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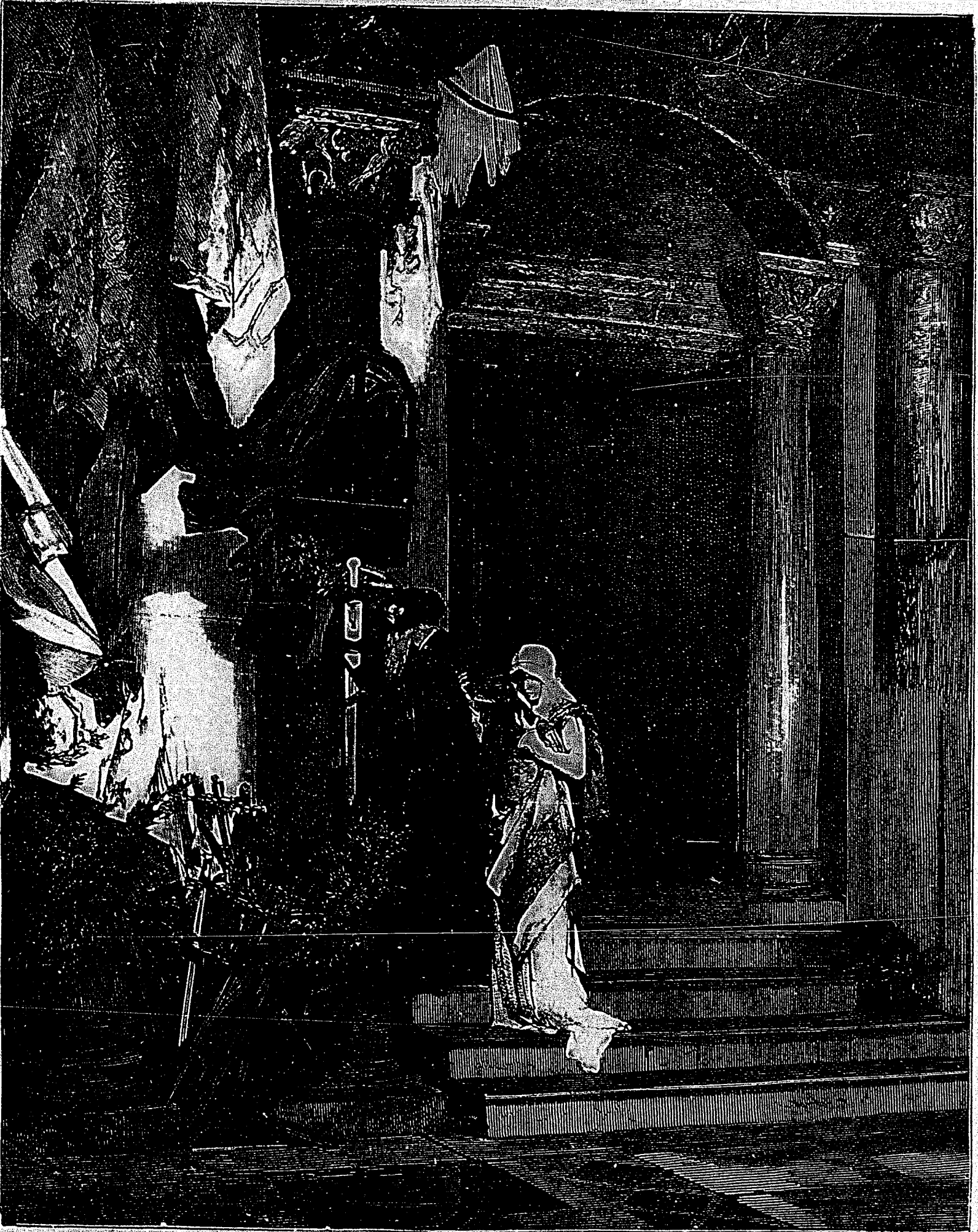
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ADMIRAL CARLO-ZENO.

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NOTICE.

Our Agent, Mr. W. STREET, who last year visited the Maritime Provinces, leaves again this week for the same parts. Customers and subscribers are requested to get ready to pay him all amounts owing us, and to help him in obtaining new subscribers. Our publications comprise the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, and the French illustrated paper L'OPINION PUBLIQUE.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 20, 1878.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

The whole country knows how the 12th of July terminated in Montreal. There is no use going into particulars which have been fully detailed by every paper in the land, and it may suffice to note the material central fact that there was no collision and no effusion of blood. Very bad elements were brought into presence, but the force which the authorities had gathered together was sufficient to overawe them into quiescence. As the events happened on Friday it was impossible for us, in view of going to press so early in the week, to give full illustrations of them, and we have to confine ourselves to only a few sketches for this number, but in the following issue we hope to add views of other interesting matter connected with the subject. The portraits of the County Master, Mr. DAVID GRANT, and of the Grand-Marshal, Mr. FREDERICK HAMILTON, are also published not only on account of the position which they hold in the Orange Order, but because of their arrest by order of the Mayor. It was the arrest of these officers which virtually broke up the contemplated procession and changed the whole complexion of the day. The Mayor, according to his own statement, took this step on the strength of a legal opinion made public by four of the principal lawyers of the Province to the effect that the Orange Order had no legal existence here, and the conservators of the peace were not only justified, but bound to prevent its members from making any manifestations in the streets. This is a phase of the matter which will probably lead to a definite issue at last. The members of the Order will test the question in the Courts. If the decision goes against them, they can be no worse off than they are now; while if it goes in their favour, they will be backed by the whole authority of the Government and the country in every legitimate exercise of the functions of their association.

AMONG our illustrations we may mention that the portrait of DR. FERGUSON, M. P., is connected with the town of Keumtville, views of which we published last week. The front page recalls an old Venetian story of a modern Belisarius, who when blind and forsaken by all, and persecuted by the Republic which he had so often saved, went, guided by his young daughter, to kiss the trophies of his former victories raised in the portico of St. Marks'.

THE insolence of the Parisian cabmen has become so notorious, save towards foreigners, that citizens, to prove they are such, carry on their hats a card with "English spoken here."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

KERAMICS.

From the earliest periods of civilization to the present time, there is perhaps no branch of manufacture which has undergone such vicissitudes of taste and excellence of workmanship as that of pottery. In ancient Greece, within the space of a few centuries, it not only grew from a species of rude handicraft into a refined and graceful art, but declined again so emphatically in style and quality, that the purest Greek vases, in Pliny's time, had become of immense value, and were frequently exhumed from tombs with the same kind of zeal which inspires a modern antiquary. In the middle ages, Italy produced, under the general name of Maiolica, some of the most beautiful specimens of ceramic art which the world has seen, but the excellence of that ware was continually barizing, sometimes with the local material at hand, sometimes with the chemical knowledge, and sometimes with the patronage of the day. In later times our own English pottery has been subject to like influences. The qualities which distinguish old Chelsea, Derby, Worcester, Bristol and Plymouth china are well-known to connoisseurs, and are in a fair way for general recognition now, when the corner and the wall-cabinet have become an article of fashion, and when people are hunting in their attics and kitchens for the few odd pieces of grandmother china which have survived the vicissitudes of time. Since the closing of these celebrated potteries the manufacture of porcelain has been steadily deteriorating; in fact, during the last fifty years or so, the potters, as a rule, seem to have vied with each other in producing bad designs, wretched and totally inappropriate forms, and worse color. This has undoubtedly been caused in a large measure by the demand for cheapness, but very much more by the follies of fashion and the idea even with people of taste that art in their plates and dishes was not at all a necessity. But during all this decadence in ceramic manufactures there have been a few firms whose private energy has done much to remedy a depraved public taste. It is questionable if finer art was ever given to the world than in the manufactures of Josiah Wedgwood, England's great potter, whose Basalt and Jasper wares are "a thing of beauty, a joy forever." In later years, two great firms have divided the honors in England, the Coplands and the Mintons, but gradually the latter have drawn ahead of their rivals in the competition, and to-day "Mintons" by Royal appointment, are a household word. These gentlemen have, by dint of taste, much labor, and the employment of an enormous capital, raised the character of English pottery until to-day it stands, with but one rival, the better of the ceramic manufactures of Japan. Excellent specimens of Minton's ware are now imported into Canada, by the well-known firm of art dealers, Messrs. Scott & Fraser, of Notre Dame street, and it is to be hoped the enterprise of these gentlemen will do much to elevate the public taste in this matter. On another page will be found an illustration of a Minton desert service. It is technically known as the "Duck and Duckling Set," and is, like most of the products of the firm, an entire departure from the ordinary "motif" of the decoration of a dessert service. The drawings are excellent in execution, choice in spirit, full of grotesque humour, and are evidently designed by an artist, who must have watched closely the ways of aquatic fowl and have been in sympathy with them. No better proof of the artistic merit of this set could be given than the fact that Gustave Doré was so tickled with the humor and "chic" of a service, at the Paris Exhibition, ornamented with these designs, that he immediately purchased it. No two pieces of this service are alike, but each plate is complete in itself, and as a work of art is more worthy to be framed and hung on the wall than seven-tenths of the pictures which are usually placed there. At the Paris Exhibition the Messrs. Mintons exhibit the exhibit of Japanese porcelain, and the Messrs. Doulton's exhibit are admitted by the critics to be the best examples of modern ceramic manufacture extant, far outstripping the displays of the modern products of the Dresden, Sevres, or Limoge potteries. The Mintons shew reproductions of old Chelsea, quite equal to the famous originals Crown Derby, Worcester, and Bristol, while their modern wares of their own design are not one whit behind the products of these old and justly celebrated potteries. Messrs. Scott & Fraser have on view in their show rooms at present a hand-painted Desert Service, valued at nearly ten dollars per plate; a most exquisite Chelsea white and gold fluted tea service; some beautiful things in Dinner and Breakfast Sets, and what will delight a great many people, from the associations connected with them, some reproductions of the old Willow pattern; but perhaps the things that are the most charming in their collection of Minton's ware are the Ewers and Basins, which are not one whit dearer than the ordinary ones to be found in any China store. These are good examples of the claim made by such modern writers on matters of household taste as Eastlake, the Garrets, Mr. Orrin Smith, &c., that correct taste in household matters need not necessarily be expensive, and that it is possible, nay practicable, to possess in our houses good forms, honest workmanship and excellence of design, at an expense no greater than what is usually incurred in purchasing articles false in design and unharmonious in colour.

MR. JAMES M. DYKES.

He who rises to the distinction of Champion

in any department of science or art does honour to the land of his birth, and therefore merits the respect and favour of his countrymen. Mr. James M. Dykes, the subject of this sketch, was born of Scottish parents, near the village of Wardsville, in the Province of Ontario, in the year 1849, and is consequently now in his 29th year. At an early age he evinced a remarkable talent for draught playing, and while yet a mere boy, his great achievements across the board brought down upon him many old and experienced players from the towns and cities, all of whom succumbed to his superior skill. On his arrival in this country, in 1874, Mr. James Wyllie, the renowned Scottish champion, visited Mr. Dykes at his home in Glencoe, remaining with him several days, during which time Mr. Dykes' record with his distinguished guest was highly encouraging, nearly all the games they played being drawn. About this time the question of the Canadian championship arose, and considerable discussion ensued through the Canadian and American press, several players laying claim to the title, prominent among whom were Chas. McNab, of Hamilton; Henry Neil, of Sarnia; John Forsyth, of Nova Scotia, and the late Solomon Frank, of Strathroy. To settle the matter Mr. Dykes challenged any player in the Dominion to a match for the championship, and any sum of money from one hundred to five hundred dollars a side. This challenge met with no response, and the press accorded Mr. Dykes the championship of Canada, by default, which title he held until last February, when he was defeated by Mr. James Labadie, of Chatham, in a match for the championship of \$200 a side. He followed up his defeat by challenging his opponent to a match for \$250 a side and the championship of Canada. This challenge was accepted by Mr. Labadie, and the match has just been concluded in London, Mr. Dykes winning the \$500 stake and the championship of Canada. In speaking of the match the London Free Press says: "The match at draughts for the championship of the Dominion, which has been in progress between Messrs. Dykes, of Glencoe, and Labadie, of Chatham, in this city for the past eight or nine days, terminated at eleven o'clock last night in favour of Mr. Dykes, who thus wins the \$500 stake and the championship of Canada. The match is said to have been the closest ever played in America, no fewer than forty-five out of the fifty games being draws. Mr. Dykes won the twenty-third, forty-second and forty-ninth, and Mr. Labadie the thirty-sixth. Dr. Phelan, of this city, officiated as referee, and awarded the championship to the winner, who intends visiting Hamilton to-day with the view of giving some of the experts of that city an opportunity of trying conclusions with him." Mr. Dykes now expresses his willingness to meet Mr. Wyllie across the board, in a match for the championship of the world, and the customary stake, providing Mr. Wyllie will consent to play in America.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, born in 1815, is the second son of Mrs. Frances Trollope, one of the cleverest novelists of the early part of the present century. He was educated at Winchester and Harrow. He has distinguished himself in many ways, but in not any more efficient than in that of a writer of novels of society. It has been jocularly said of this gentleman that he has helped to save the Church of England by the charm he has thrown about it in his many clever and admirable novels. Certainly Mr. Anthony Trollope's bishops, deans, canons, and ordained clergymen generally are the most delightful people in the world, and should content the most unreasonable. The principal scene of these novels is Dorchester, called by the author Barchester, and a very charming idea they give of ecclesiastical life in the west of England. Mr. Trollope has also devoted very considerable attention to the analysis of the life of men in the Civil Service, and whom he maintains are of far more value and of higher character than most people are inclined to assume.

He himself is a shining example of a valuable public servant. As an official of rank in the General Post Office, Mr. Trollope devoted wonderful energy through many years to the duties of his position.

It is said that all his works of fiction written during his service under the Government were completed between five and nine in the morning; and, therefore, before his public work for the day was commenced. After leaving his office he devoted the remainder of the day to social intercourse.

It need not be said that Mr. Anthony Trollope is a man of iron constitution. Apart from his mental gifts, he is blessed with exceptional physical vigour, and a power of endurance which has rarely been surpassed.

In 1878 he gave his attention to the history of Australia and its development, and spent some considerable time in that colony. He may have combined with this journey some official inquiry in reference to the postal arrangements of Australia; but it is certain that a thoroughly exhaustive work concerning the colony may be expected from his hand.

Mr. Anthony Trollope is a wonderful example of inherited genius. His mother descends from a very gifted family, while his father's family have been known in connection with the best directions of English life for several generations. His immediate father was Mr. Anthony Trollope, a barrister-at-law, and a gentleman of fortune, who passed much of his time at Florence. It

was in that perfect city the subject of our memoir and his brother Adolphus had their first literary training.

Of his works it is needless to speak—they are nearly innumerable, but he never rose superior to the book which he was commissioned by the late Mr. Thackeray to write as the leading and opening tale of the "Cornhill Magazine." "Framley Parsonage," the work in question, is one of the most delightful descriptions of the best English country life that has ever been written. Translated into German, French, and even Italian, it has done more to give continental readers a correct idea of English middle-class life than, perhaps, any work of our days. This author is the only writer who, since the time of Dickens and Thackeray, has successfully published his works in monthly shilling parts. Mr. Anthony Trollope is still hearty and vigorous. He wrote only the other day, "I was born in 1815, and am still alive and well." We may expect many works from his accomplished pen before it is laid down forever.

Finally, it may be fearlessly asserted that no man of his generation has done more than Mr. Trollope to benefit, improve, and justify his countrymen. He sees us, as few men do, with our faults and weaknesses, but with a thorough, keen, and honourable respect for what there is in us that proves itself good, frank, earnest, and true.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Of Mr. John Ruskin it may be said without any hesitation that he is one of the most remarkable men of this generation. Most generally known as an art critic, there is scarcely any shape of human intelligence upon which he has not treated. But about whatever work he has been engaged, he has always had the happiness of humanity as the chief aim and end of all he has done.

No man of our time has foreseen with keener mental eyesight than Mr. Ruskin the intense necessity of doing everything well if England is to maintain her supremacy. His was the first voice to warn manufacturers that if they produced bad work the national credit must suffer. Mr. Ruskin was the first man to warn workmen that if they made increased wages the main object in life, their work would in the first place suffer, and they themselves would ultimately feel the domestic misery resulting from stagnation in manufactures.

Nor has he only raised his voice against practical men, for he has been equally urgent with the theorists, who have opposed him even more than of others. In some of the earlier numbers of the "Cornhill Magazine" he commenced a series of papers upon political economy, which he entitled "Unto this Last." They brought him into the most sovereign ridicule. He urged that political economy was not merely a question of figures and of supply and demand, but one of economy. He held that if political economy meant the science of wisely governing mankind, as society could not hold together without morality—morality must have something to do with political economy. This proposition was derided upon all sides. Writers could not comprehend that morality was connected with the sale of bread, or that a man's behaviour had regard to the supply of a market, and Mr. Ruskin was much ridiculed.

He has never wavered. The only child of a very clever and prosperous wine merchant in the City of London, he has never been ashamed of his origin, and frequently speaks with pride of an aunt, who, it appears, was a perfectly honest baker. Nay, he himself has gone into trade; for, growing indignant at the discovery that the rich consumed all the good tea, while the poor had to put up with bad, he opened a shop at Paddington for the sale of good tea at a fair price. The establishment is, we believe, still prosperous. Some years since, nothing more pleased Mr. Ruskin than to take a visitor to Paddington, and give him a right good cup of tea in the back parlour, while he watched the door washerwomen and other humble folk trooping in for their little packets of bohea and congou.

His own description of his early life is very plaintive. Talking of his living-place in London, he says:—"And I was accustomed to no other prospect than that of the brick walls over the way, and had no brothers, nor sisters, nor companions."

He received his chief education at Oxford, where he graduated, and where he remains one of the most popular of professors.

At the death of his father, Mr. Ruskin was enabled to indulge completely untrammelled his passion for art, and, being very rich, many of the great works of the English and the Italian schools have passed through his hands. An extract from his last work, "Notes on Drawings by Turner," clearly shows that he was able to buy drawings by Turner at a very early age.

Mr. Ruskin was born in London in 1819, and from the age of thirty has never ceased to pour forth a mass of books, pamphlets, and articles—the last always more remarkable than those gone before. His genuine sympathy with hard-working men, especially when they do their best, is thorough. He has recently been very ill, but he is now hale again. He passes his time between Oxford, Venice—the art of which he knows better than any living man—and the Lake district, where he has a home with one of the most delightful views in Cumberland. He lives very plainly, and devotes what remains of a large fortune to the perfecting of all things that are good and noble. He is one of the finest of representative Englishmen.

THE TORONTO MEDICAL AND ELECTRO-THERAPEUTIC INSTITUTE.

The successful use of electricity in the treatment of nearly every form of disease is a comparatively new thing in Canada. A little over two years ago, the above institution, situated on the corner of Jarvis and Gerrard Streets—the finest streets in the city—was opened in Toronto. Its operations were at first confined to a building not more than a quarter the size of the present one. Before many months had elapsed, the premises were found to be too small, and the adjoining building was secured. But so popular had the electropathic system of Prof. Bolles become, that in less than a year the remainder of the row of buildings was required, simply to accommodate during their stay in the city, patients residing at a distance from it. It was speedily found that further enlargement would be necessary; and at the time the institution was closed for the purpose, a few weeks ago, many persons have long been waiting in vain for vacant rooms. We have pleasure in now presenting our readers with an illustration of the facade of what is practically a new building. This structure, which is sixty-seven feet long, has all the modern internal improvements and is thoroughly ventilated. An extensive dining-room, with kitchen, pantry, &c., occupies the greater portion of the basement, the remainder being fitted up as servants' dormitories. At either end of the building, on the first floor, consultation and operating rooms for both sexes are provided, and these are separated from each other by commodious reception-rooms which occupy the centre. The gentlemen's department is in charge of Dr. Vernoy, a physician of extensive experience. Both the upper flats are devoted to sleeping-rooms, in the appointments of which every regard has been had to comfort. The furniture is from the establishment of Messrs. Hay & Co. A striking external feature of the building is a handsome verandah, extending its entire length on the western side, at the height of one story from the ground. Access to this is obtained from the main hall.

The proprietors of this institution are ladies, Mrs. Jenny Kidd Trout and Miss E. Amelia Tefft, whose success in healing disease, acute and chronic, has been something marvellous. Mrs. Trout is a native of Scotland. This lady had cherished a desire to become a physician, and in the spring of 1875, she had not only the honour of graduating in Philadelphia, but the further honour of receiving the first license to practise medicine and surgery granted to her sex in Canada. She is still the only woman authorized to attach to her name the initials M. D. and M. C. P. and S., Ontario. While the recent improvements were being made in the premises, Mrs. Trout, in company with her husband, the publisher of "The Monetary Times," visited her native land, from thence passing over to the continent, where she spent some time in acquainting herself with the methods in vogue in various medical institutions of note.

When in Philadelphia, and also while attending as a patient an institution in the State of New York, she became acquainted with her partner, Miss Tefft, who is not only a graduate of one of the oldest women's colleges in the world, but has had eight or ten years' experience in hygienic, hydropathic, and electric institutions in Philadelphia and New York. Although both these ladies are graduates of one of the most exclusive allopathic schools, they learned enough in their student days to convince them that the treatment prescribed by that system was not always the most reliable, and they therefore determined that when they commenced the practise of medicine they would employ whatever remedies might promise the best results. The success they have attained has amply demonstrated the wisdom of this resolution. Electricity in their hands has proved a most wonderful curative agent. Any of our readers who may wish fuller particulars of what is now one of the popular institutions of the country, should address the proprietors.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

SOME one has discovered an analogy between Lord Beaconsfield at the Congress and the following passage in Zachariah viii, 23, "In those days it shall come to pass that ten men shall take hold out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you."

AN ingenious puzzle has been contrived out of the present political complication, which illustrates with singular fidelity the popular view of the situation. Portraits of Gortschakoff, Andrassy, Savfet Pacha, and Bismarck are printed on a square, and the question submitted is to find the head among them which will solve the Eastern Question. By folding the paper so as to bring a quarter of the head of each Minister together, a fair portrait of the Earl of Beaconsfield is presented, with the words around it, "This is the head."

Two interesting Napoleon relics have been lately added to the British Museum; one is a chart of Cadiz Bay, sent by Napoleon Bonaparte to Joseph Bonaparte in 1809 (Add MS. 30, 247 B); the other a beautifully written volume of French songs, set to music, in the handwriting of Hortense, Queen of Holland, mother of Louis Napoleon. This charming specimen of musical calligraphy was given by Madame de

Montaran to Sir Robert Wilson, and by him to his daughter, Isabella Stanhope Randolph. Some of the songs which are contained in it are said to have been written by the Comte de la Garde: the first is "Le Beau Dunois," known popularly as "Partant pour la Syrie" (30,148). These two manuscripts were presented to the nation by the Rev. Herbert Randolph.

AN umbrella trick has been introduced by London thieves. The operator enters a jeweler's store with an umbrella in his hand, and having pulled down the silk covering, without securely fastening it, its folds hang around the handle and form an open-mouthed net. Into the bag thus opened it is not difficult to jerk a ring or two, or even a larger article, which will fall into it without the slightest sound. If the shopman misses the treasure thus abstracted, he will run after his customer, and as a matter of course the other will protest innocence. A search will ensue, at the end of which the owner of the umbrella will be struck by a bright thought, and will himself bring to light the desired object, apologizing in the blandest way and making merry of a joke which has so nearly, as he says, assumed a serious character.

THERE is nothing more puzzling than to find out Lord Beaconsfield's qualifications. He was the one man in the House of Commons, and he is now the one man in the House of Lords who never uses any language but English. You never hear him quote Greek or Latin or French, and it was supposed for many years that, like Thiers, he knew no language but his own. But a few years ago Lord Beaconsfield, when delivering his address as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, astonished the students by quoting from memory, with singular accuracy and with perfect pronunciation, a passage from Euripides that had puzzled even Professor Conington, and a few days before he left for Berlin he barbed one of the most effective of his shafts against Mr. Gladstone with a Latin proverb which is given even by scholars in three or four erroneous forms, and by giving it in its correct form. He held a long and very interesting conversation with M. Thiers when Thiers was in London after the German war, and Thiers notoriously spoke no tongue but his own, and was one of the keenest of Parisians in his style and accent.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PERHAPS the Paris establishment which profits the most largely by the affluence of strangers is the Grand Opéra, whose average receipts vary between 21,000fr. and 22,000fr. a night.

IT may be considered as settled, that only the internal galleries of the Champ de Mars building will disappear with the close of the Exhibition. The "quadrilateral" will remain intact, for a covered park.

MARQUEZ de GOUZA, the famous gymnast, is creating a great sensation at the Paris Hippodrome, where he goes through his startling feat twice daily. The vast building, which will hold 9,000 spectators, is invariably crowded, and the doings of the performer call forth the most vociferous applause.

THE Jabloskoff electric is gradually superseding gas in the more fashionable parts of the city—the Place de l'Opéra, the Avenue de l'Opéra, and at some buildings, such as the Grands Magasins du Louvre, and the hotel of the Figaro, it has been employed for some months, and gives perfect satisfaction. The new light may eventually come into general use.

IN the Hungarian *auberge*, where the Tziganes fiddle like express trains, the wine in the green bottles is to be avoided, unless the visitor comes provided with a cholera mixture; endeavour to find admission to the select part of the little inn, say you are a personal friend of Kossuth's, or that you belong to the Upper Ten of Kamschatka, look as if you had the prospectus of a new Austrian loan in your pocket, and you will be admitted and invited to sit higher in the synagogue.

NEAR the Anthropological shed, full of horrors and instruction, is a model of scientific farming. The director of these beds of cabbages, beet, turnips, &c., is a M. Ville. He holds that plants only require for their growth the exact elements that analysis detects in their ashes. He prepares his chemical manures, and administers pill-box doses to the tender plants. His plan claims to make farmers millionaires. Oddly enough, there is a group of grinning man-sized stuffed baboons overlooking this experimental field.

A GREAT many yachts are quietly making their way up the Seine to Paris; owners and friends live on board, and so avoid hotel bills; a boat can pull them up to an entrance door of the building, and can wait for them like a carriage, with this difference, that it will likely be found. A great want is likely to be supplied; they are really the working classes who form the backbone of the paying element of the Exhibition, and refreshments from them are prohibitory; they are to be enabled to purchase, as if outside the building, and eat and drink where they please.

THE gem of the Paris Exhibition inventions is

the *ramassé mouchoir*, an instrument by the help of which lazy or very stout people can pick up their pocket handkerchief without stooping. It is on the principle of those zig-zag frames on which wooden soldiers are placed, and which children amuse themselves with by shooting out and drawing in. Supposing, then, a stout lady lets her handkerchief fall, she has only to dart out the limbs of her *ramassé mouchoir*, the instrument seizes the object, and the lady draws it comfortably towards her.

CURIOUS and disagreeable facts may be made public. It is a significant circumstance that in the Exhibition, though all French wines are said to be represented, the common *vin ordinaire* does not figure. There is Médoc, Clos-Vougeot, and Saint Emilien, as there are also the cheap wines of Narbonne, Beaujolais, and Saumur. There are wines which we may find in our own capital, and indeed in every capital; but the peculiar *vin ordinaire* with which so many of our countrymen will be slacking their thirst in the hot days of July and August has no place in the exhibits of the Trocadero building. In fact it is not a wine—it is a mixture.

TREASURES OF THE TROCADERO PALACE.

To analyze in detail this admirable museum is impossible; all that I will pretend to is a bird's-eye view of its treasures the most worthy of attention. First on the list is the collection of arms and medals belonging to Mr. Carponos, dating back to the utmost limits of historic times. Here are Epirote autographs on lead and copper found in the temple of Dodona, acts for the purchase and enfranchisement of slaves, decrees of the Molossi, &c., all traced with a stylus, and legible only to professors of hieroglyphics. M. Alphonse de Rothschild has 40 pieces of Italian faience, estimated at over 1,000,000 francs. Adolphe de Rothschild shows two Venetian bronzes that cost over 300,000 francs, and an enamel, not larger than a silver dollar, valued at 30,000 francs. A magnificent casket in the collection of Gustave de Rothschild was purchased from a Spanish *grande*, the duke de X., who had offered it for 40,000 francs to the great antiquarian, Strauss, by whom it had been refused on the ground that the owner, being a minor, had no right to sell. "Buy my watch, then," said the impecunious nobleman; "I have not a louis in my pocket." But Mr. Strauss was obdurate, although he is moved to tears now when he sees the coveted treasure in the possession of a rival. Eighteen marble bas-reliefs, bought by Mr. Spitzer for 100,000 francs, were for years in the back shop of a dealer of bric-a-brac, in the Rue Lepeltier, named Couvreur, who only by accident discovered their value. M. Strauss, even if he did miss the Spanish casket, has one of the most curious collections; his particular hobby is in objects connected with the Jewish faith. Some of these are of great antiquity; one, a tabernacle, dates from the year 3,000, a marriage contract from the year 1,500, and with them a collection of candelabra with seven and eight branches, tables of the law, wedding and betrothal rings, etc. By a strange coincidence—if it was not an intentional courtesy to this learned Israelite—the Gibelius tapestry above M. Strauss' exhibition is a picture of the passage of the Red Sea by the Hebrews. To use the consecrated phrase of the enthusiastic Frenchman: "You can mount the stream of time" in this strange gallery—not always, though, with the same interest in every case. The age of stone is curious but not amusing, with its flint arrow-heads and bits of bone and fragments of chariot wheels, supposed to have belonged to Gallic warriors at an epoch anterior to the Roman conquest, and a few incredulous souls ask whether it is beyond doubt that the distinguished amateur from the provinces who shows a case—"Objects having belonged to a soldier"—a skull and thigh-bone was perfectly justified in assigning them to the same individual, or whether this individual might not have been a respectable farmer of the time, instead of, as he says, a man of war? I have not space to describe Mr. Riggs' collection of armor, and of the Basilewski contribution will only notice his recent acquisition of a china plate, with the portrait of Charles V., for the modest trifle of 20,000 francs. Dr. Mandi exhibits 500 pieces of delf; among these is an immense plate representing a Chinese fair, with all the tricks of modern Japanese jugglery—the wrestler, the man with the bamboo, the child in a basket, all of which, it seems, were practised in the empire of the Celestials 150 years ago. The case of musical instruments is extremely curious, and amateurs of violins linger around specimens of Stradivarius and Guarnerius—three of these are valued at 45,000 francs. Mr. Benazet shows a bass-viol which he could sell tomorrow for 30,000 francs, and Mr. Jacques Hertz is kind enough to delight the ears of all particularly distinguished visitors by an air of Boccherini, played upon a harpsichord from the ancient royal chateau of Blois. Mme. Louise Viardot is the proud owner of the original manuscript score of "Don Giovanni," entirely written by Mozart himself, and Mme. Pauline Viardot, not to be outdone by any of her family, calls your attention to a carefully-sealed packet inclosing a lock of Mozart's hair. Let us hope that the lock is really there, but certain skeptics would prefer, if they cannot handle, at least to be able to see this precious relic. As statistics are always good as proofs of the interest of the public in anything, I need only say that in spite of the

pouring rain on Sunday and Monday, over 50,000 visitors were admitted to this gallery each day, and as only 25 were allowed in at a time there was a crowd waiting their turn at the doors such as is seen at the great theatres for the first performance of some attractive spectacle.

A BRICK FOR DUFFY.—The San Francisco *News Letter* has the following:—We learn with great pleasure that it is the intention of the British residents in California to present the Earl of Beaconsfield with a silver brick, beautifully mounted in California woods and adorned with quartz specimens, as a token of appreciation of his action with regard to the Eastern question. The gift which is to cost from one to two thousand dollars will be presented to the Premier by the Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary of Foreign Affairs. Large contributions have already been made, and we feel sure that all loyal subjects of Her Majesty, whether Conservatives or Liberals, will be glad of this opportunity of showing their esteem for a Minister who has done so much to uphold the dignity of Great Britain. The present attitude of England is one of which all her sons may well be proud, and whether war ensues or not, her conduct will have shed additional lustre on her ancient name. Lord Beaconsfield has been the means of this, and it is fitting that those whose ship has been so safely steered should show their regard for the "man at the wheel."

DRESSING IN SARATOGA.—"Eli Perkins," in his peculiar way, says:—There is less dressing in Saratoga every year. Now and then a "swell" girl gets in from Buffalo or Chicago with nineteen trunks, and "stuns" us with two new toilettes a day for ten consecutive days. But the genteel New York girl dresses very little. She comes to see the panorama rather than to be seen. She hides away with her beax in corners, under a dainty parasol, or forms a "clique," where they sit and abuse the Joneses, whose father, like their father, once kept a green grocery. I see several young ladies who always look sweetly in muslin. They came here with six white muslin dresses and twenty-four yards of ribbon.

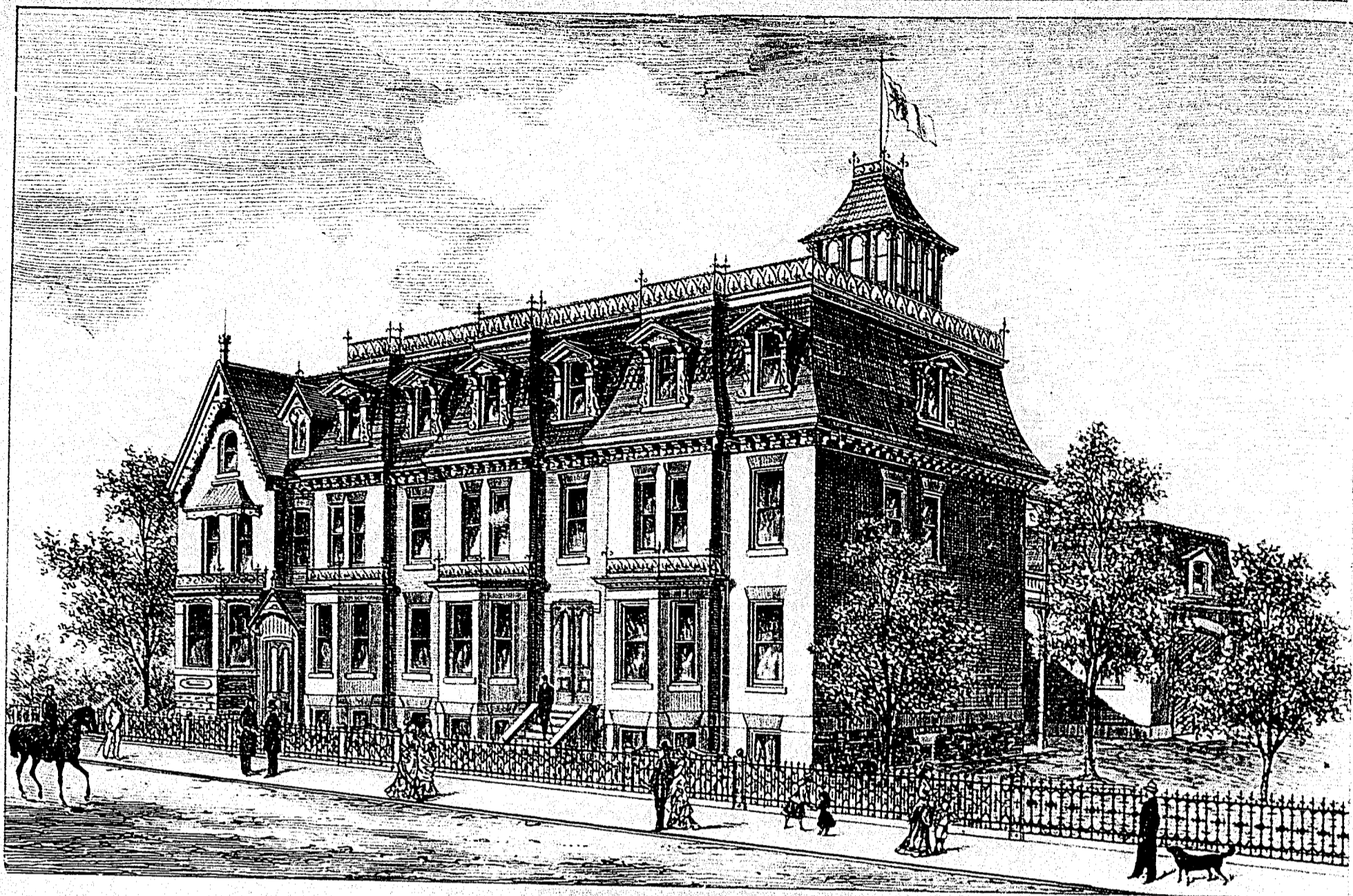
"Well, we buy six yards of wide blue ribbon. This we make into bows, sashes, etc. When we wear blue, it is blue throughout—bibs on the hat, blue sash, blue bows, blue stockings, etc."

"And the other ribbon?"
"Why, we also buy six yards of cardinal, six yards of pearl, and six yards of straw color. So, you see, with six muslin dresses and three white chip hats, we can come out in a new suit every day, and if we have coloured parasols to match, why the taste is perfect, and twenty-four dollars' worth of ribbon does the business."

CHILD OF THE FREE HEMISPHERE.—"Now, you just skip out!" said a burly deck-hand in the ladies' cabin of a Fulton ferry boat, as he caught a thinly-clad, shivering, bare-footed boy by the ear and marched him towards the door. "Get on the deck—lively now!" The boy had been asking for cents, and the man had caught him at it. "Oh, please, don't," screamed the child as the deck-hand twisted his ear—"I'll go—I will!" A fashionably-dressed lady stepped forward, and her silks rustled and her eyes flashed fire as she said, "What has he done? Why do you treat the child so harshly?" "He's a young beggar, mum; and the rules doesn't allow beggars in the boats, mum." "Let him stay in here," said she. "It's cold outside. He is barefooted, and so young too—why, he can't be more than five or six years old!" "He can stay here if he behaves himself. He mustn't beg—it's again the rules, mum;" and the big man let go the little one's ear and stood watching him. "Poor little fellow," mused the lady, scanning the boy's pale, pinched face closely, "you look tired and hungry. I've a mind to give you something." "It's for rum if you give him a cent, mum; his folks will take it all away from him before his foot's put ashore three minutes," declared the deck-hand. But the kind lady handed the shivering child one of Uncle Sam's crisp fifty-cent promises to pay hereafter, saying, "He certainly needs shoes and something to eat." "Mistaken charity," persisted the valiant *employé*. "We know 'em all—he'll get no good of the money." "He's welcome to the little I gave him," she answered, and, noticing that the passengers were regarding her with interest, she added, "And I believe that every person in this cabin believes I am right, and that most of them are willing to give the poor child a penny or two." The passengers did agree with her, and they began dropping money into the little fellow's hat until the episode proved his gold-mine. The boat touched the pier. The boy skipped on shore and across the street to Fulton Market. The reporter followed him round into Beckman Street, and saw him wait at the corner; two minutes later he saw the well-dressed lady approach from the other side of the market, saw the boy empty the money into her gloved palm, and, passing the pair, heard her say cheerfully, "Well, Dick, I guess we'll try the Roosevelt Street boat now."

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.



THE TORONTO MEDICAL AND ELECTRO-THERAPEUTIC INSTITUTE.



MONTREAL.—AN INTERESTING KERAMIC COLLECTION.

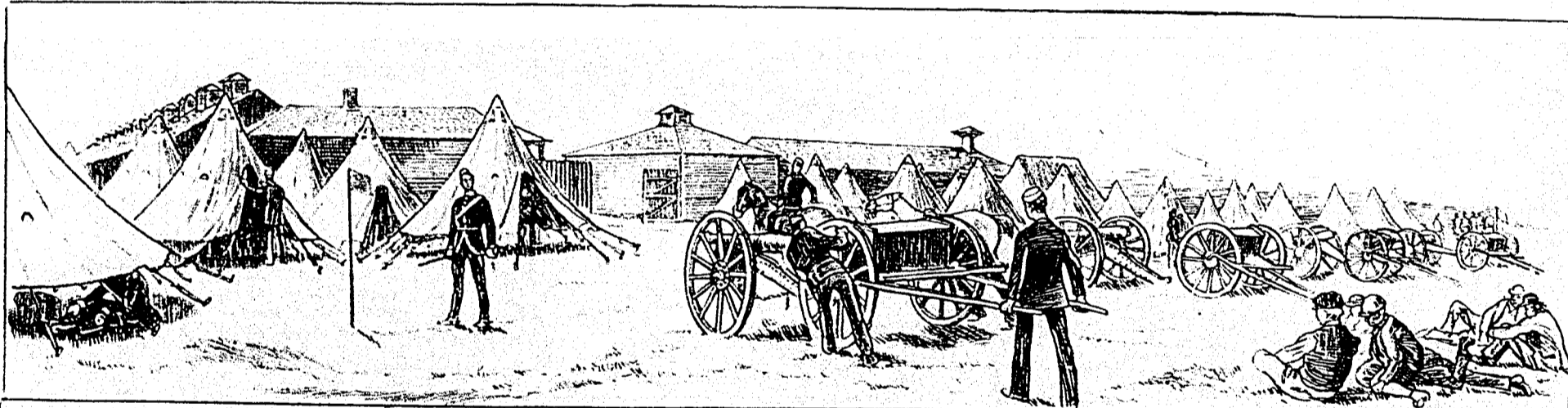


COUNTY-MASTER DAVID GRANT.



GRAND-MARSHAL FREDERICK HAMILTON.

THE 12TH JULY IN MONTREAL.



ANNUAL DRILL OF TORONTO FIELD BATTERY. CAMP IN GARRISON AVENUE.

INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS OF THE MONTREAL VOLUNTEER MILITIA FORCE.

REMINISCENCES OF THE VETERAN COLONEL
DYDE.

To the Editor of the Montreal Herald:

SIR,—Having been requested by some of my numerous military friends to give an outline of the history of the Montreal Volunteer Force, from 1837 to 1868, which I promised at the first leisure moment to do, I now beg leave to enclose you this sketch, which I will feel obliged by your publishing. I may hereafter give you a little sketch from 1812 to 1838—having a full knowledge of all that occurred, and taken part in many of the events.

Your obedient servant,
JOHN DYDE,
Colonel, Volunteer Militia.

SIR,—It is refreshing and must be very gratifying to the active forces of Montreal to receive such high and well-deserved commendation from the Lieut.-General Commanding, in his recent General Orders. As to the appearance and efficiency of the various corps which took part in the celebration of the Queen's Birthday and the force which was recently called out in aid of the civil power at Quebec, there can be no doubt that the encouragement and consideration now bestowed on the Volunteer Militia is far greater than it has been since the insurrection of 1837-1838, when loyal men did noble service—although not what it ought to be—when the sacrifices made by both officers and men are taken into account, for we have almost always had to content ourselves and be thankful for very small favours. When the boundary line survey took place, two or three battalions were partially raised, but were disbanded on its settlement; and after the Oregon difficulty in 1845, two fine strong corps having been raised in three weeks, the Garrison Artillery and the Montreal Light Infantry by Lieut.-Colonels Maitland and Dyde (and Montreal Rifles commenced under Lieut.-Colonel Breckenridge). The force dwindled down to comparative insignificance: from 1838 to this time, there had been three Adjutant-Generals—Colonel Plomer Young, Colonel Gagy and Colonel Taché—who all successively resigned; but when Colonel de Rottenburg was appointed Adjutant-General in 1855, under a new law, the volunteer militia was somewhat resuscitated. Two troops of Cavalry, the Field Battery and foot company of Artillery and several strong companies of Rifles were organized, and I was placed in command of the latter as Lieut.-Col., and in time they formed a splendid battalion of ten companies, numbering in the aggregate 800 men. I retained the command for some time, and was then appointed Commandant of the whole force, Lieut.-Col. Willy succeeding me. On my appointment as Commandant the officers of the Rifles presented me with a sword and a complimentary address. The new law only allowing one paid staff (the Inspecting Field Officer), my Brigade-Major, Captain Geo. Smith, during a service of four years, never received any emoluments, providing his own office and furnishing the necessary stationery. After the appointment of Colonel de Rottenburg to the command of the 100th Regiment, Sir Edmund Head took upon himself the duties of Adjutant-General. Lieut.-Cols. Dyde, Sewell, and Denison were indebted, at this time, to Sir Edmund's sense of justice, as a recognition of long and faithful services, for promotion to the rank of Colonel (at this time a line battery of the Garrison Artillery and a strong company of the Light Infantry were raised), and he did everything the law could possibly allow for the welfare of the active force, and to enable it to make a good appearance on the arrival of the Prince of Wales in 1860, which it did, and furnished all the escorts, guards, &c., during his stay, and when His Royal Highness reviewed the whole force, on Logan's Farm, he was pleased to express himself in very kind and complimentary terms, and, before his departure, H. R. H. was graciously pleased to allow the Montreal Rifles to bear his name. At the Agricultural Exhibition at Point St. Charles a parade and sham fight took place, in which the whole organized force took part.

The Adjutant-Generals, after Col. de Rottenburg, were Colonel de Salaberry, Colonel P. L. MacDougall (now Lieut.-General commanding the forces at Halifax), and Col. Robertson Ross. During this decade, the interchange of military courtesies between the United States and Canada were frequent and gratifying. The Biminger Guards, of New York, in 1853; the Boston Fusiliers in 1857; a company of the N. Y. 8th Militia in 1858; the Portland Light Infantry in 1859, and again the Boston Fusiliers during the visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, were all received in a cordial and proper manner, and entertained with the utmost hospitality. Our Field Battery, under Captain A. A. Stevenson, visited St. Albans in 1857, New York in 1858, during the Cable celebration, and were honoured by being placed on the right and carrying the British flag, the first time it had waved over British soldiers in the United States since their Independence; and Boston and Portland in 1859. The Montreal Rifles, 203 strong, under Lieut.-Col. Willy, accompanied by the Commandant and many officers of other corps, and ladies, went to Portland on invitation in 1858 and were received with a most hearty welcome by all. In the afternoon the Rifles were reviewed by the

American General in command of the Militia, in presence of a great concourse. Afterwards a great banquet was given to both officers and men in honour of the occasion. Next day a picnic and grand chowder feast took place among the Islands—a most enjoyable affair. The *entente-cordiale* between the soldiers—American and British—was perfect. In the evening the Mayor gave a splendid ball, which was attended by all the principal people, visitors and officers of both forces.

Within four years the active force had been called out three times in aid of the Civil power, and the conduct of both officers and men was admirable, especially during the civic election for the Mayoralty between Rodier and Holmes. A formidable and vicious mob was committing assaults of a most brutal character. The police were powerless; and Mr. Justice Coursol, who acted as the magistrate on this occasion, with his characteristic promptness and decision, called upon me for assistance to disperse it. A requisition had been made on me the night before. The rioters were principally French-Canadians, and, when the troops made their appearance, headed by the cavalry, under Lieut.-Col. David, they were assailed by the mob with the most threatening abuse, taunts and all sorts of missiles. I ordered the cavalry to advance, which they did, straight through for 200 or 300 yards, using the flats of their sabres, and scattering them in all directions,—the Rifles following. It so happened that the two French companies of the Prince of Wales' Rifles had to take up the most critical position. No troops could have behaved better under the circumstances. They evinced, throughout, coolness, determination, and forbearance. 25 or 30 of the ringleaders were seized at once and marched off to jail by the police, protected by a party of the second troop—also French-Canadians. In half an hour the whole was put down. I may add that two guns of the Field Battery were placed in position to command the main approaches to the polling place.

On another occasion, during the election in the East Division between Cartier and Dorion, the whole force was again under arms, and the Lachine troops were brought in to act with the Montreal cavalry. The mob was completely overawed and peace preserved throughout. The conduct of volunteers was most praiseworthy. About this time—1861—a rifle match took place between H. M. 47th and the Montreal Rifles—50 picked men from each—which, after a close contest, resulted in favour of the latter. Other matches took place at the same time. Among other prizes was a liberal purse by the Hon. Mr. Justice Dunkin, formerly Lieut.-Colonel of the Light Infantry, and a gold medal by myself as Commandant.

In 1862, when the Trent imbroglio occurred after the departure of Sir Edmund Head, who was succeeded by Lord Monck, and war appeared almost certain, the force was augmented, from less than 1,000, to nearly 4,000, in the space of three months. The corps raised or augmented under my auspices and supervision were:—The Governor-General's Body Guard or Royal Guides, Captain D. L. MacDougall; The Garrison Artillery, Lt.-Col. Tyley; Engineers, 1st Company, Captain Kennedy; 2nd Company, Captain Forsyth; The Montreal Light Infantry, Lt.-Col. Ross; The 3rd Volunteers, Lt.-Colonel Smith; The 4th Chasseurs Canadiens, Lt.-Col. Coursol; The 5th Royal Infantry, Lt.-Colonel Hibbard. All these officers and those under their command were equally entitled to and deserve the greatest credit, for coming forward as they did at such a critical period and at great cost to themselves of time and money. The officers, from the Commandant downward (with the exception of the Brigade-Major who then only received \$600), had no remuneration whatever, and the men were only paid six dollars per annum. The Government at this time, merely furnished the overcoat and arms—the fur caps, mitts, &c., were provided by the officers or the men themselves. At the first blast the bankers, merchants, &c., were prodigal of their offers of assistance, but when discretion proved the better part of valor, and Mason and Slidell were given up, it is astonishing how indifferent they became:

"When war comes on and danger's nigh
God and the soldier's all the cry;
When danger's past, and wrongs are righted,
God is forgotten, the soldier slighted."

The finest Montreal Volunteer Force, fully armed and equipped and ready for service, that ever mustered, as to numbers and physique, paraded in brigade, on Good Friday, the 9th of April, 1862, strength 3,325, according to Brigade statement made by Brigade-Major MacPherson, and forwarded to headquarters. This force was kept up with little falling off until 1863, and was often out, and always on the Queen's Birthday in division with Her Majesty's regular troops, forming the Second Brigade. My eldest son, Major Robert Dyde, commanded the Light Infantry at the parade on Good Friday, the last time he ever turned out, having died on the 8th September, 1862, from disease contracted while on service; another, a younger son, who had been in the 14th Light Dragoons, had previously perished in India.

The first grand rifle meeting, open equally to regulars and volunteers, took place in 1863, inaugurated by the Commandant and Field Officers of the Volunteer Force, under the nominal patronage of Lord Monck, and was a great success, and continued 12 days; it was opened with much *éclat*, a Guard of Honour, with the colours and band of the Montreal Light Infantry under Captain James Taylor, received Sir Fenwick Williams, who opened the tournament

by firing the first shot, and, of course, making a "Bull's Eye." A grant was voted by the Corporation, and the citizens subscribed liberally, enabling the Committee to offer numerous and most valuable prizes. Complimentary guards of 50 men under command of an officer were daily furnished by Her Majesty's Guards and other regular regiments during the whole time. Strangers were most hospitably entertained during the meeting by the Committee, and the proceedings were closed with a grand spread on the ground to all who had attended the meeting. After this the 5th Royal Light Infantry had several rifle matches with the Guards and other regiments and were uniformly successful; these matches were under the management of Lieut.-Col. John Grant. The 5th were peculiarly successful in two matches with the 4th Battalion 60th Regiment of Rifles, in which they fired against two public teams from that gallant corps—one selected by the Musketry Inspector, the other by Colonel Hawley himself.

On the 11th March, 1863, a grand parade and sham fight took place in honour of the Prince of Wales's marriage. The whole force was out and numbered over 3,000—every officer and man wearing a white favour in his cap. After the salute and *feu de joie* the mountain was stormed—the defenders being the Field Battery and foot company, who were on the top, etc.

During the election in the East Division between Cartier and Lanctot, the force was again called out in aid of the civil power, but there was little or no rioting. The volunteers, as usual, behaved well.

This decade was famous for raids—first that on the St. Alban's Bank, by the Southerners who had taken refuge here; and, in fact, they had done so, more or less, in all parts of Canada, and to prevent a repetition in other places and to give our friends south of 45° no cause of complaint, detachments from the Montreal force were sent in different localities to prevent it—four companies to Windsor and to Sandwich, opposite Detroit, under Lieut.-Colonel Smith; two to Prescott, under Captain J. Taylor, and one to the Niagara frontier, under Captain Cinq-Mars. A considerable force, under Lieut.-Colonel Hill, was stationed at Windsor and Sandwich some time after Lieut.-Col. Smith's recall with his command. Then commenced the Fenian raids, more or less alarming; when the force was kept constantly on the *qui vive*; but the most serious of all was in 1866. The commandant, staff, and 2,500 officers and men were on service and strong detachments were sent to the front in different directions. The Royal Guides, under Captain MacDougall, were at St. Armands attached to a brigade of regulars under Colonel Elrington of the Rifle Brigade. The Guides, on that occasion, were fired upon by a lot of Fenians from behind a barricade; they returned the fire, charged them, scattered them, and drove them across the lines, where they took refuge behind the U. S. troops, having time only to secure one prisoner. The Cavalry, Field Battery and Royals were at Hemmingford under Lieut.-Colonel Grant. The Prince of Wales (Lieut.-Colonel Devlin), and the Victorias (Lieut.-Colonel Heward) were at Huntingdon under command of Lieut.-Colonel Smith. A detachment of the Garrison Artillery and the Prince of Wales were at Stanstead under Captain Dowker. The right wing of the Hochelagas was at Cornwall under Lieut.-Col. Hawkes. The left wing of the same corps was at Isle-aux-Noix, under Lieut.-Colonel Isaacson. The Chasseurs Canadiens, under Lieut.-Colonel Coursol, were sent to St. Johns to do duty with the regulars, where they remained ready for service. The Home Guards—three battalions—were formed at this time, and the senior Lieut.-Colonel—the Hon. James Ferrier—placed the whole under my command, making the force, altogether, close upon 4,500 strong. Out and in-lying pickets were detailed every night for the tête-du-pont, gas works, banks, and all the principal approaches to the city, and all the thoroughfares were patrolled by the Royal Guides and Montreal Cavalry, in turn, from dusk to dawn. These precautions were considered imperatively necessary, as it was believed—in fact, known—that there were large numbers of Fenians and their sympathisers in the city and scattered through the country. At this time 18 or 20 Fenian prisoners were brought in from St. Armands, and the streets were so crowded, I was obliged to give a strong extra guard from the Garrison Artillery, to convey them down to gaol, where they were kept for months, fattened up, and in the end, received very slight punishment. It would have been better, instead of bringing them in, to have tied them to the cart's tail, given them the cat and kicked them over the lines.

On the Queen's Birthday, 24th May, 1867, I was presented by the officers of the force with a most gratifying address, alluding to my services of 54 years, in presence of the whole brigade. The last order I had the honour of issuing to the force was on the occasion of the funeral of the late lamented D'Arcy McGee, who was assassinated 7th April, 1868, at Ottawa. The obsequies took place at Montreal, on the 13th, with great pomp, military and civil. By Sir George Cartier's Militia Act—the present one, which came into operation in 1868—the Commandant and staff were deposed, without even the compliment of a general order,—a most ungenerous, shameful and inexcusable omission after such long, faithful and gratuitous service, having given their time, energy and means without stint, the Assistant Ad-

utant and Quartermaster-Generals, Lieut.-Col. G. Smith and J. Lyman, having served in '37-'38 and since then, with slight intermission, and the Commandant constantly, for upwards of half a century. In no other part of the world would such glaring injustice have been perpetrated. My youngest son A. D. C.—Captain J. Dyde—also suffered by the action of the same Bill. In time, the force began to fall off gradually, but very materially in numbers. The Royal Guides and Second Troop of Cavalry became extinct; the First Company of Artillery became extinct; one of the Engineer Companies also. The Montreal Light Infantry, four Companies of the Prince of Wales' Rifles, the 4th Chasseurs Canadiens, and the 5th Royal Light Infantry, ceased to exist, and the 6th Hochelaga Light Infantry lost two companies. Now, the Montreal active force proper, though small in numbers, is, as a whole, very efficient. The officers, with few exceptions, are zealous and well up to their work, and there is great *esprit de corps* and laudable emulation existing throughout, and, it has been proved beyond doubt, they can be depended upon to do their duty, and at all times. Instead of an active force of 1,400 or 1,500, Montreal ought to have at least 3,000.

With regard to the staff, I would say that although it is altogether anomalous and unprecedented that a staff officer should be in command of a military district, it is without the slightest reflection on, or disparagement to, my friend the D. A. G., who served under me just forty years ago, and whom I know by long intimacy and experience to be eminently qualified for the office which he has so well earned. It is the law, not the man, I take exception to. I would do, and take pleasure in doing so, that the Brigade-Major who served with me before I was relegated to an inactive position is, from his aptitude and knowledge of the duties of his office, hardly to be surpassed.

On the 25th May, 1870, after my cessation from active duty, by the action of Sir George Cartier's Militia Bill, the officers of the force presented me, in presence of an immense concourse of my fellow-citizens, with a full length portrait of myself and an address expressing their regret at my disconnection with the force, with which I had been so long associated; the kind terms of which and the manner of its presentation, almost recompensed me for the injustice I had suffered at the hands of the Minister of Militia.

I may mention in conclusion, that since 1838, I have been out 19 times in aid of the civil power, either as a magistrate in charge of regular troops or in command of volunteers. On four or five occasions the mobs were very large and the riots so very dangerous and serious, that it was found necessary to use force to put them down, which was always done as humanely as possible, fully meeting with the approval of the authorities. More anon from 1812.

Your obedient servant,
JOHN DYDE,
Colonel Volunteer Militia

LITERARY.

MATTHEW ARNOLD is very near-sighted.

MR. SPARKES, of the South Kensington School of Art, is engaged upon a Life of Flaxman.

THE national library at Paris consists of over 1,300,000 volumes. That is four times as large as any in this country.

VICTOR HUGO has made a present of the pen with which he wrote the "History of a Crime," to Senor Boner Ortiz, to be placed in the museum.

MRS. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN, the poetess, recently deceased, was one of Poe's sweethearts. His first meeting with the lady is narrated in a poem entitled "To Helen."

A GUSHING Scotch gentleman, on being presented to the English Poet Laureate, exclaimed with rapture as he clasped his hand and gazed upon him: "Eh, mon, you've a fine Rob Roy head!"

JOHN R. BARTLETT thinks the long-sought quotation: "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," was originated by George Lindley of Braham, a song writer, who published the song containing it in 1848. But it has been traced to an earlier date than this, and Mr. Bartlett will have to try again.

A COPY of the great Mentz Bible, printed by Gutenberg in 1445, being the first book ever printed, was sold at auction recently in Paris for \$10,000. It was printed on vellum, but is an imperfect copy, having one leaf and several portions restored in fac-simile by M. Pullinski. At the famous Perkins sale in England, in 1873, a copy of the same work was sold for \$17,000.

GUSTAVE DROZ, better known as "Gustave Z," so famous among French writers for his knowledge of women and children, that women for a long time declared his name must be a nom de plume for one of their sex, is a hardened bachelor, who lives in a studio redolent of tobacco smoke, and never sets foot in a drawing-room because he hates dress-coats.

DR. JOYCE, the author of "Deirdre," proposes to continue the interesting story of the great Celtic mythical period, which was admirably introduced in his first book, and is at work upon a new volume. He is actively engaged in his profession, and is accustomed, as Wordsworth was, to compose his poetry, three or more pages at a time, while he is about the streets, and then write it down at his earliest leisure.

OF Charles Dickens' personal letters, Mr. G. A. Sala says: "Charles Dickens was one of the best letter-writers of his age; his epistles are strong, flowing, nervous and incisive in style; as carefully indited as any of his literary work, yet wholly unaffected. The letters of Dickens (so far as I have any acquaintance with them) rarely contained any literary criticism, or indeed, any reference to literature at all. But he wrote about the most sensible 'business' letters and the finest lessons of argument and advice that I ever read. He went straight to the point, and said what he had to say, sometimes in a quaintly humorous, sometimes in a grave and earnest manner, but always logically and exhaustively. Thackeray's and Shirley Brooks' letters were, on the other hand, full of scholarly allusions, anecdotes, quotations *bons mots* and polished persiflage."

A Summer Week with a North-West Survey Party.

BY BARRY DANF.
(Continued.)

Thou hearest not the light tap at the door nor the footsteps that cross the floor, and not till I am beside thee is thine attention drawn from the pages before thee. And then I see thee smile incredulously, and look again to make sure it is no ghost. The paper is dropped, and I receive a hearty welcome, and have a thousand questions showered upon me. We talk an hour, and then thou givest another reassuring look, and then again I hear thee say thou art right glad to see me. Hark! there is a well-known step outside, and a knock upon the panel, the door opens ere thou canst say "come in," and in walks "R." My back is to him and he is about to retreat, when he comes forward at thine invitation. Ah, I can see him now as I turn my face towards him. How he starts back, throwing up his hands, then pounces upon my outstretched one with both of his, and says, "What, ho, Horatio! ha-ha-ha!" "Come, let me clutch thee!" God bless me, boy, who would have thought to find thee here?—come up to-night and have a quiet pipe and mug of ale!"

Thou laughest at me. Laugh if thou wilt at my foolish talk; but I love to think of dropping in upon you all, and wringing friendly hands, and seeing faces that I know so well. It is a pleasing dream-awake to me. I care not whether thou thinkest me wise or otherwise. But thou art getting sleepy and tired of my clatter, so roll thyself beneath thy blankets and take thyself off to the land of Nod.

Patter, patter, patter, on the canvas roof. Ugh! what a gloomy morning! This is none of your sun-showers, but a steady down-pour that will last all day, and as like as not for three. No work—tied to camp. If there is one thing that is miserable in this life, it is a rainy day in camp. Everything damp and clammy—feet, hands, blankets, books, bread and pork, all in a cold perspiration. Thou art glad of it, for there will be no chain to drag—no rocks and windfalls to break thy shins against, and no muskegs and swamps to sink waist deep into. Well, so I thought once too; but give me the sunshine and work before rain, and none now.

Well, as we are not to work, let us play as best we can. What shall it be—whist or cribbage, euchre or bluff? Cribbage it is. Then, I will bet with thee upon the game. No money! Dost thou think that for the want of filthy lucre we shall let the venerable custom of a stake upon the game be dropped? No, no. I will wager thee in camp currency—tobacco. A plug upon the rubber. I hold it no great sin to bet thee a plug of the soothing weed. Not half so great as to wager a pair of gloves or a silk handkerchief with some fair one. There is an old saying that he who bets upon an uncertainty is a fool, and he who bets upon a certainty is a knave. We, at that rate, can be no worse than fools, for we know not which will have to pay; while he who bets the gloves or the handkerchief, knows of a certainty that whether he win or lose he must pay the bet, thus making of himself a highly censurable knave. What! thou hast won the first two games of the rubber? There take thine ill-gotten plug—get thyself a cap-and-bells and smoke thyself black in the face: fumigate thyself into a red herring, but first, kind fool, give thy brother a fill from thine insane winnings. What shall we do now? Smoke and sleep. Original, bright thought! let it be crystallized or clouded at once into reality. Smoke and sleep till dinner-time, and then glut ourselves with rabbit soup and roast duck. Knowest not that an Indian brave was at camp this morning, and for a small consideration of pork and flour has left us rabbits and ducks enough for a princely feed? Come, let us dream of it and wake to the sweet reality.

"Wisneen! Wisneen!" Wake up there lazy bones? Dost thou not hear the knight of the pots and pans calling us in the Indian tongue to eat and be merry. Have a care not to choke thyself with a "merry thought." When did the city caterers serve thee up such a meal as this? Ah! I see thou art too much engrossed to listen to me. I shall wait till thou hast finished. Heigh-ho! a whole afternoon for us to lie and kick our heels together, and smoke, talk, sleep or read as we may please to do. Give me that Tennyson and I will amuse myself with "Maud's" mad lover, or some one else.

"I stood on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met."

I wonder if they ever met in a wet tent. How they must have shivered and squabbled over the dry blankets, until

"Matter enough for deploring,"

the old year roaring and blowing "a good deal, was kicked out by the "new year blowing and roaring" a good deal more, which was very undutiful conduct.

"I should be kicked." Why should I be kicked? That is just the ungentlemanly conduct that I have been censuring the new year for. Well, I believe I should be. I won't be irreverent any more. But what is a fellow to do on such a horrible wet day as this? It would be bearable if one had the morning and evening papers to go to sleep over, but I can only get papers six weeks old that tell me of "strikes" and "swindles" in a country that may be now, for all I know, engaged in a civil war, or under the influence of a religious revival; or inform me of the appearance of the great sea serpent somewhere or other, and while I am

credulously swallowing the animal, flour-barrel head, fiery eye-balls, shaggy mane and all, the rest of the world is laughing at me for a fool, and saying they knew it was a sell and never did believe in it.

Wert thou long enough in camp thou wouldst find out that wet days are not to be rejoiced at as periods of rest. Goad me much more and I will turn this tent into a wash-room, and bring out the dirty clothes. How wouldst thou like to be up to thine elbows in soap-suds?

Hello! there is the welcome sound, supper. Perhaps a remnant of our dinner's soup will make us happier and better. We'll try it anyway. No sitting round the camp-fire this night; come, let us tumble into bed and hope for a dry Sunday, for of all miseries that of a rainy legitimate day of rest is the worst.

Come, wake up! wake up! This is no Sunday morning in town, where thou liest in bed till wakened by the "wrangling and the jangling of the bells," calling better men than thyself to their devotions. Thou wilt find no breakfast kept smoking for thee three hours after other people are done. So get up and give thy blankets an airing as usual, and eat thy Sunday breakfast of pork, beans, bread and tea, and imagine thyself at thine own table if thou wilt, daintily munching a juicy beefsteak and omelet.

No sound of bells—no church, no service, no rustling silks and feathered hats, no black coats and polished boots, no friendly gossip at the church door, and no going home to thy roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. No afternoon walk and cigar with thy bachelor friend who has no fireside of his own; no quiet sleep upon thy velvet lounge. These are all a thousand miles away. What shall we do then, for the day is as glorious and bright as we hoped it would be? I see one irreligious rascal with a pot of boiling water dangling at arm's length, and a week's washing under his arm, making for the lake shore. Well, cleanliness is next to Godliness, so let him pass. Were I a judge, perhaps I could not pass as light a sentence on that sinner who is grinding his axe, or that other cleaning a gun; but, after all, considering the circumstances, it may be no greater crime to be usefully employed than lying half asleep for a day in a tent.

Come, let us take a canoe and go over to that little island. It is a beautiful spot, where neither sight nor sound of man and his evil doings, except our own, may penetrate.

With pipes and books we may perhaps spend as profitable a Sunday morning as many a devout church goer, who, while the earnest preacher is pleading the cause of his Master, and denouncing the world, the flesh and the devil, is calculating how much he stands to win or lose in that last stock speculation. Jump in and take the bow paddle. I will not trust thee yet to steer this cockle-shell. What thinkest thou of canoeing, compared with the row-boats on thy civilized lakes and streams? I will not swear it is the poetry of motion with thee in the bow, making her lurch from side to side; but give me a canoe paddled and guided by practiced hands, and no row-boat propelled by ashen oar can ever have the same grace or beauty in my eyes. Not that I might not now be gladly sitting in the tubbiest of lapstreaks on some unromantic stream or lake nearer home, over whose gunnel I could loll idly, and hear the hum of the distant city and catch the sweet music of church bells wafted across the water.

Pull her up high, so that she may not chafe against the rocks, or thou wilt have a wet seat in the bottom of her going home. Now this is what I call taking thee to a reserved seat to see Nature's panorama. Here you can see blue sky and fleecy clouds above, and blue water and fleecy foam beneath. Twin sisters—"Their faces were not all alike, nor yet unlike, but such as those of sisters ought to be." Beautiful islands, with every tint of green in foliage, and every hue of gray in rock, both blending into misty purple in the distance. What thinkest thou of our Sunday morning in the North-West? Is it not as pleasing to wake up in early morn from a sound slumber in thy tent, and view the blue sky, glittering waters and green foliage, and to feel the fresh breeze blowing on thy cheek, as it is to wake up late in thine own bedroom and stand drowsily at thy window, which, if it happen to be a back one, gives thee a full view of a row of back sheds and the galleries at the back of the houses on the next street, where pillow-cases, sheets and quilts are draped in ungraceful folds for an airing, and to catch a whiff from thine own kitchen or thy neighbour's, of what is being prepared for dinner? I presume that thy mind is as calm and free from worldly thoughts here in this vast solitude as it could be in sculptured church, whose vestibule, and even inner temple, echoes to the sound of rumbling hacks and tinkling street-car bells.

But come, it is dinner-time, my sermon is ended and our church is out, so we must off to the mainland. No delicious scent from roast turkey or juicy joint shall tickle our olfactory organs as we approach the shore, and yet we shall enjoy our fried pork and beans, and be as thankful for our dessert of molasses and bread as if we were about to sit down to a table in civilization, "groaning with all the delicacies of the season."

Sunday is truly a day of rest in camp. What will I do this afternoon? Why, smoke,—write home—sleep, and leave thee to wander about by thyself to think how soon we must part—thence, back to thy city life of rolling carriages and dusty streets, of cosy study and financial annoyances, while I remain to lead the same old life of hill and dale, lake and island, shining sun

and pelting rain. Go off alone and muse upon the different walks of life, or write thyself a sonnet upon pork and beans; thou wilt never have such another chance,—avaunt! and leave me to my pipe, paper, pen and peace.

What, here thou art fallen asleep beside the Immortal Bard. I almost fear to move thy bones, but I must, if thou art to have any supper. Come, throw off dull sleep and prepare thyself for thy last meal in camp.

What! wert thou dreaming of home? It shall soon be a reality to thee; but supper demands thy presence now.

Now fill thy pipe, and I will light a candle in the tent where we can stretch ourselves lazily for a quiet chat. Thou hast enjoyed thyself amazingly. I am glad to hear thee say so, and yet thou wouldst not give up thy quiet city life for these wild woods and lakes with all their untamed beauty and grandeur. Well, I am of thy mind myself. This life is well enough for a time; healthful, exciting and somewhat cheap; but I will tell thee, between ourselves, that I prefer a pleasant parlour with its cushioned chairs and sofas, and hanging curtains, or the cosy smoking-room, where I can sit and dream away far into the night over my pipe, or squabble over some trifle with my friend. And, as a relief to my quietude, give me the brilliantly-lighted drawing-rooms, where fair and gallant forms are moving to and fro and whirling away gracefully in the mazy figures of the lancers or the dizzy evolutions of the waltz. Not that I am a skilful performer of the terpsichorean art, far from it indeed, I am a noodle in the dance; but I like the sights and sounds, and can also gratify any feeling of enmity I may have against any fair one, by getting her to dance with me, only to find that she has to drag round an awkward hundred and fifty pounds, when she might have been whirling in a delicious dream in the arms of my friend "W." These are all pleasures from which I am debarred in this wild land. It is even impossible to raise the jealousy of one squaw—by giving another a ribbon or a string of beads. Strange creatures. What, thou hast fallen asleep, while I have been talking. It is well—sleep on—for now will I practice upon thee my magic art and translate thee back to thine easy chair and desk, to thy pen and accumulating pile of exchanges; but let me touch thy hand once more before I say, Presto! thou art gone—Farewell.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

AN Iowa woman has invented a spankaphone. She likes it, but the boys don't.

A CERTAIN California schoolma'am is said to be able to "sing hymns like a ten-octave angel."

WHAT, asks the Boston *Transcript*, shall we do with the boys? In the grave, but scholarly language of Mr. Dick, "wash 'em."

LONGER trains are the fashion in ladies' full dress, and the advice to awkward-footed gentlemen is: Look out for the train when the belle comes.

TRANSPARENCIES are being painted for the coming campaign. They will not, however, be as transparent as some of the political candidates.

DARWIN says a woman loses one-tenth of her time looking for her thimble. He recommends that a shell for it be attached to the frame of the mirror.

THE presence of an alligator in the vicinity of a bathing place not only tends to decorum, but assures the public that the boys won't remain in the water too long.

"When did the war in heaven occur!" asked a Sunday-school superintendent. "When the rebels kicked over the traces," yelled a boy in the corner.

PARENTS are never satisfied—in the bathing season the ambitious infant is thrashed for taking to water; in later life he is held in withering scorn for abstaining from it.

It is credibly believed that the ex-Empress Eugenie is going into society again. She has taken to pencilling her eyebrows and white-washing her face with great care of late.

BEACONSFIELD says he wouldn't marry the Queen for two reasons, but declines to give them. We don't know what the first is, but the second is that she won't have him.

Do not trifle with the affections of an innocent young city girl; do not try to make friends with a mule by squeezing his hind foot. If you aspire either way you will find that life is a miserable failure.

PROFESSOR: "Can you multiply together concrete numbers?" The class are uncertain. Professor: "What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?" Freshman (triumphantly): "Hash."

THE Empress of Germany is reported as likely to visit Paris shortly in strict incognito. She is stated to have already visited France one or more times since the war of 1870 as the Countess of Hornpesch, but has always contrived to remain unknown.

IN one of the freedmen's schools a lad was to receive a prize banner for reciting the Ten Commandments. He advanced to the platform and the superintendent asked him his name. His reply was: "Well, sah, mas'r calls me cap'n, but my maiden name's Moses." The school smiled.

AN old Scotch lady had an evening party

where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment to China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak guid o' yourself, my man, when ye're awa; for mind ye, they eat puppies in Cheena!"

MARY BENTON, of Elton, Durham County, England, is supposed to be the oldest woman in the world. She was born February 12th, 1731, and is, of course, in her 148th year. She is in possession of all her faculties, perfect memory, hearing and eyesight. She cooks, washes and irons, threads her own needle and sews without spectacles.

At a ball: Elderly lady, kindhearted as the day is long, endeavours to draw out youthful gawky from the country, who is making a wall-flower of himself: "Pray, Mr. Jones, do amuse yourself. Dance in the next quadrille with me." "Oh, thanks—that is to say—I mean—in fact, you see I never learned to dance, and at your age it would be no use my beginning, you know." (Glares and breathes hard.)

"I CANNOT too highly commend the course of the women of Holland, who tug the canal boat along the still waters of their native land, while the husband sits at the helm and ardently guides its course. And as she demands no wages, or at any rate gets none, for thus hauling her husband, her days and nights are sweetened with the thought that she is not taking the wages from a man. There is much also to be said in eulogy of those lands where the woman, harnessed beside the yellow dog, draws a load of cabbages to market."

A WORK OF ART IN SIX MINUTES.—We were at the Café Chantant the other night. It is a building somewhat larger than the Corcoran gallery of art in Washington. It is a great place for music, songs and dances. There was one very amusing feature. During one of the *entre actes* they brought on an artist who was billed to paint a marine view in six minutes, all finished for hanging (the picture, not the artist.)

The canvas was brought on. Out came the artist, a quiet, nervous-looking young man, about thirty years of age.

His colors were all upon the palette, and his brushes were in his hand.

"Attention," cried out the director. The artist seized a huge brush.

At the signal the orchestral band struck up a clashing, maddeningly nervous waltz.

As the first note was struck the artist dashed a mass of yellow upon the upper part of the canvas. Then a bit of blue, then white, a dash of purple shadow, and then, with a quick twirl of a clean brush, a dark blue sea is dashed in against the horizon.

Two minutes gone.

The waltz goes on faster and faster. The brush keeps time. A huge rock is sketched in with burnt sienna and black. A light-house with a vermilion range light is dropped upon the top of the rock.

Clash, crash, one, two, three, a boat under full sail is thrown into the dim distance. Clash, crash, one, two, three, and another boat is dashed in. Light upon the waters is thrown in with a free, steady hand. A huge brush then carefully blends the edge of the masses, and with a profound bow the artist turns to a cheering audience, gratified that he is through on time.

And the wonder is that the picture is startling good in its broad effect. It is strong and clear. The colors are good, and not muddily mixed. It was as good a novelty as I ever saw at any show, and it beats all how it amuses the French people.

HUMOROUS.

RECOGNIZED rank—Boarding-house butter.

SAMSON was an eminent tragedian in his day, and in his last act brought down the house.

AN exchange is very anxious to know whether poverty is a crime. If it is we shall have to confess that we know some mighty mean men.

IT is not so much what a man says, when he is struggling with a Fourth July oration; the effect comes through the way he paws the air and points at the emblem of liberty.

AN Alabama negro bet that he could stay in a smokehouse twenty minutes and endure the smudge. Three hours after being pulled out he revived enough to say: "Golly, but I forgot to shet my mouf!"

A COMPOSITOR in a Springfield newspaper office got into a quarrel with the foreman the other day and struck him on the head with a towel, fracturing the skull and causing instant death.

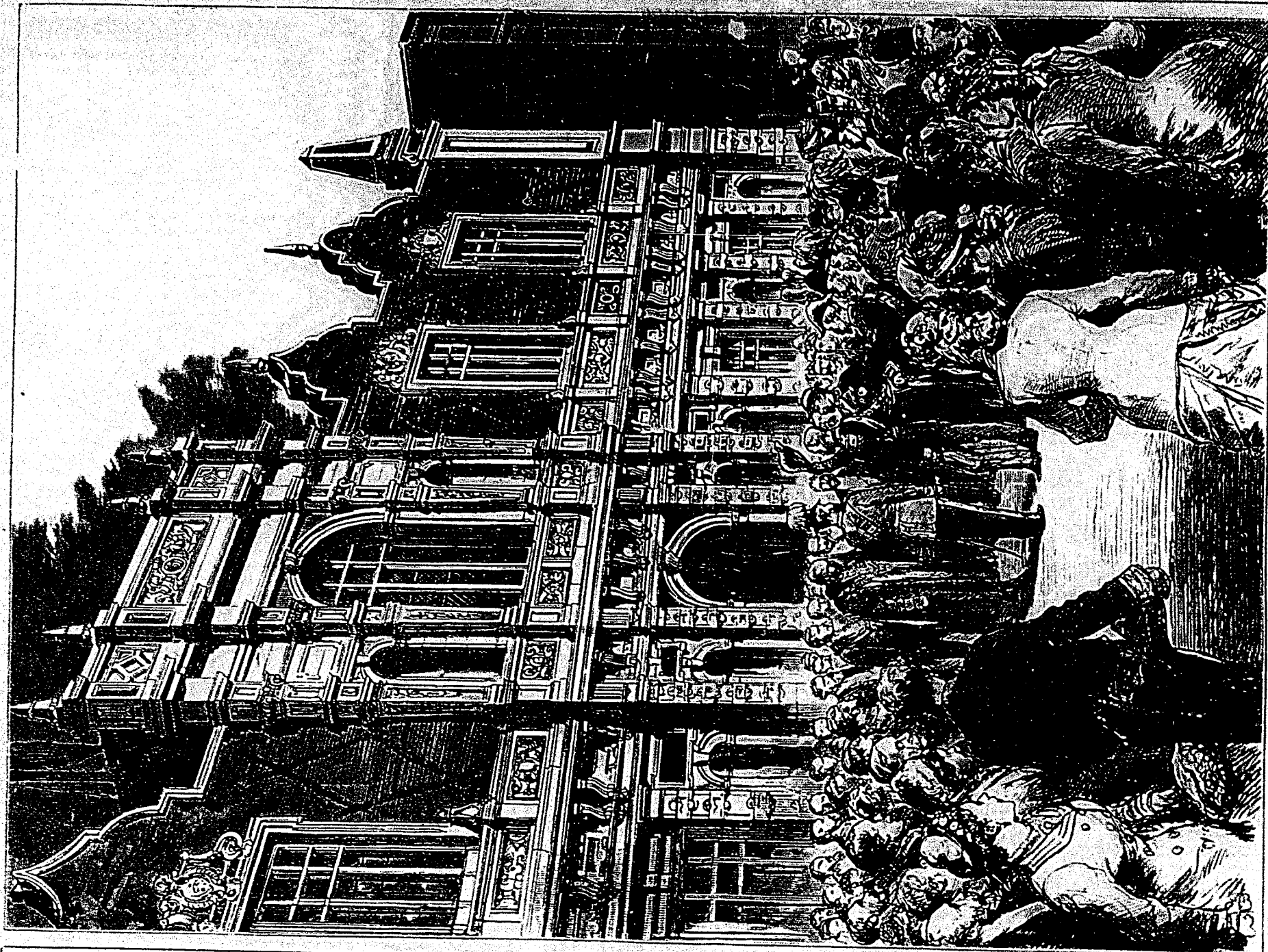
FOLKS who can't understand why robins are sent to eat up all the cherries should remember that in all probability the robins can't understand why human beings are sent to do the same thing.

THE New York *Telegram* has come to the conclusion that '88 will be a good time for the world to dissolve back into nothingness. Why not shorten the time and save the expense of next winter's Ulsters?

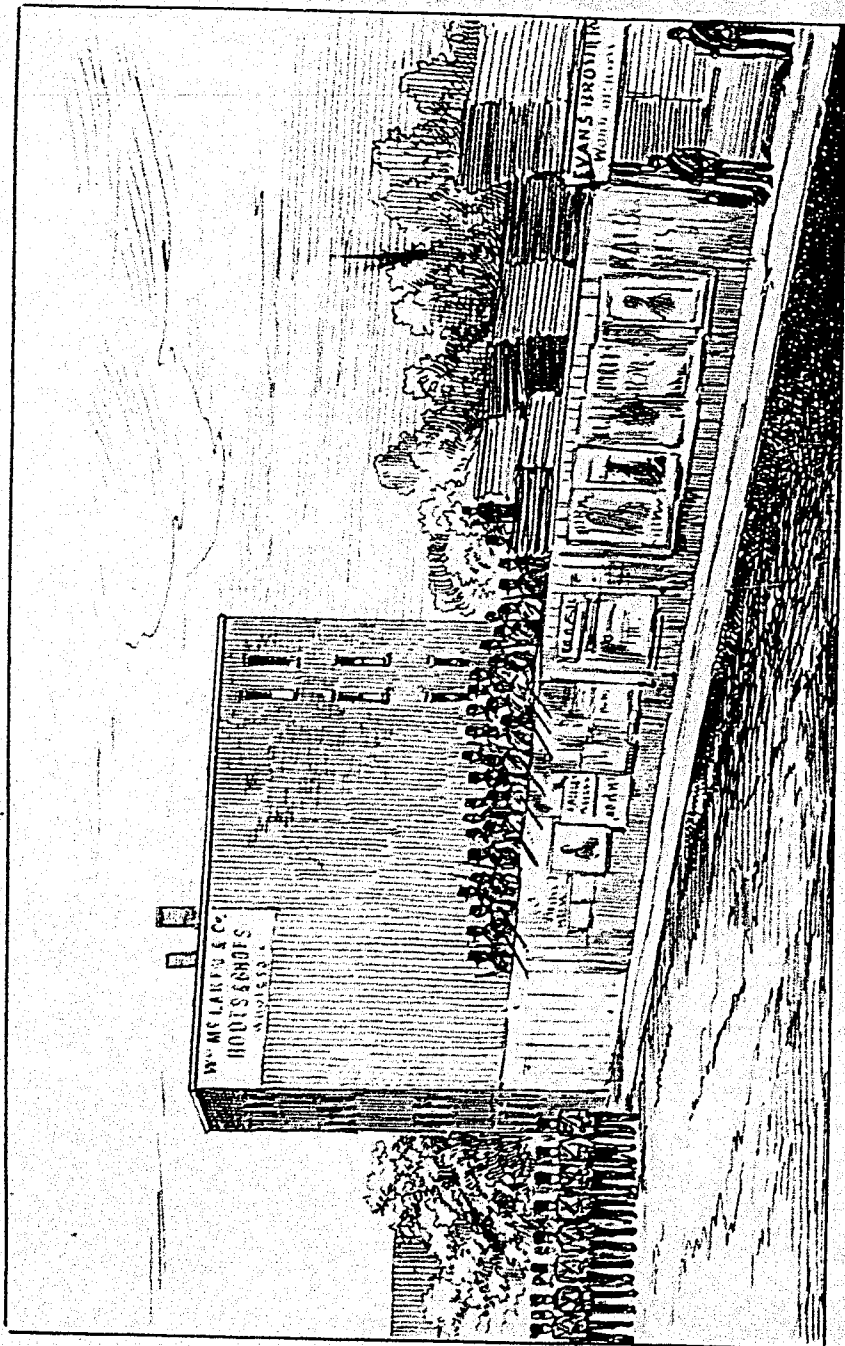
IN Judge McArthur's court in Washington the other day, a lawyer called the Judge's attention to the fact that a certain case had been upon the docket for a decade. "I know it," said the Judge, "but the case has not decayed."

LAST year a country editor offered his paper one year for the largest water-melon. The offer has not been repeated this season. Instead of doubling up his subscription list by the grand scheme, the melons did nothing but double up the editor.

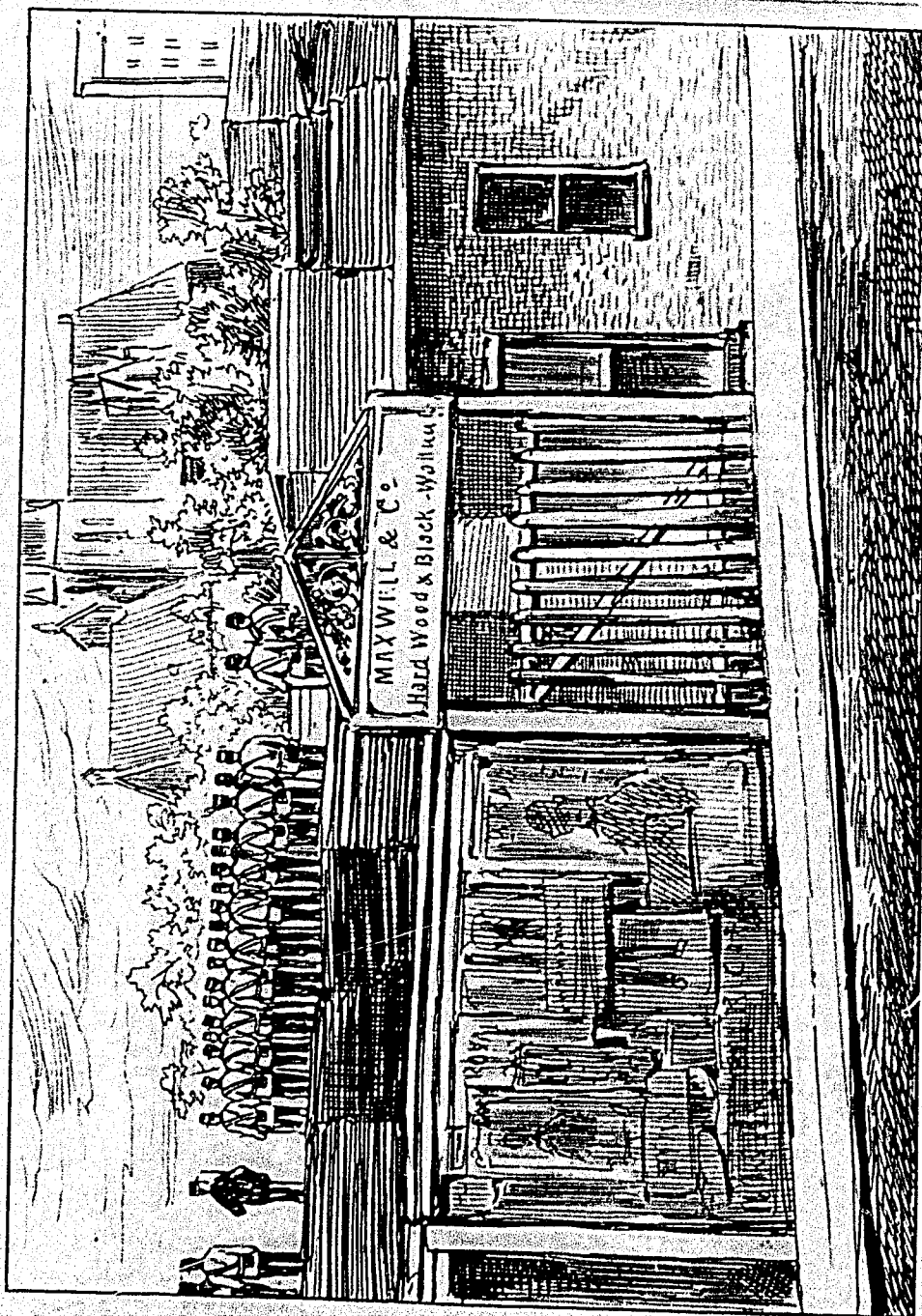
A DOCTOR having had an extensive practice, was being buried. The funeral cortege was very small. "How is it," asked one, "that Doctor N— is followed by so few of his acquaintances?" "Because they have all preceded him," was the reply.



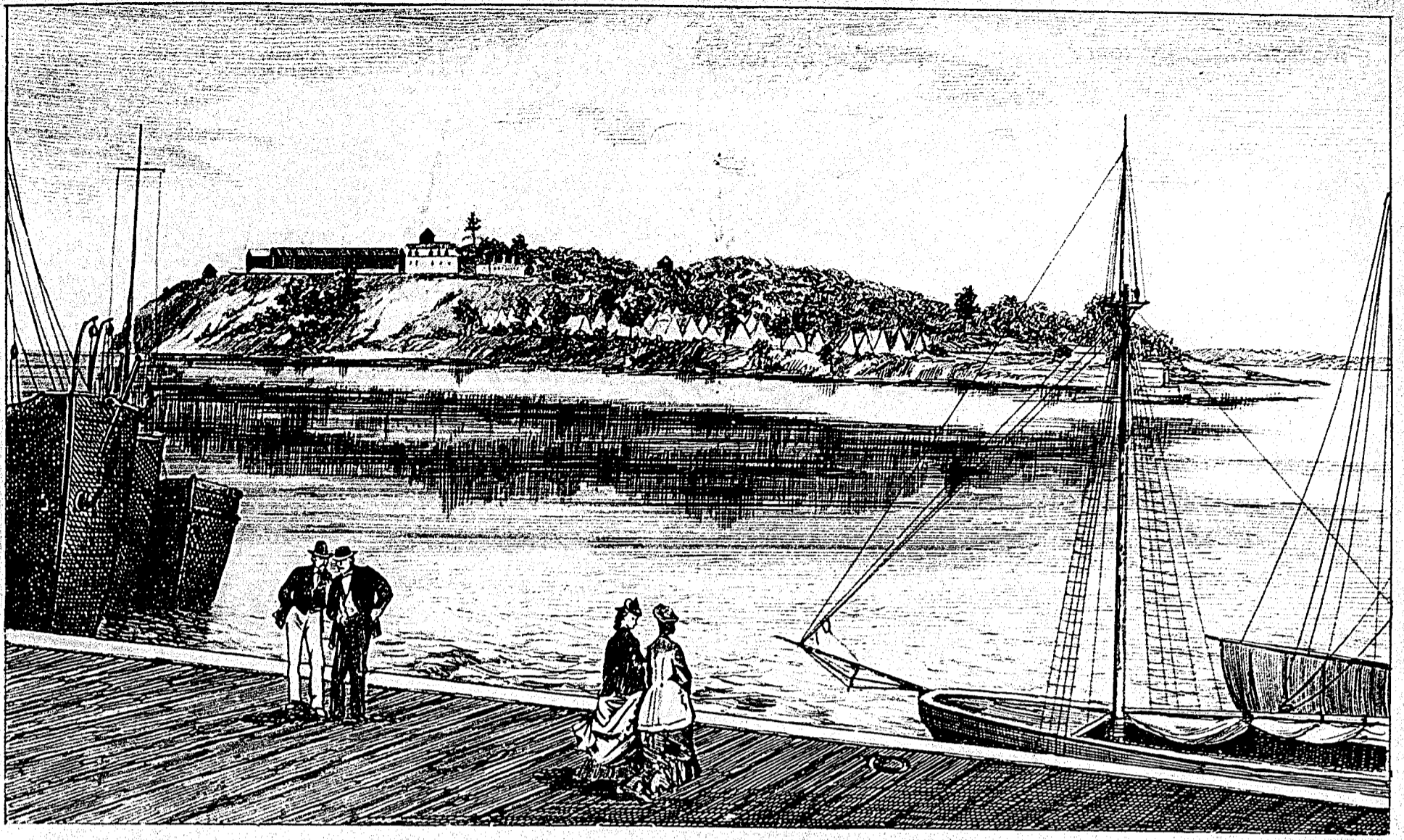
PARIS.—MARSHAL MACMAHON'S RECEPTION AT THE BRITISH PAVILION.



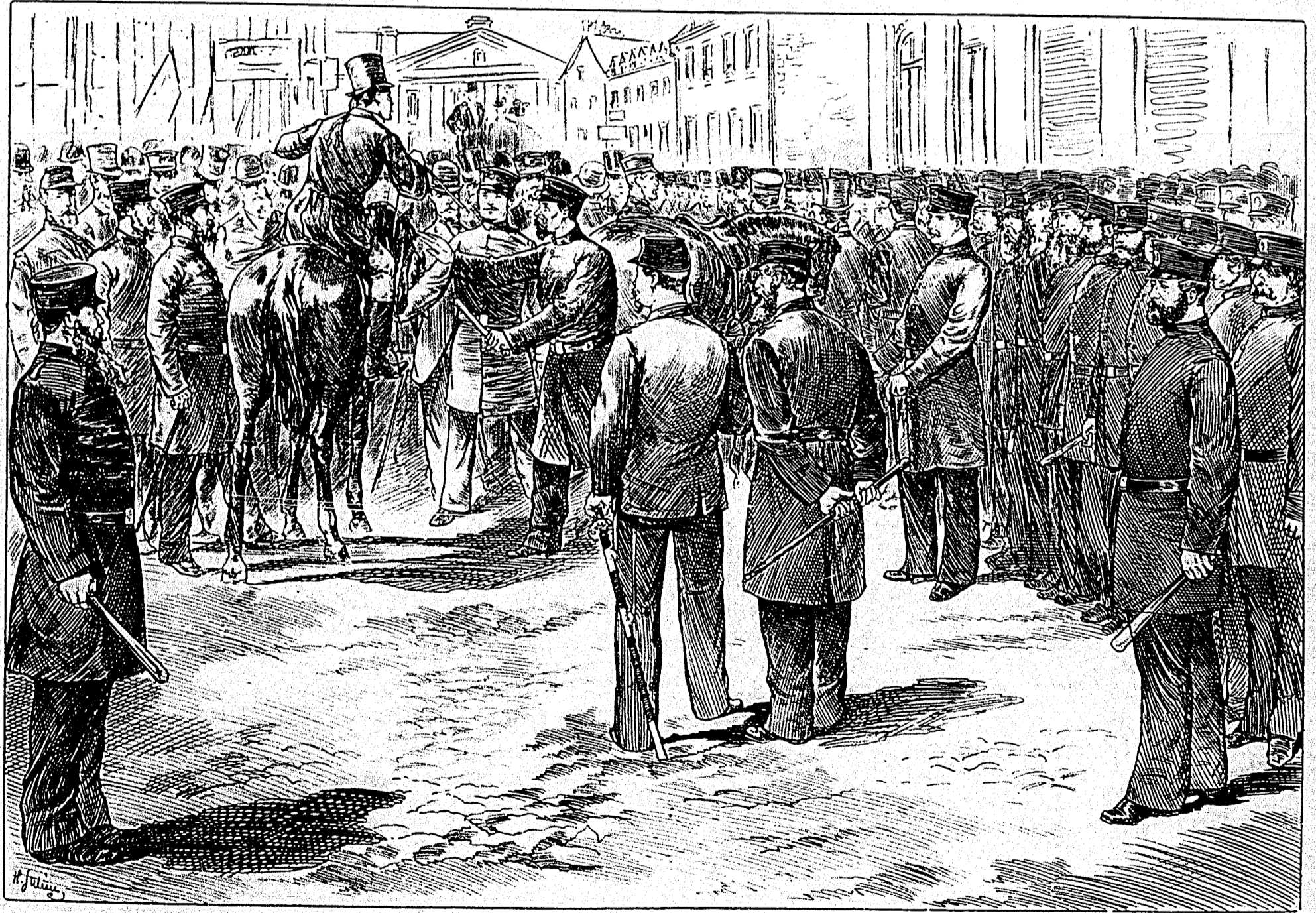
TROOPS ON GUARD IN MCGILL STREET, NEAR VICTORIA SQUARE.



TROOPS ON GUARD IN MAXWELL'S LUMBER YARD, CRAIG STREET. THE 12TH JULY IN MONTREAL.



ENCAMPMENT OF FIFTH FUSILIERS, ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.



ARREST OF THE ORANGE MARSHAL IN FRONT OF ORANGE HALL.

THE 12TH JULY IN MONTREAL.

SONNET TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Fair city by a shining southern sea,
Constantinople, ghosts of glories gone
(Glide round thee as the mists around the dawn—
Shadows of what was once the pride of thee.

Whoe'er approaching shall thy beauties see,
Thy golden domes, gay glancing in the sun,
Shall deem thee of deceits the hollowest one,
Seeing thy squalid homes, thy misery.

But thoughtful minds must view thee as thou art—
Brightest of all those Oriental stars.
The Crescent's ministers, the Moslem heart,
The heart's desire of all the Russian Czars;
Key of the East, to grasp which Russian art
Is vain, while Britain from the spoil debars.

May 21.

R. J. McM.

THE BATH-CHAIR MAN.

BY FLORENCE MARRYATT.

He was leaning idly upon the railings which surmounted the cliff, turning a flower about in his mouth, and looking out across the sea. I had often noticed him before, toiling about Brighton with his bath-chair, and knew those shoulders so rounded by constant stooping that they almost gave the old man the appearance of being humpbacked; that bottle-green coat, patched here and there with pieces of brown cloth, and that napless hat of which he was so careful, at a glance. To-day I saw the old hat had a morsel of rusty crape bound round it, and that circumstance, combined with the absence of the bath-chair, gave rise to the impulse which made me address him.

"You have parted company with your chair to-day, friend?" I observed, taking a seat on the bench beside which he stood.

He turned his head at the sound of my voice, and touched the brim of his napless hat.

"Yes, sir, I have; I've given it a holiday to-day, as well as myself, for we've done the last of work that has served us for a good twelve months."

"I do not quite understand you," I said.

"Well, sir, I mean that one of my best customers has gone where she won't need no such thing as a chair any more; and I feel no heart for dragging them as would have spit upon her, about in the vehicle she sat in this blessed day a week ago. So I says to the old chair, 'Come you, bide a bit, and rest yourself, and so will I; and I have just come from the cemetery where they've been laying the body.'"

"Her death must have been very sudden," I remarked.

"Yes, sir! It did come sudden, very sudden to me; but not so much so that they couldn't have kept her above ground for several days to come yet. But it's all a piece with the rest of their treatment. They, who wouldn't see justice done to her alive, weren't likely to begin to think of respecting her after she was dead. It's cut up altogether."

"You raise my curiosity," I said. "If it's not a secret, may I ask of whom you are speaking?"

"If you mean that you want to know her name, sir, it's what I can't satisfy you with. We chair-men don't often ask the names of our customers; we've no call to do so. When we're wanted we're hailed, and when we've done our work we get our money, and there's an end of the matter."

"I've dragged out several residents here regular for years past, and I couldn't tell you their names, not if I were paid for it, and that's the truth."

"A shilling an hour, sir? Yes, that's what we always get; neither more nor less. I don't know that it's an unfair payment. I've never complained, but it's tidy work sometimes, dragging about stout parties on a hot day, and there are some who never seem to consider the man as pulls them can get tired, but go on for a couple of hours at a stretch, up hill and down hill all the same, without once coming to a stop to let a poor fellow get his breath. The poor creature I've just seen laid under the ground wasn't of that sort; she'd got a heart as tender as her body. It can't do no manner of harm, sir, to tell you where I first saw her, and why it is that this afternoon seems somehow like a sort of Sunday to me."

"It was a year ago last month, that I was on my stand, in my old place, sir, when I see a maid-servant on the steps of a lodging-house in one of these numerous streets that run across the east cliff like waving her hand and beckoning to me. Being disengaged, in course I went, but having just come off a long spell of work with a very heavy party sojourning in the Steine, I was pretty well knocked up; and as I drags my chair up to the door, I says to myself, says I, 'Well, I hope, whoever it is, it will be a light weight.'"

"In a few minutes a young lady came down the steps, and when she stopped before the chair, and made as though to get into it, it gave me quite a turn, for I had never thought this was the party I was expected to drag out. She looked too young and too well, to my mind, to need such a thing as a bath-chair; for though they are a convenience, I suppose, sir, at times, I've never ridden in one myself, and I never wish to. However, this young lady took her seat in mine, quite natural like, and as I was arranging the footstool for her feet (Lor! what little feet they were, to be sure!) and buttoning the apron over her dress, I took the opportunity to look at her face."

"I don't know if I am right, sir, or if I'm wrong, but it seemed to me then, as it do this

day, to be the sweetest countenance as I ever clapped eyes on. 'Twasn't so much that her eyes were large and blue, or that her hair curled all about her shoulders in such a lavish manner, as that there was a sort of look in her face—well! I ain't no hand at description, sir, but 'twas such as we chair-men, don't get every day from genteel folk; it was a sort of 'Thank you!' look, as if I wasn't quite a beast of burden and nothing else. As I caught her eye she smiled at me so sweet, and she says in a low voice:

"I'm afraid you're tired, man?"

"Ladies are very fond, as perhaps you know, sir, of calling chair-men and fly-men, and such like, 'man,' if they don't happen to know their proper names. 'Tis a way they've got with them, and I've never objected to it; but it seemed to come out different from her lips to what it does from some—she said it so softly."

"I was tired, and I did not care to deny it, though I couldn't for the life of me think how she'd found it out. So I made answer that I was a trifle so, for the day had been warmish; and then she says, 'Please go very slow, and when you come to a less crowded part of the cliff, you can stop and rest yourself.'"

"I put the check string in and began to pull her along. She was no weight to speak of, not more than would steady the chair, and I started off quite briskly, and was turning toward the Esplanade, for it's mostly there that folk like to be taken, when she pulled the string and directed me t'other way."

"Go where there are few fewest people," she said. "All I want is a little fresh air."

"I thought it a queer fancy for a young lady to like to be alone, but my duty was to go where she told me. When I had pulled her along for about half a mile, she make me place the chair close to the railings, where she could look at the sea, and sit down on a bench to rest myself. It was just about this part, sir, that we stopped; I fancy that's what drove me here to-day."

"She didn't stay out above an hour, but I liked her pretty face and ways so much, that when she paid me my shilling, I asked her if I should call on the next to see if she should want the chair again. It's a common custom with us to call of a morning at the houses we know best, to hear if we shall be wanted in the afternoon. But the young lady was not sure if she should do so, and said something about the trouble it would be to me."

"No trouble, miss," I answered, "as my stand is close by." So then she said that I might do so, and I took note of the number of the house. I assure you, sir, I felt quite pleased on the following day when I received an order to call at the same time in the afternoon to take her out again. When the hour arrived, I was alone. People don't often go out alone in bath-chairs, particularly such a young person as this was; they mostly have a gentleman or lady, a brother or sister, or some friend, to walk by the side and converse with 'em. It must be dull work to be dragged past a lot of strangers and strange sights, and have no one with whom to exchange a word on what you see."

"But she didn't seem to have no one, nor did I see a single body make recognition of her as they passed. The gentlemen mostly stared, as well they might; to see a young creature being dragged about as if she was a feeble old woman, to say nothing of her face being an attraction; but still no one appeared to know her. As she was paying me on that second day, however, and I said, 'Thank you, miss,' as before, she grew very red in the cheeks, and she says, 'You must call me ma'am,' she says, 'not miss.'"

"I'm sure I begs you a thousand pardons, ma'am," I replies removing my hat; "but the mistake lay in your looking so young; I should never have gone to think you were a married lady." She didn't make me any answer, but she said "Good night!" rather hurried like, and she went up the steps of the house. Well, sir, to make a long story short, I dragged her out several times after that; not every day, though, for she told me she only needed the chair when she was too tired to walk any more, and yet couldn't bide quiet in the house. One morning I was rather later than usual in going for orders, and as I stopped my chair before the door (always take it wherever I go, for the boys play tricks with it if I leave it on the stand), before I had time to ring the bell she steps out into the verandah, and calls me in such a happy voice:

"I don't think I shall want the chair to-day, thank you, man."

"I looked up, and there she was, all fluttering in a white dress and blue ribbon."

"I can't abide them little verandahs to the lodging-houses about here. They may be an ornament to the house, though I can't see it; but they're nasty dangerous things, and I've known lives to be lost by them in my time. I felt quite nervous as I saw her leaning over to speak to me, so I answered quickly, 'all right, ma'am; thank you, ma'am,' and was going away, when a gentleman came out of the open window, and stood by her side. He was a young man, and by the way she looked at him I see at once that he must be her husband."

"You had better let him call, Amy," he said; "you will be tired by that time, and he shall take you on the pier, while I go there to smoke." She looked up so fond at him, while he spoke, and she says:

"I shall never be tired to-day," but he urged her to it again, and then she spoke to me to come up at the usual time that afternoon, and I promised her that I would.

"It was summer, then, sir, the same as now,

and I had been used to drag the young lady about from 6 o'clock till 8, or after, and as I went to fetch her that evening I felt quite glad to think that she should have a gentleman to go about with her and look after her, the same as other ladies."

"I couldn't help wondering, though of course 'twas no business of mine, why such a sweet creature should be left alone as much as she was; but I know as there are many gentlemen engaged in business who are obliged to live in London, and send their wives down to some such place as this for change, and I concluded it was the case here, and that the lady had come to Brighton for the sake of her health. Brighton's a fine air, sir; there's no sickness hardly as can stand against it, except one, and that's sickness of the heart!"

"I took her on the pier that evening, on the old pier (she wouldn't on no account go on the new one, though the gentleman tried to persuade her to it), and I think I never see two people more happy than they seemed, nor more fond over one another. He walked close to the chair, with his hand resting on the side, and as we were off the road, she put up both her little hands, and clasped them over his. When we reached the end of the pier (which is mostly deserted now that the new one is all the rage), the young lady got out, and bid me wait for her, and they strolled about together—he, with his arm round her waist most of the time—till it was close upon 9 o'clock, and the moon had been up for an hour. As he put her into the chair again, and wrapped a warm shawl round her shoulders, I hear her whisper to him, 'O, Harold! I am so happy!' and she looked it too: she was beaming all over, like the sun."

"No, sir, I ain't deaf, not rightly so, but we chairmen mostly give out that we're rather hard of hearing. Not that we wishes to know what people are conversing about, for it's not of much interest to us, but we find that they're more at their ease, and like it better as they fancy as the party dragging them can't hear a word they say."

"I suppose the lady—bless—her!—said something to the gentleman about me, because when he came to pay me he gave me two half crowns instead of three shillings, and as I was looking for the change in my old leather purse, he says he (that was his fun, you see, sir), 'keep it to drink the lady's health,' which I thought a most becoming act on his part, though I've often wished since he had acted in every particular as open and generous as he did to me that night. I thanked him kindly and moved on, and I suppose he left Brighton again the next morning, for I didn't see him for some time after that."

"One day—I mind me it was of a Saturday morning that this happened—when I called for orders at the lodging-house, there was a new servant-maid cleaning the steps, as I hadn't seen before, and she stared so when I told her to go and ask the lady on the first floor if she should want the chair that afternoon, that I decided in my own mind that she was stupid, particularly when she finished by saying as there wasn't no lady there. I knew the woman of the house, however, and as I was confabulating with the girl on the doorstep she come to speak with me herself, and a more vinegar look in any woman's face than I see in Mrs. Jellicoe's that day I am thankful to say I never come across before."

"Who may you be inquiring after?" she said, though she knew as well as I did."

"For the lady on the first floor," I answered. "Will you be so good as to ask if she will need the chair this afternoon?"

"There ain't no lady on my first floor," says Mrs. Jellicoe, "nor has been for the last six weeks. The party as persuaded me to take her under a delusion, was give warning to yesterday. My rooms have been used to be let to the most respectable of persons; such a thing never happened to me before, and it'll take months to wipe out the harm she may have done to 'em. Golden guineas wouldn't repay me for the infamous deception as has been practised upon my good nature. As I told the gentleman only last when he tried to patch up matters, which he see how wrong he had been, and persuade me to let that young person remain here till morning. Not another night, I say, not another hour. There's 'arm and enough been done a'ready, I says. And such a name as I've bore through Brighton."

"She had worked herself into such a fume, sir, that her breathing was quite a pain to listen to."

"You can't be speaking of the young married lady as I've taken out so often in my chair?" I says; when she was that caught up by reason of the shortness of her breath that she couldn't but make a pause."

"Married lady?" she screamed at me; "she ain't no more a married lady than you are! O, the deception I've laboured under. Took her in, I did, with never so much as a suspicion in me; but there! I've always been the most open of mortals; no one can breathe a word against my character, and how was I to guess at such a wickedness?"

"Between you and I, sir, old Mrs. Jellicoe ain't been quite above the talk of Brighton herself, and so her talk sounded very much like smashing her own windows; but 'twould be no manner of use my reminding her of the circumstance then, for I was not only rather took back by what she told me, but I knew I should want to learn the lady's new address from her before we parted. So beyond saying: 'In course no, ma'am,' I held my tongue."

"I had heard rumours of the case," she continued, "from Mr. Puddle, the pork-butcher, (who is quite the gentleman himself, I am sure), and putting that and some things I had noticed together I was determined that I would know the truth. So I walks up to the first floor yesterday afternoon, when the gentleman was here, and as I entered I says quite promiscuous: 'If you please, ma'am, or miss, whichever it may be, I should wish to ask you, before this gentleman, if you happen to be married to him; for if not, I'd have you know my apartments is not for sikh.'"

"And what answer did she make?" I asked quickly. "I'm an old man, sir, and not over polished maybe myself, but it made me feel quite bad to think of that pretty gentle young creature being insulted by such a one as Mother Jellicoe, and I felt glad that the gentleman had been there to protect and speak up for her."

"Answer?" says Mrs. Jellicoe; "what answer could she make? She got as red as a carrot, and she ran across the room to the gentleman's chair, and knelt down by it. He got red enough, too, I promise you, and he says, says he, 'What do you mean by this conduct?' But Lor! I know them sort well enough, and none of their gammon won't do for me. 'Show me your marriage lines,' I says, 'or you go out of my house this day. I've reasons for believing,' I say, 'that the name this young person goes by ain't your name; and if so, why these rooms have always been let to respectable parties, and we don't want no others here.' At that she began to cry, but I wasn't going to have any of her nonsense, and so I told her pretty plainly. I gave her the rough side of my tongue. I can tell you, and the end of it was that they cleared out, bag and baggage, before an hour was over their heads, and went, the Lord knows where; but they never darken my doors again."

"What was the name the lady went by?" I asked of her as quiet as I could command myself to speak."

"Mrs. Harold; but she ain't no Mrs., take my word for it; nor his name ain't Harold, either."

"The lady have called him so in my hearing," I said.

"Ah! it may be his Christen name, but that's a common trick. It ain't his surname. His portmanteau, or what-not, was marked with three letters—H. A. L., and Mr. Puddle, he says, as in the billiard-rooms above here he's known as Captain Lawton. Anyway, that don't alter the case. Whatever's his name, he must find another house for that young person, for she don't lodge here."

"And you can't tell me where they've gone to?" I asked, as I made ready to start again."

"No! that I can't; and I wonder at a respectable man like yourself for wanting to know. There's many a real lady in Brighton as would never use your chair again if she knew you had pulled such as her in it!"

"Well, sir, I felt down enough as I dragged the old chair away again; for, if you'll believe me, the woman was right, and there's plenty here mean enough to refuse to employ a chairman or fly-man if they found out such to be the case—as if the chair could hold the infection, and they'd take it. It always sets me a thinking when I see a lady so very careful over her character, that maybe she hasn't got much of it left to lose, poor thing! However, that's neither here nor there."

"I'm most 'shamed to say that I gave up the idea of finding out the young lady's new address (which had been so strong upon me at first) because of this very reason, and that I had a wife and family, and a poor man must think of his bread. But I often caught myself wondering whereabouts she lived, and whether justice would ever be done her by the gentleman whom I had liked so much before I heard Mrs. Jellicoe's story."

"But you must be getting fairly tired of my talk, sir," said the old chair-man, interrupting himself, and turning to where I sat on the bench beside him. I assured him that I was not; but on the contrary felt much interested in his narrative and anxious to hear how, and under what circumstances, it was that he had met with the poor young lady again."

"It wasn't till three months afterward, sir," he said, resuming his story, "and though I saw her constant from that time till this day one week ago, there don't seem much more to tell. Work seemed sluggish up at the east end, and so I took a fancy one day to move a little lower down; and as I was crawling along outside the Esplanade railings, looking out for a fare, but thinking of anything but the young lady I have been speaking of, I see her again. She was walking slowly along the Esplanade, leaning on the arm of the same gentleman, and looking, I suppose, for a chair, for as soon as she came alongside of mine, she calls out, 'O! there's my old man, Harold. Do let me have him!' so he beckoned to me, and I stopped at once, quite pleased to think she should know me again."

"She came up to my chair, and as the gentleman put her in it I couldn't help observing how much more delicate she looked than she used to do."

"I pulled her home to lodgings somewhere near Cliftonville (which is the new name they've got for a part of Hove, sir, and no improvement, in my opinion), and as she entered the house she sent the servant out to me with a message."

"O! if you please, Mrs. Anderson says, will you call for orders to-morrow as you used to do?" and I promised that I would. "So she was going by another name now, and Anderson wasn't Lawton, nor anything like it. So I gave up my hope

that she was married altogether, though she did wear a wedding ring amongst her other rings, as I had often seen when she drew off her gloves to pay me.

"When I had taken her out a few times, and had the opportunity to observe her, I saw that she was sadly altered. She had the same soft eyes, in course, and the same smile, but her face was drawn and thin, and she was much graver. She never talked to me in her pleasant manner as she used to do, but had always a book or a newspaper in the chair with her, and would read the whole time she was out. She generally bid me take her along the country roads, and the only time as we went toward the town was when she wanted fresh books or papers. To my mind she seemed always reading. She never went on the Esplanade either, or the pier, except when the gentleman was with her, and made her do so; but that was seldom. She said it was because the walkers there made such sour faces when the chairs came alongside and parted them, and don't deny that they are a nuisance and must be. Why, sir, I've seen the wheel of my chair go over one of them long, trolley trains as the ladies wear now-a-days, and dirt it right across; and it's of no use to say, 'Why not be more careful?' for the crowd is so great at times that 'tis next to impossible to avoid it. Going along that Esplanade, it takes all my time to look out for people's toes, and little children as always stand in the way of the wheels.

"Chairs oughtn't to be allowed on the Esplanade, sir; there's no manner of doubt about it; and though I'm the owner of one I shall be glad to see the day when the townsfolk petition for a removal of the nuisance.

"There's lots of space for them besides going there; they might just as well allow donkeys and goat-chaises, which wouldn't take up half the room. It's getting worse every day; there isn't an old woman calls a chair but she goes to the Esplanade to show off her satins and furs; leastways I conclude it must be for that purpose, as they can't possibly want for to show off their faces. It's quite a battle of chairs there sometimes, when there's no moving one way or the other, particularly before the spot where the musicians stand; and I do think it's unfair to all the pretty young ladies, with their smart dresses and long trains, for whom I calculate the Esplanade was made and the band plays.

"Well, my young lady didn't turn herself into a nuisance, anyhow, for, as I said before, she never went near the King's road, except the gentleman asked her to do so, and, I grieve to say, that he wasn't so often with her now as he used to be. Sometimes a month passed without my seeing him, and when he did come, he wasn't always amiable. I've known him to talk at her, the whole way out and back again, till both her eyes were swelled up and she couldn't speak back again for sobbing. And it wasn't often he walked by her chair at all. I've seen him put her in it (he always acted like a gentleman in his manners) and then turn off, with a cigar in his mouth, in the opposite direction, without so much as a look backward.

"One afternoon, as I was pulling her home (it was spring again then, sir, and she had coughed fearfully all that day, to be sure,) she desired me of a sudden to turn back and take her into the western road to a shop she mentioned. To do this I had to go past part of the Esplanade, and as I did so I saw Captain Lawton (as I know that gentleman's name to be for a certainty now, sir) coming toward us walking with a whole party of genteel folk and several ladies amongst 'em. Naturally, I looked to see some recognition pass between him and the lady in my chair, but he walked by without even so much as a glance, and when I looked back upon some pretence to see how she took it, her poor head was bowed upon her breast and her eyes right down upon the ground.

"I call that properly cruel, in any one."

"I suppose its part of the consequences of an unfortunate marriage, but I should have liked to have knocked him down for it.

"I dragged the young lady to the shop she wanted to visit, and home again; but I couldn't forget that circumstance, do what I would.

"I didn't see either of them again for some weeks. When I next called for orders I was told there was none, and on the day after that the house girl said as I needn't trouble myself to go so regular, as the lady had been very ill and wasn't likely to go out for a bit. I was terribly sorry when I heard she was so ill, and I'm not ashamed to own that I prayed for her recovery, though I feel it was foolish in me when I come to think of it now.

"Well! I was the one to take her out for the first airing, though 'twas a month or better before it came to pass, and she looked so white and delicate, that she was almost as pretty as when I first see her; but terrible thin, sir—terrible thin.

"I was surprised that the gentleman wasn't with her during her recovery, but that seemed just the time he avoided her most. When she did see him, it was by accident. She met him out walking, when she was in my chair; I had never heard her speak otherwise than softly to him before that, but then, I think she was angry, poor thing!

"I am afraid I heard more than she meant me to hear, but I couldn't help it; and they had both grown so used to the sight of my old round back, that they didn't seem to regard it more than the chair itself.

"She appeared to me to blame him for something he had done, or was doing, for I heard her say:

"'You'll break my heart, Harold, if this

continues.' And I fancy the gentleman denied her words, or tried to do so, for he swore a good deal while he talked, and finished by calling her jealous and suspicious, and a host of evil things.

"Presently she says, 'You're tired of me, Harold: confess the truth;' but he wouldn't hold to that at all; and then she dared him to look her in the face and deny what she had spoken of him, and he swore an oath that it wasn't true.

"I can't say for sure, sir, what they alluded to, but from what happened afterward I can pretty well guess, and whenever I think of that oath, it seems as though cold spring water was a running down my back. The young lady seemed satisfied then, and she left from scolding him, and held his hand all the way home; and he went into the house with her, and she was quite cheerful again.

"But a short time after that, as I was dragging her along the King's road she had taken a sudden fancy to King's road then, and would go there every day (women is changeable, you know, sir,) the check-string which she held in her hand, and is looped to my finger, went back with a jerk that positively pained me. 'Twasn't in her nature to give pain even to so much as a chair-man's finger, and I stopped at once; but she didn't heed me. She was staring at a lady and gentleman who was riding past on horse-back. The lady was a fine woman, with flashing black eyes, and a plenty of dark hair (I knew her well by sight, being the 'Merican heiress, Miss Coram, whose family is said to have made all their money by this late war in 'Meriky), and the gentleman was the one as went by the name of Captain Lawton.

"Whether my poor young lady had really wished to stop, or had pulled the check-string in her deep feeling, I can't say; but I saw how matters stood at once; so I took up the handle and began to pull on again.

"Perhaps you'll wonder, sir, to hear that one person should ride in a bath-chair so continuous as I've represented this poor creature to do, but 'tain't an unfrequent case.

"Brighton is a big place, and one must be strong to be able to walk from one end to the other. The chairs they run very easy, and they're the best conveyances here as an invalid can have; for the roads are very bad, sir. Some of them is quite a disgrace to the town for 'oles and 'illocks, and many as are not in invalids patronizes the chairs in preference to being jolted in a fly.

"This lady was not ever strong from the first, and after her illness she was terrible weak, and she never seemed to grow any stronger to my mind, particularly after the day we met Captain Lawton riding along of Miss Coram; but still the end was sudden.

"A week ago to-day, sir (you see I'm nearing the close of my tale at last), I went as usual to take her out. At first she seemed uncertain whether she'd go or not, but afterward she told me to call later in the evening. I fancy she was waiting to see if the gentleman would arrive to go with her, but, anyway, he didn't come; nor I hadn't seen him then for better nor a month, neither about the house nor Brighton. When she got into the chair I thought she looked thinner and weaker, and paler than I'd ever seen her before, and the cough, which she'd kept ever since her illness, troubled her greatly. She hadn't got a paper nor a book with her that day, and after a bit she seemed to miss it, and told me to stop at the first stationer's I came across and buy her one which I did.

"It was a *Times* of that date, by her desire, and I caused it to be cut and folded before I gave it to her. She told me to go on, and I did, whilst she began to read the paper. Presently I thought I heard a sound, somewhat betwixt a groan and a moan, and I turned to look.

"She had fainted in the chair.

"I dragged it upon the pavement, and I asked some of the bystanders to get her a glass of water. Several people came out of their shops at once, and attended to her kindly. They wished for her to go inside and rest till she was fit to proceed, but she wouldn't listen to none of them. She only wanted to go home, and I was to take her there. I went as gently as I could, but I heard her moaning to herself all the way. When we arrived at the door she could hardly walk, and I carried her into the sitting-room and placed her on the sofa, and called to the lady; and I'm glad to think as the last words I hear that poor young creature say was, 'Thank you!' though they were so faint I could hardly hear them.

"I offered to run for the doctor, but the servant of the house was gone already, and so there was nothing left for me but to go home. As I came across the stationer's again, it came into my mind to go in and ask him to let me have a look at the *Times* newspaper. But he wouldn't consent to it, so I bought a copy and took it away with me. As soon as I was able I had a look at it in every part, to see what could have upset my young lady so; but I couldn't see nothing, nor make it out at all. At last, when I had quite give it up, I came to the supplement and the births and marriages, and there it was—in course, but like a greenhorn, it had never struck me to look there. 'Twas a notice of the marriage of that 'Merican heiress—whom I never thought much of—and Captain Harold Anderson Lawton,—blast him!"

"The old chair-man brought out this expletive with so evident a relish that I nearly started from my seat, but with so much real feeling, that, far from blaming him, I felt very much inclined to echo the sentiment.)

"Beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure," he resum-

ed apologetically; "but the thought of it makes me forget myself, as I reflect how cruelly this young wife was deserted.

"The next day when I went to the house where the poor young lady lodged, the doctor's carriage was at the door, and the servant girl hung about the steps and chatted to me about her."

"She was mortal bad all night," she said; 'she broke a vessel, I think missus calls it, after she came home, and they say she's going rapid.'

"I was so took back by this news that I swore, sir, and I've no wish to deny it. The girl seemed surprised that I should care one way or t'other, and told me that their lodger had been ill, on and off, ever since she went there.

"'Tain't the first vessel by several as she broke, missus says; and missus wonders she's lasted as long as she has.'

"Put it as she would, however, I couldn't help feeling of it, and I found time to go up more than once on that day and the following, to learn how the young lady got on. But she was always worse. 'Sinking fast,' they said on the third day; and that night she died.

"Now I puzzled myself to think what would they do about burying of her, if no one claimed the poor corpse, as 'twant likely they would, when her real name wasn't known. The Captain, however, had always ordered all letters and such like to be sent to a particular address in London, to the name of Mr. Anderson, which I hadn't heard before; so now the landlady asked the doctor to write to him, and acquaint him with the news, which I suppose he did, for when I walked up there yesterday, for to ascertain if any arrangements had been made about it, I heard as how the gentleman were in the house, and the funeral was to take place this afternoon, in the cemetery. It seemed quick, and she only dead three days, but the landlady naturally didn't hold by keeping the corpse in the house any longer than she need to do, and so she told Mr. Anderson. She thought he was a mercantile gentleman, and the lawful gentleman of the poor dead creature up-stairs, and it wasn't for me to undeceive her, and blacken the character of one who was gone.

"So I held my peace; but I warn't surprised to hear that Mr. Anderson seemed to have come off a long journey, and to have travelled in a hurry, for doubtless he was interrupted by the news on his wedding-tour, and a pleasant interruption it must have proved to him.

"This day I laid by my chair, and went up to the cemetery to see that sweet young creature (whom I can hardly fancy now as ever smiling, it seems so far back since I see her do it) laid in the dust.

"It was a very plain burying. There wasn't no one but the clergyman and the Captain, and he didn't look much like a bridegroom, I can tell you. But I was glad to see him so down-hearted, as he walked in front of the coffin, which was quite plain, as the doctor had ordered it.

"I took up my place near the grave, and I thought, as I heard them beautiful words read out, that it was much best for her that this life was over, and a happy life begun. There's none up there as will cast a stone at her, sir, we may depend upon that. The Captain seemed to feel it terrible when the earth rattled in on the top of the coffin, and I heard him say 'Amy! Amy!' to himself more than once during the ceremony.

"I wonder how his lawful wife would have liked to have seen him as he looked then! I think my poor young lady had the best of it, sir, though she do lie under the ground.

"When the funeral was over the Captain just turned on his heel and walked away, and I never see a man look more chicken-hearted in my life. It serves him right, sir; it will serve him right if the thought of that poor Miss Amy comes between him and his pleasures all his life long. He never noticed me, nor so much as looked at the place where I stood, and I was glad that he didn't.

"Likely enough it would have angered him, and I should scarcely have known what to say for my being there.

"So he thinks no more this day, than he did the day he gave me the two half-crowns, that I knew more about him and her than that they paid me regular and well.

"It's a queer world, sir; and not the least queer part of it is to be seen at Brighton.

"I reckon as Brighton will have as heavy a debt to pay as most places, when the Great Reckoning comes; and the grave I've seen filled in this afternoon will bear witness to part of it."

So saying, the old chair-man brushed the patched sleeve of his bottle-green coat across his eyes, and wished me a very good evening, in a shame-faced and awkward sort of manner, put the napless hat with its rusty crape trimming upon his head again, and shuffled hurriedly away.

THE GLEANER.

J. W. FORNEY says they have no temperance societies in France and but little need for them.

A RUSSIAN chief of police reconciles all quarrels between women by locking them up till they kiss each other.

DR. J. C. AYER, the great patent medicine manufacturer, who died on the 3rd ult., left a property of nearly \$20,000,000.

PRINCE BISMARCK is not an early riser, and is fond of sitting up late at night, chatting over a bottle of wine or a glass of beer.

EFFORTS are being made to organize local so-

cieties for the suppression of obscene literature and devices in all large cities of the United States.

THE Princess of Wales is so deaf that she is said to have left a very bad impression during her recent visit at Paris. It is a family complaint.

ROUSSEAU was the author of the following prophecy:—"The Empire of Russia will subjugate Europe and will be subjugated in turn. The Tartars, its subjects or its neighbours, will become its masters and ours. This revolution seems to me inevitable. All the Kings of Europe will work together to accelerate it."

THE Shah's visit to Paris this time will be associated with a very important event. It is understood that the Prime Minister, who travels with his Majesty, has signed a contract for a railway between a port in the Caspian Sea and Teheran. This will be the first railway which has invaded Persian exclusiveness.

A POOR French woman in New York supposed to be absolutely penniless, could not refrain from rushing out to give her last mite to a hand-organ man who played "The Marseillaise." Five minutes later when the organ was playing the "Wacht am Rhein," she was seen driving the organist out of the street with a broom handle.

THE Czar seems to be something of a woman hater. He is said of late to have bitterly resented the ceaseless efforts of the women of his court to involve him still further in war. Indeed, when at a small gathering the Countess Bloudoff asked him what was the news, he is said to have replied, "Why do you wish to know? Do leave business matters to men; if you women had not meddled so much in politics, we should never have got into this accursed war."

THE attempt in England to revive the old sport of falconry promises to be moderately successful. Six trained peregrine falcons were publicly tried at rook hawking a few weeks ago at Thruxton, near Andover. In spite of a high wind and occasional heavy showers, several good flights were obtained, and in most cases the quarry was killed. The perfect training of the birds was shown by their return to the falconer after a miss, the distance traversed in one instance being fully three-quarters of a mile. It is supposed that if the performances of the birds were more generally exhibited, a few years would see the revival of falconry in England an accomplished fact.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIMS REEVES, the English tenor, advocates total abstinence.

HENRY J. BYRON has received a royalty of \$20,000 from the London Theatre, where his comedy "Our Boys" has been running four years.

MILE. GENA LUZIANI is a little Italian pianiste not yet ten years old, who is already an honorary member of the Royal Philharmonic Society in Rome, and who has been playing with great success in Paris the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, etc.

THE announcement that the Senate of London University has at length decided to grant degrees of Doctor of Music is one that will doubtless be received with universal satisfaction. English music wants a great deal of doctoring.

A NEW YORK theatre has introduced a new idea of a box-office. In its lobby stands a square box, mounted on a handsome pedestal, the box containing an exact model of the interior of the theatre. There is a glass front, through which you look at the theatre as if from the stage. There is a tiny model of every seat in the house, and its number and letter plainly indicated, so that you may choose your seat, or see just what the position is of that which you are offered at the box-office.

It is said that at the private performances at the Theatre Royal, Munich, for the King exclusively, the following is the lonely ceremonial: At seven o'clock precisely the King, in a plain black suit, and unattended, takes his place in the middle box opposite the stage. The house is brilliantly lighted, but no one but His Majesty is anywhere to be seen in front. The King's appearance is the signal for the performance to commence. After each act the King retires, and the performance is resumed the instant he returns.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

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JAPANESE FOUNTAIN.



ALGERIAN COBBLER IN THE TROCADERO.

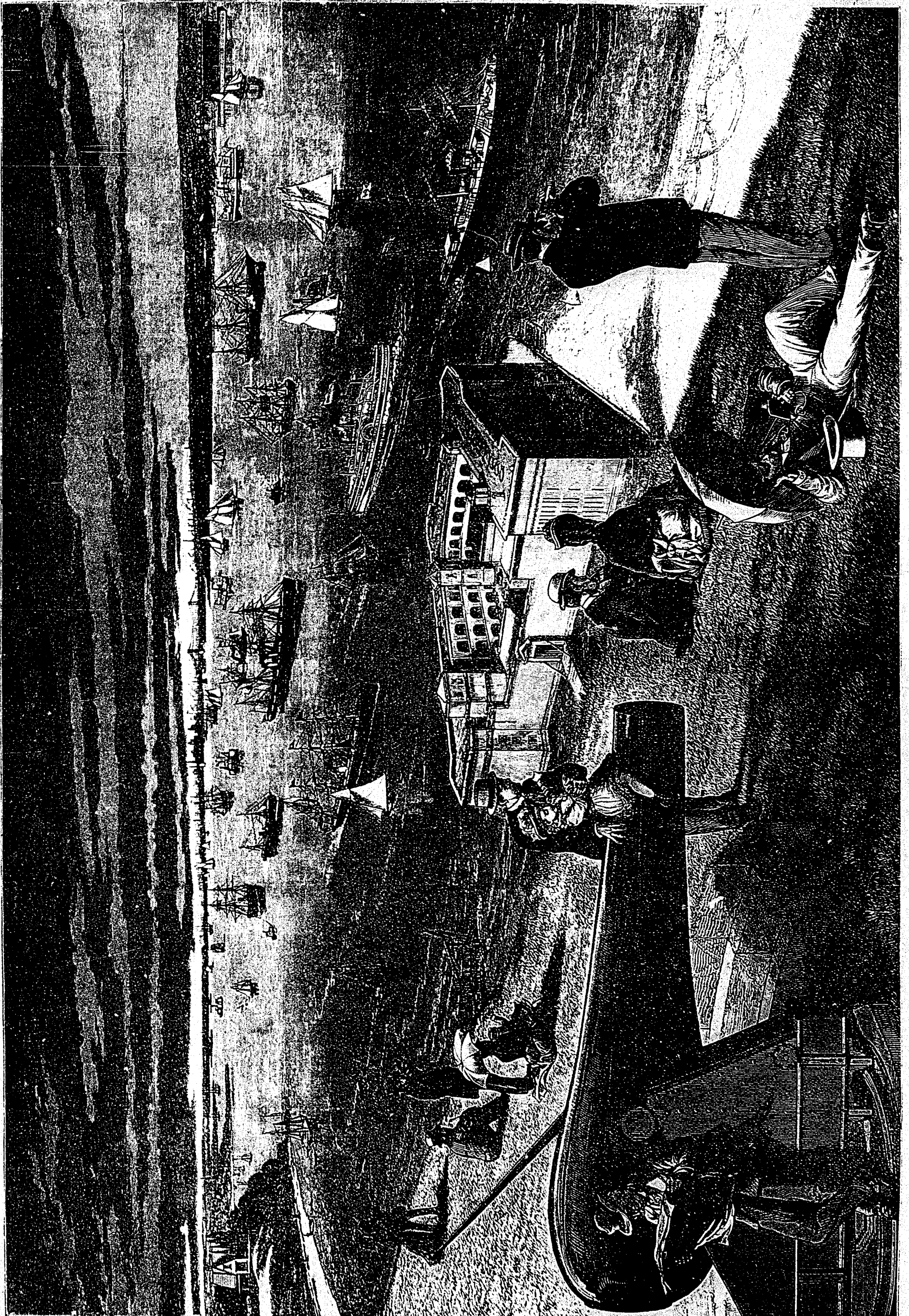


KITCHEN OF THE ALGERIAN CAFÉ IN THE TROCADERO.



DUTCH WOMEN IN THEIR PAVILION.

PARIS EXHIBITION.



VIEW OF NEW YORK HARBOR.

DEAR CANADA!

Cold winter bright, with sky most clear.—
For some the best part of the year,—
Thy shorten'd day and evening long
(Give time for music, mirth, and song;
Thy out-door sports are brisk, I ween,
The curlers seek the ice most keen,
"Stanes," "besoms," and the hog-score line,
Make many think of "Auld Lang Syne."

The snow-shoe clubs must have their tramps,
Out o'er the Mountain to their camps,
Whilst others try their break-neck skill,
With long toboggans on a hill,
With sports like these, and many more,
Before we know it the winter's o'er,
The sugar kettle's on the hook,
'Tis spring! the ice melts on the brook.

Sweet spring, all hail! in azure bright,
Thou fann'st our cheeks with zephyrs light,
Thou giv'st new life to all below;
Thou bringest joy for ev'ry woe;
The very birds for joy do trill
Their tuneful notes on ev'ry hill,
And warble sweet their merry lay
To welcome in thy natal day.

Again sweet flow'rs shall bud and bloom,
Their odours sweet the earth perfume;
Come, we'll respire the healthful breeze,
Beneath the green top'd sturdy trees,
Huzrah, then, for the lovely spring!
The merry, bright Canadian spring;
The maple leaf shall soon compare
With blush on maiden's cheek most fair.

Again we'll climb Mount Royal's heights,
And roam the woods for pure delights,
For balmy air, and fragrant shade,
We'll seek St. Helen's steep and glade,
Pursuing nature's beautiful wiles,
We'll sail amidst the Thousand Isles,
While sunshine in resplendent sheen
Reflects them in the waters green.

But, hark! the spray sweeps o'er the deck,
They're far behind, our boat's a wreck!
Ah! no, she rights! again runs slow;
We've just rush'd through the grand Long Sault;
Again, again, we reel, we heave,
You'd think the rocks our craft would cleave,
But just as eve obscures the scene
The last is run, below Lachine.

Should grander beauty be your guest,
Go, view her from Cape Diamond's crest,
Or, further north, near Murray Bay,
On, on the river Saguenay;
There, cliffs majestic you'll descry,
Or range of mountains meets the eye,
With picturesque green rolling hills,
Grand water-falls and rippling rills.

Dear Canada! with scenes like these,
With rivers grand, and inland seas,
With daughters fair and sons most true,
Thou'lt flourish 'neath a sky so blue;
But, always put your trust in God,
Who bless'd the land our fathers trod,
Then, 'neath the flag with crosses three,
Thou'lt prosper, and continue free.

J. HENDERSON.

St. Hypolite Street, Montreal.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

MYSTERY OF FOUR HORSEMEN AT THE GATE OF TOULOUSE.

At 2 o'clock in the morning of the 12th of April, 1655, the keeper of St. Anthony's gate in the large city of Toulouse, in the south of France, was aroused from his slumbers by loud and violent rappings at the gate. He dressed himself, grumbling at being hurried out of his bed at so unreasonable an hour of the night, and stepped out into the street.

Upon approaching the gate he heard a man without angrily shouting:

"Is it impossible to wake up that lazy dog of a gate-keeper?"

"Hold on, you rude fellow, whoever you may be. I am the gate-keeper. I am a functionary of the municipality of Toulouse, and I shall not brook any insults, no matter from what quarter they may come."

The gate-keeper, after uttering these words in a tone of considerable exasperation, was still further irritated by the loud laughter into which the person outside of the gate burst in response to what he had said.

"Open this gate without a moment's delay, or you shall lose your head on the executioner's block. There are four of us here; we want to get in without further nonsense from such a pig-headed rascal as you!"

The scaffold threat was not lost upon the gate-keeper. He made no insolent reply, but asked rather meekly:

"Are you armed?"

"Of course."

"Then I have to ask his Excellency the Governor of Toulouse first whether I shall admit you or not."

"Mille tonnerres!" roared the stranger without; "do you know who is waiting outside of your accursed gate?"

"Who is it?" demanded the gate-keeper, greatly taken aback.

"Why, His Royal Highness King Louis XIV. of France!" was the answer.

Quick as lightning the terrified gate-keeper opened the gate. He beheld in front of himself four horsemen, who were closely wrapped in their long white cloaks, for the night was damp and chilly.

"Where is his Majesty, that I may implore his pardon?" cried the gate-keeper.

Instead of a reply, the foremost of the four riders, who had carried on the above mentioned conversation with him, dealt him a terrible blow with the handle of his sword, on the head, completely stunning him. Then the four riders galloped into the city.

Three of them were men in the prime of life. The fourth rider was, to all appearances, a de-

licate, slender youth, with a very handsome aristocratic countenance.

Suddenly the four strangers halted in front of a large and very old building.

"This is the Hostelry du Saint Esprit, your Majesty," said one of the men to the youth, in a most submissive tone.

"The old rookery looks uninviting enough," replied the youth. "I am tired to death, and long for a good, soft bed."

"Ah, sire, you will find it here," rejoiced the first speaker. "The Hostelry du Saint Esprit is the best tavern in the whole south of La Belle France, notwithstanding its forbidding look outside. We shall get here nice beds, a splendid repast and the most generous of wines. Let me knock at the door."

He pounded vigorously against it for nearly five minutes before he heard footsteps approaching from within.

At last the door was cautiously opened, and an old man, holding a lantern in his hand, peeped out.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"His Majesty the King, Count Baron de Momfrey, Viscount Lalletier and the Prince de Ligne."

"Be welcome to my humble establishment," said the old man, bowing profoundly. "What is his Majesty's gracious wish?"

The first speaker replied:

"We want the best repast you can give us, my good host, and then four bed-chambers. Now bestir yourself, for we are hungry and tired."

The landlord bowed again, deeply. Then he flung the door wide open and led the way.

The four horsemen rode into the high, narrow hallway, which was paved with brick, and which was lighted but dimly by the landlord's lantern.

When they reached the yard several drowsy hostlers took charge of the horses.

A minute later they were ushered into a sumptuously furnished reception-room, well heated by a roaring fire.

They threw off their cloaks, and now their elegant and costly costumes appeared for the first time. The three men were dressed in tight-fitting black velvet suits, fringed with the costliest Bruxelles point lace. Large lace collars were hanging down from their necks. The youth was dressed in a gorgeous suit of purple velvet. On his left breast sparkled a star of gold and large diamonds. A large blue ribbon was flung over his right shoulder, and fastened to a costly belt studded with precious stones.

He flung his broad brimmed, plumed hat on a table, and threw himself with a sigh upon a lounge. His face looked pale, but bore all the distinctive and well-known features of the royal Bourbons of France.

His companions were all men of distinction. Their proud, distinguished bearing indicated this very plainly. But him they treated with the most respectful consideration.

"Sit down, messieurs," said the youth at last, languidly. "Will our meal be ready soon?"

The Prince de Ligne rang the bell-rope. The landlord stepped in.

"We are hungry," said the Prince de Ligne.

"His Majesty orders you to have our repast ready without further delay!"

"In two minutes," said the landlord, bowing again and again, "in two minutes I shall have great honour in conducting his gracious majesty to my dining-room, where I shall set before him a repast such as no Toulousian hostelry—"

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" interrupted the Prince de Ligne, angrily, "and make haste about the meal!"

The landlord hurriedly withdrew from the room.

A few minutes after the youth and his companions entered the dining-room where a truly royal repast was served up to them. They cooked well at all times in France, and the menu of that nocturnal repast at the Hostelry du Saint Esprit, at Toulouse, would have made an epicure's mouth water.

And such wine as the landlord poured into Venetian goblets for them! For his wine cellar was stocked with the choicest brands of Southern France, that paradise of wine-drinkers.

The four partook of the food almost voraciously.

"Your Majesty," said the Count Barson de Momfrey, "this meal tastes better than I ever ate."

"We have not eaten anything since day-break," replied the youth, munching some luscious Spanish raisins.

Then he rose from the table, and said to the Prince de Ligne:

"Ask the landlord if my bed-chamber is ready."

"It is," said the landlord.

He led the way, and ushered the youth into a gorgeously furnished bed-room. The pillows of the couch were covered with white satin, and the quilts were made of costly brocade. On the night-table stood a heavy golden candlestick, in which six wax tapers were burning.

When the landlord had left the room, the youth took from his pocket a superb locket, which he opened. For a minute he gazed at the portrait of a most beautiful lady which it contained. Then he said:

"Oh, mother! my mother! what am I doing all this for? Do I want to dethrone my brother? My noble companions want me to do so, but I—only want to have an opportunity to see and embrace you once more!" He burst into tears. "Nay," he cried, clenching his

fist, "I also want to punish that wretch Mazarin, who caused Richelieu to have me wrested, when I was but four years old, from your arms, and immured in that gloomy old castle San Zephildo in the Pyrenees. Ah! what sufferings I have undergone there! Every day I had longed and wept for you, until these three noblemen delivered me from that living grave, and told me that Mazarin had led you to believe that I was dead. Sixteen years have elapsed since I saw you last. They assure me that our enterprise is sure to succeed, and that I bear so strong a resemblance to my brother, the king, that hardly anybody would be able to distinguish us."

Then he undressed, and as he removed his velvet jacket his bosom became slightly bare. It was the well developed bust of a young girl!

Yes, it was a girl—one of the children, and the very image of beautiful Ann of Austria, the queen dowager.

Her royal mother had called her Yseult (Isolde), and Mazarin had caused Richelieu to have her kidnapped when she was barely four years old, and sent the child as a prisoner the Pyrenean Castle San Zephildo, where she had grown up under the harsh treatment of an old haridan that had made her young life a burden to her.

When the wars of La Fronde broke out against Cardinal Mazarin the prince de Ligne, Count Barson de Momfrey and Viscount Letellier had somehow discovered that Yseult was at San Zephildo, and that she bore a most life-like resemblance to her brother, King Louis the Fourteenth.

They had resolved to liberate her, dress her in male attire, and let her personate the king.

They were men of dauntless courage, and had forced an entrance into Castle San Zephildo, cut down the small garrison, so that no one could tell what had occurred, and laid their plans before Yseult, who eagerly consented to play the dangerous part assigned to her. Mounted on superb horses, they had reached Toulouse, where they agreed to make the first public demonstration. All of them were mortal enemies of Cardinal Mazarin, and they risked their heads in order to overthrow him.

Next morning at a very early hour they repaired with Yseult to the palace of the military governor of Toulouse, the marquis de Calvados, whom they told that Cardinal Mazarin had tried to have the young king murdered, and that the latter had fled to Toulouse in order to escape being murdered.

M. de Calvados believed every word they told him. Yseult was treated by him with royal honors, and the garrison of Toulouse, consisting of upwards of three thousand men, did homage to her.

Then public heralds informed the people of Toulouse that the young king was in their midst. This announcement was most enthusiastically received, and the royal palace, where Yseult had now taken up her abode, was surrounded all day by cheering crowds.

Messengers were dispatched to Bordeaux, Montpellier, Aix, Marseilles and Toulon to communicate the startling news to the royal authorities of those cities.

Everywhere the news was believed to be true. In ten days 9,000 veteran troops had assembled at Toulouse to do battle for the person whom they took for their king.

News at that period travelled slowly, and the intelligence of what had occurred at Toulouse did not reach Cardinal Mazarin until two weeks later.

At first he was dumbfounded.

"Who can the impostor be?" he asked himself again and again. Then he added: "This rising may cost the real young king his life." And then he murmured, "And me, too."

He rang his bell. A secretary entered.

"Send for Gavini and Sorleria," commanded the Cardinal.

"More murders! more murders!" muttered the secretary, as he left Mazarin's private cabinet.

An hour later two Italians were closeted a long time with the cardinal. They left him, and a few minutes later they set out from Paris on fleet-footed horses in a southerly direction.

They managed to obtain access to Yseult after their arrival in Toulouse, and requested a private interview with her, which she unsuspectingly granted. No sooner was she alone with them than they threw a small cord around her neck and tried to strangle her, but she got her hands under the noose and resisted desperately.

In the scuffle that ensued the bosom of her dress was torn, and her shapely bust became visible.

"It is a woman!" cried Gavini, in surprise.

The other hired assassin at last succeeded in tightening the noose and the beautiful girl was slowly strangled.

Then the two murderers exhibited her corpse at the window and shouted to the people:

"You have been imposed upon by a daring adventuress! Submit, or his majesty, who is alive and well in Paris, will utterly destroy your city."

The people submitted. The three noblemen who had brought Yseult to Toulouse were arrested and strangled that very night by Mazarin's emissaries.

It was the Cardinal's policy, however, to hush up this strange affair.

He prohibited its being mentioned to the king under pain of death, and for years Louis XIV. did not hear of it.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and papers received. Many thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 181 received.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 179 received. Correct.

The intelligence contained in the following extract of the results of the great Chess Tourney at Paris, up to the 2nd of July, will be eagerly read by Chessplayers all over the continent. Each of the great players named has his friends, and some will be elated and many disappointed. No one will be surprised at Mr. Blackburn's success. We regret that Mr. Steinitz is not among the combatants, as his great skill, and former success in the game, would have added greatly to the interest of the contest.

CHESS.

(Montreal Star, July 3, 1878.)

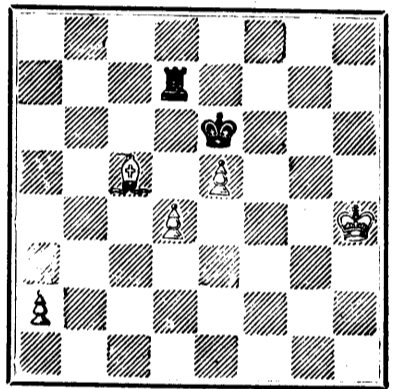
PARIS, July 2.—Twelve of the principal Chessplayers in the world are entered in the International Chess Congress. Of eleven rounds, representing 133 games to be played, four rounds already have been played, with the following results:—Winawer, of Russia, won eight games, lost none; Blackburn, of London, won eight games, lost one game; Rosenthal, of Paris, won 5½ games, lost 2½ games; Anderson, of Breslau, won five games, lost three games; Clere, of Besancon, won five games, lost three games; English, of Vienna, won 3½ games, lost 4½ games; Bird, of London, won three games, lost five games; Mackenzie, of New York, won three games, lost five games; Gifford, of London, and Paas won one game, lost seven games; Pillsell, of Stuttgart, won no games, lost eight games.

The Holyoke Transcript published recently a game between Mrs. Worrall, the lady champion of Mexico, and Mrs. M. E. Favor, an amateur lady player of New York, in which the former was victorious.

PROBLEM No. 182.

(Chess Study from "La Stratégie.")

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to play and draw.

GAME 274TH.

The two following games were played recently at the Montreal Chess Club, between Messrs. G. Barry and Hicks, the latter giving the odds of Queen's Knight.

Remove Whites's Q Kt.

WHITE.—(W. H. Hicks.) BLACK.—(G. Barry.)

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to K4 |
| 2. P to K5 | 2. P to K5 |
| 3. P to KR3 | 3. Kt to Q B3 |
| 4. P to KB4 | 4. Kt to R3 |
| 5. Kt to KB3 | 5. P to K3 |
| 6. P to Q B3 | 6. B to K2 |
| 7. B to Q3 | 7. P to B5 |
| 8. B to B2 | 8. Castles (a) |
| 9. Castles | 9. P to B3 |
| 10. P to Q4 | 10. P takes P (en passant) |
| 11. B takes P | 11. P takes P |
| 12. P takes P | 12. Kt to B3 |
| 13. B takes Kt | 13. R takes B |
| 14. Kt to Q4 | 14. R takes R (ch) |
| 15. Q takes R | 15. Kt takes P |
| 16. Q to K2 | 16. B to B3 |
| 17. B to B4 | 17. Q to B2 |
| 18. Kt to Q Kt5 | 18. Q to Q5 |
| 19. Q takes Q | 19. Kt takes Q (b) |
| 20. Kt to B7 | 20. P to K4 |
| 21. Kt takes K | 21. P takes P |
| 22. Kt to B7 | 22. Kt takes B |
| 23. Kt takes B | 23. Kt to R5 |
| 24. R to Ksq | 24. B to Q2 |
| 25. P to B4 | 25. B to Q5 (ch) |
| 26. K to Rsq | 26. Kt to B6 |
| 27. Kt takes P | 27. Kt takes P |
| 28. R to Qsq | 28. B to K4 |
| 29. R takes B | 29. B takes Kt |
| 30. R takes Q Kt P | 30. B to K6 |
| 31. R to Kt3 | 31. B to Kt3 |
| 32. K to R2 | 32. Kt to B8 |
| 33. R to Kt5 | 33. Kt to Q6 |
| 34. R to Q5 | 34. Kt to B4 |
| 35. K to K Kt2 | 35. K to KR2 |
| 36. K to KB3 | 36. Kt to K3 |
| 37. P to K Kt4 | 37. Kt to K4 |
| 38. P to KR4 | 38. P to QR4 |
| 39. R to Q7 (ch) | 39. K to B3 |
| 40. R to Q Kt7 | 40. B to B4 |
| 41. K to K4 | 41. P to KR5 |
| 42. R to Kt5 | 42. P to R6 |
| 43. R to R5 | 43. K to K2 |
| 44. K to Q5 | 44. Kt to B3 (e) |
| 45. R to R6 | 45. K to B2 |
| 46. R takes Kt | 46. B to Q5 |
| 47. R to R6 | Resigns. |

NOTES.

- (a) B to KR5, checking and preventing White from Castling, was, perhaps, better at this point.
- (b) Giving up the exchange.
- (c) The position of this Pawn was the origin of Black's troubles.
- (d) The advance of Pawn ought to have given Black the game.
- (e) A step which loses the game at once; B to Q3 seems the proper move here.

GAME 257TH.

Played at the Montreal Chess Club between Messrs Geo. Barry and Hicks.

Remove White's Q's Kt.

- WHITE.—(W. H. Hicks) BLACK.—(G. Barry.) 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4 2. B to B 4 2. P to K B 4 3. P to Q 4 3. P to Q 3 4. P takes K P 4. Q P takes K P 5. Q to K R 5 (ch) 5. P to K Kt 3 6. Q to K 2 6. P takes P 7. Q takes P 7. Q to Q 5 (a) 8. Q to K 2 8. Kt to K B 3 9. P to K B 3 9. K B to Kt 5 (ch) 10. K to B sq 10. B to Q 3 11. B to Kt 5 11. R to B sq 12. B to R 6 12. B to K B 4 13. B takes R 13. K takes B 14. P to K Kt 4 14. B to Q 2 15. P to Q B 3 15. Q to Kt 2 16. P to Q R 3 (b) 16. Q Kt to B 3 17. Kt to R 3 (c) 17. K Kt to 4 R (d) 18. K to Kt 2 18. Kt to B 5 (ch) 19. Kt takes Kt 19. P takes Kt 20. Q to Q B 2 20. R to K sq 21. P to K R 4 (e) 21. R to K 6 22. P to K R 5 22. Kt to K 4 23. P takes P 23. P takes P 24. R to R 8 (ch) 24. K to Kt 2 25. R to Kt 8 (ch) 25. K to B 3 26. Q to K B 2 26. P to K Kt 4 27. Q to Q B 2 27. Q B takes P and wins.

NOTES.

- (a) Having a piece in advance, Black is anxious to change off. (b) Better to have carried on the attack on the King's side. (c) P to R 3 seems preferable. (d) A good move, which improves Black's game considerably. (e) Q R to K sq appears to be right move here.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 181.

There should be no Pawn at White's Queen's 7th in this Problem.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. B to K B 5 1. R takes R 2. Kt to K 6 2. Any move 3. Q mates

There are other variations.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 179.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. B to Q B 6 1. B to K 5 (a) 2. B takes B 2. K to Kt 4 3. B to Q 3 mate (a) 1. B elsewhere 2. Anything

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 180.

- WHITE. BLACK. Q at Q B 7 K at Q B 4 Kt at K 7 Pawns at Q R 3, and 4, and Q B 3

White to play and mate in three moves.

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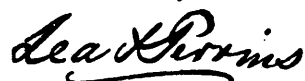
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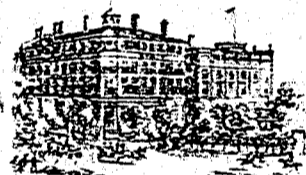


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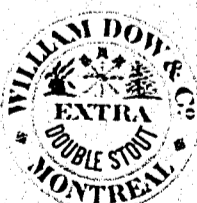
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"Remaining, Gentlemen, Yours very respectfully,
To the Proprietors of L.S.

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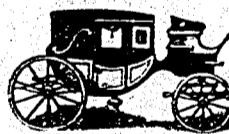
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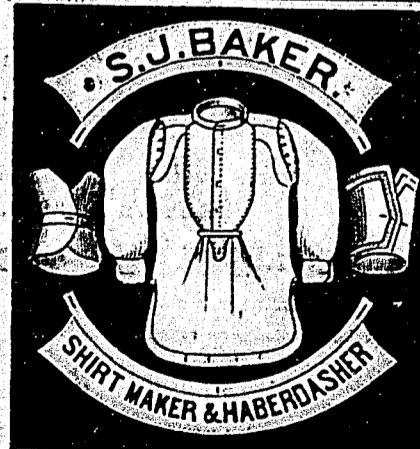
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17-17-seas-350



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- 4.—The Coca Leaf, a Restorer of Health and Strength.
- 5.—Hints on Self-Treatment and Cure. 17-1 52-309

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