Jack, "know her child is out?"  
To the youth he carried father than led.

Jack's irate companion now called him a muff,  
And swore in a creek he'd quiet his jaw;  
Frost soothingly said, "Here's Juror's ahead,  
Where you will be juggled according to law."

Sharp Jack was well known to all the police,  
Who, kindly saluting the northern brave,  
Asked him to breakfast on coffee and toast,  
To take of his tog and stay for a shave.

"Thanks, many thanks," he quite blandly replied,  
"But—but Madam Frost I left in our hair,  
And Benedicks know how ticklish it is  
To raise the suspicion of being elsewhere."

He nodded adieu, and sorrowing turned  
His face to the mountain,—filling the air  
With regret that when May-poles are planted  
And citizens dance, he can not be there.

M.-Montreal.

## A TIDE OF SORROW.

Oh, those bells! those bells! Their sound  
Steals through the drowsy summer air, a soft,  
monotonous music, which, to many a heart,  
no doubt, would speak peace and repose.

To mine they bring a dreary sense of desolation, a dull, aching pain that none can realize, but those who, for one brief, bright period of life have lived in the sunshine of perfect happiness, profound contentment and peace, then to look out upon a world in which the very sunbeams seem sorrow-laden, a world from which all joy appears to have fled, and from which a thousand bright anticipations and joyous hopes have gone out for ever—ay, for ever!

It is early autumn now, and the valley upon which I look out, as I sit by my open window, is clad in the richest luxuriance. Meadows are all aglow with flowers, and woods are gently rustling their ruddy foliage at the foot of hills which lift their calm and smiling peaks to the glowing sun. Ay, there it is just as it all was when I looked out upon it with a rapture, which, sometimes, induced strange, blissful tears.

There it is now, all exquisite beauty, I know; but for me, at least, there is no gladness in that scene. I close my weary eyes, and, as if with the touch of a magician's wand, those russet leaves and dainty flowers have vanished; the mellow light of the sun has gone suddenly out, and left only the cold glimmer of the stars to look down upon a scene of wintry desolation.

Snow covers the meadows, and glimmers through the darkness from the hedgerows beneath the woods which sway sadly to and fro, and moan in the keen wintry wind. Through the gloom and desolation, I am wandering like one in a dreadful dream. I have had a sudden blow—a blow dead, it is true, in all gentleness and compassion; but which, nevertheless, when it fell, well-nigh bereft me of reason.

Down by yonder hill-side there, just where the stream steals out from the woods, and goes flashing and rolling out into the ruby light of the setting sun, I wandered on just such an evening as this.

There is a path down there which winds hither and thither among overhanging trees, heath-covered crags, and fuming little cascades, which splash up and down among ferns and foxgloves on their way to the broad stream below them.

There I wandered, and with my light hat slung on my arm, I culled flowers and sang in heedlessness of heart, as I thought of one whose kindly smile had, as he bade me good night, looked at me with an earnest, ineffable tenderness that made me tremble.

And while I wandered, and sang, and gathered my flowers, there came behind me a footfall and a quiet, manly voice, and I turned, to find the same gaze again bent on me.

The sun went down in a bed of rosy clouds; the dews of evening stole lightly over the placid surface of the river, and the last mellow notes of the blackbird were ringing through the valley, when a strong arm stole round me, and a deep, but soft and tremulous voice told me of heartfelt love and undying devotion.

I can hear it now; I can feel the quick beating of his heart as he pressed me to his side and kissed my brow, and night after night have I dreamed we were again coming forth from the little church nestling among the trees there; that friendly faces smiled upon us, that children strewed flowers in our path, and that the old organ pealed out upon the sunshine the joyous strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding-march.

And yet it is a saddening dream; for while we halt for a moment in the porch, the flowers

wither and die on the ground before us; the sunshine becomes chilly; the triumphant measure of the music falls through a series of wailful transitions, into an appalling funeral dirge, and I peep into the organ-pew, and, lo! the organist is a skeleton.

We travelled into foreign lands during our honeymoon, and saw many of earth's fairest spots, and rambled amid the most enchanting scenery of Europe; but none of it had for me so great a charm as this valley, with its meadow-lands and woods, its shady walks and ringing waterfalls, which had become almost a part of our home during the spring and summer months of our courtship; and it was with a happiness I know not how to express, that I came and took up my abode in the charming little residence, which from my earliest childhood, had always been my *beau ideal* of a pleasant dwelling.

Not very large is Rockhall Cottage, and it makes no pretensions whatever to architectural beauty; but it is universally held to be a charming residence, for all that. Its overhanging eaves shelter clustering masses of roses and honeysuckle, clematis, and the purple wisteria, just now interspersed with the crimson foliage of the Virginia creeper—all training in wilful luxuriance over the porch, and peeping in at the pleasant old-fashioned windows, while the moss-grown stone roof and dull-red chimney-stacks nestle under the solemn shade of venerable elms.

At the back, stretching away to a rising wooded ground, is an extensive garden, with its soft, level lawn, thickets of evergreens, and tastefully planned flower-beds—once all aglow with flowers—now, alas! all a wilderness, abandoned to weeds and desolation.

I seldom venture into that garden now; and when I do, I steal into one of the secluded little summer-houses, and weep in lonely misery, where once I was wont to sit in the enjoyment of happiness, such as I fear rarely brightens a human existence—a happiness such as now only deepens my despondency.

And yet how passionately I cling to the recollection of it! Not for all this world can give would I, if I could, blot out that time from my memory, or lose that dear image from my heart.

Summer faded softly into autumn, and not a single ripple disturbed the calm enjoyment of our lives.

My husband, a hard toiler with his pen, usually confined himself to his study during the working hours of the day, and only as a special pleasure for both of us, and on rare occasions, came for an hour out into some shady nook in the garden, to read aloud while I sat busy with my needle.

But, oh, those evenings!—when work was done for the day, the table in that little sanctum of his cleared up and set in order for the morrow, and we went forth into the woods—he with his sketch-book or his fishing-rod, and I with a satchel-bag, that served for the trophies of my never-failing botanical discoveries.

Who that has never enjoyed a pleasure like that, and especially after earning it by a previous day's work of some kind, can possibly know what it is to wander thus, hand-in-hand, with one we love, without a care in the present, without a sorrow in remembrance, or an apprehension for the future!

Now, alas! it is all gone! All gone! never to be known again!

It was one day, when the autumn trees hung still and lazy over the sleeping river, ruddy chestnuts lay gleaming among the yellow leaves and struggling grass under the half-stripped boughs, and the swallows were whirling and clustering around the chimney-stacks up under the elms, that we parted.

It was only for a few weeks—a short sea voyage, a little important business rapidly got through, and then a joyous return, to await together the advent of a little stranger, that was, if possible, to bind us closer in our lives, and to add a new pleasure and interest to our daily existence.

Oh, the loneliness and tediousness of those few weeks, and the bitter disappointment when the vessel that should have brought him back, brought instead a letter, full of the tenderest affection; but telling me that the business he had gone out upon had been somewhat more complicated than he had anticipated, and that his return was unavoidably postponed for a short time.

Sad and tearful, I turned me homeward, and counted the weary days that must yet elapse before my life should again become the thing it had been.

And while I waited and waited, autumn gave place to winter, and I lay at nights and trembled and prayed as the wild bleak winds roared in the elms and shook the four corners of the house, and as I thought of the raging seas that lay between us.

The weeks sped on—slowly and wearily enough—but still they sped away, and at length the long-looked-for day arrived.

From the little seaport that lies just over the hills, came a message that the vessel had been signalled, and would come into the harbour on the late tide that would be after dusk, and my husband, I knew, would not expect me to meet him on the pier, but to await his arrival at home.

I resolved to welcome him with a surprise, and to be there when he set foot on shore; and, with a heart brimming over with thankfulness and joy, I set out.

It was a wintry afternoon, and, as I made my way along the hard frozen road, the sky was

lowering, and the country round looked bleak and desolate.

But what cared I for lowering skies, or bleak winds now? The vessel was safe, lay only two or three miles over the hills there, and my husband was aboard, and in a few short hours now we should tread that path together.

Blithe and light-hearted I made my way over the crisp frozen snow, and an hour before the daylight faded I stood on the pier, and, with a glowing cheek and a beating heart, I gazed on the long-expected vessel.

Impatiently I watched the rising tide. How little did I think that for me it was the rising tide of sorrow, a deep, boundless, overwhelming sorrow, rising to my heart with steady and remorseless flow, never to ebb again!

An hour—two hours—of feverish, happy excitement, and then came the supreme moment. How little remains that I distinctly recollect, and yet how much! A boat—the captain's gig—came skimming through the darkness, and then stepped ashore two or three passengers, strangers to me, and then, *not* my husband, but only the captain, whom I knew well, and whose face turned deathly pale as he saw me.

He took my hand, but he spoke never a word, and I stood before him, mysteriously, awfully conscious of what he had to tell me, but petrified, staring vacantly before me, and incapable of moving a limb or uttering a sound.

I know that I was drawn gently towards a warm fireside, and I heard dreamily, and afar off as it were, something of an accident—a man overboard—my husband one of the party to the rescue—all being lost.

I heard his praises whispered; I have a dim recollection of weeping around me, and of throbbing hands in mine, and compassionate faces bending over me, and then I was wandering homeward again.

Oh, that awful night! To wander in wintry darkness and desolation through lonely hillsides and dreary woods, while the wind howls through the gloom, sweeps in raw, angry gusts over bleak expanses of snow, and in the black feathery three-tops, towering like giant hearse plumes into the drifting sky, sings the requiem of all we love on earth!

And as, through that pitiless night, heedlessly and wildly—not because I wished to go thither again, but because I had no greater reason for going anywhere else—I made my way back home, those bells, just as they are ringing now, kept up a joyous peal, to me like some malignant spirit of the stormy night, mocking my misery.

And they mock me still. They mock me every week, and they will ever do so. They shook out their monotonous tale the night before he went away, and they pealed out on the blast when the tidings came of his death; and, all unaltered, they ring on still, though my heart is slowly breaking, and though I never hear them but I steal away and weep.

It will not be for long. His child has gone, too. Born on the day succeeding that terrible night, it was born but to die; and I care not how soon I may be removed from a world in which my life's happiness seems to have culminated in one rapturous year, and then gone out for ever under that dark, relentless tide.

Nearly three years have elapsed since I wrote the preceding, and I am sitting now beneath a canopy of lilac and laburnum.

The lawn before me is again smooth as velvet, and the streams of sunlight that pour down through the bright young verdure of the gabled and knotted old elms gleam once more on flower-beds, gay as the brightest of early summer flowers can make them.

I had thought, and I often said, that nothing in this world could ever again awaken my interest, or very seriously affect the profound melancholy of my life. Events proved that I was wrong.

I sat one evening by the open window, at which, in fine weather, I was wont to sit by the hour together, gazing along the valley, and living again in the past, when an aged clergyman drew up to the gate, a gray-haired, handsome old gentleman, with a face which, as I have since learned, is at all times cheery and pleasant, but which, as he came towards me, was lighted up with a radiance positively beautiful.

It was with a strange flutter at my heart I went into the room, into which a servant had shown him, and it was with a dizzy, half-stupified brain that I listened to what he had to say.

What "great joy" could there be for me, save the restoration of him whom the sea had swallowed up?

And yet he had come to break to me "tidings of great joy." Sudden tidings of joy, he said, were sometimes as disastrous as a tale of overwhelming calamity; and as I was in delicate health, he had come to beg me to prepare for an unexpected pleasure.

Gently and kindly he talked on; but the silences of the good old man grew fainter and milder, and before I had more than vaguely apprehended the strange story he had come to tell, I swooned.

When I recovered, he was still by my side, assisting and directing my maid in her efforts to restore me. And then I wept, and begged him to tell me again, and to be explicit, assuring him that I would be calm and strong now whatever he might say.

And accordingly, he told me—told me my husband lived; that the boat in which, with three sailors, he had put off to save a drowning man had drifted away, and they had got lost in a fog; that they had gone thus for two days and three nights in the open sea; and that they

had finally been picked up by a vessel bound on a four months' outward voyage, and that he had found no means of communicating with me.

And while I listened with a still bewildered brain, the room door opened, and in an instant I was clasped in the arms of my long-lost husband!

Seasons have changed several times since then, and every week those old bells clang out through the valley as though they had known of the misery they had so cruelly mocked, and would now ring the more heartily in participation of my happiness.

One wild night, when on a keen and blustering wind heavy clouds were drifting across a landscape sheeted in frozen snow, I heard their sound come swelling and dying through the gloom, and an irresistible impulse seized me.

I clad myself warmly, and, to the astonishment of my husband, begged for a walk along the narrow roadway leading up through the woods.

We went together, and, from the midst of my happiness restored, I presently stood and looked around at the dark avenues of the woods, listened to the weird music in the tree-tops, and to the hoarse clangour from the steeple in the distance. I stood and listened, and wept.

Not until we got home did my husband seek for any explanation of my whim, and then I put into his hands the sheets, stained with my tears, on which I had told the early part of my story.

I left him alone to read it, and when I returned to the room I found the manuscript pushed from him, and his head bowed upon the table, whether weeping or not I never knew.

Men do not like to be seen to weep, and I betrayed no curiosity. It was sufficient for me that he folded me fondly in his arms and kissed me passionately.

And now as I finish my story he comes across the lawn from the house, looking, I think, younger than when he set out on that fearful journey; but, for all that, young man though he is, his dark hair slightly streaked with silver. He says it is the result of the severe spasms he always experiences on going into his sanatorium for the first time after my weekly dusting and clearing up there, and the mental anguish he suffers in his efforts to rearrange his papers and books.

I tell him, however, that it is far more likely to be the effect of the alarm he felt lest I should have found another husband before he got back again. For all his silver streaks, however, he looks the very picture of happiness.

He is standing just now by a cluster of rhododendrons, endeavouring to impress upon a certain chubby little sinner of my acquaintance that, although he may, if he likes, consider himself heir to the little estate here, he must not presume upon his prospects by appropriating to his own personal use and enjoyment the beds of all the flowers in the garden; and as I know I shall be called upon to endorse all that is now being said upon the subject, I may as well wind up my story.

G. F. M.

## ROUND THE WORLD.

The insurrection in Barbadoes has subsided.

The French Atlantic cable is broken 200 miles from Brest.

OFFICIAL information states that all is quiet again in Barbadoes.

HEREAFTER wife-beaters in California will be punished by a public whipping.

The Egyptian troops have begun their homeward movement from Abyssinia.

The London Gazette of the 28th ult. contains the proclamation of the new title "Empress of India."

EGYPT has accepted the scheme of the French Syndicate for the modification of its bonded and floating debt.

GOERT VON ARNIM has been sentenced to formal dismissal from the service, and compelled to pay the costs of proceedings.

The double turret ship *Inflexible*, launched at Portsmouth last week, is said to be the most tremendous instrument of warfare yet erected.

The agitation in favor of amnesty is creating so much feeling in Paris that the Government contemplates repressive measures.

The establishment of the Episcopate of the Christian Catholic Church of Switzerland has been approved by the Federal Council of that country.

MONTENEGRO has not openly declared war against Turkey, but will permit all her subjects to join the insurgents, which is about the same thing.

At Hillah and Bagdad, the aggregate number of persons attacked by the plague from the 1st of April to the 9th was 753, and the number of deaths 254.

The Theatre des Arts, at Rouen, was burned on the night of the 26th ult.; 75 persons were in the building when the fire broke out, and eight corpses have been recovered so far.

A CONFERENCE recently took place in Rome between seven Cardinals and the representatives of some of the Great Powers, with the view of settling the differences between various States and the Church, but the desired end does not seem to have been attained; the prelates declaring peace to be an impossibility without the acknowledgment of the spiritual independence of the Church.

The Canadian Illustrated News of last week contains four very nice views of Oakville harbor and ice banks, together with an extract taken from *The Argus*, containing an account of the severe storm which occurred here in February last. The Canadian Illustrated is now one of the leading journals of America, and the only illustrated journal in Canada, and it should be liberally patronized, and we would advise all our friends and readers to subscribe at once. We can assure them that they will receive full value for their money.—Oakville Argus.

**BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.**

AGE is venerable in man—and would be in woman if she ever became old.

BABY perambulators are said to be as low as \$4 apiece, but bachelors are just as shy as ever.

It is useless for a man, even the subtlest, to think fully to comprehend any woman, even the simplest.

THE winds sweep, the waves wash, the clouds weave, and the planets spin. A good housewife does all these.

THE Battle of Life.—Courtship is the engagement of siege, the proposal is the assault, and matrimony the victory.

A Chicago lady, whose lord and master indulges rather freely in the convivial glass, says he is a kind but indulgent husband.

MISS BREMER tells us that the life of a rich old bachelor is a splendid breakfast, a tolerably flat dinner, and a most miserable supper.

A YOUTH aged sixteen married a widow aged forty, in Des Moines; but the youth weighed two hundred pounds and the widow only ninety.

THE Momentous Question.—Augustus: "Now, Emily, do you love me, or do you not?" "Well, if I say I don't, shall I have to return your presents?"

IN China but very few women can write, and consequently there is not so much post office flirtation between the sweet sixteen sheathens and heathens.

DURING the severe blow of Sunday afternoon, we beheld a rare if not radiant spectacle—a prudent woman. She was carrying her bustle under her arm.

It helps one bear up under the vicissitudes of life to know that a man in Skaneateles has invented a shirt bosom that won't muss up when a girl leans her head against it.

WHY does a man when he passes a broom, lying in the hallway, stand and bawl for the servant until he blackens in the face, instead of picking it up himself and putting it in its place?

It is mentioned as a singular fact that Solomon never laughed and was a very melancholy man. It should be remembered, however, that he had nine hundred wives to advise him what to do when he had a sore throat.

THE empty can heights of national greatness were never attained by any people where the men were in the habit of going to bed late under the dreary hallucination that they could make the women get up early.

Two men were conversing about the ill-humour of their wives. "Ah," said one, with a sorrowful expression, "mine is a Tartar." "Well," replied the other, "mine is worse than that: mine is the cream of Tartar."

THE fact, which just transpires, that Philadelphia has a surplus of 20,000 females suggests the gloomy reflection that the Quaker City had motives aside from patriotism in getting up the Centennial Exhibition.

A HARTFORD girl treating a too frequent gentleman caller rather coolly, drew from him the remark: "I fear you are not dealing squarely with me!" "That's because you are 'round so often," was the quiet reply.

A Minnesota girl is named Happiness Quinn, and half the young men in the neighbourhood wear black eyes for indulging in certain "inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

YESTERDAY the blush of health was upon her cheek, and the light of a happy spirit in her eye; to-day, as she sits apart, looking as yellow as saffron, and feeling as sullen as a mud-turtle, he asks her tenderly what ails her, and she answers sharply, "Mince pie, you idiot."

Slight Mistake at a Christening.—Clergyman (who has forgotten the day of the month): "Let me see, this is the—ah—the thirtieth, I believe?" Fond Mother (not catching the idea exactly, but thinking of her family): "Why, bless me, no—this is only the eleventh!"

To a lady, with a print of Venus attired by the Graces:

That far superior is thy state  
Even envy must agree;  
On thee a thousand graces wait,  
On Venus only three.

THE second night after her first husband died she sat by the open chamber window five hours waiting for the cats to begin fighting in the back yard. She said, "This thing of going to sleep without a quarrel of some kind is so new that I can't stand it! Let me alone till they begin; then I can doze off gently!"

GRAY hair is not only honorable, but when it clusters in snowy luxuriance on the head of a married man, it is an indication of perfect domestic felicity. When one considers how few married men there are who have any hair left to turn gray, when it comes time, what wonder that men regard a gray-haired man with feelings of exaggerated envy and veneration.

WHEN is a lady's dress like an unfortunate bull-fighter?—When it is gored. And when is it like a partisan?—When it is biased. And when is it like a toper?—When it is full. And when is it like the sails of a ship?—When it is trimmed. When is it like the season of the year?—When it is lent. When is it no longer fit for use?—After she has once worn it out.

AN up town man, who believes in self-improvement, suggested to his wife recently that they should argue some question frankly and freely every evening, and try to learn more of

each other. The question for the first night happened to be, whether a woman could be expected to get along without a spring hat, and he took the affirmative; but when he was last seen, he had climbed up into the hay loft and was pulling the ladder up after him.

**THE WIDOW.**

Her smiles are temper'd by her sighs,  
Her garb scarce veils her glory;  
The tender glamour of her eyes  
Enshrouns her and her glory!

No greenling girl, nor spinster tart,  
She's all things that become her;  
Her life, her beauty, and her heart  
Are in their Indian summer!

THE following hints are submitted by one of the sex:—"Don't make a *confidante* of the first interesting young lady you meet. A woman can't keep a secret, any more than a sieve can hold water, and ten to one she will tell the whole story to the sister of a nice young man of her acquaintance. Then you can imagine the consequences! Don't sit down to your crochetwork or embroidery unless you have first mended that hole in your stocking. No use poking it under the heel of your shoe. Don't undertake to write skim-milk poetry, whenever you feel a little disposed towards enthusiasm. Go and do some kind action, or speak an encouraging word to somebody, if the 'poetic' impulse must have vent. Depend upon it, you'll be better satisfied afterwards."

At most of the fashionable weddings of the present day the bride, who arrives at the church with her father, is followed to the altar by from eight to twelve bridesmaids dressed alike, her mother bringing up the rear of the procession. The bridegroom is accompanied by his best men—but groomsmen are ignored in polite society. Their existence originated, no doubt, in the so-called "bride-knights," who, wearing the bride's colours, their silken sleeves tied with rose-mary, in ancient times conducted the bride to church. The addresses to the newly-married which lately have followed the service are a revival of the wedding sermons, which in Elizabeth's and subsequent reigns were an indispensable part of the marriage ceremony. A white satin dress trimmed with lace, a tulle veil, and a wreath of orange-blossoms form now the most fashionable attire for brides. Wedding-breakfasts each year lose some item of splendour, the subsequent speeches diminish in number, and in fashionable life the guests rarely sit, but stand to partake of the feast.

**THE GLEANER.**

THE Centennial buildings will cost \$7,500,000, and in order to pay expenses by admission fee, a daily attendance of 95,000 will be required.

MR. CHAPLIN, a well-known English turfman, has imported four Arabian horses of high caste, and is going to run them against thoroughbreds in England.

A BELGIAN army officer has invented an instrument which, by recording the time between the flash and sound, measures the distance of a discharged cannon.

A bricklayer recently died in London who was found to have the heaviest brain on record: it weighed 65 ounces. The man could neither read nor write.

At the last annual banquet of the Old Guard, in Paris, recently, there were only thirty-eight present. At the first banquet, twenty years ago, the soldiers numbered 600.

AN English Judge has decided that a woman can keep her wedding ring, and wear it when she pleases, but she cannot give it away without her husband's consent.

What exploration has accomplished in Africa may be judged by a single fact. In 1850, the area of cultivated land in Egypt was 2,000,000 acres; in 1874, it was 5,000,000.

Belle Plain, Iowa, claims the smallest woman in the world—Maggie Minot. She is eighteen years old, twenty-six inches high, and weighs thirty-one pounds. Tom Thumb is six inches taller.

A FRENCH statistician says that the ordinary man, 50 years old, has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, played 4,000 days, eaten 1,500, and been sick 500 days. He has eaten 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 of meat, 4,600 of vegetables, eggs and fish, and drunk 7,000 gallons of liquid.

SIR GEORGE BERRIOWS, President of the Royal College of Physicians, speaking of a conference held in London, the other day, said he was not one of those who advocated total abstinence, for he believed that in a climate like London the human constitution in many cases would not be capable of bearing what it did unless alcoholic stimulant was restored to.

THE foreign missionary work by Protestant Christians is summarized as follows: There are 1,559 stations, 2,132 missionaries, and 1,537,074 native converts. The annual expense is over \$5,500,000. Great Britain is doing more than half the work, the United States about a quarter, Germany stands next, and other countries are accredited with very little.

A grand chess match by correspondence, to last two years, is about to be played between England and France for a stake of 10,000 francs. The headquarters will be at the Café de la Régence, where the principal players, under the direction of Rosenthal, will form themselves into a committee. Three days will be allowed for each move, which will be made by telegraph.

A NOVEL locomotive has been made in California to run on the long flumes that are used to float lumber down from the mountains. The wheels fit on the edge of the sides of the flume, and at the ends of the car are paddle wheels dipping into the water, and which are turned by the swift current. By a simple arrangement this power is made to propel the locomotive up the flume, and it runs back itself.

A North Carolina paper is "reliably informed" that a man living near Flat Fork Church, Stanley county, in that State, had a presentiment that if he would dig up the ground near a certain rock on his land, he would find something valuable. Upon digging a pit about four feet deep, he found a basket with gold and silver coins. The basket seems to have been placed there many years ago by some unknown persons.

Although the Centennial Exhibition will positively open on the 10th May, it will not be "in shape" until June. A vast amount of work remains to be done and a great amount of goods has yet to arrive from Europe. The following calendar is interesting.

Reception of articles began January 5.  
Reception of articles ended April 19.  
Unoccupied space forfeited April 26.  
Exhibition opens May 10.  
Exhibition closes November 10.  
Goods to be removed by December 30.

**HEARTH AND HOME.**

CONFIDENCE.—Confidence is everything between man and wife; and a woman who loves desires above all things to be trusted. She would not be glad when her husband is sad. She would not be ignorant of his troubles or his anxieties. Anything is better to her than to be shut out from the innermost of the life of one who should be all hers as she is all his.

PRUDENCE.—Do not talk beyond your capacity. Unless you are a good swimmer, and know what you are about, do not venture into deep waters. Somebody, before you know it, may puncture the bladders which keep you from sinking. Inflated talkers often pass out of sight very suddenly. You are not bound to have an opinion on every topic that is started; at any rate, you are not bound to utter it.

SELFISHNESS.—There is a form of selfishness which includes family and near friends, another which embraces native land as well, and, finally, one which takes in humanity, and is thus selfishly devoted to the unity that makes of one family all the nations of the earth. As the sphere widens the soul receives love for love. This is the love that bestoweth, not that which graspeth. Mark the difference, for selfishness is but a form of love, and love is but a form of selfishness.

DISCONTENT.—It is curious, when one stops to consider, how many discontented moods grow solely, not out of any tangible hardships in our own lot, but out of some comparison of ourselves with our neighbours. If another man's wife is handsomer, another man's children cleverer, or his business more prosperous, it really seems to affect us in a most unreasonable way. The truth is that his gains are not our losses, and, if all that he has were swept away from him tomorrow, it would add nothing to our store; and yet we indulge in an illogical envy which makes our own fate seem a hundred times harder by its contrast with his, as the black onyx behind it brings out the clear lines of some cameo.

TYPES OF CHARACTER.—There are three kinds of nature which take on themselves softness of manner and gentleness of touch—the nature with hands of steel, sharp, cruel, wounding, well covered with velvet gloves; those with hands of bran and pitch, wax and putty, mere dummies without the power of grip or holding in them; and those with hands of honest human flesh and blood, soft, warm, responsive, yielding, but with a serviceable framework of bone and muscle beneath, which when required can hold its own, and, if yielding on some occasions, can be defensive and repellent on others. These are the three most noteworthy types of the hand that lies hidden beneath the velvet glove of smooth appearance and delicate texture—the characters to be found under the veil of a soft manner and a noticeably gentle exterior.

LIVING BY RULE.—Living by rule, a Medo-Persian law inflexible, is very unwise, especially if a person is in reasonable health. Man is not a machine, that must be turned in a certain direction, or it will be destroyed; nor like a locomotive, which must run on one fixed track, or not run at all. The Architect of all worlds made us for acting under a great variety of circumstances, and in infinite wisdom and benevolence has given to a man a mechanism of wonderful adaptability, by which we can live healthfully on land or sea, in the valley or on the mountain tops, in the tropics or at the poles, on the barren rocks or in the rich savannas.

Our modes of life must be adapted to our ages, our occupations, and the peculiarities of our constitutions. There are certain general principles which are applicable to all. Every man should be regular in his habits of eating; should have all the sound sleep which Nature will take; should be in the open air an hour or two every day, when practicable, and should have a pleasurable and an encouraging remunerative occupation; and they are the happiest who are in this last category. At the same time, if a man accustoms himself to go to bed at nine o'clock, he need not break his neck, or make himself miserable, if circumstances occur to keep him up

an hour or two later now and then; and so with eating, exercise, and many other things. No one ought to make himself a gully-slave to any observance; occasional deviations from all habits are actually beneficial.

**OUR PICTURES.**

The most important illustrations in the present issue will be found appropriately described under separate titles in the body of the paper. Among the others, we would call attention to the front page cartoon with its allegorical representation of the River St. Lawrence, rising from its tomb of ice and announcing the glad tidings of the opening of navigation; to the series of sketches showing the spring repairs of different craft in the Lachine canal; to the beautiful tropical scene of a light house at the mouth of the river St. John, Florida, and to the splendid refreshment room of the New Chamber of Deputies, Versailles. This is called "La Luzette," is elegantly furnished, abundantly supplied with wines, liquors, beer, cordials, lemonade, "sugar and water," &c., waited on by servants in the State livery, and, more than all, is scot free and for nothing, though, of course, reserved exclusively for the use of members of the Assembly.

**LITERARY.**

GEORGE ELIOT has earned with her pen nearly £200,000.

MR. TENNYSON is reported to be at work on an ode to the Prince of Wales on his return from India.

John G. Whittier has sent a Centennial poem to General Hawley. It will be set to music by Professor Payne, of Hartford.

A CHAIR made of the old elm at Cambridge, rendered famous by Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," is to be presented to the poet.

A Runic slab of the seventh century, lately discovered in a Yorkshire tomb, has been sent to Prof. Stephens of Copenhagen for the third volume of his great work on Runic antiquities.

It is stated in *Notes and Queries* that an early autograph manuscript of the Rev. John Kibble's "Christian Year" will be offered for sale by Messrs. Partrick & Simpson in the ensuing spring. It is dated 1822, and entitled "MSS. Verses chiefly on Sacred Subjects." It contains the original casts of thirty-one of the well-known poems, the first form of the hymn for the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, never yet printed, extra unpublished stanzas in the hymns for Easter Day, the fourteenth Sunday after Trinity, the Morning Hymn, together with four unpublished pieces, and twenty-six poems which have been published in the miscellaneous collection of Kibble's poems.

THE London *Spectator* relates a story of Lord Macanlay that, when eight years old, he, during a cut, with his mother, read Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and on his return home repeated canto after canto for her. So wonderfully retentive was the great historian's memory, that at one period of his life he was known to say that if, by some miracle of vandalism, all copies of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" were destroyed, he would undertake to reproduce them from recollection whenever a revival of learning came. In 1813 while waiting in a Cambridge coffee room for a post chaise which was to take him to school, he casually read two poems in a weekly, and thought no more of them for forty years, when he repeated both correctly.

EVERYBODY ought to be familiar with the lines in the 3rd Canto of "Child Harold":—  
"Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man  
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,  
Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that plain  
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host  
A bony heap, through ages to remain  
Themselves their monument:—the Stygian coast  
Unsequel'd they roam'd, and shriek'd each  
wandering ghost."

In a foot-note Byron added:— "The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian legion in the service of France, who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestor's less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country), and the less justifiable baronies of the Swiss positions, who carried them off to sell for knife-handles—a purpose for which the whiteness imparted by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request. Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero, for which the sole excuse is, that if I had not the next passer by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intended for them." These bones Byron sent to Mr. Murray. They were put away and forgotten till the other day, when they were discovered in a wrapper; the address is in the poet's hand writing. By permission of the present Mr. Murray, the parcel was exhibited at the recent conversation of the Royal Society. The bones are those of a man of low stature.

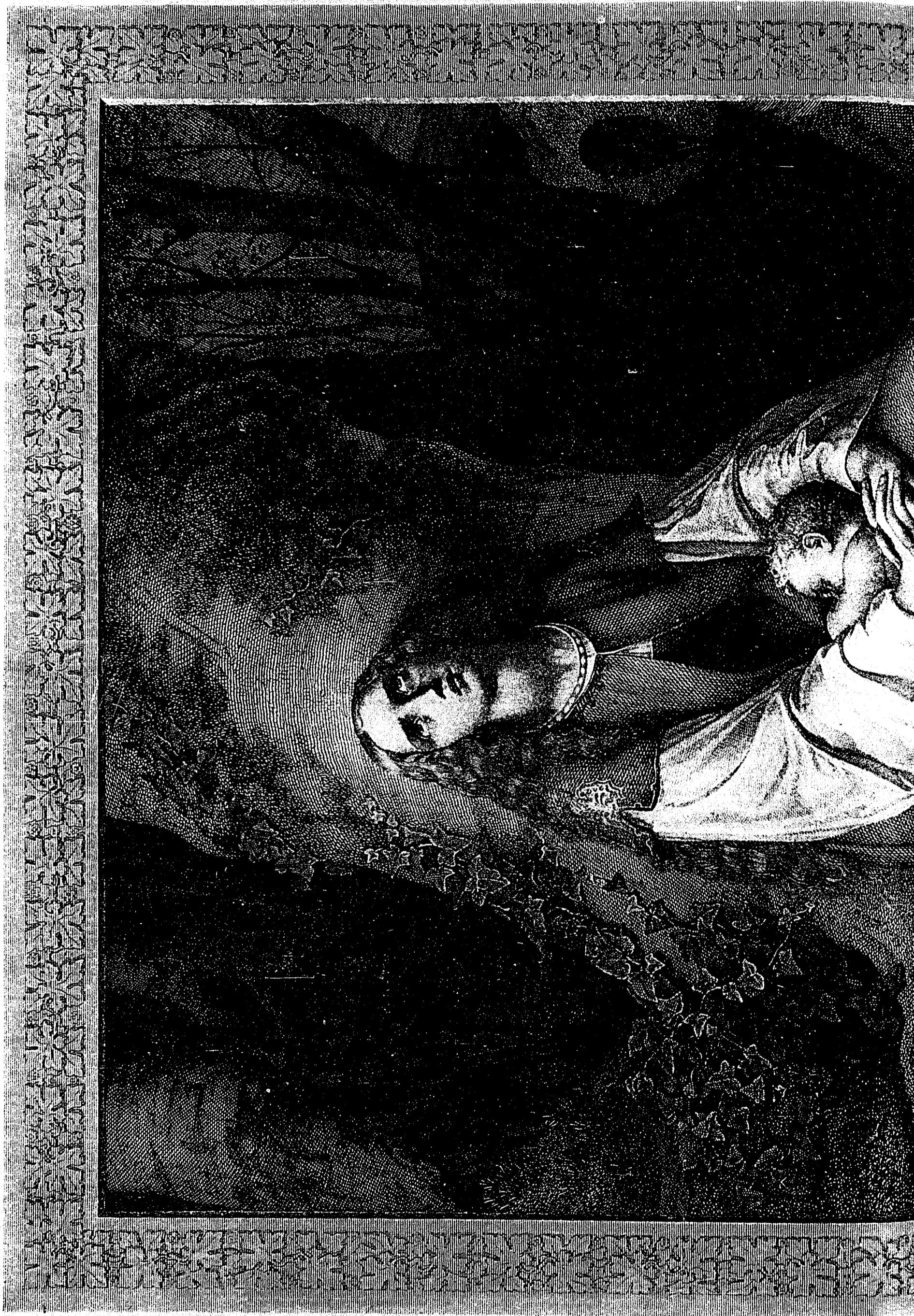
**SCIENTIFIC.**

A SAFE deposit vault just completed in London is deemed invulnerable. It is sunk forty-six feet into the ground, with walls of brick and concrete six feet thick. Inside this structure is the safe, three feet thick, made of fire brick and unshrinkable iron. The metal doors weigh four tons each, and are swung by hydraulic power.

LIEUT. CAMERON, the African explorer, was entertained at lunch by the Mayor of Liverpool the other day. In reply to the toast of his health, he stated that his discoveries had led him to the conclusion that there exists in the centre of Africa a system of water communication which, by the addition of a canal thirty miles long, would be complete from the Congo to Zanzibar. He believed that boundless stores of wealth—agricultural and mineral—could be thus developed, and when other parts of the world were worked out, that we might look to Africa for new granaries, new coal mines, and new materials for manufactures.

USEFUL FACTS.—If the globes on a gas fixture are much stained on the outside by smoke, soak them in tolerably hot water in which a little washing soda has been dissolved. Then put a teaspoonful of powdered ammonia in a pan of lukewarm water, and with a hard brush scrub the globes until the smoke stains disappear. Rub in clean cold water. They will be as white as if new.—Tasteful ornaments may be made of natural leaves and sprays artificially frosted. This is done by means of powdered glass, which can easily be obtained by pounding some bits of glass with a heavy hammer, care being taken to protect the eyes against flying splinters. Dip the object in thin gum-water, and shake the powdered glass over them. When dry, handsome bouquets can be arranged.







# GENEVIERE DE BRABANT

FROM A PAINTING BY STRINBRUCK, IN THE DARMSTADT GALLERY.—ENGRAVED BY J. FELSING.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 6TH MAY, 1876.

*Geneviève de Brabant*

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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS:

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK II.

THE THICKENING OF THE CLOUDS.

XV.

GROVET PRIMAVERA DELLA VITA.

In the fortnight that followed, Zulma and Cary met nearly every day, sometimes more than once in a day. It was impossible that it should be otherwise. There is no power on this earth that can restrain two youthful hearts...

What mattered it to Zulma and Cary that the autumn skies were low, that the winds moaned dismally through the leafless woods, that the snow clouded the face of the sun and charged the atmosphere with inclement moisture?

Another circumstance deserving of mention is that the young rifleman's visits to the Sarpy mansion were so conducted as to be a secret to his companions-in-arms. There was a purpose in this, although neither Cary, nor Zulma, nor M. Sarpy ever exchanged a word about it together.

It was not so with the Canadian girl. She had that glorious independence—the gift of superior women—which cares not for the prying eyes of all the world. She did not mind who knew of the American soldier's visit to her father's home.

Neither had her father any of the misgivings so common and so hateful in meticulous old men. He was a loyal, frank character. He had unbounded confidence in his daughter and his absorbing love for her made him rejoice in the present little episode as a bright spot amid the gathering gloom of war.

Fortunately, however, for all concerned, it so happened that the visits of Cary were known to very few of those who habitually went to the Sarpy mansion. The daily beggar hobbled up as usual, with his basket under his arm, or meal bag slung across his shoulder, to gather the abundant crumbs of the table, but he never penetrated beyond the kitchen.

And so passed the fortnight away. It was all too short considered by the number of days. The mornings rose and the twilights came with a calm remorseless rapidity that had no regard for the calculations of the heart, but when the recapitulation was made, it was found that a mighty distance had been travelled, and that the vague impressions of each succeeding interview had verged at last into a blazing focus whence the illumination of two youthful lives burst upon the view.

XVI.

BRAIDING ST. CATHERINE'S TRESSES.

One incident of this eventful period must not be passed over in silence. The reader himself will judge of its importance. It was the 25th November, St. Catherine's Day. In Italy and the South of Europe, the Virgin-Martyr is venerated as the patron of philosophical students, and the collegiate bodies celebrate her festival with public disputations on logical and metaphysical subjects.

The day itself had been melancholy enough. Snow had fallen continually until it had piled a foot high on the level roads. The wind howled dismally around the gables and the branches of a maple beat doleful music against the window of Zulma's room.

She scarcely left her room during the whole day. The house was silent and could afford her no relief. There was nobody stirring in the courtyard or around the kitchen.

"If he would only come," she murmured, as she stood there. "But it is impossible. There is no riding on horseback through such snow, or I should have gone out myself."

At length the weary afternoon had worn away. Five o'clock rang through the house from the old French clock at the head of the stair. Zulma had just finished counting the strokes with a feeling of relief when the tinkling of sleigh bells fell upon her ear.

But it was Pauline nevertheless. The two friends fell into each other's arms, kissed each other over and over again, and repaired together to Zulma's room where, amid the work of unwrapping, and warming feet, and sipping a glass of wine, the congratulations and explanations went briskly on.

"It may be our last chance, you know," she said, half laughing, but with a slight shadow on her sweet face.

"And those horrid rebels," rejoined Zulma very merrily. "How did you make up your mind to encounter them?"

"That must have increased your distance." "It did by at least four leagues, but I didn't mind that so long as we were free from danger."

"You do not like these soldiers?" "I dislike them all, except, perhaps, one." Zulma looked up in surprise.

"And, pray, who may that one be?" "Don't you remember the bearer of the flag?" "Oh!" was the only exclamation that Zulma uttered, while her cheeks were fit to burst with the rush of conscious blood.

"Roderick has spoken to me of him in the highest terms of admiration," continued Pauline quietly.

"He will doubtless be flattered to hear of this," said Zulma with just a touch of sarcasm in her tone.

But it was lost upon the gentle, unsuspecting Pauline, and Zulma, regretting the remark, immediately added:

"If you had met him on your passage, he would have treated you kindly, depend upon it," and she proceeded to relate the incident of the covered bridge. One detail brought on another, and the two friends sat for two hours talking together, and much of the conversation turned on the American officer.

(To be continued.)

HUMOROUS.

WALI WHITMAN denies Robert Buchanan's assertion that he is a poor poet.

THE "rinking" and "spelling bee" epidemic in England is there called "the foot and mouth disease."

DEATH has been dealing sad blows in our family of late—Rothschilds, Astor, Stewart. And we have had a bad cold for a week or two.

A mountain of superior white chalk has been discovered in Idaho, and now, if a never-failing spring is in close proximity, an enterprising man might start a dairy there without investing in a single cow.

BRET HARTE'S story of "The Fool of Five Forks" has been translated into Russian under the title of "The Foolski of Fiveoff Forksvitch." An exchange thinks this must make Bret off Hartske fooloff proudovitch.

A Wisconsin editor illustrates the prevailing extravagance of the people of the present day by calling attention to the costly baby carriages in use now, while, when he was a baby, they hauled him around by the hair of the head.

AN exchange asks:—"Why is it that the largest shirt button to be found is always put on the collar band?" It is not always. The largest button is only used until the button-hole in the collar becomes worn to double its original size, then the smallest button is put on the band instead.

IT is not really necessary to have a lamp burning to break a lamp chimney. The chimney will snap if the lamp be not lighted. The only way to avoid those accidents is to keep the chimney in an empty room by itself, securely lock the door, and stand outside day and night with a drawn sword.

It is well enough to talk of elevating the tone of social conversation, but when a well-meaning young man tries to introduce protoplasm as a subject, at a little gathering, and finds that everybody thinks he is referring to a new kind of plaster and considers him indelicate in doing so, he is apt to feel that the life of a reformer is a kind of a perpetual picnic on a mountain hill.

A TRAVELLER—Should always carry on a journey, to use in case of sudden indisposition, caused by taking cold, by change of water, bilious attacks, &c., a bottle of STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF, which can always be relied upon, to give immediate relief.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Sigma, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 67, received.

H. A. C. F.—Solution of Problem No. 69 received. Correct.

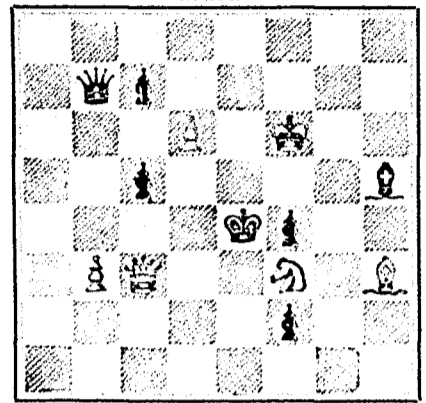
An English paper, in giving an account of the Match just played between the Oxford and Cambridge Chess Clubs, has the following remarks: "Chess has, within a few years, improved so rapidly in popularity that Tournaments, national and international, and provincial, and matches between individual clubs and Universities have grown too frequent to excite any extraordinary interest."

We are glad of this and would be content to see the same relish for the Royal Game, exhibited in our own Dominion. We shall try to give a game or two of this Inter-University contest in a future Chess column.

During the progress of the University match Mr. Zukertort exhibited his wonderful skill in blindfold chess by playing six games simultaneously without seeing the board, and winning them all out of hand. This was a mere pleasant skirmish for Mr. Zukertort, who has played as many as fourteen blindfold games at once without incurring any extraordinary fatigue.

PROBLEM No. 70.

By Mr. E. B. COOK (Hoboken, U. S. A.)



White to play and mate in two moves. GAME 9411. Being the fourth in the match between Messrs. Steinitz and Blackburne.

- (Search Gambit.) WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne) BLACK.—(Mr. Steinitz) 1. P to K 4 P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 Kt to Q B 3 3. P to Q 4 P takes P 4. Kt takes P P to K 5 5. Kt to K 5 B (checks) 6. B to Q 2 Q takes K P (ch) 7. B to K 2 K to Q sq B takes B 8. Castles P to Q B 3 (ch) 9. Q takes B Q to K 4 10. Q Kt to B 3 Q to K 4 11. Kt to Q B 3 P to Q K 4 (ch) 12. B to B 3 K Kt to K 2 13. Q R to Q sq Q to K B 3 (ch) 14. K R to K sq R to Q K sq 15. Q to K 2 (ch) P to Q 3 16. Kt to K 1 B to Q 2 17. Q to K 3 P to K B 3 18. P to K Kt 4 Q to K 3 19. Kt takes Q P (ch) P takes Kt 20. R takes P Kt to B 2 21. B takes Kt (ch) Kt takes B 22. Q to K 3 K to B sq 23. K R to Q sq R to K 2 24. Q to K 2 Kt to K sq (ch) 25. K R to Q 4 P to K R 4 26. Q to Q 5 Q to K K 4 27. Q takes Q P takes P 28. R to K 6 B takes P 29. R takes P R to K sq 30. K to K 2 Q R to K B 2 31. P to R 3 B to Q 2 32. K to K 3 R to K 7 33. R takes P K R takes K B P 34. R to B 5 (ch) Kt to B 3 35. R to Q 3 K to B 2 36. Kt to Kt sq K to K 3 37. R to Q 5 Kt to Kt sq 38. Kt to Q 2 (ch) B to B 3 39. Kt to K 4 (ch) R to K 7 40. Kt to B 3 R takes P 41. R to Q 2 R takes Kt (ch) 42. P takes R B takes R 43. R takes B R to Q B 2 44. R to Q 3 Kt to B 3 45. K to B 1 P to B 2 (ch) 46. K to K 4 R to B 7 47. P to R 3 R to Q R 7 48. P to B 4 P takes P 49. R to K Kt 3 R to Q 7 50. R takes P R to Q 5 (ch) 51. K to B 5 P to B 6 Resigns (k)

NOTES

- (a) This is superior to Kt to K B 3 adopted by Steinitz at this point in the second game of the match. (b) Best at once with the object of paralyzing the action of one of the Knights. (c) It may be observed that in this and in the previous moves Black had to avoid the temptation of forking the two Knights by P to K 5, as in each occasion White would have obtained a winning attack by Kt to Q 5. (d) Loss of time. Q to K 3 at once is better. (e) Made to perplex Black who was short of time, but not to be tried with one of Mr. Steinitz' skill. (f) This exchange gave most chance of pressure by violent onslaught. (g) He could not capture K Kt P for obvious reasons. (h) Better than Kt to K 4. (i) White might have won the exchange, but it would have simplified the position too much. (j) Best. Had he moved the R at once the answer of R to K Kt 7 would have been deadly. (k) There is no means of stopping the P now, except at the cost of a Rook.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 17.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. R to K B 6 K takes R 2. Kt to K R 7 mate. There are other variations, but they are obvious.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 67.

- WHITE. BLACK 1. Kt to K 3 (ch) P takes Kt 2. B to K R 3 (ch) Kt covers 3. B takes Kt mate.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 68.

- WHITE. BLACK Knt K R 6 Knt Q R 4 Rnt Q B sq Rnt Q sq Rnt Q K 3 Rnt K 5 Kt at Q 6 R at Q B 2 White to play and mate in three moves.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

THE BOAT RACE—LIEUT. CAMERON.

LONDON, April 15.—You have doubtless heard by telegram of the result of the great boat race. I predicted that the odds would turn in favor of Cambridge and was not mistaken. For several days previous to the event, it seemed a foregone conclusion that the Light Blue must win and the excitement was in consequence not so great as usual. Oxford was beaten by eight good lengths and the whole distance was made in 20 min. 19 sec. I send you from the Rowing Almanac the list of winners of the University match since the commencement, which is useful for reference and worth preserving.

Table with columns: Year, Date, Winner, Course, Time, Won by. Lists rowing results from 1829 to 1875.

A. This was the first race rowed in outriggered eight. B. The first race in which both crews used boats with sliding seats adopted this year by both crews.

From the above table it will be seen that there is just the difference of one race between the Universities—Oxford having won seventeen and Cambridge sixteen. In addition however, to the inter-University matches proper, the two have met on five occasions at Henley, and once or twice at regattas on the Thames, the balance of victory being in favour of the Dark Blues.

The principal event of last week is the arrival of Lieutenant Cameron, the African explorer. He is the present lion of society, and the scientific bodies are paying him all proper honors. He has travelled over 3,000 miles of ground, of which 1,200 are entirely new to geographers. He puts aside the idea of the Luabala and other rivers traced by Livingstone having any connection with the Nile. The Luabala, he says, is really the head waters of the Congo. His examination of the basin of this great river enables him to state that it constitutes one of the most magnificent systems of internal water communications in the world. The Tanganyika and the Congo could be joined for the purposes of navigation by a canal 30 miles in length. The natural riches of the country, he says, are unspeakable. The centre of Africa, especially on the west side of the Tanganyika, is destined one day to be the scene of civilization and productive trade. From its mineral wealth and agricultural capabilities it will be one of the granaries of the world, and the scene of iron manufactures when other parts of the world have been worked out.

Expectation is on the tip-toe in regard to the production of Queen Mary which is to take place next week. It is known that Mr. Tennyson has been working hard with Mr. Irving to fit the drama for the stage. We are informed that the drama has been shortened throughout, and has gained sharpness and clearness by being shortened. The chief additions are two in number. The first is a conversation between Philip and Mary about Howard and about striking the flag of England. The lines on this subject are likely to tell with the audience. The other alteration is at the close. Mary does not expire before the entrance of Elizabeth, but dies in the presence of her sister, after a touching scene. The new matter inserted here is longer than that introduced in the other place. But, spite of the popularity of the poet Laureate and of his chief interpreter, Mr. Irving, there is a general impression that the tragedy will not meet with favor. And I believe that the apathy is due less to the fault of the piece than to the uncongeniality of the subject.

The prospectus of the opera season at Her Majesty's has just been published. Mr. Mapleson announces, what we all knew, that the National Opera House, on the Victoria Embankment, could not be completed this season. We don't build so fast on this side as you do in America. And all the better for it. None of us object to frequenting old Drury for another year. Among the principal artists on the lists are Titiens and Nilsson. Then comes Chapuy, whom Sir Michael Costa is crazy about, and who is perhaps destined to surpass them all. There is only one fear circulating of late—that she intends to marry shortly and retire from the stage. *Dix prohibete!* Another great accession is that of Faure who passes from Covent Garden to Drury. Perhaps a tale hangs thereby. Last season after the dreadful floods of the South of France, Capoul and other French artists in Lon-

don got up a relief entertainment, but neither Faure nor the Marquise de Caux were allowed to sing at it by Mr. Gye, and it was said that the great baritone was very indignant. The handsome tenor must have swallowed his wrath, however, for his name figures this year on the lists of Covent Garden. Bow Bells.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION—SKATING RINK—UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION—CAROUSEL.

PARIS, April 14.—The Central Horticultural Society of France will hold its annual exhibition at Paris, in the Palais de l'Industrie, during the 29th, 30th, 31st of May, and 1st of June of the present year. This is one of the most gorgeous shows to be seen anywhere in the world, and apart from the wealth of the collection, the art of picturesque and distribution has that charm of picturesqueness for which the French are deservedly famous.

The skating rink of the Champs Elysées circus has proved to be a great success, and under the new management highly profitable. Paris is likely to be endowed with several rinks, and companies are being formed where artificial ice will be adopted as well as asphalt. Indeed, the rink fever is as rampant in Paris as it is in London, and much more general among the middle classes.

In my last, I wrote to you about the projected Universal Exhibition to be held here. The project is now a reality. In a decret of Marshal MacMahon, the 1st of May, 1875 is fixed as the date for the opening of the Paris Universal International Exhibition.

The carousel which took place five days ago, on the Champs Elysées, was a wonderfully fine scenic display. The carousel which closed the horse show was much more run upon than last year, though the high price of 20 francs was charged for admission. 15,000 seats were prepared on an inclined plane round the lists, which, owing to these seats and the space taken up by the carriage exhibition, were very restricted. Military uniforms were very numerous and the toilettes exceedingly remarkable. In the tribune of honour were various members of the Spanish Royal Family in Paris, several princes and princesses of the house of Orleans, the War Minister, General Lachraud, the military attaches of the different embassies, commanders of the Polytechnique and St. Cyr, in full-dress uniforms. Several Senators and Deputies took advantage of the recess to witness the pageant. On the signal being given by Marshal MacMahon, eighty young officers and cadets on horseback entered the lists, which they slowly rode round on steeds of fine mettle, thorough-bred, and in perfect condition. The cavaliers all wore jack-boots, white breeches, and military jackets. Some rode with remarkable elegance, others were by no means so graceful or expert. The saddle-cloths of the officers were scarlet with gold fringe and those of the cadets, sous-lieutenants, and one-year volunteers, blue, white and yellow. They were so arranged as to harmonize with the pennons that fluttered at the ends of the lances. The Decapitation Course, in which competitors for prizes try to slash off, when riding at the top of their speed, the heads of stuffed figures offering small resistance, was what most excited the galleries. Mlle. MacMahon, standing beside Madame MacMahon, was saluted by the cavaliers at the close. FID ASSÉE.

THE CANADIAN CENTENNIAL YACHT.

The schooner yacht, "The Countess of Dufferin," now building at Cobourg for the Centennial regatta at Philadelphia, and of which we give a view in this issue, as she appears upon the stocks, is fast reaching completion. It is understood that she will be launched in a week from the present time, and it will take but a short time after that to step her masts, ship her ballast, and rig her ready for sea. Five tons of her ballast is to be of cast iron, and fitted in blocks of five cwt. each next her keelson, each with shoulders resting on the timbers. It is expected that Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin, after whom the vessel is named, will be present at the launch, and break the usual bottle of Champagne as she leaves the ways. Major Gifford, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, who is to command the yacht, was last week in the city for the purpose of getting stock taken up to pay the expense of her construction and transit to New York, which will amount to about \$8,000. His challenge to the New York Yacht Club for the cup won by "The America" in 1851, at Cowes, has been accepted, and appears to have afforded great satisfaction both to Canadians and Americans. Amongst Canadians and Englishmen in New York immense excitement has been created, and the advent of a Royal Canadian Yacht Club vessel, representing the Dominion, and striving for a prize which has been contested for in vain by the English yachting interest, is eagerly looked forward to. There appears every disposition on the part of the New York Yacht Club to contest the race with fairness, and, from what appeared in the New York Herald a few days since, there is no doubt but that one yacht from their fleet will be selected to sail against "The Countess of Dufferin." The money advanced towards the enterprise is to be repaid pro rata by the Vice-Commodore when the yacht is sold after her mission is fulfilled. The following are the correct measurements and dimensions of the

hull:—Length of keel, 96 ft; length on deck, 107 ft; length over all, 114 ft; beam, 24 ft; depth of hold, 9 ft. 6 in; tonnage, 221 tons; keelson, 14x14 in; timbers (13 in apart), 8x10 in; pocket pieces, 7x14 in; stern, 10x14 in; stern post, 10x14 in; bilge ceilings, 4x21 in; clamps, 4x12 in; shelf pieces, 4x12 in. All the frame timbers are of the best white oak, planks of the same material from keelson to water line in 2 1/2 in. stuff. From water line up, clear white pine 2 1/2 in., deck white pine 2 1/2 square, rounding from the covering board; bilge ceiling white oak mainmast from deck to hounds 65 feet; fore from deck to hounds 65 feet; draft forward 3 feet; aft 6 ft. 6 in.

SCHOOL APPLIANCES.

THE BEST DESK.

We have seen in the Province, and we have seen all, in all the Superior Schools, holds two scholars, and has seats, &c., &c., all complete. It so folds together when not in use, and that instantaneously, that the school room can be easily swept. For a cheaper desk, those at Durham, which cost \$1.00 a pupil, seem next best, and being made of brown ash, our Provincial "forest-grown marble," look very handsome. They can be made to look as good as new at any time by sand-paper and oil. The top of the desk should be varnished thick with shellac. Ink-stains will then wash off, and the destructive blade of the school-boys knife is pretty well baffled.

By the way, the nature of boys is such that the only way to keep a school-room clean is to get it put in first-rate condition, once and for all, and then instantly to remove the first blemish, otherwise we are soon overwhelmed, past all cure, with a flood. Nothing is so much a cause and an effect of pleasant and admirable order in school as a scrupulously neat and tidy school-room, with some bright colour smuggled on to its walls somehow and somewhere. And the one secret of a schoolmaster's success is the promptness with which he instantaneously nips the first show of evil. This is another argument for shortened hours, which leave his vigour lively and unimpaired, and make his labours doubly efficacious.

Let us come back to our desk. They should be made three feet six inches long. They are then comfortable for two, and will do for three, at a pinch. The other measurements are so arranged that the back of the pupil is healthfully and pleasantly supported. By making the edge of the seat come neatly plumb under the front of the desk, the scholars will write the more comfortably.

CONVENIENT BLACKBOARDS.

may be home-made, in a few minutes, of sheets of common brown mill-board. These are 30 in. long by 40 in. wide and nearly a quarter of an inch thick. We have seen several, at the time-honoured Quebec High School, standing one behind another on one easel, to hold memoranda for permanent use. They can be painted black.

GLOBES.

are indispensable, but too often cause a sad waste of money. When one of them once gets chipped, it is cruel to see the way it is looked upon as "that old globe," and (like "that old" everything among boys) is kicked round accordingly. The ingenious paper globes answer all required purposes, and if injured can be cheaply replaced. One suspended each side of the master's desk, gives a charm to the aspect of the room in the eyes of young people, which "grown-ups" can hardly appreciate.

THE MAC VIGAR APPARATUS.

is a wonderful relief to a teacher in teaching arithmetic to a large class all at once. By its aid a class of quite young boys in the Ann St. School, Montreal, did eighteen sums in addition of fractions in six minutes.

SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS.

Out of the seven Academies which have spent hundreds of dollars on electrical machines, retorts, &c., &c., they are spoilt or not forthcoming in five and totally unused in two! It would seem much better (as at King's College School, London), to engage some good lecturer to give a course of lectures on science and bring his own apparatus. This would be a high treat both to school and school-master, and would do wide spread good by being open to the neighbourhood. The scholars would be required to write a series of letters to the teacher describing the lectures. The Education Office might choose a lecturer and send notices to Academy-Trustees all over the Province, mentioning the subjects on which he is prepared to lecture, his charges, &c.

But we hope the time will soon come when a schoolmaster will be well-enough paid to provide himself with wonder-working machines as his particular tastes incline. How would he win affection and admiration by rewarding his best behaved scholars with glimpses of the

MAGIC LANTERN.

Magic, indeed, to them. How well can he inculcate kindness to animals and consideration even for tiny insect life, by giving one "who treads upon a worm" a glance into that Under World,—that second world—of microscopic life. We suggested just now globes hanging each side of his desk. Some might think that this smacked of the Conjuror's Show. Is not the schoolmaster the great Domestic Magician of Magicians, who is to open to the young people a mighty world of marvel and of mystery?

POSTSCRIPT.

We have secured a valuable promise from the Superintendent of Education in Ontario, that teachers and schools in Lower Canada shall be supplied with School Appliances and books for prizes and public libraries, at the low cost price at which they are obtained (under favourable conditions) for the Depository in Toronto. Quebec. E.

THE WELLAND RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

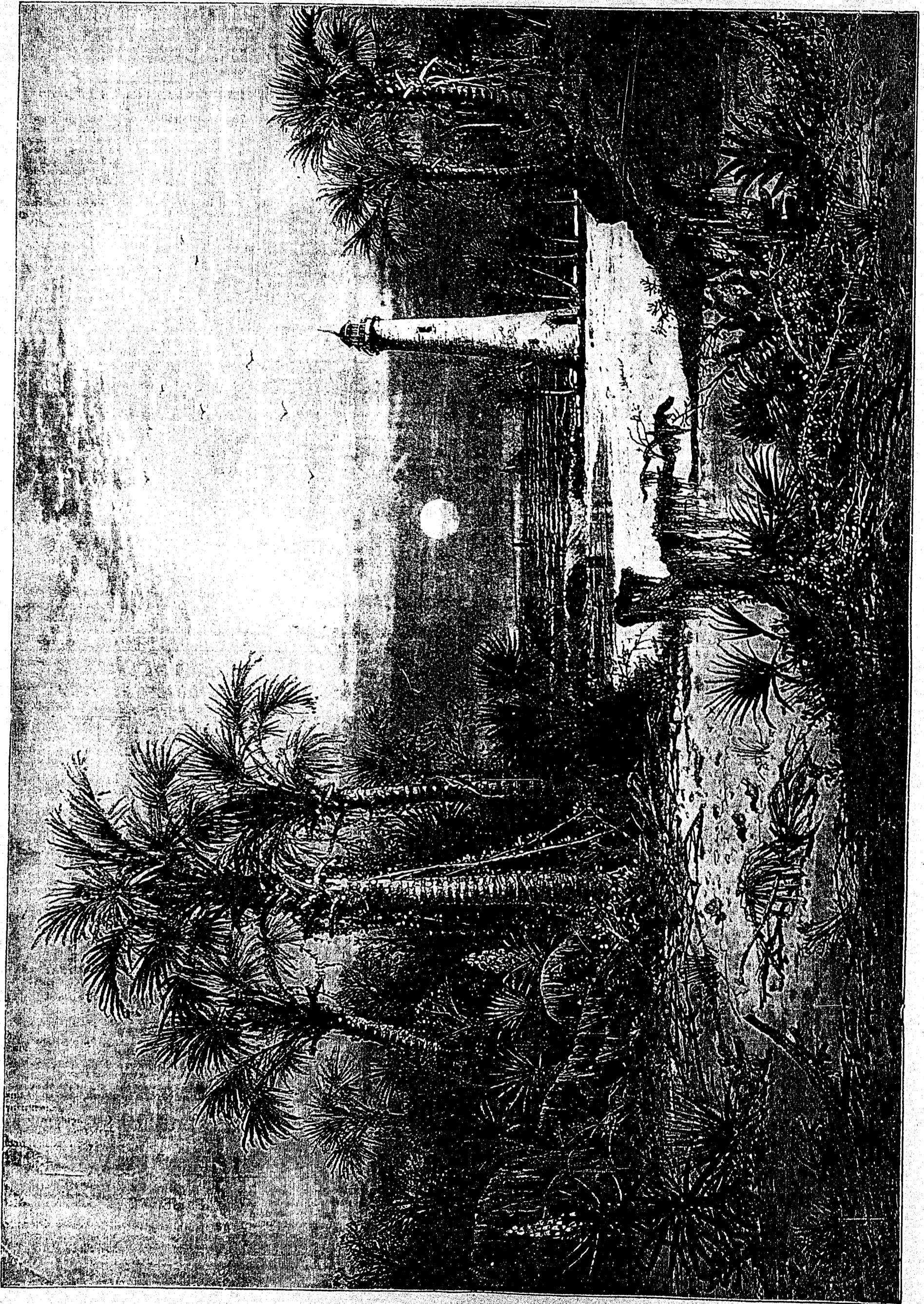
The Canada Southern freight train going east at 11 p.m. on the night of the 24th ult., met with a terrible accident at Welland by running into the old canal. The swing bridge covers both the old and new canals and stands open at all times and all trains should stop before reaching the bridge. In this case, although the red light signals were shown, the engine driver never slackened speed; the bridge tender seeing that he was not going to stop gave the extra signal of danger by swinging his lantern, but no notice was taken of it, and he continued at his fast rate of speed till the engine jumped into the canal followed by about eleven cars. It was impossible for the bridge to be swung, as a tug was just passing into the new canal at the time. The engineer, A. C. Cody, had not been found up to the latest intelligence; it is supposed he is at the bottom with his engine. He was formerly of Watertown, N. Y., and leaves a wife and family. The regular fireman had just gone back to the caboose to get supper, and the head brakeman, Van Houghton, had taken his place; he was found shortly after, but lived a very few minutes. He was asked if they did not see the signal; his reply was, "We seen nothing." He was a young man, and unmarried. The engine was completely buried from sight and the cars were torn to splinters. The freight was very badly damaged; there was no live stock on board. Mr. Muir, superintendent of the road, went immediately to the scene of the disaster, and the next morning about 100 men were busy clearing away the debris of the wreck and saving the freight. The swing bridge was thrown from its bearings about four feet and the gearing and uprights broken. The verdict of the jury charged negligence on the engineer, and fully exonerated the conductor and management from blame.

PERSONAL.

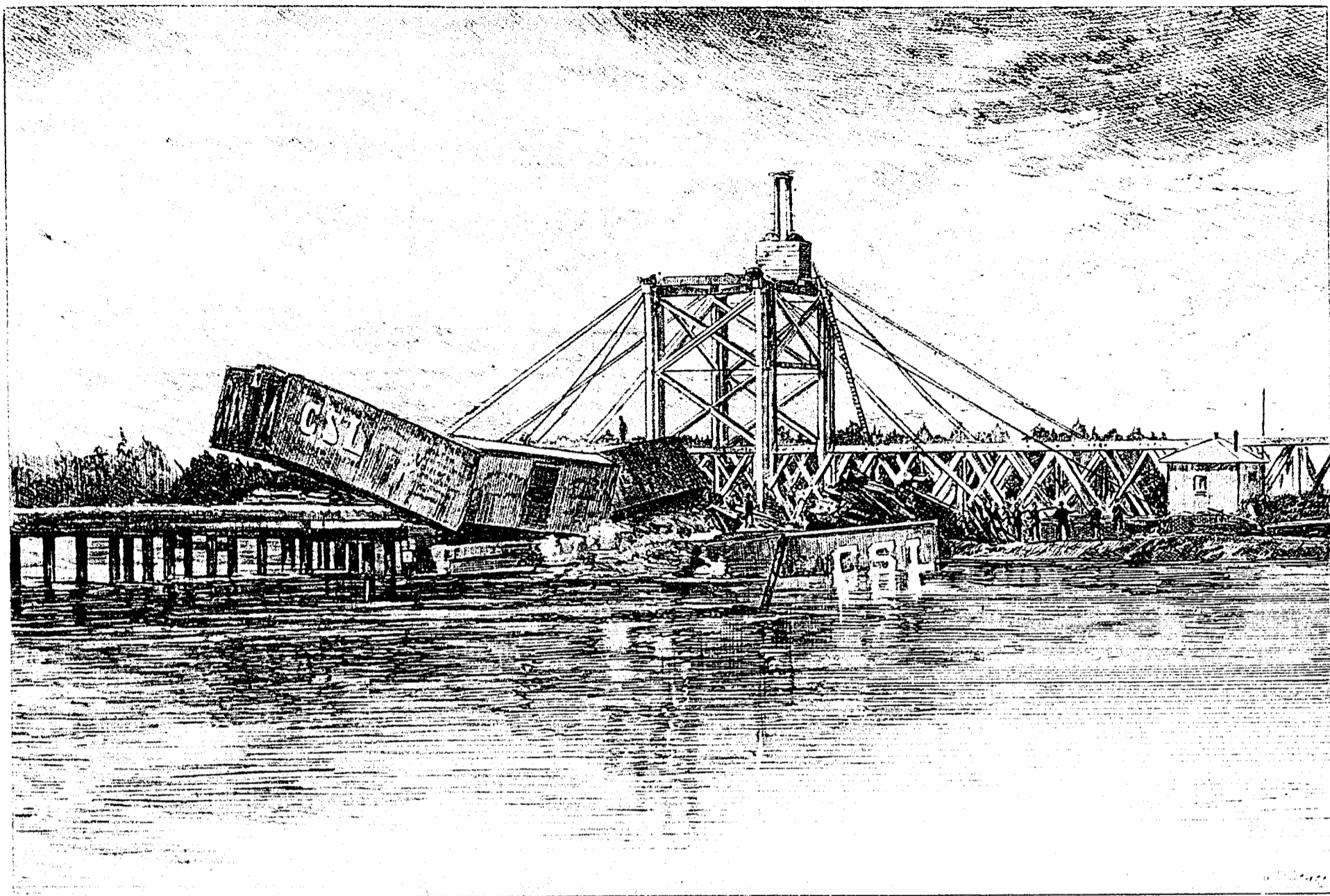
The Dowager Countess of Derby is dead. THOMAS ARB, the English poet, is dead. JUDGE HENRY, of the Supreme Court, is ill. Barney Williams, the celebrated actor, is dead. Lieutenant-Governor Morris left Toronto for Manitoba on the 29th ult. THE Duchess of Edinburgh has bought an elegant villa near the mouth of the Neva. THE Empress Augusta of Germany will shortly pay a visit to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. Hon. Mr. Letellier is detained at River Ouelle by the protracted illness of Madame Letellier. Senator Perry has sufficiently recovered to warrant his removal to his home in Cobourg. Hon. Mr. Geoffrion's friends are preparing to give him a hearty reception on his arrival in Ottawa. THE Governor-General is expected in Quebec early in May, and his quarters on the Citadel will at once be put in order. Donald M. Grant, Superintendent of the Dawson Road, has left for Thunder Bay, with a party to resume business. AMONG the bequests of the late A. T. Stewart, the great New York dry goods merchant, was \$10,000 to George M. Higgins, who is a native of Halifax, N. S. Mr. C. P. STREET, Private Secretary to the President of the Council, is to be replaced by Mr. Gauthier, of the Marine and Fisheries Department. SIR JOHN ROSE has arrived in New York, to make final arrangements for retirement from the firm of Morton, Rose & Co., of London. He is expected to visit Canada. MISS RYE, irreverently known as "Old Rye," is still at work colonizing Canada with street children from England. On her last trip in the Sardinian the passengers presented her with \$1,500 to aid her in her voluntary labors.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

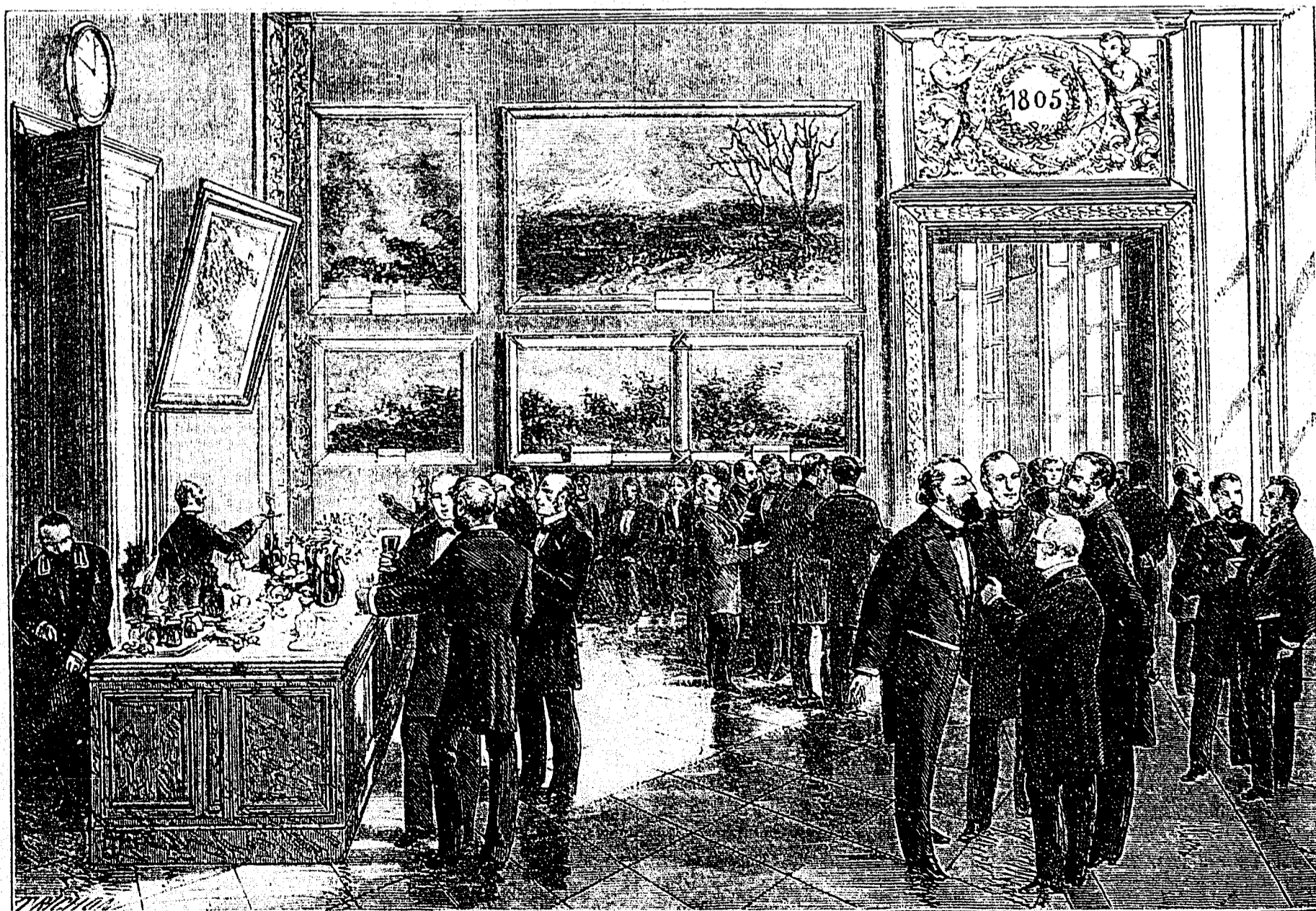
BROOKVILLE is to have street letter boxes. TORONTO City Council intends inviting the Emperor of Brazil to visit that city. THE Victor, N.S., cadets of temperance have admitted ladies to membership. THE use of explosive materials to catch or kill fish is forbidden in the Dominion. QUEBEC merchants expect the spring fleet to be three times as large as that of last year. THE first boat up the Red River reached Winnipeg on the night of the 25th ult.—the earliest arrival on record. OF 169 persons holding public offices in Ottawa, 3 are Americans, 15 French, 15 English, 23 Canadians, 24 Scotch, and 89 Irish. IT is understood that Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, now on a tour through the United States, will, by invitation, visit the Canadian capital before returning home. LAKE Ontario is not adapted to the propagation of shad. Young shad are thrown by thousands upon the shore, dead or dying. The same thing happened last season. THE management of the North-West Mounted Police has been transferred from the Department of Justice to the Secretary of State; this was necessary owing to the pressure of business on the former department. SOME scoundrel the other day attempted to burn the yacht "Countess of Dufferin," now building at Cobourg, to take part in the races at Philadelphia. The flames were fortunately extinguished before any material damage was done.



FLORIDA : A LIGHT HOUSE AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER ST. JOHN.



RAILWAY ACCIDENT, WELLAND.



VERSAILLES:—THE REFRESHMENT SALOON IN THE NEW CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]  
MY FRIENDS.

My friends,—Oh, what a volume in the world!  
More than a volume, for fond follies they,  
Writ in the clearest type, that I may read,  
Even when the darkest clouds are overhead,  
Or through the blinding mist of bitter tears,  
Ever the same. Yes, I am rich indeed  
When I can look around me at my will,  
And sound from out the fullness of my heart,  
In very truth, the simple words—My Friends.

They make me richer than a mighty King  
Surrounded by the soft voluptuous smiles  
Of courtesan and sycophant, that kneel  
About the gilded footstool of a throne,  
And wait the slightest bidding of their lord;  
For if the single hair that holds the sword  
Of Damascus, suspended amid air,  
Break with a slight vibration of the breeze,  
Caused by hoarse shouts from the tumultuous throats  
Of a wild mob, parched for Royal blood,  
And on the appointed head the fatal steel  
Fall swiftly, cleaving through the jewelled crown—  
The smiles and willing hands as swiftly flee—  
And no kind fingers lift the pulseless hands,  
To fold them gently, with a silent prayer;  
And no sad eyes are bent above the form  
Unstirred upon the cold and glittering throne—  
In truth a very pitiless place to die.

I have no smiling sycophants, to hang  
About my person, and around my ears  
With oily speech and gloomy flattering phrase;  
And when above me gibbous shadows hang  
To pass into mysterious nothingness,  
While I outstretch my weak and helpless hands,  
And only touch cold horrible despair.

No! Such was not my lot; I murmured—Friends!  
And lifted up my fervent hands on high,  
And they were clasped within cool loving hands,  
While over me were bent the forms of men—  
Strong men,—and yet how gently did those arms  
Support me; never woman's trembling hand  
More lightly rested on a lover's arm,  
Than these strong hands upon my burning brow.

And there were many voices, like a dream,  
Low tones, that made sweet music in my ears,  
And cheered me with their quiet gentle talk,  
When silence would have been a heavy gloom.

And from it all a lesson I have learned,  
Deep printed on the tablets of my heart;  
For often in the past I've laid me down  
To meditate upon some bitterness,  
That seemed to make life wearisome to me;  
And I have brooded so upon the wrong,  
And worked myself to such a morbid state,  
That, rising up to find a world aground,  
To see, and sneer, and play the misanthrope,  
And hold myself aloof from intercourse  
With those who would have laughed my passion  
red.

But all the selfish barriers that I reared,  
To shut my puny soul within myself,  
Were beaten down before my very eyes  
By the strong hand of friendship, and my heart  
Surrendered to the kindly conquerors;  
And since the very hour of my defeat  
The world has brightened, and humanity  
Has been to me a thing to be believed.  
So once again I say, I think me rich,  
To have so many of the true name—Friends!  
And I would say to him who has but one,  
That he can call by that same sacred name,  
To cleave to him, as being more than life.

BARRY DANE.

Montreal, 26th April, 1876.

MR. A. LUDERS LIGHT, M. INS.,  
C. E.

The subject of our engraving is a Civil Engineer of experience. He was born in Durham, England, in 1824, being the fifth son of Col. Alexander Whalley Light, late of H. M. 25th Regiment (or King's Own Borderers). This distinguished officer, who by the way had the largest pension for wounds according to rank, in the British army, was descended from an old and highly respectable Somersetshire county family. He served with distinction through most of those arduous campaigns against the great Napoleon, so well described by Napier and others, which beginning with Abercromby in Egypt, finished with Wellington at Waterloo. Peace being soon after restored, Colonel Light left the army and settled in Durham, being mainly attracted by the fine Grammar School and University there, which afforded him an opportunity of educating his numerous sons at a moderate cost. In 1836, Colonel Light emigrated to Canada West, selecting his military grant of land near Woodstock, then a small village, where he built his family place of "Lytes Cary," whose hospitable halls were so well known to all the gentry of that early day. He died in 1859, full of years and honors, to the deep regret of all who knew him, being almost the last of that long and distinguished list of veteran military and naval officers, who had made Canada their adopted home.

A. Luders Light, the subject of our sketch, emigrated with his father. In 1839 he was articled to an Engineer and Architect, and in 1842 obtained a situation as a Superintendent Engineer of Construction in the Board of Works of Canada; then under the late H. H. Killaly as Chief Commissioner, and the Messrs. Keefer, Page, Gzowski, Shanly and Shaw, Engineers. He remained in this employ 4 years engaged upon the surveys and construction of the canals, harbours, and other public works of the west.

In 1846 he resigned and accepted service with the Great Western Railway Company, then just commencing their preliminary surveys, under that eminent chief, Colonel Charles B. Stuart, Messrs. Benedict and Spaulding, District Engineers.

In the winter of 1848, during a temporary cessation of work on the Great Western, Mr. Light made a rapid reconnaissance of the Woodstock and Lake Erie, and Canada Southern Railways on account of the Directors of the former, who controlled both charters. These railways were soon after put under contract, Mr. Light having been named Chief Engineer—which

position was declined—the more comprehensive services of the Great Western being preferred even with smaller remuneration. The grading and bridging of the former were well advanced when the whole, through unfortunate circumstances, fell into abeyance for many years. Both works, however, have since been completed substantially on the lines then recommended. In the summer of the same year, Mr. Light made the location of the Rochester Extension from Rochester to Niagara Falls, now part of the New York Central, for Col. Charles B. Stuart.

In 1851 Mr. Light was appointed Chief Engineer of the St. Andrews and Quebec Railway in New Brunswick. This work, intended by its original projectors to have been extended to Quebec, was through the change of Boundary, caused by the Ashburton treaty, and a consequent want of funds only completed to Woodstock on the St. John River, a distance of 92 miles—on the cessation of this work, in 1854, Mr. Light transferred his services to the adjoining State of Maine and there constructed the Calais and Lewys Island Railway.

In 1856 the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia decided to construct their several Railways as Provincial Works, and the Government of the former selected Mr. Light to fill the important post of Chief Engineer. In this capacity, between 1856 and '60, amongst other works, he completed the European and North American Railway, so generally quoted as one of "the best constructed railways on the continent." So complete was this work generally acknowledged to be, that on its opening in 1860, the Government of Nova Scotia, then under the Hon. Joseph Howe, solicited that Mr. Light be spared to finish up their railway system also, which was granted.

After the completion of these important works, Mr. Light, at the suggestion of both Lieutenant-Governors of the Maritime Provinces, made a personal reconnaissance and report upon the whole country to be traversed by the proposed Intercolonial Railway at an expense of some \$6,000 defrayed from his private purse. In the autumn of 1861, he accompanied the Colonial Delegation to England to afford information on this subject. The reports, maps, and estimates he then published, as well as the further valuable information given by him, went far to smooth the way for the adoption of the enterprise by the Imperial Government. These reports and estimates having been endorsed by Mr. James Brunlees, an English Engineer of great celebrity—now engaged with Sir John Hawkshaw in the project of tunnelling the English Channel—were published, and brought Mr. Light into prominent notice in England. Mr. Brunlees endorsed Mr. Light's report in the following words:—"Having gone carefully through all the points connected with the above railway with Mr. Light, such as summit heights, crossing of rivers, and all other engineering points, I have no hesitation in stating that a line by either route indicated would be quite practicable. Having, also, had considerable experience as the Engineer-in-Chief of an extensive line in South America, and knowing from personal examination the nature of the country, which is in many respects similar to that of North America climate and the value of labor, however, being much in favor of the latter, I am of opinion that the estimates named by Mr. Light are ample, and his views upon the construction and completion of the line are very sound."

"JAMES BRUNLEES, M. Inst. C. E."

The estimate Mr. Light then gave namely, £8,500 stg., has been found singularly accurate, when allowance is made for extra cost of steel rails and iron bridges not then contemplated.

In the winter of the same year, the affair of the "Trent" occurred, and after careful consideration, Mr. Light was finally selected by the authorities at the Horse Guards, from his thorough knowledge of the country, undoubted energy, and acknowledged practical skill, as a fit man to accompany the troops in the important position of Civil Engineer in charge and for other service in British North America. He, in conjunction with Col. Shadwell, Quartermaster-General, and Major Burnaby, R.E., formed a Commission invested with full power to carry the troops through regardless of expense.

It may be here stated that this appointment was strongly recommended by Sir Allan McNab, Hon. Joseph Howe and Hon. Mr. Tilley, the Canadian Delegates.

War having fortunately been averted, Mr. Light returned to England the following year, and the difficulty of the Trent having shown the urgent need of better communication, the Imperial Government decided immediately to construct the Intercolonial Railway, and he was again selected as the Imperial Engineer to carry out the undertaking.

It is needless to repeat how this work was delayed for years by the complications of Canadian politics. Mr. Light in the meantime accepted the post under Mr. James Brunlees, of Constructing Engineer of the San Paulo Railway of Brazil, an extensive line 150 miles in length, of very peculiar construction; the elevation of three thousand feet of the "Serra do Mar" having been overcome in a distance of five miles, by the heaviest inclined planes in use. The salary in this position was three thousand pounds sterling per annum, and all expenses paid.

This service completed, Mr. Light again returned to England, and amongst other important works—in conjunction with two eminent Engineers, Messrs. A. M. Rendel and George Barclay Bruce—engaged in parliamentary work, and successfully carried several important Rail-

way Bills through the English Parliament. During this period, through the influence of Messrs. Rendel and Berkley—the Chiefs of the Indian Railways—he was twice offered important positions in that country, with salaries of £3,000 sterling per annum, which from pressure of other matters he could not accept.

The monetary panic of 1866, and subsequent stringent regulations of Lord Redesdale, requiring a large part of the capital of any project to be actually paid up, before charters were granted, put a severe check upon all Engineering work in England, and Mr. Light returned to Canada in 1868, and soon after was appointed to the Miramichi district of the Intercolonial Railway by Mr. Sandford Fleming, which he located and constructed, including the Miramichi bridges.

This service completed to the entire satisfaction of his chief, in the autumn of 1874, Mr. Light was appointed Government Engineer of the Province of Quebec, for the North Shore Railway, including all the other lines subsidized by the Province—the whole aggregating upwards of a thousand miles.

This position he still holds. The sweeping changes for the better, that have been made since these works came under the control of the Government—and which we presume have had Mr. Light's approval—all point to a most wise economy in the future working of the lines.

These improvements consist in the adoption of the best steel rails and iron bridges throughout, instead of iron rails and wooden bridges, an enlarged and elevated road-bed, more substantial foundations, larger and safe masonry, reduced gradients in the direction of the heavy traffic, and the abolition of several dangerous drawbridges, the whole raising the standard of the works from an indifferent second to a thoroughly first-class railway.

In the spring of 1875, in addition to the above, he was mutually selected by Mr. Sandford Fleming and the Government of Newfoundland, in the place of the former (whose duties as Chief Engineer of the Pacific and Intercolonial Railways precluded him from attending to the matter)—for the arduous service of making a railway survey through this Island—a distance of about 350 miles, the interior of which is entirely uninhabited, and destitute of any means of land communication. This service also has been satisfactorily performed.

Mr. Light has been fortunate, never having had an accident or failure of even a trivial nature, attributable to faulty construction, on any of the many railways he has made as Chief Engineer in charge. He has handsome certificates from all the numerous corporations and governments he has served, and seems always to have given satisfaction.

The appointment of an Engineer with such a record to the important post of Government Engineer, in conjunction with the highly respectable, intelligent and honorable gentlemen the Government have selected, regardless of party, as their Commissioners, to carry out these great undertakings, will go far to assure the people of the Province of Quebec, and the world in general, that they are thoroughly in earnest in their intention of making the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Western what it really it should be—a first-class Railway.

THE DEVIL ON MOUNT ROYAL.

Wonders will never cease. If any one imagines that the Old Boy has disappeared from the earth, he is mistaken. Men sell their souls to-day quite as readily as they did a thousand years ago, and the devil is just as ready to strike a bargain. We have still our Walpurgis Nights and our Sabbats. Mephisto prowls as of old; there are Fausts and even Marguerites to be corrupted by his wiles.

We all love and admire our Royal Mountain. Its beautiful drives, its leafy avenues, its escorted cottages, its marble homes of the dead, its fruit plantations, are so many sources of pride, to which we point the attention of strangers and tourists. But its hidden mysteries are known only to a few. It is not that they are impenetrable, but the majority of men are so thoughtless and so blind. There are projects of crime concocted there, and scenes of vice enacted, which would startle my readers were I to unfold them.

To-day, I shall content myself with introducing them to the Devil. Do not be startled. It is altogether useful that you should be acquainted with His Majesty and know everything that concerns his whereabouts. He lives on the Mountain. He has a cavern hewn out of the living rock, and he holds his court there. I have no space to enter into particulars; let it suffice to be told that all is conducted on the most approved principles of legendary etiquette.

The old fellow is not bad looking. The impression to the contrary is a popular prejudice. He has a piercing black eye full of insinuation, which accounts for his being such a favorite with the ladies. His nose is not so long as one would imagine, considering that he is in the habit of poking it everywhere. His hands are a marvel. They are rapid, dexterous, sparkling, instinct with life and tingling with magnetic touches. He has, indeed, the traditional hoof and club foot, but that is hardly a deformity in this age of high-heeled, tight boots. His distinctive feature is his tail. That must be seen to be appreciated. It is soft, velvety, insinuating, irresistible, fascinating in its undulations, terrible in its rigidity. At one time, it can whisk all the stars from their orbits with a sweep; at another, its touch would not frighten a fly on

the cheek of a sleeping beauty. There is no suggestion of fire or brimstone about him. He is cool, serene, fragrant. There never was such a fellow to "draw." Once within the circle of his influence, you cannot resist him. He is a great linguist. This, it must be confessed, is a splendid advantage, and the cunning rascal knows how to use it.

I have said that few people are acquainted with the Devil's private residence on the Mountain. Of course, my reference was to goody people only. Men of sense, men who have the proper "go" about them, make it their business to cultivate his acquaintance and pay him frequent visits. How else could we account for some men who have acquired sudden wealth in this city?

Using my privilege as a journalist, I had a long interview with the Devil, the other day, and, in a confidential mood, he informed me that his three best classes of customers are contractors, politicians and lovers. All the great contracts of the country have been made through him; all important political changes, such as the incoming of the present administration, are wrought by his instrumentality; and there is no case of elegant, refined seduction which is not his. Ordinary brutal loves he will have nothing to do with as beneath his dignity of artist, and only fit for the beastly instincts of man.

The Devil must have thought a great deal of me, for during my brief visit he taught me many a trick which will be of use to me in the composition of my master work on Arcana Vitae. Indeed, His Majesty was so gracious as to say that he admired me, had known me for a long time, and would not mind giving me a hand now and again. I, of course, was deferentially grateful. He remarked that he was on intimate terms with all our celebrated men. He spoke feelingly of —, as an old friend, whom he was to bring out of his troubles all right. He was inclined to think well of the Ministry, some of whose members were very "apt" indeed. Of a certain urban corporation, I was surprised to learn that Satan had a very sorry opinion. He said they were a difficult lot. They were always coming to him for some job or other, and to make bargains with him. They would sell their souls to him, sign the agreement with their own blood, drawn from a puncture in their arm made by his tail, receive from him the means of extracting money from the people; but when the day of settlement came, would beg off, make excuses, or else drive him away by blessed water, the sign of the cross, or some other ritualistic practice. The Devil has a most profound contempt for any man who is not willing to go to hell with a smile on his lips.

I have refrained from giving the precise locality of the Devil's cavern. I act thus because I do not wish to lead the innocents or unwary into temptation. But it may be stated generally that it lies in the immediate vicinity of the new Park, in the initiation of which Satan had a principal share, and from which he expects a rich harvest of souls, after it is opened.

A. STELLE PENN.

GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT.

Genevieve, daughter of a Duke of Brabant, married, about the year 710, Siffroy, Chatelan of Hohen-Simmeren in the territory of Treves, and was accused of adultery by the intendant Golo, who had in vain attempted to seduce her. Siffroy, then absent from home, ordered that she should perish, as well as the child to which she had just given birth. The men charged with the execution of this barbarous order, had not the resolution to carry it out, and, instead, abandoned the mother and infant in a wood, where—according to the legend, a hind furnished them its milk for six years. At the end of that time (717), Siffroy accidentally discovered his wife during a hunt in which he was pursuing the nursing hind. He recognized the innocence of Genevieve, restored her to all her state and privileges, and had the perfidious Golo put to death. On the very spot where she was discovered, Genevieve raised the shrine called Frankenkirch to the Virgin, and its ruins still exist, attracting many pilgrims. This adventure has been the subject of a great number of legends, romances, elegies and dramas, the most remarkable among which are the tragedies of Tieck and Muller. It has also furnished inspiration to many artists. The painting of Steubrick, an engraving of which we reproduce in the present issue, is very generally esteemed. As we gaze upon the sweet and sorrowful face, we have small wonder that the soldiers of Siffroy refused to execute the unjust sentence of their lord.

A MAMMOTH DISPENSARY.

"Among the notable physicians of this country, Dr. R. V. PIERCE, of Buffalo, N.Y., stands deservedly high. He has obtained professional eminence through strictly legitimate means, and fully deserves the enviable reputation which he enjoys. A thorough and careful preparation for his calling, and extensive reading, a long and unusually large practice, have made him extraordinarily successful in his private practice, and gained the commendation even of his professional brethren. By devoting his attention mainly to certain specialties, he has been rewarded in a very great degree, and in those lines is recognized as a leader. Not a few of his preparations, compounded for these special cases, have been adopted and are used in their private

practice by physicians throughout the country, and his pamphlets and larger works upon these subjects have been welcomed as valuable additions to medical literature, and placed among the regular text-books of many medical schools.

If you would patronize Medicines, scientifically prepared by a skilled Physician and Chemist, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is nutritious, tonic, alterative, and blood-cleansing, and an unequalled Cough Remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, an unequalled remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for Pain, Bowel Complaints, and an unequalled Lament for both human and horse-flesh; while his Dr. Sag's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head" ever given to the public.

CITY BANK, MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND OF FOUR PER CENT.

Upon the Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA, and Branches, on THURSDAY, the FIRST day of JUNE next.

The Transfer Books will be closed on the 10th MAY (when the amalgamation of the CITY BANK and THE ROYAL CANADIAN BANK takes effect), and the Books of THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA will be opened on the 1st JUNE.

By order of the Board,

J. B. BENNY, Cashier

ROYAL CANADIAN BANK DIVIDEND No. 19.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND at the rate of THREE PER CENT.

for the broken half-year ending on the 10th May proximo has been declared on the Capital Stock of this Bank and will, on the 1st day of JUNE, be payable to THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA, in pursuance of the terms of the Act of Incorporation.

The Transfer Books will be closed on the 10th May, and the Books of THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA will be opened on the 1st JUNE.

The FIRST GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA, for the purpose of electing Directors and passing By-Laws, will be held at its Banking House, in Montreal (the Office now occupied by the CITY BANK), on WEDNESDAY, the SEVENTH day of JUNE next, at TWELVE O'CLOCK Noon.

By order of the Board,

THOS. McCRAKEN, Cashier

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND OF SEVEN PER CENT.

Upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this City, on and after

THURSDAY, the FIRST day of JUNE next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May next, both days inclusive.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on MONDAY, the FIFTH day of JUNE next.

Chair to be taken at 1 o'clock P. M.

(By order of the Board.)

R. B. ANGUS,

General Manager.

Montreal, 26th April, 1876.

13-19-5-119

HOPKINS & WILY, ARCHITECTS AND VALUERS.

13-9-52-88

235 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

\$20,000 WORTH OF FURNITURE

BELOW AUCTION PRICES.

The Subscriber is selling out his entire stock of Furniture, consisting of Parlor, Dining and Bedroom Suites in every variety of styles and finish, of the best material and manufacture, and guaranteed to give satisfaction, and which he now offers at a reduction of 20 per cent. off his present prices.

GEO. ARMSTRONG, Victoria Square, P.S.—Valuator and appraiser of household effects.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869-75.

In the matter of

GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

An Insolvent.

SALE OF BOOK DEBTS BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

Will be sold by public auction at so much on the dollar, at the office of Craig & Moffat, 11 Hospital street, Montreal, on TUESDAY, 16th day of May next, at 11 o'clock forenoon, the outstanding Book Debts of this estate, amounting per lists thereof to about \$17,000.

Lists of debts, conditions of sale &c., can be seen on application at above named office.

DAVID J. CRAIG,

Assignee.

Montreal, 27th April, 1876.

13-19-2-120

ROYAL FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. NUTRITIOUS, DELICIOUS & ECONOMICAL. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

W. J. STEWART & CO. MONTREAL. Are the only Agents in America for MULBERRY SILK. Unsurpassed for Hand and Machine Sewing.

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Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in the Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

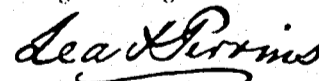
THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 13-17-52-1-0 55 College Street.

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DECLARED BY CONNOISSEURS TO BE THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE.

In consequence of Spurious Imitations of Lea & Perrins' Sauce, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA & PERRINS have adopted A New Label, bearing their Signature, thus—



which will be placed on every bottle of Worcestershire Sauce, after this date, and without which none is genuine. November 1874.

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Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper.

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TAYLOR BROTHERS' HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA. This original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation, and is manufactured under the ablest HOMOEOPATHIC advice, aided by the skill and experience of the inventors, and will be found to combine, in an eminent degree, the purity, fine aroma, and nutritious property of the FRESH NUT.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE, AND COCOA AND MILK. Are made in ONE MINUTE WITHOUT BOILING.

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SMITH'S NATURE'S REMEDY. CURES Scrofula, Erysipelas, Cancers, Piles, Syphilis, Heart-Disease, Liver Complaint, and all Eruptions of the Skin. SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA, PURELY VEGETABLE. GREEN MOUNTAIN RENOVATOR.

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THE CANADA SELF-ACTING BRICK MACHINES! Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES. 244 Parthenais St., Montreal. 13-12-52-94 BULMER & SHEPPARD.

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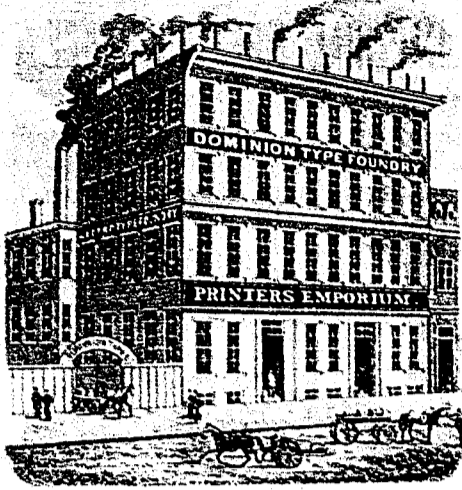
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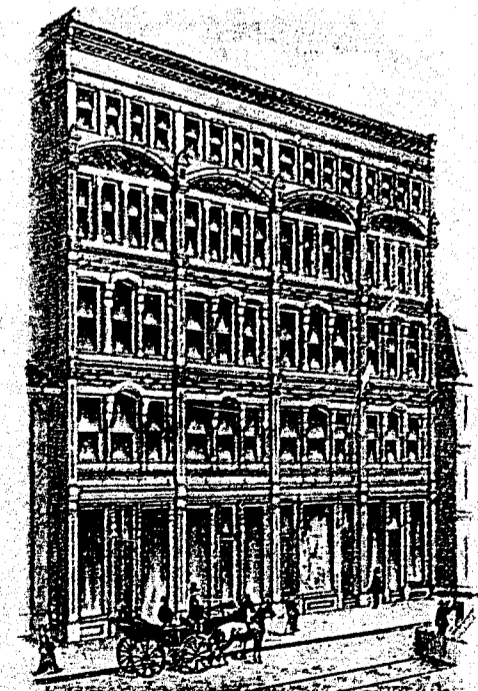
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13-3-26-16.



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HAVE REMOVED**

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G. B. BURLAND,  
MANAGER.

Montreal, 6th March, 1876.

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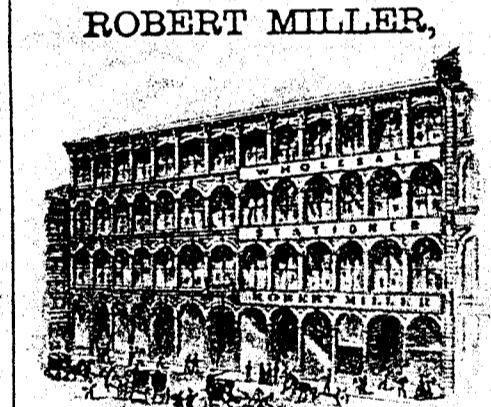
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**EXTRACT FROM A LETTER**  
dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Warminster, Wilts:—  
"I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78 years old."  
"Remaining, Gentlemen,  
Yours very respectfully,  
L. S.  
To the Proprietors of  
**NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON.**  
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For COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c., &c.  
Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup, for Infantile Diseases, such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful Dentition, &c.  
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