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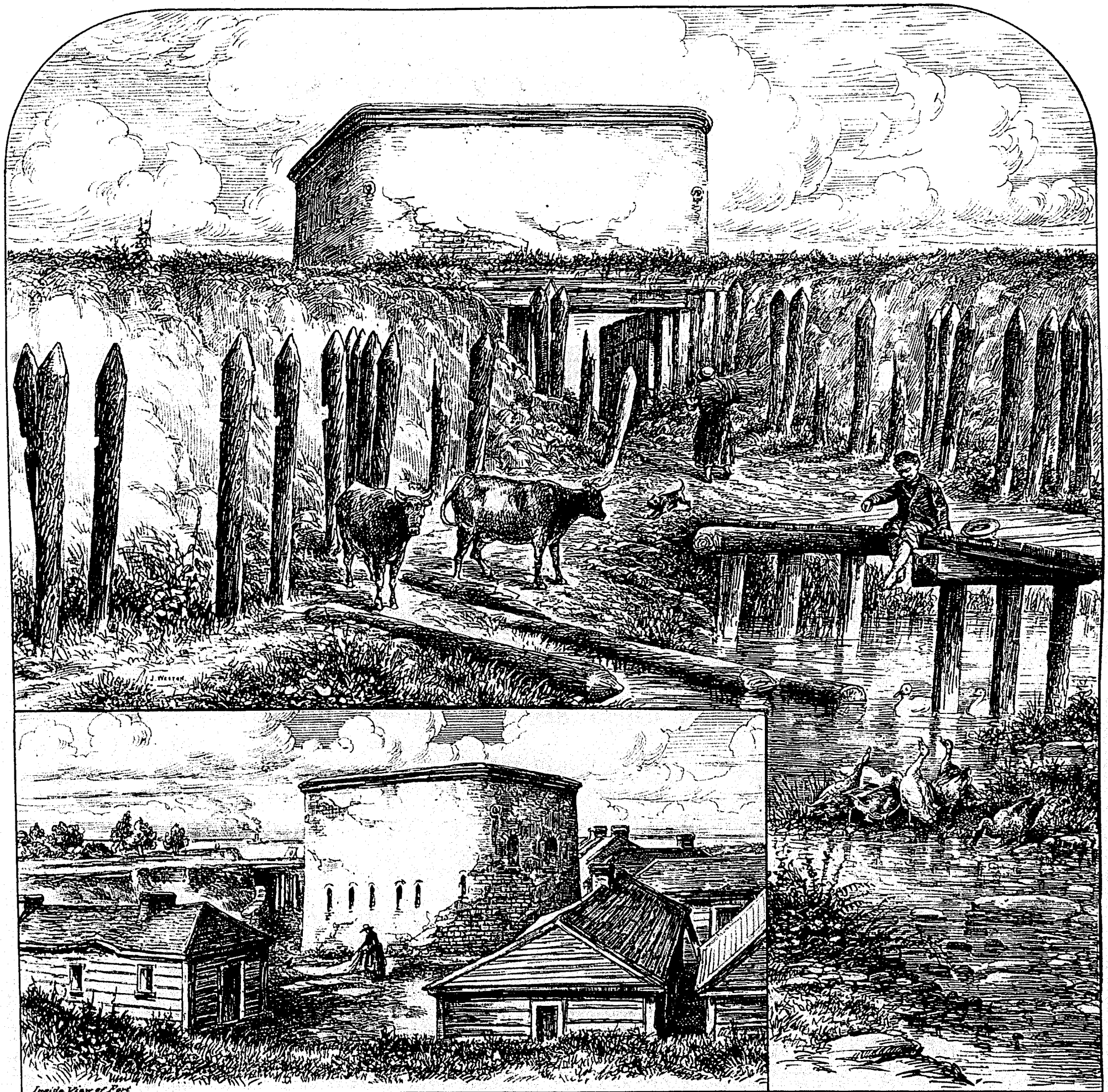
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# AMERICAN Westchester News

Vol. XX.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.

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NIAGARA.—OLD FORT MISSISAUGA.



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City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

## PROSPECTUS OF VOL. XX.

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

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

J. G. BOURINOT, Esq., Ottawa.  
 REV. A. J. BRAY, Montreal.  
 DR. CAMPBELL, London, Ont.  
 S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.  
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 REV. S. W. YOUNG, M.A., Toronto.  
 COUNT DE PREMIO REAL, Spanish Consul at Quebec.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## OUR NEW STORY.

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

### MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY,  
 BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

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

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

## NOTICES.

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

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

### TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1878			
August 17th, 1879.							
Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
74°	65°	59°	61°	78°	64°	57°	71°
Tues.	82°	55°	68°	76°	63°	60°	69°
Wed.	80°	55°	72°	80°	63°	57°	71°
Thurs.	74°	64°	69°	71°	64°	72°	69°
Frid.	68°	46°	57°	81°	69°	75°	75°
Sat.	63°	52°	57°	84°	71°	77°	77°
Sun.	62°	52°	57°	80°	70°	75°	75°

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 23, 1879.

### LAND POLICY.

No act of the Dominion Government since the Tariff Bill has given rise to more general discussion than the recently announced land policy, having for its object to raise funds to build the Pacific Railway. There comes outcry from Manitoba that it locks up the land and will prevent settlement. And there comes outcry from the Opposition press of the older Provinces in the same sense. It is, however, a plainly just principle that the lands of the belt of continent through which the railway will run, should be made to defray the cost of its construction. If the whole of that very large cost were thrown upon the old Provinces there might be reasonable cause of complaint, and it would be found to be burdensome. It was well for promoting a nucleus of settlement and giving the people a taste of the rich lands of the North-West, that there should be, at the commencement, a very free system of Homesteading and Pre-emptions. But it is clear that this system could not be made to run *pari passu* with a system of a sale of lands for building the Pacific Railway. The Government, however, does not propose to stop the granting of homesteads. It only limits the amount of the free grant to 80 acres in place of giving free 160 acres; while it proposes to charge a reasonable price for the adjoining lands which may be purchased, such purchase money being really the settler's contribution towards the building of the railway, the effect of which will be to make his land, proportionally to the increased price charged, more valuable than under the old system. Of course those who have already gone in and secured their homesteads have obtained a rare advantage. The prices which the Government proposes to charge for the public lands of the North-West are graded according to position, as the public may have seen from an advertisement which has already appeared in our columns. These prices,

moreover, are actually less than those at which similar lands are sold for in the United States. And as respects United States free grants, the limit of a free grant within any railway belt is 80 acres, but outside the limits of such railway belt, a homestead of 160 acres may be obtained. It thus appears that the settler would have to go back pretty far to obtain the benefit of the larger homestead. We think there is a question whether it would not have been well for the Dominion Government in certain cases to have given a homestead of 160 acres, whatever price it might have thought it well to charge for the adjoining land. People who have failed to get lands on the late cheap terms will feel disappointed at the new policy; but it is not a question for reasonable doubt that the moderate prices on those lands will prevent them from being occupied, especially if the credits are made liberal as in the United States. The price at which lands are sold is really less a question than the facility with which they can be turned to profitable account. It may be added as respects United States lands that the settlement fees are very much higher, and five years' occupation is required before a patent is granted. The applicant, moreover, must be over 21 years of age, and he must, if a foreigner, make an oath or a solemn declaration, if he has conscientious objections to swearing, that he intends to become a citizen of the United States, and renounce his former citizenship. If he buys good lands in the United States near a railway, he will have to pay \$10 an acre. The available lands in the United States are, moreover, inferior in their wheat producing capabilities to those of Manitoba.

### IMPERIAL GUARANTEE.

We were sorry to notice from a recent cable despatch that Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH had given a rather unfavourable answer to a somewhat nagging question as to whether or not it was the intention of the Imperial Government to grant its guarantee for a loan to enable the Canadian Government to build the Pacific Railway. The Colonial Secretary, however, stated that no application had been made to Her Majesty's Government for such guarantee at the time he made that statement in the House of Commons. He added that as the House was about to rise, and as such guarantee would require the sanction of Parliament, it could not be entertained this session. It is, however, perfectly well known that there is extreme reluctance, even in the most favourable circumstances, to give the Imperial guarantee to any colonial project whatever; and we are certain that there is a great deal of misapprehension in England as to the reasons why the guarantee in this case should be considered to be an exception to the general rule. We do not think it by any means follows from this state of things that the mission of the Canadian Ministers to England will be altogether abortive. But even if the Imperial guarantee should be withheld, in spite of the very grave and cogent Imperial reasons why it should be granted, it does not follow that the railway scheme will fail. If the Imperial guarantee cannot be obtained, there is at least the guarantee of one hundred millions of acres of land worth at least two dollars an acre to be placed under separate and special administration, agreed upon in both countries, for the repayment of the loan which will be asked by the Dominion of Canada. If the old settled portions of Canada, therefore, ask for a loan to build this great work, they have the assurance that such loan will never, in any probability, become a local burden on them, except perhaps to some extent for the first few years, as the lands set apart, even at the minimum price of two dollars an acre, are much more than sufficient to build the road. We have seen, moreover, that corresponding lands in the United States have sold for a much higher price than \$2 an acre, and it must be borne in mind that, as far as relates to commercial rela-

tions, and the actual superiority of the lands for wheat production, those in the "fertile belt" through which the Canadian Pacific Railway will run, are very much more valuable than those of the Northern Pacific Railway in the United States. We have, therefore, enough of wealth in land for our great Dominion work, and we cannot doubt its rapid prosecution, or the great rush of settlement that will accompany it, and so create trade and prosperity to a greater degree than ever before dreamt of, for all the older portions of the Dominion. If there should be failure, then, to obtain the Imperial guarantee, our regret for this would not arise from a fear of its imperilling the great undertaking, but rather from the fact of failure on the part of the Imperial Government to recognize the Imperial considerations which are involved.

A PRACTICAL English farmer, Mr. LAWES, recently delivered an address to the farmers of Hertfordshire in answer to the question, "Is higher farming a remedy for low prices?" This question Mr. LAWES answered in the negative. This may doubtless be received as a correct answer. Mr. LAWES was forced to admit that the productiveness or yield of the land cannot be pushed beyond a certain limit, or that beyond a certain limit the increase of the crop bears no proportion to the increase in the amount of manure applied. The whole can be summed up in the following paragraph.

"It is a somewhat humiliating admission to make, though so far it has proved to be too true, that the virgin soils and plains of the United States and Canada can produce and send to this country corn and meat cheaper than they can be produced on our soils at home with all our boasted skill and science. The opinion expressed by some that we shall again become exporters of corn (meaning wheat) is altogether chimerical."

An article in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, to which we lately referred editorially, presents to the English farmers a view of the wheat lands of the United States and Canada, which must satisfy them that they cannot compete with America in bread-raising. The territory pointed out as the wheat growing region of this continent is in that part of British America beginning at Lake Winnipeg and extending up the valleys of the Upper and Lower Saskatchewan over one thousand miles to the Rocky Mountains. The two Saskatchewan are navigable, and drain what is known as the "fertile belt." The valleys contain not less than 90,000,000 of acres of the finest wheat land. The rivers empty into Lake Winnipeg, and this lake, through Nelson's river, finds its way to the Hudson Bay. The immense region drained by these rivers and their tributaries includes 2,984,000 square miles. Europe itself contains only 3,900,000 square miles. The region described has, it is said, a soil as fertile as that of Minnesota and especially adapted to wheat growing. Indeed it seems that the valleys drained by the Saskatchewan are in every way as desirable as the most fertile regions in the North-Western States of the Union.

The recent attempt of the railway officials who had been employed by the Grand Trunk Company on the Rivière du Loup section, ended as abortively as the slightest common sense must have shown them that it would. The facts are that when the Grand Trunk Company sold this portion of their line to the Dominion Government, they notified the employees upon it that they would cease to remain in the Company's service. The Government did intend to re-engage as many of the old hands as they found necessary; but they could not turn off an Intercolonial engineer from an Intercolonial engine because he would run past Rivière du Loup to Point Lévis; and so with regard to many other train hands. The fact of two separate interests, the Inter-

colonial and the Grand Trunk, necessarily led before the transfer to having two sets of hands. Now, however, that there is only one interest, that necessity no longer exists, and the Government would not be justified in keeping up two sets of men. But this only applies to a part of the men, and it was not at all proposed to disturb those who were necessary or competent. The Grand Trunk would probably have been able to draft to other portions of their line some of the men who could not have been taken on by the Intercolonial. There might have been cases of hardship, but certainly the worst way to improve them was an insane attempt at riot and stopping the trains on the part of a mere handful of men, instead of simply representing their grievances.

THE Right Honourable Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, it is announced, has been sworn in as a member of the Queen's Privy Council.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE OLD NEWS BOY will need no introduction to Montrealers, being known to every man who buys a paper on St. James street.

THE SPECIAL TRAIN.—This squib refers to the remarkably quick time made lately by Mr. McShane from Montreal to Quebec, whereby he secured a majority for the Joly Government.

ALGERIAN VIEWS.—Through the courtesy of Mr. Henry Lacroix, of this city, we have a series of beautiful Algerian views, which we shall present to our readers as opportunity offers. A paper from the pen of the same gentleman, who has travelled through the country, will shortly be published.

DISCOVERY OF A MASTODON.—We have not been able to procure the scientific particulars concerning the extraordinary animal just lately discovered in New Jersey, but no doubt remains on the minds who have examined that it is a valuable specimen of the primitive Mastodon species.

FORT MISSISSAUGA.—Fort Mississauga is a small but highly interesting specimen of an old stockade fort. It is now rapidly going to decay. Its situation is on the Canadian side of the Niagara River and commanding the entrance to Lake Ontario, and is about half a mile from the Queen's Royal Hotel.

RUN ON THE BANKS.—We present to-day three views of the late run on the City and District Savings Bank of Montreal, during the panic of the week before last. The pictures will sufficiently explain themselves, and it only remains to say that the bank has come out of the ordeal safer and stronger than ever. From information obtained on reliable authority, it is not too much to say that there is not a sounder monetary institution in Canada. The run lasted from Friday morning, the 8th inst., till Saturday noon, the 9th, or rather the panic was confined to Friday, as early on Saturday the rush completely subsided. On Friday, the large sum of \$418,363 was paid over the counters; on Saturday, \$121,755—a total of \$540,148. While this was going on, \$28,000 in deposits were taken in on Friday and \$35,000 on Saturday, the latter being mainly returns of deposits withdrawn the day before. Not only was the bank most amply supplied with cash to meet any demands, but its assets are now in such order as to be made available for every contingency. This is a matter of satisfaction, because it is the poor man's bank.

PROPOSED NEW BRITISH POLAR EXPEDITION.—Our readers are probably aware that an influential Central Committee has been formed in England, to which forty-nine Provincial Committees are affiliated, for the purpose of organizing an expedition to the North Pole on the plan recommended by Commander Cheyne, R.N., who is strongly of opinion that balloons will form an important element in all future Arctic explorations. Our illustration depicts the three balloons as ready to start from the winter quarters of the ship during the first week in June, their destination being the North Pole. The average temperature in the early part of June is about 25° Fahrenheit. The balloons are named *Enterprise*, *Resolute*, and *Discovery*, each will be capable of lifting a ton in weight, the three carrying a sledge party intact, with stores and provisions for fifty-one days. The ascent will be made on the curve of a roughly-ascertained wind circle, a continuation of which curve will carry them to the Pole, but should the said curve deflect then the required current of air can again be struck by rising to the requisite altitude, as proved by experiments that different currents of air exist according to altitude; this fact Commander Cheyne himself observed when, in charge of the Government balloons in his last expedition, he sent up four at the same moment to different altitudes, being differently weighted; they took four different directions to the four quarters of the compass, giving him his first practical idea of ballooning in the Arctic regions. Captain Temple's experiments with the war balloons from Woolwich Arsenal have fully con-

firmed this important desideratum in aerostation. About thirty hours would suffice to float our aeronauts from the ship to the Pole, should all go well. We asked Commander Cheyne how he was going to get back; his answer was cautious—"According to circumstances," he said. "My first duty is to get there. When there, leave it to us to get back. We have many uncertainties to deal with, and a definite programme made now might be entirely changed when the time came to carry out the journey south. Condensed gas would be taken in steel cylinders, hills would be floated over by expansion and contraction of the balloons, and in the event of any accident occurring, we always have our sledge party with sledge, boat, stores, and provisions for fifty days intact and ready for service." Scotland has taken up this novelty in Arctic exploration with avidity, and England, though more cautious in the matter, has at last given her adhesion to the project being carried out. Canada is likely to join, and Commander Cheyne has received an invitation from the Canadian Minister of Finance, Sir Samuel Tilley, K.C.B., to deliver his lectures in Canada, with the promise of a warm reception.

FAVOURITE FLOWERS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

Verses of the oriental poets are heavy with the perfume of flowers. Excess follows upon excess till one is wearied to faintness. Too much of a good thing is just enough for the extravagant taste of the East, while the West, more temperate in its habits, does not choose to gild refined gold or paint the violet. English poets are enthusiastic lovers of flowers. Their entire country is one beautiful garden, and while the humblest wayside flowers, as well as their prouder sisters, find a place in English poetry, they do not usurp the place of thought and run riotously beyond all limits. They serve to deck the idea, to crown it with grace and beauty, but never in anywise to conceal it.

Of all the flowers of England, there is no greater favourite than the daisy (Day's Eye). Almost every poet has sung its praises, but none more lovingly than the first poet, Chaucer:

Of all the flowers in the mede  
Then love I most these flowers of white and rede,  
Such that men call daisies in our towa;  
To them I have so great affection  
That I get up and walking in the mede  
To see this flower against the sunn apread;  
And soon as ever the sunn ginneth West  
To see this flower how it will go to rest.

Nowhere more than in this passage does Chaucer show his beautiful child-like spirit. He is no sentimentalist. He makes no reflections. He is a child with the five senses of a child all bathed in morning dew, and no wonder he loved the daisy, which well deserves the name which the Scotch have given it, Bairn-wort, or Child's flower.

The lily was the favourite flower of the author of the "Faerie Queene." Pure as its own white blossoms, Spencer sang of temperance, of chastity, and of all the virtues which become a brave knight. He gathered many flowers, roses, kingcups, but lilies were his heart's choice. "Loved lilies," he says of them.

Who shall tell us what was the favourite flower of Shakespeare? Impartial and non-committal as Nature herself, he gave us a picture garden: "Banks whereon the wild thyme grows," "Violets sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes," "Lilies of all kinds, the flower-de-luce being one;" pansies for thoughts, rosemary for remembrance. Shakespeare has no favourite. The fennel, the columbine, the darnel, rank fumitory, thorns and briars, hemlocks and mandragora, all have a place in his world, as they have in nature. He finds everything good after its kind.

Milton's flowers bear no more comparison to Shakespeare's than the artificial roses of a French milliner bear to the wild mountain rose, glistening with the early dew. Milton offers a bouquet in "Lycidas"—the white pink, pale jessamine, pansy fringed with jet, well attired woodbine, and every flower that sad embroidery wears. In "Paradise" the fruits take Milton's eye more than the flowers—"the purple grape," "nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs yielded," "savory pulp." Keats has hinted that Milton was a bit of an epicure. Certainly he knew how to spread a table so as not to mix tastes.

But bring  
Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change.

After his blindness Milton was peculiarly sensitive to the odour of flowers.

Dryden was too heavy with learning and Pope too didactic to sing of flowers; yet, if rumour be correct, we are indebted to Pope for introducing into England the weeping willow. It is said that the poet received a present of a basket of figs from Turkey, and observed a twig from the basket putting out a shoot. He plauted it; from this sprung the weeping willow of England.

Dr. Johnson, although no poet, was a friend of the poets. He said that of all the flowers there was none equal to the cauliflower.

Cowper loved the grateful shade trees. Our "favourite elms" were his delight. He enjoyed, too—

The lime at dewy eve diffusing odours,  
and the  
Poplar that with silver lines his leaf.

Not that the flowers were by any means forgotten. "Laburnum, rich with streaming

gold;" "Althea, with the purple;" the jasmine and a great variety of wild flowers he mentions. Cowper loved a greenhouse, too, which was very appropriate in the poet who first revealed to us the charms of a Northern winter. It is said that a gloomy religion led Cowper to a love of nature. This may be true, and if it were so, could wish that gloomy religious might bud and blossom into the fresh beauty of nature's loveliness and never take the shape of hidden monstrosities.

Wordsworth loved the daisy, as all poets do; but because the modest little celandine was ignored by all he took its part, declaring—

There's a flower that shall be mine,  
'Tis the little Celandine.

And here we have a key to Wordsworth's inner self. What others found homely or commonplace to him would oftentimes waken "thoughts too deep for tears." "A primrose by the river's brim" was to him something more than a primrose. Wordsworth was nature's great high priest proclaiming a gospel of pantheism. In earth and sky, in flower and weed, everywhere he saw divinity. Serene of soul, full of spirituality, few priests in their daily lives conform as closely to their teaching as did William Wordsworth. Byron with all his magnificent nature cared little for flowers. He mentions the rose, but even here he betrays the sensualist rather than the lover—

Who can view the ripened rose nor seek to wear it!

Coleridge touches flowers with exquisite grace, but his choicest is found in the Vale of Chamouni, at the foot of Mount Blanc "living flower of loveliest blue"—the fringed gentians. The birch owes a debt of gratitude to Coleridge for the passing compliment he gave it—

Most beautiful of forest trees, the Lady of the Woods.

Shelley has pronounced the tuberose—

The sweetest flower for scent that grows,

but Shelley was almost too ethereal to care for perfumes, and his own "Sensitive Plant" best represents him.

Keats does not conceal his love, but pays homage to the lily of the valley as the queen of flowers, but, nevertheless, he has his other loves.

Sweet peas on tip-toe for a flight,

rare exotics with rich perfumes, ripe fruits, too, he offers, and fresh cream, fruits and flowers, till from very excess we fall asleep and "dream deliciously," then suddenly we wake in the sad words of the dying poet—

I feel the daisies growing over me.

Elegant and elaborate as Tennyson is, and knowing that his own country home on the Isle of Wight is a stately mansion, surrounded by a lawn smooth as velvet, that rare exotics scatter their charms, and graceful vines lend their beauty to gladden the eye of the most artistic of poets—knowing this, we would expect Tennyson's poems to abound in grottoes, bowers—

Plaited alleys of the trailing rose,  
Long alleys falling down to twilight grotts,  
Or opening upon level plots  
Of crowned lilies.

We do find Tennyson an elegant landscape gardener. Well does he know how to surround a palace of art within a garden meet for royal tastes, but never in treating of flowers does his art tend to artifice. He bends nature to his purpose, but never distorts her.

The long walks and drives which Tennyson is accustomed to take have made him well acquainted with the flora of England, and he has not failed to notice its peculiar beauty, but the flower which is Tennyson's own is not an English flower. It is not known in England where the busy hum of wheels is heard all day, nor in America where the spirit of materialism is rife. The lotus blooms in lands far more enchanted than these, and Tennyson has sung its potent charms so sweetly that listening to him we are tempted to believe—

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore  
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and  
Oh I rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more

BURLESQUE.

A POETIC MENTOR.—He was a tall, slim man with leonine hair and a nose like the bow of a steam yacht. His clothes were covered with grease spots and feathers, and he wore a generally demure look.

He approached the keeper of the saloon, placed his elbows on the bar, looked calmly in the face of the man behind the bar and warbled:

"I see you have an intelligent look; now if you were commissioned to write a poem to be read before a Phi Beta Kappa society would you choose pentameter or choriambic meter?"

"I don't vast acquainted mit him."

"Do you keep a good library of modern and ancient literature?" inquired the shabby individual plaintively.

"Not me know, but I have some good beer mid der dap."

"Yes, yes, I see," the visitor went on reflectively, "and I thought I'd drop in. May I sit down at one of your tables?"

"Yes."

He took a seat, and the proprietor walked over and inquired:

"What will you have?"

"Let me have a glass of water, a toothpick and a fan. If you have a fan covered with deli-

cate pictures of the loves nestling in roses and a snowy marginal floss I should prefer it."

"Did you come here to drink?"

"No, sir, I came here to get your advice on a Phi Beta Kappa poem, and I feel so chagrined at your ignorance that I shall have to read Tasso for two hours to work the feeling off. Will you kindly remove that plate of cold beef from the table? I should like to lay my foot there. I can never enjoy the music of the sweet Tuscan bard unless my feet are cocked up on a table."

The Dutchman regarded him with astonishment.

"Do you keep good roast beef?"

"Yes."

"Nice and rare and juicy?"

"Der best."

"Have you got spring lamb?"

"I'll go and see."

In a few minutes he returned, and informed the poet that the lamb was just ready.

"Is it the best in the market?"

"It is."

"Warranted not to be goat?"

"Yes, sir, will you have a plate?"

"No, sir; I will not. If you only had some roast goat I'd take seven plates of it. I am very fond of goat. It contains properties which go to make poetic faucy. Will you just pull my boot off a little? I have a corn that palpitates like the heart of a nightingale."

"I won't pull him off."

"All right, sir, I shall move on. If you are too mean to pull off my boot a little I'll get out. I can't enjoy Tasso in the establishment of a mean man. Tasso should be read beneath the stars when the nightingales fill the hollow of night with divinest melodies. Au revoir."

GIVING ADVICE TO A BANK.—A seedy individual, rural in his general appearance and make-up, strolled into the Third National Bank yesterday during business hours, and observing Fab. Lawson, receiving teller, counting a package of money, nodded pleasantly and said, "Still a handin' of it out?"

"Yes," replied Lawson, "still crowding it on the people."

"Ain't you a leetle too handy here?" continued the stranger.

"How so?" said Fab.

"Why, strangers passin' 'long on the sidewalk and seein' your sign so conspicuous like, must be runnin' in every few minutes to borrow money."

"So they do," returned Lawson.

"Ain't it a good deal of bother waitin' on 'em? Must take up a good deal of your time."

"Yes, it is some bother, that's a fact, but we like to accommodate everybody, you know. Can't turn away a stranger just because we ain't acquainted with him."

"Lose some, I suppose?" interrogated the stranger.

"Oh, yes."

"Folks drop in and get what money they want and then forget all about it. Or perhaps they send it in a letter and misdirect it. Awful careless, some people are, about borrowin' money," said the man.

"Awful careless."

"Owin' a good deal to keepin' your bank close on the sidewalk. Folks goin' by look up and see you countin' money, and then they suddenly recollect they hadn't got quite enough to see 'em through, and so, quite naturally, they steps in and borrows some of you. You can't very well refuse—hate to hurt their feelings, and so they git away with you. Some mean folks in this world. Now, I wouldn't do it."

"No, you wouldn't do it."

"No, sir-ee, I never borrowed a cent of no bank that I didn't pay."

"I'll bet you didn't," said Lawson, with emphasis.

"Now, if I was runnin' a bank like you are," continued the stranger, "I'd keep it back in an alley where there wasn't so many strangers passin'." "Twouldn't make no difference with me, 'cause I know how banks are postered. I never bothers 'em. Tain't my style. I could walk right past a mile on 'em and never even look in the window. But everybody ain't that way. What, ten cents?"

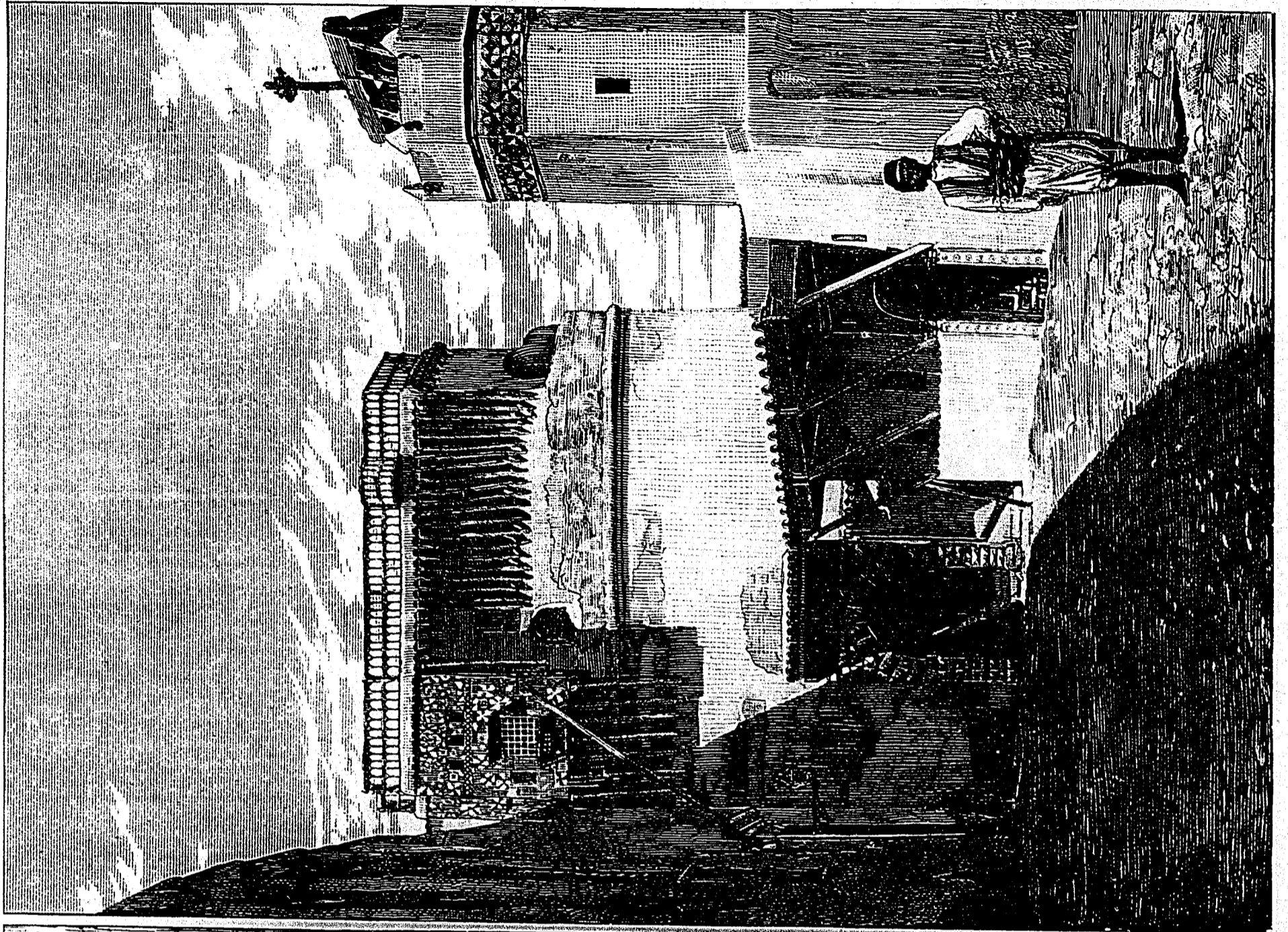
"Yes," said Fab, "that's all I can let you have to-day. You see there have been so many strangers in ahead of you this morning that our funds are running low. Ta-ta. Don't trouble yourself to send it back in a letter. When the bank wants it the bank will notify you."

The stranger thanked him, and again urging upon him the expediency of moving the bank on to some back street or alley, so as not to attract the attention of passing strangers so readily, the seedy man took his departure.

The remarkable article which we published last week from a Montreal contributor on the close relationship between the English Royal Family and Prince Jerome Bonaparte, should read as follows in the last paragraph but one:

"These extracts from Mr. Green's work show the remarkable fact that, while three of the pallbearers at the funeral of the late Prince Imperial, viz., the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught, were great-grandsons of George III., the three chief mourners were relatives also, viz., Prince Jerome Napoleon, a great-grand-nephew, and Princes Victor Napoleon and Louis Napoleon, his sons, great-great-grand-nephews of George III., being descendants of Augusta of England, his eldest sister."



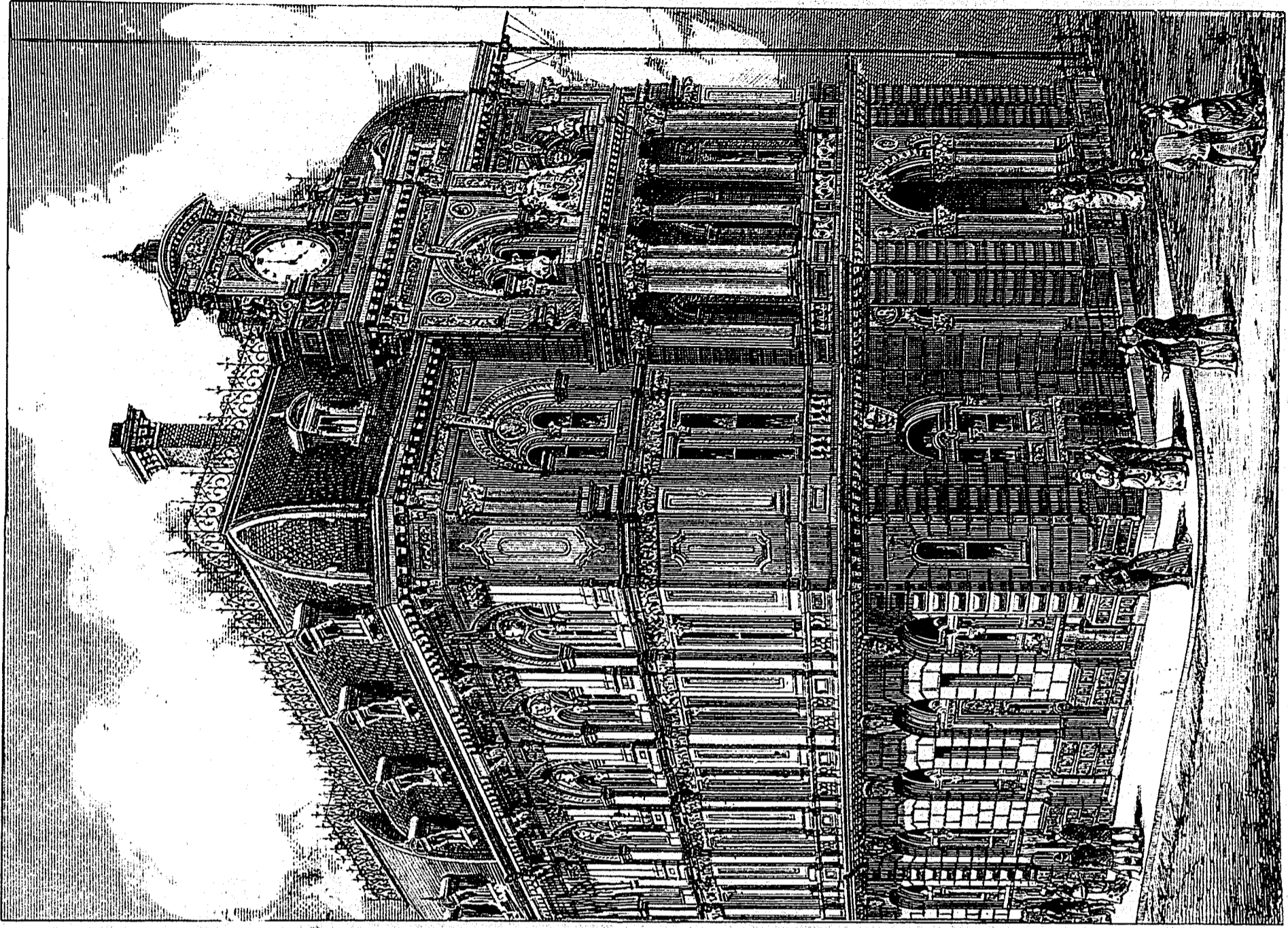


ALGIERS.—LA KASBA. THE CELEBRATED PAVILION OF THE FAN.

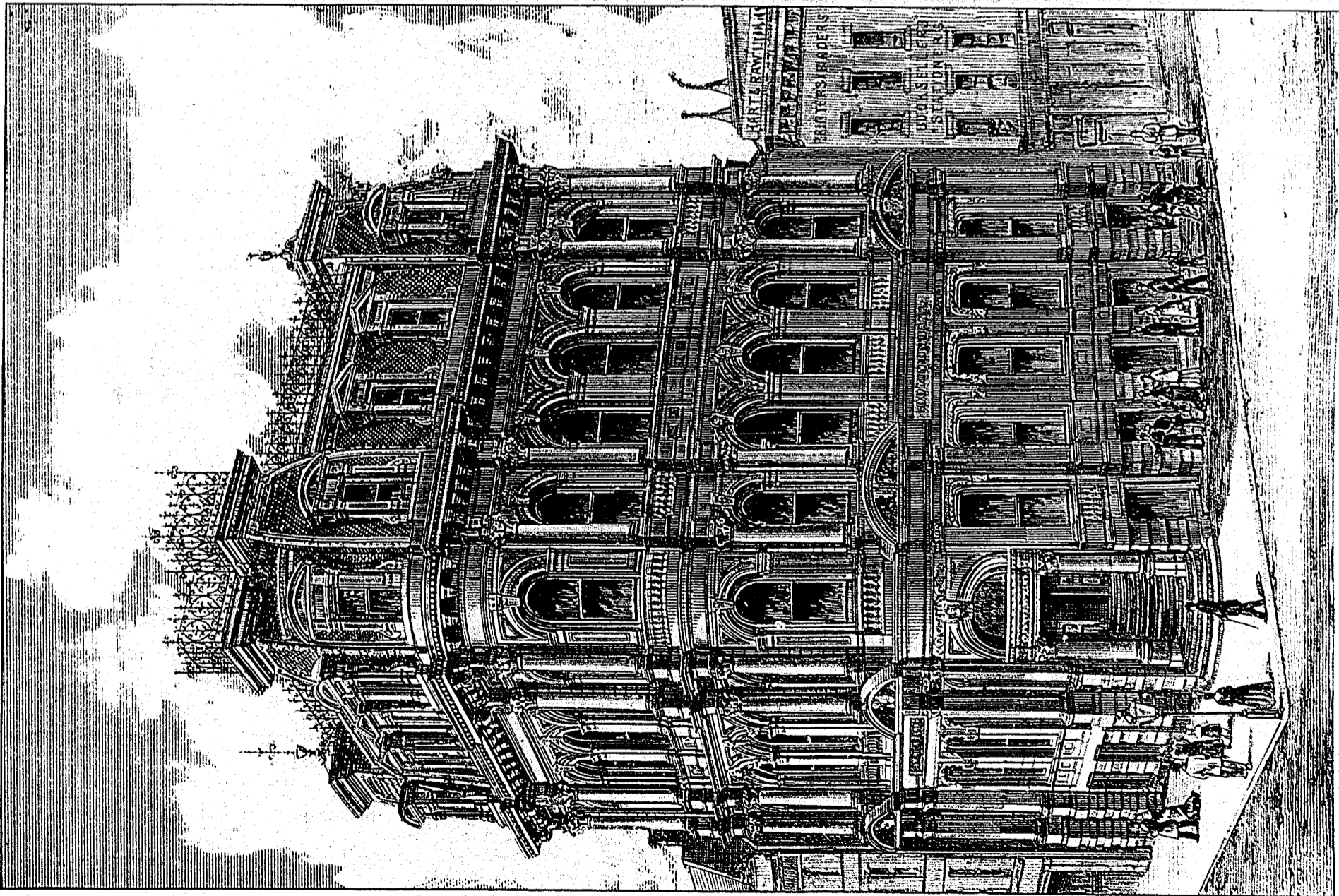


ALGIERS.—RUE DU DIABLE.





TORONTO.—CUSTOM HOUSE.



TORONTO.—DOMINION BANK.



## LOST ON THE ALPS.

Hush thee, my darling, lie still now and rest,  
Nestle more closely to mother's fond breast,  
For she will surely come back to us soon.  
Ah, over the peak, under the moon,  
Gaily it looks on the bleak scene below,  
Where the rough rocks are enshrouded in snow.  
Hush thee, my darling, lie still now and rest,  
Nestle more closely to mother's fond breast.

Husband, dear husband, I'm growing afraid,  
Haste to me now, I am needing thy aid!  
No answer comes to my words but the moan  
Of the fierce wind. All alone, all alone,  
Here in this cleft of the rock do we lie,  
Freezing and dying, my baby and I.  
Husband, dear husband, I'm growing afraid,  
Haste to me now, I am needing thy aid!

Can he have left us, sweet baby, to die  
Up on the mountains, beneath the wild sky?  
Ah, there's a cry—no, 'twas only the roar  
Of the fierce tempest. I fear nevermore  
Will we behold the beloved ones at home.  
Husband, dear husband, oh, why dost thou roam?  
Can he have left us, sweet baby, to die  
Up on the mountains, beneath the wild sky?

Sweet little darling, we'll soon freeze I know,  
If we remain in this pitiless place.  
High is the drift, and I see not a trace  
Showing the way that we came. Oh, my child,  
Hope is all gone we must die in this wild  
Sweet, little darling, we'll soon freeze I know,  
If we remain in this pitiless place!

Baby, don't cry so, you'll soon be at rest,  
Painless and lifeless on mother's cold breast—  
Hush! was it fancy? I thought that I heard  
Hush over the tempest the loud-uttered word:  
"Help!" Can I struggle away through the snow?  
Sure 'twas my husband! Oh, down, down we go!  
Baby, don't cry so, you'll soon be at rest,  
Painless and lifeless on mother's cold breast!

Plunging away through the pitiless storm,  
Clasping my child to my shivering form—  
Yes, there's that shout again, fainter though now,  
Coming, I think, from yon hill's craggy brow:  
Strong have I grown! I feel that I can  
Bound o'er the drifts with the strength of a man—  
Plunging away through the pitiless storm,  
Clasping my child to my shivering form!

Terrible, merciless, fierce demon, snow,  
How you rejoice at a poor mortal's woe!  
What is this here at my feet? It is he!  
Husband, dear husband, I've come unto thee!  
Dead? Art thou dead? Ah, yes, cold as a stone!  
Hear the storm mocking my heart-broken moan.  
Terrible, merciless, fierce demon, snow,  
How you rejoice at a poor mortal's woe!

Husband, I'll hold your cold head to my breast,  
Baby and you there together shall rest—  
Until our corpses shall be stiff and dead—  
Dead with the terrible snow overhead!  
Wolves? See the wolves o'er the hills counting night!  
Father, protect us! In peace let us die.  
Husband, I'll hold your cold head to my breast,  
Baby and you there together shall rest!

Wolves! Are they wolves, that come onward apace,  
Eagerly bounding to this very place?  
Quickly they leap alone over the way,  
As if in haste to scuffle their prey.  
Only a moment and then they are near—  
Ah! men are after them—now they are near!  
Wolves! Are they wolves, that come onward apace,  
Eagerly bounding to this very place?

Live? We will live, husband, baby, and I?  
Dancer is over and we will not die?  
Husband is dead? Do you tell me he's not?  
He will recover? Oh, happy my lot!  
Does St. Bernard, not wolves, and they led  
You to the rescue, or we'd have been dead?  
Live! We will live, husband, baby and I,  
Dancer is over and we will not die.

C. E. JAKWAY, M. D.

Stayer, Ont.

## A MODERN DELILAH.

## I.

John Riddell was a young man in whom confidence was justly placed by Messrs. Moonstone & Co., jewellers, his employers, in whose establishment, at the time we became acquainted with him, he occupied the post of foreman. He was not a "self-made man" as yet, but he was on the road to it. For, as we all know, Providence has still the advantage of priority in this particular; it makes its man (such as he is) at a comparatively early date, whereas, when a man makes himself, he seldom accomplishes it before he is five-and-forty at the very least—when, indeed, the other can not be compared with him. John never drank, except a glass of beer with his early dinner; he never smoked, nor of course took snuff; he never handled anything in the shape of a billiard cue, unless it was his neatly and tightly rolled-up umbrella; he never—I was going to add he had no weakness as regards the ladies, but this I hardly dare to write, because of the extreme attention he paid to his very fine head of hair. Why should any man, not being a Narcissus, take such great pains with his hair, unless to make an impression on the ladies?

Yet even here I must hasten to do John Riddell justice; it would have shocked him to have supposed that he had any general views in this direction. He was not a Don Juan, nor even a grey Lothario; if he had had serious designs, they would have been upon one lady only, and by no means induced by any meretricious attractions such as youth or beauty; he would, in accordance with precedent, have attached himself to his master's daughter, though she had been twenty years older than himself, or a black woman, or an albino. Unfortunately, Mr. Moonstone had only nephews, whom our hero could not marry, and who would, in all probability, become partners in the concern before him. Still he cultivated that fine head of hair, harrowed it with a tortoise-shell comb, drove a furrow straight across it from his brow to the nape of his neck, and top-dressed it with macassar-oil and other unguents. It shone in the sun as brightly as any of Messrs. Moonstone & Co.'s costly wares, over which he presided.

There were other assistants in the shop, and with them I am sorry to say Mr. John Riddell was not popular—young men rarely appreciate in their associates so much virtue as resided in our hero, and especially if that virtue has not been its own reward, but has enabled its possessor

to walk over their heads and stop there. There was hardly one among them but at some time during his servitude with Messrs. Moonstone had mislaid a ring or a trinket for a few hours, or had even caused some loss to the firm, not so much through carelessness as from not being quite as wide awake as a weasel.

For the way of a jeweller's assistant is set with springs. It is calculated that about 1 per cent. of the customers at such establishments are rogues and vagabonds, people who come to spy out, not the nakedness of the land, but its riches, and if possible to possess themselves of them by force or fraud. And these look as little like rogues as nature (and art) can enable them to do. Notwithstanding all that has been written upon the deceitfulness of riches, it is difficult to believe that a gentleman who drives his own mail phaeton, or a lady who comes in a chariot upon C springs, are brigands in disguise. Yet the young men at Messrs. Moonstone's had been, most of them, taken in by appearances, and at least once in the lives of each their employers had paid for the experience. One of them had taken jewellery to a newly-married couple at a fashionable hotel "on approval," and had been so successful in his recommendations that they had "collared" the whole lot, and given him such a dose of chloroform in exchange for them that he was unable to give any clear account of his adventures for hours afterward. Another had been set upon by a whole gang of thieves in such a promiscuous and overwhelming fashion that he could recall nothing of what happened except that he had been "struck with an instrument like the ace of spades," which the newspapers expressed the hope would afford some clue to the police; they thought it showed, I suppose, that the perpetrators of the outrage must be either gardeners or gamblers; but nothing came of the suggestion. Others, again, had been exposed to the seductions of the fair sex, and in losing their hearts had sacrificed the diamonds of their employers.

In this last regard Mr. John Riddell, being adamant, was invaluable. His youthful as well as handsome looks attracted these ladies of industry, who, on entering the shop, gravitated toward him quite naturally. A man of that age, as they flattered themselves, and one so particular about his hair, must surely fall an easy victim to their fascinations. Thieves as they were, they were still women, and, perhaps, they allowed their feelings to carry them too far; if they had stopped half way, where Mr. Boltby, the Cashier, sat, or at the desk over which Mr. Malton (the hero of the ace of spades) presided, they would have had a better chance; but Boltby was bald and Malton was gray, and women never will understand that it is from forty to fifty that men are most impressionable with respect to female charms. You conceited young fellows think it nothing surprising that any lady should fall in love with them, but when a man comes to that more mature period which we call (or at least I call) the prime of life, he appreciates the compliment.

I do not say that Mr. John Riddell had not some admirers among the fair sex who loved him for his own sake. Indeed, it was whispered among his detractors that, like the first Duke of Marlborough, and other great men who ought to have known better, he derived pecuniary advantage from their devotion to him; that the sums expended in macassar-oil, etc., for the adornment of his appearance, came back to him twenty-fold in substantial tokens from Duchesses, and Countesses, and the like. Goodness knows whether there was any truth in such stories. Perhaps it pleased his rivals to invest the drudgery that was their daily lot with this halo of romance. For my part my tastes are sensational, and I do what I can to make my beliefs correspond with them; but, on the other hand, my strong common sense declares for moderation as regards Mr. Riddell and the ladies of rank; therefore I draw the line at Duchesses. But he was certainly as fascinating as he was hard-hearted. When any lady customer who was unknown to him got out of her brougham—for no one ever came in a cab to Messrs. Moonstone's establishment—and moved up the shop in his direction, he would look at her through his half-shut eyes—for they were of the "dreamy" order of beauty—and murmur to himself, "Now, is this a swindler, or a bona fide party?" and many a bona fide party did he serve with much external politeness who little dreamed of the suspicion which she excited within him.

He thought it a bad sign when they took off their gloves, and under such circumstances would always decline to show them those specimens of rough diamonds which a wet finger can carry away with it. And when they offered to pay for their little purchases by check, it was quite pretty to hear him explain, in his soft voice, how the "system" of the firm was a ready-money one, and that no exception could be made in favour of any one, however highly connected, who was not personally known to it.

You might have thought, perhaps, that the entertainment of such suspicions, not to mention the "evil communications" (when they turned out to be well founded) to which he was necessarily exposed, would have corrupted his own integrity; but this was not the case; his employers intrusted him quite liberally with untold gold, and he was the last man to have abused their confidence. And yet, as I have said, he was not popular. Indeed, the story which I am about to relate concerning him, and which is certainly of a character to arouse sympathy and compassion, was told me by his fellow-clerk, Mr. Malton, (who has given me

his own ace-of-spades adventure in a very different style), with a great deal of waggishness and enjoyment.

One afternoon a brougham stopped at Messrs. Moonstone's establishment with a widow in it; about the brougham there could be no sort of doubt; it was not a private vehicle, but one of those which are hired by the day or hour; the appearance of the driver, not to mention that of the horse, precluded the possibility of its being the property of the person who employed it. If she thought to be set down among "carriage people" because she used such a conveyance, she must have been sanguine indeed. And so far that was a good sign. People that came to rob on a scale worth mentioning (I am not thinking of those who slipped any unconsidered trifle, such as ring or a spray, into their muffs; they were always detected and bowed out of the shop into the arms of a policeman in plain clothes who stood at the door)—people, I say, who wanted to swindle, were always very particular about the vehicle that brought them.

What roused suspicion in the watchful eye of Mr. John Riddell was the widow herself. Like Weller, senior (though without his matrimonial experience to excuse it), he had a prejudice against widows—at least in jeweller's shops; nor, I am bound to confess, was it altogether without grounds; the garb and the mien of sorrow being the stalking horses under which a good deal of knavery is accomplished. And then this widow was so bewitching to look at that he was naturally alarmed; from every neat plait of her beautiful hair, and every fold of her modest suit of mourning, there seemed to him to flutter a danger signal. He was wont to declare, indeed, that he knew she was after no good from the first moment he set eyes on her; but that statement must, I think, be received with caution. If his face grew severe and his manner painfully polite, as she came up to where he stood, it was because he knew that Boltby and Malton had got their eyes upon him and were looking out for some sign of weakness.

"I wish to see some rings," she said in a soft and gentle voice; "mourning rings," and then she took off her glove, displaying the whitest little hand imaginable.

Of course, he could not help seeing her hand, nor yet her face, from which she had put back her veil. It wore an expression of sadness, but also one of enfranchisement and content; it seemed to say, "My late husband was very unworthy of me, but he has left me free, and I forgive him." Who has not seen such widows, who wear their weeds almost as if they were flowers, and who have apparently selected black as their only wear, because it is becoming to them? I have often thought, if I could have the choice of my own calling, that next to being "companion to a lady," I should like to be a young jeweller trying on rings.

Mr. Riddell said, "Allow me, Madam," in his most honeyed voice, and slipped ("eased" he called it, and certainly it was very easy work) ring after ring upon the widow's dainty finger.

"I hope I'm not hurting you," he murmured. "Oh, no," she sighed; "there was a time, but that is passed now—when it would have given me pleasure. I mean," she added hastily, and with a modest blush, "when rings would have done so; but jewels and gewgaws have no longer any attractions for me." Mr. John Riddell by no means felt certain of this, but he had an eye for number, and would have missed a ring from the tray in an instant, though he had been exhibiting a thousand. At last she made her choice (it was the most expensive of the whole lot), and produced from the prettiest little bag in the world—a check-book.

"Pardon me, madame, we do not take checks except from—ahem—old customers."

"Well, I am not a very old customer," she said, smiling. ("No, but you're a queer one," he thought, "or I'm much mistaken.") "Still, I should have thought, in the case of a lady like myself—"

"Madame," said the crafty young man, "if it lay in my power to oblige you, there would of course be no difficulty in the matter; the rule of the firm is, unhappily, what I have stated."

"Then the firm will take my last sixpence," she rejoined with tender playfulness; and from the most elegant of "porte-monnaies" she counted him out the sum required, when its contents, in truth, were quite exhausted. "I am lodging at De la Bois's, the court hair-dresser," she said; "my name is Mrs. Montfort. However, I will not trouble you to send the ring, as I shall have to go home to get some more money," and she looked at him with eyes that seemed to say, "Cruel man, thus to reduce to destitution."

Then she rose and sailed down the shop, carelessly glancing at this or that (chiefly in the Hair and Mourning Departments) as she passed out. "If she is not on the square, she does it uncommonly well," thought Mr. Riddell; "perhaps I have done her an injustice, poor dear."

On the third morning after her visit the widow called again, sailed quite naturally up to our hero, and cast anchor under his eyes. "You will think," she remarked, "after what I said the other day about gewgaws, that I am very changeable in my tastes; but I am not come this time upon my own account; I want to see some diamond lockets for a friend."

This is quite the usual course with ladies and others who victimize the jewellers. They buy a ring for £10, and after having thus established themselves—cast out their sprat to catch a har-

ring—they patronize the establishment in earnest.

Singular to say, however, this did not rouse Mr. Riddell's suspicions. Notwithstanding his pretence of indifference to Mrs. Montfort's charms, he had privately sent to De la Bois in the interim, and found that the lady did reside at that fashionable hairdresser's and on the first floor; he had done it, of course, in the interests of the firm, and in case she should call again; but, perhaps he would not have been pleased had Messrs. Malton & Boltby been made aware of his precaution.

The locket that pleased her most was an expensive one, perhaps too much so for her friend's purse, she said. It was very foolish of that lady, but she had such a complete reliance upon her (Mrs. Montfort's) taste and judgment that she had placed the matter entirely in her hands. It was a great responsibility. What did Mr. Riddell think?

Mr. Riddell's thoughts were always cut and dried on such occasions. He expressed his opinion that the locket selected by Mrs. Montfort was certainly the most elegant of all, and testified to the sagacity of the lady who had such confidence in her good taste. But as to the price, Mrs. Montfort herself was the only judge as to the state of her friend's exchequer.

"Oh, she's rich enough," smiled Mrs. Montfort, "and as open-handed as any woman can be. Our sex are naturally inclined to be a little close," she added with a smile, "don't you think so?"

Mr. Riddell did not think so; he had always found ladies very generous in their dealings; in this lady's particular case he felt more certain than ever that the locket—and he let the light play on it so as to show the brilliants to the best advantage—was the very thing to suit her.

"I think so, too," murmured the widow; "but then you see there's the responsibility. I tell you what you must do. You must send all the lockets to my lodgings for an hour or so, and then my niece, who is staying with me, shall give her opinion on the matter, and by her advice I will abide."

Mr. Riddell smiled, but shook his beautiful head of hair. Every curl of it—and there were thousands of them—expressed a polished but decided negative. "We couldn't do it, madame, we really couldn't."

"What! not leave the lockets for an hour?"

"No, madame, not for a moment. Of course it is but a mere formula, one of those hard-and-fast regulations, the existence of which one so often has to deplore; but I have no authority to oblige you as you request. I can send the lockets, of course—or bring them myself—but whoever is in charge of them will have orders not to lose sight of them. This is an invariable rule with every customer whose name is not entered on our books."

Instead of getting into a rage—genuine, if she was genuine, or pretended, if she was a swindler—the widow uttered a low rippling laugh.

"Like the voice of the Summer brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
We lie to the sleeping woods, all night  
Slough a quiet tune—"

only her teeth were much whiter than the pebbles of any brook. "You tickle me," she said (of course she was only speaking metaphorically), "so that I really can not help laughing; it is so dull that you should think I came here to steal lockets."

"My dear madame," said Mr. Riddell, "pray do not talk like that; if it rested with me" (sly dog that he was), "you should carry off the whole contents of the shop to choose from."

"You are very good, and very kind," she said. "If any other person had expressed such doubts of me I should have been terribly offended. But I quite understand how you are situated. Well, you shall bring the lockets yourself, and for fear you should think I have any wicked designs," she added with a little blush, "will you come this morning? It will be equally convenient to my niece, and you needn't be afraid of being garrotted by daylight."

"My dear madame," exclaimed Mr. Riddell for the second time, and with a deeper deprecation than before, "how can you? Of course, I will come whenever you please."

"Very good; as my brougham is here, I will drive you home in it." In five minutes he had packed up all the lockets and was following her elegant though stately figure down the shop.

"There he goes with another Duchess," whispered Malton to Boltby; "see how he runs his hand through his hair."

"Let us hope that she will comb it for him," answered Boltby the bald, thinking of that happy pair who had seemed all in all to one another, but had not been so preoccupied as to prevent her giving him the chloroform. "I believe she's no more a Duchess than you are."

## II.

Months rolled on, but though you had gone ever so many times into Messrs. Moonstone's establishment, you would not have seen Mr. John Riddell. His flowing cataract of hair no more adorned the foreman's desk, over which gleamed in its place—like moonlight after sunlight—the bald and shining head of Mr. Boltby. And yet our hero was in the shop; he stood at the counter in the further corner, where the youngest assistant was always placed (in charge of the mourning jewelry), with a Welsh wig on. His own mother—not to mention the Duchesses—would never have known him. He had fallen from his high estate, and



was beginning life again on the lowest rung of the ladder.

This was how it happened. Mrs. Montfort and her niece, a young lady only less charming than herself, dwelt, as I have said, on the first floor of Mr. De la Bois's, the Court hair-dresser. They had lodged there for some weeks, and by punctual payments and carelessness concerning the domestic accounts had won the heart of their susceptible landlord. He saw that she had an inward grief—passing that of the ordinary widow—and he ventured to inquire what it was.

"Alas!" she said, "I have a dear and only nephew whose condition gives me the greatest uneasiness. He has overworked himself, and is threatened with brain fever; the doctors say that if we could only get him to have his head shaved, all might be well; but he has a splendid head of hair—indeed, a great deal too much of it. No argument of mine will induce him to part with it."

This touched Mr. De la Bois's professional feelings. "Dear me, madame, how I pity the young gentleman! It is a terrible thing to part with one's hair, but still—we could shave him better than at any other establishment in the Kingdom, and quicker."

"Oh, I don't care about the quickness," answered Mrs. Montfort hastily, "the thing is to get it done thoroughly. I would give £50 if Alfonso would only submit to it. Don't you think, if he came with me one morning you could get it done whether he would or not?"

"Well, really, madame, that would be a strong measure; still, if it is for the young man's good—"

"They tell me, Mr. De la Bois, nothing else will save his wits; he is half mad already; entertains the strongest delusions—everything I have—my jewels, for example—belongs to him. They will belong to him some day, poor fellow—that is," she added, with a sigh, "if he lives to enjoy them."

"Poor, dear young gentleman! And you said £50, I think. Well, I think it can be managed for you. If you will come a morning, I will have four of our strongest young men in readiness, and if you will bring him here I will promise you he shall have his head shaved."

"Very good; I will take him out shopping with me; he is fond of shopping; thinks he is a shopkeeper sometimes when his head is bad. He shall come here in my brougham. You will know him in a moment by his magnificent head of hair."

"Just so; and in five minutes nobody shall know him, madame."

"Don't be in a hurry about it. Let it be done thoroughly," she answered. And so it was arranged.

Accordingly, when Mr. John Riddell arrived in the widow's carriage at Mr. De la Bois's, and had just placed the parcel of diamond lockets upon her sitting-room table, there was an incursion of four strong men, with combs in their heads and aprons round their waist. Since those

Four-and-twenty brisk young fellows,  
All of them with umbrellas,  
Fell upon poor Billy Taylor,  
And persuaded him to be a sailor."

there has been no such outrage. They carried him into a back room, fastened him into a chair, and in spite of his babbling about how he was a jeweler's foreman, and was being robbed (and with violence), they shaved his head.

They not only effected this with great completeness, but took their time about it, as his aunt had requested them to do, so that in the meantime she got clear out of the house, and nothing was heard of her afterward, nor of her niece, nor of the diamond lockets. It was supposed to be the completest "shave" in the slang sense, that had ever been effected. Never since Samson's time had any one suffered so severely from being cropped, for Mr. John Riddell not only lost his hair, but his situation. The Messrs. Moonstone declined any longer to intrust their business to a foreman who had fallen into such a shallow trap, and lost them thereby £1,000 worth of jewelry. They declared that it was all through his insufferable conceit, and that if he had not taken such pains with his hair, or worn so much of it, such a plan would never have entered the head of that modern Delilah, Mrs. Montfort.

OUR COLLECTING TOUR.

A SKETCH BY TWO YOUNG LADIES.

Our afternoon was, of course, devoted to the ladies of the congregation. We had prepared ourselves, as well as we could, with answers, to meet all the varieties of objections which we felt sure would be brought forward. It is a noticeable fact that the ladies of a congregation, when called upon to support any church project, as they cannot shelter themselves from collectors under the plea of business, are, therefore, all the more ingenious in a course of reasoning, which has often for its object the getting rid of collectors as quickly as possible more than the satisfying of their own consciences.

The first place we called at to solicit a subscription for the new church organ was the dwelling of two old maids. We were shown into the drawing-room. That it was an old maid's drawing-room was apparent the moment it was entered. The room was dark, and the curtains close, but even in the darkness you might see that the room was dusted to perfection. The upright piano over against the wall was open, though more for appearance than for use, as

there was no music to be seen anywhere in the room. The candles which stood in the candlesticks on the piano, had never been lighted, and, indeed, everything about it looked as if it had seldom, if ever, been used. The whole room had an air of sombre gravity about it. There were two hard, low, straight, high-backed chairs in brown holland covers, without a crease or wrinkle in them, in the centre of the room, with all the other straight-backed chairs ranged round them with exact precision. These chairs looked so stiff and prim, the very counterpart, in chairs, of the two prim old maids, that they might, for anything we knew to the contrary, have been giving a lecture to the others on the propriety of hardness and straight-backedness. The only piece of furniture which had not an air of uncomfatableness about it was a large old-fashioned arm-chair, evidently an ancestral one, which was standing in an out-of-the-way corner, with its cushions all puckered up, looking as if it felt very much out of place in that stiff assembly, but, at the same time, wearing a free and easy air of disregard for the lecture, if such was really being delivered. We hardly liked to disturb either of the dignified chairs, so we sat down on a sofa, whose gaunt arms seemed to long to hug us tight in its unfriendly grasp, to wait for the Misses Jones. In a few minutes the younger of the two old maids came down. She was a tall, grave lady, with a pair of gold spectacles on her nose, and a gold pencil-case dangling from a short gold chain fastened at her waist. She sat down on one of the high-backed chairs, which creaked unpleasantly as she did so. "We are collecting," I began somewhat timidly, "for a new organ for the church."

"Indeed," she replied, dryly enough. "Yes," I continued, "and I think it is quite time that we had one, our old melodeon has done duty quite long enough." "We have not had it so very long, I think," she answered. "No," assented my companion, "but then we ought to have an organ; no church should be content with anything less now-a-days." Her only response to this was a slight shake of the head, which caused the chair to creak again. "Our organ is only going to cost \$1,000," I said, "and I'm sure we ought to be able to afford that."

"That's a good deal to give just now for the organ alone," she said, shaking her head again, the chair creaking its entire disapproval of our scheme as before. "At any rate," I said, as coaxingly as I could, "you'll let us put you down for something, won't you?" "I don't think I can," she replied; "I don't on the whole approve of this new extravagance; we are in debt quite enough as it is." As she said this she fastened her eyes on the comfortable arm-chair, which looked, if possible, all the more comfortable in its free and easy contempt for its surroundings. "Well, but then," I put in, "your sister has a good voice and sings very well; she will be very glad, I'm sure, if we get a new organ." "My sister and myself," she returned, "have come to precisely the same conclusion with regard to all matters connected with the church." Feeling sure that we should be a long time before making any impression on her, we took our leave and turned our steps to Mrs. World's.

We had a few minutes to wait, of course, before Mrs. World made her appearance, so we could not help contrasting her room with the one last visited. Mrs. World's drawing-room was a good, comfortable, enjoyable old room, one that was evidently lived in, and not one of those musty old prisons where tables, chairs, sofas, what-nots and foot-stools are kept in close confinement, with a grudging little meal of light given to them only on state occasions or when the furniture has to be dusted. This room was a light, pleasant apartment, everything in orderly disorder; the music strewn about, some fallen on the floor, some on the piano-stool, which stood balancing itself on the end of its long screw, gloriing, no doubt, to itself, in its capability of giving the most frightful squeals and cries whenever it might happen to be screwed down again. Mrs. World entered with a pleasant greeting. "I see what you've come for by those books in your hands," she said, as she sat down, "but what is the particular object of your visit, our minister's salary, or some charity, which?" "We are collecting for a new organ, Mrs. World, and hope it will meet with your approval." "Why, of course, it does," she returned; "and how much do you expect it will cost?" "Only \$1,000, we hope," said my companion. "Oh, you can get a very nice organ for that, I'm sure. I'll be delighted to subscribe. Have you got much so far?" We were forced to confess that our progress had not been one of unexampled success. "Oh, well," said Mrs. World, kindly, "I'll send you round something this evening, and if you don't quite make it up, I'll get Mr. World to do something; he'll be home in a few days now. Good-bye, and wish you success; good-bye."

Leaving Mrs. World with very pleasant feelings, we made our way as quickly as possible to quite a different part of the city, and at last approached a great, heavy, frowning mansion, built of brown stone. It was a dreary, dull old house; every individual stone seemed to frown. The tall chimneys, surmounted with high iron chimney-pots, topped with a helmet, looked like some mediæval knight battling with the gusty wind, as it twirled the helmet round and round, and waved the streaming crest of black smoke in every direction. We pulled the door-bell, but could not hear it ring, and, just as we rung again, the door was thrown open by a grave man in gorgeous livery, who wore as reproachful a look as was consistent with the dignity of so

gorgeous a personage, no doubt caused by our audacity in ringing twice. "Is Lady St. Quentin at home?" If we would be good enough to wait in the library for a moment, he would see. So we were shown into the library, Buttons sent in before to roll up the blinds. The room was dark and frowning even when Buttons had rolled up the blinds. The dark bookcase with its heavy, carved cornices stood quite in shadow, its grinning faces ogling the grinding faces carved on the great chair that stood planted deep in a soft mat before the writing table. The books in the bookcase were all covered in the same sombre hue, all looking like rows and rows of soldiers, with here and there a general or a field-marshal in bright red morocco, with bright gold lettering. Our gorgeous friend soon returned, said her ladyship was at home and would be down in a moment or two. In a moment or two, therefore, he pushed the library door open, and in came Lady St. Quentin. "Oh, how do you do to-day?" she said pleasantly. "Too bad you should have been brought into the library. Tomkyns, how is this?" His royal highness begged her ladyship's pardon, but there was a man tuning the piano in the drawing-room. Would Buttons oblige her by seeing if it were finished yet? She wheeled round the great arm-chair as she sat down, the legs of which clawed the mat and crumpled it up as if impatient of being so disturbed. "Well," she said, "and now tell me, since I have the opportunity of seeing you both, how is that poor old woman you told me of getting on? I hope she is getting better?" "Yes, I think so," said I, "if she can only be kept quiet; that is the great point." "I suppose you want me to do something for her; I shall be delighted." "Oh, thank you very much, but we called this afternoon," I explained, "collecting for a new organ we hope to get for the church."

"Oh, indeed, I'm glad to hear that; it will improve our music very much I should say." "Yes, I should think so indeed," said Miss Brown; "and there is quite room for improvement." "Sir Sybsey will be glad to hear it, too," said Lady St. Quentin, referring to her husband; "I know he will; he's quite a musician, though you wouldn't think so; he's away just now in the country taking a holiday from business for a week or so. But let me put my name down for something." She wheeled herself round to the table again, the legs of the remorseless chair uncrumpling the mat, as if pacified at being back again in its old position. "Dear me, what fearful pens men use! I don't see how ever they write with them." We were, of course, much obliged. "Won't you have a cup of tea before you go?" for we had risen to take our leave. "No, thank you, said Miss Brown, taking the responsibility of answering for both, and thus depriving me of the pleasure of seeing the gorgeous Mr. Tomkyns again, for whom I had already conceived a deep respect and reverence. "Yes, we have several places to go to yet and it's getting on in the afternoon." "Good-bye; I'll be delighted to tell my husband about the new organ." We left Mr. Tomkyns slowly shutting the heavy hall door, and sending Buttons to pull down the library blinds again, and perhaps console the irascible old arm-chair by re-arranging the mat.

We now turned our steps to the house of one of the church wardens. It was at the end of a long row, so we had no difficulty in finding it. Our knock was answered by a small fat boy with a very red face, who, without waiting to hear what we wanted, said, "Missus is out." "Indeed, I'm sorry to hear that," I said. "Yes, it's too bad," remarked my companion. "Missus is out, I tell you," repeated the small, fat boy again. "Who's that, Tommy?" inquired a voice from within. "Dunno," replied the small, fat boy, looking straight across the street at the houses opposite. "I think you are mistaken about Mrs. Homely," I said, "for I hear her voice." "Missus is out," stoutly affirmed the small boy again. "No, Tommy, I'm in," said Mrs. Homely, in a reproachful voice, as she came out of a half-open door at the end of the hall. "Then why did you say you wasn't in?" inquired Tommy, somewhat pettishly. "No, Tommy, not out, but not at home, I said," said Mrs. Homely, as she came forward to greet us. Tommy was overheard to mutter to himself some general principles, not entirely for his own future guidance, about—"if people wasn't out, they shouldn't say they wasn't in, for one thing didn't mean t'other." "Oh," said Mrs. Homely, when we were comfortably seated in her parlour, assuming a very confidential tone, "such trouble with servants, you know; just parted with the best house-maid in the world; somewhat trivial offence, but the example on Tommy! if I was to pass over that—" said Mrs. Homely, throwing up her hands in a way which was understood to mean that the most certain domestic ruin would be attendant upon so suicidal a course. "The room looks very untidy, I know," she continued. "I've only had time to dust one or two of the things, and Mr. Homely won't hear of it; he's so ridiculous, he won't hear of it at all; he says he'd rather not eat another bit than see me do it; he's quite ridiculous!" So, indeed, we thought, if Mr. Homely had ever, while he was regarded as sane, given such a reason to his wife to induce her to refrain from dusting the furniture. "And now I've got to train Buttons; he's so awkward, you know, that really it's quite tiresome." "Buttons," it was presumed, was the official title of the small, fat boy with the red face, but nothing distinct was said by Mrs. Homely on the subject. We now endeavoured to say something about the object of our visit. "Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Buttons' preceptor. "A new organ! what extravagance! and then you know the choir are

quite stuck up as it is." "Oh, no; do you think so?" interposed Miss Brown. Mrs. Homely continued: "And then there'll be anthems and new chants, and all kinds of extravagance and goodness knows. A quartette choir will be the next step; then we might as well be—cannibals," added Mrs. Homely, a little at a loss to describe our degraded condition, if quartette choirs did happen to come into vogue. "And I know that's what my husband would think, too," she went on, "especially if I tell him so in one of his ridiculous moods. He would pooh-pooh you! he would hear of nothing of the kind!" We begged her not to inform her husband about the expected organ if he happened to be in the unpleasant condition she indicated, on his own account, for we felt sure that the opinions of Mr. Homely, valuable as they no doubt were, might possibly lose somewhat in their convincing power if it leaked out that the great man was at times—ridiculous. We therefore bade Mrs. Homely good-day, hearing as we went down the steps the invariable "No, Tommy!" delivered in a tone of voice "more in sorrow than in anger," as Tommy was guilty of some new solecism, which would likely have awakened all the ire of his master had he been present in one of his ridiculous moods.

At last, quite tired out, we concluded our day's collecting. We had met with much that was encouraging, but with more that was not. But, by the help of a few friends who are at present out of town, and by the help of the sermon which must always be preached to aid whatever collectors collect for, we hope to get the organ. But our day's experience had the effect of making us promise each other, as we walked home arm in arm, that we would never again go out on any other collecting expedition.

Toronto.

H.

THAT CHECKER-BOARD.—Up to three evenings ago such a thing as a checker-board was never known in Mr. Grattan's house. He and his aged partner have managed to pass the long evenings very pleasantly, and he supposed they were happy enough together until a friend from the East paid them a flying visit, and asserted over and over again that the game of checkers was not only all the rage there, but that it served to quicken the perceptive faculties, enlarge the mind, and render the brain more active. After giving the subject due thought, Mr. Grattan walked down town and purchased a checker-board, and when evening came he surprised his good wife by bringing it in from the wood-shed and saying,

"Well, Martha, we'll have a game or two before we go over to the social. I expect to beat you all to bladders, but you won't care."

"Of course not; and if I beat you, why you won't care," she replied.

They sat down, and he claimed the first move. She at once objected, but when he began to grow red in the face she yielded and he led off. At the fourth move she took a man, chuckling as she raked him.

"I don't see anything to grin at," he sneered as he moved a man backwards.

"Here! you can't move that way!" she called out.

"I can't, eh? Perhaps I never played checkers before you were born!"

She saw a chance to jump two more men and gave in the point, but as she moved he cried:

"Put them right back there! I've concluded not to move backward, even if Hoyle does permit it!"

She gave in again, but when he jumped a man her nose grew red and she cried out:

"I didn't mean to move there, I was thinking of the social!"

"Can't help the social, Martha, we must go by Hoyle."

In about two minutes, she jumped two men and went into the king-row, shouting:

"Crown him! crown him! I've got a king!"

"One would think by your childish actions that you never played a game before!" he growled out.

"I know enough to beat you!"

"You do, eh? Some folks are awful smart!"

"And some folks ain't!" she snapped, as her king captured another man.

"What in thunder are you jumping that way for?"

"A king can jump any way!"

"No, he can't!"

"Yes, he can!"

"Don't talk back to me, Martha Grattan! I was playing checkers when you were in your cradle!"

"I don't care! I can jump two men which ever way you move!"

He looked down on the board, saw that such was the case and roared out:

"You've moved twice to my once!"

"I haven't!"

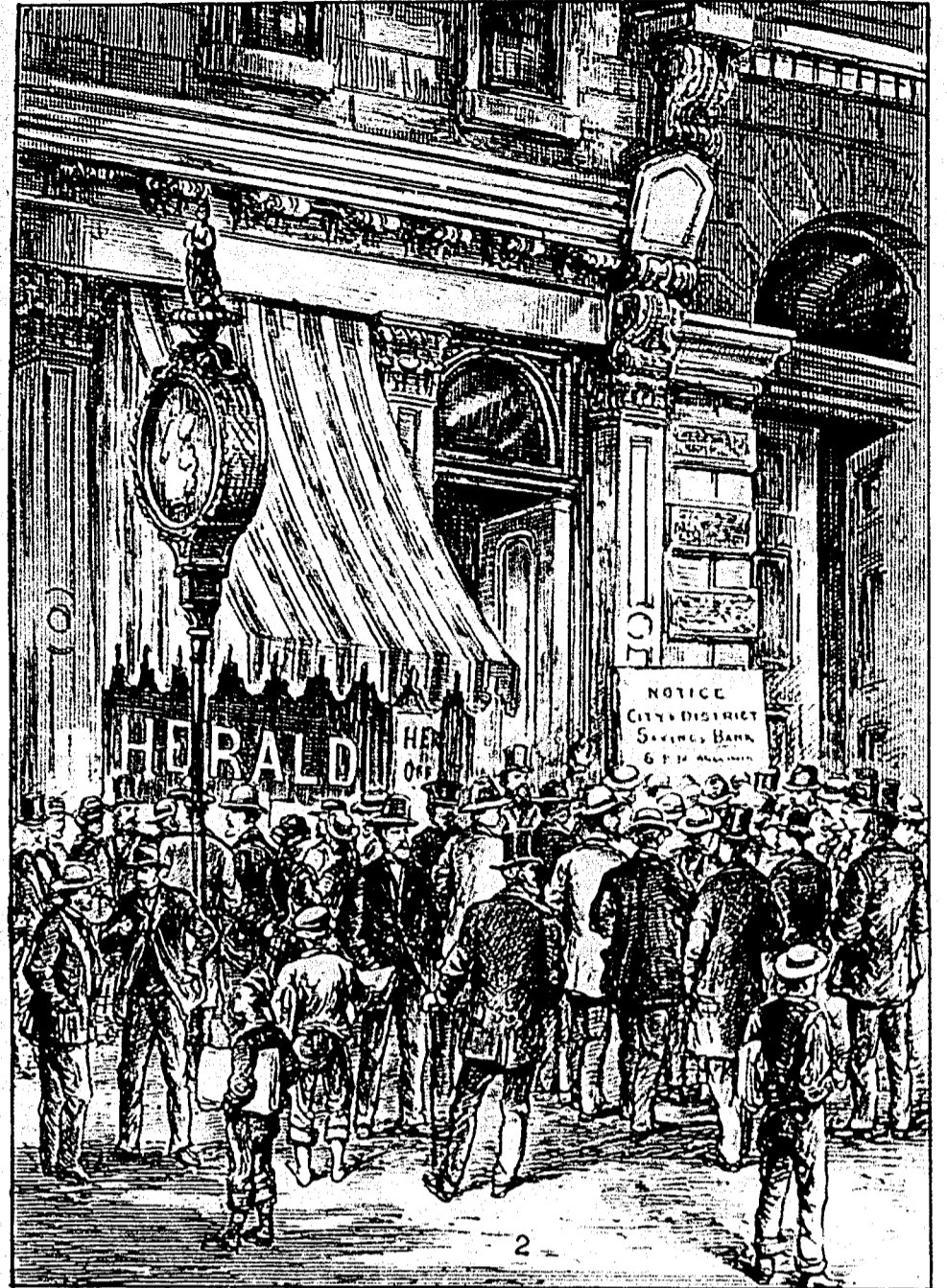
"I'll take my oath you have! I can't play against any such blackleg practices!"

"Who's a blackleg? You not only cheated, but you tried to lie out of it!"

Board and checkers fell between them. He could get on his hat quicker than she could find her bonnet, and that was the only reason why he got out of the house first. A Woodward avenue grocer found him sitting on a basket of cranberries at the door as he was closing up for the night, and asked him if he was waiting for his wife to come along.

"Well, not exactly; I stopped here to feel in my pocket for the key of the barn. I shall sleep on the hay to-night, and see if it won't cure this cold in my head!"





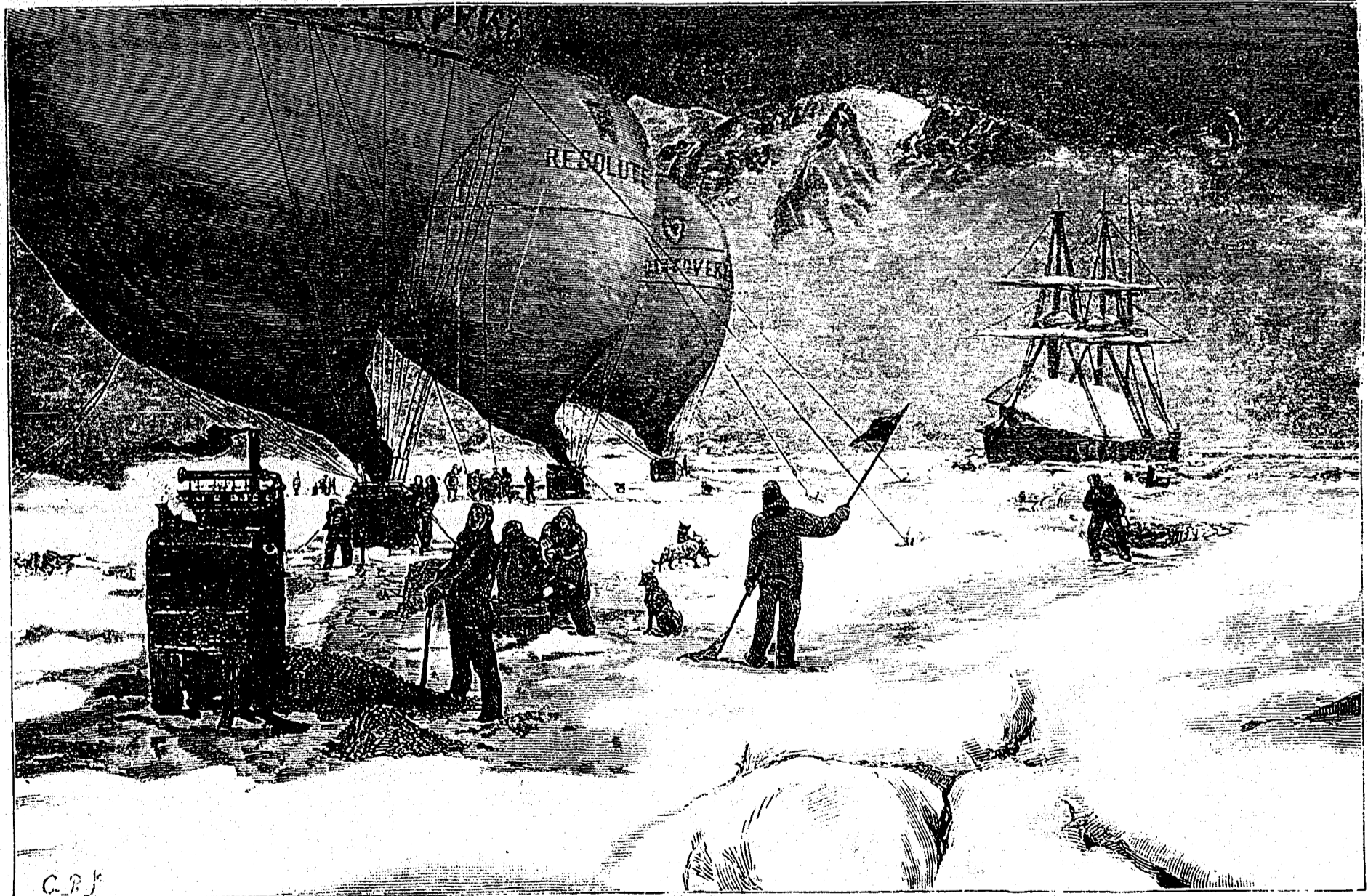
1. CROWD OPPOSITE THE BANK ON ST. JAMES STREET. 2. CROWD AT THE BULLETIN BOARD. 3. THE RUSH INTO THE BANK BUILDING.

MONTREAL.—THE RUN ON THE CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.





DISCOVERY OF THE SKELETON OF AN EXTINCT MASTODON, NEAR NEWBURGH, N.J.



COMMANDER CHEYNE'S PLAN FOR REACHING THE NORTH POLE.



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# MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE,

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

## Book III.

### TWO BLACKS DO NOT MAKE ONE WHITE.

#### I.

##### ON THE BALCONY.

"I am afraid it was all a great scare, Ory. I feel no hurt whatever," said I as I lay back in the easy chair.

"And the wound in your shoulder?"

"That was only a scratch."

"God be praised it was no worse. If you had only exhibited your little black cross sooner, nothing would have happened."

"Ah! thank you once more for that protection. But it is better so. The matter had to come to a head at some time or other, and I am glad that I forced a crisis last night. Everything will be explained now, I hope, so that I shall rest easy."

"Yes, you may rest easy, Carey. The danger is past now and forever. You will never be attacked again. But sit still a moment. I want you to breakfast here in the shade. I will be back again before you have time to say your grace."

And the sweet girl, beaming with smiles, tripped gayly down stairs. I was seated on the upper balcony of the Paladine mansion, under a breezy awning, with the cool branches of a fine locust playing at my side. The scene before me was superb. In front was the Father of Waters, on whose broad breast steamers were constantly passing. Beyond rolled the glorious prairies of Illinois, golden in the sunshine. To the north the domes and spires of the fair city were distinctly visible. Beneath me the flowers of the garden sent up their incense from a thousand thuribles.

How strange I felt. It was something keener than mere happiness. To feel life once more after passing through the portals of death is akin to a new birth. Yea, how like a resurrection it is, after lying down to die, to have the fresh morning kiss your cheek again, and the colors of summer warmly imprint themselves in your fancy and your heart. Ory had hinted at thanksgiving. Ah! how naturally it comes to whisper:

"*Gratias agimus tibi!*"

This is my apartment just behind me. They wheeled my chair from it. The other apartment yonder opening on the balcony is hers. Yes, the window is open, and the purple petunias—just peeping out to catch the light, are hers also. She must have put them there this very morning. She slept then within a few feet of me, or did she sleep? After I had entreated her last night to leave me, assuring her that I felt no pain and was disposed to sleep, which I did, like an unconscious heathen, till within an hour ago—did she retire to her couch and rest? Ah! I hardly believe it. And yet, how fresh she looks this morning! How perfectly combed! What charming neatness in that pure white dress! Her wonderful eyes bear no marks of fatigue. They are as bright, as clear as ever; nay, there is a light of tenderness in them which I did not see before.

And look how we have acted towards each other! Did she not call me—Carey? And did I not call her—Ory? It is awful to think of it, and yet how sweet! There was no premeditation in the matter. It came of itself. What changes can be brought about in one night, and how, when we least expect it, our heart gets even more than it asked!

I heard her step on the stair. A moment after she appeared with a tray, which she set on a stand at the angle of the balcony under the locust tree. The meal consisted of three fresh eggs, a plate of buttered toast and a jug of new milk.

"Thank you, Ory. I thought you never would return."

"How so?" she replied, smiling. "I was not gone long."

"It seemed to me an age."

"Yet it was only the time to go and come from down stairs. I did not loiter a minute."

"Then it must be I that was travelling."

"How far did you travel in my brief absence?" she asked in her cheerful manner.

"From death to life."

"That is only a step, Carey."

"Aye! But what a step!"

And I looked at her with such intense meaning that she understood me, and her eyes filled with tears and she murmured in return:

"Yes, what a step!"

I should have continued gazing at her, lost in my own thoughts and oblivious of breakfast, but she recalled me to my senses:

"Are you not hungry, Carey?"

"Yes, hungry as a wolf."

"Then break an egg, while I pour out a glass of milk."

When once I had begun, I did not stop till I had cleared the table. Ory sat near the whole

time, helping me and encouraging my appetite. Toward the conclusion of the meal, after a considerable interval of silence, I said:

"Do you know what I have been thinking about, Ory?"

"I could hardly guess," she answered.

"I was thinking that I must leave here this morning."

"O! not so soon as that."

"And that you must come with me."

She gave a little start, half in laughter, half in fear.

"You seem surprised. Well, listen to me. You have already agreed that I should see my family as soon as possible, else my absence would be unaccountable, and might give rise to misapprehension."

"Yes, Carey."

"When I mentioned to you and to your father that I intended to keep the whole matter secret, you both decided that an exception should be made in favor of my foster-mother, who had a right to know the danger I had incurred and how I was rescued from it."

"And I am still of that opinion, Carey."

"What I want you to do is to come with me and tell her the whole story yourself."

Ory seemed perplexed.

"You are no stranger to my mamma, Ory."

"Indeed I am not."

"She is your god-mother."

"Alas! That is precisely the difficulty. I have neglected her for so many years, that I should be ashamed to go to her now."

"She knows better than that. If you have not met in many years, the fault is not yours."

"Nor hers."

"Very well, then. The present is a splendid opportunity to set all things right. Besides, I know that she will expect you and receive you with open arms. When, yesterday, I spoke to her of you, she mentioned your name in the kindest manner, and contrary to my expectations, encouraged me to call and see you. Nothing but good can come of your meeting. Were the words she used, and see how they have already been fulfilled."

"Very kind, very kind," murmured the girl, as she wiped away her tears.

"My mamma said more. She said that, like me, you had never known your mother and that if she saw you again, she would tell you something about your mother."

"That decides it. I will go and ask father. If he consents, I will go with you."

She returned a few seconds afterwards, with a beaming countenance.

"My father sends you his compliments, willingly accedes to our request, and says that while I am dressing he would be glad to see you in his study."

"I go at once," said I, pressing Ory's hand.

#### II.

##### MY VENGEANCE ON NAIN.

When I entered, M. Paladine was walking up and down the floor, with his hands behind his back. He looked old, broken and haggard. His grey hair lay tossed upon his brow. On seeing me, he held out his hand, silently and sadly smiling.

"How are you this morning, sir?" I asked.

"Only a little better, because assured that you are well. I have spent a terrible night, Carey, between walking here and stepping up stairs to your bedside, every now and then, to see that you were resting. It is an inexpressible relief to have you standing hale and hearty before me; if it had been otherwise, the awful crime which has fallen upon my house would have been utterly without redemption or expiation. Ory tells me you feel no soreness nor discomfort."

"Not even stiff from the rain, sir."

"That comes of the tepid bath we gave you last night."

"And of your kind nursing," I said laughing.

But M. Paladine did not laugh. He offered me a chair, and taking his own ample *fauteuil*, said gravely:

"I have called you to say that Nain has been caught. He lay in the rushes, on the river's edge, all night. I had set all my slaves in search of him, with orders to bring him in, dead or alive. None of them knew what crime he committed, but they all hunted him with the greatest zeal. Finally a young sister of his, named Toinette, discovered him in his hiding place, this morning. The fellow is in irons, awaiting my orders, or rather yours."

"I have no orders to give, M. Paladine. I am only sorry that Nain has been taken."

"You astound me. What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I say. I wish the fellow had escaped."

"You would not wish to have him punished, then?"

"Not if it depended on me."

"This surprises me."

"And yet nothing is so simple. A few words will make my idea very plain. You remember I told you that Nain's attempt at murder was made entirely without witnesses?"

"I remember."

"You have just said that none of his fellow-slaves knows anything of the nature of his crime."

"I am sure of it."

"Are you certain that they are all equally ignorant of my spending the night under your roof, and of my presence here now?"

"I am positive of that, too."

"In that case, the whole thing remains a secret. So long as the secret is kept, there is no harm done to anybody. Resolve on punishing Nain, you must grant him a fair trial. If you enter on a trial, your house becomes the object of common gossip, and you will be dragged into explanations quite foreign to the case, which will give you a great deal of unnecessary distress. Of course, I do not presume to offer any counsel, but as you asked me to speak my mind, I have done so freely."

"And nobly have you spoken," said the old man, extending his hand. "A thousand thanks for your good words. I should never have thought of all that, and I should gladly use your expedient, were it not that I have other than legal punishment which I can use against the would-be murderer."

"And might I ask what that is, sir?"

"I can sell him."

"O, M. Paladine, how could you do that? One poor boy has already been sold on my account, and for this very same affair. I would rather see Nain in the penitentiary than in a negro trader's yard."

"I have never yet sold a single one of my slaves," said the old man gravely. "The old ones have died with me; the young ones I have raised and cared for, like my children. This particular boy I have petted because of his fidelity and rare intelligence. But, in extreme cases, we may do as the Romans did, sell our prisoners into captivity. I will sell Nain."

"M. Paladine, at the risk of presumption, I must here interpose one request."

"Speak, Carey, you have every right to be heard."

"Let the matter rest where it is. Give Nain such marks of your displeasure as you may judge wise, but do not sell him. His victim pleads for his liberty."

The old man kept a long silence, during which his agitated countenance showed that he was a prey to violent feelings. At length, he burst forth, both sorrowfully and angrily:

"A murder is attempted in my own grounds, almost within sight of my own house, by one of my own men, upon an innocent boy, for reasons wholly connected with my own family, and I am not to charge the culprit with assault, not indict him for intent to kill, not sell him over into everlasting captivity—"

"No," said I, boldly and loudly.

M. Paladine rose from his seat and clasped me in his arms.

"Carey, you have saved us all," he murmured, sobbing bitterly.

"I have done only my duty, sir."

Then standing before me, he added: "Your whole will shall be accomplished."

At that moment Ory stepped into the room, dressed for the drive.

"Is the carriage ready?" I asked.

"It is standing at the front door," she replied.

"Then, let us go."

"I ordered the buggy, Carey," said M. Paladine, as he handed me the ribbons, "so that the coachman could not see you leave the premises. You will have to drive; *bon voyage*, my children. I feel quite well now, as frisky as a youngster. A mountain is off my mind. Ory, do not fail to present your god-mother my most respectful homage. Take good care of Carey and bring him back to us. Now go."

#### III.

##### WHAT IS IN A DRIVE.

Driving seems a very simple thing, yet in most cases it is not such. To sit behind a handsome, spirited animal, and in a tight, solid vehicle that booms along the paved street like a drum, is an up-lifting sort of sensation which is so keenly pleasurable that it hardly ever palls from repetition. Look at a man pulling a trotter along a road. He may be only a paid trainer, but still he feels like a king. He regards you from the high perch of his dignity. He catches your eye from afar to see that you give due admiration to his turn-out. The beauty of the horse is supposed to reflect upon the driver, and the latter puts on airs accordingly. I have known few professional horsemen who were not snobs in a greater or less degree.

For me this drive had a peculiar charm of novelty. The air was cool and balmy, keeping off as long as possible the sweltering heat of a July morning. The houses on both sides of the streets seemed to look down on me with a gay welcome. The people whom I passed or met on the way were all in high humor and gazed upon me smilingly. The shop windows were invitingly brilliant. The fruit stores with their pyramids of oranges, their festoons of bananas, their baskets of peaches, their clusters of purple and golden grapes, through which appeared the white marble fountains of soda water and Arctic cairns of ice-cream, offered tempting retreats of freshness and shadow. The new-boy's voice

was clear as a bell. The Italian statuary moved about jauntily, balancing on his shoulder plaster casts of fauns and satyrs, madonnas and bambini, and busts of the new idol, Pio Nono, of poor Louis Philippe with his frontal *poir*, and of half grand, half comical "Rough and Ready." The whistles of the many steamboats rang shrill from the river, and in reference to the call, drays and trucks dashed along merrily down to the wharves. All was animation. Everybody was happy. There were loud, sharp pulsations of rapture in the air. And through it all I bowled along, borne away in the current, transported beyond myself in an ecstasy of delight. Life presented itself to me under new forms that morning, and the presence of the lovely being at my side, who, though she said nothing, showed by her laughing eye and her rosy cheeks that she, too, enjoyed the scene, added indescribably to my happiness. What all this would come to I knew not, and it was too early to inquire. But the thought that Ory was with me; that, for the time being, she was wholly mine, and that this was to be the beginning of our interviews together, without fear or restriction of any kind—this thought inebriated me with pleasure. We pulled up at my mother's door without having exchanged a word.

#### IV.

##### GOD-MOTHER AND CHILD.

When you ask a friend to endorse a note for you, he says: "Very well; it is only a matter of form." When you ask a friend to be sponsor of your child, he replies: "I am agreeable; it is only a matter of form." In both cases you coincide with this view. You say: "The law requires an indorser; the church demands a sponsor. I procure these, but the responsibility rests solely with me."

Ah! how much more smoothly the world would turn on its hinges if things were always so nicely arranged. How much better would it be if every man could bear his own burden. But the reality is not so. The note often falls to the endorser to pay; the babe often reverts for protection to its spiritual parents.

I believe it was with a religious appreciation of her duty toward the girl that my mother received Ory into her arms this morning. The visit was at first a surprise. It seemed so much like a mystification that the daughter of Hector Paladine should cross our threshold. But after the first movement of wonder was passed, the true woman's heart showed itself, and the reception was most cordial.

"How you have grown, my dear, since last I saw you! I should never have known you. Yet, let me see. Ah! I should have recognized those eyes in a million. They are your mother's eyes. And they can never change. Come, let me kiss you again. And so you are really glad to see your Mamma. But it is nothing to the pleasure I feel on seeing you once more. Carey must have told you my presentiment about you, and how I have often thought of you of late, and longed to see you. Take off your bonnet and scarf. You must spend the day with me."

Ory did as she was told. Then the three of us retired to the sitting-room.

"I am alone to-day, as it happens," continued my mother. "The girls are both gone. One is out at Valmont with her baby, and the other is off to spend some weeks with a friend of hers. You know neither of them; but I hope you will soon meet. They will be delighted to see you."

Ory looked very cheerful and quite at her ease. My mother, who had hitherto been wholly taken up in welcoming her visitor, now cast an inquisitive glance toward me. I understood her at once. She wanted to know by what circumstances I had so suddenly made the acquaintance of her godchild and so far ingratiated myself as to bring her down to the house within less than twenty-four hours after the interview in which she herself had accorded me the permission of visiting the angel of The Quarries. The inquiry was perfectly natural, and I felt that the conversation could not go on comfortably until explanations were made.

"Mamma, where do you think I spent the night?" I said gaily.

"At Valmont, of course, my son."

"There is no 'of course' about it, mamma dear. You miss it completely."

"Where in the world were you, then?"

My mamma looked troubled, glancing from me to Ory and from Ory back again to me. The poor girl, too, was getting disconcerted, and I saw at once that the subject was far too serious to be approached in this tone of levity.

"Ory will tell you all about it, mamma. Meantime I will go out and see to the stabling of the horse whom we have forgotten at the door."

I remained away as long as I could. After putting up the horse and lingering about the yard, I slipped up by a back stair to my room, where I took full time to change my dress and array my best holiday attire. I took occasion also to look at the cut in my shoulder which I found in fair condition, and I duly sponged it in cold water. Then, after carefully composing my face in the glass, I returned to meet my company.

I found my mother and Ory sitting side by side on the sofa. They had both been weeping, but the storm of sorrow had passed and left them composed and serene. They sat together, the hand of the child lying in that of the god-

mother, and as I appeared in the door they both greeted me with a placid smile. I was consoled and comforted at the sight. Something told me that all was well; that Ory had softened her own and my mother's heart in telling the tragic story, and I only congratulated myself on having left the delicate mission to her.

When I reached the middle of the room, my mamma rose, folded her arms around my neck and kissed me fervently on both cheeks. She said nothing, but her tears spoke for her.

"It is nothing, mamma," I whispered; "or, rather, it is everything, for Ory saved me."

"Yes, Carey, she saved you, and in return I am going to make her a present which shall be a memorial of this signal service and of this precious visit. Come up stairs with us."

We followed into my mother's chamber. Preceding us, she threw up the heavy purple curtains so as to light the room; then proceeding to open the lower drawer of the bureau, she drew forth a small rosewood box. Carefully unlocking this box, she produced a little object daintily wrapped in pink-colored tissue paper.

"Now, Ory," she said, "prepare yourself for an emotion. It you are the girl that I take you to be, your heart will bound to see this."

Reverently undoing the paper, which spread a vague odour of rosemary, she held up a large medallion framed in bright gold.

"Look, my child," she said, handing it to Ory.

The girl arose and went to the window.

My mamma remained seated, with her eyes fixed on the tissue paper in her hand. I stepped backward a little in the shadow of the bureau.

Ory gazed long at the picture.

"My mother!" she exclaimed, at length, falling on her knees and pressing the medallion to her lips and heart.

"Aye, Ory, your mother. How did you know her?" murmured my mamma.

"I could not be mistaken. She is only a child here, but they are the same eyes that look down so lovingly on me from the grand oil painting in our parlour, where she is dressed in wedding robes, crowned with orange blooms and encircled in the splendour of bridal joys."

"The same, my darling, the same and yet how different! I remember well the picture you speak of. There your mother appeared in the full flower of her womanhood, radiant with hopes and in the consciousness of all her charms. But here she is only a girl, just stepping into adolescence and after having performed the first solemn religious act of her life. You see the simple white dress, the blue sash, the lily wreath and especially the silver medal hanging from her neck. Don't you recognize the costume?"

"It is that of the first communion."

"Just so. This medallion was painted in the week of her first communion. Five-and-twenty years, O my child, five-and-twenty long sad years have passed since then and the shadows they have cast hover darkling about us still. God grant this may prove an omen of the dawn. I have kept the medallion nearly all that time, for your mother gave it to me a little after it was painted. I treasured it for you, Ory, and would have sent it to you on the day of your own first communion, but circumstances forbade it. You understand what I mean, my dear —"

"Alas! yes, Mamma, only too well."

"But now that such impediments are removed, I hope forever, I hasten to offer it to you, feeling that it more properly belongs to you than to me."

"Thank you, thank you, dearest Mamma. I accept it as a sacred relic. I will place it in my private oratory and it shall never leave me. Though there are many mementoes of my poor mamma at home, we have nothing like this."

"I know you have not. This was a single copy. Take it with you, and I particularly request you to show it to your father with the explanation that it represents your mother on her first communion day."

"He never saw her thus, and I pray it may touch him."

"I believe it will. Your father adored your mother, and if she had not died so early I am confident none of the sad events of which we have spoken together to-day would have happened. The sight of this medallion will go far toward softening his heart."

So saying, my mother brought forward from the same drawer a heavy gold chain which she attached to the portrait, and then passed it around the neck of Ory.

"Everything will turn out for the best, after all," she said. "God chooses His own time. The patience which He makes us exercise is the best preparation for the gladness we experience when the day of trial is over and the blessed hour of fruition comes. Mark my words. You will live to remember this day as a memorable one in your life. So will Carey. I hope I may be there to see when all comes right in the end, but if I am gone, I know that you will not forget me."

The day passed rapidly and agreeably. Ory was shown over the house and garden, and several times on the way my mamma managed to take her aside for a few moments of private conference. After so many years, she had so much to tell the girl, and Ory seemed eager to hear. During each of these conversations I noticed that though she might remain grave for a few moments, her countenance always retained its serenity. Ah! she was in good hands. My mamma would let her know the truth and nothing but the truth, but so sweetly, in such a thoroughly Christian spirit, that even the bitter lessons of truth would become agreeable.

We had wished to retain Ory till evening, but it was impossible to do so. She had left her father far from well, notwithstanding his assurances, and, besides, her little trip being entirely unpremeditated, there were duties to be done at home which could not be neglected. I own that I was more easily persuaded by her reasons than was my foster-mother. I longed to have her all to myself again, to sit close to her side, speak to her without restraint, and hear her speak to me, and me alone. The delights of that morning drive were still present to my memory. No wonder that I was desirous of repeating them as soon as possible.

Ory parted from mamma with the promise of a speedy return.

V.

#### IN THE NARROW LANE.

It was three o'clock, but light clouds intercepted the heat of the sun, and a cool wind, a straggler from last night's storm, further contributed to render the afternoon pleasant for driving. We had not been gone more than a few minutes, therefore, when I thought of altering our course. I asked Ory whether she would object to a little roundabout turn instead of the short cut to The Quarries. She looked at me with a smile which showed perfectly that she understood my object, and answered that we must not be too long on the way, but that she saw no particular reason for returning exactly along the same route by which we came. Being thus authorized, I whipped up smartly till we cleared the city and fell into the shady country roads.

Then I let down the buggy top, dropped the reins over the dashboard, and allowed the horse to have his own way. What passed during the next hour I do not now remember, except that I was very happy and that Ory, too, seemed happy. I rather think that neither of us spoke much, being absorbed in the contemplation of the beautiful scenery, and of the strange destiny by which we found ourselves drawn together.

At length I drew out my watch. It was four o'clock.

"Where are we?" asked Ory.

"Let me see," said I, stopping the horse and looking about. "Ah! I declare; how much ground we can go over during an hour in this jog-trot, sleepy fashion. Here we are on the edge of Carondelet Heights. A splendid view, is it not?"

"I never was here before that I remember. The view is very fine, certainly, but I recognize nothing, except the river and the distant city."

"Do you see the white rocks yonder on the river side?" said I, pointing with my whip.

"Yes, they look almost rosy from the sunlight."

"Well, a little to the left of the rocks, do you observe a large grove of forest trees?"

"I do; yes."

"And in the centre of the grove don't you see a bit of yellow roof and the angle of a high balcony?"

"I see them distinctly."

"And don't you recognize them?"

Ory paused a moment; then, without turning her head, exclaimed:

"It is not The Quarries, is it?"

"But it is The Quarries, Ory."

"How lovely! I never thought the old place could look so well. But we are a good way from it."

"Not very far. There is the turnpike before us. As soon as we get into that, I can rattle you home in half an hour. See, your pony is quite fresh."

"If you please, then," said Ory, "let us drive home. I fear papa will be waiting."

I hesitated. The horse, however, heard the summons, and more disposed to obedience, raised his head and shook his harness. I picked up the ribbons mechanically, the wheels began to turn and we soon found ourselves in a quiet, solitary lane, which led down to the high-road.

Field smells lay heavy on the air, with the odours from apple-trees in the orchards around us and of berry clusters that lined the road side or peeped through the openings of the fences. The bees hummed languidly in the gardens. Great gusts of hot wind passed down the narrow lane. The large bushes drooped low under their covering of white dust. The clink of scythes came feebly up from the slopes, while at intervals loud shouts were heard from the coal-heavers on the distant hills. In the still woods to the left sounded the monotonous tap-tap of the woodpecker. I grew faint; my head began to swim; I felt as if my heart were swelling. Gradually I became unconscious of all that was going on around me, save that my horse had stopped and was catching at wisps of hay which were hanging from the lowest branches of the over-spreading trees. Admiration for his coolness and impudence was mixed up in my mind with all sorts of wild phantasies, visions of flying dragons and horned beasts; of black giants and yellow dwarfs; of lurid fires and gleaming blades; of white-plumed angels and snowy doves; of a storm-tossed sky with whirling clouds; a moon in eclipse; a snake gliding in the grass; a grinning skeleton representing death. Suddenly a sensation of icy coldness shot through me; my legs stretched out convulsively against the dashboard and I sat upright in my seat. I turned. The two adorable eyes were looking up at me.

"Oh! Carey, what is the matter? You have frightened me almost to death."

"It is nothing, Ory," I answered, and bending down my left arm to seize the ribbons which

lay at my feet, the bright, red blood flowed out of my sleeve on the white dress of the girl. She shrank back and screamed. I smiled.

"Don't be frightened, Ory," I said. "I know what it means now. The wound on my shoulder has re-opened. That brought on a slight fainting. It is all over now."

"No, it is not over. We must stop the blood. I will run up to the farm-house yonder and ask for help."

"No need, Ory. There is water trickling down into the trough a few steps behind us. Please bring me a bucket."

She seized my straw hat, sprang out of the buggy, ran to the trough and immediately returned with the water. In the meantime, I had slipped my arm out of the coat-sleeve and laid bare the wound. Ory insisted upon dressing it. She washed it thoroughly. The contact of the cold water refreshed and invigorated me like a cordial, while it speedily stanching the blood. Then Ory, using her own handkerchief and mine, bandaged the shoulder tightly. The touch of her delicate fingers was as thrilling and exhilarating as shocks of galvanism. When my sleeve was replaced I felt quite renovated.

"Are you better?" asked Ory, before resuming her seat.

"I am well, thank you."

Then seating herself, she murmured with ill-disguised anxiety,

"Let us drive home as fast as possible."

I reined in the horse, cracked my whip and away we went along the flowery lane. When we reached the broad turnpike, our speed became greater still. Whether it was that the pony scented his stable from afar, or that he felt that I was resolved on making him show all his points, he curved his fine neck, rounded his shoulders and fell to his work with all the courage of a thorough-bred. He fairly flew along the macadam, enveloping the vehicle in a halo of roseate dust. Spite of me, too, my jockey spirits were up. My fears, my troubles, my faintness, even my love were forgotten in the excitement of the drive. To add to the keenness of my enjoyment, I felt that Ory had drawn nearer to me, leaning upon me as if to prop me up. Once or twice I turned toward her to see whether she shared my amusement, but her face was very pale. She tried to smile, however, in order to please me, and her eyes were full of tender sympathy. "Ory need fear nothing," I muttered to myself. "I am all right now," but the thoughts of women, like those of youth, "are long, long thoughts," and the female is not easily diverted from her reflections by the whirlwinds of pleasure.

"Here we are, Ory," I exclaimed, as we neared The Quarries. "We have made six good miles in several seconds less than half an hour. That is at the rate of five minutes to the mile."

Ory looked up at me.

"Capital roadster that, and he seems none the worse for the race. He is not blown at all. I should not wonder that, with proper training, he could trot his mile in three minutes."

Do not smile, reader. Three-minute trotters were marvels in the days of which I write, the backward ages before the Dexters and the Goldsmith Majors were born.

Ory did not appear to appreciate the qualities of her horse or the wisdom of my enthusiasm, for she only smiled at me a little without answering anything. A moment afterwards, when we reached the gate, she sprang out and came around to assist me in descending.

"Tut, tut, Ory," said I, "I am quite able to get down alone. But since you hold out your arms to me I cannot refuse the offer."

And so saying I glided gently into her embrace. In one brief, ecstatic moment I held her gently pressed to my heart. Our eyes met and our cheeks burned. We walked up to the house arm in arm without exchanging a word and blushing like children.

(To be continued.)

#### BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

It is evident that the earth is feminine from the persistency with which she refuses to tell her age.

DE BLANK met a polite man whose wife he had been attending, and asked how she was. "Dead, I thank you," he replied.

A GENTLEMAN in Providence lost a purse, advertised it, his wife found it in his own house, read the advertisement, claimed the reward and got it.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL lover was asked by what mischance he lost his divinity. "Alas," said he, "I flattered her until she grew too proud to speak to me."

It was announced in Paris that on the 10th of July ladies would be allowed to take seats on the tops of the omnibusses in the boulevards of the French capital.

The regularity and anxiety with which some young ladies inquire for letters at the post office leads the delivery clerk to conclude that they are awaiting sealed proposals.

"FEMALE barbers," said Snodgrass, repeating a paragraph announcement he just read in the paper. "I don't believe in 'em." "Why not?" we asked. "Because I remember what trouble Samson got into by letting a woman cut his hair."

A YOUNG man seems to be nearer fulfilling the law and the prophets when he walks along

the street helping his wife trundle their baby waggon than when he strolls out in bachelor freedom grinning at the girls and carrying a dog-headed cane under his arm.

"How shall women carry their purses to frustrate the thieves?" Why, carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse, after following her half a mile, and then find it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother.

AMONG the many things to make a fellow feel bad in this world, one is to have a flat-nosed, freckled little man come in and take your seat by the side of a nice girl in a horse-car, while you are making change and putting her fare in the box. Of course you can take him by the collar and roll him in the sawdust, but the comfortable feeling has got away from you and will not return during the trip.

#### HUMOROUS.

"THAT'S too thin," said the boy when he tasted the circus lemonade.

THE man who finds a pocket-book with cash in it doesn't look at a paper for three weeks.

REPENTANCE is like a married woman rushing for an excursion train. It usually arrives too late.

THE climax of absent-mindedness—To suppose that you have left your watch at home, and pull it out of your pocket to see if you have time to get back and get it.

"JULIUS, why didn't you oblong your stay at the Springs?" "Kase, Mr. Snow, dey charge too much." "How so, Julius?" "Why, de landlord charged dis colored individual wid stealing de spoons."

THERE is a village in New Hampshire which has produced 26 editors. It was in allusion to this circumstance that a pious deacon remarked: "Yes, there are 26 of 'em, but as they've all left the town, I reckon the Lord won't lay it up agin us."

AT a party on Nelson street the other evening the conversation appeared to be dying out when a bilious man suddenly observed to a lady on his right: "I don't think they make pills as large as they used to." After that the conversation went out again.

THERE is no worse occupation for the earnest physician than to listen to the complaints of people who pretend to be ill. A well-known doctor, who was called upon by one of his patients for nothing about once a week, ended by inquiring, "Then you eat well?" "Yes." "You drink well?" "Yes." "You sleep well?" "Certainly." "Wonderful!" said the doctor, as he prepared to write a prescription. "I am going to give you something that will put a stop to all that."

THE Governor-General of the Dominion has a footman whose dignity is quite too awful. When the Marquis and Princess were inspecting the Kingston Penitentiary this sublime flunky asked a prisoner, "Aw, my man, what aw you heah faw?" The prisoner, remembering a venerable story, said that he had been arrested for stealing a saw mill. "Aw, weally, for that?" said the surprised servant. "Yes," the prisoner said, "but they did not mind that much. It was because I went back to steal the dam that they went for me." The flunky said it was extraordinary, and left, an agitated and astonished man.

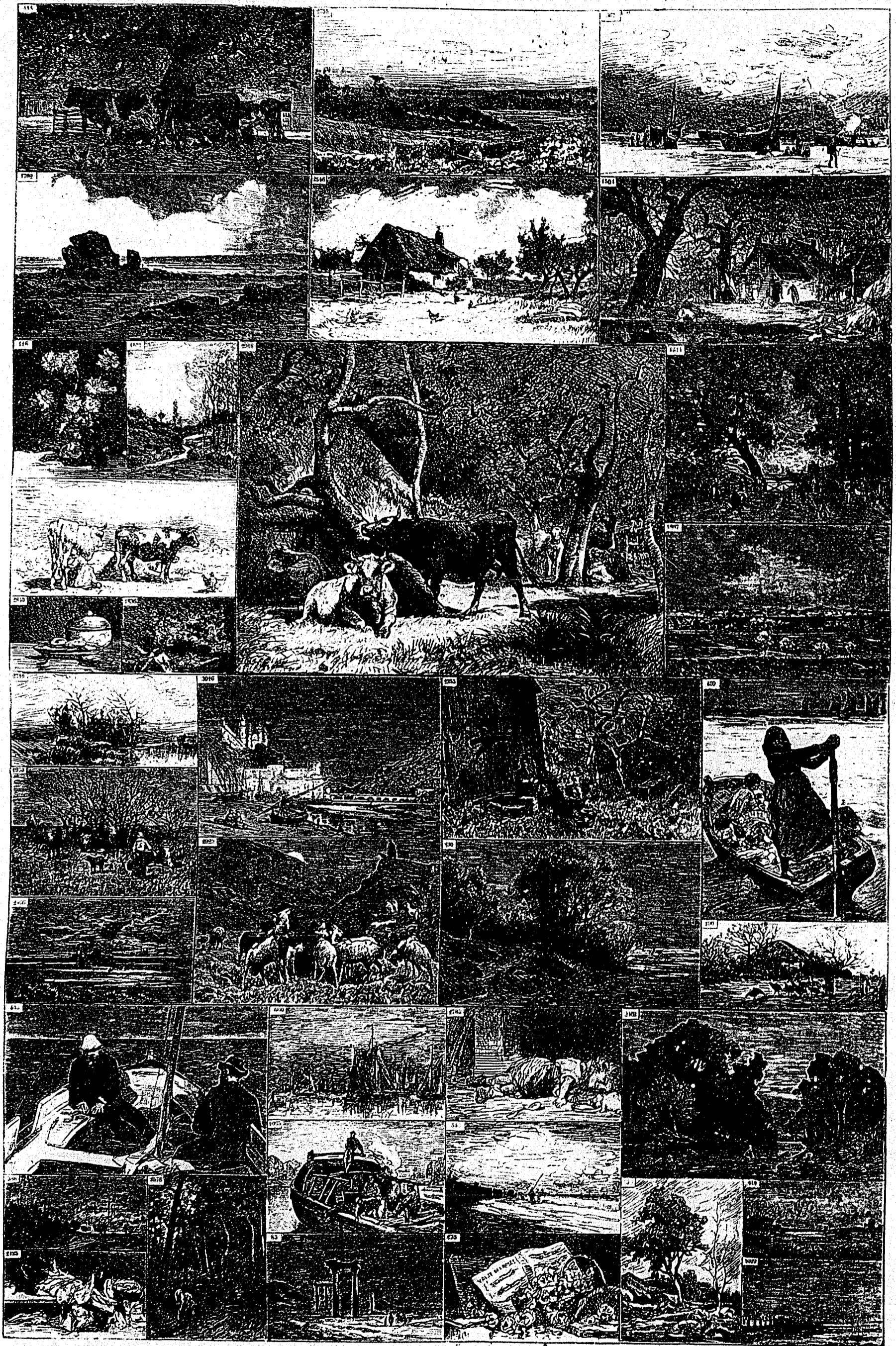
#### LORD BEACONSFIELD'S CANADIAN DOUBLE.

—Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Prime Minister, who has just arrived in town, is likely to create a good deal of sensation in society for reasons other than connected with his mission. The Canadian Premier supplies a likeness to Lord Beaconsfield which is almost bewildering in its exactitude. If Sir John, having nearly observed our Premier's dress, were to possess himself of a costume of the same make, and were to walk into the House of Lords, none of the doorkeepers would think of stopping him, whilst the Marquis of Salisbury might be expected gently to press the hand of his dear friend and inquire after the gout. Consciously or unconsciously Sir John assists nature with a few touches of art. He wears his hair precisely as Lord Beaconsfield wears his, or rather as the Premier wore his when he was about eight years younger. His face is closely shaven, and its whole shape, color and expression are phenomenally like Lord Beaconsfield. Nor is the similitude confined to physical features. Sir John Macdonald has many of the social and political qualities of Lord Beaconsfield. He is witty and graceful in conversation, epigrammatic in Parliament and audacious in politics.—*London World.*

#### A CARD.

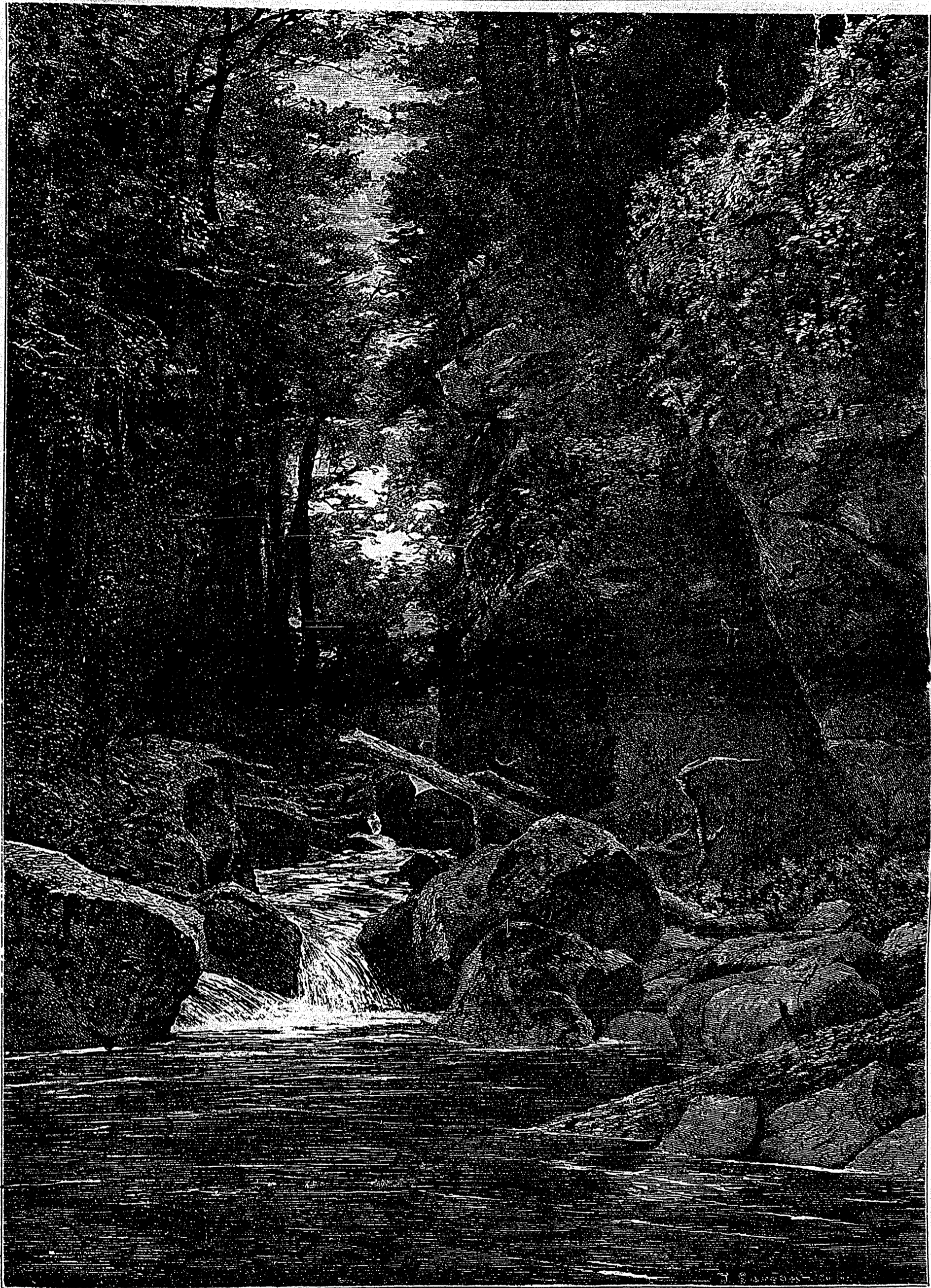
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. LEMAN,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





A COLLECTION OF LANDSCAPES FROM THE LAST PARIS SALON.





A MOUNTAIN BROOK.—By HOMER MARTIN.



ARE THE CHILDREN HOME?

Each day, when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,

Alone in the dear old homestead,
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago,"
And I sing in my quivering tremble,

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears,
Where the smile of God is on them,

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,

A breath and the vision is lifted,
Away on the wings of light,
And again we two are together,

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,

CETEWAYO, KING OF THE ZULUS.

The third figure of the group now in conflict,
or flight, or in captivity, on the south-eastern
shores of Africa, and who absorbs a strange

It may, therefore, be as well to gather such
stray facts as we can find of a people at once in-
teresting and heroic. It is not the first occasion

Being "Celestials," whether "lunar" or
"solar," in the old world or in the new, they
accounted themselves to be members not only

King Panda, the father of Cetewayo, grew old
and fat, so fat that it needed six men to lift his
enormous Majesty into his wagon—or perhaps

Capt. Lucas suggests, amongst other un-
worthy motives, a reason for making war which

we have not seen mentioned elsewhere. The
Colonial Office was bent on the confederation
of the Colonies of South Africa. The Metro-

What may be the future of the great Contin-
ent of Africa is difficult of conjecture. But it is
tolerably certain that the influence of England,

Ottawa. F. T.

AWARD FOR SANITARY INVENTION.

Mr. Thomas Griffiths, F.C.S., of the Silicate
Paint Co., London and Liverpool, has carried
off the Gold Richardson Medal of the Sanitary

The Duke of Northumberland, President of
the Institute, in presenting the medal to Mr.
Griffiths at the meeting held at the London

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
J. B., Montreal.—Letter received. Thanks.
W. S., Montreal.—The information you seek will be
found in our Column to-day.

A circular, which we may look upon as a prospectus
of the annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association,

We have been informed, however, that another notice
is to be issued, and should such be the case, we shall
avail ourselves of any additional particulars which it

The present circular states that the Eighth Annual
Meeting of the Association will be held at 4 p. m. on
Tuesday, September 23rd, 1879, and following days, in

The Annual Chess Tourney is to begin shortly after
the opening of the meeting. It is open to all residents
of the Dominion on payment of an entrance fee of one dol-

Special arrangements are to be made by the local
committee for the accommodation, at a reduced rate, of
members of the Association visiting Ottawa for the pur-

We are sorry to see that the prospectus makes no
allusion to the usual Annual Problem Tourney, and we
feel sure some will be disappointed in this respect. It

the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, the names of more
than a dozen composers of chess problems, whose pro-
ductions exhibit all the important characteristics which

It is to be hoped that at all future meetings of the As-
sociation nothing will occur to prevent such arrange-
ments being made as will secure for competition some of

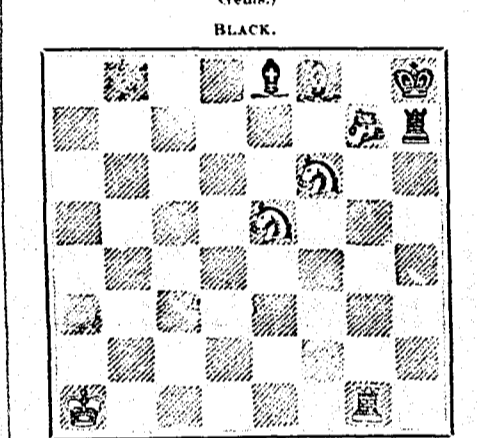
Mrs. J. W. Gilbert, of Hartford, the best lady chess-
player of New England, and Miss Ella M. Blake, of New-
berry, S.C., the best lady chessplayer of the South, are

We clip the following from the Holyoke Transcript:
" Our Canadian brethren are greatly exercised over a
move, sent by telegraph, in a game played between the

The Glasgow Herald informs us that M. Rosenthal, of
Paris, has challenged Dr. Zukertort to play a match at
chess for 5,000 francs a-side. M. Rosenthal offers to pay

PROBLEM No. 238.

By the late Professor Andersen. (From Miles' Chess
Gems.)



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 381ST.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOUR-
NEY.

Game played between Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal,
and Mr. C. A. Boivin, of St. Hyacinthe, Q.
(King's Gambit declined.)

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

and the game was abandoned as a Draw.

NOTES.

- (a) P to Q B 3 is recommended at this point, when the
Gambit is declined.
(b) Kt to K R 4, after White had castled on the Q's
side, deserved consideration.
(c) And the positions are remarkably similar and equal.
(d) P to K 5, or P to K Kt 4 appears necessary on the
part of White instead of this move.

GAME 382ND.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

Game played between Mr. W. Olcott, Conn., U.S., and
Mr. H. Williams, Wrexham, Wales.

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

Black resigns. —Hartford Times.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 236.

- WHITE. 1. P to B 4, 2. Q to B 3 (ch), 3. B mates.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 234.

- WHITE. 1. B to Q B sq, 2. P to Q B 4, 3. Mates acc.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 235.

- WHITE. K at Q R 6, R at K R 5, B at K Kt 4, Kt at Q 4, Kt at Q Kt 5.

White to play and mate in three moves.

NOTICE.

The Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of the
British American Bank Note Company,
for the election of Directors and other business, will be
held at the office of the Company, St. John street,
Montreal, on
Tuesday, 2nd September, 1879,
at FOUR o'clock, P.M.
(By order.)
GEO. JNO. BOWLES,
Secretary.
Montreal, 19th August, 1879.

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**REGULATIONS**

Respecting the Disposal of Certain Dominion Lands for the Purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

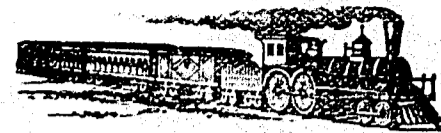
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

OTTAWA, July 9th, 1879.

"Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations are promulgated as governing the mode of disposing of the Dominion Lands situate within 16 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:

- 1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purpose of these regulations, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.
- 2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:
  - (1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called belt A.
  - (2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt A, to be called belt B.
  - (3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt B, to be called belt C.
  - (4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt C, to be called belt D, and
  - (5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the railway adjoining belt D, to be called belt E.
- 3. "The Dominion lands in belt A shall be absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry, also from pre-emption, and shall be held exclusively for sale at six dollars per acre.
- 4. "The lands in belt B shall be disposed of as follows: The even-numbered sections within the belt shall be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions, and the odd-numbered sections shall be regarded as railway lands proper. The homesteads on the even-numbered sections, to the extent of eighty acres each, shall consist of the westerly halves of the easterly halves, also of the westerly halves of the westerly halves of such sections; and the pre-emptions on such even-numbered sections, also to the extent of eighty acres each, adjoining such eighty-acre homesteads, shall consist of the westerly halves of the easterly halves, also of the easterly halves of the westerly halves of such sections, and shall be sold at the rate of \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre. Railway lands proper being the odd-numbered sections within the belt, will be held for sale at five dollars per acre.
- 5. "The even-numbered sections in belt C will be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, in manner as above described; the price of pre-emptions similarly to be \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; the railway lands to consist of the odd-numbered sections, and to be dealt with in the same manner as above provided in respect of lands in belt B, except that the price shall be \$3.50 (three dollars and fifty cents) per acre.
- 6. "The even-numbered sections in belt D shall also be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, as provided for in respect of belt B and C, but the price of pre-emption shall be at the rate of \$2 (two dollars) per acre. Railway lands to consist, as in the belts B and C, of the odd-numbered sections, and the price thereof to be at the uniform rate of \$2 (two dollars) per acre.
- 7. "In the belt E, the description and area of homesteads and pre-emptions, and railway lands respectively, to be as above, and the prices of both pre-emption and railway lands to be at the uniform rate of \$1 (one dollar) per acre.
- 8. "The terms of sale of pre-emptions throughout the several belts, B, C, D and E, shall be as follows, viz.: Four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter, at the rate of six per cent per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal annual instalments from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned, on such balance of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.
- 9. "The terms of sale of railway lands to be uniformly as follows, viz.: One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent per annum on the balance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment. All payments either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.
- 10. "All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway of any Government colony, from railway connected to result, viz.:
  - a. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the Government.
  - b. Where the railway crosses pre-emptions or railway lands proper, the owner shall only be entitled to claim for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.
  - c. The above regulations shall come into force on and after the first day of August next, up to which time the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act shall continue to operate over the lands included in the several belts mentioned, excepting any lands in the belts A and B, in both of which, up to the said date, homesteads of 160 acres each, but no other entries will, as at present, be permitted.
  - d. Claims to Dominion lands arising from settlement, after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated.
  - e. All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency, will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territory has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with the above regulations, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated.
  - f. The above regulations it will, of course, be understood, will not affect sections 11 and 25, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson's Bay Company lands.
- 11. "Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories, who are in possession of maps showing the limits of the several belts above referred to, a supply of which maps will, as soon as possible, be placed in the hands of the said agents for general distribution."

By order of the Minister of the Interior,  
J. S. DENNIS,  
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.  
LINDRAY RUSSELL,  
Surveyor-General.



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On and after SATURDAY, JULY 19th, Trains will leave HOCHELAGA DEPOT as follows:—

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Express Trains for Hull at.....	9.30	5.00
Arrive at Hull at.....	2.00 p.m.	9.30
Aylmer at.....	10.10	
Express Trains from Aylmer at.....	A.M.	P.M.
Hull at.....	8.00	9.10 and 4.45
Arrive at Hochelaga at.....	1.40 p.m.	9.15
Train for St. Jerome at.....	5.30 p.m.	
Train from St. Jerome at.....	7.00 a.m.	

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THROUGH EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS run DAILY (except Sundays) as follows:—

Leave Point Levi.....	7.30 A.M.
River du Loup.....	1.15 P.M.
Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner).....	2.25 "
Rimouski.....	3.44 "
Campbellton (Supper).....	8.05 "
Dalhousie.....	8.22 "
Bathurst.....	10.12 "
Newcastle.....	11.40 "
Moncton.....	2.00 A.M.
St. John.....	6.00 "
Halifax.....	10.35 "

These Trains connect at Point Levi with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.00 o'clock p.m., and at Campbellton with the Steamer City of St. John, sailing Wednesday and Saturday mornings for Gaspé, Percé, Paspébiac, &c. &c.

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Leave Hochelaga.....	4.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers.....	7.45 p.m.	11.30 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers.....	8.00 p.m.	4.30 a.m.
Arrive Quebec.....	10.40 p.m.	9.00 a.m.
RETURNING.		
Leave Quebec.....	2.20 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers.....	5.10 p.m.	11.20 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers.....	5.25 p.m.	3.25 p.m.
Arrive Hochelaga.....	8.40 p.m.	8.30 p.m.

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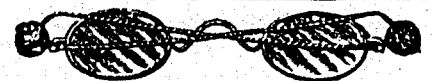
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