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Illustrated News

Vol. XII.—No. 16.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1875.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.

\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 252. THE HON. JEAN THOMAS TASCHEREAU.—From a Photograph by Livernois, Quebec.



No. 253. THE HON. SAMUEL HENRY STRONG.—From a Photograph by Notman and Fraser, Toronto.



No. 254. THE HON. WILLIAM JOHNSTON RITCHIE.—From a Photograph by Notman, St. John.



No. 255. THE HON. WILLIAM A. HENRY.—From a Photograph by Notman, Halifax.

THE PUISNE JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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TO OUR QUEBEC SUBSCRIBERS.

Our agent, E. Légaré, Esq., having begun the collection of what is due in Quebec for subscriptions to both the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS and L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, we call upon our friends to hold themselves in readiness to settle with him at his first visit and facilitate by every means in their power the transaction of his business.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 16th, 1875.

THE HARVEST.

Amid the prevailing commercial and financial depression, it is a source of comfort, as well as of thanksgiving to Providence, that the harvest in the Dominion has been gathered in a satisfactory condition. We have the report of the authorities of the Grand Trunk Railway on the result of the crops in the different sections of the country through which the line passes, and from it we cull reliable data concerning the yield of the different cereals and roots. We have been at the pains of going carefully through this authoritative report, and the analysis of it which we subjoin will be useful for reference. It will likewise prove interesting as an emigration paper to which purpose we intend that it shall be destined.

The Buffalo and Goderich District of the Grand Trunk Line extends over the extreme parts of the Ontario peninsula. There we find that fall wheat will average 25 bushels to the acre; spring wheat 20 bushels; barley, 45 bushels; peas, 40 bushels; oats, 45 bushels; while hay is about half a crop, and potatoes, with other roots, have furnished a fair yield, spite of the appearance of the Colorado beetle. In this section, Paris and Brantford afford a curious contrast. In the former, fall wheat was badly winter-killed and will average only about 10 bushels per acre; spring wheat is a good crop and will average from 25 to 30 bushels. In the latter, fall wheat, light crop winter-killed, will average about 52 bushels per acre; spring wheat, light crop, sample good, will average about 15 bushels.

The Western District comprises some of the richest counties in Ontario, of which London may be regarded as the commercial centre. In that section the results are as follows: fall wheat, 25 bushels to the acre; spring wheat, 20 bushels; barley, 35 bushels; oats, 40 bushels; peas, 30 bushels; hay light; potatoes and roots a full crop, while we have no traces of the bug. From London, in particular, we read that for fifteen years past the general product from all cereals has not been exceeded, or of better quality, with the exception of barley, which is considerably stained. And in St. Mary's, the report affirms that the present year will long be known as having been one never equalled in the quality and quantity of the grain, flax, and root crops grown; every description of products is usually fine and has, so far as the harvest has progressed, been saved in good order; barley in some cases has been slightly discolored by rain; but very slightly.

The Central District includes such fertile centres as Hamilton, Toronto, Whitby, Co-

bourg, Belleville, Kingston, Ottawa and Prescott. Throughout this important section the averages are: fall wheat, 25 bushels to the acre; spring wheat, 25 bushels; barley, 45 bushels; oats, 40 bushels; peas, 35 bushels, with hay a light crop and abundant roots, notwithstanding the visitation of the potato beetle.

The Eastern District brings us to the Province of Quebec from St. Lambert to Island Poudre. Here the climate allows of little or no fall wheat, and spring wheat is sown only to the extent of home consumption. The section is in the main a grazing one, and, it is, therefore, a satisfaction to learn that hay has proved a good average crop. Oats average 30 bushels to the acre; barley, 30 bushels, and peas about 20 bushels. Potatoes and roots have yielded handsomely. The Colorado beetle did not reach the Province this year.

The Richmond and Rivière du Loup District takes us into a cold climate, yet the report from all the counties on the route is very encouraging. The grain crops are a good average, notwithstanding that the harvesting was much delayed by almost incessant rains. In the distant regions around Rivière du Loup and above the Madawaska Road as far as Little Falls, New Brunswick, the general report is that the crops this year are in advance of any previous year. Hay on wellcultivated farms is considerably above the average; spring wheat and rye are estimated at 20 bushels; peas, 25; barley, 50, and oats 60 bushels to the acre; buckwheat is a superior crop, and will yield from 150 to 200 bushels per acre; potatoes are in good condition and free from blight, and will average 125 bushels.

The Montreal and Champlain District is the Southern limit of this Province along the Grand Trunk Railway. Here the prevailing complaint is the potato-rot which has considerably diminished the yield. The other roots, however, havenot suffered to any extent. Peas are a full average crop, quality good; barley, over the average crop, about 30 bushels per acre; oats about 30 bushels; hay is over an average crop, about .90 per cent of which will be secured in good order, the balance being damaged by heavy rains.

ICELANDIC COLONY.

There is now arriving in the Province of Manitoba an Icelandic Colony, numbering about 350 souls, under the charge of Mr. JOHN TAYLOR, who is acting as agent of the Government on their behalf. This pioneer colony is, we understand, assisted by the Government, very much in the same way as the Mennonite Colony which has proved successful. The Icelanders, we are informed, do not intend to settle in the Province of Manitoba, but in the North West Territory, on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg, immediately north of the frontier of that Province; and the site selected, we are further informed, stretches for 50 miles along the shore of the Lake. It was viewed by a deputation of Icelanders during the summer, accompanied by Mr. TAYLOR, who now acts as Government agent. The site was found to be in the highest degree suitable; the soil being good, timber in sufficient abundance, and the fisheries, for the working of which the Icelanders are specially adapted, very rich. In fact, such is the enthusiasm of the Icelanders over this site, that it has spread to a number of their brethren who are not very well satisfied with their location in the Western States; and it has been already by them christened "New Iceland." The name sounds rather cold, and is that far, we think, unfortunate; but with them it is associated with the poetry of

"The stirring memories of a thousand years."

The settlement of the Island of Iceland was, last year, exactly one thousand years old. The new colonists in our North West hope to make the settlement on the shore of Lake Winnipeg historic, and their belief is that, so soon as a knowledge of its resources and attractions for them gets to Iceland, the whole population of that Island will empty on our

shores. Nor is the hope altogether without foundation. It is now well known that the recent volcanic eruptions have rendered a large portion of the Island uninhabitable and an exodus of the whole population is not unlikely. The Canadian Government will favour this movement; and, in fact, we have already seen that they have sent an agent or agents to Iceland. We gather also that the Hudson's Bay Company so much favour the movement that they have signified their willingness to guarantee the repayment of any advances which the Government may make to promote the settlement, in the same way that the Mennonites of Ontario guaranteed the advances for their brethren from South Russia. The facts we have stated are certainly of much interest; and the public generally will not fail to watch the progress of the Icelandic settlement.

THE TEACHERS CONVENTION.

The late meeting of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers, at Quebec, was, in reality, a far more important event than many would be at first disposed to imagine. Beginning with obscure gatherings of humble-minded men, this convention, under the determined devotion to the cause of education of the two foremost educators in our Montreal Normal School (Dr. and Mr. Frank Hicks), is now beginning to hold meetings of almost national importance. At first most of the leading Protestant educators in our midst, hearing, we presume, that other leading men were not likely to be there, were brightly conspicuous by deliberate absence. Last year, at the most successful meeting held in Granby, Judge DUNKIN, the Hon. GEORGE IRVINE and others of that stamp were present throughout. This year the meeting was favoured by the presence, not only of the indefatigable Secretary and his colleagues, as usual, but also with that of two of our cabinet ministers, of representatives from Bishop's College and the Montreal and Quebec High Schools, and of the Bishop of Quebec and some of the leading clergy of his and other denominations.

The next meeting to be held in Montreal will, we trust, be still more influentially attended, and we hope that the rich people of the Island City will emulate the hospitality of Quebec and Granby, and give the underpaid and overworked, but refined and cultured teachers, a warm welcome to their tables and their homes. Light was thrown on subjects of vast interest. A scheme for obviating the wide-spread crass ignorance of the importance of classics in education, by not beginning their study till a boy has a chance of mastering spelling, arithmetic and composition; the advantage of bringing down the daily working hours in our country schools to the maximum of five and a half; the paramount necessity of ventilation, were all enunciated. But much remains to be done to make the meetings worthy of the valuable time devoted to them, by men every day of whose lives is of educational value to the country. Fewer hours should be foisted in of exhibitional inquisitorious on shilling "Wheels of Time" or "Perpetual Almanacs," or on what a contemporary mis-spells "The Cenotaph," an elaborate means of teaching history without the aid of lectures or books, by a judicious combination of a draught board, and seemingly by a compositor's type case with 40,500 squares in it.

The example set last week by one of our most methodical and time-economising Bishops might be followed. A half hour at most should be allowed to each paper. Fifteen minutes each might be allowed to leading men previously solicited to be prepared to discuss it.

We will conclude with a word of sympathy for the innocent papers ignominiously slaughtered for lack of time, and hope that the manuscript will not be consigned still-born to the flames, but read before our editorial ears next year in Montreal.

THE NEW POSTAL LAW.

As the new Postal Law, which came into force on the 1st of the present month contains several changes, likely to be overlooked or misunderstood, we think it proper to make a clear summary of its principal provisions. The rate of postage on a letter posted within the Dominion of Canada, for transmission by mail to any place in Canada, will continue to be 3 cents per half ounce weight; but the Statute provides that this rate must be prepaid by postage stamp at the time of posting the letter. Any such letter posted wholly unpaid cannot be forwarded to its destination, but is to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Letters, when weighing more than half an ounce, and liable therefore to two or more rates of postage, may be transmitted by mail to destination, though not fully prepaid, if as much as one full rate of three cents has been prepaid thereon by postage stamp; and are in such cases to be forwarded charged with double the amount of deficient postage not prepaid. On letters posted at an office to be delivered from it, commonly known as *drop letters*, the rate will be one cent per half ounce; to be in all cases prepaid by postage stamp affixed to such letters when posted.

Newspapers and periodicals issued not less frequently than once a month, and addressed and posted by and from the same for transmission by mail to regular subscribers or news agents in Canada, may be posted by the same on the prepayment of a rate of one cent for each pound weight in bulk, or fraction of a pound; and such newspapers and periodicals are to be put up into packages and delivered in the post offices, and the postage thereon prepaid by the publisher or news agent.

Most of the publishers of newspapers and periodicals in Canada have already taken advantage of the permission to post their publications prepaid under the provisions of the Statute; and it will be obligatory on all to do so from the 1st of October, as their publication cannot legally be forwarded to subscribers or others by mail after that date, unless posted prepaid.

On all newspapers and periodicals posted in Canada, other than those addressed to regular subscribers or news agents, from office of publication or news agency, under the foregoing sections, and including all newspapers and periodicals published less frequently than once a month, the rate will be *one cent for four ounces*; to be invariably prepaid by postage stamp. Nevertheless newspapers and periodicals weighing less than one ounce each may be posted singly, if prepaid by postage stamp one-half cent each.

Newspapers or periodicals passing by mail between Canada and the United Kingdom, the United States, Newfoundland and places beyond sea, will continue to be subject to the special regulations in respect to postage charges now, or from time to time hereafter in force, with regard to such transmissions. Such as may be posted in Canada for the United States or Newfoundland, are to be prepaid the same rates as if addressed to places within the Dominion.

On miscellaneous matter the rate of postage is one cent per four ounces in weight to be prepaid by postage stamp, or by the use of stamped post bands when suitable for the purpose. No letter or other communication intended to serve the purpose of a letter must be sent or enclosed in any article of miscellaneous mail matter; and all transmissions authorised by this regulation must be put up in covers open at the ends or sides, or in such a manner as to admit of inspection to ensure compliance with this condition.

Miscellaneous mail matter as above specified, when addressed to the United States or to Newfoundland, may be forwarded, when prepaid the one cent per 4 oz. rate, as if addressed to a place in Canada, with the exception of packets of samples and patterns of merchandise addressed to the United States, on which the special rate of ten cents must continue

to be prepaid as at present. Samples and patterns and other miscellaneous matter addressed to the United Kingdom, or to countries beyond the sea, will continue to pass under the special regulations by which such transmissions are now governed.

Post bands bearing a one cent impressed postage stamp have been prepared for the convenience of persons desiring to use them in transmitting newspapers or other mail matter passing at the one cent rate, and will be issued to postmasters on application, for sale to the public at the rate of four for five cents, at which same rate they will be charged to postmasters when issued.

It has been arranged that the postage rate on letters passing between Canada and the United Kingdom shall be an uniform rate of two pence halfpenny sterling, equal to five cents Canada currency, per half ounce, *by whatever route sent or received*, whether by Canada packet direct, or by the closed mails *via* the United States. A five cent postage stamp for the convenience of the public in prepaying the five cent rate on letters addressed to the United Kingdom after the 1st October, is being prepared, and will be issued as soon as ready. This reduction will not for the present affect the charges on letters sent or received by way of England to or from foreign countries or places beyond the sea. When letters addressed to the United Kingdom are posted after the 1st October *wholly unpaid*, they are to be forwarded rated with double postage, viz: five pence sterling per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz; and when insufficiently prepaid they are to be charged at the same rate, deducting what may have been prepaid; thus, a letter weighing more than half an ounce and less than a full ounce, if posted prepaid, one rate of only five cents, equal to $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. sterling, is to be charged, $7\frac{1}{2}$ d. sterling, equal to 15 cents unpaid, being the double rate of 10d. sterling less the $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. prepaid.

In discussing the future of our Pacific Railway, political reasoners seem a little too often to lose sight of the difference in actual means to the country, between paying the price of a line and *having* it when completed, and paying the price of its construction to *others* in order that those others may keep it for themselves, with all monopolies and influences pertaining to such possession. We are not going to enlarge upon this subject now—and merely add, that if land values are taken into the account in addition to money payments, it is evident that in no hands could the lands pay better, with justice to the immigrant and settler, than in those of the Government, which has the help both of a central bureau and European agency for disposing of the lands and arranging their settlement.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MICHAEL ANGELO CELEBRATION.

We present, to-day, the portrait of this wonderful man, whose name has been immortalized in painting, sculpture, and architecture, and must always rank as one of the few creative minds of all centuries. We publish also a sketch of his tomb at Florence. As has been repeatedly intimated in our columns, during the past few weeks, a grand commemoration of Michael Angelo took place last month at Florence, and, from all accounts, it proved a most fitting tribute to his greatness.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY.

This is a view of the Crown Princess of the German Empire, in costume, and on horseback, commanding the 2nd Life Guard Regiment of Hussars, of which she is honorary Colonel. This lady is the Princess Royal of Britain, and oldest daughter of Queen Victoria. She is the consort of Crown Prince Frederick, and the mother of a large family.

THE TORONTO RIOTS.

Toronto has been disgraced by two riots on two consecutive Sundays. Our sketches in the present number are illustrative of the second riot, on the 3rd inst. We need not enter into details, as all the papers of the Dominion have published them in full and they have gone into every household.

PUISNE JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Biographies of these will be found in another column.

THE JAPANESE PLEASURE BOAT.

This picture is remarkable for the gracefulness and novelty of its conception and the admirable

drawing of the figures. We are assured, however, that it is an imagination, as in nature it would be impossible for swimmers thus to pull a boat along.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR SOREL.

On Tuesday night, the 28th, about seven o'clock, engine No. 2 of the Richelieu, Drummond and Arthabaska Railway returned from St. David with six platform cars, with seventy-five men employed on the road. These men had just completed their day's work, and were going to their homes or lodgings. The number, though large, was considerably less than usual, inasmuch as a large number had been left behind at Sorel by the morning's train. Providence seemed to have interfered, for had all the employees been on hand the catastrophe would have had ten-fold its intensity. These platforms came in front of the engine, and a man with a lantern was placed in front as a look-out. Within about two miles from the Sorel side of Yamaska, when near a bush, the signal of alarm was given, which was well understood, but was too late, the train immediately receiving a terrible shock, the cars being telescoped and smashed in hundreds of pieces, amid the most piercing cries and shrieks. Many of the men, on receiving the alarm, jumped off the cars, receiving various injuries in the venture. The train at this time was only going at about eight miles an hour, still the speed was sufficient to cause a great disaster—flesh, head and limbs flying in all directions. The cause of the trouble seems to have been that wooden rails had been placed across the track, evidently with a malicious intent, by persons unknown. Immediately on the alarm being given, Mr. Swan, the conductor, ordered "breaks on" and then jumped from the train, but not before he had received severe injuries on the leg. Upon the engine and tender were the principal employees of the company, Mr. Senecal the contractor, and Mr. Phelps the superintendent of the road, together with several strangers who, however, were enabled to afford some assistance to the more unfortunate, Dr. Mignault being sent for to attend their wants. Priests were also brought to the scene and they administered all the comforts of the church. The coroner was also brought into requisition and took the necessary steps for holding an inquest. Ten men were killed and twelve wounded. The perpetrators of the outrage have not yet been arrested.

PUISNE JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT.

JUSTICE HENRY.

William A. Henry has long been in public life in Nova Scotia, of which Province we believe he is a native by descent. He represented Antigonish in the Nova Scotia Assembly for two Parliaments before Confederation, and held the office of Solicitor-General in Dr. Tupper's Union Administration. He will be remembered by many of our readers as one of the delegates to the Conference held at Quebec in 1864 for the purpose of carrying out the scheme of Confederation. Since the Union of 1867 Mr. Henry has not held a seat in Parliament, though repeatedly a candidate for the House of Commons. He was called to the bar in 1841, and is a Q. C. Quite recently he was appointed one of the *ad hoc* Judges for the trial of elections in Nova Scotia. He is a lawyer of much eminence, and will be an ornament to the Bench, as well as a credit to his Province.

JUSTICE RITCHIE.

Wm. Johnston Ritchie was called to the bar of New-Brunswick 14th June, 1838. He was created a Q. C. in 1855, and in August of the same year was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of that Province. On 6th December, 1865, he succeeded James Carter as Chief Justice of New Brunswick. Chief Justice Ritchie sat for the city of St. John in the Provincial Assembly for some years. He is a ripe scholar, a good judge, and an earnest churchman. He is a man of great determination, and will have a strong voice in shaping the judgments of the Court.

JUSTICE STRONG.

Samuel Henry Strong is the only son of the Rev. Dr. Strong, rector of St. Anne's, Toronto. He was born at Hammerworth, Dorsetshire, England, in August, 1825, was educated partly in England and partly in Quebec and Ottawa. He came to Canada when about ten years old. His law studies were conducted under Mr. Augustus Keefer, at Ottawa. He came to Toronto in 1847, to conduct Mr. Oliver Mowat's chancery business, and was afterwards in partnership with the late Chancellor Vankoughnet for some years. He was appointed Vice-Chancellor in 1867, and Senior Justice of the new Court of Error and Appeal in 1873. Mr. Strong's is an admirable appointment. He has a thorough knowledge of the Civil Law, and has perhaps read more French Law books than any English lawyer in the Dominion. His knowledge of the French language will be most useful to him on the Supreme Court Bench.

JUSTICE TASCHEREAU.

Jean Thomas Taschereau is a representative of one of the oldest and most honourable families in the Province of Quebec. He is the eldest son of the late Hon. J. T. Taschereau, who, for many years, fought for constitutional liberty in the Parliament of Lower Canada, was imprisoned in 1810, and subsequently after his release raised to the Bench. The subject of our sketch was born in the City of Quebec, in the early part of the present century, and received his education at the Seminary of the Ancient Capital; was called

to the Bar 11th July, 1836; was created a Q. C. in June, 1850. In 1855 he was appointed one of the assistant Judges of the Superior Court of Lower Canada, under the Seigneurial Act, and in 1860 he became an assistant Judge of the same Court permanently. In August, 1865, he was promoted to be Judge of the Superior Court, and on 11th February, 1873, he was transferred to the Court of Queen's Bench. Judge Taschereau is a Doctor of Laws of Laval University. His brother is Archbishop of Quebec, and his son represents Montmagny in the House of Commons. He is married to the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Governor Caron, of Quebec. For these notices of the Judges of the Supreme Court, we are indebted to the *Mail*.

JUSTICE FOURNIER.

For portrait and biography of Judge Fournier, see CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of 6th Feb. 1875.

STANDARD MUSIC.

There is no subject on which we write with more pleasure than on the cultivation of the popular taste for music. In young communities, such as ours, there is naturally much imperfect and purely tentative effort towards the development of this taste, but where the artistic instinct is strong and natural sensibility a marked feature of the natural character, it takes little time to form something akin to a distinctive school. We are safe in saying that, all things considered, the relish for music is as keen in Canada as it is in the United States, and that, in proportion to population, there are more musical executants among us than among our neighbors. We have it from the lips of travelling artists, instrumental and vocal, that they find quite as much appreciation in our small Canadian towns as in large American cities. Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Ottawa, Kingston, Hamilton, London, St. John and Halifax are always ready to patronize good music, and the obvious reason of this is that they contain a large number of inhabitants who understand and practice the beautiful art.

All attempts at popularizing music by the issue of choice compositions, at terms which place them within easy reach of the middle classes, are sure to meet with encouragement by our amateurs, and for this reason, we take pleasure in calling attention to the publication of Stoddard's Choice Music, a collection of unabridged instrumental and vocal productions by the best American and foreign composers. This splendid work is selected for the piano or organ by Sep. Winner, one of the most noted composers of the day. The features of the collection deserve to be recorded. The main object is to introduce the most acceptable music for the wants of all capacities, making liberal use of the compositions of the most celebrated composers of this and other countries. All varieties of music are included, secular and sacred, embracing entire *Op. Pourris* from famous and favorite operas, classical arrangements for piano and organ, sacred songs and hymns, new and popular ballads, new dance music of all degrees, from the simplest to the most difficult, thereby rendering it acceptable for the home circle, as well as the learner, amateur and finished performer. The copyrights of many of the pieces are purchased and owned by the publishers, printed for the first time in this collection and not for sale in any other way. Two splendidly executed portraits of the most distinguished composers and musicians are given in each number. These, drawn by the best artists, printed with the greatest care, on toned paper, made expressly for the purpose, must prove a great attraction of themselves and when the series is completed, will form a gallery of musical celebrities, many of whom are published for the first time here, and not to be had elsewhere. An illuminated title page, with vignette portrait, elegantly printed in chrome colors, is furnished with each volume, as also a full table of contents. The work will be complete in twenty-four parts, each part fifty cents payable on delivery. It is sold only by subscription, and no subscription is taken for less than the complete work. The publishers are J. M. Stoddard & Co., Philadelphia, and the agent in this city is Mr. J. Ralph Brown, of the International Publishing Company, No. 5, St. Sacrament street. Considering the quality of the matter, and the superior style of printing and illustration, the work is simply a marvel of cheapness. In the six parts already published, there are the portraits of Patti, Nilsson, Lucca, Parepa-Rosa, Kellogg and Cary, with those of Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Sep. Winner and Theodore Thomas. We conscientiously recommend the work to all our musical readers.

LITERARY.

Brownson's Quarterly Review, it is said, approaches its end.

MR. WILLIAM HEPPWORTH DIXON announces "White Conquest: America in 1875."

SWINBURNE is writing a new Greek tragedy which he intends shall be pure Hellenic.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH lectures on "Five Dead Men I have Known," one of whom is Charles Sumner.

A NEW volume of tales by Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid is promised—"The Evil Eye, and other Stories."

MRS. ANNIE EDWARD'S story of "A Woman of Fashion,"—"Leah," will be issued immediately in book-form.

WALT WHITMAN has been in Philadelphia. His step is feeble, but his spirits are as buoyant as ever.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID is better now. He is projecting a Centennial story for the benefit of the American public.

EDMOND ABOUT will probably come to the United States next year, and write Centennial letters for several leading journals.

MRS. HELEN HUNT ("H. H.") is to be married this month to a Mr. Jackson, a Colorado banker, and will therefore reside in Colorado.

STODDARD, the poet, has been engaged to write the text of "A Century After," a finely illustrated work connected with the Centennial.

ANOTHER volume by Jas. Greenwood, "The Amateur Casual," is to be on "Low-Life Deeps: an Account of the Strange Fish to be found there."

SIXTY-seven journals are now published in Rome, of which only five are religious. Before 1870 only two were published—the *Osservatore* and the *Giornale*.

THE report that George Eliot is writing a new novel is confirmed, but the other report that it will illustrate American life is denied, as everybody supposed it would be.

MISS WARNER, the author of the "Wide, Wide World," performed the funeral services at her father's burial, the clergyman invited to perform that duty having failed to be present.

ONE of the new photographic processes is to be made use of by Mr. Halliwell Phillips to represent a reproduction, reduced to small size of the original (1623) edition of Shakespeare.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD is now in Scotland. He has been commissioned by the *San Francisco Chronicle* to journey entirely around the world, and will therefore soon proceed to Egypt.

ONE of the sumptuous holiday books in England (at a guinea and a half) will be Canova's Works, both of sculpture and modelling. There will be 150 plates engraved in outline and print on tint, with descriptive letter-press.

MR. SWINBURNE appears in the new English school as a central sun, by whose grace comets are visible—and disappear. His latest "introduction" is of and to a dramatic poem, "Joseph and his Brethren," by Charles O. Wells.

ALL classes of books find readers, and there may be those to revel in the history of "seven generations of executioners." Such a book, the "Memoirs of the Sanson Family," is announced in a translation from the French by an English publisher.

PROF. W. A. HUNTER of University College, London, will soon publish a work on Roman Law. The groundwork of the treatise will consist of a new translation of the Institutes of Justinian, supplemented by those of Gaius in so far as the texts are not identical.

THE Paris papers report the death of the well-known antiquarian publisher and bookseller, Edwin Tross, who had long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best authorities extant on the bibliography of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

OCTAVE FEUILLET is so disturbed by any noise that he can only work during absolute silence. The buzz of a fly will keep him awake all night, and the roaring of that poor young man about his apartment in the June bug season is said to be truly distressing.

THERE exists in St. Mark's Library, at Venice, a manuscript in the handwriting of John Locke, consisting of notes on medical subjects, which is the more curious if, as has been said, Locke was averse from allowing it to be known that he once intended to practise medicine.

MR. G. W. SMITH has been directed by the trustees of the British Museum to resume his excavations at Nineveh, and he expects to start soon for the East. His new book on the "Chaldean Account of Genesis," which contains his recent discoveries, is now in the press and will shortly be published.

DR. LEGGE of England has been awarded the prize of \$300 for the best work on Chinese literature which was instituted by the late Stanislaus Julien while Professor of Chinese at the University of Paris. It is proposed to endow a similar professorship at the University of Oxford, and appoint Dr. Legge to the chair.

"THE great Christmas book" in England for 1875 is to be a superb five-guinea volume on "Windsor Castle," by the express permission of the owner of the royal residence. It will comprise 23 permanent photographs, exterior and interior, in large folio size made by the heliotype process, and the text is by the late B. B. Woodward, Her Majesty's librarian at Windsor.

A writer says of Ouida: This *femme de lettres* lives in Florence, in luxurious style, with equipages befitting a princess of the blood. When Bayard Taylor was once there she was invited to meet him at dinner at the house of a countess. She declined the invitation saying that she never accepted invitations to meet celebrities who were invited to meet her. He did not see her.

GEORGE SAND (Mme. Dudevant) is now said to be as plain as she is pious. The following pen-portrait, which it is needless to say is by one of her own sex, gives some idea of her present appearance: "Old, fat, and commonplace looking, with a stiff range of little false curls surmounting her prominent forehead, with deep indentations in her heavy cheeks, with eyes sharp and keen as a gimlet point."

AMONG the many curiosities of Mr. R. H. Stoddard's library is a copy of Lamb's "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets," which has on the fly-leaf an autograph letter from Lamb himself to William Hare, editor of the "Table Book." Mr. Stoddard has had a fac-simile of the page made for the Bric-a-Brac books, and it will form an illustration of the next volume, on "Lamb, Hazlitt, and Others."

THE French National Library has just acquired the books which formerly belonged to Montaigne, for the sum of 34,000 francs. They consist of admirable sixteenth century editions, splendidly bound, and stamped with M. de Montaigne's cipher, besides a large number of volumes of notes from the hand of the famous moralist. The study of these books will render it possible to trace without difficulty the sources of all the anecdotes, innumerable quotations and obscure allusions with which Montaigne teems, and to give us a really critical edition of the "Essays."

MRS. CAMERON, the well-known photographer, who lives at Freshwater, close to Mr. Tennyson, some time ago produced a series of photographs from life—none of them "models," but acquaintances and other persons sympathizing with the poet and artist—to represent the personages in the "Idylls of the King." The work was undertaken at Mr. Tennyson's wish for his people's edition of the "Idylls," and the pictures are now being reproduced on a large scale, and form two quarto volumes, which have been dedicated to the Prince and Princess of Prussia, and have been rendered still more valuable by a fine photographic portrait of the Laureate.

MR. GROSART'S promised complete edition of Wordsworth's Prose Works, is scheduled by E. Moxon Son & Co., for October. The edition is dedicated, by express permission, to Her Majesty, and will contain along with the dedication, a hitherto unpublished poem, by Wordsworth, addressed to the Queen, on sending a gift copy of his poems to the Royal Library, Windsor. A Centenary edition of the *Life, Letters, and Writings* of Charles Lamb, is announced by the same house, in six monthly volumes. It will contain Talfourd's memoir, supplemented by fresh matter, many unpublished or uncollected letters, and newly identified pieces. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is the editor.



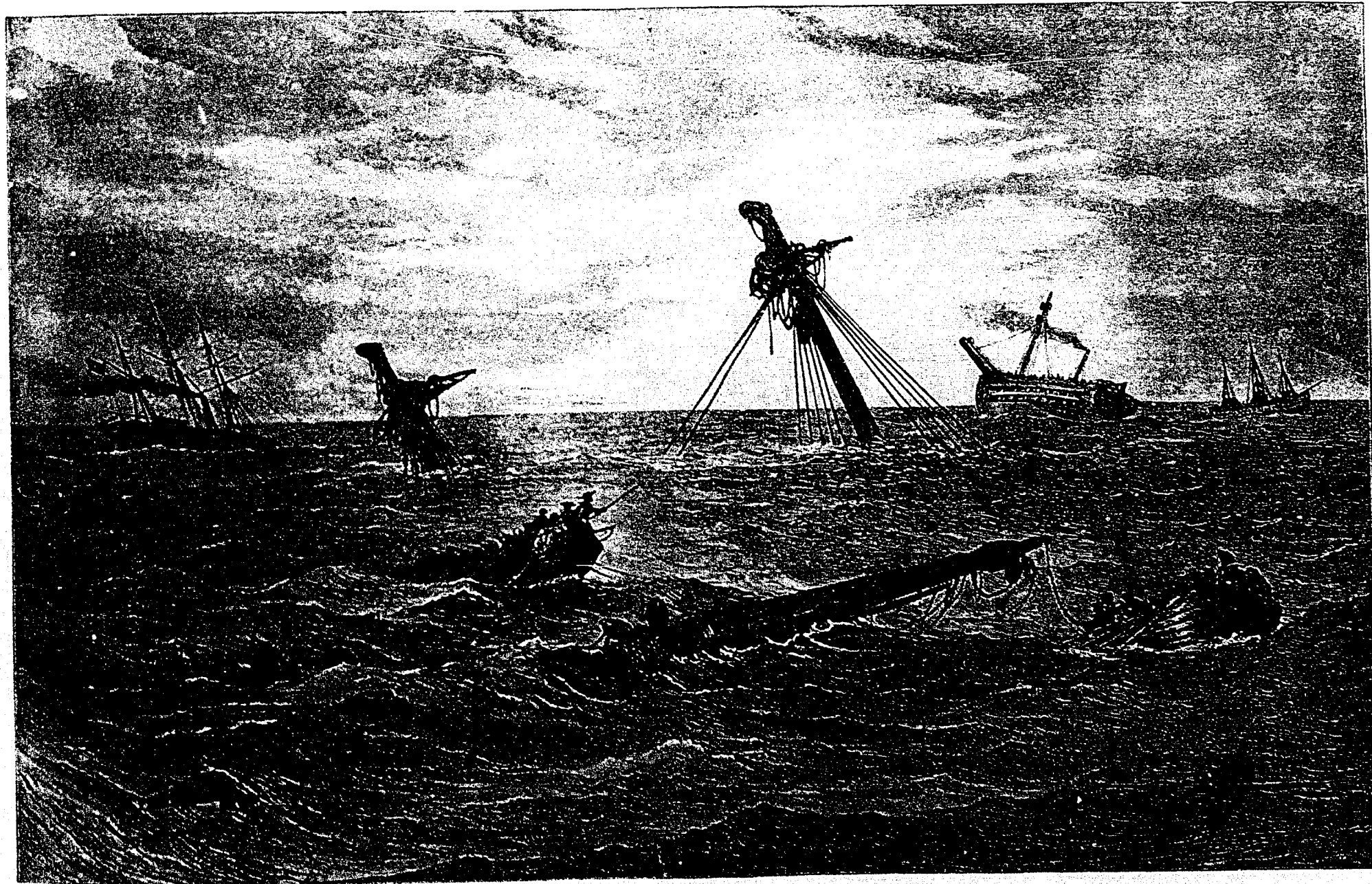
MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI, BORN 1475. PAINTER, SCULPTOR, ARCHITECT, AND POET. — FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIMSELF.



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY AT THE HEAD OF THE LIFE GUARD REGIMENT OF HUSSARS.



THE TOMB OF MICHAEL ANGELO, AT FLORENCE.



OPERATIONS AT THE WRECK OF THE VANGUARD. TOWING THE FOREYARD A.M.

REST.

Beneath the western heaven's span
Has sunk the golden day;
The clouds' rich sunset hues and tints
Have died in shade away;
The dim night comes from out the east
With gloom and vapour gray.

The stars far in the sky's blue depths
Their vigils 'gin to keep;
The moon above yon eastern hill
Climbs up the lofty steep;
The night-winds steal with gentle wing
Above the flowers asleep.

The birds upon the tuneless spray
Have folded close their wings;
And to the silent night alone
The winding river sings:
Its song is of the woods and meads,
A hundred happy things.

No voice is in the tranquil air,
No murmur save its own;
The earth is hushed as heaven above,
Where, girt with cloudy zone,
The moon goes up among the stars
To take her ebon throne.

Sweet calm, and undisturbed repose,
O'er all the landscape rest;
Yet is there in the breathless scene
A voice which thrills the breast,
A something, which in thanks and love
May only be expressed.

GERTRUDE ERLE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER FRASER.

PART I.

'Shall I see you this evening, Claud?'
'No. I think not,' with a *souçon* of impatience in the tone, and the shadow of a frown furrowing the broad forehead.

'I have a business appointment, you know,' was added more graciously, as if an excuse for absence was deemed necessary.

'And to-morrow, Claud?'
'To-morrow I run down to Wales, for a little fishing.'

'Give my love to Alice Damer.'
'I am not likely to see her. Good-bye, Gertrude;' and without further adieu the individual addressed as 'Claud' lounged slowly down the stairs and out of the house.

'I cannot understand him,' Gertrude Erle murmured sadly, as she rushed to the balcony for a last view of the riddle, the unpuzzling of which cost her so many heart-burnings and anxious moments.

'If he cared for me, he surely could not speak as he does sometimes; and yet he says he loves me.'

As she leant over the balcony, with her brows knitted in perplexed thought, she looked pretty and graceful enough to justify Claud Wilton's protestations—a tall slight girl, with wild-rose tints in her fair face, and large eyes of liquid brown, and lips slightly apart, with a gleam of white teeth between them. The balcony belonged to a Belgravian mansion, and Gertrude Erle was the only child and heiress of John Erle, of the Erles of Cheshire and reputed a millionaire.

Claud was fairly out of sight, and the girl turned slowly away from her watch-tower, and sat down wearily in the drawing-room.

'Sometimes he can be so nice,' she soliloquised dreamily, her thoughts still running on the man to whom her hand was pledged and her heart freely yielded; and as she thought of his 'niceness,' a soft smile played on her mouth and irradiated her face into perfect beauty; but it was a changeable mobile face, grave and gay, sparkling and drooping by turns, and the radiant smile soon died away, to give place to a troubled expression as she rose and began pacing the room restlessly.

A knock at the door made her pause. 'Mr. Erle wishes to see you, miss;' and she noticed at once that the man, who had been valet to her father for years, wore an anxious look on his features.

She followed him with a sinking heart. She loved her father dearly, and the fear that he was fast ebbing away into the terrible land of shadows pressed heavily on her.

Mr. Erle, propped up on a high heap of pillows, turned a pallid emaciated countenance towards her as she entered; but even through the ravages of illness his face seemed to light up as his haggard eyes fell on Gertrude. It was easy to perceive that she was his all in all.

'No better, papa?' she asked, in a low dreary tone that betokened a sad lack of hope in her heart as to the reply; and, stooping over him, she pressed a kiss on his cheek.

'No better, my child,' Mr. Erle said wistfully, as he saw the great glittering drops on her lashes. 'Sit down, Gertrude; I want to speak to you.'

She obeyed in silence, taking a chair close beside him, and holding his thin nerveless fingers in her own firm clasp, as if to give him strength.

'Is Claud here?'

'No, papa.'

'Is he coming back to-day?'

'I believe not,' she replied quietly, trying to steady her voice. Claud's movements were such a sore subject to her.

'He was not here yesterday, at all, Gertrude?'

'No papa.' How could she answer, save in monosyllables? for she had no excuse to offer for Claud's shortcomings to any one else, although to herself her heart was ready to make plentiful excuses for his conduct.

'I wish you did not care for Claud. If it was Ralph Damer, now, I should die easy,' Mr. Erle cried fractionally.

'Ralph is very nice, but we cannot speak of

him and Claud in the same breath, papa,' the girl remarked proudly, a little hurt that her father should dream of drawing comparisons between the two men.

'As far as good looks are concerned, we certainly cannot. Claud is handsome, but worthless; and Ralph is only passable, but sterling.' 'Don't say that Claud is worthless,' she asked, in soft imploring accents. It wounded her very soul to think that her father condemned Claud—Claud who was to be her husband, and who was her lover.

'Yes, but he is, Gertrude,' the weak voice reiterated, with all the force it could call up; 'Claud Wilton is a spendthrift, and a miser to boot. He loves to enjoy the good things of this life, and yet he would sell his soul for gold, and, when he got it, gloat over it.'

'Surely Claud is not mercenary,' poor Gertrude gasped. The thought that he might be so struck her for the first time, and she shrank from it as if it had been a knife-thrust.

M. Erle turned himself slowly round on his pillows and faced her. Every drop of blood seemed to have deserted his veins, and even his lips were ashen-hued.

'Gertrude,' he whispered in a broken voice, 'call up all the bravery you can; we shall prove whether Claud is mercenary or not, for you and I are beggars.'

She stared at him for a moment, fancying that illness had dazed his brain; but she saw he was sane enough.

She was brave. By a mighty effort she crushed down the shock to her feelings with an almost supernatural calmness, and smiled—yes, smiled—as she passed her hand fondly over the poor wan cheek near her, and said, 'Never mind if we are beggars, so long as you and I are together, papa!'

A feeble, fluttering, almost inaudible term of endearment, was his response. Then father and daughter were silent for a while, mutually struggling to hide their suffering from each other. At last Mr. Erle began, slowly and with difficulty, to explain how it was that Gertrude, the supposed heiress of thousands, should be only a pauper, and on the eve of a life in which her own exertions would have to gain her daily bread.

'My uncle, John Erle, was an eccentric as well as a peculiarly cold man, and to his brother and his two sisters he always maintained a reserve that lasted to the hour of his death. I was the only son of his brother, I was named after him, and credited with being his favourite relative. Of the children of his two sisters he took no notice, and when he died, without leaving a will, I stepped into the property as his natural heir.'

'For twenty years I have believed myself a rich man, and now, at the eleventh hour, when my days are numbered and I must leave you, Gertrude, to fight your way through life alone, I find that I have been the usurper of another man's rights. *The man is Claud Wilton!*'

At the name Gertrude started as if she had been shot, and the excessive pallor that stole over her features argued ill for her faith and trust in her affianced husband.

'There,' Mr. Erle continued, pointing with a trembling finger to a small Japanese cabinet that stood on a table at the foot of the bed, 'is the last will and testament of my uncle, John Erle, bequeathing every penny and all his lands to Louisa Wilton, his sister, and, in case of her death, to her son.'

'How long have you known of this?'

'Since three months.'

'You have known this for three months, papa, and kept poor Claud out of his rights all that time?'

'I have kept silence for your sake, Gertrude. It is better that Claud should know nothing of this till after your marriage to him.'

'What, let him marry me in ignorance of the truth? Never!' she cried vehemently.

'Tell him the truth, and he will never marry you, Gertrude!'

She pressed down her hand on her heart; such a pain thrilled it as she thought these words might be true; but she was young and sanguine, and she loved, and her eyes grew bright like stars as she said,

'I believe in Claud, papa.'

A quick gleam of sarcasm flashed across Mr. Erle's face, but he did not attempt to deride her credulity.

'Shall I tell him, or will you?' she questioned eagerly. She longed to put Claud to the test, and to bring him forth unblemished from the fiery furnace of trial.

'Neither of us at present. You must wait till I am dead, Gertrude, before you say a word to Claud.'

'It will not be honest,' she murmured in a low voice.

'Honest or dishonest, you must promise to obey me, Gertrude,' he said excitedly; and the girl, who had been brought up all her life in habits of strict obedience, was perforce obedient now.

The days wore on, with Mr. Erle lingering between life and death, and Gertrude on the rack.

It was torture to her frank open nature to deceive and to play an unworthy part, before Claud especially. And if he had been really interested in her, he could not have failed to remark her unnatural manner and forced spirits. But Claud was too much engrossed with his own grievances to trouble himself about other people's.

An officer in an expensive regiment, in which his expenditure trebled his receipts, beset by Jewish cormorants as insatiable almost as Shylock himself, and at his wits' ends how to find

the El Dorado that could relieve him, the idea of a marriage with the rich Miss Erle had come like manna in the wilderness. It was the only event that could wrest him from the gulf of trouble and poverty that yawned at his feet. But he looked on it with a distaste that he was barely able to conceal.

Gertrude's grace and beauty were *nil*. If she had worn Medusa's head she would have found equal favour in his sight, for all the heart Claud could boast of, and it was not much, was not hers.

He looked on her as an unpleasant but necessary appendage to the *£ s. d.* that he was in search of, and thus it was that, in spite of a certain amount of love-making which he forced himself to go through, he was minus all those trivial but delicious attentions that only real feeling can prompt.

But Claud was handsome as Antinous, with crisp chestnut curls crowning his head, soft eyes whose iris was of deep violet, and a mouth peerless in shape, though weak as a woman's. And Gertrude was a born artist—a slave to her eye. Claud's face had reached her heart through the medium of her fancy, and she had persuaded herself that he was perfection both inside and out.

It had been a desire of her father's that her engagement should be kept secret. Perhaps Mr. Erle had cherished a notion that some one else, whom he would prefer as a son-in-law, might come forward, believing Gertrude to be free. Claud had willingly assented for reasons of his own; and as for Gertrude herself, so long as Claud was hers in prospective, she was perfectly content to keep the blissful fact locked in her breast for her own especial gratification. So it happened that not even the nearest relatives of the family were cognisant of the matter.

'I wish I was poor, Claud,' Gertrude remarked energetically some days after her father's revelation.

They were together in a *lille-à-lille* that had grown to be a usual occurrence, with Mr. Erle ill up-stairs and no one to disturb them; nevertheless, Claud, as if to put all possible distance that the limits of the room allowed of between them, stood at a window, gazing out vacantly on the empty square, while Gertrude occupied one corner of a capacious lounge.

'Just the wish people always have when they possess money,' he answered curtly, giving the cord of a blind a vicious pull, as though he was in want of a subject to vent his spleen on.

'But I have a very good reason for my wish,' Gertrude asserted gently.

Claud turned a face towards her on which irony could be read.

'My dear Gertrude, a reason could not exist for such a wish; at least not to the thinking of a poor devil like me.'

'Suppose you were wealthy, Claud, and the unwelcome idea came into your head that you were only liked for the sake of your wealth?'

He looked at her askance for an instant, and judged directly that an *arrière pensée* dictated her words.

'It depends,' he remarked diplomatically. 'If I knew that I was young and good looking, I should be vain enough to believe in my own attractions a little.'

'Ah!' and a cloud that had shadowed Gertrude's fair face cleared off like mist before sunshine. She rose and walked up to him, and slid her arm through his.

He let her do it, but there was no pressure or appreciative sign of any kind on his part, lover though he was supposed to be.

'Claud, if I *was* poor, would you care for me all the same?' she asked him with yearning eyes.

He knew the talk was all folly, for she was undoubtedly Miss Erle, with more money than he could count at her back.

'Thank you, Gertrude,' he said reproachfully, 'for thinking me such an interested individual.'

'I did not mean that, Claud;' and she clung closer to his arm. 'Only it would make me so happy to hear you say that, rich or poor, you would care for me all the same,' she pleaded.

'Of course I should love you all the same,' he replied; but in spite of him a red flush mounted to his forehead at the falsehood. 'But if you were poor, I could not marry you; for Cupid and starvation don't agree well together, Gertrude; and neither of us is fit for love in a cottage, and all that sort of thing, I fancy.'

A speech that would have chilled any one; and it had its due effect on her, for she bent over a geranium plant on pretence of plucking a dead leaf to hide a quiver on her mouth, while a shiver ran through her frame, although the thermometer was at seventy-five. Then she glanced up at the handsome face near her, at the almond-shaped deep violet eyes, and the perfectly chiselled lips; her idolatry of beauty returned in full force, and she felt that castle or cottage with him would be alike to her.

'Could you be a Lord of Burleigh, Claud?' she asked, with a shy smile, hoping, longing for him to turn and take her in his arms, and swear all manner of tender things if he were but rich and she was poor.

'Lord of Burleigh, Gertrude! By Jove! I have been a pauper so long that riches would turn my brain, and I should be sorry to answer for my actions under such circumstances,' he laughed out harshly.

She did not say a word. The harsh laugh, the unpleasant sentiment jarred upon her. All she wished was that she could then and there tell him everything and give him his freedom. That that freedom would be accepted she had no doubt.

Claud could not help but notice the shadows that had gathered more thickly over her usually sunny face. He knew he had given a long rein to his tongue. His pace might be dangerous, he thought, with a disastrous result; and he pulled himself up with a jerk, to say, with an arm thrown round her waist:

'Do not let us lose time in foolish talk, Gertrude. I have to leave you in a few days.'

'Going away again?' she exclaimed in surprise. Claud's migratory powers were evidently on the increase, and he seemed always on the wing.

'I promised a man a visit. I would not go, but I cannot help myself,' he replied with an air of martyrdom.

A little weariness of these enforced absences crossed Gertrude's mind, and ruffled the serenity of her temper.

'You are not obliged to go if you do not like, I presume,' she said coldly, with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

He glanced at her. His tassel gentle was getting restive, and he must tame her, and make her settle down firm in his grasp by a few loving phrases.

He bent down, and looked in her face until she could see herself mirrored in the blue depths of his eyes; under the glamour of those beautiful blue depths her wrath melted away into thin air.

'You know I hate leaving you, Gertrude. Don't you believe that I do, dearest?'

The expression of the eyes, the tone of the voice, the term of affection, were all sham; but Gertrude did not dream it.

'O Claud, you make me so happy sometimes,' she murmured, with a hot blush that she hid on his shoulder.

'Do you love me very much, my own?' he asked in well-feigned accents of tenderness.

'So much that it would break my heart to part from you!' she cried passionately.

'And so it would mine!' he answered fervently; 'or, rather, it would be torn to pieces in the clutches of those grasping Israelites, he ejaculated inwardly.'

(To be continued.)

HUMOUROUS.

'OH, my friends,' exclaimed an orator, 'that I had a window in my heart, that you might all look in and see the truth of what I tell you!' 'Wouldn't a pain in your stomach do just as well?' asked a small boy.

It has been decided by a Kansas judge that a man and wife can go to a circus on a ticket that says 'admit one'—as by a law they are considered 'one.' This introduces a pecuniary consideration into the question of woman's rights which may silence even Susan B. Anthony.

WHEN a boy has been off all day, contrary to the expressed wish of his mother, and on approaching the homestead at night, with an anxious and cautious tread, finds company at tea, the expression of confidence and rectitude which lights up his face cannot be reproduced on canvas.

SOME gentlemen were standing recently at a street corner when a little girl approached and rattled off her lines in quest of a dime. 'Are you an orphan?' asked one of them; 'we are only interested in orphans.' 'No Sir,' replied the little parrot, 'thrown on her own resources to amplify her part, "we are too poor to be orphans." The maladroitness of this explanation was too much. She got a dime from each member of the party.'

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

It is reported that the King of Spain has decided to join the Northern army again.

Symptoms of epizootic have made their appearance in Boston.

Further trouble between the whites and negroes is expected in Georgia.

Everything is quiet at Fall River, and the operatives are returning to work.

Nine hundred soldiers sailed from Barcelona for Cuba and three thousand more are now embarking for the same destination.

Fighting still continues around San Sebastian, Spain. It is reported that the forts of San Sebastian have silenced the Carlist batteries.

The Philadelphia Press believes it to be 'sadly probable' that Charley Ross is dead, 'murdered directly by violence or indirectly by cruel treatment by his captors.'

The Ecclesiastical Court at Berlin has deposed the Bishop of Breslau.

War has commenced at Cape Palmas between Liberia and the Aborigines, under command of several educated natives. There was some fighting on the 7th September in which fifty were killed and wounded. The Liberian Government has despatched troops from Monrovia to the scene of action, and a great battle is expected.

The Ultramontane party has introduced an address in the Bavarian Chamber, calling for the dismissal of the present ministry.

Owing to popular outcry, the Admiralty have suspended the circular of July 31st ordering the surrender of fugitive slaves found on board British vessels.

It is asserted that Mr. Cushing, the American Minister at Madrid, has presented a note relating to the jurisdiction of Courts-Martial over citizens of the United States in Cuba.

A despatch says it is officially announced that Burmah has unconditionally agreed to allow the passage of an escort of British troops through Burmah to Yunnan, if another expedition is necessary.

In England the foot and mouth disease is still raging among the cattle, and shows little signs of abating.

The public debt statement of the United States shows a reduction of \$3,342,562 during the past month.

It is officially announced that the Carlist General Serralls has entered France.

China and Burmah have formed an alliance both defensive and offensive. Mr. Wade, the British Minister, has not yet left Peking. It is reported that Lord Napier has resigned the command of the Indian Army.

Negotiations pending between Holland and Venezuela have reached no satisfactory result. A note which is believed to be very important to the maintenance of amicable relations has been handed to the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The Porte has issued a liberal decree, in which part of the taxes of the farmers are commuted. It also provides that the suggestion of an assembly of delegates, to be elected by the people, will be received by the Porte, and influence its decisions.

The court martial on the loss of the Vanguard has severely reprimanded and dismissed Captain Dawkins, her commander. Two other officers were censured. The officers of the Iron Duke will probably be court-martialled for running down the Vanguard.

THE GLEANER.

THE last surviving child of John C. Calhoun, the South Carolina statesman, died recently in that State.

A FRENCHMAN professes to have discovered evidence in Pekin to prove that the Chinese discovered American in the sixth century.

PROF. AGASSIZ's natural history school on Penikese Island has been completely abandoned, all the furniture and aquariums having been sold at auction on Thursday.

THE authorities of Richmond Va., have extended the hospitalities of the city to the widow and daughter of Stonewall Jackson for the 26th, when the statue will be unveiled.

THE Empress Josephine's residence near Paris, known as Malmaison, is about to be sold under the hammer. Napoleon III was said to have purchased the estate during his reign and restored it to the condition it was in when occupied by Josephine.

MR. WALTER, a Cincinnati scientist, has allowed himself to be stung once a day for three weeks by bees to ascertain the effect. He says after about the tenth time the pain and swelling were slight, the body seeming to become inoculated with the poison.

A WORKINGMEN'S excursion from England to America next year is proposed, leaving Liverpool early in June, visiting New York, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, Niagara Falls, and the chief cities of Canada, and embarking at Quebec for Europe about the middle of August.

THEODORE TILTON went to the Parker House in Boston on Friday of last week (which was his fortieth birthday and the twentieth anniversary of his marriage as well), and occupied, by a singular coincidence, the same room in which he was installed on his wedding day twenty years before.

GENERAL Joseph E. Johnston has at last put an end to that story about himself and the Khedive's army. He writes to a friend: "I am very sorry to say that the Khedive has not made me the magnificent offers reported by some Southern editors, nor do I know if he is still appointing Americans in his army."

EX-PRESIDENT JOHNSON during his life received a twig taken from the willow which bends over the grave of Napoleon Bonaparte on St. Helena, which he planted in the garden of his late residence, and which has now grown to a stately tree. A twig from this tree will be planted over the grave of Mr. Johnson, on Johnson's Hill.

THE means of boring through the mountains have been greatly perfected of late years. The boring of the Mount Ceniz Tunnel advanced at the stage of four yards a day; that of the St. Gothard now goes on at about ten yards daily, and will be completed, according to contract, by the 23rd of August 1880. The total length of the St. Gothard Tunnel will be 13,044 yards.

THE fourth centennial anniversary of the battle of Morat, in which Charles the Bold lost his life, is to be celebrated on the 22nd of June 1876, by the Swiss, the Alsatians, and the Suabians. A procession is to revive the costumes and arms of the period, displaying on the field of battle itself the banners of the towns, districts, abbeys and corporations which took part in the engagement.

EMIGRATION is diminishing from Scotland, as well as from England and Ireland. In the seven months ending the 31st ult., the number of emigrants who set sail from the ports on the Clyde was 12,250, as against 17,500 in the same period of 1874. The falling off is mainly in the Canadian and United States traffic, the sailing to New Zealand and Australia being very similar to those of last year.

AT the funeral of his favorite daughter the Khedive distributed among the crowd 450,000 pieces of silver coin, from one to five piastres each. Upon the lid of the coffin the jewelry of the deceased, valued at 3,000,000 florins, was exhibited. Twenty-four buffaloes were killed by the priests before the Mosque Rilah at Cairo, roasted and eaten, and then 3,000 priests said prayers by the tomb for seven days.

MR. J. R. NEULANDS recommends that each large passenger ship should carry a small but powerful steam-launch, to go a few hundred yards ahead of it in foggy weather, after the fashion of a pilot engine on railways. The launch is to be connected with the vessel by a rope and a telegraphic wire, so that signals may be interchanged as necessary. It is to be provided also with very powerful fog-horns and lights; and, above all, these precautions are not to exonerate those aboard the larger vessel from taking the ordinary steps to avoid collision and other dangers.

DID it ever strike you how characteristic of each nation are its forms of salutation? The Italian says, "Come sta!" and "Come va?"—"How do you stand?" and "How do you go?"—because you stand?" and "How do you go?"—because you stand naturally, when an Italian is well, he stands easily and moves easily. The French says, "Comment vous portez-vous?"—"How do you carry yourself?"—for a Frenchman always wishes to make an appearance and an impression through his deportment. The English, who are essentially an active and doing people, engaged in business and always at work, says, "How do you do?" while the German, who is generally wandering in a maze, and whose intellectual tendencies are vague and metaphysical, asks, "Wie befinden Sie sich?"—"How do you find yourself?"

ROUND THE DOMINION.

Josh Billings lectured in Montreal last week. A new seam of coal has been discovered in Cape Breton.

The new Knox college was opened in Toronto on the 6th.

Jacques Cartier Bank bills are now being taken at par in Montreal.

The people of Windsor are banishing American silver from that town.

The 28th of October will be Thanksgiving day in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Nearly 85 miles of one of the sections to Manitoba of the Pacific Railway are graded.

It has been found necessary to reduce the time of the employees of the Grand Trunk to four days a week.

The fifth daughter of Sir Hugh Allan was married, on the 6th, to Mr. Alfred White, of Quebec.

The late gale that visited the Maritime Provinces did considerable damage on the Newfoundland coast.

The annual Convention of the Provincial Association of Protestant teachers was held, last week, at Quebec.

All the Judges of the Supreme Court will be required to reside permanently within six miles of the Capital of the Dominion.

The Government decline to concede the request of the people of Winnipeg in reference to the Red River crossing of the Pembina Branch.

The British and British American Orders of Good Templars have united. The name of the new Society is "The United Temperance Order."

Distress is looked for among the fishing population of Newfoundland during the coming winter, on account of the small yield from the fisheries.

Several steamboats and other craft, in Ontario, have already gone into winter quarters, and have had their hands discharged, owing to the dullness in the business generally.

The disappearance of Mr. Hoskin, night editor of the Toronto Mail is causing considerable commotion in Toronto. His body has been found drowned in the bay.

Some rascals in the West have been resorting to the trick of changing the figures on Dominion Bank bills from ones to fours. The fraud is easily detected, as there are no Dominion Bank four dollar bills.

The opening of the Port Dover and Lake Huron Railway to Woodstock was duly celebrated in the latter place on the 6th. Hon. Mr. Mowat and several leading public and railway men were present at the demonstration.

Small meetings have been held in Manitoba, and annexation to the United States proposed because the Federal Government have refused the request of the people of Winnipeg in reference to the Red River crossing of the Pacific Railway.

FOOT NOTES.

THE Queen has presented Mrs. Kingsley, wife of the late Canon Kingsley, with the use of a handsome suite of apartments in Hampton Court Palace.

FRANCIS DEAK, who was at one time so seriously ill, has so far recovered as to be able to resume his seat in the Hungarian Parliament, and to take part in the debates.

THE death is announced at Vernon of the inventor of the apparatus commonly known as the siphon, by which aerated waters are so easily used. He had acquired a large fortune.

THE Empress Eugenie is said to have recently asked Marshal MacMahon to be allowed to pass twenty-four hours at Paris in the strictest *incognito*. She is said to have received a categorical refusal.

BISHOP DUPANLOUP, who, after the election of M. Littré, to the French Academy, declared that he would no longer remain a member of it, has resumed his attendance at its sittings and will take part in the election of a successor to Mr. Guizot.

FIVE years ago Conductor McKinney of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad was given a thousand-dollar bill by a sleepy passenger for fare. He took it into the baggage car to change it, and upon returning the passenger denied having given it to him, claiming to have handed him a ticket. McKinney put the money in a savings bank, where it still remains. The story has often been told in newspapers, yet no claimant has been discovered.

AN extraordinary event occurred the other day to a dweller in the Rue Audrau in Paris. For the last fourteen years a woman living in that street has been believed to be a sufferer from dropsy. She has had all the symptoms of that disease, besides the extraordinary swelling or inflation of the body. A few weeks since she went to Burgundy to make a visit, and while there she felt indisposed. At the end of a few days she experienced the pangs of child birth, and gave birth to a dead child. The child was of the ordinary size, but its teeth and nails were full grown. The body has been sent to the Academy of Sciences. This birth, after a fourteen years period of gestation, is not unparalleled in France. In 1822 a lady died at Pas de Calais, who had believed herself to be affected with dropsy for seven years. An inquest was held, and the body of a child, completely ossified was discovered.

HEARTH AND HOME.

OCCUPATION FOR CHILDREN.—The habits of children prove that occupation is a necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. "Idleness is the mother of mischief." Children should be taught to be as independent of the services of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befall them.

WOMAN.—Shrink not from a woman of strong sense; for if she becomes attached to you, it is from seeing and reviewing different qualities to yourself; you may trust her, for she knows the value of your confidence; you may consult her, for she is able to advise, and does so at once, with the firmness of reason and the consideration of affection; her love is lasting, and it will not have been lightly won; for weak minds are not capable of the loftiest grades of passion.

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.—How calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself; and contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension; having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, and envious regret.

LIFE IS SHORT.—Such is the complaint of almost all men who consider existence in reference to the use they do make of it, and not to that which they ought to make. It is indeed short, if it be only computed by its agreeable moments. If all the hours passed in pleasure were collected together, a life of a great number of years would scarcely furnish one of a few weeks. The reason why life is short is that we either employ it in doing nothing, or in doing what we ought not to do. On this head there is an admirable maxim—"Would you live long, live well."

WOMAN'S CHEERFULNESS.—Concerning nothing do we come to more false conclusions, and make more false steps, than concerning woman's cheerfulness. Ah! how many women are there who pine unknown, despond smiling, and wither jesting; who, with bright, joyous eyes, flee into a corner, as if behind a fan, that they may right gladly break out into tears which oppress them; who pay for a day of smiles by a night of tears—just as an unusually transparent, clear, and mistless day surely foretells rain.

SINCERITY is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument of the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings them to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling on a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted, perhaps, when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE STRONGEST KIND OF A HINT.—A young lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings would go on his little finger.

AN Aberdeen girl supposes that the reason she has never kindled a flame in any man's heart is because she is not a good match.

A YOUNG man boasted that he had a well-stored mind, whereupon a young lady murmured, "What a pity we can't find out where he's stored it!"

"MINNIE, I'm in such a quandary; for if I turn my back on Charley he becomes offended at once, and if I don't, he can't see my new buckle. What shall I do?"

"THE first step toward wealth," says an exchange, "is the choice of a good wife." And the first step toward securing a wife is the possession of good wealth.

A PAIR of stairs that ordinarily are as solid as a rock will straddle in the joints and creak and crack together with all the fervor of a thunder clap when a husband attempts to climb them noiselessly late at night.

She used to keep bits of broken china and crockery piled up in a convenient corner of the closet, and when asked her reason for preserving such domestic lumber, she shot a lurid glance at her husband, and merely remarked: "He knows what them's for."

AN old bachelor, upon reading that "two lovers will sit up half the night with only one chair in the room," said it couldn't be done unless one of them stands or sit on the floor. And such painful ignorance pretty plainly indicates that he has never been there.

TOO GOOD-LOOKING.—A young married lady being applied to for a situation by a servant-girl, she asked, "Why did you leave your last place?"—"Why, you see, ma'am," replied the girl, "I was too good-looking, and when I opened the door the gentlemen always took me for the missis."

VARIETIES.

LAST year 1,746 wives and 4,492 children of British soldiers were compelled to petition the State for bread.

GOLD garter buckles, upon which there is a delicate spray of flowers, in stones of suitable colour, or the owner's monogram, is the latest in that line.

THE Czar Alexander has presented Marshal MacMahon with a chest of magnificent tea imported from China, by way of Siberia, and which cost 200fr. per pound.

TWENTY cigars a head is the number annually manufactured for every man, woman, and child in the United States. Forty years ago two was the allowance.

TWO antique chairs, one formerly in the possession of Louis XVI., and the other brought from Venice in the seventeenth century, were sold at Boston, lately, the former for \$13.50 and the latter for \$17.50.

M. THIERS has had the way made smooth for him in front of his residence in Paris. Lest the noise of passing cabs should disturb his venerable slumbers, the municipality have had the rough stone pavement removed and smooth cement put in its place.

JOHANNA VON BISMARCK, who is to marry the Count Wend von Eulenburg, is her father's favorite child. She is described as retaining—although twenty-eight years old—her "lofty, elastic bearing," and as indicating on her pale, passive countenance "a grave, deep feeling of interior life."

THE French connoisseurs maintain that an English dinner is positively indecent and immoral. A huge chunk of bloody roast beef, carved by a lank, lynx-eyed Englishman, a mass of plum pudding, solid enough to mow down a regiment, form a spectacle, they say, to frighten the gods, and one which suggests the shambles.

A sample of condensed milk, weighing about one cwt., has been exhibited at the rooms of the Society of Arts, and an interesting experiment made thereon. This mammoth piece of solidified fluid was prepared by Hooker's process. It had been exposed to the action of the air for four years and three months, yet its quality was still so excellent that in a few minutes it was resolved, by churning, into good fresh butter.

FREE morals are on the increase in Berlin. In 1857 the number of women placed under the supervision of the police was 11,379; in 1869 this number had risen to 23,466, and in 1870 to 73,706—shame, poverty, misery, and finally death being the fate of these unfortunates. Out of every ten marriages nowadays a divorce takes place; while money is the great ruling power, and greed and fan are the two objective points of Berlin ambition. Such are the ethics governing the new German empire, according to slightly jealous Bavarian philosophers.

AN extraordinary instance of the remarkable productive qualities of some of the American varieties of potatoes has just occurred in the gardens at Capesthorpe, the seat of Mr. William Bromley-Davenport, M.P. One pound of Snow-flake has produced 638lbs., and one pound of Eureka 1,082lbs. This is the greatest weight recorded as having been grown from one pound of seed, and exceeds by 64lbs. the greatest grown by the Americans in their great potato trial of last year, when Mr. H. C. Pearson, of Pitcairn, N. Y., headed the list with 1,018lbs.

ARTISTIC.

THERE are 400 drawing schools in the little kingdom of Wurtemberg.

CONSTANT MAYER, the artist, has a new picture called "The Song of the Shirt."

THE fund for an equestrian statue of Gen. Lee at Richmond now amounts to \$20,000.

A memorial window to Bishop Berkeley in the new chapel at Yale College is being discussed.

MISS THOMPSON, the painter, is going to India. She intends painting pictures in commemoration of the mutiny on the spot where the scenes occurred.

DORÉ's labour is incessant. He is now engaged in sketching another mighty picture of a Scriptural subject, intended for next year's Paris Exhibition.

GALLI's bust of Michel Angelo, unveiled during the solemnity of the great Centennial celebration in Florence, was highly praised by the many thousands present.

ERNEST LONGFELLOW, the eldest son of the poet, is about to publish a number of etchings of remarkable American scenes, and his father contributes to the volume verses descriptive of each.

THE marble monument over the grave of Edgar A. Poe in Westminster churchyard, Baltimore, and was erected last Friday. It stands some 16 feet high and has a bas-relief medallion of the poet.

PROFESSOR JACOMETTI, director of the Vatican museum, some time ago made a life-size bust of the Pope, and it is now on exhibition in Philadelphia. The bust is so tinted that it bears a close resemblance to flesh and seems to present the Pope in his own person.

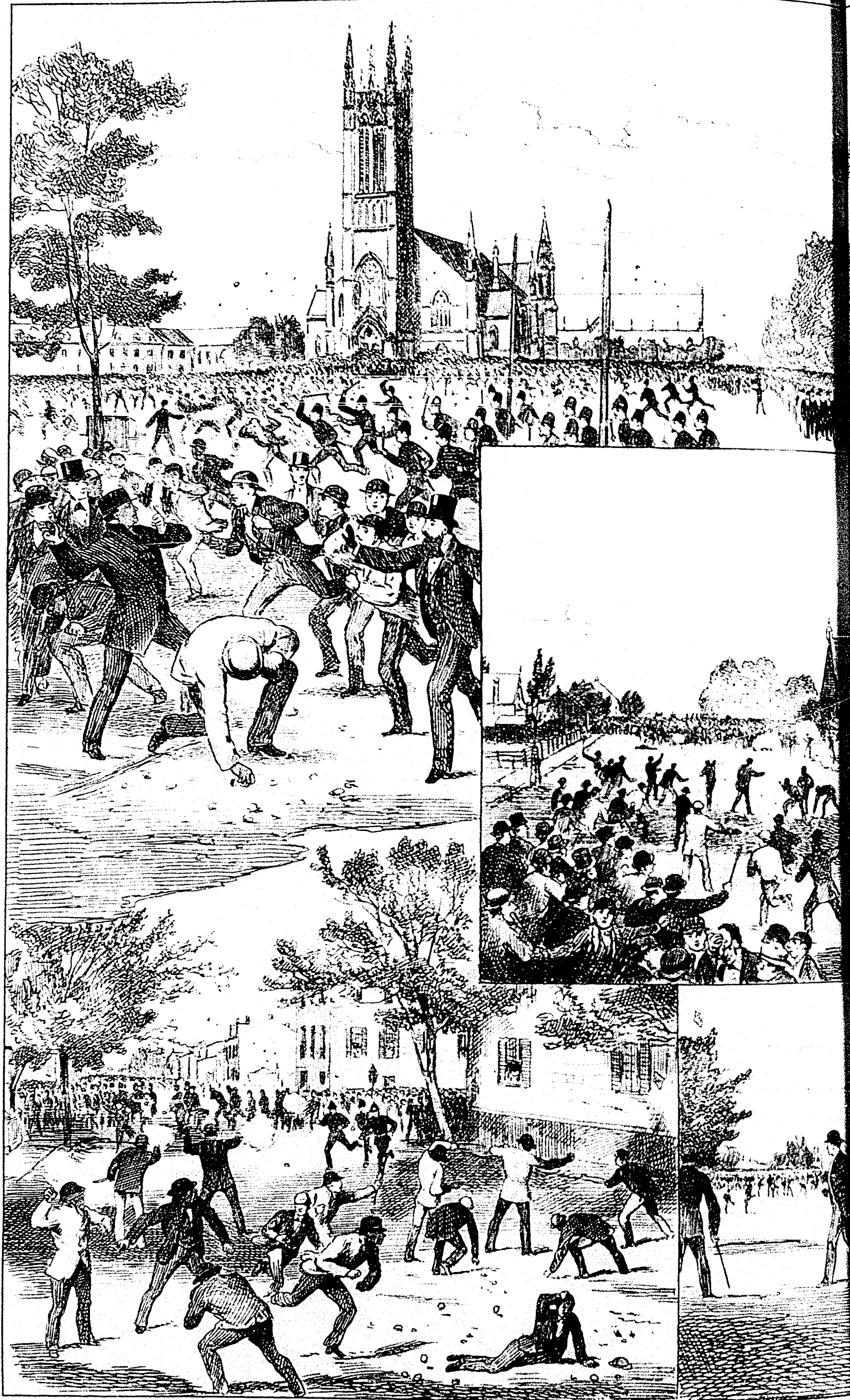
THE monument which is being erected at the School of Fine Arts to the memory of Henri Regnault, the young painter who was killed during the siege of Paris, was solemnly inaugurated on the 4th of October, in presence of Marshal MacMahon and M. Wallon, Minister of Public Instruction.

It is announced that the discovery of an authentic portrait of Joan of Arc, by the Scotch painter Power, has been made by a Parisian amateur. A commission has been named by the Minister of Fine Arts, in order to examine the portrait, which, if genuine, as stated, will be immediately acquired by the Louvre Museum, and will occupy an important place in its galleries.

DOMESTIC.

BOILING FISH.—Fish is exceedingly insipid if sufficient salt is not mixed with the water in which it is boiled; about four ounces to one gallon of water is enough for small fish in general; an additional ounce, or even more, will not be too much for codfish, lobsters, &c.; and salmon requires eight ounces. To render the boiled fish firm, add a little salt-petre to the salt: a quarter of an ounce is sufficient for one gallon.

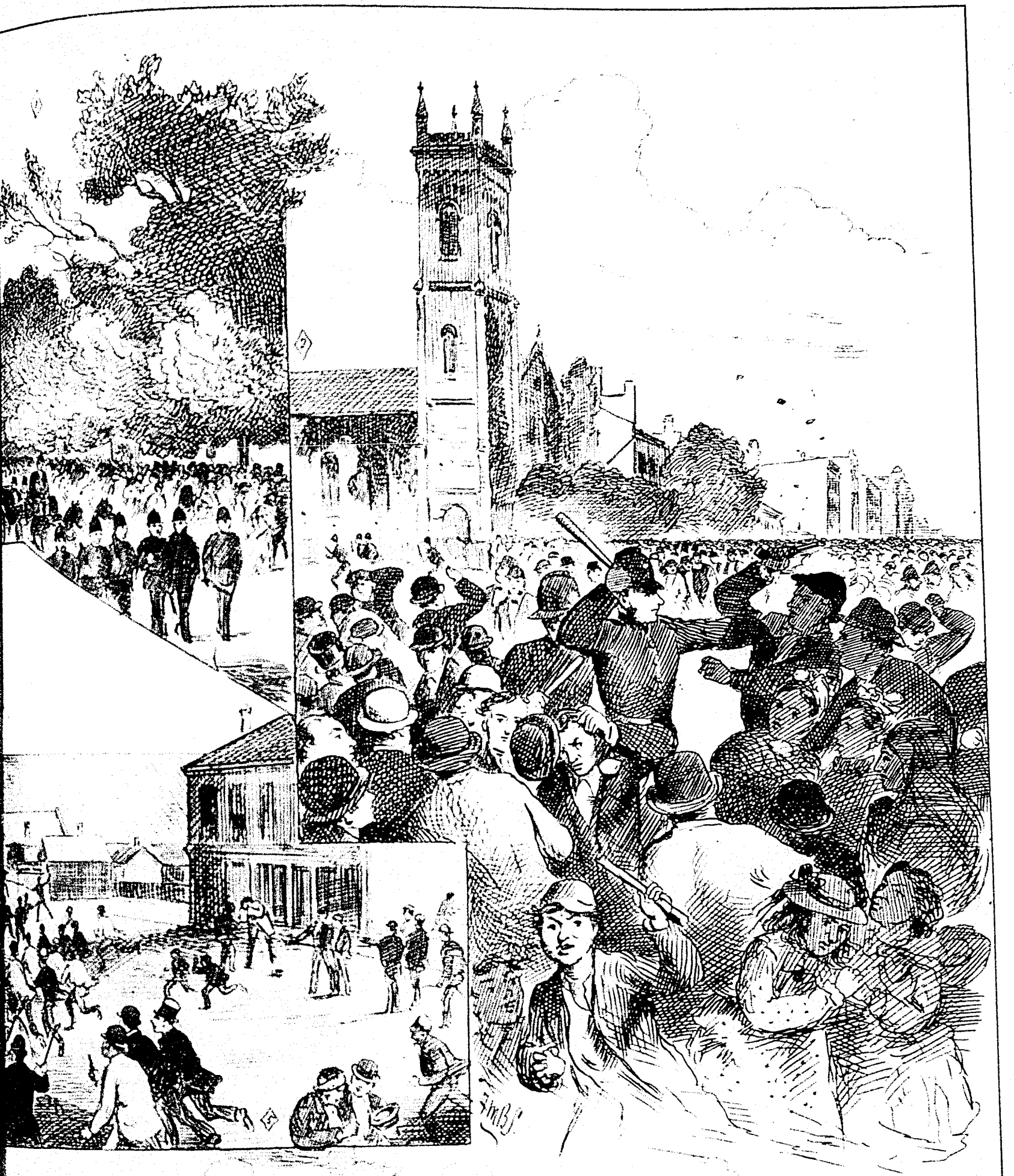
POTATO CUTLETS WITH TOMATOES.—Cut some small slices of cold mutton; spread mashed potatoes nicely flavoured with pepper and salt on each side of them, and fry a nice light brown. Then take some ripe tomatoes; remove their skins by plunging into boiling water, when the skins will become loose, and peel off easily; stew the tomatoes in a small saucepan, and break into them one or two eggs—one egg to four large tomatoes—stirring the mixture well round until it is of the consistency of scrambled eggs. Pile up the tomatoes in the centre of the dish, arranging the potato cutlets around it. These should be of a golden brown colour, and the tomatoes of a bright pink.



CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 16TH OCTOBER, 1875.

1. Magill Square: the Police repelling the attack on the procession. 2. Corner Simcoe and Adelaide Streets. 3. At St. James' Church. 4. Corner Simcoe and Adelaide Streets. 5. At St. James' Church.

TORONTO, THE RIOTS OF



Adelaide and Bay Streets; Police arresting roughs. — 3. The Military on King Street.
Mary's, Bathurst Street. The hottest encounter of the day.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3RD, 1875.

JOCKIE.

Jockie he had choose a wife,
Puir Jockie!
For he lo'ed na' single life.
Puir Jockie.
Jockie's friends said, 'Jockie's daft';
Jockie's faes said, 'Jockie's saft';
Puir Jockie!

'Bide a wee then, bide a wee.'
Said Jockie.
'Till ye see wha'll marry me.'
Said Jockie.
'Wha will marry me?' he cried;
I will, mony a lass replied;
Puir Jockie!

But there was a lassie sweet
For Jockie;
Silent she did sairly greet
For Jockie;
Jockie thanked the lassies a',
This sweet lass wad ne'er say 'Na'
To Jockie.

GORDON CAMPBELL.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

WALTER PENWELL'S PROGRESS.

CHAPTER I.

"Against its fountain upward runs
The current of my days."
Tennyson.

There used to be a trick we played at school by which some ingenious youth would make your name stand out on an innocent sheet of white paper, by merely striking it with his cap. I wonder if they play that trick now? I should like to think that other fellows were sitting on the same old benches and playing the same harmless pranks; and how great a pride I would feel if they noticed our names, names that I and dear old friends (not too old yet, and, *Laus Deo*, friends still), carved in conspicuous places in the school entries. Well, that easy magic of childhood that I have mentioned is daily surpassed by things as innocent and trivial as a sheet of paper.

Pull open any little drawer into which you have crammed odds and ends, (every one has such a receptacle), and take out anything at random, and, perchance, you may perform a miracle of memory at once; and, as Signor Blitz pulls out miles of ribbon and sparks of fire from his capacious mouth, perhaps you too pull out a history of years back, with all the griefs, joys, struggles, all the record of duties done, and successes won, of failures buried out of sight; and all of this written in some strange fashion on a card or a proof sheet or some trifle of a moment's enjoyment.

Such a trick I have just performed. I have accidentally recalled the record of some few years back, and read it all over without any aid from manuscript, in a very short time, with no pang of remorse or regret and with a half humorous feeling, though there are sins to be atoned and mistakes to be lamented and jealousy and anger in the story; also, thank Heaven! there are honest friendship, and faithful love, and manly devotion to duty, and tenderest regard for social and domestic relations.

'Tis the proof sheet of a copy of verses that I have been turning over, four or five little stanzas as with a flavor of Tennyson in them, addressed to a young lady who shall be nameless as yet. As I turn the proof and note the marks on it, my mind goes back, ('tis but a little way), to a period of pleasure and youth, and I seem to see a fair haired little fellow with flushed face leaning over an office table, contemplating this very proof sheet, and appealing to me to say what I thought about it. The little fellow was Walter Penwell, and I was putting his verses in print. In the columns of the *Wharftown Daily Expositor*. They were among his earliest published efforts, these verses, and he was very anxious to know if I didn't think they were rather good. Yes, of course I thought they were good; otherwise, my dear fellow, do you think we would give them a place in our columns? But which verse did I think was the best? Well, I thought the verse which described the effect of "her song" on Penwell's "soul" was about the best; and then Master Penwell turned on me to say that that was just the worst one of the lot, and that he was just on the point of correcting a lameness in one of the lines. Persons who talk to very young poets should be very careful of particularizing.

Oh Penwell! Penwell! I think to myself now, with a chuckle, what a goose you were! What geese we all are! That girl you were pulling your flaxen hair out for is now married to a man who revels in the intellectual delights of wholesale groceries! I saw her a few days ago wiping the nose of a little boy who was wriggling under the operation, as if he were having a tooth pulled, and I couldn't help laughing to think of the Tennysonian echoes you used to wake for her in the old days, when you actually used to want to

"Waste your whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

Do you keep those old poems yet? I suspect you do. I suspect that you have utilized them for other girls as long as she was—in loves as short as that was. If girls could summon up courage enough to meet occasionally and retail, in confidence, for mutual protection, the remarks tending towards sentiment which young men have made to them, they would find, I regret to say that the same compliment and the same couplet, the same tender glance and sigh, and the same half melancholy confidence had been made to do duty by the same rascal on the half of them. On the other hand, the converse of this proposition is, most certainly, equally true. So, we are all even; and the social relations between young people are a sort of game in which skill, not honesty, is the means of success.

I wonder what your wife would say, Penwell, I think, if I should send her this little souvenir

of dear Walter's more youthful days, with that playful humor for which I am so remarkable? Do you think I should be welcome in to tea afterwards? I am afraid that you would consider me a low fellow, and that your wife would think my sarcasm was very rude, instead of "so amusing," and that I wrote very sad stuff for the papers, and in fine was not a good companion for you, my poor fellow. I am afraid you would not find the evening very pleasant, that your curtain lecture would be a very serious one, and that your sleep would be disturbed by visions of furies dancing upon grocers' wives and scattering proof-sheets to the winds. So on mature reflection I will not send your wife these verses. I will put them in the stove. They will burn brightly for a little time like your old flame, my boy, and end in smoke and little ashes like that same short conflagration. But though I will not say much to you, I will not let the reader off so easily. The fit is on me, and I am going to tell a little story of my good friend whom I know and love so well, and whose progress I have watched with so much of hearty satisfaction. If a race of thankless creatures have not been as much won by my efforts as his, shall I sneer at him and call him over-rated? No, I wrap myself in my virtue and let fortune flap her light wings off to Penwell. I shall be my friend's biographer. I will write his life, sure that he will not want to take mine after reading it. If he recognizes the picture he will not recoil from it. If he detects the hand that wrote it, he will find it the hand of a friend.

It was in the ancient city of Wharftown that Penwell began his career. Wharftown is the capital city of the most distinguished, healthy, safe and proud of the Maritime Provinces. It was, at the date of this story, something like one hundred and eighteen years old, and was proud of its great age and its small population. It had something like thirty thousand people, and had grown so accustomed to having just about that number, that its chief citizens considered thirty thousand the most that Providence ever intended a city to have; and looked upon all places which contained more than that number as predestined to destruction. Citizens of Wharftown who had visited Montreal looked upon its large population as the result of a combination between the Evil Person and the Jesuits; and those who had penetrated as far as Chicago shuddered at it as a monstrous mushroom excrement, and confidently expected it to be swallowed up in some penal convulsion of nature. Every year the citizens celebrated the anniversary of the city's foundation, and praised the combination of men and things which have placed the city where it was and enabled it to keep its thirty thousand without exceeding it. All the decent people of Wharftown were old. Young men were barely tolerated, young women were only looked upon as marriagable about thirty, and no man was considered as rising till he had lost his eyesight, had become a little bald, and had bidden a tender farewell to the sight of his knees when standing. Still there were some advantages in the city. The public schools were splendid. The newspapers were rather elegantly and forcibly written. The business men were fairly sound. The banks never failed. The musical taste of the citizens was good. There were at least three literary men of note in the community, a novelist, a traveller, and a man of science. The military yet lingered in the place and gave an air of brightness and cheerfulness to the streets. There were some lecturers of ability; one of them, the most eloquent of all, sleeps now amid the vines of Southern France, whether he had gone for a long grasp at health and life. And then the breezes came in from the sea; oh! so freshly in summer, making music among the tasselled pines! Oh! so bravely in the ruddy winter-time, rattling its frost hardened and cracking branches; at all times developing the poetical faculties of the frequenters of the noble promontory whose uttermost point took the waves of the mighty Atlantic. Do you remember Robert Browning's poem "A Guardian Angel, a Picture at Fano"? It concludes with an outreaching of the soul of the poet after the friend of his youth.

"Where are you, dear old friend?
How rolls the Wairoa at your world's far end.
There is Ancona. Yonder is the sea."

Often and often I have repeated these lines to myself when far away from my old home, and, after months of absence, would yearn for just one glimpse of the blue waters that reached out to the descending heavens in the distance, and for the voices of the good friends who walked with me always down by the margin of the sea. Not so bad a city to live in was Wharftown, and not so inopportune a place for the opening of this little story.

When Penwell and I renewed the acquaintance that had been slight at school, I was on the point of closing my studies for the bar, the worst and most disturbing profession that a young man without a fortune can embark in. He was still an inmate of what was, by courtesy, called a "college," and which was in reality only an inferior high school with a limited staff, a limited income and the most limited amount of usefulness that ever a one-horse college in Canada possessed. We met each other in this way. I was walking with a friend who, for his horribly critical qualities, was called Fadhaddeen (after the critic in Moore's poem, whose name I do not vouch for as being properly spelled, it is so long since I met him), and whose real name was Tom Lawrence. We met a little fellow, with a frank bright face, a stoop in his shoulder, and yellow hair. He had a book in his pocket which he concealed with his left hand.

"Do you see this little chap?" said Lawrence. "When he gets a little older he is going to pass us. When he gets the conceit knocked out of him by a little rubbing with the world, he will prove no end clever, provided he keeps straight and sticks to his books. He writes very well, has a happy knack of satire, and writes a good leader when some one is at hand to keep him

from poetical quotation. I have seen some of his stuff and it is no disgrace to him."

Coming from Lawrence this was high praise, and I made him introduce me to Penwell. He was shy at first, and would not talk much though the subject was politics and I was connected with journals, an honor to which Penwell aspired.

A general election had just taken place, and the Conservative party had carried Wharftown, after a very lively contest, during which not a reputation on either side had been left unsoiled, half a dozen respectable men had been proved arrant hypocrites and liars, and a legion of evil passions let loose in the sacred name of Country.

"It's a great victory for the Conservatives," said Lawrence, as we came home together, "for the Liberals did all they could to carry the metropolis, for the sake of the effect on the rest of the country."

"Yes," said Penwell, "but what are your Conservatives going to conserve? There is n't any established Church. There is n't any peerage to protect. There is n't any political tradition of any consequence to maintain. And we have not any game laws to speak of."

"Young man," said Lawrence, "I perceive that your fate is to be shot for Communism; you are a budding revolutionist! You doubt the merits of the greatest political party that has ever held power in Canada."

"Yes," said Penwell, "it has kept power, and that is the highest tribute to its tact, its strength, its ability and usefulness. But all that does n't alter the fact that its title is a misnomer. I think the chief distinction of parties in this country consists in the fact that one is 'in' and another 'out.' The Conservatives conserve what they have. The Liberals are liberal of what they want to have."

"You are very free of your criticisms on party lines that have been clear for a quarter of a century, my boy; and party lines and cries that lasted so long have more difference in them than you think. You are like the people who sneer at the trappings of cavalry men and hussars as useless, though to the experienced eye every button has its use and every strap its history."

"The party I want to see," said Penwell, "is the Whig party of Anne's time. Somers and Montague were the men who knew how to appreciate young men; they gave Addison a pension and made Steele, later, a Commissioner; and they retained all the rising talent of the country in their service. The Conservative party here rather neglects its young men; but happily for the party the Liberals have not learned to patronize us yet."

"Whew!" I put in at this point, "that is how the mind blows, is it! We are ambitious. We want destination! We appreciate our literary power at a high value. Don't be too grasping and eager, young 'un! Don't be conceited. Literary power is n't what it used to be. The newspapers have lessened in influence as they have increased in number; and the truth is not made an easier matter to come at. And don't get too fond of politics either. It will take away your peace and quiet. It will ruin business. It will leave all who go into it with nothing at last but palsied hands and pointless pens and inkstands and pockets empty."

Then the matter dropped and we walked on in silence for a little, but Lawrence was excited about politics and broke out with an exclamation: "But after all it was a fine thing to win the Metropolis."

"Why so?" said Penwell.

"Because the city is the seat of wealth and intelligence and culture and information and activity."

"I don't think many great men since Pericles have had much to do with the people of cities. They seldom give a premier to Parliament or an orator to the House. They usually send rich men, and all the rich politicians in this country are muffs. And, as for culture, it is the country, not the city, that supplies your schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, your parsons; and all the best merchants, lawyers and doctors are usually county boys. A country girl will talk a city girl out of her little wits in half an hour. The farmer who studies his paper knows public affairs better than the city artisan who but glances at two or three of them. Don't claim too much for your cities."

"My young friend," said Lawrence, "I am afraid you will become an agitator; you have the seeds of evil in you. You don't respect my political party, and you sneer at mighty cities."

"With thirty thousand people," said Penwell, a little scornfully.

At which we ended the talk and the walk with a laugh. And the reader may laugh, too, but will see that, for a young one, Penwell had an original way of locking at things.

CHAPTER II.

I only knew one poet in my life:
And this, or something like it, was his way.
Browning.

I have hinted already that my little friend wrote poetry, as his young lady friends called it, though our friend Lawrence used to say Penwell "jerked pretty good verses." And out of this unfortunate circumstance arose some of his most serious troubles. He had an active and fertile fancy; and as his articles in the *Expositor* which he began soon to write, bore traces always of the last book he had been reading; so his verses had the flavor of his latest poet and his latest love. For, like all men with poetic organizations, he had a knack of easily slipping into an entanglement with some sentimental girl, and had a rather reprehensible practice of carrying on his flirtations under the rose. But his affection in these affairs was purely intellectual. The heart had nothing to do with them. Consequently, in order to do justice to his conversational powers and his fanciful invention, he said and wrote perhaps two or three at a time things which he did not in the least believe, and which, in a more grasping society or if he were

a wealthier man, might have got him into troubles that would have resulted in social ostracism. He never could be made to see why he could not contribute to the happiness of any young person, who might have a fancy for his company, by using his eyes and tongue in their most flattering fashion. He was therefore himself always in a state of distraction between two or three charmers. And as he was in no bad position as to income and had good talents and a fair future, he was always an object of half distress to mature ladies whose daughters or nieces he had been flirting with and flattering. And this was purely an intellectual fault, for he was not dishonest, and had a sense of honor which he thought was fine. Characters like his are not uncommon; they are looked upon as harmless; but they work a deal of mischief and make many enemies. To Penwell his peculiar temperament wrought unmitigated trouble.

Society in Wharftown was made up of cliques. Each clique was determined in size and influence by its denominational character. And these cliques had no other the same relation to each other as the Colonies had before the Confederation. Each was in most respects a foreign place to the other. Each had a code of laws for itself, and a system of customs laws against all the others. It was therefore rather safe to have a flirtation in each of them, since the members seldom visited and were never confidential. And by a most unfortunate combination of circumstances, Penwell had established a reciprocity of sentiment with a young lady in three of the most wide-sundered of the social circles.

The episode in his career which I have referred to in the first chapter and which suggested this tale to me took place about the time I have now arrived at when Penwell was, I think, one and twenty. Happy time! old folk will say; but the truth is it is a most unhappy time. You have no business usually, and, if you are professional, no hope of it for some years. You have the confidence of nobody in any serious affair. You have all the anxiety of the future to oppress you, and nothing but financially unprofitable study to look back to in the past. Everyone considers your judgment immature, and your tastes unformed, and your talents untested. Not a happy time surely! Well one evening, Penwell was in my sanctum with his face red and his eyes excited over one of his poetical effusions, and was eagerly asking me what I thought about it.

I didn't tell him what I thought about the poem just then; for I was aware that it was written to Mary Maynard, while the last was composed in honor of Alice LeBlanc, and I had seen several which I took to be devoted to Ellen Bayfield; but I took a cigar and gave him one to enable me to get time to think.

"Look here," I said, "which of them is this written to?"

"What do you mean?" said he getting very red and at the same time letting a smile slip over his lips in spite of himself.

"Why, you abominable young rascal, you know very well what I mean. Ain't you ashamed of yourself to be writing all that stuff to girls who have no reason for supposing that you are not honest with them. Where is it all going to end? I name no names, you know, but each of these girls you are spooning on is a delicate little lady who supposes that you are devoting yourself to her especially, and grand fun as you think it is, you will cause shame and trouble before you are done." I was getting angry and stopped.

"Now, don't cut up so rough, old fellow. There's nothing serious in the affairs at all. Why can't I write verses to a young lady without being considered in love? Other fellows offer just such compliments as they choose, and I am able to offer the compliment of verse and I offer it accordingly. Where's the harm? I send a copy of verses as one might send a bouquet of flowers. Any one might do that who was on terms of intimacy with a family sufficient to justify it. Am I to be always on my guard for fear girls will fall in love with me? It is an insult to them to suppose so. Can't I trust anything at all to a girl's sense of the eternal fitness of things. If they flatter one with a smile, may not one repay it with a verse? You are too hard on a fellow, and I would not take all that roughing from any other hand than yours."

"Your logic is ingenious, but it does n't satisfy your yourself, you know. You are wasting time and talents in useless fooling, and risking your reputation and the peace of mind of innocent people, you know, and when you consider the matter seriously you will agree with me."

"Innocent? Why all these girls know more than you do, you old foggy. Where have you been living all these years back? Does marriage blind you to facts before your nose. These girls are not the innocent beings you take them to be. They know your income. They know your habits. They will rebuke you for being fast, with expressive eyes that, if they were truly innocent, would be shocked and horrified. My dear fellow, it's just a bit of amusement all round. For so much music and general hospitality, I give so much conversation, so much sentiment, and so many verses and the bargain is square."

Then he left after correcting his proof. The boy was getting very worldly and cynical, I thought; but he really was after all charming the cynicism in order to shut his moral eyes to the folly of his proceeding in the one way I have mentioned. Otherwise he was doing well. He had lately left college and begun to study law; he was writing for the press with success; he was looked upon as rising; his contributions were accepted by leading publishers; and he had a fair fund of good sense which carried him safely through many temptations unstained. He was no anchorite, however. He knew men and cities. He had haunts where fellow students used to meet, where tobacco smoke was very thick, and the talk was of books and wine

and women, not unseemingly, remember, but such as men do and will talk, for we are coarser clay than our sisters and talk more openly—because, perhaps, we are less afraid of each other.

Ab yes! Heaven preserve us! and in these days little else than Heaven can or will. Do I wroth the goodness of mothers, of sisters, of friends, of wives in this? No, for do we not see them powerless every day to save their sons, brothers, lovers from shame? Clu's, Associations, Societies, Meetings take away the young men from the domestic circle; narrowness in the matter of amusement drives them out of it; and the devil comes in some shape and the mischief is done before we know it.

From the penitential confessions of Master Penwell, I am enabled to supply notes of his sayings and doings at this time in quarters where I myself could not possibly have been; and to trace directly the cause of the troubles which came down on him at a later date.

(To be continued in our next.)

TITIENS.

A writer in the Daily Graphic says:—Mlle. Teresa Titiens, the celebrated singer, is now domiciled at the Everett House—a hotel which shares with the Clarendon the favor of prime donne—and, having quite recovered from the effects of her voyage, received yesterday afternoon numbers of her friends. Mlle. Titiens occupies a fine suite of apartments "giving" on Fourth avenue, and there she was found in company with her niece, Miss Krulls, and Mr. and Mrs. Mapleson, Jr. The distinguished prima donna, who is to give the coming season the prestige of her first appearance in this country, is a woman of generous physique, being both tall and ample in person, and bears in her amiable countenance the evidences of her German origin.

"You have been having a 'Lohengrin' excitement in London, have you not?" "Yes, and a triumph. The opera was done first at Covent Garden, but the true success was at Drury Lane, where Mme. Nilsson, Signor Campanini, and I sang. Much to my surprise I made a great success as Ortruda—a part which it is certainly difficult to get anything out of, and which can only be saved by strong dramatic acting. I detested the idea of singing it, but I became reconciled to it as it turned out. I was a strong 'anti-Wagnerite,' but this success half converted me. Nevertheless, 'Lohengrin' is rather remarkable for its instrumentation than

for its vocal opportunities. The singers furnish the accompaniment for the orchestra. You ask me if the rumors that Mme. Nilsson has deteriorated are true? When I heard her sing Alice in 'Robert le Diable' in Paris I feared that it would ultimately hurt her voice. She was charming as Lucia, as Martha, and the like. The most successful new-comers this past season were Mlle. Chapuy, who made a great success, and Mlle. Varesi, whose singing, albeit her voice is small, is perfection. She was very fine as Lucia. Mlle. Thalberg is simply a child. Mme. Van Zandt's little daughter, who is being trained for the operatic stage, can sing now quite as well as Mlle. Thalberg can. I consider Signor Campanini the best tenor of the day. M. Maurel sang in 'Lohengrin' with Mlle. Albani at Covent Garden, but he was not in sympathy with the character. He used to remark to his Ortruda constantly throughout the representation, 'Ah, comme je suis ennuyé!' That is not the spirit of Wagner's compositions. The English opera season, under Carl Rosa, was about beginning when we left, but there seemed no prospect of their devoting themselves to the genuine English operas. They began with 'The Marriage of Figaro,' a piece so often done in the Italian repertoire. Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, the best of contraltos, would have come with me but for family considerations. Her parents are old, and she could not well leave them.

"You sang in 'Il Talismano,' did you not?" "Yes, and I was delighted with the character of Edith. It is a very fine role. I presume you may have heard of the difficulty concerning the church scene which occurred in Dublin. The matter was highly absurd. Cardinal Cullen is very orthodox, and he issued a letter strongly condemning the church scene. It was, however, very innocent. Priests appear on the stage constantly in other operas, and one often has to kneel. We did the scene one night without changing our costumes, at another time we gave parts of it, and on another occasion we cut it entirely. It was really an absurd objection. I do not know what would have been said by the Cardinal had he seen it as done in London where there was a bishop in complete array and the like. In Dublin I had presented to me a beautiful dress of Irish lace in acknowledgment of my singing at a concert for a charity which the priest had an interest in. Before leaving London I was the recipient of many valuable gifts. I sang last in London at the Royal Albert Hall in the presence of an immense throng, and gave besides four farewell concerts in Dublin and elsewhere before I left. I sincerely hope that the Americans may like me. This is a beautiful city."

EARLY LIFE OF JESUS.

In a review of the new edited text of the "Cursor Mundi," by Dr. Richard Morris, a writer in the Atheneum says: The writer of the Cursor was, according to his lights, a reformer. He desires that every nation should have its literature in its own tongue, and thinks that the histories contained in that which he held to be Scripture are far more precious than any of the secular legends in which the people of his time took so much delight. He sets these histories forth, therefore, in the vernacular speech. But when the reader at the present day contemplates what is here put forward as the records of revelation, he is appalled at the spectacle of what our forefathers accepted as the Word of God. He will understand at once how the circulation of a true version (or, at least, as true as could then be made) of the Scriptures by Wycliffe and his coadjutors would come upon the world like a revelation from Heaven; how the scales would fall off from their eyes, and how, henceforth, the work which the Lollards commenced would only have one ending. The puerilities which had been introduced from legendary and apocryphal sources would be so conspicuous when the grand simplicity of the Old and New Testament narratives was set side by side with them, that there could be no hesitation in men's minds which of the two was to be accepted. To illustrate what has been said from the volume before us. Instead of the Gospel narrative of the early life of Christ, we are here introduced to a series of legendary miracles of the most trivial and purposeless character as wrought by Jesus in his childhood. As the Holy Family were fleeing into Egypt for fear of Herod, they were compelled to rest one night in a cave, wherein were many dragons. The babe lighted down from his mother's knee and stood upon the reptiles, and they all bowed low, and made obeisance unto him. In reply to the surprise of his parents, the babe is made to utter a marvellous speech, exhorting them to have no fear for him, as every beast in his presence would be tame and mild. During the same journey, as the party rested on a hot day under a palm tree, whose branches were laden with beautiful fruit, the Virgin longed to eat some, while Joseph was desirous of water, but despaired of finding any. But Jesus commanded the tree to bow down, and it obeyed him bending its crop even with its roots, for which obedience we are told that it was henceforth planted among the trees of Paradise, and out of the ground where its root had been there sprang a mighty fountain to supply them with drink. The idols of Egypt fell down at the arrival of Jesus in the land, so that the people arose to do battle for their gods. After the return to Canaan, the child, playing with other children, made several little lakes in the mud. One of his playmates interfered and spoilt his work, and for this was struck down dead; but, afterwards, Jesus, on the Virgin's intercession, restored him

to life. He also made sparrows of clay on the Sabbath day and gave them life, and in this way brought down on himself the anger of the priests. Again, two children offend him by interruption of his sports, and are both struck dead by his word. The description of the child's conduct when sent to school is most absurd and trivial, as is the substance of all that is related to the end of the present part. The whole is an attempt to fill up by man's invention those years which the Gospels have left a blank.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

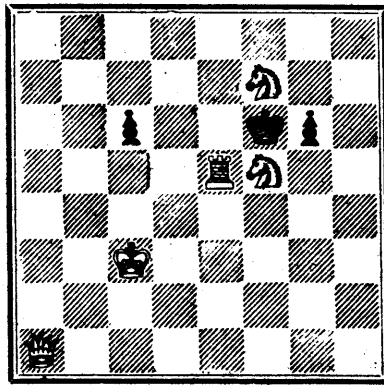
A companion work to Mr. Bird's "Chess Masterpieces" will shortly be published, entitled, "A Collection of English Chess Problems." It is intended to be a selection from the numerous problems which have appeared of late years, and is to consist of about 600 first rate positions.

The work is to be in three parts, the first to contain the best problems of living English composers, the second to consist of problems by deceased authors, such as the Revd. H. Bolton, and Mr. Bone, and the third to be reserved for original problems, specially composed for this collection. The problems are to be principally in three and four moves.

The members of the Quebec Chess Club, having heard during the past week that two of the players of the Montreal Chess Club were visiting their ancient city for educational purposes, an invitation was tendered to the latter in order to improvise a Tournament on a small scale.

The gathering on the part of Quebec was strong and numerous, showing that in playing power they are in a very healthy condition. Their attention and kindness to their visitors was unbounded, and was in keeping with that which was experienced by a large number of persons brought together by the Teachers' Convention. As regards the friendly contest, it gave results which evidenced an equality of skill, and which suggested the holding of a Telegraphic Match at a very early date. We have been favoured with the score of one or two of the games played which we shall endeavour to make room for in our Chess column.

PROBLEM No. 41. From "L'Illustration." BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 44TH.

Between Bird and Boden. From Bird's "Chess Masterpieces."

- King's Bishop's opening. WHITE.—(Mr. Boden). 1. P to K 4th. 2. B to Q B 4th. 3. P to Q 4th. 4. Q takes P. 5. Q to K 3rd. 6. Q Kt to B 3rd. 7. Q to K Kt 3rd. 8. Q B to K Kt 5th. 9. Castles Q R. 10. K B to K 2nd. 11. P to K B 4th. 12. K B to B 3rd. 13. P to K R 4th. 14. K E4 to K 2nd. 15. P to K 5th. 16. B takes Q B. 17. P to K B 5th. 18. P to K 6th. 19. Kt to K B 4th. 20. Kt to Kt 6th. 21. R P takes P. 22. P takes Kt. 23. K to Kt sq. 24. Q takes Kt P. 25. P to K B 6th. 26. P to K B 7th. 27. R takes B. 28. K to K R sq. 29. Q takes R. 30. Kt to K 4th. 31. Kt to Kt 5th. And mates in two moves. BLACK.—(Mr. Bird). P to K 4th. Kt to K B 3rd. P takes P. Kt to Q B 3rd. P to Q Kt 3rd. B to Q B 4th. Castles. R to K sq. Q Kt to K 4th. K B to K 2nd. Q B to Kt 2nd. K to R sq. P to Q B 4th. Q R to Q B sq. Kt to K Kt. Q Kt takes B. P to K B 3rd. P to Q 3rd. P takes B. P takes Kt. Kt to K 3rd. B to Kt 4th. B takes K P. K R to K 2nd. Q to K sq. Q to K B sq. P takes R. K R takes K P. K to R 2nd. R to B 2nd. Resigns.

NOTE.

- (a) To prevent Black's threatening move of P to K 5th. (b) Offering to win the Q by Q R takes P. (c) If P takes R P, Black plays R takes P (ch), and then Q R to K R with a won game. (d) Full of fine points and interest.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 36.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K R sq. 2. Kt mates. BLACK. 1. K takes P. 1. K takes R. 1. K to R 5th. 1. Kt moves.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 38.

- WHITE. 1. B to K 3rd. 2. R to Q 5th. 3. P to K Kt 3rd. Checkmate. BLACK. 1. K to R 4th. 2. K takes Kt.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 39. By M. D'Orville. WHITE. K at K 6th. B at K 2nd. Kt at Q 5th. Pawns at Q B 3rd and Q Kt 4th. White to play and mate in two moves. BLACK. K at K 5th. Pawns at Q 3rd and Q B 5th.

MIRAMAR.

Writing of Miramar, once the residence of the Emperor Maximilian, a correspondent says of the grounds: A perfect maze of steps and steep paths leads to a bona fide forest range, where oaks, beeches, and other trees with falling leaves grow freely and handsomely, the little soil which crumbles down from the mountain being held up by huge walls and buttresses, and opportunely aided by deposits of rich mould conveyed to the spot on men's back—a little help given to nature out of which she never fails to work splendid results. In these upper grounds it was possible even in the hottest hour of a summer day to find shade and rest and coolness, and to wander with real pleasure amid the little grottoes, lakelets, hermitages, and "surprises of every description" with which some Viennese Paxton has endeavored to diversify and enliven the spot. Even at that scorching hour the grounds were crowded with parties of visitors, chiefly German tourists. The house was shut up, and apparently untenanted, only a few servants and workmen being seen in the out-buildings. I was told, however, that the brother of Don Carlos, Don Alfonso, and his renowned consort, Dona Blanca or Maria de las Neves, are at this moment enjoying imperial hospitality at Miramar, glad of a little rest and privacy after the fatigue of their campaigns in the Maestrazgo, and the unpleasant encounters they had with the populace at Gratz and elsewhere. Some of the tourists clustered with peculiar interest on the mole sheltering the little harbor adjoining the house—the harbor from which the ill-fated Austrian Prince was rowed out to the frigate bound for that bourn from which there was for him no return. The people at Trieste seem to cherish the memory of the Prince Admiral with peculiar fondness. They have erected a bronze statue in his honor in one of their handsomest squares opening out into the sea, and many are the print and book shop windows exhibiting his likeness—the likeness of a stately, well-favored man, yet bearing more distinctly than any other face I ever saw that undefinably sad and brooding expression which is supposed to mark those destined to an early and violent death.

GREAT EXHIBITIONS.

Apocops of the American Centennial celebration next year, certain figures compiled by Baron de Lapeyrouse in the Economiste Français, giving some of the statistics of the great Expositions of London, Paris, and Vienna, will possess special interest. The London Exhibition of 1851, which lasted 141 days, attracted 6,030,195 visitors, who paid for entering £424,322. That of Paris, in 1855, which continued for about 200 days, was visited by 5,162,326 persons, who paid entrance fees to the amount of £128,119. The International Exhibition of London of 1862 was open for 171 days. The visitors numbered 6,211,103, and the entrance-fees amounted to £408,530. The Paris Exposition of 1867, open for 217 days, was visited by 8,805,991 persons, who paid for entrance £420,335. The last of the great Expositions, that of Vienna in 1873, remained open for 186 days. The visitors numbered 6,740,500, and the entrance-money amounted to £206,476. The London Exhibitions, it should be noted, were closed on Sundays, while those of Paris and Vienna remained open on those days as on week-days. The greatest number of visitors in any one day was during the Paris Exposition of 1867, when on Sunday, October 27, 173,923 persons visited the building.

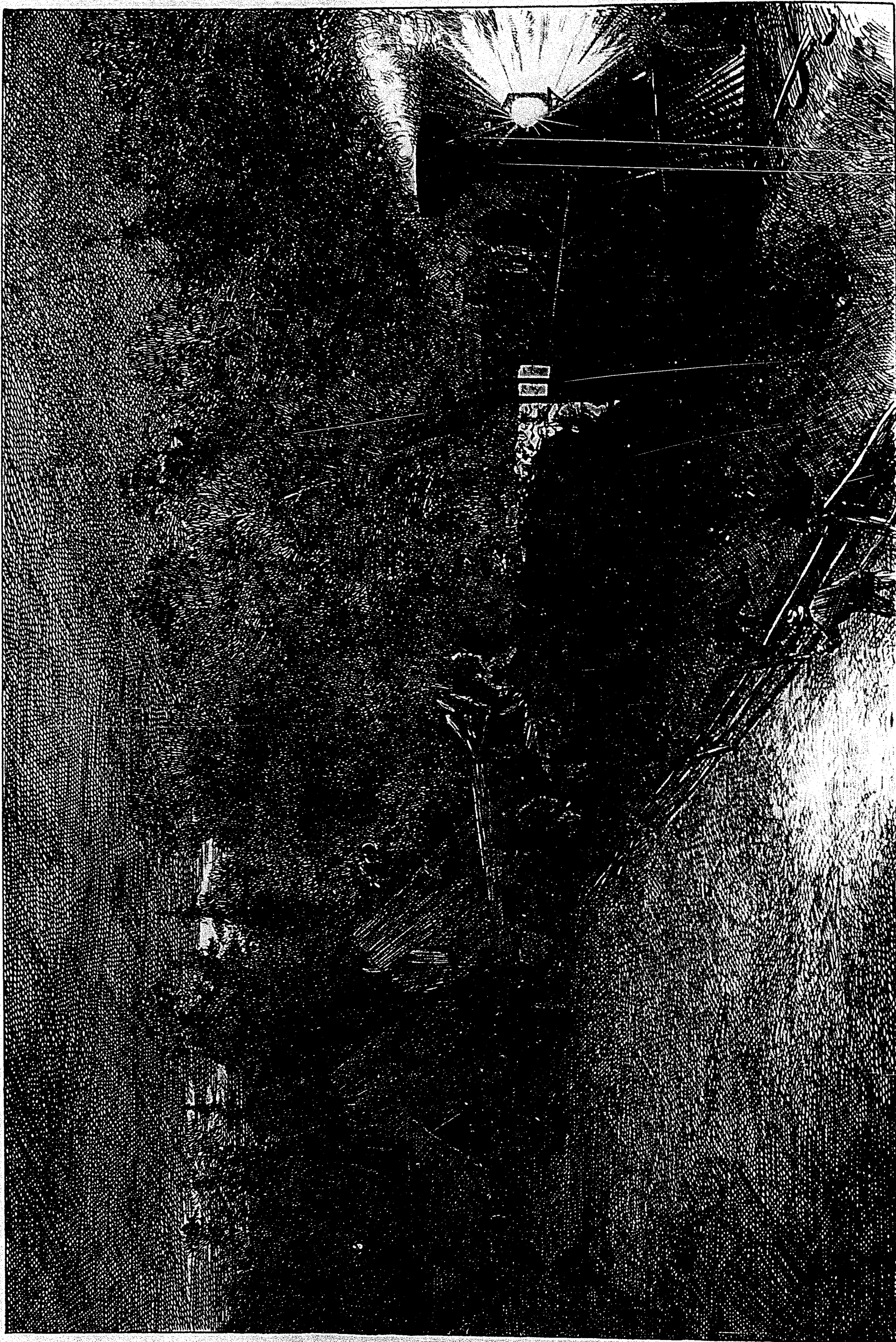
PIMPLES, ERUPTIONS, ROUGH SKIN.

The system being put under the influence of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a few weeks, the skin becomes smooth, clear, soft, and velvety, and being illuminated with the glow of perfect health from within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory. The effects of all medicines which operate upon the system through the medium of the blood are necessarily somewhat slow, no matter how good the remedy employed. While one to three bottles clear the skin of pimples, blotches, eruptions, yellow spots, comedones, or "grubs," a dozen may possibly be required to cure some cases where the system is rotten with scrofulous or virulent blood poisons. The cure of all these diseases, however, from the common pimple to the worst scrofula is, with the use of this most potent agent, only a matter of time. Sold by dealers in medicines.

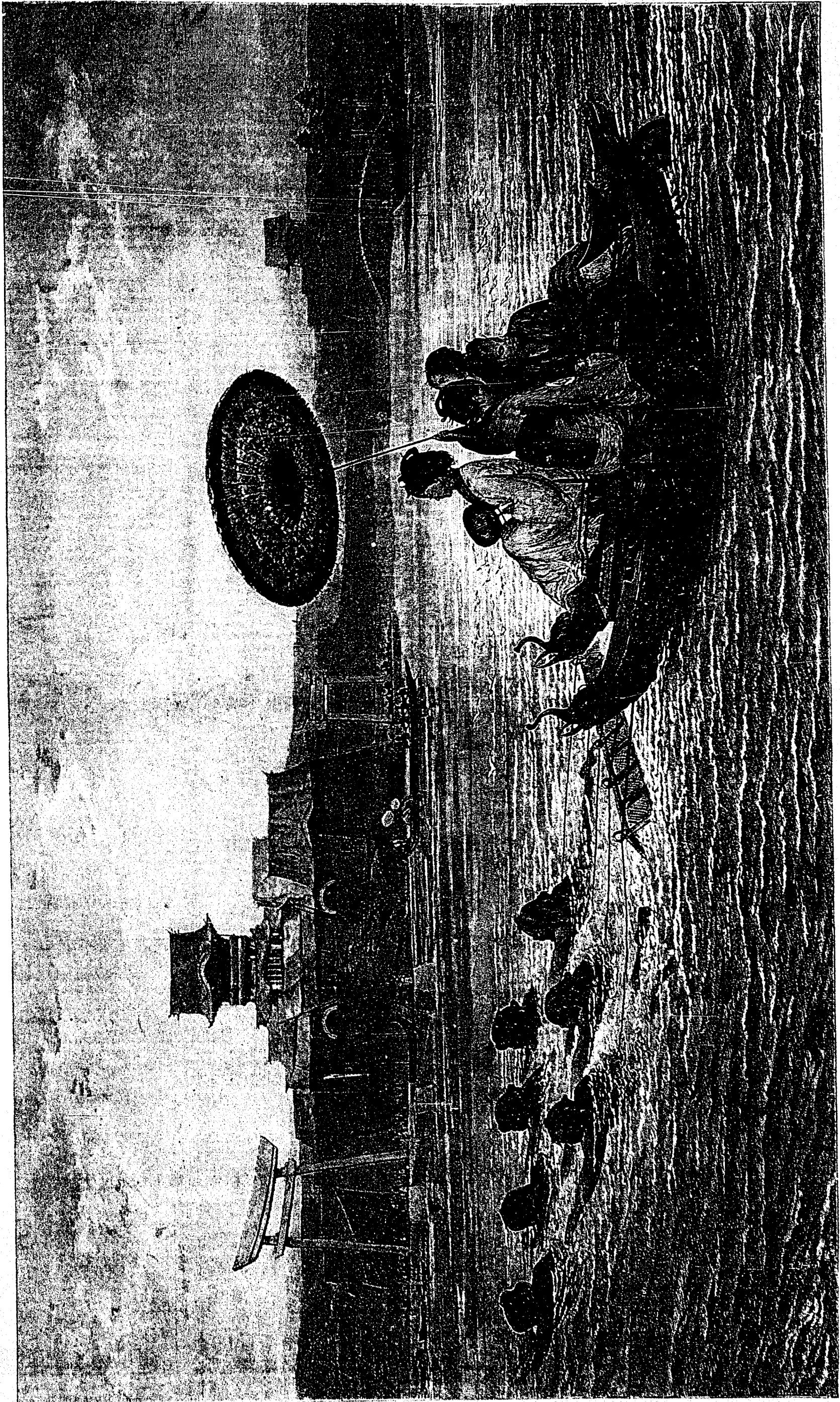
COVERED WITH ERUPTIONS. CURED.

CLAVELACK, Columbia Co., N. Y. DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y. DEAR SIR.—I am sixty years of age, and have been afflicted with Salt Rheum in the worst form for a great many years, until, accidentally, I saw one of your books, which described my case exactly. I bought your Golden Medical Discovery and took two bottles and a half, and was entirely cured. From my shoulders to my hands I was entirely covered with eruptions, also on face and body. I was likewise afflicted with Rheumatism, so that I walked with great difficulty, and that is entirely cured. May God spare you a long life to remain a blessing to mankind. With untold gratitude.

MRS. A. W. WILLIAMS.



THE RECENT ACCIDENT ON THE RICHIELE, DEERMOOND, AND ALBERTA RAILWAY, NEAR SORRE



THE JAPANESE PLEASURE BOAT.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

TEACHING.

"Teaching in the abstract," like anything else in the abstract, is "vera praiseworthy but unco-dool." We will dismiss it in a few words.

The best way of teaching in the abstract seems that in vogue in the excellent Protestant Commissioners' Schools at Montreal. The theory acted on is that children are naturally "inquisitive," (or "fond of knowledge") and will enjoy their lessons under proper conditions. Some of these are as follows:

1. They must be taught what they can be made to want to know.
2. They must be taught ideas and not mere words.
3. They must be taught no one subject and in no one room for too long together.

One result of this, which we may mention, is that children are there seen more excited over their object lessons than they are over their games.

SPELLING

is best taught where the classes write picked words from each lesson, instead of saying all of it. Few of us are asked to spell a dozen words in a year, and many are spelling words, while writing, several hours a day. If the scholars correct one another's slates, a large class may be ranked in a short time, and the mind doubly trained with great pleasure to itself. Distinct advantage has been found to result, in Montreal, from marking an uncrossed "t," or an undotted "i," or a half formed letter, as a distinct mistake.

IN WRITING,

Legibility, or rather the "impossibility of being misread" should be the first aim. To ensure this (until our present barbarous Universal Alphabet be re-modelled for the Universal International Alphabet of the Future,) the regular hand, Lord Palmerston's bug-bear, which sometimes succeeds in making no less than ten letters out of the twenty-six, all exactly alike and

UTTERLY INDISTINGUISHABLE,

must be sedulously eschewed. The 'm's and 'n's must join at the top and the 'u's at the bottom, and the 'r's be very carefully formed. Legibility must come first; the possibility of future rapidity, next; and elegance will come of itself. To have a plain alphabet free from flourishes, painted on a board and put up in the schoolroom, and to make the boys copy the shape of their individual letters from this, as at St. Roch's, Quebec, might obviate the difficulty of getting good copy books. Flourishes might be practised as a separate exercise to give a bold free hand, but a child should surely be taught, from the first, to make his letters after one pattern, plain and simple. The advantage of the constant practise of round text copies to give a bold free hand, does not seem as well recognised here as it is in England.

ARITHMETIC.

Here again, strangely enough, legibility seems a first and foremost necessity. One tithe of the mistakes in arithmetic, which bar progress and make that vexing which would otherwise be pleasant, are found to come from mistaking the 1, 4, 7, and 9 from each other in working sums on a slate. To prevent this, the '1' should be a single line, the '4' have a short down-stroke, and the '9' should have a rounded tail.

The tables of multiplication and of the weights and measures can be taught in amusing sing-song, accompanied in part with chest-expanding movements of the arms, as at the Infant School, Quebec. It is hard to learn them in after life, while to have learnt them ineradicably is invaluable. In manipulating a large class the Mao-Vic apparatus is most useful. By it a class of mere children, at the St. Ann Street School, Montreal, did eighteen sums in addition of fractions in six minutes!

BOOK-KEEPING

is thus widely taught, at the Missisquoi High School, to a room full at once.

Assume the School to be a trading firm; imagine, daily, certain personages of comic or historic importance, to buy, to pay, or be paid. Put these transactions into book-keeping language, and give it as an exercise in dictation for slate and copy-book successively. "Post" once a week.

CLASSICS.

The importance of the study of classics can hardly be overrated. It puts the finest edge on the cultured mind. This study alone gives real insight into our mother-tongue. It multiplies the powers of memory. It fosters intense concentration of mind. It enforces attention to the exact meaning of expressions, without which many read through whole books without thoroughly grasping a single sentence. But attention might be called to the advantage of not beginning the study of classics before the age of thirteen or fourteen. If the pupil be called from school at that age, he is then the better up in the other indispensable subjects. If not, he overtakes, in one or two months, the results of years of drudgery, and too often continued punishment. At Sherbrooke, a lad, who had only begun Greek a few months, passed a satisfactory examination in the Accidence and translation of several chapters in Xenophon.

FRENCH,

on the contrary, seems learnt with little effort, and is immediately useful. It might be arithmetic that School directions be given and arithmetic (and perhaps to the higher classes, the History of Canada), be taught in French.

SINGING AND DRAWING

refresh and recreate for other studies, besides developing the higher part of our minds. No programme of studies is complete without them. Some claim that the Tonic Sol-Fa system of singing is vastly superior to that in vogue in Montreal. By it a class of 50 boys and girls, near Richmond, was able after only 12 lessons to sing twenty difficult pieces of music at sight in one evening, and a dozen lessons is all its professors claim to teach an average class to sing at sight. Ontario is dissatisfied with the Hullah system and has sent a commission to enquire into the modification of it, in use at Boston.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A short paper in the October number of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE deals with the Negro in his Religious Aspect. The writer states that the negro is generally an Athenian in his creed, and sacrifices on every altar to Gods known and unknown. According to him, there is no doubt that a vast number believe in the plurality of Gods. An article on Sir Philip Sidney brings prominently forward the figure of that wonderful man, so un-English in many aspects, so thoroughly a Briton in others, and attention is properly drawn to the remarkable fact that, in reading the story of Sidney, we are brought into contact with almost every celebrity of his day—Henry of Navarre, Margaret of Valois, Mornay du Plessis, Sarpi, Tasso, Veronese, Titian, Herbert Languet, William of Orange, Lepsius, Ursinus, Essex, Raleigh and Spenser. The stories in this number of the *Southern* are all excellent, especially Her Book, a serial of considerable power. This magazine is second to no other American periodical and is a credit to the South.

The Amoretti or Love-Sonnets of Spenser are cleverly analyzed in the October number of the PENN MONTHLY. These are eighty eight in number and addressed to the Elizabeth who was afterwards his wife. Spenser's Sonnets are almost as great an enigma as Shakespeare's.

There is also a slight but pleasant paper on the Early Literature of Tobacco, in which we are informed that the name of the weed, which the Indians called Picielt, is derived from an island named Tabaco. It appears likewise that the plant was first introduced into England, not by Sir Walter Raleigh, as is generally imagined, but by Sir John Hawkins, about the year 1565. Nicot, French Ambassador to Portugal, brought it to France from Lisbon about 1560. Tobacco is said not to be alluded to in the Arabian Nights or by Shakespeare, but it is often noticed by other English Dramatists. "Musk Millions" was the old pronunciation of melons, introduced into England simultaneously with tobacco. Among the solid papers for which this magazine is distinguished is one on the English Bible and its Revision, which is at present being diligently prosecuted in England, and to which the American churches are associated as a "mere advisory board." The writer is quite bold to declare that the revision will entail some decided alterations. He says that the periodical descent of the Angel to trouble the waters of the Bethesda pool will doubtless be excised, as also the text comparing Jonah's three days and three nights in the whale's belly to those of the Son of Man in the grave. The doubtful of the woman taken in adultery, with its doubtful moral that the magistrate must be sinless to be just, will disappear, "if the translators are faithful to their text;" and the much-discussed verse about the three that bear record in heaven will be "at last sent packing." The writer further advocates the adoption of the Jewish Canon in the old Testament—the Law, the Prophets and the Hagiographa or Deuterocanonical books; and the arrangement of the books of the New Testament according to the three Apostolic schools of teaching—the Petrine (Mark, Matthew, James, 1 and 2 Peter, and Jude), the Pauline (Luke, Acts, Paul's Epistles, and that to the Hebrews which he holds is not Paul's), and the Johannine group of writings.

The principal feature of the CANADIAN MONTHLY for October is an exhaustive paper by General M. Butt Hewson, on the Grand Trunk Railway. The writer is thoroughly competent by professional experience to treat this subject intelligently, and, by social position, to treat it impartially. He begins by inquiring why the Grand Trunk does not pay. He shows from statistics that excessive railway construction in Ontario cannot be the reason, and, from the same authorities, that the severity of the Canadian climate cannot be assigned as a cause. He traces the trouble to a question of management which he treats in all its phases. As a remedy the article proposes that the Grand Trunk Company go, under a special Act protecting the stockholders, into insolvency; and that it cancel then its exhausting leases, and removing its business from the basis of an unhealthy inflation, place it on the basis of real values. Decentralising the management by placing the road under divisional directors subject to the review of a representative control composed of heads of divisions meeting once a month in Montreal, the article recommends further that the Company transact its business before the public. And here it calls on the Government as a duty not only to the shareholders, but the Canadian people, to establish a railway bureau with power to obtain searching annual statements of all the railroads of the country for Parliament, in order to place them beyond market riggings or capital inflations. The other contributions to the magazine are up to the usual standard of excellence.

"FAUST" AT THE GRAND OPERA.

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris to the Philadelphia Telegraph: "Faust" has at length been produced at the Grand Opera. It is, in point of scenery and costumes and ballet and *mise-en-scene* generally, the most superb of all the operas as yet brought out at this establishment. The first scene, which gives scope to but little display, was chiefly remarkable for the vivid effect of morning light that flashed through Faust's casement and the beautiful arrangement of the vision that presents *Marguerite* at her spinning-wheel. The second scene, that of the Kermesse, would have been very fine had there been anything of a Kermesse about it, but there were no booths and no shows, only a most exquisitely painted view of a German village street, with the houses decked with garlands and banners for a festival. The various divisions of the celebrated chorus in this act—the soldiers, the old men, &c.—numbered twenty performers each. In the earlier days of the opera at home I have heard it sung by four. The ballet in this act introduced to the waltz air was simply exquisite—a very kaleidoscope of changing, shifting hues and of graceful, fitting forms. The garden scene, with its shadowy trees, its beds of flowers, and its turfy walks, was very pretty, but the atmospheric effects were nothing remarkable. I have seen "Faust" played in Berlin when the various changes in this scene from golden and rosy sunset to cold twilight, and then to dark, starry, and moonlight-flooded night, were marvellously represented. The cathedral scene was grand and impressive. The side of the altar, a massive structure in dark, carved wood, towering high in the air and blazing with lights, was presented to the spectator, while the dim Gothic aisles of the cathedral stretched away on either side. A low railing of white marble on the right-hand side, with an open portal surmounted by statues, gave admission to poor remorseful *Marguerite*, who knelt there alone, while the other worshippers passed on into the body of the church. The street scene (where the soldiers' chorus is sung and *Valentine* slain by *Faust*) was perhaps the most successful of all. It represented the ramparts of an ancient German city, with a steep ascending road at one side, and at the other one of those antique gateways wrought with profuse imagery and surmounted with a clock, wherewith one becomes so familiar in such old German towns. Down the steep road poured the returning soldiers, battalion after battalion, while the crowd rushed to meet them. Women thronged around, little children followed the band; the scene was perfect in its illusion. So many persons were there on the stage at once, that, vast as it is, it was crowded in every part. The "Walpurgis Night," which is never given in America, came next. It was conventional and unpoetical, and showed a thorough lack of appreciation of the weird *diablerie* of this part of Goethe's wondrous poem. The first scene, intended as a representation of the witches' kitchen, was very poor, and the enchanted palace of the next scene displayed to us merely an ordinary ballet, with the usual pirouettes and poses and nothing supernatural about it. The only novel feature was a ballet of Egyptian girls, who drain golden goblets and get very tipsy, some of them falling full length on the floor. Though novel, the effect was far from being agreeable. Here again Paris suffered by comparison with Berlin. The vision of *Marguerite* on the Brocken was very badly managed. The projecting point of rock on which she stood was pushed on at one side and then pulled off again in very unsupernatural fashion. The apotheosis of the finale, showing tier upon tier of white-robed, silver-winged angels surrounding the uprising form of *Marguerite*, was very beautiful, but it would have been more poetical had the central group been a copy of the lovely "St. Cecilia borne to Heaven" and not an actual cluster of veritable flesh and blood *figurantes*. The costumes were very gorgeous, everything being entirely new and of the richest quality. And now for the cast. Alas, I must confess to my having enjoyed the music of "Faust" far more when I have heard it among less brilliant surroundings. For the *Mephistopheles* of Gailhardt, the *Faust* of Verget, nay, even the *Marguerite* of Miolan-Carvalho, are far from being wholly satisfactory. And I, who have heard Nilsson and Capoul at home, and Wachtel and Luca in Berlin, and the *Mephistopheles* of Faure, to say nothing of that of Hermanns, found but little satisfaction in listening to the troupe at the Grand Opera.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AFTER DEATH.

A correspondent of *Appletons' Journal* writing of excavations at Pompeii says: Among the most interesting of the subjects found recently are two skeletons, one of a somewhat elderly man, the other of a woman. They were found in the Via Stabia among the ashes of the last eruption, evidently overtaken in their flight and buried among the cinders. According to the usual method employed to preserve the external appearance of objects, liquid plaster was poured into the cavity, which, serving as a mould, a facsimile of the forms was obtained; and, thus perfectly preserved, the statue-like bodies were placed in glass cases in the Pompeii Museum. While appreciating all the horror of such a death, and the suffering endured, as shown by the position of the limbs, one cannot but imagine what would have been the astonishment of that man and woman had some prophet informed them that eighteen hundred years after their death their forms, and even as much of their garments as

were not consumed in the eruption, would be placed in a museum for inspection by a multitude of sight-seers, some from lands the existence of which they had never dreamed of. The poor woman is lying on her face, and even the form of her hair, put up behind, is seen. One arm shields her forehead, and she is supported by the other. Her stony limbs are well formed, and traces of a garment are seen passing in folds around her. The man, although placed on his back in the exhibition, when found was turned on his side. One arm rests on his hip; the other is uplifted. The face is somewhat distorted, but massive and smoothly shaven. Even the form of the fastening of the sandals around the ankle, and of the long button higher up on the leg to hold them, is clearly seen. The limbs are partly drawn up. The skeleton of a tolerably large dog, also recently found, is in the Museum of Pompeii, his whole form preserved in plaster, in the same manner as those just mentioned. He is lying on his back, with his suffering, biting his hind leg. The rings in his collar are plainly seen.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

In the Church of Santa Maria at Bergamo on the 12th ult. the remains of Donizetti were entered with public honors.

An old opera bouffe, known as *Les Trois Epiciers*, which was first brought out in 1840, is soon to be revived at the Theatre des Varietés.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA is travelling on the Continent in search of the best foreign artists for the opening of the National Opera House.

GOUNOD is devoting his attention to a new opera, in five acts, and the libretto of which is borrowed from one of Alexandre Dumas' novels, *Henri III. et sa Cour*.

The general lines of the new National Opera House on the Thames Embankment are like those of La Scala at Milan. The plan is an irregular parallelogram, and it really has four sides, three of which face roads.

E. L. DAVENPORT has been compelled to suspend his professional engagements in consequence of having sprained his wrist during a recent performance of "Macbeth" in Philadelphia. All of the *Hamlets* are apparently getting disabled, so as to give Signor Rossi a clear field.

SANTLEY is said by Kate Field to have refused to visit la Patti in her box at the Princess's Theatre, London, on the occasion of the presentation of an opera in which he was not singing. He sent word to her from his own box that he never put himself on exhibition in the corridors of the theatres in which he appeared.

FIFTY-FIVE pounds is the modest sum fixed by Herr Wagner as the price of a stall for the first performance of four-night opera, the *Nibelungen Ring*, at Bayreuth, next August. Thirty pounds is the price of the full score of the opera. Seventy-five pounds, besides travelling and hotel expenses, for four nights of music!

M. DUMAS has been enjoying himself in the country by working hard at his new drama, *Joseph Balsamo*. It does not in any way resemble the *Balsamo* of Dumas' father, but is constructed on "new and approved" principles. The *Odéon* is to receive the coveted work. The theatre will be splendid in decoration when it is reopened.

It is announced that an immense building will shortly be constructed in the Champs-Elysées where every species of distraction will be found united, such as concerts, theatrical representations, all kinds of games, &c. This is to be a sort of palace, resembling the Crystal Palace in London. An enterprise similar was undertaken in 1840, and met with complete failure.

PARIS is soon to possess the doubtful boon of another theatre devoted to the opera-bouffe and other kindred styles of the drama. In the shape of the new and pretty Salle Taitbout on the street of the same name. The company will be very strong, including among its female members Madame Céline Chaumont. The opening piece will probably be a 'new operetta, entitled *La Cruche Cassée*.

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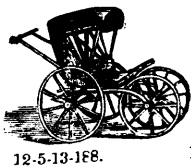
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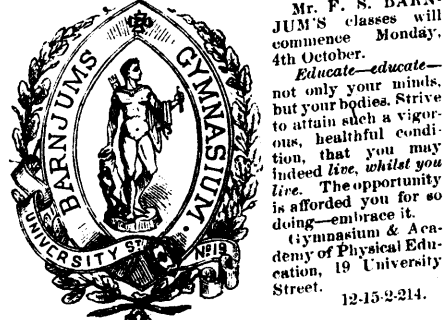
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J. V. MORGAN, 75 ST. JAMES STREET,
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Another Blessing to men! The Hindoo Pen.
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NOTICE.

Application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature for the passing of an Act to authorize JOHN HENRY PELLY SIMPSON to sell and convey certain Real Estate in this Province, being three Islands in the River St. Lawrence above LaChapelle known as "LES ISLES DORVAL" notwithstanding the substitution affecting the said Islands contained in the last Will and Testament of the late SIR GEORGE SIMPSON
Montreal, 2th Sept, 1875. 12-12-9-203.

SIGNOR J. HAZARD'S
ACADEMY OF DANCING & DEPORTMENT
re-opens for reception of pupils, Friday evening, Sept. 2nd Opening Party, Wednesday Evening, September 22nd Signor Hazard's Grand Bal Masque, Fancy and Citizens Ball, Victoria Skating Rink, Thursday, October 14th. Tickets \$2.00, including a Gentleman and two Ladies. Gentlemen's Single Tickets, \$1.50. Ladies Single Tickets, 50 cents.
Fancy Dresses, Masks and Domino's can be had at 364 St. Catherine Street. Tickets to be had at Music Stores. Private Class on Thursday Evening, October 7th. Old Clothes Party on Friday Evening, October 2nd. For Circulars, address Box 729 P. O. 12-11-7-199

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Lieut. G. H. PALMER, U. S. Army, Nashville, Tennessee. 12-8-10-193.

THE FOLLOWING
IN AN
EXTRACT FROM A LETTER
dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horingham, near Warrminster, Wilts. —
"I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78 years old."
Remaining, Gentlemen,
Yours very respectfully,
L. S.,
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NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON.
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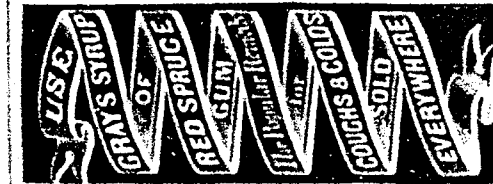
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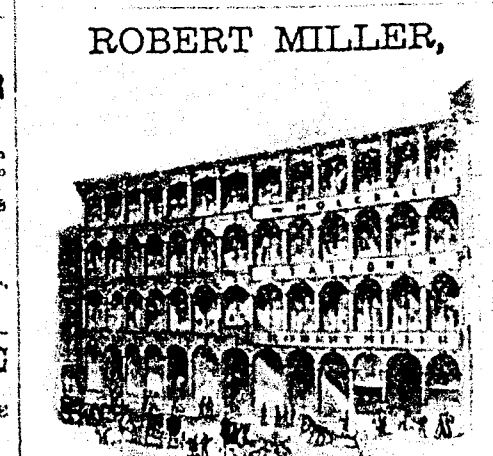
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