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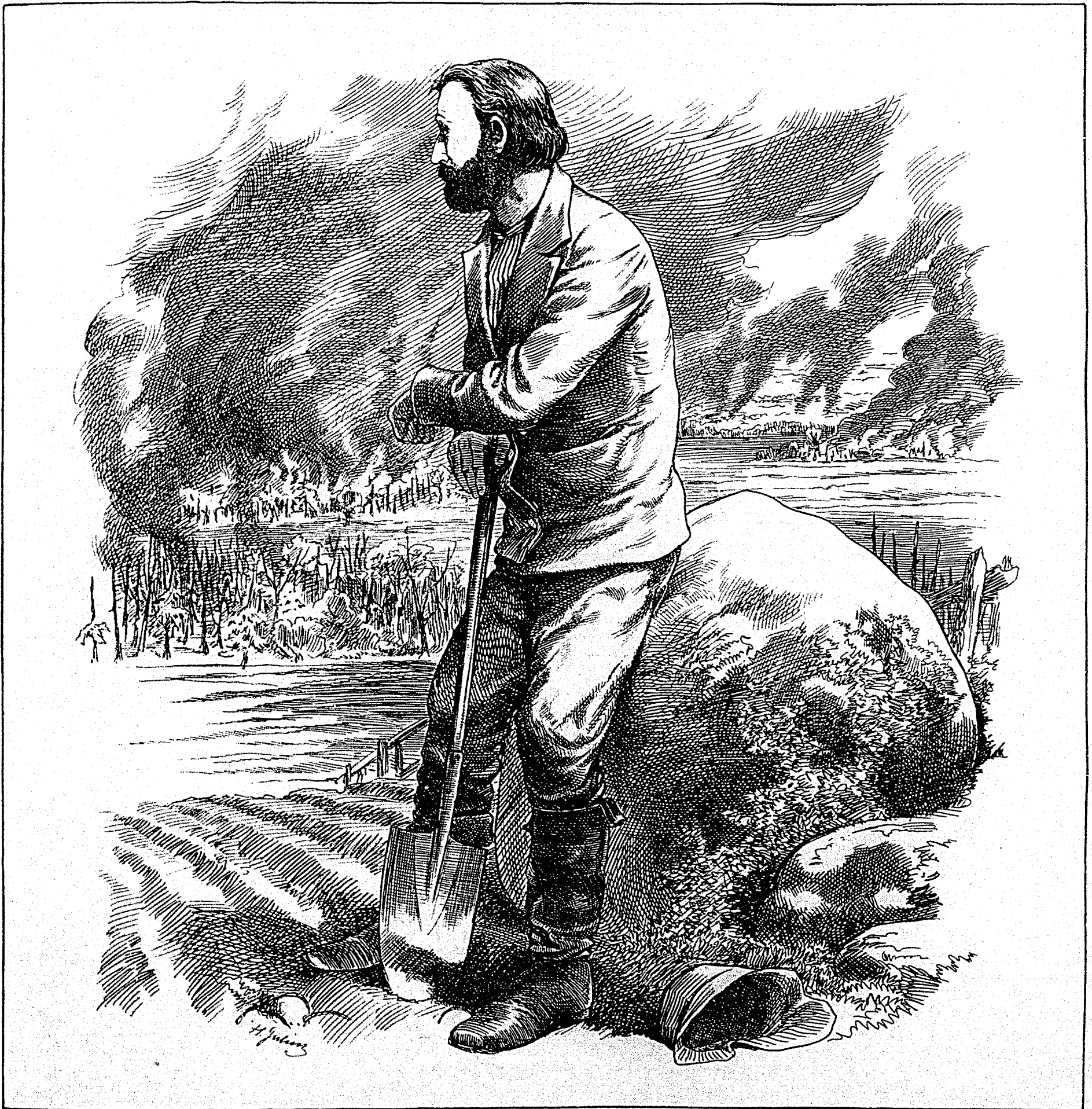
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# FRONTIER Who's to be blamed News

VOL. XV.—No. 21.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1877.

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## BUSH FIRES.

WOODMAN:—This is how, through neglect and extravagance, our chief source of wealth is allowed to be wasted.

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### CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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### CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 26th, 1877.

#### THE RETURN OF SPRING.

The birthday of our honoured Queen, a happy holiday for multitudes, whose doings upon this valued festival we shall go to press too early to record, marks for Canadians the return of spring. The winter's winds have given place to the zephyrs, and the many-throated song will soon resound through the leafy grove. The rills are unloosened from their icy fetters, and the air of heaven in its abundance is building up and invigorating the frame of man. The flowers respond to the sun, and are reminding us of their early approach through their couriers the violets—for wreaths of tinted blossoms will soon be here to take up their summer sojourn, and to gladden the spirit and still complaint. We are wise to yield ourselves to these cheering influences, in seizing the moments of repose that heaven has put within our reach—in re-invigorating and re-habilitating life in nature's earliest holiday. If we shall temper our pleasures with judgment, we may hope to show at the close of another tide of recreation and of freedom, a less painful score of social ills, following upon avoidable accident and heedless inadvertence.

Montreal now has her park, and it would be encouraging to see every city in Canada furnished with a similar pleasure-ground. She has hardly yet succeeded in demonstrating the roots of all her vital troubles, but she may at least find alleviation for some of them in calmness and clear skies. The hearts of the young are easily drawn into happy responsiveness, but the growth of affection will be advanced by bright surroundings. Our best wishes shall go forth with them, and whether it is the shore or the wave that is made gay with their presence, we shall hope to see love and truth in company, and sober-thoughted discretion bringing them into close acquaintance.

However the universal throb of nature, in her well-ordered sympathy with man, may tempt the more adventurous efforts of the spirit, we may trust that the appropriate joys of the dwelling and the garden will not be slighted, and will crown our toils with culture and grace.

If our Dominion, at the close of its first

decade, has yet to build up its fortunes, in the larger sense, her young men and maidens may not lose their anticipations of happiness; the wedded may rejoice in a fair heritage, the old find peace and security, the children be untrammelled in their play. Such are our modest hopes. Sympathising with the sufferings of many nations, as they pour over the wires, and solemnize the breakfast-table, we desire to see their contentions give place to amity and peace, and shall be the more grateful in our outlook in this Dominion, in beholding the coming era ushered in, even in the midst of wars and rumours of wars and of attention to our own share of the Empire's defences, with the psalm:

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

A MOST interesting circular of the "Bosnian and Herzegovinian Fugitives and Orphan Relief Fund" is distributed with the latest number of *Good Words*. The movement for the relief of these poor people commenced in December, 1875. The first intention was to confine the aid to the children and their education, but it was found impossible to refuse relief to starving fathers and mothers. Since March, 1876, twenty day-schools have been established, containing over 1200 children taught by native Bosnian schoolmasters found among the refugees. The cessation of Austrian relief and the double price of Indian corn threw the people into the direct distress, and large numbers have been temporarily helped. But the condition of the fugitives is very much worse than when they first came over, from the exhaustion of their cattle, money, and stores; from the failure of the local maize crops and from the inundations. In Dalmatia, things are worse than in Slavonia and Croatia. The poor natives who have received their exiled brethren with a generous and beautiful hospitality, sharing with them wretched huts and scanty meals, are now absolutely unable to support the burden of the woe-stricken who, through the cruelty of the Turks, have been cast in their midst. There is no expense in salaries, save in those of the schoolmasters, and the working expenses are not charged to the fund. Could Canada do anything for the poor fugitives from this cruel tyranny?

ONE or two cases of sunstroke have already been reported from a distance. Sunstroke must form an important element for the military authorities to deal with, and as soldiers are only men, though generally good physical specimens of the race, the regulations might contain matter of importance to all in warm climates. If any of our correspondents could furnish such particulars, we will gladly insert them. Of a few things in this connexion we are well persuaded, and they are in part: "that sunstroke arises from the action of heat upon the brain through its cranial covering." This might seem plain enough, but it has nevertheless been questioned. One of the best safeguards is found in the cooling effect of the evaporation of water interposed between the head and the inflaming heat rays, and the capacities for prevention being taken into account, it is a danger that, with such due attention, should be expunged from the catalogue of human ills. Whether it ever will be so, or not, must depend upon the progress of thought and care in individuals and communities.

#### EPIGRAMS.

The contents of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for June are light and varied. The number opens with two finely illustrated articles,—the second of Lady Blanche Murphy's agreeable Rhine Sketches, and the concluding paper on the Valleys of Peru. A young Italian author, Edmondo de Amicis, whose name will be new to most American readers, but whose writings are very popular in his own land, forms the subject of an interesting article, which includes a translation of a deeply pathetic story. Under the title of "Curious Couples," Rev. William M. Baker recounts some of his experiences as a pastor in the South. Albert Rhodes discusses the question of Chinese immigration, propo-

colony at Beaver Falls, and Ethel C. Gale gives an account of the quaint superstitions still cherished by the Tyrolean peasantry. The stories are numerous, embracing the continuation of "The Marquis of Lossie," "The Lost Voice," by Ita Aniol Prokop, "A Love Chase," by Clarence Gordon, and "The Priest's Son," by Tourgueneff. In the way of poetry there is a dainty bit of verse by Paul H. Hayne, a string of wedding sonnets by Emma Lazarus, and a "Sleeping Song," paraphrased from Theocritus. The editorial departments are unusually full and interesting.

The ATLANTIC for June is an extremely readable number. Mr. Edward H. Knight's second article on "Crude and Curious Inventions" is devoted almost wholly to drums, and contains more than thirty illustrations of the primitive instruments of that nature used by the Asiatics and Africans. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes contributes one of his inimitable society poems, entitled "The First Fan," in which he narrates the origin of the fan. "Wa-ha-toy-a; or, Before the Graders," by "H. H.," is a picturesque description of an excursion to the mountains and Mexican villages of Southern Colorado. The South Carolinian who has in previous numbers photographed so unsparingly the politics and morals of his native State gives a clear and graphic picture of "South Carolina Society" and its caste divisions, which the events and changes of the last sixteen years have modified but by no means abolished. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., concludes his paper on "May-Pole of Merrymount" with an entertaining account of Captain Miles Standish's expedition against Morton, in the days when all the settlements on Boston Bay did not number fifty souls; and Albert G. Browne, Jr., contributes "The Ward of the Three Guardians," a story of frontier life and experience in Utah nineteen years ago. A critical essay on Fitz-Greene Halleck, from the pen of George Parsons Lathrop, appears almost simultaneously with the erection of the poet's statue in Central Park, New York, and will be read with especial interest. "Mr. Edward Fitzgerald's Translations," are the subject of another critical paper by T. S. Perry. In addition to Dr. Holmes' sprightly poem there are poems by Bayard Taylor, R. H. Stoddard, and Marian Douglas. The Contributor's Club is bright and lively, as might be expected, when both Mark Twain and T. B. Aldrich are represented in its pages. The public are left to guess which are their contributions. The original music this month consists of a song by F. Boott, with words by W. W. Story. The Memoirs of Charles Kingsley and Barry Cornwall, Wallace's Russia and Schuyler's Turkistan are among the books reviewed, and under "Education" is an account of the fine laboratory for women lately established in Boston.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TURKISH IRON-CLAD.—The ship of which an illustration appears in this number of our journal belongs to the Imperial Navy of Turkey, but has not yet been enabled to join the fleet under the command of Admiral Hobart Pasha, which is expected to perform efficient service in the war that has just broken out. This vessel, which was originally called the *Memdoughieh*, has been renamed the *Hamidieh*, in honor of the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid II. She was built, along with a sister ship, the *Mesoudieh*, by the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company at Blackwall, from the design furnished by Ahmed Pasha, Chief Constructor of the Turkish navy, slightly modified by suggestions from the British Admiralty; and her building was superintended by Mr. Hounson, appointed by the Admiralty for that purpose at the request of the Turkish Government. The dimensions of this ship are: length between perpendiculars, 332 feet; extreme breadth, 59 feet; depth, 19 feet; burden, 5,349 tons, builder's measurement; displacement, nearly 9,000 tons. The hull is divided into seventy-one water-tight compartments. The whole ship is protected by a belt of armour-plate 12 inches thick, and the main-deck battery is fortified with plate 12 inches thick at the water-line and 10 inches above. The bow is yet more strongly defended, and is furnished with a powerful iron beak, to pierce an enemy's ship below its armour. The main deck is shell-proof in every part. The main-deck battery, arranged for a broadside fire, is 148 feet long, containing twelve 18-ton guns; the four corner ports are so placed at an angle that their guns may fire astern or ahead of the ship, as well as on the broadside. There are two 6-ton guns mounted on the fore-castle, and one in the poop. The engines, constructed by Messrs. Maudslay and Field, are of 1250 nominal horse power, and the ship is capable of a very high speed. The *Hamidieh* is now quite ready to go to sea, but has been delayed some days in the Thames, owing to causes not yet explained. Her sister, the *Mesoudieh*, with several other iron-clad frigates, is lying in the Bosphorus, and will shortly find employment in the Black Sea.

SARNIA NEW TOWN HALL.—The new Town Hall in course of construction in Sarnia, a cut of which is given in this week's issue of the NEWS, will be, when completed, one of the finest municipal edifices in Western Canada, and a lasting monument of the enterprise of the citizens of that rising town. Its architectural beauty combined with its handsome proportions will command the attention of all who see it.

Great care has been betowed on every detail, and its appointments will be complete in every particular, nothing being omitted to render it in all respects suitable for the purpose for which it was built. The building will be three stories high, and from the ground to the main cornice, 50 feet. It will be 60 x 90 feet in size, and surmounted on the west side by a tower 128 feet high, the view from which will be unsurpassed for beauty and extent. The basement is built of limestone faced with sandstone, finished in rock-faced work. The superstructure is built of white pressed brick, "tuck pointed" with Berea sandstone trimmings. The cornice will be of galvanized iron and the roof covered with tin. The basement or first story will be fitted up for a meat market, the floor being of sawed stone flagging. The stalls will be provided with ice-boxes and marble-top counters, and there will also be four hydrants with hose connections placed at convenient points for the purpose of keeping the place thoroughly clean. There is one feature about this basement not usually seen: the walls and ceilings being furred, lathed and plastered, except four feet from the floor which is to be wainscoted. This story is 11 feet high. The second story will be approached by a flight of steps twelve feet wide, and will contain a Council Chamber 53 x 36 feet; also Police Court Room, Mayor, Clerk, and Treasurer's offices and library, the Clerk and Treasurer's offices being provided with fire-proof vaults. This story is 16 feet high. To the right and left of the main entrance are located the stairways 6 feet wide, leading to the third story. This will contain a public hall 76 x 53 feet, at the east end of which is situated a stage of 16 x 53 feet. This hall will be clear of all obstructions, the roof being self-supporting. The ceiling will be paneled and finished with ornamental cornice centres, etc. The entire building will be thoroughly ventilated and lighted throughout. The estimated cost when completed and furnished is \$22,000. To the architect, Mr. George Waddell, of Grand Rapids, Mich., we are indebted for the prospective drawing of this building.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—About 2 o'clock on the morning of the 12th inst., a railway accident occurred close to Danville station, some four miles this side of Richmond. It appears that some of the rear cars of a freight train became detached from the remainder of the train, being uncoupled on a grade, and ran backwards down the decline, where they were met by another freight train, following at some distance behind, causing a terrible collision. It is supposed that the driver and fireman of the other engine must have leaped off. The locomotive was a total wreck. Fourteen freight cars were also smashed up, and the debris scattered all over the line. Only two men were reported badly injured. One of them is a brakeman, and the other a man who had charge of a car-load of horses; he sustained severe injuries, while the other man is badly scalded with water from the locomotive. A large gang of men has been busily engaged clearing off the debris, and the mail train arrived through at Levis at 4 o'clock. At the moment of the collision the locomotive was knocked off the track and rolled over on its side; had the driver and fireman not previously leaped, they would have met a fearful death. Immediately after the collision the broken cars ignited, and a terrible scene of fire and ruin was witnessed.

OPENING OF THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION AT PHILADELPHIA.—When the Centennial was at the height of its success and glory, a number of the most prominent business men of Philadelphia determined to take steps to secure a permanent display of artistic, industrial and manufacturing specimens; and at the close of that great fair the main building was purchased for this purpose. In this vast collection of exhibits was arranged, and upon the anniversary of the Centennial Exhibition, May 10th, President Hayes declared the Permanent one opened for the inspection of the world.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The city of Constantinople seems to be specially fitted to be viewed to the best advantage from a distance. First, there is that narrow peninsula, the modern Stamboul, a series of seven hills, each crowned with a mosque, which marks the magnificence of a former ruler. On one side of the city is the Sea of Marmora; on the other are the waters of the Golden Horn. Tapering to a point seawards, Stamboul widens with the land for four miles, where a massive wall of three miles, reaching from the Marmora to the Horn, forms the city boundary. On the opposite bank of the Golden Horn lies the Frank business quarter, Galata, whence springs a steep hill, on the summit of which—Pera—the Europeans have mainly fixed their residence. Thus the city may be divided into two distinct portions: Stamboul, the right bank of the Golden Horn, the chief quarters of the Muslims, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, and on the left bank, Galata-Pera, the quarters of Europeans and of that mixed Europeanized race known under the general name of Levantine.

The magnificent harbor formed by the three-fold junction of the Lycus, the Bosphorus, and the Sea of Marmora, is upwards of a mile wide at its mouth, and of so great a depth that vessels of three thousand tons are moored to the quays close to the new bridge. The best prospect of the harbor is obtained from Pera.

Stamboul is calculated to contain some three hundred mosques, of which but fourteen possess much historical value. The most imposing is

the Aya Sophia, a Greek Cathedral built in A. D. 568, by Justinian, who exclaimed upon its completion: "Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

From that time it was the aim of every great Sultan to build a mosque which should surpass this structure. Mahmud himself raised one of the most noteworthy mosques, and cut off the hands of his architect because he had made it lower than St. Sophia, while Suleiman the Magnificent produced one which in its style partakes as much of the Saracenic as of the Byzantine.

The Seraglio, or Palace, of which the gardens form the point of the peninsula, was built by Mahmud II., and was the former residence of the Sultans before they took to raising boats and building unlimited white palaces, and it was from the lofty gate of this palace, the Bab-ehoum-ajun or "Sublime Porte," that the Turkish Government derived its colloquial name.

The Petit Champ is a huge cypress-forested cemetery leading up to Pera, and forms, on festive occasions, the pleasure-park of the humbler classes of Greeks and Armenians.

On the summit of Pera is a long building, the Galata Serai, a Government college, under the supervision of a French officer. Beneath is the Galata Fire Tower, where a sharp lookout is kept for the slightest signs of fire.

Scutari became well-known during the Crimean War for its huge hospital, the scene of the labors of Florence Nightingale. The Tower of Leander, or Maiden's Tower, lies at a short distance from the shore.

To the left of Stamboul is Topkapa, a Turkish quarter, where a cannon foundry is situated by the side of the mesque of Mahmud II.

THE EASTERN WAR.

TURKEY'S NAVAL STRENGTH.

ON THE DANUBE.

Turkey possesses a strong flotilla of armoured gunboats on the Danube, which, if properly handled, ought to considerably impede any operations carried on for the purpose of constructing a bridge, and inflict great loss by shelling the enemy from a distance.

The Russians, apparently, are feeling their naval inferiority, and would like to get a few larger craft than these launches on the Danube. They have a number of heavily-armed gunboats at Nicholaieff all prepared, and ready for sea at a moment's notice.

for the north with orders to keep the strictest and closest watch possible over the delta. This squadron, which is under the command of Mustapha Pacha, consists of two heavily-armoured iron corvettes, splendid craft in their way, mounting guns of the heaviest description, 12 1/2-ton muzzle-loading Armstrongs, in a battery so arranged as to admit of a fire being delivered almost in a line with the keel.

II.

IN THE BLACK SEA.

Turkey has a fine ironclad fleet in the Black Sea, sufficient in number possibly, when supplemented with their wooden vessels, to blockade, if necessary, the whole of the Russian coast. Properly watched, not a vessel ought to be allowed to escape out of a Russian port; and though there is a fine fleet of merchant steamers at its disposal, the Turks ought to be able to prevent the Russian Government from sending any supplies to its various corps d'armees except overland.

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of them 16 heavy Armstrong muzzle-loaders, and possess very good steaming qualities. The whole strength of the Ottoman navy consists of fifteen ironclads, five wooden steam frigates, eleven wooden corvettes, two wooden gun vessels, and eleven gunboats, of which seven are armoured, and form the Danube flotilla previously described.

III.

SEA-COAST DEFENCES.

With regard to the defences of the towns along the southern shore of the Black Sea, the Turks are behind hand, as it is only at Batoum where the batteries are in anything like an efficient condition. At Trebizonde there is nothing, and this large town, the most important as far as commerce is concerned, along the whole southern shore, the port of Erzeroum, and the landing place of goods for the Persian market, is completely at the mercy of any bold naval commander who with a ship or two, even armed merchant steamers, can manage to slip past the Turkish fleet.

The defences of Batoum consist of a battery mounting 25 guns of various calibre, ranging from 12 to 22 centimetre Krupps, and two other smaller earthworks arranged to fire across the bay. The one to the northward mounts four guns, 15 and 22 centimetre Krupps, whilst the one at the head of the bay is armed with seven, three of which, however, are smooth-bored of heavy calibre.

From Poti round to the Crimea there are a few small fortified posts as at Anapa, Soukhoum Kaleh, and Redout Kaleh; but they would offer very slight opposition to the Turkish fleet, as the guns are of no great calibre, and the Russians are trusting not so much to driving off the ironclads with a heavy fire, as to giving a warm reception to any landing parties by having detachments of Cossacks stationed along the coast, assisted by batteries of light field pieces.

have been laid down along the coast, some of them far out at sea. How much has been really done in this way can hardly be known, except to the Russian officers immediately concerned, as the successful use of submarine weapons depends more than anything else upon the secrecy with which the operations have been conducted. One thing, however, is known for certain, that the Russians throughout the winter have been most actively employed in manufacturing torpedoes in the arsenal at Nicholaieff, and that a great number have already been laid down in the harbour of Odessa, and the estuary of the Bug river.

Before concluding it should be said that one great advantage possessed by the Turks, which will facilitate considerably the intended operations of their fleet in the Black Sea, is the coal mines of Heraclea. An abundant supply of this most necessary material can be easily obtained, as the distance from any part of the Black Sea to the port of shipment is inconsiderable.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

RAYMOND (Colonel Sellers), is going to Europe presently, and Jefferson (Hip Van Winkle) contemplates returning ere long.

PROPOSALS have been made by a Paris musical house to Brother Giovanni, the famous Roman tenor, to come to Paris to sing entirely for ecclesiastical purposes.

A DAUGHTER of Jefferson is engaged to be married to B. L. Farjeon, English novelist, author of "Grif," "Blade of Grass," etc. The marriage will take place next month.

MISS CLARA MORRIS appeared as Miss Milton in Boston recently. At the end of the second act she found that the company were not well up in their parts, and that she would be at a disadvantage if she continued the performance, so the audience was dismissed.

MR. WILLIAM WINTER, the poet and dramatic critic of the Tribune, sailed in the Britannic last Saturday. He goes for his health, but his pen will not be entirely idle, as he intends to write a series of letters to his paper. Winter and Jefferson have been on intimate terms for many years, and the last son born unto the comedian is called William Winter Jefferson.

LITERARY.

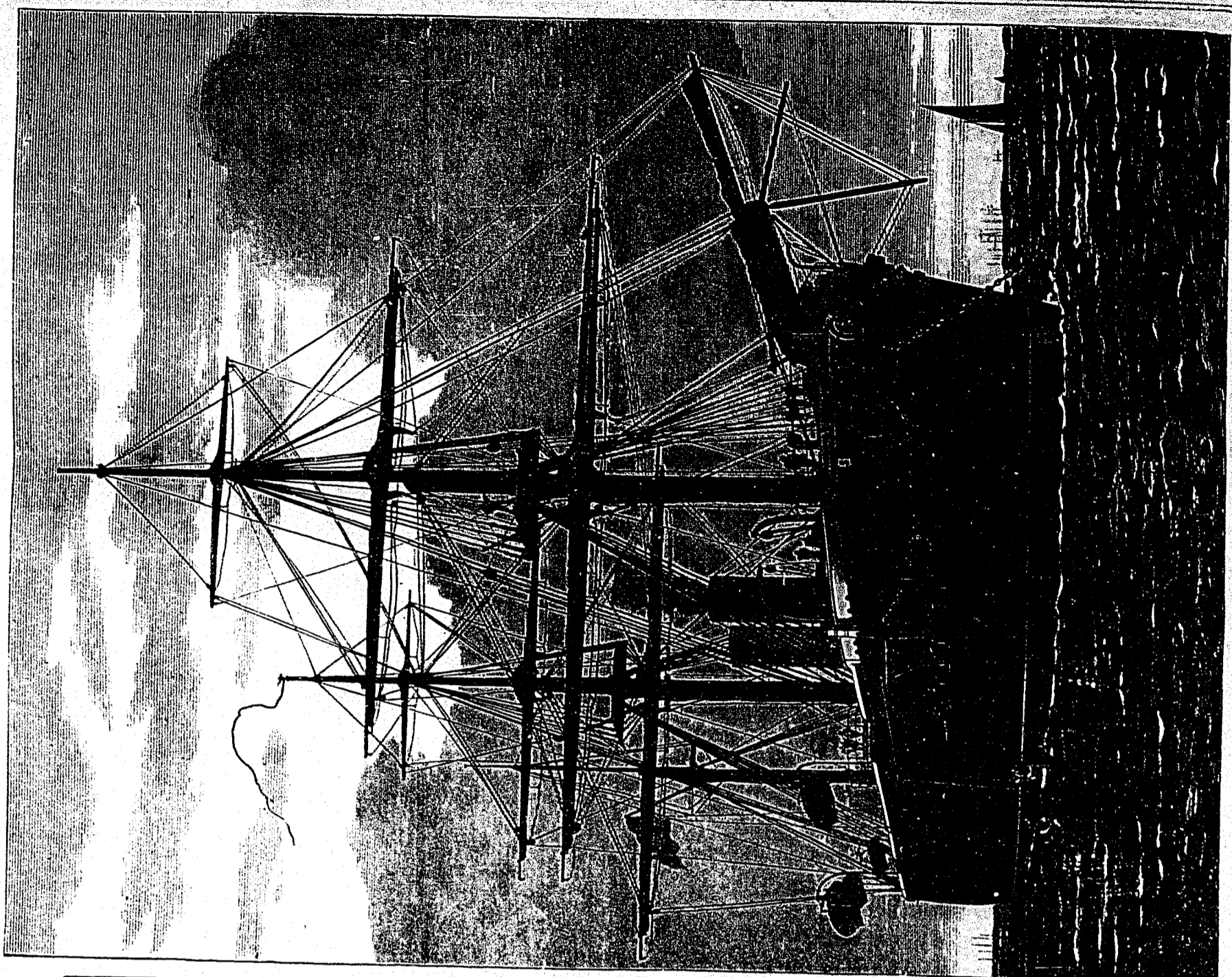
A VERY remarkable address on Shakespeare has been delivered in London by a distinguished scientist and writer. The occasion was a gathering of literati and artists. It was maintained that evidence has recently been discovered to show that Shakespeare, who has so often denounced strong drink, himself fell a victim to it, and died prematurely of a fever brought on by drinking.

GEORGE MACDONALD, the poet, has a large family—nearly a dozen children—and they are giving tokens of inheriting some of their father's talent. They have been acting at Mrs. Cowper-Temple's piece founded on the second part of the Pilgrim's Progress, and the performance is to be repeated at Mrs. Russell Gurney's. It was very well done.

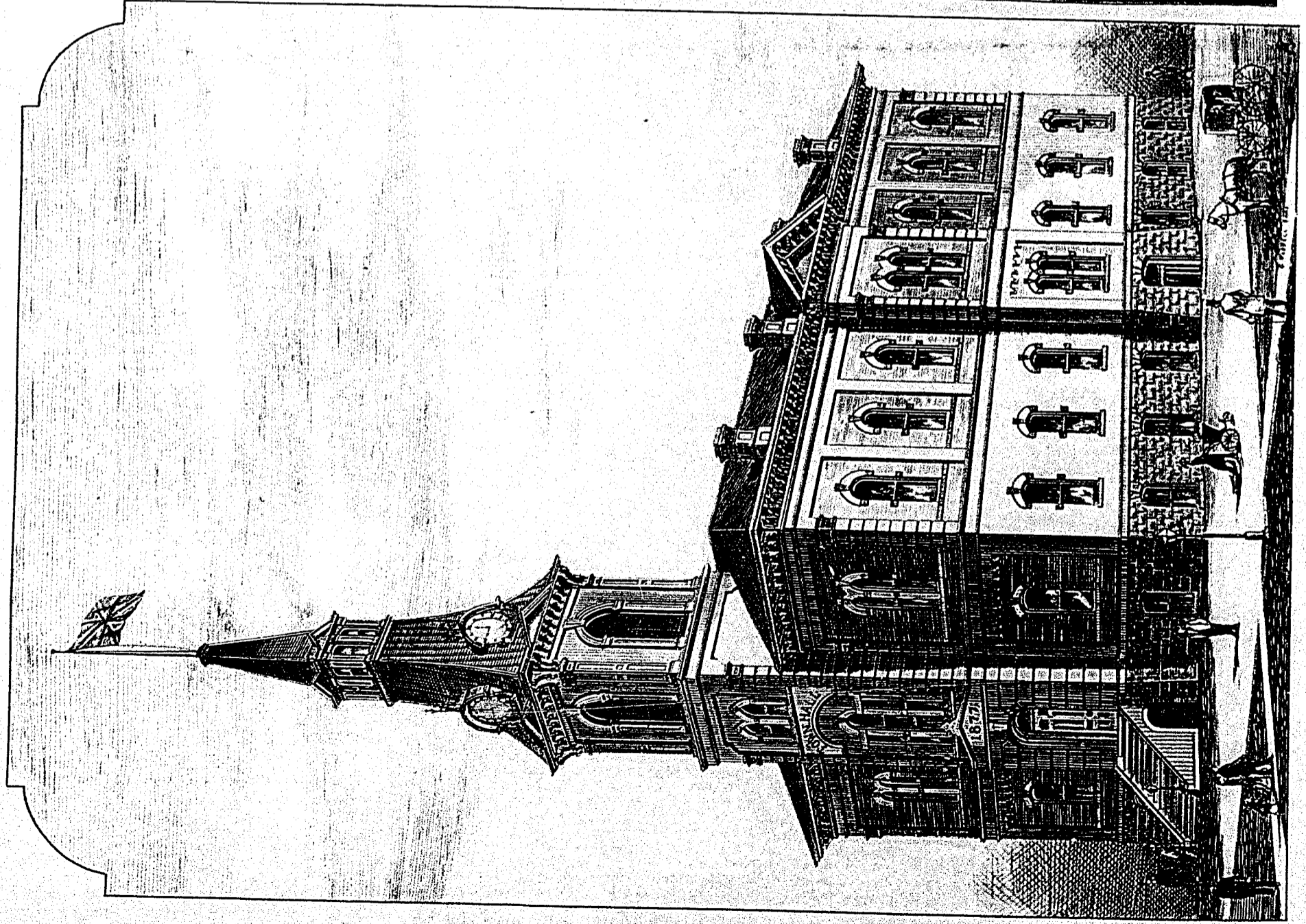
THE war correspondents for the Paris papers are off. M. Ivan de Woestyne has gone to St. Petersburg to join the Russian army, and M. Henri Charbrillat has gone to Constantinople. The vigorous and caustic writer, M. Saint-Germain, will trace the war to its origin in the ideas of the people in Russia itself, and the Comte de Keratry is to furnish an account of the doings in the Christian provinces tributary to Turkey.

A COPY of Beaumont and Fletcher which formerly belonged to Charles Lamb has been bought for the British Museum. It has numerous notes by Lamb, and markings by himself and sister of passages to be extracted for his Specimens of Early English Dramatic Poets. Many notes by Coleridge are also in it. One runs: "N.B.—I shall not be long here, Charles. I go, you will not mind my having spoiled a book in order to leave a relic." S. T. C. Oct., 1811.

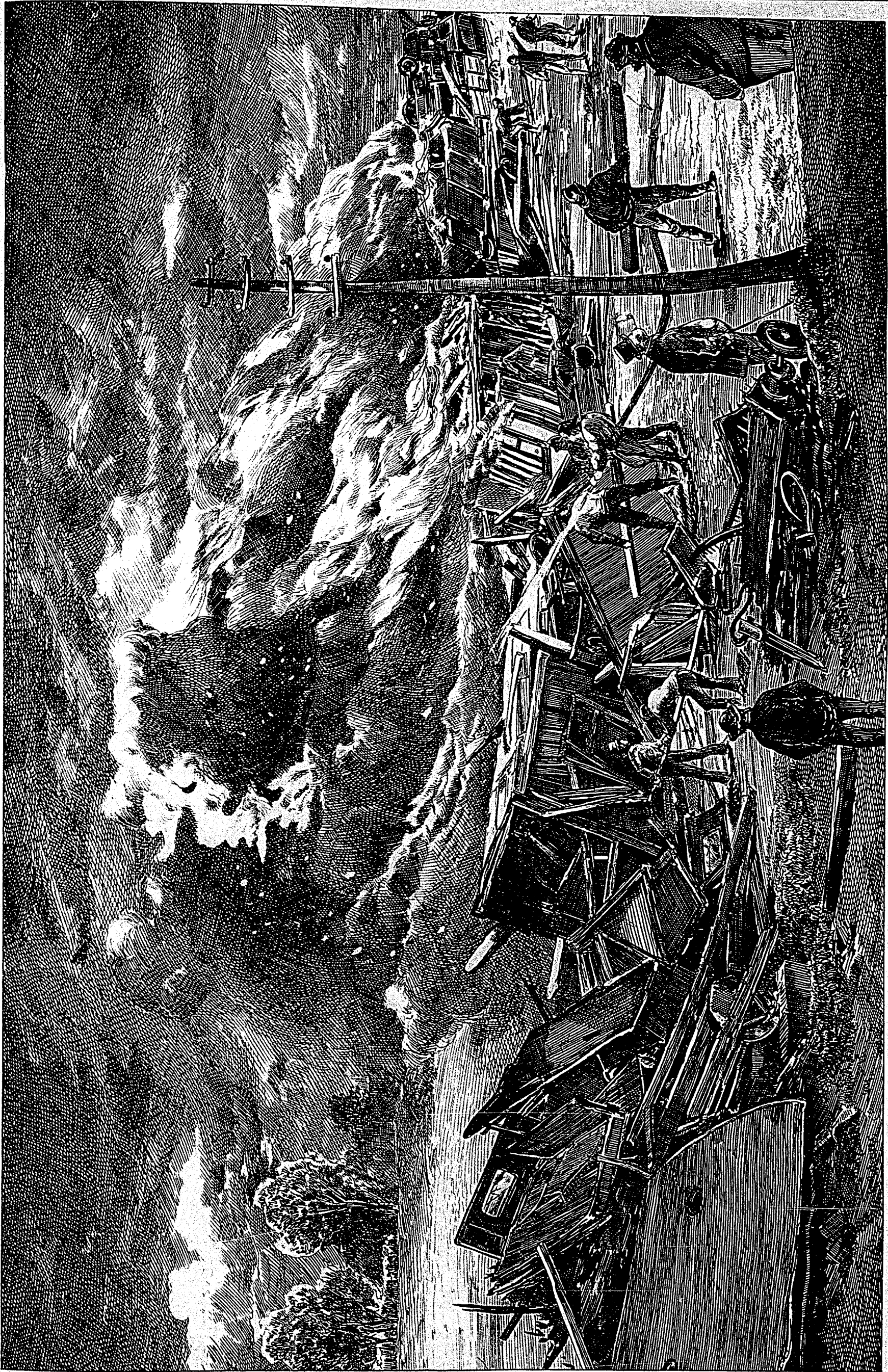
MR. FARJEON, who first attracted attention as a writer of romances while editing a newspaper in Australia, will visit New York in the autumn, and may enter the lecture field. It is proposed to give him a dinner and reception at the Lotus Club. He is a member of the Junior Garrick Club of London, and is patronized by Baroness Rothschild. Farjeon paid this country a visit about seven years ago. His brother is a merchant in New York, and his brother's wife is the heroine of his pretty song so popular in London music-halls, called "Bread and Cheese and Kisses."



THE EASTERN WAR.—THE NEW TURKISH IRONCLAD HAMIDIEH.



SARNIA.—NEW TOWN HALL.



GREAT RAILWAY ACCIDENT, NEAR DANVILLE, QUEBEC

**BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.**

As a rule, we have no very favorable opinion of the dramatic or musical performances of amateurs, and our prejudice—if prejudice it is—is founded on two reasons—the usual mediocrity of such performances, and the injustice which they do to professionals who devote all their time, talents and toil to the duties of the stage. There are exceptions, however, to every rule, and we are pleased to be able to note a very remarkable exception in the delivery of "Jeanne D'Arc," a lyric drama, presented during the whole of last week at the Academy of Music. Barring a few reservations, which we shall not be so ungracious as to enumerate, it may be said generally that this representation was equal to that of many theatrical companies which we have had here, and superior to several others. The consequence was a brilliant artistic as well as financial success, upon which we congratulate the enterprising managers, Messrs. Prume and Lavallée.

Of the drama itself it is only necessary to say that it celebrates one of the sublimest, most romantic and most pathetic episodes in all history—the career of that Maid of Orleans whose name is a household word in every nation, and whose deeds have formed the theme of ideal grandeur for pen, pencil and chisel, during three hundred years. The present work of Jules Barbier is in verse, and, so far as we are able to judge, it is very creditably written, although the vogue which it enjoyed in Paris was owing more to the connection which its subject had with the present relations of France and Germany, than to its own intrinsic merits. We can quite understand that the thrilling dialogue between the Maid and Warwick in the last act was received with tempests of applause in Paris for over four hundred nights, because the lines applied as much to the Germany of to-day as to the England of the 15th century, and the Governor of Rouen was lost in the personality of Von Bismarck. But still the dramatic interest was maintained throughout, and the play was received with intelligent interest.

An additional attraction was the music which Gounod attached to several of the situations, very much after the manner of the Greek choruses, so far as we can reconstruct these. The composition was worthy of the illustrious author of "Faust." Indeed, the music throughout was delicious. The Coronation March is a magisterial work, and the Funeral March is full of originality, although simple in its effects. The Page's Ballad had a certain flavor of the 15th century about it, an echo of the troubadour's song. To hear such music fitly interpreted was indeed a treat, and worth of itself the evening's entertainment, especially to the hundreds who could only imperfectly follow the French lines. With such a conductor as M. Lavallée at the head of a large and well-balanced orchestra, and such an artist as M. Prume as *chef d'attaque*, it was to be presumed that something like genuine interpretation would be secured. And it was secured. In massed passages there was an occasional irregularity, but in the several beautiful *piano* passages, the effect was always enchanting, because there the strings of M. Prume's violin dominated, true as the heart of love and sweet as the cooings of pigeons in the cotes of Domremy. The choruses were also well sung, the only blemish in the vocal parts which struck us being a certain discord in the chants of the two saints.

As to the dramatic part of the entertainment, it may be said that nearly the whole burden fell upon Madame Prume, and it is only justice to add that she was fully equal to the task. A sweet face, a perfect form, beauty of gesture and enunciation, and an astonishing familiarity with stage usages, constitute Madame Prume an actress, and she needs only to enlarge her sphere in order to increase her successes. She was well supported by a very large cast, chief among whom was the lady who represented Agnes Sorel, the tenant of Beaufort-sur-Marne, and the gentlemen who personified Jacques D'Arc, the King and several of the Cavaliers. The costumes were fine and all the stage effects presented much spectacular force.

After the experience of last week, we think Messrs. Lavallée and Prume, with their efficient stage manager, M. Genot, should form a regular company, retaining their best actors, the bulk of their orchestra, the pick of their choruses, and with these undertake a series of representations of French opera-comique or light opera. The repertoires of Boieldieu, Adam, Auber, Harold, to say nothing of more modern authors, lie open before them, and we feel certain that they would meet with great success among the English as well as the French population. *Le Postillon* or *La Dame Blanche* would be quite easy to mount, to be followed by *La Muette*, *Les Deux Journées*, *Les Près aux Clercs*, *Le Brasseur de Preston*, *Fra Diavolo*, and others. The soprano is *trouvé* in Madame Prume. The only trouble would be to find a good serviceable tenor.

**THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, TORONTO.**

Some of the hotels of Toronto enhance its good repute with strangers, and none more so than the Queen's Hotel, for it stands first in the order of merit of all the hotels in the city, and has won for itself the name of the leading hotel in Canada. This hotel has been closely associated with the name of Captain Dick in its origin and progress, a name which is held in high esteem by the people of Toronto and through-

out Ontario, for his enterprise in shipbuilding, and in the establishing of steamboat traffic on Lake Ontario and the upper lakes, besides that his efforts for the development of the resources of the country, through the promotion of sundry railway schemes, have stamped him as one of the chief pioneers of the commercial and industrial progress of the Province. His energy, perseverance, ability and judgment were such that whatever he set his mind to accomplish became in time a realized success. In an eminent degree was this manifest in the establishment of the Queen's Hotel, which from small beginnings has, through gradual advance and steady prosperity, reached its present magnificent proportions.

The original design of the building was certainly not that of a first-class hotel, for it consisted of two or three dwelling houses, which were ultimately leased and combined to form that early Presbyterian institution, Knox College. On the removal of the college to other premises on Grosvenor street, Captain Dick was induced by some of his old Toronto friends to open a hotel in the college buildings, as the property was his own, and he had become a great favorite with the travelling portion of the community. Thus began the now popular, extensive and prosperous Queen's Hotel, which, since the death of Captain Dick, in November of 1874, has been, and still continues to be under the able management of Messrs. McGaw and Winnett, whose training and experience for many years, under the former proprietor, give a sure guarantee of the future prosperity of the establishment.

At first, there was only one centre block, which was gradually enlarged and extended. Then, as the demand for increased accommodation required, one wing after another was added, till now, in its completed form, the building has a frontage range of 220 feet, with garden at each end, giving a total frontage of 344 feet.

The centre portion of the hotel is four stories high, with a tower surmounting it, rising to a height of eighty-five feet. The balcony over the main entrance is to be lengthened to double the present range, and also widened to the outer edge of the sidewalk. This balcony is to be enclosed with glass, for the purpose of forming a conservatory of choice flowers and plants, thus enhancing the pleasure of the guests, and giving quite a luxurious aspect to the hall on the first floor. Another balcony will also be erected in front of the third story, and the whole arrangement, when completed, will largely contribute to the beauty of the structure and give it quite an imposing aspect. Besides the centre, there is an extensive wing on either side to the east and west—the latter of recent erection. These wings are not of the same altitude as the centre building, having only three stories and attics, but this diversity is pleasing in relieving the structure of any monotony of architectural outline.

The beautiful grounds, on each side, are laid out in accordance with a tasteful design in ornamental gardening. Croquet lawns minister to the amusement of the summer tourists, surrounding which there is a profusion of rich flower-pots, combined with statues, fountains, and grotto-like groupings of shrubbery, rocks, flowers and plants. A beautiful summer house, supplied with gas, also adorns the grounds and affords a cool retreat for the guests on warm summer evenings. The interior arrangements and equipments of the hotel are all that could be desired in relation to comfort, convenience and luxury, so that even the most fastidious taste could find no cause for complaint. Everywhere from the kitchen to the attic, throughout all the ramifications, is there evidence of harmony of design, good taste and sound judgment. The bedrooms, parlor, dining-room and all else, are richly furnished, and whilst there is even a sumptuousness in the draperies, carpets, bureaus, bedsteads, &c., of some of the suits of the apartments for families, there is nothing loud or gaudy. Rooms en suite with bath-rooms, &c., attached, are on every floor. In 1871 a suite of apartments was occupied by His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, K. P. G., Governor General of Canada, and the Countess of Dufferin on the occasion of each visit to Toronto engaged apartments at the "Queen's." The commercial traveller and the aristocratic tourist alike can feel that there are here the aspects of home more than the glare and excitement habitually characteristic of some large hotels. For winter comfort there are double windows and steam pipes all over the house, and in every room there are fire-places and grates to afford, when desired by the guests, greater cheerfulness and warmth. On the various floors there are sundry bath rooms, closets, &c., and the arrangements on the ground floor, in sample rooms, sitting rooms, water closets, and barber shop, are unexcelled anywhere in our Dominion cities. A magnificent passenger elevator adds to the many comforts of its guests. Besides the public-billiard room, there is a private billiard-room held in reserve for special use when desired by any of the guests.

It is not our province to descant on the merits of the culinary department, but simply to say that the hotel is noted for the peculiar excellence of its cuisine. We have already referred to the new landlords, Messrs. McGaw and Winnett, and may only further add that the old reputation of the Queen's Hotel will be fully sustained through their careful supervision, enterprise and courteous manners.

**BURLESQUE.**

**SHE HOOKED HIM.**—Henry Archibald is a devoted fisherman, not that he ever catches much of anything, but still he likes to take his pole and line and go up along the St. Lawrence during the long, warm, lazy summer days and lay in the yellow sunshine and think what the old woman will say when she finds he has gone off without splitting any kindling. In this view of the case he yesterday got out his hooks and lines to look them over. He sat on the wash bench by the hydrant enjoying himself hugely when Mrs. Archibald came out and made him bring her a bucket of water.

While he was doing this she picked up a fine large bass hook to admire it and laid it down again with the line scattering out in the yard.

Henry discussed the situation in Europe a few minutes with Oxtoby who was digging garden on the other side of the fence, and then sat down again to the contemplation of his fishing tackle. Pretty soon he missed a hook.

"Mother," he shouted, "what 'nunder the sun did you do with my bass hook?"

"Bother your old bass hook," said Mrs. Archibald, and she slapped the stove damper shut with emphasis; "you've swallowed it, I reckon."

"You had it a minute ago; you know you did. If a woman ever gets her hands on a fellow's things he never knows where they are any more."

Mrs. A. came to the door and looked around acidly:

"What d'ye call this here?" and picking up the end of the line she gave it a wrathful jerk.

"Whoop! ouch!! gosh!!! shoot the 'fernal dog," yelled Henry; and he waltzed frantically around nursing his hip pocket as tenderly as though he had a live coal in it.

"Sake's alive! what's the matter with the man?" and she gave the line another twitch.

"Found your old hook, have you?"

"Found it, you brimstone old torment; don't you see I've found it. Leggo! leggo that line, I tell you, afore I pulverise you."

"Now, Henry, I'd make a fuss if I were you."

"Fuss the blazes. I wish you knowed how it feels to have a fish-hook jerked through your heart."

"Well, you had no business to set down on your heart, with fish-hooks a-layin' all around."

"Don't be a fool now, will you; but just pull this thing out, before it turns to lock-jaw."

"It'd take a whole barrel of fish-hooks to lock your jaw. Come, give us a hold here."

But the first pull she made brought a Comanche squawk from Henry, and then she amputated the adjacent cloth and got the butcher knife, whereupon Henry straightened himself up viciously—

"Look here, woman, I ain't no blamed old ham; you don't slice me with that thing now, and don't you forget it. You just bounce that gal around for the doctor suddenly, and you'd better get down on your marrow bones and pray for me to recover afore I get mad too."

The doctor came, cut off the shank and pulled out the hook in half a minute, and all the rest of the day Henry sat on a flax seed poultice and one side of a chair, calling people up to the front window to ask them what was good for a "bile" on the knee.

**METCALF'S HOUSE.**—The old man's responsibilities were increasing—that is, his family were getting quite numerous, and he thought to himself how nice it would be to have a little house of his own, where he could wiggle his fingers and play a defiant tune on his nose at avaricious landlords. Mrs. Met. was much pleased at the idea, and said she always wanted a house built just as she wanted it. She wanted a closet in each room, she said, and bay windows on the piazza side, and several little et ceteras that had been suggested to her mind from time to time during her struggles with rented houses.

"Let me see," said the old man, as the family gathered around the fireside one evening, "how had we best arrange the house? My idea would be a cosy little cottage, with lattice-work over the doors and clambering up the sides."

"But what's the carpenter to do with the vines?" chirruped a young Metcalf.

"And how can a cosy little cottage hold all this family?" queried another.

"Lattice work is so common," broke in another.

"No love in a cottage for me!" said Mrs. Metcalf when all the children had their say.

"I want a house with bay windows like Mr. Joneses, and what's more I'm going to have it my way."

"All right, go ahead, have it your way. You'll want a Mansard roof on it, and a brownstone front, and a closet in each room, and marble mantels, and silver hinges, and the devil knows what all. Go ahead, have it your own way, but just as sure as my name's Bill Metcalf, I'll not pay a continental red towards having it built," and the old man threw down his newspaper and stalked about the room like one possessed.

"Well, now, Mr. Smarty, let's hear what sort of a trap you want to live in. I'll bet it's some outlandish, old-fashioned barn."

"Don't make any difference what I want, Mrs. Metcalf, if it doesn't suit your ideas of a grand palatial mansion, of course you'll growl

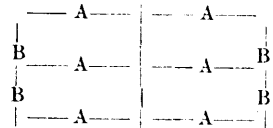
and grumble about it the balance of your days." "That's just like you, you old man; nobody's got any sense but you. I guess I've got a say-so about that house, and I'm going to have my way about it," and then the lady of the family flung herself back in the rocking-chair with such vehemence as to snap two strands of the cane.

For about five minutes peace, white-winged, dove-eyed peace, hovered over the scene. Metcalf finally ceased his stalkings and looked at the partner of his woes. She was in tears.

"Come, my darling," said he, as he put his arms around her as tenderly as in the days of wooing, "you shall have the house just as you want it."

"Will you forgive me, love?" and the tears trickled through her fingers.

"Of course I will," and, would you believe it! That gray-headed old man stooped down and kissed his wife with as much force and feeling as he did before she became Mrs. Metcalf! Thus harmonized, the two heads bent lovingly over a bit of paper, and the following is the result:



A—Doors.  
B—Windows.

The observer will observe by close observation that one side of the house does not connect by doorway with the other. This was a happy thought of Metcalf's which was acquiesced by the unsuspecting Mrs. Met. It was secretly designed by the old man that his wife's mother should occupy one side of the house, you see!

"Now this plan," says Metcalf, "is one that will get up a house that will cost but very little. There's no gawdy flummery about it, and I tell you, love, we've got to make every edge cut this year, for the coming summer is to be the dullest known in the annals of history."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Met., "we must economize, that's true, but how much more would it cost to have closets?"

"I've calculated, and then I went down and got a carpenter to corroborate my calculations, and I find by actual count that the closets will cost \$158.98 apiece, making a total cost of \$259.92."

"Oh, no! not that much."

"Every cent of it. And as for bay-windows, George Reynolds told me yesterday, confidentially, that the man who invented bay-windows was suing every carpenter in Georgia for infringing on his patent, and now you can't get a carpenter to put one in a house for love or money."

And thus did Metcalf toy with his wife's heart-wishes. The house is under way and there is a painful absence of closets and bay-windows, notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Metcalf swore most positively that she would have her say-so about its construction.

**VARIÉTIES.**

**SLEEPING IN CHURCH.**—Perhaps the most curious things about St. Philip's Chapel, Winchester, are the ancient stall-seats now affixed to the wall of the antechapel. These have their seats so arranged upon hinges that those who sit in them can maintain their position only by balancing themselves with care and resting their elbows on the seat-arms; so that, if the monks who used them dropped asleep during Divine service, the seats came forward and pitched them headlong on to the floor; nay, if they only dozed and nodded, the hard oaken seat clapped against the hard oaken back, and made a noise loud enough to attract the attention of the whole congregation. Nothing was ever more cleverly contrived to keep people awake at church.

**ENGLAND OF TO-DAY.**—We alone, says Lord Carnarvon, of almost all the nations of Europe retain the pattern of that old feudal society, changed as it may be, which once overspread the whole face of Europe. We have modified it, but we retain its outline; and, although there are many changes that we may seek to gain, yet, in the England of to-day—in our abundant prosperity, in our equal laws and our well-ordered Constitution, in our united classes and our temperate and beloved Monarchy—in all these things, after making due allowance and deduction for all human institutions, we have a picture that our ancestors hardly ever dreamed of as possible even in the pages of their fondest Utopias.

**LEMON SYRUP.**—When people feel the need of an acid, if they would let vinegar alone and use lemons or apples, they would feel just as well satisfied and receive no injury. A suggestion may not come amiss as to a good plan when lemons are cheap. A person should then purchase several dozen at once, and prepare them for use in the warm trying days of the spring and summer, when acids, especially citric and malic, or the acid of lemons, are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the table to make it squeeze more easily, then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler—never into a tin. Strain out all the seeds, as they give a bad taste; remove all the pulp from the peels and boil in water—a pint for a dozen pulps—to extract the acid. A few minutes' boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemons, put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice, boil ten minutes, bottle it, and your lemonade is ready.

## LINES TO A FRIEND ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

May the happy memories of this day  
Be ever present with you on life's way,  
O may its brightness and its joys be yours  
Through the changes that are wrought by passing years.  
Keep the holy vows that you have given,  
For they are registered in Heaven;  
Learn to forgive, for both are human,  
And perfect life is given to no one.

Learn to believe, to know that God is love,  
And that every gift comes from above,  
And may this joyous happy morning be  
Bearer of countless joys to her and thee;  
May Heaven's best blessings upon you rest,  
And both your hearts with hope and peace invest,  
This my prayer, I cannot ask for more,  
My heart hath given you of all its store.

Montreal.

JOHN B. BURLING.

## SOME YORKSHIRE CRICKET STORIES.

"The game isn't what it was, sir," said an old professional to me not long ago, as we were watching together a cricket-match at the Oval. "The game isn't what it was."

Now while I am not prepared to maintain that the motto, "Sumus ubi fuimus"—that of the Weare family, its English, "We are where we were," would be, if universally, advantageously applied, I am not sorry to believe that, with regard to one part of the country at least, my companion's words as to cricket are true, and that the game is not now, in some respects, what it was twenty years ago.

The ability to present in a new light a well-worn subject is a gift much to be envied, and possessed by few; among these few the well-known M. P., who lately discovered the source of the Fugitive Slave circular in the philanthropy of a promoter fearfully unwilling that slaves be allowed to delude themselves with the belief that can save their lives by boarding ironclads so sure to sink as ours. Among them also a young barrister friend of mine, who, being called upon by the judge at five minutes notice to defend a prisoner accused of being in unlawful possession of a basket of fish, presented certain stubborn facts in so fresh an aspect to the jury that his client was acquitted: my friend receiving for his fee next morning, while in the High-street, a tap on the shoulder and, with a respectful salute, the following: "Sir, I am obligated much to you. You are a wonderful gentleman, sir. I do assure you, sir, when you was a-talking to the twelve gents yesterday I fairly didn't know whether I had taken them fish or not."

But to this ability I can lay no claim; my tales are plain, unvarnished, and true, and are told exactly as they occurred.

My early cricket experience was cast in those favoured localities where, *test Me. Punch*, the head of a stranger develops a magnetic attraction for the moiety of a brick, the bull-pup appropriates the baby's milk, and the necessity of "getting foughthen" with all possible despatch is on high days and holidays universally acknowledged—the mining districts of Yorkshire. It was with the hope of providing a healthy substitute for the last-named and similar diversions that my brothers and myself used what influence we possessed toward the formation and encouragement of cricket clubs in the populous villages of our neighbourhood.

Every unprejudiced person is aware that when a Yorkshireman takes up a new idea he goes in for it heartily; and so it was after a short time with our cricket. When water boils some is sure to boil over; but in our case the difficulty was to prevent the boiling over of the whole, so strong became the *esprit de corps* and the rivalry of the various clubs.

The idea of an umpire being anything but a strong partisan of the eleven from whose village he came, was sure to be received with the contempt which it deserved. Nevertheless did we contrive to possess in such an official one whose reputation for impartiality and upright dealing was allowed by all to be beyond dispute.

His name was Jem, and he was built upon the principle of the Irishman's wall, which, as every one knows, was three feet high and four feet thick, became, when the wind blew it over, "higher than it was at first."

"Jem," said I one day to him, "how is it that whenever we have to go to a match without you there is always some trouble between the umpires? Every one says you are the only fair man about here."

Jem looked solemnly round, as though a great secret were on his mind, and in a low impressive voice unburdened himself.

"Mister Arthur," said he, "it's this way. I'm all for fair play, I am. I wait till I see 't'other chap begin; then what I see to is this—I has the next trick."

Give and take, you will observe, live and let live—statesmanlike principles, now so highly extolled—guided his every action. His manly and consistent character commanded our admiration to the end.

Saturday was our match-day, for many of our eleven were hard at work below ground or above on other days of the week. There was no lack of challenges: we had more than we could take up. They were intelligibly, if not always grammatically, worded. "The East Pitley cricketer is willing for a fair game on Saturday se'night—say if you'll come."—"The Bonaparte Young Hopefuls challenge the—"

The B. Y. H. bars you Mr. A." This was one of us, afterwards of his University and country eleven—a great card even in his school-boy days; so great that, on one occasion, after our arrival without him on the match-ground,

my attention was drawn to a respectably-dressed man gesticulating wildly to a surrounding circle, who hailed me with "Bain't your Mr. A. a-coming, sir?" and when I answered that he was obliged to be elsewhere, declared the match to be "a regular sell;" "for," said he, "I have come six-and-forty mile to see him play, and now I'll have to go back again."

That much-to-be-desired faculty of taking rough and smooth alike with equanimity was in our case a necessity. When we reached East Pitley, for instance, we searched in vain for the ground, having declared our unwillingness to believe that our wickets were to be pitched in a field ripe for the hay harvest. But so it was to be; and a scythe had to be brought before a beginning could be made.

The Bonaparte Young Hopefuls inclined to the other extreme, sending to us on our arrival a deputation to intimate that we should find the ground "a bit bare;" the which, as Mrs. Gaup says, it was, being a well-rolled composition of coal-refuse and that which in Yorkshire is known as "dross," i.e. the residuum of the furnaces when the molten iron has been drawn off.

None the less did we have an exciting game, and I have seen the ball "bump" much more in a university match at Lord's.

And I have reason to remember another contest, which took place on a path running through the middle of a field; for I achieved on that occasion a feat to me unwonted—going in first and "carrying my bat out," and with all my bones unbroken.

The great holiday in Yorkshire is Whitsun-Monday, on which day occur, as the local almanacs inform you, a large proportion of the "tides" of the various townlets. Yorkshiremen speak of a "tide" where less instructed people would say fair or feast. Dowling tide was second only, in the opinion of its inhabitants at least, to Greenwich fair, abolished some twenty years ago—its epitaph, "Sic transit gloria Easter mundi"—and the ancient game of "knur and spell" held its own against cricket on that occasion at Dowling. But Parsley was a less populous place, and thither one Whitsun-Monday, an unusually hot day, we repaired punctually to our time, eleven o'clock, and were met by some of the principal members of the club, overlookers for the most part, as the chief employes in a spinning-mill are called, who informed us that before we could begin to play we had "got to come to dinner."

Half-past eleven A.M. was, to say the least of it, a somewhat early dining-hour; but to dinner we went; my brother and myself to one house, the others being distributed in the village at various hospitable abodes.

The first dish proved to be an enormous plum-pudding, of which the host insisted on our eating, or appearing to eat, more than a pound apiece; this was followed by roast beef, after which came apple-pies and cheese.

We did our best; but our entertainers prophesied that we "should be but small" if we never ate more than that.

It was on this occasion that there arose a slight difficulty, owing to the dissatisfaction felt by a member of the Parsley eleven with a decision given by our immaculate umpire, the before-mentioned James.

"How's that?" cries some one.

"Aaat," says Jem.

"Whatten ye say?" asks the batsman.

"Ah say aat," repeats the umpire.

"Then ah shalln't leave t' sticks."

And leave the "sticks"—that is, the wickets—he would not; and he was deaf to the commands and entreaties of his captain, until the spectators, losing patience, informed him that they weren't going to have the game stopped; and if he didn't come out, why, he'd be fetched.

We were rich in "Scripture names" in our club—Manasseh, Job, Levi, Ephraim, Judah, and Matthew, I remember, with two Emmanuel and a Seth. One of these—he is a cricketer still, I hear (and as were known and addressed by their Christian names, I must not particularise) prided himself of "stealing runs;" and he frequently, in the attempted accomplishment of the theft, ran his partner out. But it was never, I need hardly say, his fault—at least in his own estimation. No one he would say, need ever run out if he would only keep his eyes open. But once this very fate overtook the man himself, and at a critical point of the game; we had four runs to make, and one more wicket to fall after his. He was fairly out, but took up his position to receive the next ball as though his right to do so could not be questioned. But no ball was delivered, and he appealed to the umpire, who repeated his decision, "Aat!" whereupon our friend deliberately pulled up the three stumps by his side, put them under his right arm, marched to the opposite, and repeating the operation proceeded with the six "sticks" to the boundary fence, threw them one by one over it into a field of standing grass, leapt the hedge after them, and lying flat down on his face refused to be comforted.

Our opponents claimed the game, but to this we demurred; the case was not provided for in *Lillywhite's Guide*, nor could any of us call to mind a precedent. This match therefore sad to say, "ended in a wrangle."

The only other match which I can remember as ending in a similar manner gave rise to a question, as to the solution of which even the omniscient sporting papers differed. We had agreed to draw the stumps at seven o'clock; at

six-fifty-five we had two runs to get to win, when some one the opposite side shouted, "Seven has struck." Umpires were appealed to; the watch of one said five minutes to, that of the other five minutes past, seven. While we disputed a distant infallible clock sounded the hour. Of course you will say the umpires' watches ought to have been compared at first, and in a state of high civilisation they would have been. But which side had won? We had been done, we argued, out of five minutes, in which we should most likely have obtained our two runs. But, said our opponents, you had not got them by seven o'clock. And I am afraid the question will not be answered much before the settlement of the damages in the well-known story of the cow and the boat.

I wonder if it rains as much as ever in Yorkshire. I am more of a South-countryman now and an umbrella is by no means a superfluous article in these parts. But such weather as Parsley had for its tide afore mentioned was a thing to be talked of for the rest of the summer. It almost always rained. Some said it was the long chimneys that did it; but, as a rule, we played "rain or shine." Saturday was our "day out," and we could not afford to waste it.

But the "field" was sometimes a strange sight. I wonder if a certain member of the present Government remembers, as I remember it, his energetic holding at long-leg with a large potato sack artistically disposed about his person. And it was not enlivening to sit, as we once did for four hours, in a tent on a ground two miles from anywhere, hoping in vain for a cessation in a downpour so heavy that even our play was stopped.

An additional reason for our unwillingness to be driven in by the wet was that if the opposing teams got together, with nothing to do but talk, disputes would arise as to the prowess of the respective champions, which were apt to be settled by appeal to the ordeal of battle. Affection for this said ordeal was a distinguishing characteristic of a township which we will call Sudby; so much so, that when I was once making up an eleven to contend with the Sudbeians, and was balancing the claims of two of our men, about equal in physical strength and height, the matter was settled by Jem: "We'll take Tom" (this was the big man, "for he'll be the most use if it comes to a row.")

Sudby had a bad name—there was no denying it—and I fear that it partly deserved it. Dog-fights certainly were, I do not say they are now, more plentiful on Sunday than on other days in Sudby, and the mysterious game of knur and spell was in full swing during the time of afternoon service; for there was a church there, and more than one chapel; and there was a parson—Parson M. he was called—who tried to do his duty; but the material was too hard for him to make much impression upon it. Nor did the chapels fare much better than the church. But when Parson M. died everyone said he had done what he could and no doubt he had gone to his reward. Whereupon there appeared in one of the papers of a neighbouring large town a paragraph professing to describe Parson M. applying for admission at the door of which St. Peter held the key.

"Who are you?" asks the saint.

"I am Parson M."

"Where do you come from?"

"I come from Sudby."

St. Peter has never heard of such a place. Parson M., however, convinces him after much trouble of the existence of Sudby, and is admitted at last; the saint apologising for the delay, because, saith he, "You are the first that has come from there."

This I remember brought an indignant reply, assuring the public that there were as good Christians in Sudby as in C.—the town where the paper was published—only they did not make a parade of their religion. Whatever doubt might be entertained as to the truth of the first part of this assertion, the latter part was strictly in accordance with the facts.

I have all but lost sight of my old allies now, but I hear of them occasionally. The stealer of runs is flourishing, and in a fair way, they tell me, to make his fortune; but he still sticks to cricket, his fifty years notwithstanding. "We've no captain in our club," he used to say "we're all captains." But he got his way then, and gets it all the more now; it is a case of

"Down with the rulers, down with everything;

We'll all be equal—and I'll be your king."

He is great in the chair at the annual dinner, and greater at bulls, rivalling even him of the sister isle, who on taking his place thus addressed a troublesome member of the company: "Now, Mr. B., let me hear nothing from you this evening but silence, and not too much of that."

The little man who used to keep our wickets, and whose temper was, not to put too fine a point upon it, extremely villainous—he was always spoken of as "good-tempered Perkins"—has disappeared from the scene. So also has the hen-fancier, a tall thin lachrymose individual, who, being saluted on entering the tent after the decease of a favourite bird with "Well, Thomas, how's t' owd hen?" replied, "Nay, Richard, that's shabby; thou knowed it were dead;" and pulling out his handkerchief, wept aloud.

The "pillar" of a small chapel, who, on the rare occasions of our allowing the wet to drive us within our canvas, would insist on regaling us with the latest piece of music therein in use, and who would entreat silence while he showed

us how "This is the place where t' bass cooms n," is still faithful, I am told, to the vocal, but grown too fat for the bodily, exercise.

The last I saw of them all was when, being at home three months after my ordination, I was asked to preach by our old vicar. The club heard of it. There were one or two church-goers among them; but the great majority, however, went, like him of the bass voice, to one or other of the numerous chapels. But as service began on the Sunday morning a long procession of stalwart men, two and two, to the number of thirty, marched into the church and took their seats, and conducted themselves with all due decorum.

I am a middle-aged parson by this time, in the West country, and heartily as I entered into our contests of old, I have grave doubts as to my deriving equal enjoyment from similar scenes now. We do play cricket in these parts, but among the class of our neighbours most nearly answering in position to my friends of the pit and mill we much need more *elan* and energy, and one or two special importations from the North would do cricket doubtless more good than harm. But there would be certain attendant risks: the run-stealer's heart would surely be broken in his first innings; and if the answer received by me from a stout young butcher when asked to join us—viz. "I don't want to have my legs knocked by that there hard ball" were to be made to "good tempered Perkins," I could not be answerable for the consequences, or for the preservation of the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen.

## ARTISTIC.

FRANK BEARD, the artist, has just completed the manuscript and drawings of a book on the use of the blackboard in the Sunday-school.

IN London the chronic dissatisfaction with the Royal Academy Exhibition has at length expressed itself in the form of an avowed rival to that institution. Grosvenor Gallery, the new comer in the lists, is under the direction of Sir Courts Lindsay, who is sole capitalist and patron.

A PICTURE painted by a young artist who has been studying at Rome, is expected to make a great sensation at the Paris Salon. It represents Herodias, carrying the head of John the Baptist in a dish. The wife of the gentleman who had been sitting at a model fainting away on seeing the finished picture.

GÉRÔME, *peintre en chef*, to the great disappointment of those who have to feast upon his fragments of flesh paintings, GÉRÔME is fired by Michael Angelo's ambition to shine as a sculptor and painter. He has abandoned the easel for the chisel, and has passed many months over a gigantic statue of the gladiator, in his well known *moriturus t' salutat*. The work is in bronze, and the victor and the dead vanquished are both the size of life. This great work will be exposed at the next Exhibition. Gustave Doré has fallen before the same temptation, as he exhibits a large sculptured group, representing Cupid and the Parca; and Paul Dubois, whose "Florentine Minstrel" will live for ever, and has made him immortal, has taken to the easel, and has limned a child's face of exquisite beauty.

An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is *Lubin's Parisian Hair Restorer*. A few applications as an ordinary hair dressing is all that is necessary to restore gray hair to its original color, after which one application a week will be sufficient. It imparts a most beautiful perfume and gloss to the hair and keeps the head cool and entirely free from dandruff. It is quite a favorite toilet dressing with ladies, as it does not soil the most delicate head-dress. It can be had of all chemists in large size bottles, 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, are agents for Canada.

## FARMERS, MECHANICS.

and all people who appreciate the value of keeping a memorandum of business transactions, daily events, and items of interest or importance, for future reference, should call on their druggists and get Dr. Pierce's Memorandum book free. The Doctor's Grand Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, which cost, when finished, two hundred thousand dollars, will be opened early in June next, for the reception of patients afflicted with chronic diseases and deformities. It will afford the most perfect facilities for the cure of such affections, and its Faculty of physicians and surgeons will embrace graduates from both American and European Medical Schools who have become distinguished for their skill. The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, a work of over nine hundred large pages, illustrated by two hundred and eighty-two engravings, and elegantly bound in cloth and gilt, is sent to any address by the author on receipt of one dollar and fifty cents. Almost one hundred thousand copies have already been sold.

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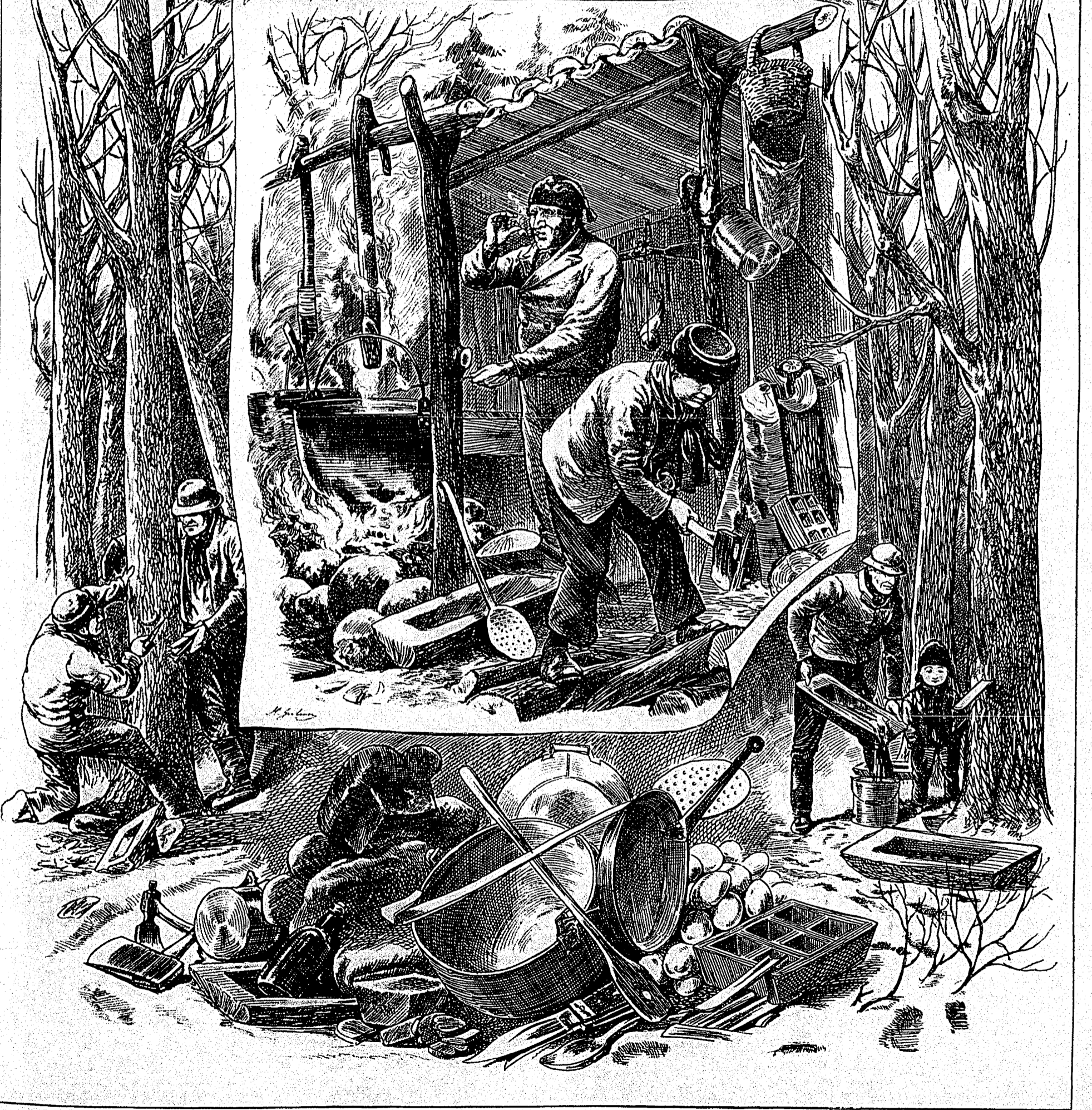
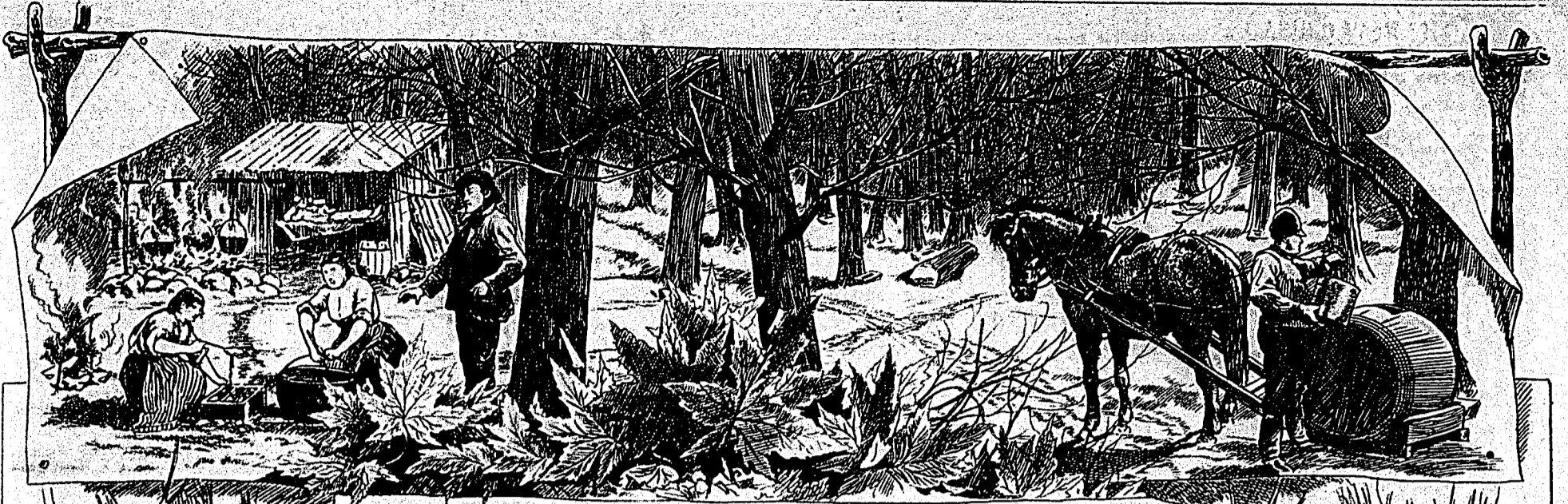
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SUGAR MAKING IN CANADA.

THE NEW CRUSADE.

In the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished, as He hath declared to His servants, the prophets.—Rev., x., 7.

I.
Trump of the Lord—I hear it blow!
Forward the cross; the world shall know
Jehovah's arm against the foe.
Down shall the cursed Crescent go!
To arms—to arms!
God wills it so.

II.
God help the Rus! God bless the Czar!
Shame on the swords that trade can mar!
Shame on the laggards, faint and far.
That rise not to the holy war.
To arms—to arms!
The Cross our Star.

III.
How long, O Lord!—for thou art just:
Vengeance is Thine—in Thee we trust
Wake, arm of God, and dash to dust
Those hordes of rapine and of lust.
To arms—to arms!
Wake swords that rust.

IV.
Forward the cross. Break clouds of fire!
Break with the thunder and the fire!
To new Crusades let Faith inspire!
Down with the Crescent to the mire!
To arms—to arms.
To vengeance dire!

V.
Forward the Cross. That might recall,
Of ravished maids and wives withal,
With blood that stained Sophia's wall.
When Christians saw the Cross down fall.
To arms—to arms.
Ye nations all!

VI.
To high Stamboul that Cross restore!
Glimpse its glories as of yore.
Down with the Turk. From Europe's shore
Drive back the Paynim drunk with gore.
To arms—to arms.
To arms once more!

VII.
Forward the Cross. Uplift that sign!
Joy cometh with its morning shine.
Blossoms the rose a d' teens the vine!
The olive is its fruit benign.
To arms—to arms!
Come Peace divine!

A. CLEVELAND CONE.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

In reply to the above, by the Bishop of the Episcopal Church of the Western diocese, we present the following:

What a fine-looking thing is war! Yet, dress it as we may, dress and feather it, dabb it with gold, huzzaz after it and sing swaggering songs about it—what is it, but murder in uniform? Cain taking the sergent's shilling.—Douglas Jerrold.

I.
Thou man of God, who thus implore
Thy brother's sacred blood to pour
In hateful tides of turbid gore.
From Danubian to Danube's shore.
Be still—be still!
Blasphemy no more!

II.
God help the babes! God bless the wives!
Shame on the priests that whet the knives!
Shame on the church whose altar thrives
By wracking peaceful peasants' lives!
Be still—be still!
Tis Hell that drives!

III.
How long, O Lord, before thy shrine
Shall men pray, "Vengeance, God, is thine."
Then worship Moloch as divine.
And drink the battle's bloody wine!
Be still—be still!
O, heart of mine!

IV.
Forward the Race! Let creeds impart
No barb of poison to the dart
That flies Mammon's bow, or start
Tasmanian devils in the heart!
Be still—be still!
Love sits apart.

V.
"God bless the Czar!" Beneath his eye
Poor Poland writes and cannot die.
And as the bandit's minions ply
The knout, to Heaven ascends the cry.
Be still—be still!
O, Infamy!

VI.
Put up the sword! And ne'er again
Let the grim Crusades' fiery train
Drag o'er the earth its awful stain—
'Tis branded with the curse of Cain!
Be still—be still!
Let Mercy reign.

VII.
Come Holy Peace! May Muscovite
And Moslem end their wretched fight;
Women with songs shall hail the light.
And children flock with flag of white—
Be still—be still!
O, sacred sight!

W. A. CROFT.

A DEVONSHIRE LEGEND.

In a beautiful wood in Devonshire, near enough to the sea to catch here and there through the green vistas a glimpse of its shining waters, there once lived, so our legend says, one of these outcasts. She was a woman, weird and wild in aspect, fierce and gloomy in temper—a woman so sullen and hard that she never asked for pity, or sought companionship. She lived in utter solitude, as uncared for as the dry leaves which died, and fell, and were forgotten.

Her dwelling-place she had made in a natural cave or grotto, formed by a overhanging rock of dusky Devonshire marble. A stream ran along at its base like a silver thread, glancing

and winding among rocks and tangled bushes till it passed out of sight in the wilds of the wood, leaving a song in the air.

She had long hands, bony and uncanny to look at; they never did a kind or gentle office for human being. Every day, with her long fingers and a rusty nail, or a jagged stone, she dug wearily into the hard ground, searching for roots.

There is a why and a wherefore for every wickedness under the sun; but it would be too long and sad to tell the story of this woman's outraged life, which heaped upon her soul all this blindness.

Throughout her long, hard life, there was no happiness to look back upon, the memory of which might soften her heart; no tenderness, whose remembrance now could bring tears to her withered eyes. All was injustice, wrong, and misery; God may have had pity on her, but man had none.

One day as she sat rocking herself to and fro before the entrance of her cave, her long grey hairs streaming over her face, and her dark eyes looking fierce and glaring as she sat in the deep shadow of the overhanging rock, the stream rippled softly at her feet, trickling over its pebbles with a happy sound that seemed to tell of summer gladness, while the tendrils of the woodbine swayed in the breeze, mingling its scent with the clustering June roses.

As she rocked her gaunt body to and fro, her withered eyes watched idly the swirl and dance of a dead leaf—dead even in summer—which the wind was whirling round and round over the ripples of the brook. Suddenly a shadow fell into the water, just where the leaf had dropped down—the shadow of a child, with white robe torn with thorns, and feet bare and bleeding, as though with many a weary wandering. Standing by the brook side the child bathed one tiny tired foot in the stream, and watched the water rippling over it with a happy smile.

The old woman stared in amazement for a moment; then she started up, and with fierce and angry gesture heaped curses on the child; while he gazed back at her with blue eyes full of wonder and pity.

"You shall not bathe your feet in that stream," she shrieked. "It is mine!"

"It is God's," said the little one. The answer angered the woman into madness. Darting into her cave, she seized a burning brand from the fire and rushed upon the child with murder in her words and looks. With one bony hand she clutched him by his golden locks and with the other raised the brand high in the air to strike; but at this instant the sun parted the clouds in the sky, beams of glory came down from heaven and formed a halo round the golden head, bright wings rustled over him, his white robe descended to his feet in shining folds—an angel stood before her!

The woman fell upon her face expecting instant death, but she felt only the touch of a gentle hand laid upon her head, and she heard a voice like the sound of distant music, whispering, "Fear not."

She knew the angel was gone, because the shadow of his glory had faded away from the brook, and the water mirrored only the grey fleecy clouds of the summer sky; still she lay with her face upon the earth, wrestling with her new-born soul, till the night breeze blew chilly over her, and the stars came out one by one; then she rose painfully and with slow step went into her cave.

For many days after this no one saw her at her wonted haunts in the wood, but at last the hermit met and stopped her. She had a bunch of wild roses in her hand, and her face was very pale. He asked if she had been ill. She answered, No; but said she had been wrestling with an evil spirit. To the outlaws she gave the same reply, and they believed her literally, but the hermit understood her thought.

It was but a short time after this she saw the child again.

He bathed his bleeding foot in the stream, and watched the play of the water smilingly as she had seen him do before. Trembling and wondering, she looked on, till his blue eyes turned on her, and his little hand, raised in the air, beckoned to her.

With faltering step she came to him, and fall in on her knees, whispered, "Dear angel, are you come to bless me?"

"I cannot understand your words, bonne mère," replied the child.

She started up with a cry of joy, and burst into heartfelt tears. He had spoken to her in her own tongue—the language of her childhood which had not touched her ears since she—then a child of twelve—was stolen from her Norman home by English pirates. But she had never forgotten this dearly-loved speech of her native land. In the deep recesses of her heart it lay like a shined treasure, the sole thing till now she had worshipped.

She flung her arms round the child—for she saw he was no angel—and in his own tongue implored him to speak again.

It was nearly her own story that he told her:—A French and English ship had met in mid-channel, and fought fiercely. The French ship was taken, and the innocent child was the sole creature allowed to live. Sailing past the Devonshire coast this day with its prize, the English brig had cast anchor, and sent a boat ashore for water. The sailors had taken the child with them, and he left alone on the beach, had wandered into the wood and lost himself.

The ship was his only home now, and in art-

less words he prayed the old woman to take him back to the boat's crew.

He was from her own land, he spake her own tongue, and she had seen a vision, in which he came to her dwelling as an angel; no wonder she was unwilling to let him go, and gazed wistfully at the sea, as carrying him in her arms, she journeyed towards it through the mazes of the wood.

The beach lay two weary miles away, but she said little on the road; her heart was overburdened, it was full of fear and thought, and she held the child with tight-clasped arms. A smile broke upon her lips at last when she reached the strand and saw it empty, while, with white sails set, the ship was going fast up-channel.

She pointed to the sail glistening in the sun, and comforted the little one as he wept for the loss of his rough home. Then with his tiny arms around her neck, and his soft face pressed against her wrinkled cheek, she turned back to the wood. But not to go straight home; many a weary mile she went out of her way to beg for milk and wheaten bread for her new charge.

The rough kindly people gave willingly what they had, gazing with wondering eyes at the child's beauty and the changed look in the old woman's face.

The sun was sinking when she laid the boy on the bed of leaves in her cave, and busied herself to kindle a fire to warm the bread and milk. Then she sat and watched him as he ate, while he prattled to her in her own tongue till the tears swelled into her eyes, and trickled over her withered cheeks, fell slowly into the embers at her feet. The child seeing this, put down his porringer, and asked, softly:

"Was your father killed at sea, granny?"

"No, my child."

"Did wicked sailors carry you away?"

"Yes, my child," she answered her lip shaking.

"And were you a little child like me, granny?"

"I was a bigger child than you; woe is me! said the old woman. She strove to hold back the agony from her voice, but it quivered in her words, and shook her trembling lips.

The child looked at her with earnest eyes; then he came to her side, and slid his little hand softly into hers.

"Granny," he said, "we will forget it together."

When she felt the clasp of those tiny fingers, soft and warm holding her wicked hand, she trembled, and cried out that God was too good to her, evil as she had been all her life! Then the child, to comfort her, smoothed her cheek with caressing touch, and whispered, "You'll be good now, granny, and God will forgive you."

He was too young to know what evil was, and he had no loathing for her sin, her age, or her withered ugliness; tender and caressing and forgiving to all, like the angel by the stream who had laid his hand upon her head.

Telling her in baby-words that he would have her for a mother, because his own mother was so far away, he climbed on her knee, and showed her his swelled foot, asking her to make it well.

With heart that melted from tears to smiles she listened, and carefully bathed and bandaged the little foot; then took him in her arms again, he prattling all the while; first, of the sea-fight, showing her, with great round eyes full of terror and tiny hands outspread, how the men had fought; then, changing to a sad tone, he said his father had fought too and died. After this a moment's silence, like a shadow, touched his lips; but remembering his little sister at home, and the pretty white rabbit she had promised to tend in his absence, he laughed again, and said he would soon go to France to see her, and take old granny with him.

Thus talking he fell asleep, and she laid him gently on the bed of leaves, and watched him as he slept. The moonlight, as it gleamed between the honeysuckle branches, made the child look pale, and then she sighed, but the crackling fire as it rose and fell on the rude hearth, lent a ruddy glow to his fair cheek, and seeing this she smiled.

All that summer-time the child and the old woman went hand-in-hand through the wood. He soon got to know where the birds sang the merriest, where the flowers grew the brightest, and he laughed joyfully as he made "granny" reach him down the high branches of honeysuckle and wild clematis which hung from many a tall tree. They took home such big bunches of flowers every night that the cave was as gay with them as a fairy bower. And in remembrance of the French rabbit he soon had a little English one, for which the old woman never forgot to gather the fresh leaves it liked.

And so the summer passed away, and the autumn also with its rich berries, its wild fruits, and showers of hazel nuts, and then the winter came. And the child was still the little bird of her dwelling, singing in the snow as he had sung in the sunshine. He went everywhere with her, in her long walks to fetch meal to bake, and wool to spin; sometimes sitting on her shoulder or held in her arms, and sometimes running by her side, and always bright with happiness.

The summer came again, and the old woman thought the child must now be five years old, and should be stronger than he was last year; but it was not so. He no longer laughed so

merrily when she shook down the June roses for him, or threw the honeysuckles into his lap; and on the shore, instead of building his mimic forts and castles, he would come and rest his head upon her knee, and gaze with fixed eyes over the blue waters.

She knitted faster; she would not notice this for a long while; he would play the better tomorrow, she told herself. But the morrow never came.

Why look over the sea so earnestly, my child?" she asked at last, and she made her voice quite gay and young.

"France is there, and my little sister," he said, shading his eyes with his hand to gaze out further still. "I should like, granny—I should dearly like to see them again before I die."

She caught him up in her arms and hurried away, but she saw that his blue eyes looked steadfastly at the sea till the tall hedges and trees hid it from his sight; then, with a strange deep sigh, he laid his head upon her shoulder and fell asleep.

He did not ask to go to the sea-shore again for a long, long while. Sometimes he would glance at her face wistfully, and then say:

"Never mind, granny, we will stay in the wood to-day."

When the autumn came he was very pale. "It is the heat," she said, and she carried him oftener than before. But when the winter came he was paler still, and then she said it was the cold; and she heaped wood on the red fire, and made his bed at the back of the cave, where the frosty air could not touch him.

At last the time came when she could do nothing herself no longer. The child lay on the yellow leaves, white and wasted, fast dying.

It was an agony to her to be compelled to leave him while she went to fetch needful food; but coming home she never forgot to gather the flowers he loved, and bringing them to his bed, she would put them in the little wasted hand held out for them.

One day in February she was on her knees in the wood, searching among leaves anxiously, when two of the outlaws passed.

"Are you grubbing up roots there, Mother Beelzebub?" asked one.

How she would have cursed him once; but now she answered mildly that she was only looking for violets.

"Violets?" cried the robber with a loud laugh.

"Hush!" whispered the other. "Tis for the sick child. I saw some in bloom yesterday. Yonder, mother," he said, "round the old ash root." He pointed to the place, and thanking him, she went to gather them.

When she put them in the child's hand he was so pale, and his face wore a look so sweet and strange, that she fell by his side in terror and anguish, believing that he was dying.

As she lay breathless she felt his arms twined round her neck, and she heard his tender voice saying:

"Granny, do you think Jesus is coming for me?"

"Not yet, my child! not yet! I cannot hear it!" she cried.

"Granny, I have told Jesus in my prayers that I cannot die here, and He whispers back that the angels should come for me when I am in France."

That night, whenever the child opened his weary eyes, he saw her sitting by the fire, swaying herself to and fro, with that look, like the steady shadow of a rock, resting on her still. If he moaned, or moved, or asked for water, she came with sweet soft steps to his bed, and, kneeling by his side, soothed and comforted him; but when he was silent or seemed to sleep she went back to her seat by the fire and rocked herself to and fro, with that look growing white and steadfast on her face.

Towards morning he fell asleep, and waking with the thought of something strange about him, he saw the wintry sunshine paling the fire, her place empty, and the hermit standing by his bedside. All that day the good man watched by him, and the next likewise, but in the evening, his granny returned footsore, and weary, and falling on his bed she clasped him tightly in her arms, crying out:

"Oh, my child! my child! you will get well now, for you will soon see France!"

With flushed cheek and eyes bewildered he started up, and listened with parted lips while she told him she had found a good ship bound for France, going to sail in April, and she had taken a passage in it, and would bring him safely to his mother.

She did not breath a word of the bitter truth that in giving him up she yielded her life. Far less did she think of telling that she had spent for their passage all the money, saved through long years of pain, to pay for masses for her soul.

The child heard her glad tidings with a happy flush upon his face, and clapping his little hands, he laughed aloud—she had not heard him laugh through all the dreary winter—then he talked fast and feverishly of home, and so talking fell asleep.

Round one of her bony fingers was twined the clasp of his tiny wasted ones, and she would not free her hand from that loving touch; she sat looking at him, her face quivering at times, but when he awoke she smiled.

No need to tell him to be brave and get well. Day by day he grew better, and soon could sit up and peer about the cave for pretty things to play with, and ask a hundred questions in a day. By and by she brought him news of the first bird's nest she had found, and he would be

dressed and go himself to see it, and he made her lift him up twenty times to look at the shining eggs. Soon the cave grew bright again with spring flowers, snowdrops, wood anemones, lilies, and daffodils yellower than gold.

All his talk day by day was of home, and his dear mother, and the little sister who had promised to tend his rabbit. When night came, and he lay on his bed of leaves, he would peer above the coverlet and say:

"Granny, are we another day nearer France? How many days more is it now, granny?"

Then she would tell him, and choking back her grief, kiss his pretty face and turn away. So April came, full of sweet scents and flowers, and the days were counted on his little hands. First on both, then on one, and lo! the very day was here!

He was a little silent, a little awe-struck when they started—not full of joy, as she had thought he would be; and as she carried him through the wood, she felt the tight clinging of small arms about her neck, and many a kiss fell upon her withered cheek. She carried him all the way to the seaport, and he slept in her arms through the voyage.

When he first came to the cave he remembered the name of the town whence his father's ship had sailed, and she had treasured it in her memory; but they did not land at this place. So now they had many weary leagues to traverse, and it was bright June before they neared his home. She begged her way on, and they wanted for nothing on the road, for his beauty moved all hearts.

When they got close, quite close to his home, his poor granny walked very fast and eagerly, as if there was some fierce struggle in her heart and she feared the evil would conquer.

Once in the town, the little Gabriel's house was soon found, for it was the best there, with a bright garden, and windows covered with twining flowers. All the people knew the story of his father's ship having been captured by the English; and a seafaring man who had sailed at times with the Norman captain recognised the child with a great shout of joy and wonder. A crowd soon gathered round him and the woman—a crowd of wild, excited, happy people, who brought them to the mother's door.

And now his little sister ran out, crying "Gabriel! Gabriel!" and fell on his neck with many tears; and his mother stood fainting by, kneeling to thank God, and kneeling again to thank the old woman. Then, clasping her child in her arms, speechless and sobbing, forgetting all things but him, she went into her house, followed by her weeping friends.

"And his dear father died defending him!" cried some.

"Ah! the cruel English!" cried others.

All was passionate exclamation, wonder, joy, and clamour. Many minutes passed before they missed the woman who had brought them all this happiness. She was gone! She was already a weary mile on her way. How could she stay there to see him taken by another?

She never knew how pale his little face was as he clasped his hands and called her in piteous words to come back; she never knew how he cried for her that night till his own weary sobs sent him to sleep.

She was lying then in the shadow of a great elm tree, looking up at the silent stars, and murmuring, "It is enough now, O Lord!"

I cannot tell you of her weary journey home, because I should weep. She had not the heart to beg, as she was in want often. And every spot reminded her of him. Here he was tired and she had put him to sleep on the soft grass, and sat, like Hagar, over against him, watching him. There he had played by the roadside landing up the flowers she had gathered, and laughing as he put them against her withered cheek "to make his granny pretty." And here is the bank where he had sat eating his dinner so merrily, while she fetched him fresh water from the brook. Oh! how cold and dark the road was without him! Everything was dead.

She got home at last, she knew not how, to the old cave, and began the old life again. But often when she went up for roots she forgot to dig for them, and gathered flowers instead, and brought them home and laid them on the dead leaves where the child had slept. In her wanderings, too, she would stop to pick up a shining pebble, a crimson leaf glittering with dew, or a bright feather dropped from a bird's wing, forgetting she could not give them to him now. She laid them all on the little bed till he should "come back."

But sometimes the little couch of yellow leaves looked dead, and she would fancy he was lying there covered up, but cold; then she would tremble very much, and cry a little—the sad, sad tears that only aged eyes know.

And thus the autumn and the winter glided away. She was a worn woman now, minding herself so little that I think she must have starved, if the good hermit and the nun had not helped her.

She never forgot to lay flowers on the child's bed, though she so often forgot her own roots and berries. Every night she knelt by the withered leaves to pray, and when she rose from her knees she always said, "God will let me see him again."

One day in the early spring, just as the snowdrops were peeping from the earth, a strange sailor came to her cave. He had spoken with a French ship at sea, and had promised the captain he would find her, and deliver a message from France. Little Gabriel was dead; and, in dying, he sent a tender word to her to say he dearly loved old granny, and he should see her

again in heaven. Well, she answered, she had known it long ago; she had always known he would die. That night, when she hid her face in the withered leaves, she uttered not a word of her prayer, and on rising she said, as usual, "God will let me see him again."

A few days after this, the hermit, coming to the cave, found her on her knees by the child's bed, a little bunch of white violets in her hand. He touched her; she was quite dead.

A DINNER FOR FOUR.

Jay Charlton, the New York correspondent of the *Danbury News*, gives us the following:

BILL OF FARE.

- First Course—Mock turtle soup.
- Second Course—Macaroni with tomato sauce.
- Third Course—Calf's brains with spinach.
- Fourth Course—Beefsteak broiled with *maitre d'hotel* sauce. Potato roses.
- Fifth Course—Calf's tongue—scaloped tomatoes, string-beans.
- Sixth Course—Rice pudding, preceded and followed by cheese.
- Seventh Course—Oranges with sugar. Coffee.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.

Take a large calf's head, which will only cost ten cents, crack and remove the brains, which may be saved for a separate dish; and then place the head in a large pot with a fifteen-cent soup-bone. Cover with four quarts of cold water, add some parsley, a stalk of celery or some young celery plant, three cloves and as many whole allspice, four pepper corns, salt, a small carrot and one turnip. Let this boil three hours, skimming carefully the first hour. Take out the head and remove enough of the fatty portions which lie on the top of the head and the cheeks to fill a teacup. Set these and the tongue aside, and return the head to the pot, letting it simmer slowly two hours more. Then take the soup from the fire, strain through a colander and set away until the next day. There should not be more than a quart of this stock. The next day remove the fat and put the stock on the fire to warm. As soon as hot strain through a fine wire sieve and return to the fire. When it boils, drop in the meat you have reserved, cut in small dice. Have these ready as well as the force meat balls. To prepare the latter, rub fine the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, add the beaten yolk of one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter, a little salt, pepper, flour enough to handle. Flour your hands and roll this into little balls the size of a hazelnut. Throw these into the soup, thicken with a tablespoonful of browned flour. Let it boil five minutes, finish the seasoning with a wine-glass of sherry and the juice of half a lemon, and serve with slices of lemon on the top. This soup I had made on Saturday, and as I had more than was necessary for Sunday's dinner, I had placed a bowlful on the ice, with some of the uncooked egg ball. The whole cost of the soup for two dinners, serving four persons each time, did not exceed forty cents. This soup is almost as delicious as the real turtle soup.

MACARONI WITH TOMATO SAUCE.

Break half a pound of macaroni into salted boiling water, let it boil twenty minutes and drain, carefully shaking out all the water. For the sauce, stew, for half an hour, half a can of tomatoes, with an onion, some parsley and celery, and a bit of carrot cut fine, thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, add a lump of butter, salt and pepper, and strain through a fine sieve. There should be a pint of this sauce, which is much improved by half a cup of soup stock or of roast-beef gravy, from which the fat must be removed. Stir into the macaroni (which should either have been kept warm, or cooked at the same time with the sauce), a tablespoonful of butter and three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Pour over it the sauce and after letting it steam for a few minutes, send to table, passing a plate of grated cheese around with it. Macaroni comes in five sizes, the smallest, which is little larger than vermicelli, is the best. The larger kinds take much longer to cook, and are doughy when done. Cost of this dish, allowing for butter and cheese, about thirty cents.

CALF'S BRAIN SAUTED.

Wash the brain in lukewarm water and clean well, removing all blood, fibres and skin; place in a bowl of cold water, in which you have put a little vinegar, and let it stand two or three hours. Cut in four pieces, dip in beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and *sauté* in hot drippings. When cooked lay upon a hot dish; put a piece of butter in the pan, and when melted stir in a teaspoonful of flour; pour on a half-cup of hot soup stock, or if you do not have it, hot water. Throw in a little parsley, a few drops of lemon juice, and salt. Season highly with pepper, and pour through a gravy strainer over the dish containing the brains. Send to table with spinach which has been boiled, drained, seasoned with pepper and salt, and garnished with a hard boiled egg cut in dice. The cost of this course was not more than fifteen cents.

For the next course I was obliged to depend upon the skill of my girl, as it had to be cooked during the first part of the dinner. The beefsteak, a fine thick one, was broiled and laid upon a hot dish, with bits of butter spread over it. A tablespoonful of minced parsley was sprinkled on, with a little lemon juice, pepper

and salt. The dish was then covered and put in the oven for two or three minutes to allow the meat to absorb the seasonings. This is a simple *maitre d'hotel* sauce. For the potato roses, pare about eight medium-sized round potatoes. Then with a small penknife pare the potatoes round and round in a thin shaving; these will fall into a shape somewhat resembling roses. Drop them in ice water until you are ready to fry them. Have ready a pan half-full of hot drippings, dry the potatoes with a towel, lay them in the fat, which must be boiling, and fry until they are a light brown. If you have the pan of fat ready, these can be cooked while the steak is in the oven. These dishes cost sixty cents, including even the fat used in frying.

The tongue being already cooked, required only a sauce; this I made early in the day, by putting in a crockery stewpan an ounce of bacon, cut in dice, some parsley, two onions, a bit of carrot, two cloves, salt, pepper, and a half pint of stock; this was simmered an hour or more and then strained and returned to the pan. Just before serving the tongue was laid in the sauce, and the whole heated. The scalloped tomatoes were made from the half can, left after making sauce for the macaroni. Butter four small dishes, or, better still, large oyster shells. Put in a layer of fine cracker crumbs, then one or two tomatoes, with some of the juice, another layer of cracker crumbs, with a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut, and salt and pepper. These are browned in a hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes. The string-beans were of course canned, and for the small sum of thirty-five cents, with the double throw in, I added a fifth course to my dinner. Next came rice pudding which was made early in the morning and left on ice for several hours. This if carefully made after the following recipe is indeed the queen of puddings. Measure three even tablespoonfuls of sugar, wash the rice in hot water, allowing the rice to stand half an hour in the last water. Then drain and put in a large pudding dish, with one quart of milk, half a teacup of sugar, a teaspoonful of butter, and a little salt. Grate nutmeg over the top and put in a moderate oven. To insure success attend to this yourself while baking; it should cook slowly two hours. After the first half hour stir the rice from the bottom, and three times, allow a rich creamy crust to rise to the top, which must be broken in each time. If it gets too thick add more milk; this will not happen, however, unless you have been too liberal with the rice or the oven is too hot. When cold the pudding should be of the consistency of boiled custard, and a more delicious compound is seldom tasted. This, with half a dozen oranges and coffee, added thirty cents more to the cost of the dinner. The oranges were cut with a sharp knife, sugared, and left on ice until wanted.

At a cost of two dollars my little dinner was completed, and I was more than repaid for the trouble by the evident satisfaction with which each dish was partaken of by my husband and his guests.

GRAND HOTEL AT CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

Now, when many of our readers are debating in their minds where they shall spend the coming summer months, the illustration which we give of the Grand Hotel at Caledonia Springs, may perchance come to a solution of a difficulty, which, in these times especially, requires deliberate consideration.

The view presented hardly shows the magnitude of the establishment, but is selected as showing the house just as it appears to the visitor on his arrival. It is evident that in the construction and furnishing no expense has been spared; the arrangements throughout are of the most perfect and convenient character, and the entire institution will compare most favorably with any of the hotels of the great American watering places, and is certainly not excelled by the best. As a temple of a perfectly arranged and self-contained establishment under the best management, the Grand Hotel is well worthy inspection. Everything throughout is of the most modern character; the accommodation is about 300 rooms, large and airy; the parlors, dining-room, &c., commodious and luxuriously fitted up; the bathing departments of the most complete character. The Piazza, which is a great feature, is open from ground to roof, 20 feet in width and nearly 300 feet long, and remarkable for its beauty and grandeur.

Quite detached is what is known as the amusement hall, a large building in itself, containing billiard and bowling alleys, &c. The entire premises are lit with gas and supplied with water; for a chilly or damp day a steam heating apparatus is provided; all comforts and conveniences will in short be found that the most discriminating could desire, and with the innumerable means of recreation and enjoyment provided for all, a pleasant time may be looked forward to at the Caledonia Springs this season.

The whole management is conducted on a first-class scale, and the moderate rates established will be found to meet the views of the most economical. On the 30th of May the house will be open for the reception of guests, and remain open till October.

Of the virtues of the waters it is needless for us to speak, their great efficacy in all rheumatic or cutaneous affections, and their general re-

generating qualities being widely known; while as a place of resort for all seeking the fresh clear, country air and rest or recreation, no more popular place than the Springs could be desired.

The Springs are within easy and pleasant access from either Montreal or Ottawa by the boats of the Ottawa River Navigation Company, and by the Montreal and Ottawa Railway to L'Orignal, on the Ottawa river, where the coaches of the Grand Hotel are met.

The property is vested in the Grand Hotel Company whose headquarters are at Ottawa and Caledonia Springs.

1877.

On the morning of Sunday, 13th of May, a telegram was received announcing news of the missing Steamship *City of Brussels*, to the effect that she had been spoken by the sister ship *City of Richmond*, and that she was making way under canvas, her shaft being broken, but that she was otherwise safe, and her passengers in good hope and spirits, a despatch to that effect being at once sent to all the churches in the city at that time holding divine service. The officiating ministers read the good news aloud in hearing of the congregation, and then expressed the devout thankfulness of all in prayer.

On God's most holy day,  
 Flashed o'er the "wire,"  
 These words,—which chased away  
 Despairing thoughts of friends and wives, and sires:—  
 "The *City of Brussels* has been spoke!  
 And, though indeed her 'shaft' be broke,  
 Yet, under snowy sail  
 She breasts the adverse gale,  
 And safely! by God's guiding hand  
 She slowly nears the wished-for land!"  
 So in each sacred pane  
 This news to hearts in pain  
 For friends deemed almost lost,  
 Or sadly tempest-tossed,  
 Came as a blessing given  
 By Him who rules in earth and Heaven,  
 Then to the Heavenly Throne,  
 From every soul as one,  
 Went up a cloud of prayer  
 Like incense rising fair!  
 And happy thoughts were born  
 On that day which in its morn  
 Looked so sad.  
 So, ever in this life  
 When misfortunes seem most rife  
 Our God can make us glad  
 By His power!  
 Then, to His holy will  
 Let us bend, and ever still  
 Trust His care, in e'en the most  
 Trying hour.

Montreal, 14th May, 1877.

E. L. M.

GOURMANDS! ATTENTION!

In the *Weekly Globe* of May 11th, there is an article headed "Why some people are poor?" There we read as follows: "Rags, strings, and paper are thrown away when they might be warmed, steamed, and served as good as new." This, certainly, is a cheap dish and therefore a very suitable one for a "Hard-Times' Party." The *Globe* does not give directions for preparing the dish. I have no doubt, however, that with abundance of flour, eggs, sugar, butter, raisins, and spices, or with beef, salt, pepper, and other articles of that kind, a very palatable one might be made. The rags, strings, or paper should be not more than one to two hundred and fifty. It is to be hoped that Prof. Blor will by and by be made aware of the *Globe's* discovery. He could turn it to good account in his lectures on cookery.

Métis, Que.

A READER.

OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY.—There is no travelling route in the Dominion with all the counter attractions that may be offered that is more deservedly patronized, or more favorably regarded than that of the Ottawa River. The ever changing views and beauty of scenery, and its easy stops by rail and steamer, thus relieving all monotony and adding zest to the pleasure of the trip, is especially attractive to the tourist or business man. The steamers are efficiently commanded, and every courtesy and attention is given to the wants of the travelling public. Tickets for a day's trip at one fare give those whose time is limited, a chance to recuperate, while most liberal arrangements are always obtainable by societies contemplating their annual festivals at any of the numerous places of interest on the route.

THE GLEANER.

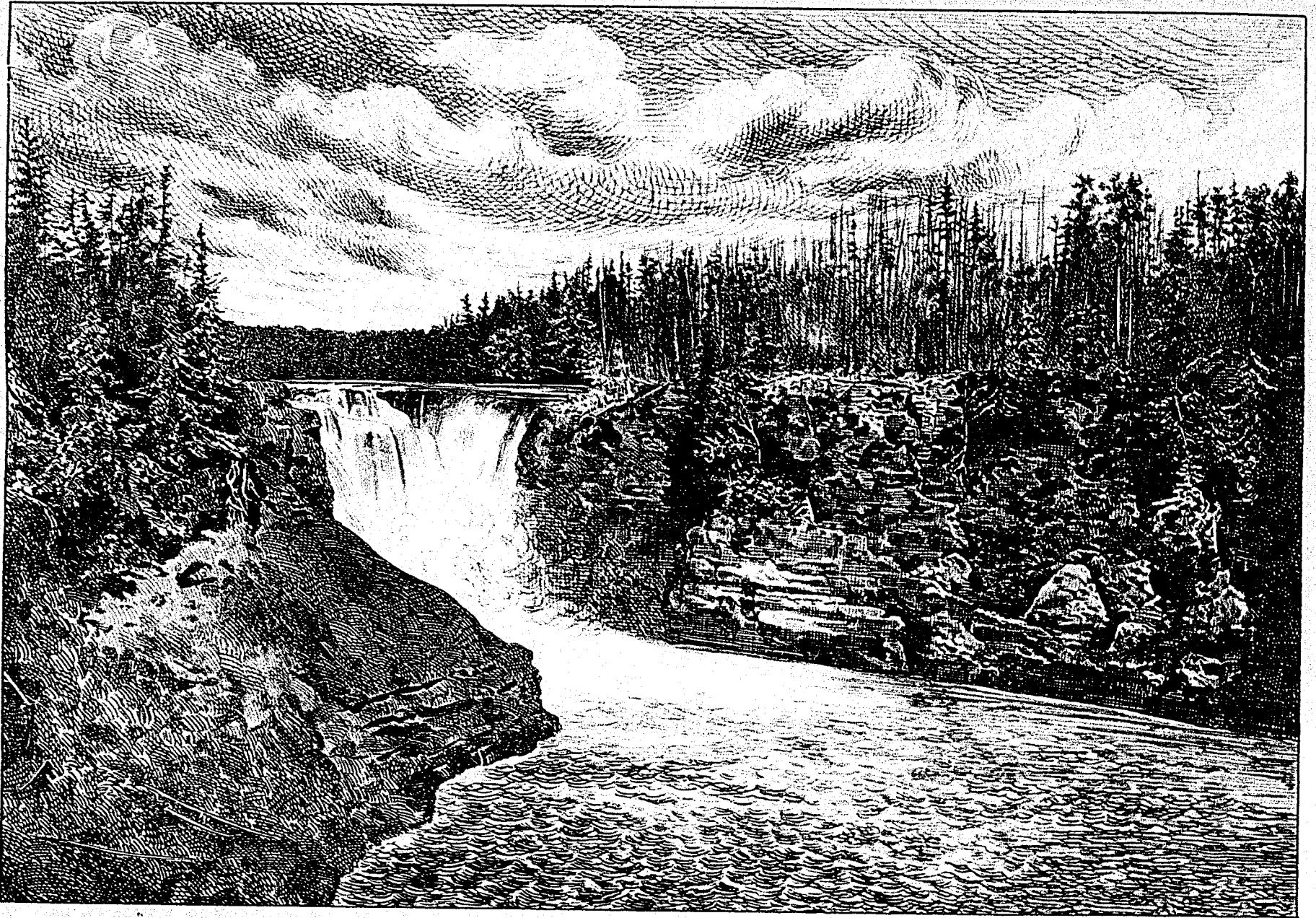
EX-PRESIDENT GRANT will, on his arrival in England, have a special audience with the Queen, and will be the guest of Disraeli.

A THING to be remembered is that Russia dates according to the Old Style. In the arrangement of telegrams, therefore, great confusion is likely to arise. It will be easy to remember that the difference in our modes is just a dozen days.

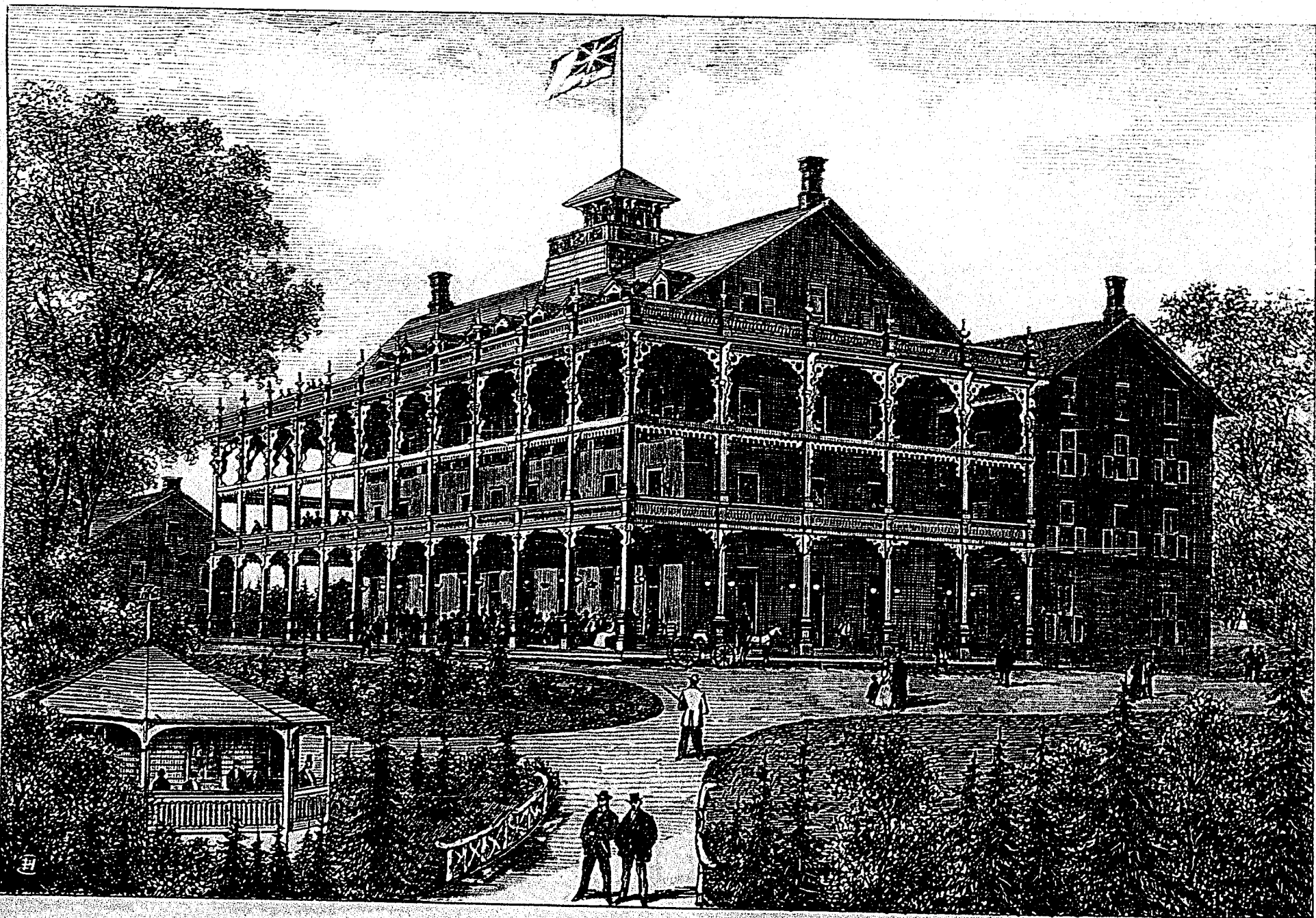
NOTICE TO LADIES.

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.

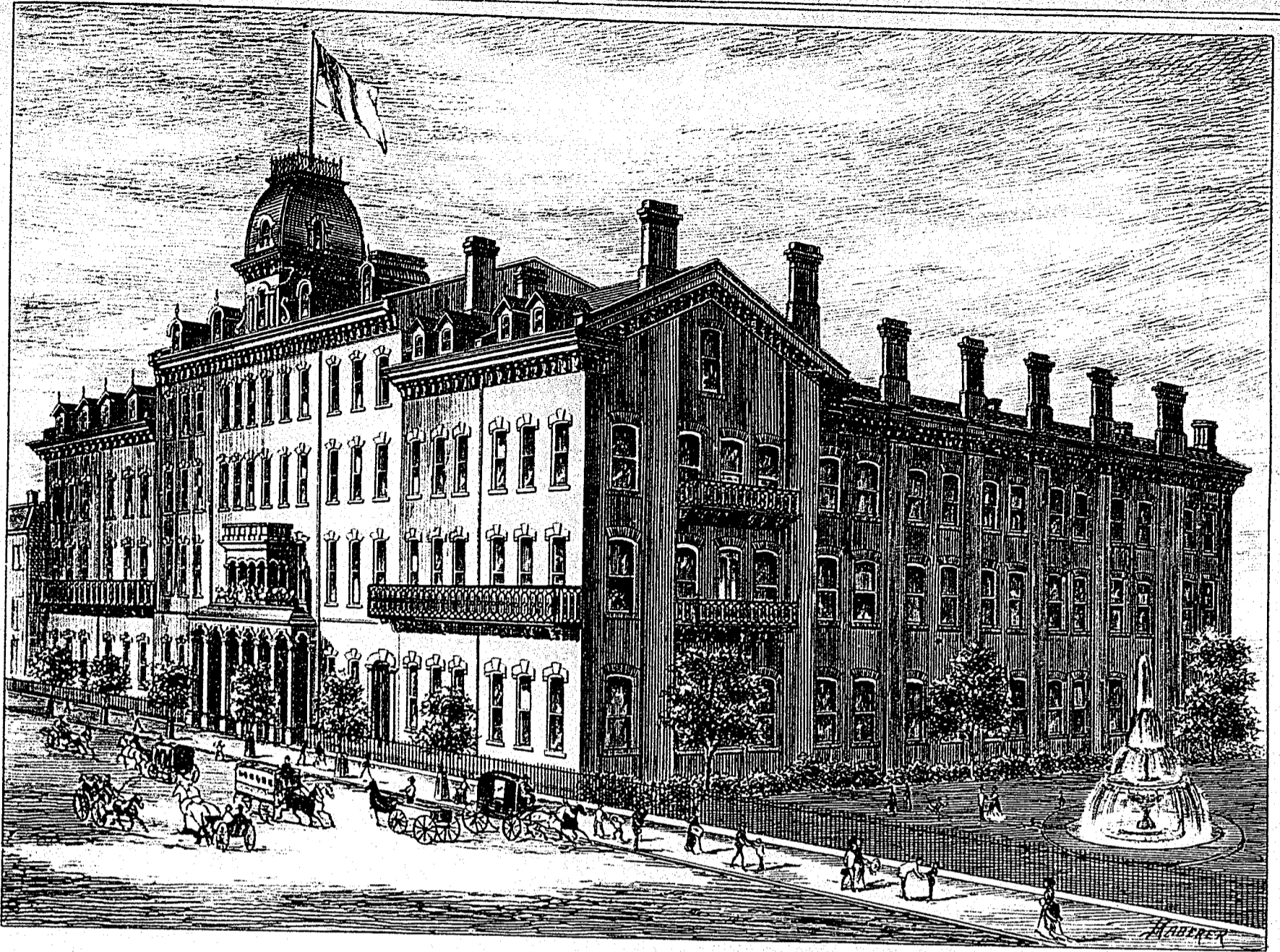
J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.



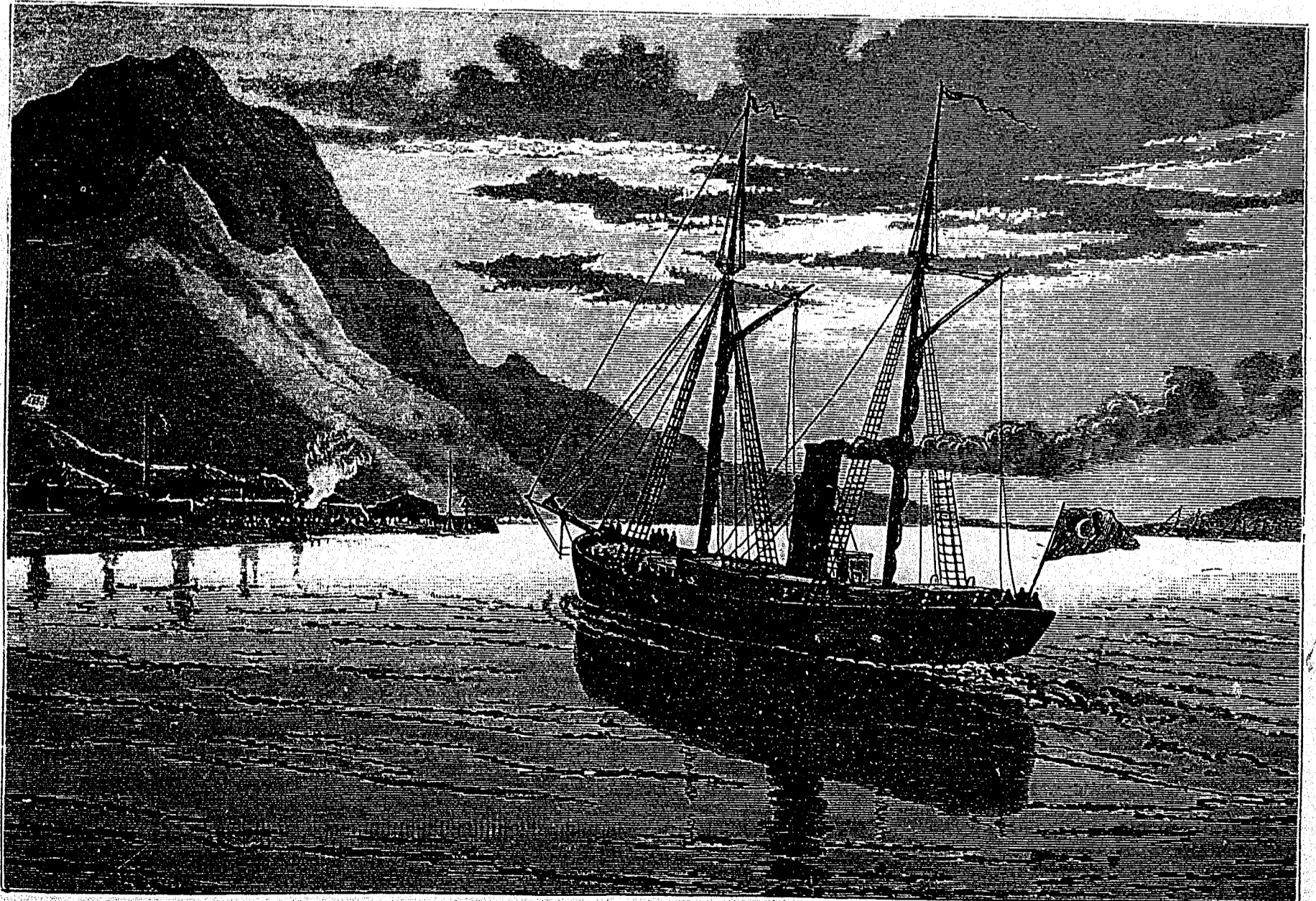
SCENE AT THUNDER BAY, LAKE SUPERIOR.



CALEDONIA SPRINGS HOTEL.



TORONTO.—QUEEN'S HOTEL.



THE EASTERN WAR.—HOBART PASHA RUNNING THE BLOCKADE IN THE DANUBE.

MEN WHO HAVE RISEN.

Arkwright, Richard (inventor of the "spinning jenny"), was originally a barber. Died 1792.
Adrian, Pope VI., was the son of a poor barge-builder of Utrecht. Died 1523.
Burns (Scotch poet), was a ploughman. Died 1796.
Bloomfield (poet), author of "Farmer Boy," was a tailor's son. Died 1823.
Bramah, Joseph (English engineer), commenced life as a ploughboy. Died 1814.
Columbus (discoverer of America), was a weaver's son, and also a weaver himself. Died 1506.
Cervantes (author of "Don Quixote"), was a common soldier. Died 1616.
Cromwell, Oliver (Lord Protector of the Commonwealth), was the son of a brewer. Died 1658.
Confucius (Chinese philosopher), was a carpenter. Date of death unknown.
Canova (Italian sculptor), was the son of a stone-cutter. Died 1822.
Cook (navigator), was the son of a poor peasant. Died 1779.
Copernicus (German astronomer) was a baker's son. Died 1543.
Demosthenes (Athenian orator), was the son of a cutler. Died 322.
Defoe (author of "Robinson Crusoe") was an ostler, and the son of a butcher. Died 1731.
Davy, Sir Humphrey (chemist and physicist), was a wood-carver's son. Died 1829.
Eldon (Lord Chancellor), was the son of a coal-fitter in Newcastle. Died in 1838.
Franklin (American philosopher and statesman), was a journeyman printer, and son of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. Died 1790.
Ferguson (astronomer), was a shepherd. Died 1776.
Faraday (chemist and philosopher), was the son of a smith. Died 1867.
Flaxman, John (sculptor), was the son of a seller of plaster casts. Died 1826.
Giotto (Italian painter), was the son of a peasant. Died 1366.
Gregory VII., was the son of a carpenter. Died 1085.
Haydn (musician), was the son of a wheelwright. Died 1809.
Heine (German philologist), was the son of a poor weaver. Died 1812.
Holcroft, Henry (novelist and dramatist), was a shoemaker's son. His mother sold greens and oysters. Died 1809.
Herschel (astronomer), was a musician's son in humble circumstances. Died 1822.
Hunter, John (distinguished surgeon), was originally a common carpenter. Died 1793.
Johnson, Ben (dramatist), worked for some time as a bricklayer. Died 1837.
Johnson, Samuel (lexicographer), was a bookseller's son. Died 1784.
Lorraine, Claude (French landscape painter), was apprenticed for a pastry cook. Died 1682.
Moliere (French dramatist and poet), was the son of a tapestry maker. Died 1673.
Mahomet (called the Prophet), was a driver of asses. Died 632.
Mehemet Ali (Pasha of Egypt), was a barber. Died 1849.
Milton was the son of a money scrivener. Died 1674.
Matsys, Quintin (Dutch painter), was originally a blacksmith and farrier. Died about 1530.
Murray, Alexander (Scotch philologist), was the son of a shepherd. Died 1813.
Mendelssohn (musical composer), was the son of a schoolmaster. Died 1847.
Napoleon Bonaparte (descendant of an obscure family of Corsica), was major when he married Josephine, the daughter of a Creole tobaccoist of Martinique. Died 1821.
Ramsay, Allan (Scotch poet), was the son of one of the common workmen in a lead mine. Died 1758.
Shakespeare was the son of a wool-stapler. Died 1616.
Shovel, Sir Cloudsley (Rear-Admiral of England), was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and afterwards a cabin boy. Died 1707.
Taylor, Jeremy (Bishop of Down and Connor, and of Dromore), was a barber's son. Died 1667.
Tenterden, Lord (Lord Chief Justice of England), was the son of a hair-dresser. Died 1832.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"Don't you think, husband, that you are to believe everything you hear?"—"No, madam, not when you talk."
"Doctor," said a prudent wife to the doctor, who was cutting open her husband's shirt as he was in a fit of apoplexy, "cut, if you please, along the seam."
YOUNG LADY: "Oh, I am so glad you like birds; which kind do you admire most?"—"Old Gout: "Well, I think a goose with plenty of stuffing is about as nice as any."
If there were a Miss Robinson Crusoe on a desolate island, with no one to please but her own reflection in the water, she would yet every day make and wear the newest fashion.
A YOUNG lady complains to us that a certain young lawyer of her acquaintance doesn't stick to his profession. We don't know whether she means his profession of law or some profession made to her.
WHEN a woman makes up her mind that a hen shall not set, and the hen makes up her

mind that she will, the irresistible meets the immovable, and every law of nature is broken or perverted.

"PRAY, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?"—"Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in verbal profundity."—"Thank you, sir."

A FATHER of three sons and five daughters was asked what family he had. The answer was "I have three sons, and they have each five sisters."—"Mercy!" replied the interrogator, "sic a family."

A LADY seeing a long-faced man holding himself aloof from the rest of the company, who were having a pleasant and merry time, said, "If you are a fool, you act wisely; if you are wise, you act foolishly."

A YOUNG lady complained that she had lost part of her ear-ring, and she thought it must have been at church. "A bad place, miss, to have lost your hearing at," said an old servant to whom she was relating her loss.

A RAVING lunatic in an asylum in California was restored to reason by seeing her father, from whom she had long been separated. We know a man who was brought to reason by hearing his wife's voice in an adjoining room.

"THE Price she Paid" is the title of a new novel. We don't know what the article was, but it is safe to say if she bought it at auction, and another woman there was desirous of becoming the owner also, the price she paid was more than four times as much as it was worth.

A FRIAR when preaching recently in a nunnery observed to his female auditors: "Be not too proud that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished honour of appearing first to a female after the resurrection; for it was done that the glad tidings might spread the sooner."

"Snobbs," said Mrs. Snobbs to her husband, the day after the ball, "Snobbs, why did you dance with every lady in the hall last night before you noticed me?"—"Why, my dear," said the devoted Snobbs, "I was only practising what we do at the table, reserving the best for the last."

IT is all very fine to laugh at a woman's tantrums when a mouse makes its appearance in the vicinity of her skirts; but a little merriment should be reserved for the man who plays circus while a June bug is walking up the inside of his trouser's leg with the slow and measured step of a day laborer.

"MARY, I do not approve of your entertaining your sweetheart in the kitchen," said a lady to her servant—"Well, ma'am, it's very kind of you to mention it; but he's from the country, you see, ma'am, and I'm afraid he's too shy and awkward in his manners, ma'am, for you to like him to come up into the parlour," replied Mary.

LITTLE Johnny has peculiar views as to original sin. One day he was about to be punished for some misdemeanour, when he pleaded, "It wasn't me, mamma, dear—it was the bad man."—"Well, Johnny, I'm going to whip the bad man out of you."—"Ah, yes, but that will hurt me a precious lot more than it will the bad man."

THE Burlington Hawkeye tells the story of two commercial travelers lately comparing notes as follows: "I have been out three weeks," said the first missionary, "and have got only four orders."—"That beats me," replied the second commercial evangelist; "I have been out four weeks and have got only one order, and that's an order from the house to come home."

SOME of the Parisian modistes have introduced a new kind of trimming for low-necked cuirasse bodices. It is called Ny touchez pas, and consists of vine and other leaves, sometimes of a prickly nature, woven garland-fashion. Having regard to the very décolletée style which prevails at present, it is gratifying to note that these dressmakers have turned to the third chapter of Genesis for an idea.

A tall handsome woman, with a frank smile, a pleasant voice, a beautiful hand. She wears a close-fitting black dress of some soft stuff. It is not fashionably made, and yet there is nothing grotesque about its plainness. An iron cross hangs on her breast, its purple ribbon and the thin black net veil that droops from her high comb are her only ornaments. So looks Madame Loysen, the wife of Father Hyacinthe.

THE paternal author of an heiress was approached by a youth who requested a few moments conversation in private, and began: "I was requested to see you, sir, by your lovely daughter. Our attachment—"—"Young man," interrupted the parent, briskly, "I don't know what that girl of mine is about. You are the fourth gentleman who has approached me this morning on the subject. I have given my consent to the others and I give it to you; God bless you."

Of all the contemptible creatures in the world, the man who beats his wife is certainly the most contemptible. The bully at home is a coward abroad. He always revenges himself upon his wife and children for the contumely that his lack of courage submits him to in the street. Such men are not to be brought to a complete sense of their baseness by any process of reasoning. Kindness has no effect upon them. Generosity only fills them with contempt for the generous; and they are certain to hate the manliness they cannot imitate. The mode of treating them effectually is to punish them severely.

In nature or art, where can be found a more interesting object than a young widow? She is experienced, but wears her own hair and teeth, and is minus wrinkles. Her recent bereavement gives her a claim upon the sympathy of man. Like all good things, she can only be created at a great sacrifice. Mrs. Browning says that a man must be pretty thoroughly spoiled before he can leave a widow. This black swan—this mournful phoenix—rises only out of the funeral urn that holds the ashes of the husband's heart. All men, however great or wise, have felt the indefinable influence of widowhood. Henry VIII. was so fond of them that he took two, and King David was so fond of Abigail, the widow of Nabal, that he made her his wife, and he turned Bathsheba into a widow on purpose to marry her. When Judith ceases her cogitations over the virtues of the late lamented Manassas, of Bethulia, puts off her mourning and adorns herself in brave attire to set out for the camp of Holofernes, we feel instinctively that she will come back with his heart, his crown or head, whichever she goes for. When the old widow, Naomi, counsels the young widow, Ruth, how to lay her snares in the harvest fields of her kinsman, and spring her net on the threshing-floor, we know at once that the wealthy bachelor, Boaz, might as well order the wedding garments. Allan Ramsay wrote a song telling how to woo a widow. He might as well have left direction how to get struck with lightning. It comes on man like his fate—inexorable and inevitable.

HUMOROUS.

A RICH man can be as big an idiot as a poor man, but people won't tell him so half so quick.

HORACE MANN used to say that the trouble with him was that he was in a hurry, but God wasn't.

DID you ever notice a man's face under the influence of a first bite of rhubarb pie, which the cook had forgotten to sweeten?

THE sale of Bibles in Chicago is said to be three times as great as it was a year ago. Mr. Moody drew attention to the work, and they think it is a new book.

IN Japan boys become men at fifteen, and receive new names. Many of our youths wear their good names out before they are fifteen, and are in deplorable want of new ones.

WHEN a man reaches the top of a stair and attempts to make one more step higher, the sensation is as perplexing as if he had attempted to kick a dog that wasn't there.

HOW easy it is about this time of year to take down the sitting-room stove and imagine that red-hot weather is ten feet away, and how mad the whole family will be in about two hours after the stove has been packed away behind fourteen chests and barrels.

THE fact that you will be healthy, wealthy and wise by going to bed early and getting up with the lark isn't near the incentive as the knowledge that you will have to get around on time or be locked out at night, and come out of bed in the morning or else be satisfied with cold codfish.

AND now the hardshelled oyster sleepeth quiet in his bed, while dreams of peace and happiness float through his little head; erstwhile the succulent, seductive clam in anguish lies in wait, until the heartless sharp-toothed hoe shall capture him for bait, or some other use, and all because there is no R in May.

"WAR was declared in my house a week before the Czar thought of the thing," said Mr. Johnson, "and all because I happened to get up first in the morning and helped the hired girl about the fire. Poor girl! she crossed the Pruth a yard ahead of my wife into the next door neighbor's, and now she's working in a hotel."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

- N. B. H., Brighton, Ont.—Correct solution of Problem No. 121 received.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 122 received.
J. W. S., Montreal.—Your interesting letter came to hand. Accept our thanks.
H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Letter received. The matter shall be attended to. Solution of Problem N. 121 received.
M. J. M., Quebec.—Solutions of Problems No. 120 and 121 received. Correct. We hope to be able to send you a letter in a day or two.
D. C. M., Quebec.—Will send you a letter in reply very shortly.

We have much pleasure in publishing Mr. Murphy's letter this week on Chess Problem Composition, and shall be glad to have the opinions of other correspondents on the same important subject.

To the Editor of the "Chess Column" of the Canadian Illustrated News.

SIR,—I take the liberty of sending you a few lines about the vexed question of duals.

The subject is one, judging from your remarks, which seems already to have been the cause of much discussion and correspondence, nevertheless, the object in view is still in abeyance, and will remain so until some mutual agreement be arrived at, and a code of rules established for the guidance of Chess problem composers. To attain this end, I would much prefer seeing a Congress held where the points at issue could be more fully discussed, than by mere newspaper correspondence—all due respect to editors, notwithstanding.

From its conception Problem composition has steadily increased and improved. Like the grape-vine in its growth, the useless branches have been lopped off, yet the gardener is not satisfied. There is a dual trunk which has grown steadily with his vine; he clearly perceives it diminishes the vintage, yet, is loath to apply the pruning knife through fear of impairing the yield.

To my mind such is the position of those who defend duals. Fear forbids the suppression, because it would be a pity to deprive the world of such a position. Year exercise of patience and perseverance. Can the majority of problem composers say they give their work the required study? I fear not. If, per chance, they hit upon a position free from duals, so much the better. But, if, on the

contrary, an examination takes place, it becomes annoying, perplexing, when lo! the happy thought occurs to them that such is not considered a fault, and the position remains unaltered. There are others who certainly devote much time to their compositions, but become discouraged after a little, and give up their work under the full conviction that the object they have in view is impossible, or, perhaps, that to make any such change would detract from the value and beauty of their problem.

My views may be considered as extreme, nevertheless I fully believe that duals can be avoided, and until convinced to the contrary, I will always maintain they render a problem faulty, and should not be allowed.

Mr. Atkinson, in his communications which I have perused with much pleasure, nowhere points out any case wherein a dual could not be avoided, but merely states that there are numerous cases in which an attempt to obviate a dual would altogether destroy the beauty and interest of a problem. This may be. But there are quite as many cases where the avoiding of a dual leads to a better, and a more ingenious and interesting position. The composer who has studied his problem, has every possible move in his mind, he knows the why and wherefore of every move and piece, and it is only one out of every ten cases where he cannot devise the means of avoiding a dual without materially affecting his problem. Mr. A. in his remarks, both allows and condemns them at the same time. I fear this is somewhat inconsistent. Save the lines of Pope which no more apply to problem composition than they do to license in music, his other comparisons are double, pointedly "the two roads leading to a favorite haunt."

If a position should occur wherein the problem would likely be destroyed in avoiding a dual, I would favor the addition of an extra piece—a pawn preferred—provided that the piece would occupy a possible square. This piece could not certainly be called superfluous, as it would not be added for the purpose of puzzling solvers.

Problem composition, although the offspring of Chess, should be governed by separate rules. An editor of an Australian Chess column truly remarks that casting in a problem should be effected at the hundredth move only.

A good problem should possess the following qualities:

- 1. Originality.
2. Position as natural as possible.
3. Equality of pieces.
4. Difficulty of solution, and ingenuity.
5. Freedom from duals.

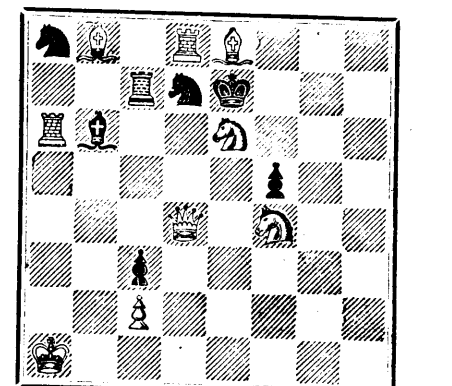
I prefer German pedantry in this instance to English indifference.

Freedom from superfluous pieces. (Pieces added to deceive).

Casting, self-mates and all reciprocal mates should be ignored.

In conclusion, I beg to thank Mr. Atkinson for his very kind notice of the sleepy old capital, and remain, sir, Yours respectfully. M. J. M.

PROBLEM No. 123. By W. T. PIERCE. BLACK



White to play and mate in two moves.

The subjoined game and remarks we copy from the "Dramatic Times." The reception of Mr. Wisker in Australia seems to have been as gratifying to the Chessplayers of that distant colony as that of Mr. Bird was to the votaries of the game in Canada, and there is every reason to believe that in both places Chess has profited to an extent which will be plainly manifested in the future.

GAME 180TH. CHESS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

Mr. Wisker, the well-known London amateur who left England in December last, arrived in Sydney on the 19th of February. Although his visit was unexpected, tidings of his arrival were soon spread abroad, and a large number of the local Chess players assembled at the club to greet the London "crack" with a hearty "colonial" welcome. Mr. Wisker's sojourn in Sydney extended over a fortnight, during which period he played a great number of games, winning a large majority. The following interesting battle, for the account of which we are indebted to the Sydney Town and Country Journal, was fought on the day of his arrival, his adversary being Mr. Crane, one of the strongest amateurs in the Australian colonies.

- (Ruy Lopez Kt's Game)
WHITE: Mr. W. Crane, Jun.
BLACK: Mr. J. Wisker.
1. P to K 4 P to K 4
2. Kt to KB 3 P to Q B 3
3. B to Kt 5 P to Q R 3
4. B to R 4 Kt to B 3
5. P to Q 3 P to Q 3
6. P to B 3 P to K Kt 3
7. B to K 3 P to Kt 2 (a)
8. Q Kt to Q 2 P to Q Kt 4
9. B to B 2 B to K 3
10. Kt to B sq P to R 3
11. Q to Q 2 Kt to K Kt 5 (b)
12. P to K R 3 Kt takes B
13. P takes Kt (c) Castles
14. P to K Kt 4 (d) Q to B 3
15. Kt from B sq to R 2 P to Q 4
16. P to Q 4 Q R to Q sq (e)
17. Castles Q R (f) P takes K P
18. B takes P Kt to R 4 (g)
19. K R to B sq B takes P
20. B to B 2 Q to K 3
21. P to Kt 5 P to K 5
22. P takes R P B takes P
23. Kt to Kt 4 B to Kt 2
24. Kt to Kt 5 Q to Q 4
25. P to R 4 (h) P to K B 4
26. Kt to B 2 Kt to B 5
27. Q to K 2 Kt to Q 3
28. Kt from B 2 to R 3 B to B 5
29. Kt to B 4 B takes Q (j)
30. Kt takes Q B takes Q R
31. Kt to K 7 (ch) K to R sq
32. Kt takes P (ch) (k) K to Kt sq

Drawn by perpetual check.

NOTES.

(a) Blackburne played B to Kt 2 in his match against Steinitz, but the development of the B at Kt2 is preferable. (b) Black, Paulsen like, exchanges his inactive Kt for a dangerous B. (c) The best mode of capture, as the removal of the P from the K B file opens a path for the R, besides strengthening the centre. (d) This not only prevents the advance of Black's P to K B 4, but also paves the way for an attack on the castled K. (e) As Mr. Walker remarked at the time, the game now becomes highly interesting. (f) White afterwards thought that he should have played 17. R to K B sq., having in contemplation 18. P to K Kt 5, and Kt takes K P. (g) It will be seen that Black now offers to "gobble" the Q straight. (h) White must now take the K P either with B or Kt, if the former Black plays Q to Q 2; if the latter, then castles P to K B 4. White in each case losing a piece. (i) Overlooking the perpetual check; his best move appears to be Q to B 3, to which White would answer with Q to R 2, having, although short of the exchange, good prospects of attack by pushing the K R P. (k) In place of drawing, we think White should now have captured B with B, and fought it out.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 121.

- WHITE. 1. Q to Kt 8. 2. Q to K 5. 3. Q mates. BLACK. 1. P moves. 2. Anything. 1. Kt moves. 2. K moves.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 119.

- WHITE. 1. B to Q 4. 2. K to Q B 6. 3. R mates. BLACK. K to K 2. Anything.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 120.

- WHITE. K at K B 8. R at K B sq. K at Q sq. Kt at K K 3. P at K 4. BLACK. K at K 3. R at K R 2. R at K K 3. Kt at K R 3. P at K 4.

White to play and mate in three moves.

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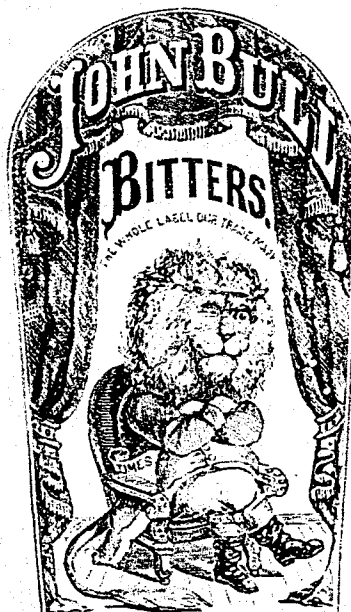
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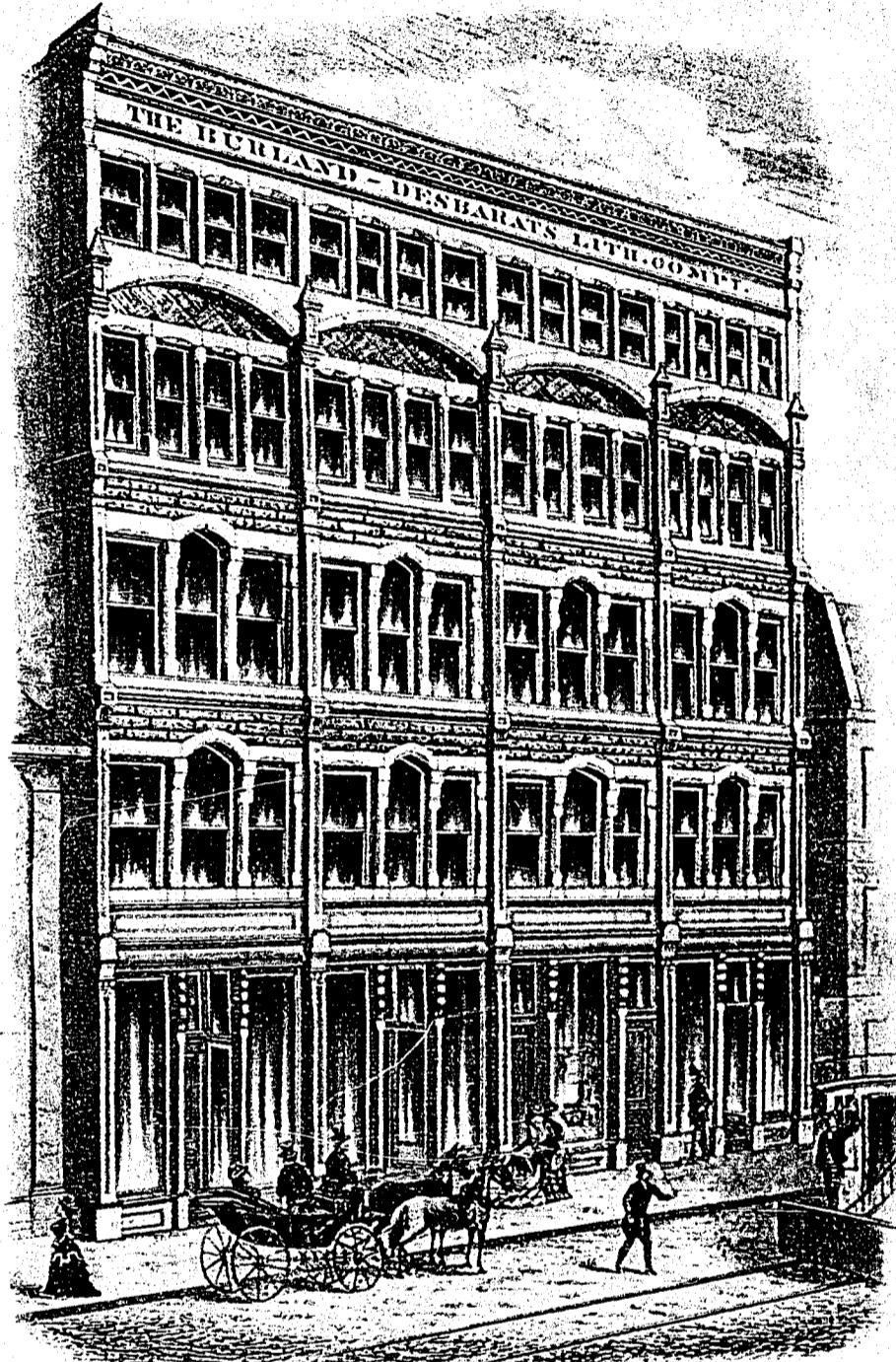
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Berkeley, Sept. 1869.—Gentlemen, I feel it a duty I owe to you to express my gratitude for the great benefit I have derived by taking 'Norton's Camomile Pills.' I applied to your agent, Mr. Bell, Berkeley, for the above-named Pills, for wind in the stomach, from which I suffered excruciating pain for a length of time, having tried nearly every remedy prescribed, but without deriving any benefit at all. After taking two bottles of your valuable pills I was quite restored to my usual state of health. Please give this publicity for the benefit of those who may thus be afflicted.—I am, Sir, yours truly, HENRY ALLPASS.—To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. 14-6-52-214



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