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Wholesale News

Vol. VIII.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
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THE BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

SS. "Mississippi," (Dominion) Quebec, from Liverpool, about August 3rd.
SS. "Sarmation," (Allan) Quebec, from Liverpool, about Aug. 4th.
SS. "Tyrian," (Anchor) Halifax, from Glasgow, via Liverpool, about Aug. 4th.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY, Aug. 3.—	8.—	Eight Sunday after Trinity.
MONDAY, " 4.—	Montreal:	Meeting of members of Board of Trade for Election of Harbour Commissioners.
	St. John, N.B.:	Y. M. C. A. Bazaar; Grace Egerton's Entertainment.
	Toronto:	Election of Directors, British American Assurance Co.
TUESDAY, " 5.—	Hamilton:	Meeting of Shareholders, Canada Life Assurance Co.
	Montreal:	Dominion Fashion Course Trotting Races, First Day.
	Niagara:	Toronto Caledonian Society's Games.
WEDNESDAY, " 6.—	Montreal:	Dominion Fashion Course Trotting Races, Second Day.
	Quebec:	SS. "Texas" for Liverpool.
	St. John, N.B.:	Annual Meeting Canadian Medical Association.
	Toronto:	Semi-Annual Examination, Ontario College of Pharmacy.
THURSDAY, " 7.—	Montreal:	Dominion Fashion Course Trotting Races, Third Day.
	Quebec:	SS. "St. Patrick" for Glasgow.
FRIDAY, " 8.—	Ottawa:	Annual General Meeting Canada Central RR. Co.
SATURDAY, " 9.—	Quebec:	SS. "Moravian" for Liverpool.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Every subscriber served by mail will remark on the wrapper after his name figures indicating the month and year to which he is marked paid on our books. Thus, 7-73 means paid to 1st July, 73. 9-72 means that the subscriber has paid to 1st Sept., '72, and consequently owes the current year's subscription to Sept., '73. Subscribers owing current year, or arrears, will please remit at once. Subscriptions being henceforth strictly in advance, parties marked paid to some future date will please remit the next year's subscription before the date indicated on their wrapper.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager. Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and marked "communication."

Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

POSTAGE ON THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

The rates on newspapers for Foreign Countries in Europe are, it should be remembered, based on a size of 22 by 14 cm., not exceeding 2 oz. in weight, and 4 to 5 oz. in thickness. Now a single copy of the *Canadian Illustrated News* exceeds 2 ounces, weighing indeed with its wrapper, nearly 3 oz. It thus becomes subject to a rate of postage when mailed for countries in Europe. The proper postage to be prepaid by stamp, is therefore now given for the following:

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Australian Colonies, 4 cents; Bermuda, 4 cents; Brazil, 4 cents; Cuba, 4 cents; Hong Kong, 4 cents; Japan, 4 cents; West Indies, (British), 6 cents.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873.

COMPLAINTS are rife throughout the Province that the efforts hitherto made to attract a stream of immigration to this portion of the country have met with comparatively little success. While Ontario is receiving thousands of settlers from the Old World, Quebec counts her new-comers by hundreds. Anyone who has witnessed the arrival of a batch of immigrants either at the Provincial Capital or at Montreal must have remarked that the large majority are destined for the West, that many actually flee the Province as offering no home for an old countryman. It is no uncommon sight at the Montreal immigration shed to see a sturdy English or Scotchman refusing an offer of unusually high wages to stay in the Province, preferring to take his chances of "getting along" in Ontario, of which he has heard so much. This is a most unfortunate state of affairs, but one which, we think, with a little management and the display of a little energy, might speedily be remedied. In the first place there can be little doubt that, as matters are now managed, the system of ap-

pointing Provincial agents in Europe is wholly wrong. A letter recently received from a gentleman in England who is deeply interested in the question of emigration to this country shows the existing arrangements to be worse than useless. The Provincial agents, he says, spend their time and money in seeking their own comfort and pleasure, utterly neglectful of the duties they are paid to fulfil. The Dominion agents, on the other hand, are extremely active, and to them is almost entirely due such success as we have hitherto met with in drawing immigrants to our shores. If this statement be true, and no contradiction has yet been made, it is high time that immigration matters should be placed under the control of the Federal Government. Were this done we are convinced a change for the better would speedily make itself manifest. Another reason for the poor success met with in this Province is the eagerness displayed in obtaining French-speaking immigrants. No doubt Alsatians and Lorrainers are all that can be desired as settlers, but there certainly can be no good reason for concentrating the energies of the agents on the task of acquiring these, to the exclusion of other nationalities. A goodly number of English, Scotch, Irish, German and Norwegian incomers would soon bring about a marvellous change in the condition of the Province.

THE projected visit of the Emperor of Austria to St. Petersburg is, we are told, regarded as possessing the highest political significance. The Viennese *quidnuncs*, like the Athenians of old, always on the look-out for some new thing, have doubtless attached to an ordinary visit of courtesy a portentous importance it never was intended to possess. Out of their own German inner consciousness they have evolved results which ten to one will never come to pass. The mountain is in labour, and no one will be surprised to see it bring forth the traditional pitiable mouse. This class of prognosticating politicians have cried wolf so long that we pay no more attention to them. Perhaps a day will come, as it did in the fable, when the wolf will really make its appearance, but in that case it will be no thanks to them if precautions to stay his ravages are taken in time. It is a pity that the gifted individuals on the other side of the Atlantic who undertake to supply us with our daily budget of European news, and whose deposition in favour of more reliable and live agents we all so anxiously await, did not think fit to give us a little insight into the purport of this visit, fraught as it is with political significance. Are Russia and Austria about to enter into an alliance offensive and defensive with the purpose of crushing Germany, the repartition of Poland to be the result? Or are their kind attentions directed towards England? Or is it the Eastern question once more "looming in the horizon," as is its wont every now and then? At all hazards let us know what it means. If good for nothing else, it will at least form an agreeable subject of gossip for loungers at the clubs and on 'Change, already satiated with the Carlist invasion and the Great Pacific Railroad Scandal—the latter "one of those things which no fellow can make out," in any case to his neighbor's satisfaction. In the mean time we patiently await the publication of two despatches—the first officially informing us that the visit of Francis Joseph to his well beloved cousin the Czar is in no way connected with political matters, and the second stating that the Austrian Emperor has not and never had any intention of visiting St. Petersburg.

THE MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

Lippincott's opens with the second portion of "The New Hyperion," a cleverly written record of a journey from Paris to Marly by way of the Rhine, profusely illustrated by Gustave Doré. "Our Home in the Tyrol," by Margaret Howitt, is continued without losing in interest. The instalment of "A Princess of Thule" is a feature which no one who has read "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," will overlook. Charles Warren Stoddard contributes an allegory, entitled "Jason's Quest," into the spirit of which many of the readers of this magazine—the fair readers especially—will fully enter. The opening chapters of "On the Church Steps," bode well for the future. Other articles worthy of notice are W. E. Griffis's "Inside Japan," an account of a trip in the less known portion of this interesting country; a paper on "Tropical Fruits and Flowers;" and "Glimpses of Ghostland," a collection of authenticated stories of ghostly phenomena, of no very particular interest.

Woods' Household Magazine is always a welcome visitor in the home circle. The current number contains a variety of short stories and sketches, supplemented by fashion and domestic hints.

The *Canadian Ornithologist*, edited by Dr. A. M. Ross, of Toronto, is a new appearance. The subjects to the consideration of which it is devoted are handled in a clear and popular manner; technicalities are carefully eschewed, and no pains are spent to make it interesting as well as instructive. The subscription price is fixed at the low sum of fifteen cents a month—the information given in this number is certainly worth, at the lowest computation, ten times that amount. Subscribers, it is evident, will not be the losers by supporting the *Ornithologist*.

In *Scribner's* Bret Harte begins one of his characteristic stories of life on the Pacific slope, entitled "An Episode of Fiddletown," which will be read with interest by his admirers. Two other sketches from the other side of the Rocky Mountains are given this week, viz., "My Day in the Wilderness," and "Mount Shasta." The latter is illustrated, as are also two pleasant papers on "Nantucket," and "Normandy Picturesque." In the fiction department we have the continuation of Dr. Holland's serial "Arthur Bonnicastle," and an amusing short story entitled "Fred Trover's Little Iron Clad." "Pandita" and "Modern Hotels," both treat in a light, readable style

of the subjects indicated by the titles, though the latter is viewed from a decidedly optimist point of view. More substantial articles are those on the Canopus Stone, the progress of modern Skepticism, and a charming little ornithological essay on the habits of the blue-bird. George Macdonald gives in this number another translation from Novalis's *Spiritual Songs*, and John Hay a pathetic legend of Eastern Life, "The Law of Death."

The main feature in *Old and New* is the series of papers on important social questions, continued from month to month. In the current issue the subject treated of is the condition of skilled labour in the States, and the repugnance so generally manifested by boys for learning trades. The serials are two in number: "My Time, and What I've Done With It," by F. C. Burnand, the well-known humourist and author of "Happy Thoughts," and "Scrope, or The Lost Library," by Frederic B. Perkins. The former of these gives some capital drawings of English public school life; and the latter, an account of a spiritual *séance*, and sundry experiences at the house of a wonderful philosopher, who has a new patent universe to dispose of. "Low Tides," and "Country Sights and Sounds," are two seasonable papers, written in a happy vein. The Rev. Horatio N. Powers contributes a biographical sketch of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the well-known English artist and writer, and Lucretia P. Hale, a love story, "On Duty." "An August Sunrise" is the only poem in the number, but we need no other to set off its perfect beauty. The writer, who signs himself T. G. A., is evidently something more than a poet by name.

The August number of *The Canadian Antiquarian* begins the second number of this admirable publication. We have as yet been unable to do more than glance at its contents, and therefore reserve our notice for next week.

SHAKING HANDS.

The custom of shaking hands may be worth a passing notice. Some grasp everybody's hand alike—with an equal fervour of grip, something like the two hands engraved on a snuffbox with a scroll over them, "friendship," or those brotherly grips exhibited on an Odd Fellows' banner. You would have thought Jenkins—not he of the *Herald*—was the best friend he had in the world; but on succeeding to the squeeze, though a slight acquaintance, you found it equally flattering to yourself; and on the appearance of somebody else, Tomkins of the *Gazette*, the crush was no less complimentary—the face was as earnest and beaming, the "glad to see you" as syllabical and sincere, and the shake as close, as long, and as rejoicing as if Tomkins had just come from Manitoba or Hudson's Bay.

On the other hand, there are men as coy of their hands as if they were prudes or had whitlows. It is in vain that your pretensions do not go beyond the "civil salute" of the ordinary shake, or that being introduced to them in a friendly way, and expected to shake hands with the rest of the company, you could not in decency omit theirs. Their fingers, half coming out and half retreating, like the horns of a snail, seem to think that you were going to do them a mischief; and when you get hold of them, the whole shake was on your side; the other hand did not proudly or pensively acquiesce—there was no knowing which; you had to sustain it as you might a lady's in handing her to a seat, and it was an equal perplexity to know how to shake or to let it go. The one seemed a violence done to the patient; the other an awkward responsibility brought upon yourself. You did not know, all the evening, whether you were an object of dislike to the person, till on the party's breaking up you saw him behave like an equally ill-used gentleman to all who practised the same unthinking civility.

Both these errors of fashions, we think, might as well be avoided; but of the two, we must say we prefer the former. If it does not look so much like particular sincerity, it looks more like general kindness; and if these two virtues are to be separated, the world can better afford to dispense with an unpleasant truth than a gratuitous humanity. Besides it is more difficult to make sure of the one than to practise the other, and kindness itself is the best of all truths. As long as we are sure of that, we are sure of something, and of something pleasant. It is always the best end, if not in every instance the most logical means.

This manual shyness is sometimes attributed to modesty, but never, we suspect, with justice, unless it be that sort of modesty whose fear of committing itself is grounded on pride. Want of address is a better reason, but this particular instance of it would be grounded in the same feeling. It always implies a habit of pride or distrust.

When a lady is presented to the Shah he first looks on the ground at her feet, then at his own feet, generally on one side and rather over his shoulder, then again at hers, and at last gradually raises his eyes to her face, when he assures her in French that he is extremely happy to have made her acquaintance. It is then the turn of the next lady, and the ceremony is repeated in the same manner, but conversation there is none. One of the gentlemen of the Court, who had watched the Shah very closely, explained this peculiarity of manner as arising from his never having been accustomed to see ladies unveiled in society, and thus feeling shy and somewhat shocked.

Have heard a good many things of Worth—the Worth, of Paris. This one, though said to have been first listened to when "puff" came in, comes to us now in this new dress. The "puff" is said to have routed sleep from the couch of oft-recorded Worth, who laboured day and night at its invention. When this truly great man is composing he reclines on a sofa, and one of the young ladies of the establishment plays Verdi to him; he composes chiefly in the evening, and says that the rays of the setting sun glid his conceptions. Like every great genius, he is very modest, and thinks "the very weakest ten" of himself. Last week he told the Duchess de ——— that he could give her a dress; but he could not supply style!

There is an old tale, of which, though little in itself, the use may be good. A certain man, who would never go to church, when he heard the bell, would say to his wife, "Go thou to church, and pray for thee and me." One night he dreamed that both he and his wife were dead, and that they knocked together at heaven's gate for entrance. St. Peter (by the legend) is the porter, and suffered the wife to enter in, but kept the husband out, answering him, "She is gone in both for herself and thee. As thy wife went to church for thee, so she must go to heaven for thee."

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TRAURIG.

(From the German of Heine.)

My heart, my heart is mournful
As cheerily shines the May,
I stand, reclined on the linden,
Beside the bastion grey.

Below, in the moat of the city,
The still blue wave is seen;
A boy sails in the rhallop,
And angles and pipes therein.

Beyond, are spread in their beauty,
Like a varied, miniature scene,
Summerhouse, garden and people,
And cattle and forest and mead.

The maiden bleaches the linen,
And blithesome springs in the broom:
The mill-wheel scattered its diamonds,
I list to its distant boom.

From the ancient, hoary tower,
The sentry boxes frown:
A churl in scarlet waistcoat
Goes pacing up and down.

He plays with the trusty firelock,
Which gleams in the sunshine red:
He presents arms, and he shoulders—
I wish he would shoot me dead.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

STUDIES FOR A PICTURE.

I believe that this old Lower Canada of ours furnishes plenty of subjects for a picture or for a gallery of pictures. I subjoin a few studies.

First of all, its climate and people. A crisp, dry, exhilarating climate, invigorating and exhilarant. A climate of rosy cheeks, elastic lungs, stout sinews, producing a hardy, healthy race. The Canadian is rather stumpy in size and rugged in build, but he has a brave heart for work and strong arms that will hew two cords of fire wood a day, or brandish the hal from five in the morning unremittingly, till six at night. The women are equally laborious, and amid the fatigues of caring for a large family, do work in garden and field which would tax the strength of your best women at home. A happy, jocund people, quaint in their simplicity, with strange, old-time customs and broad, Norman accent, ardent with a fire which two hundred hyperborean winters have not chilled, and hospitable with the proverbial hospitality of mountaineers. With Americans, sixty is considered a venerable old age, but here, even the Scriptural term of three score and ten is not the extreme limit of existence. In a village church may be seen the white hairs of many a patriarch of ninety, who has probably walked to mass a distance of one or two leagues.

This people have few of the luxuries of life. They do very little shopping or marketing, for every farm produces the clothing and food of the family—course linen for undergarments, heavy woollens for upper dress, plenty of fat pork, rich milk and butter, substantial white bread, sugar from the sap of the maple and small beer from the blood of the spruce and tamarac. A primitive, pastoral people, worthy to be sung by another Sicilian Theocritus, as indeed they have been by Longfellow in *Evangeline*; for the Acadians of that poem are a branch of the same Breton family which settled two centuries in the Huron-Algonquin villages of Stadacona and Hochelaga, and subsequently spread over the great valley of the St. Lawrence. The American who is desirous of studying peasant life and the charm of quiet villages, need not for that purpose undertake a Transatlantic voyage. He can procure that enjoyment by going to Lower Canada and learning the habits of this singular people who, unlike their countrymen of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Alabama and Michigan, have preserved nearly intact the simplicity, innocence and pleasant, ancient ways of their forefathers on the banks of the Loire and Garonne.

And now concerning the picturesqueness of the country. It is no exaggeration to say, that nowhere in North America can a grander, a more varied scenery be found. There is not the warm exuberance of the tropics, the profuse vegetation, the gorgeous tints, the enervating odorlessness of Brazilian woods; but there are characteristic elements of beauty and sublimity on land and water which must arrest the attention and command the admiration of the lover of nature.

The principal feature in this panorama is the river St. Lawrence. Look at the map and see whence it rises and whither it flows. First, observe whence it moves on, darkling in the shade of the fir-lined shores of Lake Huron, thence through Lake St. Clair, past Detroit into the bosom of stormy Erie, onward with perpetual roar and amid clouds of mist at Niagara where, under the triumphal arch of Iris, resplendent with prismatic lights, it tumbles 150 feet into the placid waters of Ontario, bathes the Thousand Isles at Kingston, sweeps past the modern city of Montreal and the ancient walled town of Quebec, till, finally, ever wandering, it reaches its gigantic brakewater on the western shore of Anticosti. It changes names five or six times in its course, but is always the same great northern stream, nearly as broad as the Amazon, as impetuous as the Ganges, and far more picturesque than the Father of Waters.

Canadian forests, too, deserve consideration. As an article of wealth, they are, perhaps, the greatest resource of the country; for in spite of the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty, American builders must have, and are willing to pay high duties for Canadian lumber. The maple, birch, beech, oak, pine, hemlock and walnut abound in all varieties. These forests are still wild and teeming with game.

A novel and picturesque sight in connection with the woods is the Canadian raftsmen and the Canadian hunter. The raftsmen or *homme des cages* spends the winter in the interior, cutting timber and preparing it for the freshets of spring. When he has gathered a sufficient quantity, he constructs a raft therewith, upon which he builds a little cabin for himself and sets out for the point where the lumber is to be delivered. He knows the river well, and advances boldly through rapids and cascades. He is a famous fellow for songs and stories. He has by heart all the legends and ballads which his ancestors brought from France. It is pleasant to stand on the

shore and hear him sing in a clear, resonant voice, in time with the stroke of his long oar, such beautiful romances as:

"A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener."

Or the more lively barcarole:

"Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant."

The huntsman or *Coureur des bois*, has his home in some country parish, but passes a great part of his time in the pursuit of game. The elk, the moose, the bear, the otter, the beaver, the opossum, the fox, the partridge, the wild duck, the pigeon and many more fall an easy prey to the skill of the Canadian hunter. He is the descendant of a class who learned the art from the Indians themselves and who replaced the red man in the traffic of furs. He is of the race of those who explored the Rocky Mountains before Lewis and Clark, who, with Franchère, colonized British Columbia before John Jacob Astor; who founded New Orleans, with Iberville; Mobile with Bienville; Galveston, with Michel Menard; Milwaukee, with Salomon Juneau; Detroit, with Lamothe-Cadillac, and contributed to the early growth of the queen city of Laclède. A remarkable race, now greatly reduced in numbers, but still retaining all the elements of its vitality.

The river St. Lawrence; the primeval forests; the raftsmen and the *coureur des bois*; the mountains of ice upheaving in the thaws of spring; the weird illuminations of the aurora borealis, or storm-lights; the *névés*, or daughters of the Snow, which the northern muse has imagined in addition to the *dryads* and *naiads* of tropical woods and summer seas, (beautiful creations, indistinct and evanescent as the hazy winter atmosphere in which they float, cold and passionless as Undine, pure with the whiteness of the element which composes them),—all these, or some of these, artistically grouped on one canvass, form a whole sufficiently picturesque to captivate a lover of the beautiful. This is so far acknowledged, that our best water colourists have made many studies from Canadian nature. Here is one of those *tableaux de genre*:

A Canadian hunter returns from a successful expedition at night-fall, clad in heavy great coat, with hood tightly laced upon his forehead and under his chin—boots of moose skin reaching to his knees—red sash about his loins—he leans upon his rifle and looks out from the edge of the pine wood like a Fra Diavolo of the Opera Comique. A noble caribou lies at his feet, the trophy of his hunt. The forest and the plain are piled with snow; the piers of the bridge which spans the stream sparkle with ice-gems, and in the distance the moon flashes with ghostly whiteness on the tin roof of the village church, and red lights of invitation glow in the narrow squares of his cottage window. One effort more and he crosses that snowy field, that icy bridge, bending under his prey, and reaches home where wife and children await him. I close with this picture and its beautiful moral. A hard day's work in the cold, cold world, and, at night, rest in a warm home.

NEW BOOKS.

I Go A-Fishing. By W. C. Prime. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

A more enjoyable trip than that we have just taken a-fishing with Dr. Prime can hardly be imagined. He is a prince among companions; a gentleman, a Christian (of the muscular school), an ardent sportsman, a ripe scholar, an artist and an experienced traveller. No wonder that with such qualifications he makes the time spent in his company slip away with a much-to-be-regretted speed, and that with him a *marrais quart d'heure* is an unknown evil. From first to last he is pleasant, cheery and honest; whether he is narrating an anecdote of Eastern travel, or a fishing experience; whipping a stream or demolishing a theory; discussing a monkish Latin hymn or the merits of a pet fly, we always find him the same genial, whole-souled, thoughtful guide. The perusal of the account of his summer expeditions has given us unalloyed pleasure. There is something in the book for every type of reader. Fly-fishing, theology, stories of Eastern life, character sketches, classical discussions, and scenery; these are the *farraze de la vie*, the ingredients that unite in making a most attractive, savoury and satisfactory whole. The writer has a wonderful power of word-painting. As we follow him page by page the scenes described seem to rise up as by magic before us; we smell the fresh odour of the forest, the noise of the rush and swirl of the rapids fills our ears; we watch with eager eyes the movements of the fishermen as they deftly make their casts; or as night falls we make one of the party under the trees or around the cosy hearth, and are carried away to the East by the stories of Iskander Effendi and John Steenburger. Another pleasing feature of the book is the entire absence of cant. A flavour of religion there is, honest genuine religion of the true catholic stamp. One passage, strikingly indicative of the author's catholicity of feeling we cannot resist the temptation of quoting. "I venture another bit of advice, based on some experience as angler and traveller. I commend this rule for the Sunday: To worship God with his people, if there be accessible to you any where a church calling itself Christian, of whatever denomination. It is a good plan, and will be found remunerative. I have knelt on many a Sunday morning with Greeks, with Copts, with Armenians, with Romans, and I can't say that it ever interfered with the sense of devotion, the act of adoration, the confidence in the presence of the Divine master, that I was kneeling among those who did not believe precisely as I did. When the Ethiopian asked Philip what hindered that he should be accepted in the visible church by baptism, Philip told him it was a question of belief, and he replied: 'I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God,' and on the instant Philip stopped the chariot, baptized him, and disappeared. It's a short and mighty story that, which polemic theologians in all the Churches would do well to study. Enough for me, an ignorant layman, to be content to worship with those who believe as much as the Ethiopian believed, call themselves or be called by what name they may."

The book is throughout amusing, and instructive, and we cordially recommend it for the perusal of fishermen of all kinds. The taker of fish and the taker of souls will alike find in its pages many hints of great value in their respective callings.

VIRTUE'S IMPERIAL SHAKESPEARE. Edited by Charles Knight. London: Virtue & Co.

This is certainly a superb edition, and one which cannot fail to meet with favour. It is printed in clear, bold type, the text being that recently corrected and revised by Charles Knight. This of itself is sufficient recommendation to ensure

its success, but an additional attraction is given in the shape of handsome steel engravings 10-8 in., after paintings which have attracted notice at the Royal Academy Exhibitions. The size of the work is imperial quarto. It is now being issued in parts at half-a-dollar each, the whole to be completed in some forty parts. We know of no better edition at such a moderate price. Shaksperian readers will do well to secure so magnificent a copy of their favourite author.

Miscellaneous.

The Lafayette, Ind., *Journal* does not "see" Shakespeare to the usual extent. Of a certain overestimated play by that writer, its able critic remarks: "Hamlet" must have been a most remarkable man not to have gone mad in the midst of such characters as his aimless mother, the insipid and discordant "Ophelia," and the noisy, empty "Laertes," as they were presented on this stage. We confess to a secret satisfaction at the secret poisoning of the Queen, who, in rouging her cheeks, caught a double dose on the end of her nose; and we experienced a maddening joy in the unskillful stabbing of "Laertes," who deserved death, if for no other reason than for his unaccounted lamentations over the demise of a horse-fiddle sister, whose departure should have been to him a source of joy. The gravedigger did well, not only in his professional work, but in effectually burying the ill-dressed "Ophelia." We never attended a funeral with more pleasure.

It is related that on one occasion an old lady crossing the Desert of Sahara in the middle of the day, alone and unattended, with the exception of an umbrella, was followed—there being no policeman in sight—by a fierce and vengeful tiger, or some such dreadful animal—it may have been a rhinoceros or chitapanzee—it is immaterial. The animal was about to spring upon her—it was the kind of animal that springs, which we forget about—when, with great presence of mind, she opened her umbrella sudden and unexpected-like right in his face and eyes, just as you may have seen a middle-aged woman burst out of a dry goods store sometimes with an umbrella in front of her, which she opens into the face of some gentlemanly-appearing person who isn't expecting her. The wild beast was so exasperated that he turned round and went away. Since then old ladies cross the Desert of Sahara habitually carrying umbrellas, whatever the weather probabilities are.

Some one in *Old and New* sagaciously remarks that it is as true in billiards as in trade or in politics that steady attention to business, hard work, and careful good sense are the best means of accumulation. In many other ways also, however, are the moralities of this beautiful game—moralities hitherto never developed—illustrative of the affairs of life. A man's shots, for instance, show his character. One player is for ever putting on a twist, or making draw-shots, and counts in the most unexpected manner, forcing the tormented balls in every direction by cunning under-handed strokes. Another, by sheer straightforward force, drives his ball far round the table, with long-sighted, powerful combinations. Another prefers "follow shots." Softly and delicately he coaxes the hard ivory balls, who quietly do what he wants, but don't know that they are coaxed. Another still, the cunningest of all, a silent monopolizer, gets a corner on the balls. He gets the two reds "jawed," and stepping back and forth round the corner pocket, counts and counts to the paralytic and infuriation of the helpless, excluded adversary, who longs to whack him over the head with the butt of his cue.

The Paris *Figaro* tells a "Story of Parisian Life," which reads like a clumsy parody of an incident related in *The Partisans*, the brilliant posthumous novel by Lord Lytton now appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Our inventive contemporary states that there is a lady who habitually resides in Paris, but who occupies a high position in the ranks of international *demimondism*, equally celebrated for her beauty, her jewels, her horses, and her intimacy with the Sovereign of one of the minor States of Europe. The *Figaro* relates that a "gentilhomme anglais," rejoicing in the name of "Sir Joshua," paid assiduous court to this most celebrated of pretty horsebreakers, and that by an ingenious process he got access to her jewel-case, abstracted real gems to the tune of £520,000 (eight million francs) and replaced them by capital imitations. The fraud, says the *Figaro*, was accidentally discovered in London, and "Sir Joshua," who had been already arrested in connection with the Bidwell case, is now detained on this more serious charge. The *Figaro* adds that "the London papers have been requested to keep the matter quiet;" and, strange to say, they have hitherto done so effectively.

Gen. Van Uttem, who was lately interred at Batignolles, in Paris, without military honours, adopted this unusual expedient. Finding his merits ignored, and being anxious to rise in his profession, he took to promoting himself. This strange character, who has been known about Paris for forty years, was a Dutchman, who, at the time of the siege of Antwerp, in 1831, was a lieutenant in the Dutch army. After that event Uttem, not knowing what course to take, whether to become a Belgian or remain a Dutchman, took up his residence in Paris, where he lived ever since on his own means. He would by no means, however, part with his lieutenant's uniform. In 1840, having been for some years a lieutenant, he felt that he deserved promotion, and raised himself to the rank of captain, adopting the required uniform. In 1845 he conferred upon himself further advancement and became major, and soon after lieutenant-colonel. At the time of the Crimean war the necessity for a further rise in his profession naturally suggested itself to his mind, and he promoted himself to a full colonelcy. In 1860 he bestowed upon himself the ribbon of a Dutch order, and finding his health fail in 1870, assumed the rank of general. He was in a fair way to receive further honours when death brought his brilliant professional career to a close.

The Rev. W. M. Punshon was married last month at Sheffield, Eng., to a Miss Foster.

THE VIRTUES OF WHISKEY.—The following curious extract from "Hollinshed's Chronicle," 1557, will be of interest. The *British Medical Journal* says, of the advocates of whiskey as a therapeutical agent of great power: "There is used an ordinary drink of *aqua vite*, so qualified in the makyng that it dryeth more and inflameth lesse than other hote confections. One Theoricus (*Episc. Hermonensis juxta Bononiam*) wrote a proper treatyse of *Aqua Vite*, wherein he prayseth it to the ninth degree. He distinguisheth three sortes thereof—*simplex, composita, and perfectissima*. . . . *Being moderately taken, sayeth he, it sloweth age; it strengtheneth youths; it helpeth digestion; it curreth feume; it abandoneth melancholle; it relissheth the harte; it lighteneth the mynd; it quickeneth the spirites; it cureth the hydropic; it healeth the strangury; it pounceth the stone; it repelleth grauel; it puffeth away ventosities; it kepeth and preserveth the hed from whyrling—the eyes from dazelling—the tongue from lappng—the mouthe from snafflyng—the teeth from chattering—the throte from rattlyng—the weasun from stellyng—the stomache from wamblyng—the harte from swellng—the bellie from wirtchyng—the guts from rumbling—the hands from shueryng—the snowes from shrinkyng—the vaynes from crumplyng—the bones from akynge—the marrow from soukynge. . . . And trulye it is a soveraigne liquour, if it be orderlie taken."*

A CHAMPION RUNNER

Mr. Duncan J. Bowie, the winner of the Bennett Cup at the annual intercollegiate contests at Springfield, is one of the foremost leaders in the ranks of Canadian athletics. His record is one which very few on this continent can match, and of which his Canadian fellow-athletes are very justly proud. Mr. Bowie is a native of St. Eustache, Quebec, and is now in his twenty-second year. At the age of twelve he was sent to Glengarry, where he attended the Grammar School. It was in this old Scotch settlement, so renowned for athletics, that he acquired the taste for manly exercises. The first record we have of his performances in the field dates 1865, when, at the gathering of the "Young Caledonian Society of Glengarry," held at Williamstown in August, he carried off nine prizes, the most notable among his feats of the day being:—Hop, step, and jump, 35 ft. 2 in.; running long leap, 15 ft. 11 in.; running high leap, 5 ft.; standing jump, 9 ft. 10 in.; he also took both the hurdle and flat races. At this time he was fourteen years of age. In the fall of 1865 he came to McGill College, where he studied law for some time. For six years nothing was heard of him in athletic circles. In the fall of 1871 he reappeared in the arena, and at the Athletic Games of the Montreal Lacrosse Club won the hop, step, and jump (clearing 42 ft. 9 in. the first trial), the high leap (5 ft. 2 in.), and the long leap. During the winter of the same year—his first season on snow-shoes—he competed in three races, and although beaten gave great promise of future success. The following winter he carried off the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club Steeplechase Prize—100 yds., $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile; but during the season suffered a defeat in the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Hitherto Mr. Bowie had never trained. His first appearance in 1872 was at the Caledonian Gathering at Ottawa, where he carried off easily the 100 yds., 300 yds., and hurdle races, and the hop, step, and jump, and came in second in the mile—this being his first attempt. On the day following these triumphs, at the Grand Gathering of the United Caledonian Association he took five prizes, his long leap of 19 ft. 2 in. being his best performance that day. In September he represented the Montreal Caledonian Association in New York, where he ran second in the 200 yds. and won the quarter-mile and half-mile and the hop, step, and jump. His long leap on this occasion reached 19 ft. 6 in. Probably his greatest performance was the defeat of Koronwe, the famous Indian runner, at Quebec, in October last, in the race for the Governor-General's Prize. The race was run in 45 in mud, Mr. Bowie beating his opponent by about 30 feet. He had to succumb to the Indian, however, in the quarter-mile over hurdles, mainly owing to two fouls. On



DUNCAN E. BOWIE,

WINNER OF THE BENNETT CUP AT THE SPRINGFIELD INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC CONTEST.

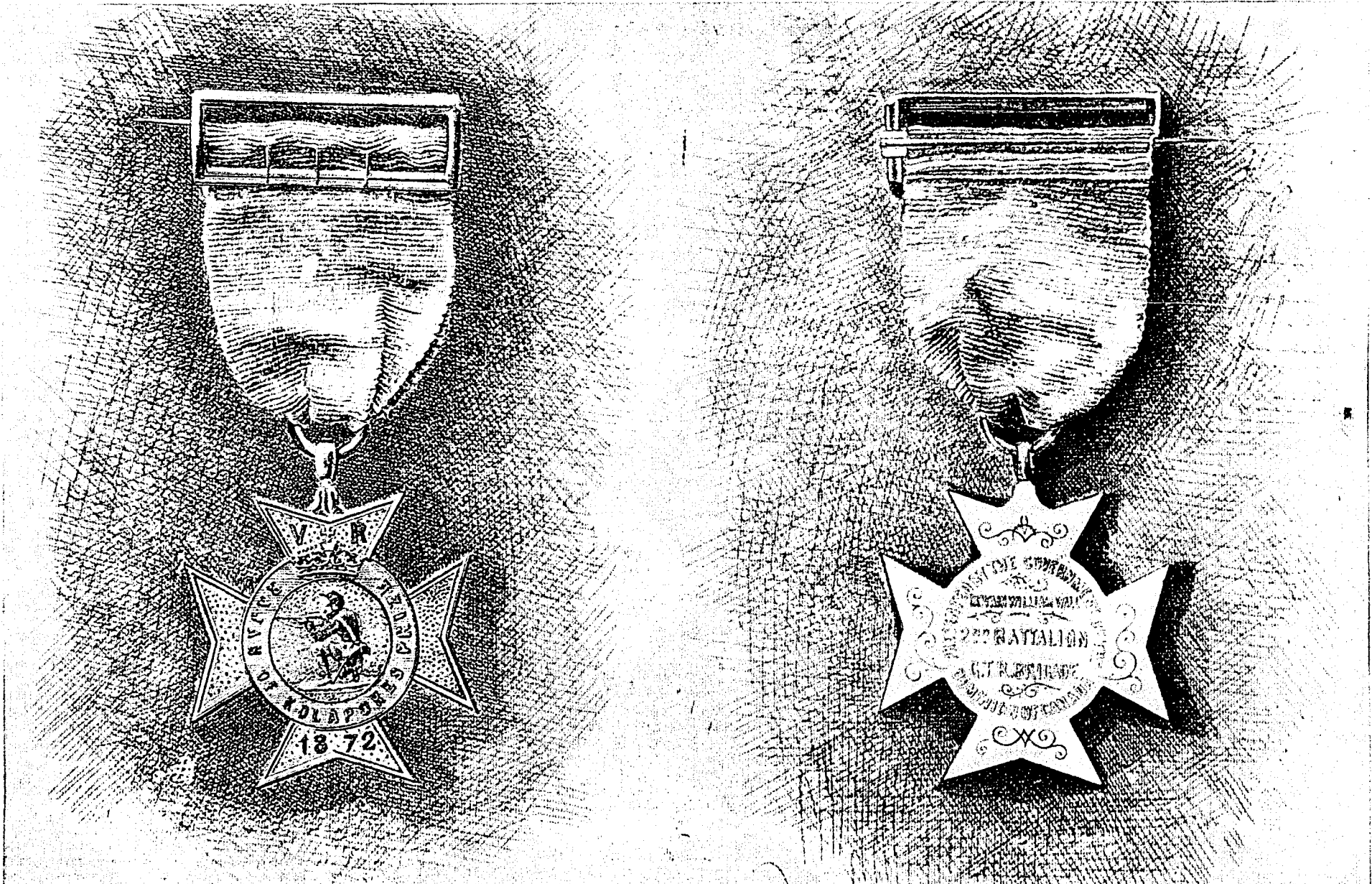
this occasion he also won the hop, step, and jump and the long leap. Last winter he put in an appearance only at the first two heats of the race for the Press Prize. The first of these he won easily, but in the second, which was run a couple of weeks later on, he was beaten, being out of training. This season he has only appeared twice, viz., in the challenge half-mile race of the Montreal Amateur Pedestrian Club, for which he had a walk over, and at Springfield, where he won in 11.184, Phillips, of Cornell University, coming in in 11.29, and Benton, of Amherst, distanced. These were the only three competitors. The cup won by Mr. Bowie on this occasion was offered by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, and is valued at \$500. Mr. Bowie's height is 5.11, and his weight, in condition, 145 lbs.; otherwise about 160 lbs. He is beyond doubt champion amateur of America

MEDALS FOR THE WINNERS OF THE RAJAH OF KOLAPORE'S CUP.

These medals, which are about to be presented by the Dominion Government to the eight marksmen belonging to the Wimbledon team of last year who won the Rajah of Kolapore's Challenge Cup, recently arrived from England and are now in the possession of the Adjutant General. They are of gold, handsomely designed and neatly executed. The obverse bears the figure of a rifleman kneeling in a firing position, surrounded with a garland with the legend, "Rajah of Kolapore's Prize," the whole surmounted by a heraldic regal crown and the royal initials. On the reverse is the name of the marksman receiving the medal, with the number of his corps and the words, "Presented by the Government of the Dominion of Canada." The following are the names of the lucky marksmen with the number of points made by each:—Gunner Shand, Nova Scotia, 70 points; Private Ferguson, Quebec, 69 points; Quarter-master Thomas, Quebec, 68 points; Ensign Johnston, New Brunswick, 68 points; Private Bell, Ontario, 67 points; Captain Wall, Quebec, 65 points; Corporal Larken, Nova Scotia, 65 points; Assistant Surgeon Aikens, Ontario, 60 points. Total—532 points.

Most smokers like meerschaum pipes so well that they would also like to have them a little cheaper. Chemistry now undertakes to supply this desideratum, and to make meerschaum out of potatoes "peeled, soaked for about thirty-six hours in water, to which eight per cent. of sulphuric acid had been added, dried in hot sand for several days on plates of chalk or plaster of Paris, and compressed at the same time. They can then be carved, and will be an excellent imitation of meerschaum."

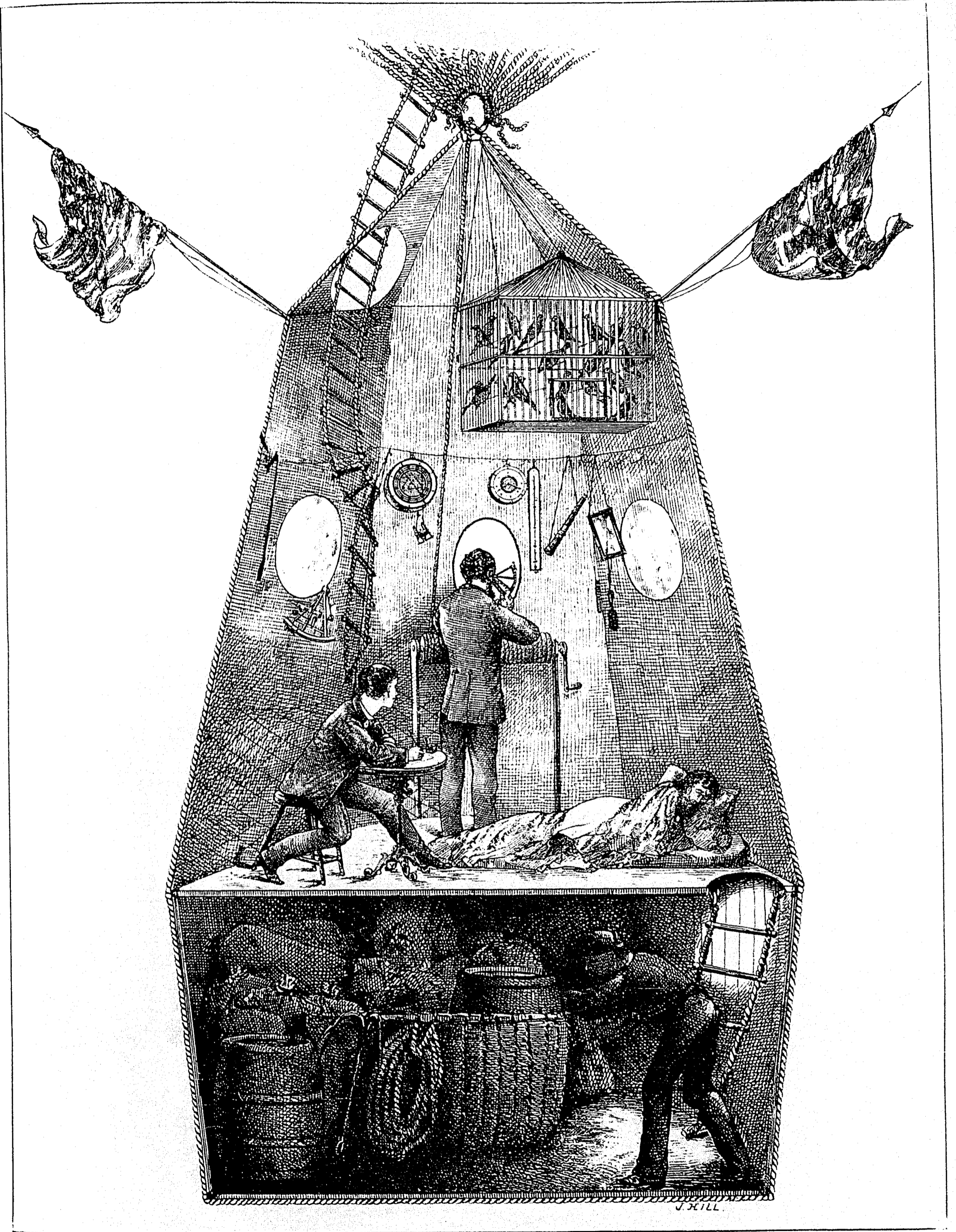
A German paper lately lit on a happy device to avoid the inconveniences of the press law. The *Freie Zeitung* gravely named a street porter as its responsible director, and thus raised a laugh against the authorities. The other day the journal published something that was considered politically objectionable, and the police were obliged to summon the porter. He appeared in court in his blouse, and wearing a brass badge and a number on his cap. He affirmed in examination that he read the articles before they went to press, and signed them, either by himself or by deputy, because he always found them "fair and square." He knew little of the views they embodied save that they were "free"—nicer qualifications were "a cut above" him—but he indignantly repudiated the insinuation that he was a mere dummy member of the staff. The man was discharged.



OBVERSE.

REVERSE.

MEDALS PRESENTED BY THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT TO THE WINNERS OF THE RAJAH OF KOLAPORE'S CHALLENGE CUP, 1872.



THE "GRAPHIC" BALLOON.—SECTION OF THE CAR.

J. HILL.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

PICKLES FOR BABIES.

BY

A

At the hotel where I drop in occasionally to have a dinner with old Jolly Boy, my attention was drawn the other day to a young lady sitting next me on the right. She attracted my notice by asking the waiter for some pickles, and her demand having been gratified she made further requirement of some Worcester sauce and cayenne pepper, and stamped her foot with pretty petulance because she could not be further supplied with some Chutnee or Chili.

You know how an old bachelor admires beauty, and do you blame me, sir, that I looked more than once at the young lady sitting on my right, calling for pickles and condiments? She had delicate yellow hair and a fair transparent complexion, just relieved with a *soufflé* of rouge, while her Madonna eyebrows were pencilled with exquisite art. Without the aid of a *modiste* it were vain to describe her costume. What can I convey by telling you she had a fawn-coloured silk dress, with an overskirt of lace, that diamond pendants swung from her ears, and her fingers swarmed with rings? Is it enough that her stockings were of flesh-coloured silk, and her shoes delicately shaded to match her dress. *Ciel!* am I speaking about shoes and stockings without having mentioned that this exquisite young lady, calling for pickles, was hardly yet in her seventh year?

Luxury-lapped mademoiselle, is it well for you, is it well for society that you should be dressed like a puppet, sitting at a hotel table, calling for pickles and sipping your wine by-and-by, ogling with those baby eyes of yours for admiration, and making little affected *moues*, and you only seven years of age? *Venez ici, ma bonne*, come here, Mrs. Frumpton, will your daughter make a useful wife? Are you doing the best you can for her future state in making her idle and proud and vain? Is ruining her constitution with pickles and condiments, with late hours and excitement, fulfilling your duties to your pretty little Lily? She is pretty, madam, but delicate. I would rather see those cheeks less exquisitely fair, and that symmetrical waist, which fashion has already commended to mould, a little clumsier. If that sedate mincing step were exchanged now and then for a romp and the lip given up in favour of a boisterous laugh, I would wager more on the future of your Lily, madam. "She is so refined," you say, "and already plays quite prettily, and M. Trombon says she speaks French with the true Parisian accent." Oh, madam, the polished people of which M. T. is an ornament, are too much addicted to *dire des fleurettes* to be altogether relied on in such matters; but granting her these accomplishments, look how languidly she picks her food, how the highly seasoned morsels have to be coaxed down with the relish of a pickle! Is that natural? I do not wish to compare vulgar children in coarse smocks with this *spirituelle*, madam; but see how they eat, what an appetite, what a *goût*. Madam, a word in your ear, those rough-looking weeds have more chance of seeing maturity and old age than your delicate, hot house exotic.

I see the laughter in your eye, Mrs. Frumpton, you think of that old saw about bachelor's wives and maids' children. *C'est exact*. But have not men given valuable hints outside of their own business? If Father Malebranche had stuck to his devotions instead of loitering into that old shop and turning over the pages of *L'Homme de Descartes*, the age had lost its Plato. If Vaucanson had been reading his breviary instead of peering into the good priest's clock in the hall, a mechanical genius would have been missed, and shall I be debarred my opinions? I tell you, madam, you force your children. You want exotics instead of sound sturdy plants. You want little ladies and gentlemen instead of boys and girls, you want old heads on young shoulders and the result is—a race of prodigies, monsters, unwholesome productions! Let the nursery claim the children its full term, let there be no hurrying the little dears out of their baby frocks, to put them in corsets and make them prim, painful little prigs.

It is not so long since we had a lesson from the other side. A lad in Salisbury, Md., waylaid a little girl of fourteen on his way to school and shot her through the heart, and the local papers gravely stated that the cause was "disappointed affection." Then this young Romeo threw himself under a passing train and was killed. *Dieu!* is not the story terrible? This burlesque of elder passions distorting those babies! oh, those *enfants terribles*, and the worse pity is no one seems surprised. Good madam, do you see nothing strange that a lad fresh from books and play should act like a man inflamed with passion, and is it well that this little girl should become an object of envy to other little girls because she could inspire such a *grande passion*? Can we imagine such a scene two generations back; would the Georges and Amelias have acted so, or, two generations before that, would any of Richardson's sentimental creations have acted in such a manner? Would Sir Hargrave (sad dog though he was), or Greville or Grandison, when they were beardless lads, have thought of shooting Harriet Byron or Miss Orme? Nay, by my halidom! Any such indication of precocity as love letters and protestations and threats to kill would have doomed the lad to a sound whipping at the paternal hands, and a course of fasting and a double allowance of Greek verbs, to cool the fever of his blood, and Miss Harriet would have likely smarted under a sound discipline, and been sent to bed to cure her of romance. In those days boys read "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress" and girls worked samplers, and there was no gloating over sensational newspapers and exotic novels, and there was no talk of passion in pinare, infant suicides, and child murderers.

My dear madam, I do not desire that you should take that sweet girl of yours and apply the birch soundly, though a little might do her no harm; but mark this, your grandmother would have submissively taken her whipping, and that is more than I can guarantee about Lily. The old treatment taught children their inferior, insignificant place in society; but now the boy meets his father on the level of a man, and the little Miss, with the relish of pup still on her mouth, is cricked out and belabored and brought down to the drawing-room and set to flirting and dancing. When they should be romping with skipping rope and ball, they are practising the last new step, or becoming more perfect in the *deux temps waltz*, and when they ought to be snoozed up in bed, they are squeezing through a hot, ill-ventilated room, struggling for lees and sipping claret and champagne cup, till their health is ruined

and their appetite destroyed, and they turn from wholesome food and ask for pickles.

A children's party, forsooth. I see no pleasure in it. Children, like flowers, should have freshness and dew. These are artificial rosebuds, handled with skill and perfumed by Lubin; but I am an old codger and prefer the wild flowers, with nature's sweets breathing from their moist petals. I'm behind the age, perhaps; but these little stilted affected things please me not. One little Miss labours painfully through Thalberg's Home, Sweet Home, another struggles with Angels Ever Bright and Fair, while a pert creature of eight gives a comic song à la Sam Cowell; and the snips in pantaloons, who could not get successfully through *Musa, musa musam*, twirl their watch chains and dangle their lockets and charms and pass jewelled fingers through their perfumed hair. It pains me. The present age is rather too fast or I'm an old fogey and have fallen behind. Oh, *ma chère madame*, why have you dragged me away from the dinner-table into this ball-room? I have no more pleasure here than in Madame Tussaud's chamber of horrors. If these little Masters and Misses could always remain young and pert, always wear Zouave suits and short dresses and pantalettes, always look pretty and fairy-like, I could endure it; but these are our future men and women, these our future husbands and wives, fathers and mothers—what a prospect, what seedlings to produce a future crop! Kind madam, take away these *roues, petits maîtres et coquette* of ten years of age. I do not care for the society of those who are *usés* before they are in their teens. If I must, let me have children that are young and not distorted little images of men and women. Take them away, madam, put them all to bed and if you give them a taste of the bitch all round, I shall not interfere.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A SUMMER NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

"How have I loved the twilight hour!" &c., sighs the stormy, passion-tossed Byron; and "How dear to me the hour when daylight dies!" sings his laughter-loving, pleasure-seeking cotemporary, Moore. Poets have uttered its praises from time immemorial, and there are few if any who cannot understand and appreciate the peculiar charm belonging to that interval "between the lights."

Left alone, how we muse uninterruptedly on Past, Present, and Future!

"Then the forms of the departed

Enter at the open door;

The beloved, the true-hearted,

Come to visit us once more."

We see visions and we dream dreams, till time and place seem annihilated. We live, and move, and have our being, in quite a different world, until rudely recalled to "the trivial round, the daily task," by some chance sound, some familiar voice, or even the dropping of a coal from the grate to the fender.

An hour for the sentimental and romantic to indulge their *douce far niente*, but not less the story-teller's hour, when, gathered round the snug hearth-side,—while shadows from the fitful fire-light which "dance upon the parlour wall," form a sort of weird accessory—young men and maidens, old men and children, delight themselves and each other by recounting the various vicissitudes of their career.

Such a group were clustered about a glowing fire one early autumn evening, in the large hall belonging to an old-fashioned manor house. They had dropped in, one by one, from the employments and amusements of the afternoon, and posed themselves in various attitudes in order to enjoy the acceptable cups of tea which a very pretty girl was dispensing with her brightest smiles and wittiest sallies put in gratis.

There were young men in knickerbockers and waterproof leggings—guns still in hand—as they entered from their moorland ramble, an old lady and gentleman, warmly clad, just returned from a six-mile drive; a number of children, varying in age from seven to sixteen; and last, but not least, several unappropriated damsels, whose merry laughter rang out gaily among the spreading antlers, foxes' heads, and other trophies of flood and field which decorated the hall, and died away in silvery echoes through the vaulted passages beyond.

The great wide hearth kept all the fire-glow to itself, leaving the remainder of the hall deep in shadow, save where the fast-fading day-beams struggled through the deep mullioned windows, and caught up a faint *soaveur* of the sun's dying radiance, ere it bade farewell to earth for a season.

The war of words waged hotly for a time, but at last feminine volubility died a natural death, and silence ensued, till some one—to create a diversion—hinted that it was a propitious moment for the recital of a thrilling incident, or hair-breadth escape. When are young ears deaf to the charms of story-telling or story-hearing?

Acclamations resounded in various tones, but a difficulty arose as to who should be the first narrator of his or her experience. The young ladies declared they could not, and would not commence; while the gentlemen maintained the impossibility of their taking precedence of the fair sex, so the story stood some chance of never being told at all, when a gentleman came forward from one of the windows—where he had been mending a fishing-rod as well as the waning light would permit—and gently laying his hand upon the shoulder of an elegant looking woman, who occupied what was evidently considered the seat of honour in that nondescript apartment, thus addressed her:

"Helen, my dear, suppose you take the initiative, and tell our friends here of your adventure at Thornton?"

Looking up into his face with a sweet assenting smile, she replied:

"Very well, Frank! but you must help me out at the end, you know."

"Shall it be so?" resumed Mr. Medway, turning to the company, while carelessly seating himself on the arm of his wife's chair.

"Oh yes! by all means, let us have Mrs. Medway's story," was the unanimous response, and the scattered group drew closer round the hearth, while the elderly host and hostess retired to their own apartments, leaving the younger members of their household—with their guests—to the full enjoyment of liberty and unrestricted conversation.

Tossing aside her riding hat and nodding to her expectant listeners, Mrs. Medway began:

"It is between five and six years since the event occurred which I am going to relate, but it is as vividly before my mind as if it had taken place only yesterday. I did not know Frank then, or at least very slightly. We had met several times at parties, but that was all, and I don't believe we had any idea that some day we should be man and wife."

"One beautiful evening, early in July, an intimate friend came for me to go for a walk, as was our frequent custom in the summer time. I went, accompanied by my brother, and we were shortly after joined by several others, numbering in all five gentlemen and five ladies. Frank was not with us."

"Or your adventure would never have happened," put in Mr. Medway.

"Be quiet, Frank! Are you telling the story or am I?"

"You, of course, pet! I don't wish to interfere with your prerogative."

"After debating as to where we should go, some being in favour of one way and some another, a Mr. Duverney suggested a tour of inspection over an old house, situated about a mile distant from Thornton."

"This idea was hailed with delight by us all, a rummage being always acceptable to girls, whether of houses or boxes, so off we started couples, in couples."

"And didn't you spool!" *sotto voce* from Frank; the response a savage pull at his whiskers by Mrs. Medway.

"The distance was soon traversed, and the Moat House loomed darkly through its heavy shade of trees. While the others went to a nice white cottage for the keys, I remained discussing the ancient building with my companion."

"It had been built up ages ago, and descended from father to son through more generations than I can remember, until—the last owner dying childless—it was claimed by some distant kinsman, and he, not caring to inhabit such a worn-out, mouldering tenement himself, left it in charge of the cottager before mentioned, intending some day to pull it down and build a fresh one, or perhaps wait until a railroad came near, hoping to realize something substantial in lieu of his tumble-down legacy."

"There had once been a moat and a miniature draw-bridge, but the former was nearly filled up, and the latter entirely done away with. Many windows had not seen daylight for years, having been closed up when windows were expensive luxuries and considered fair objects for taxation, and never unclosed when the repeal came; while others were almost invisible from the united efforts of cobwebs and ivy to obscure them. The last tenant had been a miserly old fellow, who, living in one room, left the rest to the joint possession of the spiders and rats."

"The combined strength of our cavaliers flung the heavy door back upon its hinges, and then began the search—from garret to basement—not quite the latter either, for we were none of us courageous enough to go below. Up and down stairs we flew, along passages, opening closets which had not been opened for years, utterly regardless of the clouds of dust which enveloped us—launching a quadrille to the music of our own voices on the polished floor of the great drawing-room, scrutinizing our faces in mirrors which certainly did not add to their beauty, pulling aside faded tapestry, and otherwise bent upon a complete voyage of discovery."

"Would that their curiosity had been greater, or mine less!"

"At length our steps grew tardier, and all except myself declared it was time to return home. I had reached a chamber in the upper story, which had evidently been a lady's *chambre* in days gone by, and was busy ransacking the drawer of an ancient cabinet, while my companions were still prosecuting their search elsewhere. An ivory miniature attracted my attention, and, with a hasty assurance that I was "coming directly," I took it to the window to examine more minutely."

"It was a beautiful face which looked at me from the oval case in my hand, and I soon lost myself in conjectures as to who and what she was, and commenced weaving a small romance in my own mind concerning her. So deep were my musings I did not notice that the voices of my friends no longer called me, or the silence which reigned around, until it was suddenly broken by a loud clang, which reverberated through the house like a peal of thunder. Effectually roused by the noise, which I rightly judged to be the closing of the front door, I flung aside the portrait, and turned to run down stairs, before my companions should have gone out of sight of the house, when—to my dismay—I discovered that the forcible shutting of the front portal had closed the door of the apartment in which I was, and, upon examination, I also found that my exit was cut off by there being no handle inside. I tried in vain to open it; the massive old lock was impregnable, and the first consciousness of my imprisonment struck rather unpleasantly upon my mind."

"But I was not naturally a coward, and comforted myself with thinking they had either left me behind purposely, for a joke, or else—missing me—would soon come back in search of the absentee. So, returning to my post of observation, I consoled myself with the exquisite view spread before my eyes. Tapping a favourite air upon the window—which I tried to open, but unsuccessfully—I resigned myself to my temporary incarceration pretty philosophically, and the moments flew quickly by, until the waning light gave me an uncomfortable feeling, and I took out of my watch to ascertain the hour. The thing had stopped! By some mischance—and I was apt to be careless, I own—I had forgotten to wind it up the night before, consequently I had no idea how long I had been castle-building; but I certainly began to think it time some one came to look after me, and I tried the door again, believing that if I could make my escape to the lower story, the windows were so near the ground the distance could be easily jumped. But no! I pulled and pushed, and broke my penknife trying to force back the lock—in vain. I felt inclined to cry. It was scarcely an agreeable prospect to be shut up all night in an empty old house—by repute haunted, of course. Not that I cared for that; the impalpable had no terrors for me; but I thought how anxious they would be at home; then again, that idea brought a ray of comfort, for would they not send and seek me?"

"So back to my window I went, this time sitting down, with the flickering light of the summer moon playing hide-and-seek among the trees, and casting stray beams into the desolate chamber. It had a dreamy, soothing influence upon my senses, for I began to feel drowsy, and gradually fell into a kind of doze—not sleeping, and yet not quite awake."

"Another interval passed, and I opened my eyes with a start—half conscious of a presence near me—to find they rested upon the form of a man standing in front of me."

"I sprang up, thinking it was one of my late companions returned for me—the dim light only revealing outlines, but

to my amazement it was a perfect stranger: a tall, handsome, but rather delicate-looking young man, with large, dark eyes. I uttered an exclamation of dismay, which he interrupted by saying, in very polite tones:

"Do not be alarmed; we are quite alone!" Which fact, if he had not seemed so thoroughly well bred, would scarcely have reassured me.

"Who are you? How did you come here?" I demanded, anxiously.

"I may ask you that," he replied, ignoring my question. "I proceeded to relate the cause of my unwilling detention; an idea having entered my head that he might be some one belonging to the mansion himself, and I concluded by saying politely:

"Now, will you let me out, please? I am afraid they will be anxious about me at home."

"I could not if I would," he returned ambiguously. "The door is shut; we are both prisoners."

"A look in his eyes, and a smile upon his lips—it almost seemed one of triumph—as he said this, affected me unpleasantly, and I began to wish myself alone again; solitude was not so bad as a doubtful companion. I glanced at the door as he spoke, and—to my astonishment—found it shut, as before. Had he entered (I wondered) and closed it so silently I never heard him, or had he been concealed in the room from the first?

"I felt myself grow cold, and sank into my chair, for in that case there must be something decidedly wrong; and yet he looked such a gentleman, and was so polite, I could hardly bring myself to distrust him. As these thoughts passed through my brain, he threw himself at my feet, saying:

"Surely you can make yourself contented for a few hours in my society. I have so much to say to you."

"So much to say to me? Why I had never seen the man before, to my knowledge I felt bewildered. The moon grew brighter, and fell in silver radiance upon his upturned face; and the eyes which gazed into mine were filled with what—in any but a perfect stranger—might have been mistaken for love. He took hold of my hand which I indignantly snatched away.

"You are cruel!" he murmured. "You need not refuse me such a trifling boon. Many would yield Bernard Lisle their hearts as well as their hands."

"I have no doubt of it," I replied, somewhat amused at his conceit, and attempt (as I thought) to get up a flirtation, which, under the circumstances, seemed scarcely admissible.

"And yet you will not give me the one I want?"

"Under different auspices I might, perhaps," was my answer, given rather vaguely, "but really now I am too anxious to get home. I wish you would try and open the door."

"Not until you have said that again."

"Said what again?"

"That some day you will really give me what I want. Promise me!" he continued, more energetically.

"I don't know what you do want!"

"Your heart—your love!"

"You silly fellow!" I interrupted, for I was getting angry with him; "you know I do not mean that!"

"He sprang to his feet, seizing my wrist in a vice-like grasp.

"Then what do you mean?" he shouted. "By heaven! Annetta, you shall tell me, or you do not leave this room alive! I will not be trifled with any longer."

"The full moon fell upon his passion-stirred face, and revealed to me the horrible situation I was in.

"The man was mad, and he mistook me for some one else!"

"I thought I should have fainted, and with difficulty repressed a scream. By an almost superhuman effort I retained my presence of mind. Somewhere I had heard that insane persons were cowed by the glance of eyes which met their own fearlessly.

"It was almost more than I could do to concentrate my gaze upon those orbs now blazing with the fire of madness, but I did so, and managed to ask him calmly what he wished to know. The question changed his mood; for again flinging himself at my feet he went on in the same impassioned language, alternately to upbraid me for my falsehood, and implore me to say I had not really changed. From his words I gathered that some girl, to whom he was devotedly attached, had forsaken him for another, but was not yet a wife. Her untruth had overbalanced a mind not too strong at best I should think, and brain fever was the result. This I learned by his addressing me as the false and fickle Annetta; and as I saw it only made him ten times worse to contradict any of his ideas, I humoured him in his delusion, until, clasping me in his arms, he would have kissed me. This I strongly resisted, and, enraged at my refusal, he drew a pistol from his pocket and swore in terrible words he would shoot me if I did not comply. The climax of my horrible situation was here. Alone in the place with a madman holding a pistol over me and threatening instant death. Heaven forgive me for lending myself to the deception! but I was nearly mad myself; and with the cold steel only a few inches from my face, is it any wonder I submitted to caresses and breathed vows which will surely never be registered against me on high?

"I have no recollection how time went by. I only know that for hours I must have listened alternately to threats and pleadings, while my ears were strained in agony to catch the first sound of release, which I wildly prayed would come before long. At length, in the midst of a passionate lament, a faint noise attracted my attention; and oh! how I strove to keep his eyes riveted upon myself, for he might murder me as I sat if he thought he was about to be discovered. I answered him low and lovingly; low, because I had scarcely breath to speak, so great was my anxiety; and lovingly, because I knew it would most effectually chain his wavering mind. But none can tell the torture of those few moments; the suspense and terror of the past hours seemed as nothing in comparison.

"His arms were round me, his kisses on my lips, when I recognized, unmistakably, footsteps on the stairs, and immediately after the door was loudly opened.

"Young Lisle sprang up with a wild cry, and pointed the pistol at the intruders, who were not my late companions but strangers—excepting Mr. Medway. However, before he could pull the trigger it was dashed from his hand. I felt a sharp blow on my temple, which, combined with the sudden joy of release, proved more than my overwrought senses could bear, and I fainted."

Here Mrs. Medway paused, and turning to her husband, she said:

"You can tell them the rest, dear Frank, better than myself, since you had more to do with it than I."

Mr. Medway then took up the thread of his wife's narrative and proceeded:

"It was I who dashed the pistol from Bernard Lisle's grasp and it struck my poor Helen on the forehead, drawing blood, but not injuring her materially; and upon examination, it proved unloaded. If she had been aware of that fact it might have saved her a few of her fears. But the events of that terrible night brought on a nervous fever, and for many, many weeks, she was hovering between life and death; and many more months elapsed before she was even tolerably convalescent. While she lay thus—an object of alternate hope and fear to those who prized her most—I discovered how dear she was to me. When health returned, I made my pleadings heard, and carried her—as soon as circumstances and her parents allowed—to other lands, to try if loving care, and Southern sunny breezes might not restore the lost roses to her cheeks. I am happy to say they proved successful, and now my wife is as bright and blooming as my heart could wish.

"The unfortunate author of all this mischief, was the son of a wealthy baronet, living near Thornton, whose ill-regulated mind had succumbed to the cruel desertion of his betrothed. A severe attack of brain fever left him partially insane, and at times ungovernable, so that he had to be watched. By some cunning device he managed to elude the vigilance of his keeper, and it is supposed he concealed himself in the old *boudoir* while the young people were examining other parts of the house, entering by the door they had left open. When he was missed, his father, attendant, the doctor, and myself, instituted a search, with the foregoing results. We should never have gone there but for hearing some people had visited the Moat-House that evening. I little thought who those visitors were until I saw Helen sitting there with Lisle by her side. He submitted quietly to be led away, and I took my wife (then Miss Jocelyn) home, and broke the tidings of her narrow escape to her parents.

"It seems as the party left the Moat-House, both Helen's brother and Mr. Duverney disappeared, consequently, when missed, she was supposed to be with them; while Bob, when questioned concerning her absence, said he believed she had gone home with Grace Everill. Young people are thoughtless: they were full of their own enjoyment, and never even glanced at the possibility of their friend having been left behind; and so the poor child nearly became the victim of a madman's revenge, besides experiencing a night of horror and suspense, which almost killed her as it was."

DAISY H.—

Our Illustrations.

THE BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

of which a portion is shown on our front page, cuts through the forest, straight from east to west, parallel with the forty-ninth degree of north latitude. This political frontier, one based on a purely geographical definition, extends, without any bending, from the Gulf of Georgia right across the continent, as far as Manitoba, whence it slightly inclines southward, taking in the Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake, before it reaches the north-west shore of Lake Superior; thus traversing altogether more than thirty degrees of longitude or two-thirds of the whole width of the American continent. It passes a little to the south of the lower course of the Fraser River, where New Westminster, the capital of British Columbia, is built; it then intersects the Cascade range of mountains; it afterwards crosses the Okanagan and Columbia rivers, which flow through the United States territory, and it traverses wide regions that are but imperfectly explored. Along a considerable portion of the line, for several hundreds of miles, the engineer officers of the two Governments have made a cutting through the woods, which has the remarkable aspect shown in the illustration.

A biography of

DUNCAN K. BOWIE,

the winner of the Bennett Cup at the recent intercollegiate athletic sports, together with a description of the

MEDALS PRESENTED BY THE GOVERNMENT TO THE WINNERS OF THE RAJAH OF KOLAPOR'S CUP IN 1872,

will be found on page 68.

A second article on

THE "GRAPHIC" BALLOON,

to accompany the sketch of the section of the car, is given in another column.

Short biographies of the

MINISTERS OF INLAND REVENUE AND OF MILITIA

accompany the portraits.

A description of the interior fittings of the car attached to

THE GRAPHIC BALLOON

is given elsewhere.

On pages 72 and 73 are two views of the new Union Station at Toronto, the largest and finest Railway Depot in this country. It was, as our readers will remember, formally opened on Dominion Day.

DRAKE TAKING THE "CAPITANA" TO TORBAY.

The original of this fine picture was exhibited in London last year at the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. The artist is Mr. O. W. Briarly. The incident he has chosen as his subject is described in the following passage from Froide's "History of England":—"A rolling sea came up from the west, and as evening fell the "Capitana," of the Andalusian division, carrying the flag of Pedro de Valdez, fouled the "Santa Catalina," and broke her bowsprit. The foremast parted, and the foremast fell overboard, and the ship, hampered by the wreck, dropped behind. Drake came up with her in the morning; she struck her flag, and he took her with him to Torbay, where he left her to the care of the Brixham fishermen. The prize proved of unexpected value. Many casks of real were found in her, and, infinitely more important, some tons of gunpowder, with which the "Roobuck,"

the swiftest trawler in the harbour, flew in pursuit of the English Fleet."

THE FRENCH AMBULANCE TRAIN.

One of the principal objects of interest in the French department of the Vienna Exhibition is the ambulance of the "Société de Secours aux Blessés Militaires," the invention of an Austrian physician, who rendered great service in the French field-hospitals during the late war. As will be seen by the illustration the train is composed of cars built and laid out on a modification of the American system, which has recently been adopted on some of the Austrian railways, and for some time past has been in use on the line of the Royal Railroad of Wurtemberg. The train on view at Vienna consists of eight cars each of which is completely fitted up for the service for which it is intended. The first of these is the store-car, in which are to be found all the hospital-necessaries, such as drugs, linen, etc., etc., neatly stowed away on shelves along each side of the car, and all the appliances necessary for pharmaceutical preparations. The furniture consists of a stove, marble-topped table for mixing drugs, store-keeper's bunk, etc., etc. The surgeon's car comes next. It is divided into four apartments, each of which is fitted up so as to serve either as an office and sitting room or sleeping room, and contains a cushioned seat, flap-table, washstand (which may be closed when not in use) and cupboards. A portion of the seat, as shown in the second section of Fig. 2, may be drawn out so as to form a bed. Four surgeons attend the train, who go on duty in rotation. The larder-car (wagon-provisionnement it is termed) contains the provisions, and is furnished with an ample receptacle for ice. The kitchen-car is of all the most curious. It is fitted with a complete *bûcher de cuisine*, each article being so disposed of as to prevent breakage. In each corner is a large water-tank, with four cupboards beneath. It is calculated that with the appliances at hand in this car a meal for five hundred persons could be cooked without difficulty. The ambulance cars are three in number, viz., two hospital cars and a sitting-room car for the slightly wounded. The latter is a modification of the ordinary second-class car in use on this continent, while the former are arranged very much on the same principle, though on a more modest scale, as the Pullman sleeping-cars. Fifteen beds may be made up in each hospital car without crowding or in any way inconveniencing the patients. All the cars are well lit and thoroughly ventilated and furnished with heating apparatus. On the outside of each the well-known Geneva cross is conspicuously emblazoned.

Art and Literature.

Theodore Tilton is writing a novel.

Mr. Froude has engaged to write the "Anna's of an English Abbey" for Scribner's Monthly, for \$1,000.

Richard H. Stoddard has retired from the *Aldine*, and is writing a series of papers about authors for Scribner's.

Matthew Hale Smith says a book of several hundred pages is ready for the press, giving a minute history of the Woodruff-Bowen-Beecher scandal, and of all the parties connected with it. Perhaps Mr. Smith is its author.

W. R. Alger is writing a "Life of Edwin Forrest," the great tragedian. It will be finished in the autumn. The volume will contain an account of the rise of the drama in modern times, and appreciative notices of eminent actors.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is engaged, with the special sanction of the Empress Eugénie, on "The Life and Times of Napoleon III.," the first part of which, illustrated with portraits, etc., from the family collection, will appear about the end of the year.

Bjornson, the Norwegian poet and novelist, is poor. He is the vicar of a small church at Swantroyk, with a salary of \$250. His books yield nothing but fame, and he has a wife to support. The conclusion of the whole matter is that he is coming to America.

A fresh picture of Benjamin Franklin has come to the knowledge of admirers of that superior person. It is a pastel, has an authenticated history, and is now in possession of Dr. D. R. Franklin, of Newburgh, New York.

An interesting event in the literary world is the appearance of a new edition of John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." The book had become so exceedingly scarce that an edition in cloth brought £28 sterling at auction. The reluctance of the distinguished author to sanction the re-issue of the work is explained in the preface to the new edition in these words:—"Many parts of the first and second volumes are written in a narrow enthusiasm, and the substance of their metaphysical and religious speculation is only justifiable on the ground of its absolute honesty." Of the third, fourth and fifth volumes he means eventually to re-arrange what he thinks of permanent interest for the complete edition of his works. The final edition of the original work now presented to the public is limited strictly to one thousand copies, some of the more delicate plates being already much worn. The preface to every copy of the new edition bears the actual signature of the author.

A case just adjudged in Paris will have an interest for all engaged in or devoted to art. M. Abdama gave a commission to the able painter, Adrien Danzaus, for four pictures of subjects from the "Arabian Nights," at the price of 2,000 francs each, one-half to be payable when the sketch was made, and the remainder on the completion of the picture. The first subject selected was that of "Sinbad, the Sailor," the artist having received the first moiety of the money, but dying before the work was absolutely completed. M. Abdama claimed the work on payment of the second 1,000 francs, but the brother and heir of the painter refused to give it up, on the ground that it would be disrespectful to the memory of an artist to part with an incomplete picture. The judges decided that the defendant could not refuse to give up what had been sold; that it was not for him to judge of the completion of the work, seeing that the purchaser was content; and, finally, that such a point was inadmissible, from the fact that the late artist had himself thought fit to show it at some public exhibition. The painting was ordered to be delivered on payment of 1,000 francs, or 3,000 francs were to be forfeited.

BOOKS, &c., RECEIVED.

Food. By Edward Smith, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S. New York: Appleton. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Dr. Colby's Pills cure Consumption. Dr. Colby's Pills cure Indigestion.

THE HON. T. N. GIBBS,
MINISTER OF INLAND REVENUE.

Mr. Gibbs is a native of Terrebonne, L.C., where he was born in 1821. His father came from England in 1819, and first settled at Terrebonne, afterwards removing to Oshawa, in the County of Ontario, U.C., where the subject of this notice now carries on an extensive milling and mercantile business. He is Vice President of the Ontario Bank, a director of the Confederation Life Assurance Co., of the Dominion Telegraph Co., and of the London and Canadian Loan and Agency Co. In 1850 he was elected Reeve, the first who held that office for Oshawa. He was also the first warden elected for the county, in 1854. In the same year he contested North Ontario unsuccessfully at the general elections. When the Hon. Mr. Mowat was transferred from the political arena to the bench, Mr. Gibbs offered himself as a candidate in the Conservative interest for the constituency thereby vacated; and in January, 1865, was returned for South Ontario, for which he sat during the two following sessions, that of 1865 at Quebec, and 1866 at Ottawa. At the general election after the Union, the Hon. George Brown was announced as a candidate in the reform interest for Mr. Gibbs' constituency; the writs were issued, and the contest came on among the first of the campaign. It was watched with the most intense interest throughout the country; the "great guns" on both sides of politics entered on the canvass, and all parties regarded the election, no matter how it might end, as almost decisive of the general election. Mr. Gibbs was elected by a majority of 69, out of a gross vote of 2,515, and the victory was typical of the success which attended his party throughout the election. At the last general elections he was again returned for the same constituency, and on going before his constituents on his ap-



THE HON. T. N. GIBBS,
MINISTER OF INLAND REVENUE.

pointment to the vacant Ministry of Inland Revenue, he defeated his opponent, Mr. Holden, by a majority of 242 votes. Mr. Gibbs has been an influential advocate of the "national policy;" he supports generally a moderate protection to all branches of Canadian industry, and in 1869 was one of the most energetic opponents of the Hon. Mr. Rose's banking policy. He takes an active and intelligent part in the discussion of all questions bearing on the commerce and industry of the country, and has won a position of considerable influence in the House. As a speaker he is clear, vigorous, and logical, his experience in commercial and financial affairs adding additional weight to his opinions.

THE HON. HUGH McDONALD,
MINISTER OF MILITIA.

From Morgan's "Parliamentary Companion" we learn that Mr. McDonald is descended from the family of McDonald of Keppeck, in the Highlands of Scotland. He was born in 1826 at Antigonish, N.S. After having completed his education, he turned his attention to the law, and was called to the Bar of his Province in 1855. In the practice of his profession he has been extremely successful, and has won high honours. In 1862 he was offered, but declined, the office of Solicitor-General for Nova Scotia, and last year was appointed Q. C. In 1865 he went to England, together with Messrs. Howe and Anand, on the anti-union delegation. From 1859 to 1862 he represented the county of Inverness in the Nova Scotian Assembly, having previously unsuccessfully contested the seat, and at the general election of 1867 was returned to the Commons, and was re-elected by acclamation at the last general election. On presenting himself before his constituents for re-election, on the occasion of his appointment to the Cabinet, he was again returned by acclamation.



TORONTO.—THE NEW UNION STATION.—EXTERIOR VIEW.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Above all literary characters of our time, Heine had throughout the calamity of a false position. With so acute a sense of classical forms and antique grace as to make him often well content to live

"A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,"

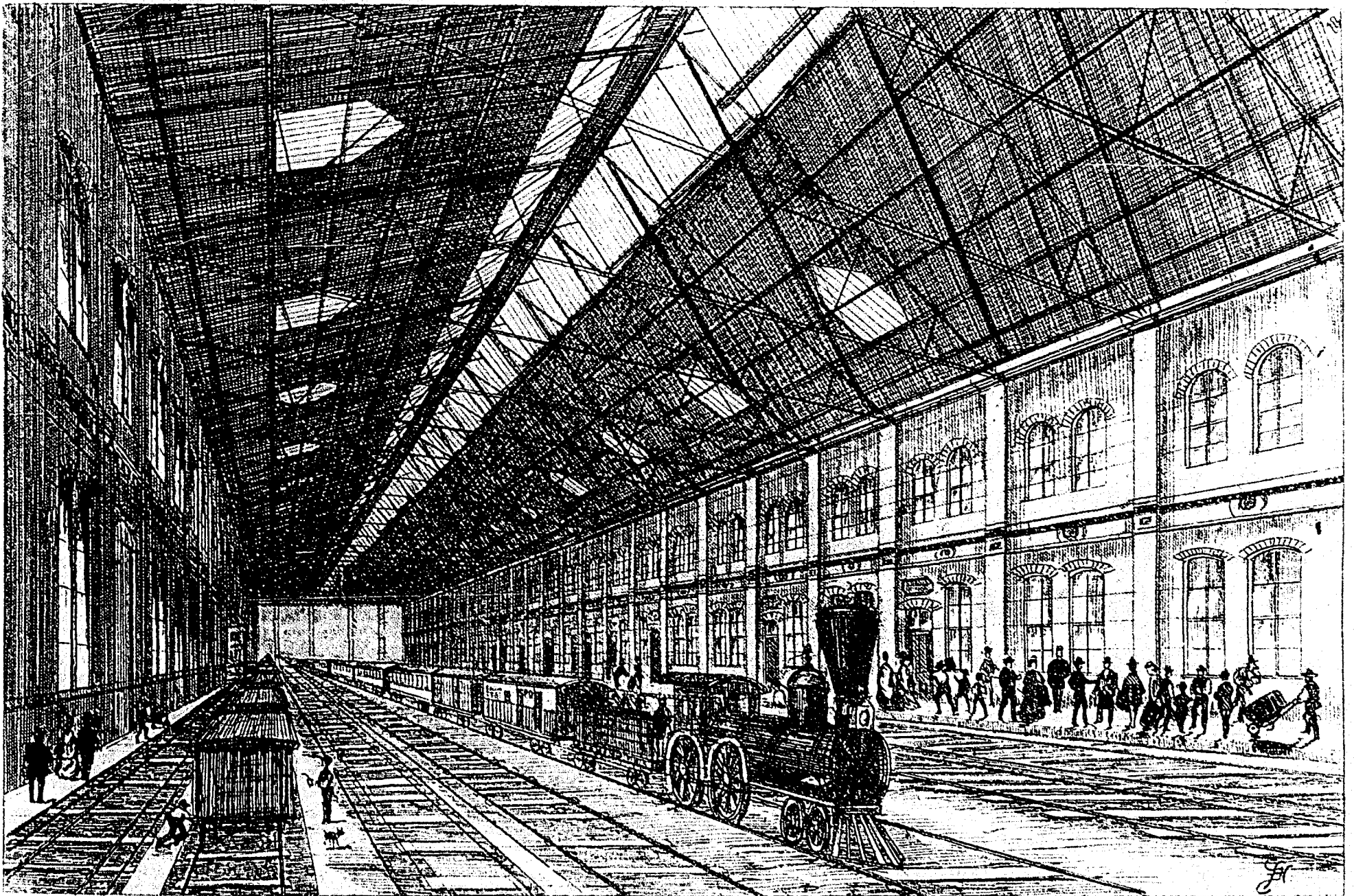
he was regarded as a chief of the romantic school, with a genial and pleasure-loving temperament, he was mortified by physical infirmity and moral disappointment into a harsh and sometimes cruel satirist; with a deep religious sentiment, and even narrow theological system, he was thrust into the chair of an apostle of skepticism; with no clear political convictions or care for theories of government, he had to bear all the pains and penalties of political exile, the exclusion from the commerce of the society he best enjoyed, and the inclusion among men from whom he shrank with an instinctive dislike. The immediate cause of his banishment from Germany has never been clearly stated. He does not seem to have been the object of any particular prosecution, but he had made himself sufficiently obnoxious to the authorities to make his existence in Germany insecure. When questioned in France as to his nationality, he used to call himself *Prussien libéré*, and he writes that he had been haunted with unpleasant visions, "had seen himself in the attitude of Prometheus, and had fancied the sun turned into a Prussian cockade." A high legal functionary had also told him "that Spandau was very cold in winter; that no oysters came there, so far from the sea, and that the inhabitants caught no game, except the flies which fell into the soup;" so, on May 1, 1831, he betook himself to the fatherland of champagne and the "Marsellaise." From this time forward we see him doing all he can to make himself a Frenchman, but without success. There



THE HON. HUGH McDONALD,
MINISTER OF MILITIA.

is always an old German—we would say, notwithstanding all his anti-Anglicanism, English humour—which stands between him and the French mind, with its clear wit and its hard logic. But the ingenuity, the readiness, above all, the gaiety of the Parisians seemed to him almost a necessity of existence, for which his temperament had hitherto yearned in vain; it was not the old Greek life, but it was something like it, in its open-air liveliness, its alert passage from thought to thought, its keen relish of sensual pleasure. In contrast to this, therefore, his impressions of England, which he visited shortly after, were proportionately disagreeable. London struck him mightily "like the stroke of a cudgel over his shoulders;" and he found in the astonishment of the waiter at the Pizza coffee-house, when he asked him to bring him for breakfast one of the fine cauliflowers he saw below him, a type of the horror with which we regard any deviation from our national manners. He called us a country "where all the machines moved like men; and all the men so like machines, that he was continually looking to discover where they were wound up;" and even in his later days, when calmer judgment and some relations of personal affection had made him recant much of his distaste to us, he still suggested that "Bria, or Britania, the White Island of Scandinavian mythology, to which the souls of the heroes were transported after death, was nothing more nor less than the Albion, which even now looks very dead-alive to all strangers."

The Paris *Figaro* has been making a calculation of the number of people who die annually in various countries from drunkenness. England heads the list with 50,000, of whom 12,000 are women. Next comes Germany with 40,000, the United States 35,000, Russia 10,000, Belgium 4,000, and France virtuously closes the array with the small number of 1,500.



TORONTO.—THE NEW UNION STATION.—INTERIOR VIEW.

A DITHYRAM OF DIVORCE.

Western papers give the following amusing production as a copy of a petition for divorce actually filed of late in the wicked City of Chicago:—

To the honourable judges of said court, in chancery sitting. The judges who to matrimonial differences do spitting. Humbly complains Minnie Kovelung, your oratrix. And respectfully represents unto your honours the fix She got into during the month of January, 1871. On the sixth day of that month of winter she met and lawfully wed one Nicholas, surnamed Kovelung. Ains! a Nick he proved, and more given to grovelling In vile society than attention to a loving wife. Whom he had sworn to love and cherish during life. Scarce six weeks of joy had elapsed When your oratrix awoke to find that bubble of joy collapsed: And that said Nicholas, without just cause, had wilfully away from her fled. Taking with him all her money and the jewels she had when wed. More than two years since and prior hereto have gone by Since on said Nick, or money, or jewels, she has laid her eye. Moreover, your oratrix says she has been since the time of said marriage state. An actual resident of the county and State aforesaid related. Wherefore, in consideration of her grievances aforesaid. Your oratrix humbly prays your honours to give your aid. And a summons to issue to said defendant, Nick. Commanding him to appear at a term of this court as quick As the finger of Time shall the first Monday indicate In the month of September next, and then and there answer state To said bill, all and singular the allegations contained therein. As fully and specifically as if directly interrogated thereto again. Your oratrix further prays, upon hearing hereof, to decree An order, your honours will be pleased, forever setting her free From the bonds of matrimony; and further, for her sake, Such other orders as your honours can equitably make; And, as in duty bound (as all complaints do say.) Your oratrix.

MINNIE KOVELUNG, Will forever pray, &c.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.—THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Alas! how many fond sentiments of the human heart, &c. This was a fine old bucket. I am not sure of what particular kind of wood it was formed—although from its weight one would have supposed it of hard wood. By the way, I forgot; it was of oak—the "Oaken" Bucket. It was devoted exclusively to water drawing purposes. It was attached to a well-pole, which was attached to a sweep, which belonged to a well. Altogether a very natural proceeding. There were plenty of such institutions in the community in my younger days. Pumps had been invented, and somewhat introduced; but the bulk of the people either could not afford the outlay which the pump involved, or they were so wedded to old customs, that they preferred the "sweep." It was not a bad way of drawing water after all. It rarely or never got out of repair; was always available by night or by day; didn't require much outlay of strength, for the stones on the end counterbalanced the weight of the water; altogether excellent for gentle women, who drew most of the water in our community.

The particular Old Oaken Bucket that I have in mind now, was attached to a well that was situate, lying, and being near the school-house, where my education was commenced. You know it has been justly remarked that one's education is never "finished." I make this remark lest some might fancy from the way I spoke that subsequently I had gone through college. It, the Oaken Bucket, and the well to which it belonged, were the property of a man who had a very old vixen for a wife. I am glad that I have now an opportunity of making good the resolutions of early childhood; for I here confess that one of the great dreams and aspirations of these young days was the living to become able to paint her character and disposition in the blackest colours. She was a hard ticket. She made no objections to our coming to the well to get water, but she was determined that we should come in and ask her for the privilege as often as we required it. And, once in her clutches, it was her supreme delight to upbraid, annoy, vex, scold, find fault, twit, chide, take-to-do, abuse, in a word, to make life miserable.

She knew all our mothers, and if she saw us do the least thing unbecoming, she took the earliest opportunity of laying all our peccadilloes before these aforesaid mothers, and in such a light and manner as would make them seem the most heinous sins, and the blackest vices. If I took off my shoes and socks some day, and hid them behind the road fence on my way to school, just for the luxury of a day's barefoot, she instantly noticed the affair, and in the most awful manner poured a terrible sermon in my ears, and then went and told my mother all about it; stating how dreadful it seemed to see Mrs. So and So's boy "gawking round in his bare feet." Then came a home lecture, and a vote of "want of confidence." Oh! what a vixen she was!

But this has nothing to do directly with the Old Oaken Bucket. It was a fine old bucket, and always had the merit of bringing up most excellent cold water. In this it had the assistance of the well. How often have we poor urchins in the hot summer days, tired of the sickly school room, with its close and impure air; weary of the dull task, which was never done; sick of the hard reproving voice of the stern masters, gone over with another bucket, not oaken, (an ordinary Yankee pail, which only cost fifteen pence, and had green paint on the outside of it,) and got a pailful of water from this well, drawn by the Old Oaken Bucket; and then would we gather around and all drink from the same pint simultaneously, one after the other, (perhaps this is what is called "paradoxical," I don't know.) We generally drank about twice round, whether we were thirsty or not, just from pure love of the thing. Fine old days these, after all, and fine Old Oaken Bucket!

About these days, there used to be a pretty little girl in attendance at the Village School. She and I used to be pretty "thick," as it is sometimes called, once upon a time. We have often gone to that well after school was done, and drawn up water in that Old Oaken Bucket, and quenched our thirst, and bathed our temples. We have received jointly the terrazant terrors of the old vixen, who seemed only to wish to make us as unhappy and foolish as possible. Yes, and we have taken sweet pleasure in absing her afterwards, and thereby consoling our wounded spirits.

Strange to say, that little girl and I never got married. It is most extraordinary, I must admit, and contrary to all the universal and fundamental principles of "real life." But we didn't, nevertheless. I make the assertion boldly. We didn't never fall in love, to any great extent, of course. When either of us was teased about the other, we blushed, and

shook our heads, showing clearly thereby that there was something important between us that we did not intend to let the great world know anything of. But I have since learned that this is not love at all. Before I became twenty-five, a light complexioned young woman, with blue eyes, brought me under an influence ten thousand times as strong. No, Nellie Poole, a fine dark-haired girl, grew up, and would have married a market-gardener, if such a class of persons existed in Nova Scotia. As they didn't, she did the next best thing, and married a farmer. She is now keeping house with a growing family of children, and a family of growing children, and when her husband gets his "place" paid for, they will be quite comfortable.

As for me, I have roamed somewhat, and strayed far from the little village where I was born. I took an ambitious fit in the early part of my life, and resolved that I wouldn't be a common fellow at all; I would "get learning," as the old folks called it; travel, become a professional man; win fame; write for newspapers, &c., &c. And so I have dwelt in cities; I have got a profession, and my articles are being admitted into the columns of newspapers. Of course I shall become famous—this is inevitable. But after all my wanderings round this world of care, not long since, I wandered back to my native place. I went to the school house, and discovered an old tree under which I had sat in childhood. Marvellous to relate, I did not forthwith lie down on the ground and kiss it in a burst of fond passion. I had on a good suit of clothes, and didn't wish to soil them. I didn't burst forth into violent sobbings; I am not used to that kind of things. I did reflect rather pleasantly on old times, and formed some conjectures about what had possibly become of some of the old boys and girls. I noticed some changes, but, in general, was surprised there were not more visible. At length, becoming thirsty, I walked over to the old well. The Old Oaken Bucket was gone!

What had become of it, I cannot possibly say. I don't believe it became an angel and wafted itself to Heaven. I have no confidence that it would be found in the British Museum. It may be a scrubbing pail, or used for an ash-pan. Possibly it has been broken to pieces for fuel. All I know about it is, that it is no more in its old place. The old vixen has been superseded by her daughter-in-law, and the sweep and bucket have been superseded by a chain pump. Astonishing to contemplate, the water tastes just as cold and pleasant as it ever did.

In order that this story should be anything like approaching to constancy, the old vixen ought to have been eaten up by bears, or have rolled off of a deep precipice. But I am sorry to say that such is not the case. She still lives; has a home, and is cared for. She is just about the same as ever, only, if anything, a little more so. She derives most of her solid enjoyment now in worrying her unfortunate grandchildren, and in making wretched and uncomfortable the lives of her sons-in-law. But she still lives, and seems hearty and healthy. She even had the audacity to tell me that she "always knew I was going to make a smart man, even when I was a little boy." I don't believe she ever thought anything of the kind. And if she did, the probabilities are that she will find herself mistaken.

Well, I am done with the Old Oaken Bucket. Some will complain that I have "dragged in a large amount of extraneous matter." Quite true, but how much truth could a person say about a bucket; even though it happened to be an old oaken one? Am I any worse than our clergy, who out of respect to an old custom, began all their sermons by quoting some text of scripture, and then say what they like in the sermon?

JOEL PHIPPS.

A Dutchman went to the lottery office in Louisville, the other day, and inquired for ticket No. 9. He either wanted 9, or 99, or 999, or 99,999, but no other number would satisfy him. On inquiry as to his reasons for this particular number, the following facts in his life were learned: He came to this country when nine years old. After he had been here nine years he got married. Nine months after the wedding his wife gave him a child. The baby when nine days old was christened. He lived with his wife nine years, and during that period she presented him with nine children. Then he had a fuss with her, and she banged him over the head nine times with the stave of a beer keg, from the effects of which he lay in bed nine days. He left that wife then, and had been a grass-widower just nine years on the day he applied for the ticket. He hoped with ticket No. 9 to recuperate his finances, which were reduced to \$9, which he offered for the ticket. On being informed that there was no ticket remaining the number of which was composed entirely of 9s, he looked dejected, but immediately went out and drank nine glasses of beer. Then he returned and said he would wait until only nine tickets were left, and then take them all.

Religious Intelligence.

NEW CHURCHES.—The corner stone of a new Wesleyan Church was laid at Sunderland, Ont., on the 21th ult. A new Universalist Church, to be known as the Church of the Redeemer, is about to be built in Halifax.

CLERICAL NEWS.—The Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Halifax, has severed his connection with the Brunswick Street Wesleyan Church in that city. The Rev. James C. Smith, M. A., was, on Tuesday week, inducted to the pastorate of St. Paul's (Presbyterian) Church, Hamilton. The parishioners connected with Trinity Church, (Anglican) St. John, N. B., has chosen the Rev. F. H. J. Brigstock, Jesus College, Oxford, as Rector in the place vacated by the Rev. Mr. Hill.

GENERAL.—Among the notable ecclesiastical events of our time may be reckoned the letter of the Greek Patriarch of Alexandria and Egypt, and that of the Patriarch of Antioch and the East, to the Rev. Charles R. Hale, of Auburn, New York, in relation to union between the Greek Church and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. Sophronius, the Alexandrian Patriarch, who writes like a practical man, proposes "the organization of a committee from either part, of skilled and well-instructed theologians, for the examination and accurate inquiry into existing differences on the basis of the Catholic Orthodox Church before the Great Schism, for thus the mutual relations of sympathy are bound together more closely by a nearer mutual fellowship and acquaintance between the two Churches, and we come with greater spirit and more safety to those things which concern Catholic unity." This correspondence has grown out of the proceedings of the Protestant Episcopal General Convention, held in October, 1871. A similar movement for closer union with the Greek Church is going on in England.

Almost every dealer keeps Jacob's Liquid.

Music and the Drama.

J. W. Hill, the well-known actor, died at St. Louis on the 22nd ultimo.

Madame Ristori has been playing in Manchester.

W. Davidge is playing at Philadelphia in the same company with his son.

Anna Louisa Cary is studying her rôle in "Aida" in London.

It is reported that Anna Dickinson will appear on the stage in the fall, in a play based on Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

The *Athenæum* says, "it is probable that the great sacred work on the subject of the Redemption, by M. Gounod, will be reserved for the Birmingham Musical Festival of 1875. The composer has written his own words, which have been translated by Mrs. Carrington, the wife of the rector of Bocking, Essex.

Mr. Mapleson will give a six weeks' winter season of Italian opera at Covent Garden, commencing in November. Millie Kellogg is one of the artists.

Herr Anton Langer's new play, "Mozart and Constanze," which treats of an episode in the life of the great composer, is to be brought out at the Vienna Carl-Theatre.

Signor Verdi's visit to Paris at the present period is ascribed to some negotiation for another work for the Grand Opera House. We may mention, by the way, that M. Gounod has this establishment open to him for any new opera, even if he cannot induce the London impresarios to pay for "Faust."

The novelty, *par excellence*, of the coming Birmingham Musical Festival, Mr. Arthur Sullivan's oratorio, "The Light of the World," was rehearsed last week under the personal direction of the composer.

Miss Kellogg appears in New York in English Opera this fall.

A whimsical production, by Mr. F. C. Burnand, called "Kissi-Kissi," and announced as a Persian piece of musical buffoonery, with the music chiefly by Offenbach, has been brought out at the London Opera Comique.

The London Olympic will open with a new play by Mr. H. J. Byron.

Victorien Sardou's "Maison Neuve" is making a sensation in London. Millie Deselee takes the heroine's part.

"Caste" will be revived at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London, in August.

"The New Magdalen," now being performed, I believe, at New York, is advertised at the Comédie Française, in Paris, as "La Nouvelle Madeleine;" at Berlin, as "Die Neue Magdalena;" at Milan, as "La Nuova Maddalena;" at the Hague, as "De Nieuwe Magdalena;" and at Moscow, as "Novaya Magdalena."

Chicago has started a Christian Union Dramatic Class.

Miss Charlotte Thompson is billed for San Francisco and Salt Lake City.

M. Regamey, the caricaturist, whose cartoons created much attention in Paris during the recent reign of M. Thiers, will cause a sensation in the "Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden. His entertainment is very unique. Using a large white screen and black and red crayons, he makes, in less than two minutes, what may well be called an instantaneous picture. He sketches a perfect portrait caricature of any noted character, either from life or photograph.

Frederick Robinson is soon to appear at the Lyceum Theatre, St. John, N.B.

From London we learn that "La Belle Hélène" has been brought out at the St. James. Drury Lane opens on Saturday, Sept. 12, with "Antony and Cleopatra." At the Lyceum the season will commence in October with a careful revival of "Richard III.," for which some real armour of the period has been obtained from Paris.

A pleasant little incident is related of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, which occurred while visiting the Grindelwald glacier in Switzerland during a late tour. Her party encountered, as other travellers do, a young Italian Swiss, who earned a precarious existence by frantic efforts to rouse an echo from the opposite cliffs by means of an awkward horn. After straining every muscle, he brought forth a melancholy wail, with no great effect upon the opposite crags. Miss Kellogg watched for some time his vain endeavours, and then, rising in her carriage, she gave one of the charming mountain jodels, finishing off with a specimen of those inimitable trills which require no patent to render them unapproachable. In an instant came back four or five beautifully perfect echoes, with an imperceptibly clear trail at the end. The young Italian doffed his hat, and exclaimed: "Ah, madame, could I but make an echo like that, my fortune here would be made!"

The Lindley Troupe played last week at Hamilton and London, Ont.

"The Black Crook" has been having a tremendous run at the Royal Lyceum for the last fortnight.

Oliver Doul Byron was playing last week at St. John, N.B., in "Ben McCullough" and "Across the Continent."

At the Theatre Royal, Mr. J. W. Albaugh appeared last week in "Watch and Wait," "Poverty Flat," "Hamlet," and selections from "Macbeth." Mr. Ben de Bar opened on Monday with "The Lancashire Lass."

The singers in the London music halls are thus treated of by a writer in the *Circle Musical*:—"In addition to their large salaries, leading comic singers (of the sham-bang order) receive from music publishing firms as much as £200 a year for the exclusive right of publication, in addition to a royalty upon the sale. These songs are not their own composition, but are produced by a steady race of poets whose chief possessions are a soured temper and a perpetual indigestion, mainly due to the consumption of stale coffee and a daily meal of whittles. The charge for one of their songs varies from sixpence to five shillings, the highest sum ever paid being two pounds, even for a song by which the singer earns twenty pounds a week, and which may yield the publisher a thousand pounds. The popular composer is a grade higher than the writer of words; he has not much original genius, but by cribbing bits of waltzes, polkas, and operas, and by a kind of a mosaic-work process, he frequently produces a melody really popular." But the writer adds, "The music halls have not popularized one good song; but, on the contrary, have created a demand for coarseness, vulgarity, and bad writing, which it will take at least the lifetime of a generation to destroy."

A HINT TO LADY SMOKERS.—The Italian journals contain accounts of the death from burning of a young lady aged 17, daughter of Count Ceccopieri, of Carrara. She had lighted a cigarette, when the match, which she had thrown down, set fire to her muslin dress, and in a moment her clothes were in a blaze. She ran shrieking through the apartment, and her father and a man-servant came to her aid, but they had great difficulty in extinguishing the flames. She was so frightfully burnt that she expired in great suffering a few hours later.

THE GRAPHIC BALLOON.—THE CAR AND ITS CONTENTS.

As a supplement to the illustration given last week of the Graphic balloon we reproduce in this number a sketch of a section of the car, as designed by Professors Wise and Donaldson, from which a good idea may be formed of what the domestic life of the transatlantic voyagers is likely to be. Both the illustration and the following description are copied from the Daily Graphic:

This car is now being carefully constructed under the direct supervision of the latter, and when completed will be a marvel of lightness, strength, and convenience. It will necessarily be a combination of store-house, dormitory, workshop, and observatory. It will be supported at one point only—its apex—and besides its own weight and that of the passengers and ballast, will have to bear the strain of the life-boat below it.

THE CAR.

It may be described in brief as to consist, in outline, of twelve stout ropes looped, with their twenty-four ends tied in the supporting ring above. These loops will be distended into a bell-like shape, by three great hoops of stout ash, the lower of which, eight feet in diameter, will support a flooring strong enough to hold most of the ballast. This flooring will be made of two layers of narrow ash boards, the direction of one layer being at right angles to that of the other. This arrangement is designed to aid in resisting the pressure on the hoop from the ropes, which will pass around under the bottom of the car. Four and a half feet above this floor is another, resting on a hoop ten feet in diameter. This will consist of one layer of light pine boards, to be removed and thrown out if necessary, but which, nevertheless, will be the "main floor" of the airy tenement. Between these two floors, and extending about four feet above the upper one, the siding will consist of stout rope network, with meshes of about four inches. Outside of this, and between it and the ropes, there will be a casing of stout canvas or duck, extending, however, only to the upper floor. About ten feet above this floor will be placed the third distending hoop, six feet in diameter, above which the main ropes will taper directly to the ring.

THE COVERING.

From the apex to the main floor the car will be covered with duck, the lower part of which will be cut and arranged to be rolled up in separate pieces, like curtains. There will be four windows cut in the canvas siding, to look from in case it will be necessary to fasten the curtains down. There will also be an opening through the top, out of which a person may climb on a rope ladder into the ropes above. A man-hole will also be cut in the floor to allow access to the "cellar," where the ballast, &c., is stored. From ring to lower floor the car will be about sixteen feet. The ring will be a huge affair, consisting of three different pieces of metal, and is designed to stand all tests, either of tension or jar. As an appropriate adornment, flags of various nations will be displayed from the upper part of the car.

THE CARGO.

Still more interesting, perhaps, than a description of the car, is a list of the things to be placed in it. The most prominent object in the lower apartment, represented in the sketch, is a basket, capable of holding a number of men, and designed to be attached to the ring above, should it be found necessary to cut the large car away piecemeal to lighten the air ship, or in case it should be thought desirable, through distrust of the large balloon from injury, it may be attached to the small balloon, the tender, and the party thus be given a new lease of life. It will also enable them to separate, leaving a portion only to continue the voyage, the main balloon being thus relieved of a portion of its fixed weight. In this apartment also will be placed the ballast, consisting of sand in twenty-five pound bags, and in great part also in casks of water.

THE WATER BALLAST.

will be especially valuable, because a small stream may be set flowing at night, gauged to compensate the loss of buoyant power of the balloon. Here, too, will be placed in abundance various kinds of provisions, consisting largely of canned food. Axes, hatchets, grappling-irons, rope in coils, and other necessary things, will be stowed away. Torpedoes, with parachute attachments, will also be provided, to be let fall in the night. These will be set so as to explode when they strike the water. The direction of the flask will indicate the way the balloon is drifting. The furniture of the upper department will be apprehended at a glance at the picture. The main feature is the windlass, which may be put to several uses, the principal of which is the management of the small balloon, and the raising and lowering of the trail rope. It should be remembered that the balloonists will be prepared with rope to send the small balloon up two thousand feet above them, for the purpose of testing currents without wasting ballast. The windlass will also be used for raising or lowering the boat. A cage of carrier pigeons, for half daily, or even hourly, communication with the shore they are to leave, will be suspended overhead.

THE SCIENTIFIC OUTFIT.

will be of the completest kind, consisting of all the latest improvements in meteorological instruments, both for observation and for safety in managing the balloon. Among those for the latter purpose is an electric alarm apparatus, invented by Professor Donaldson, to be attached to both the mercurial and the aneroid barometer. Thus, if the mercury in the former should rise to a certain height, by an increased air-pressure, showing a descent during the night to a dangerous nearness to the surface of the earth, alarm bells will ring, and the watching aeronauts will be warned to throw out more ballast. Wet and dry bulb thermometers, hydrometers, hygrometers, marine glasses, telescopes, compasses, instruments for calculating the position of the balloon astronomically, mathematical tables, and everything that science can suggest, will be furnished of the most approved styles and manufacture. The occupants of the car will be supplied with air mattresses, camp-stools, a small writing table, a lime-stove for making coffee and boiling eggs, and such necessary toilet furniture as they may desire.

Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct solution of Problem Nos. 89 and 90 received from Chas. S. B., Montreal; of No. 89 from J. H., St. Liboire, and of No. 90 from A. T. M., Quebec.

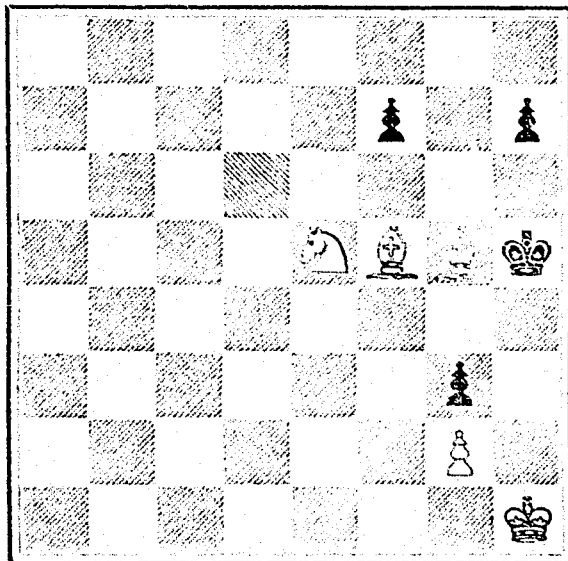
Correspondence game just concluded between J. Henderson, St. Liboire, and J. A. Russell, Toronto.

Evans' Gambit.

- White—J. H. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd 3. B. to Q. B. 4th 4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd 6. P. to Q. 4th 7. Castles. 8. Q. to Kt. 3rd 9. P. to K. 5th 10. Kt. takes P. 11. Kt. to K. 2nd 12. P. to Q. 3rd 13. Q. to Kt. sq. (a) 14. Kt. to K. B. 4th 15. B. takes Kt. 16. R. to Q. sq. 17. P. to Q. B. 3rd 18. B. to K. Kt. 3rd 19. B. takes P. 20. Q. to Q. 3rd 21. R. to Q. 2nd 22. Q. R. to Q. sq. 23. B. to R. 6th 24. Kt. to Q. 4th 25. B. takes B. ch 26. Q. takes B. 27. R. to Q. B. 2nd 28. R. to Kt. 2nd ch. 29. R. to R. sq. 30. P. to K. B. 4th 31. B. to B. 2nd 32. Q. to Q. B. 5th (a) 33. R. takes Kt. 34. P. to Kt. 3rd 35. R. to Kt. 7th 36. P. takes P. 37. K. to R. 2nd 38. R. at R. sq. takes P. (a) This move constrains the motions of the Queen's Rook: Q. to Kt. 2nd is better. (b) This and the following move of the Kt. appear to lose time. (c) The first player now considers that he has a forced won game. (d) 32. 33. B. to R. 4th ch. 34. R. takes Kt. 35. R. takes R. P. 36. Q. to B. 7th win. (e) 34. B. to Kt. 3rd. &c. (f) 38. 39. R. takes P. ch. 40. R. takes Q. ch. 41. Q. to Q. 6th ch. 42. B. to B. 5th and mates in two moves. (g) 38. Q. takes Q. if N. O. takes Q. White wins both Rooks, or he may take the Q. with B., having a forced won game. Game played by correspondence between Mr. C. H. Wheeler of Chicago, and Mr. Orchard of South Carolina. Scotch Gambit. White—Mr. W. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd 3. P. to Q. 4th 4. B. to Q. B. 4th 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd 6. P. to K. 5th 7. P. takes Q. P. 8. Castles. 9. R. to K. sq. 10. K. takes Kt. 11. Kt. takes Kt. 12. K. to Kt. sq. 13. K. to R. sq. 14. Q. to K. B. 3rd (a) 15. Q. takes K. B. P. ch. 16. Q. takes Kt. P. (a) Black is evidently not familiar with the usual continuation. White. 1. B. to Q. Kt. 5th With at least an equal game. (b) There does not seem to be any better move left. (c) The attack is correctly played throughout. (d) Losing off-hand: much better to have taken the Bishop. Black—Mr. O. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. P. takes P. 4. B. to Q. B. 4th 5. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 6. Q. to K. 2nd (a) 7. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd 8. Kt. to K. 5th 9. Kt. takes B. P. (b) 10. Kt. takes Q. P. 11. Q. to K. R. 5th ch. 12. B. takes Kt. ch. 13. B. to K. B. 7th 14. B. takes R. (c) 15. K. to Q. sq. 16. Q. takes R. Resigns. (c) P. to Q. 4th Kt. to K. 5th

PROBLEM No. 91. By Mr. R. H. Ramsey

BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 89

- White. 1. R. to K. B. 3rd 2. Kt. ch. 3. R. to Q. sq. mate. VARIATION. 1. R. to Q. ch. 2. B. takes P. dis. ch. and mate. Black. P. takes P. K. moves. P. to Q. 6th or R. moves. K. takes Kt.

BIRTH.

At Montreal, on 23rd July, Mrs. C. D. Theriault of a daughter.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

The regular theatre nowadays is, says a writer in London Society, unfortunately, highly capable of leaving a sense of deep impression upon the audience; but the vast majority of amateur performances would be shrouded in the saddest gloom if they were not usually succeeded by the exhilarating effects of supper. Why are such exhibitions usually so extremely bad? The actors are generally intelligent people, and some of them have evidently a certain amount of natural talent. The reason is not very recondite. Amateurs do not, or will not, understand that histrionic abilities are almost worthless if they are not duly drilled. It is not sufficient that the actor can repeat his words clearly and with proper emphasis; he must recollect that he is playing up to other actors and he must consider the stage effect upon the audience. If amateurs could see themselves as they are seen, they would, perhaps, realize the fact that their ignorance of stage business and its technicalities weighs terribly against their tolerable abilities and evident earnestness. Rushing into a difficult performance, as they usually do, after half-a-dozen rehearsals, it never seems to occur to them that they are presenting to their audience what would be an execrably bad first night of representation of trained professionals. They ask a great many people to come and see them act, and scarcely take ordinary pains to do justice to themselves, and to pay proper respect to their visitors. They appear to be under an impression that so long as they have a pretty close acquaintance with their words, and can infuse a certain amount of humor or pathos into what they say, they have done all that is necessary. The last thing that they think of is the elaborate work of stage management; and hence the usual ludicrous result.

What amateur does not know the mutual congratulations that go on behind the cramped wings of the temporary stage—how well the piece is going! That is to say, there has not been a dead stage wait, and no particular strain has been put upon the services of the prompter. Of course, if the object of the actors is merely to arrive at a conclusion of the performance, such congratulations may well be deserved. But if he has any regard for the general effect upon the audience, and the impression he may leave upon their minds after the curtain has finally fallen, the amateur actor must make up his mind to take far greater trouble about his rehearsals. Amateurs generally think that the object of rehearsals is to satisfy the actors that they are perfect as far as their memories are concerned, they neglect the vast importance of stage business, and leave it to take care of itself at the representation, even if they ever give it a serious thought. Whether they go out right or left, whether a table is centre, up the stage or down the stage, whether a "situation" is effectively arranged or not, whether the entrance or exit of the principal character is dramatically rendered—are matters to which amateurs appear to be sublimely indifferent. The absolute and undeniable truth of this assertion justifies one in saying that the great fault of amateurs rests in their thinking only of their individual selves, and in being totally regardless of their fellows and their audience. Gabble, gabble, gabble, the amateur pours out his words in a relentless flood, totally regardless of the fact that his speech has to travel round a considerable area, and he moves awkwardly about the stage, utterly heedless of the great principle of repose, without which no man can hope to be a successful actor. His companion on the stage may have to say something which wins applause or laughter; the noise is nothing to him—on he goes with his words, caring nothing for the potent fact that the audience are losing the whole point of his speech. If amateurs could only condescend to attend more carefully to their rehearsals, and submit to the stage management of some competent professional, there is no reason why, if they possess an ordinary amount of histrionic power and general intelligence, they should not afford a very tolerable evening's entertainment. Let amateurs attend to their rehearsals as strictly and untiringly as professionals do, and they will have no fear of hearing critics talk about their performances as being not "amenable to criticism"—the most doubtful it is possible to pay.

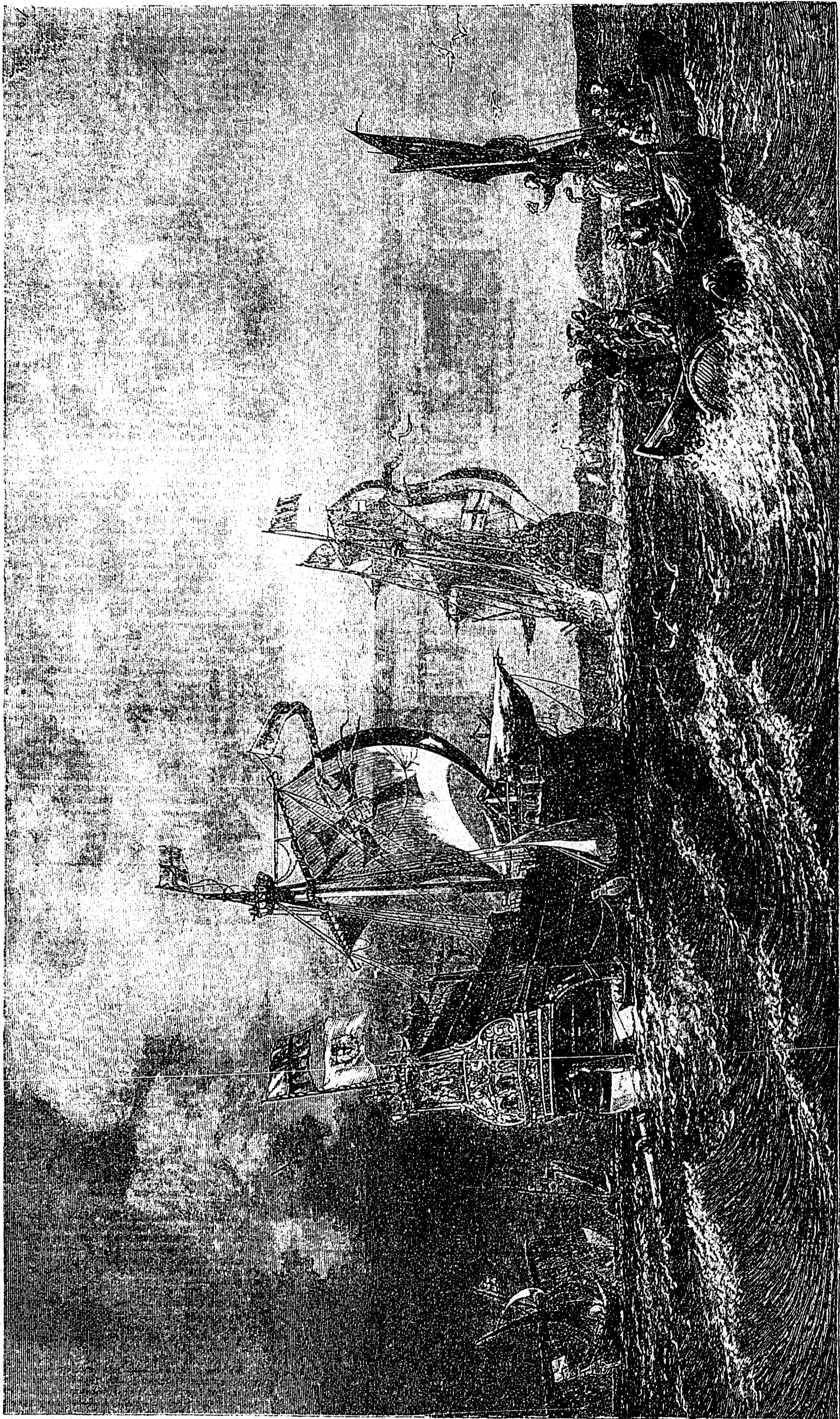
News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—Governor Archibald was sworn in at Halifax on Wednesday week.—The Lord Gordon case was closed at Fort Garry last week, Judge Betourney committing all the prisoners for trial at the next October Assizes.—The Menominee deputation have decided to advise their friends to settle in Manitoba, and have selected lands for their settlement. They are much pleased with the country, are satisfied with the liberal terms offered, and express their gratification at the cordial reception of the Minister of Agriculture. They promise that one thousand would settle early next spring. The Minister of Agriculture has also made arrangements to secure one thousand Norwegian settlers for to settle in Manitoba early next spring, with prominent influential parties, which are sure to succeed.—A fourth cable has been successfully laid between Sydney, C.B., and Placentia, Nfld.—The Governor-General was expected at Halifax on Tuesday. There will be a ball in his honour, and a grand review of the regular and local troops.—Two hundred families from Wisconsin are about to settle in Manitoba.—The Ottawa summer meeting opened on the 22nd. It was a most successful affair.—The Gostord R. K. is to be put into running order immediately.

THE UNITED STATES.—Baltimore was last week the scene of an extensive conflagration by which ten blocks were burnt. Loss variously estimated at from \$200,000 to \$500,000. Cholera reported from Cincinnati, Columbus, O., Princeton and Indian Creek, Ind., Carmi and Mt. Carmel, Ill., Lagrange, Ky., and Wheeling, Va.

UNITED KINGDOM.—A banquet was given at Richmond last week in honour of Canadian riflemen who are in England to participate in the Wimbledon contests. The Right Hon. Viscount Bury presided.—A London despatch says Mr. Whalley, member of Parliament and a friend of the Tichborne claimant, will soon visit the United States to solicit subscriptions for the claimant.—The Orangemen of Armagh made a demonstration on the 23rd ult. in honour of the visit of a number of delegates from Canadian Lodges. Fully 5,000 persons participated.

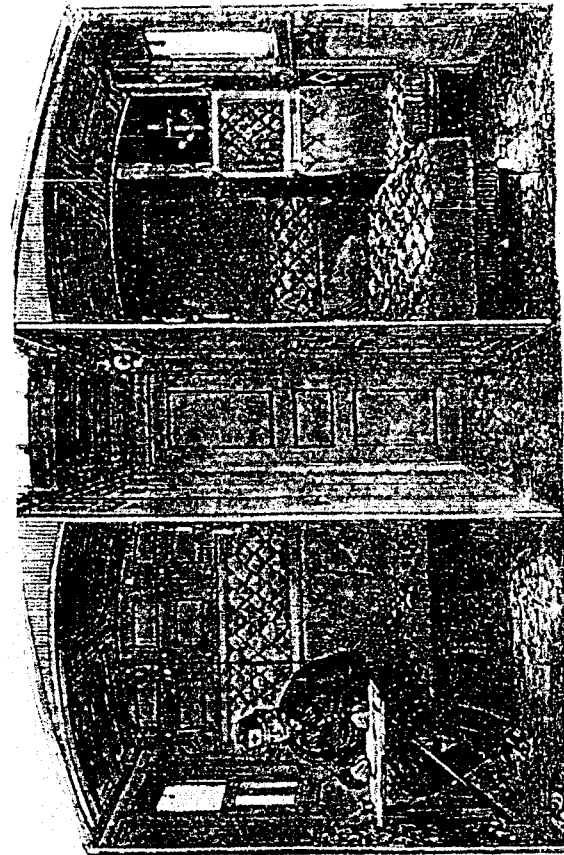
FRANCE.—In the Assembly recently a vote of confidence in the Government was adopted by 400 ayes to 270 nays. This large majority on the eve of recess is regarded as significant, and is contrasted with the vote by which the present Government was called into being on the 24th of May, when President Thiers was defeated.—The town of Mezère has been evacuated by the Germans.—The Government has refused a request of the Spanish Government to allow war material to pass through French territory.—The proposition for the re-



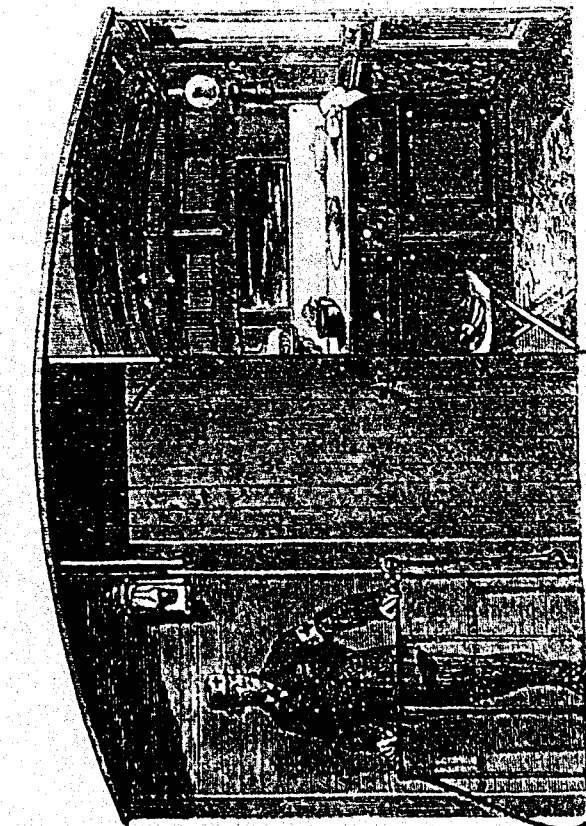
DRAKE TAKING THE SPANISH GALLEON "CAPITANA," ONE OF THE ARMADA, TO TORBAY, JULY 23, 1588.—By O. W. BRIDLEY.



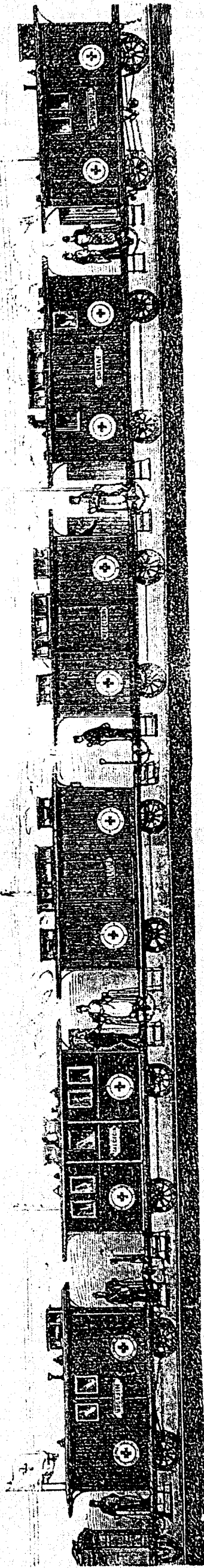
Dining Car.



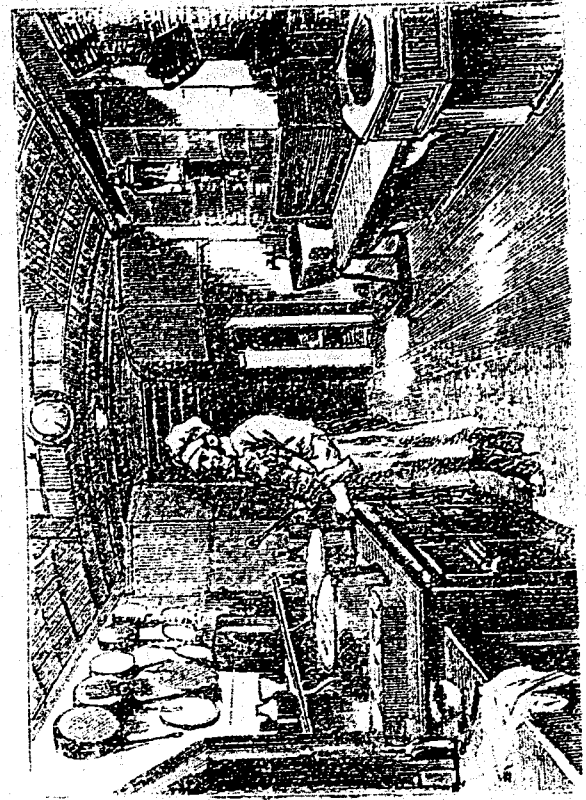
Surgeon's Car.—Sitting and Sleeping Room.



Surgeon's Car.—Toilet.



The full train.



Kitchen Car.



Hospital Car.



Ordinary Transportation Car.

AMBULANCE TRAIN EXHIBITED AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION BY THE FRENCH "SOCIÉTÉ DE SECOURS AUX BLESSÉS MILITAIRES"

cognition of the Carlists has been more than once discussed in the French Cabinet. The Duke de Broglie favours treating with the Government of Don Carlos as the only power capable of performing the functions of Government in Spain. President McMahon is willing to accept the Duke of Broglie's views, even if he himself were not compromised by his promise to the friends of Don Carlos, but other members of the Ministry apprehend that such a course would greatly excite France, and too glaringly recognize Monarchical tendencies as right. The Carlists, however, are confident of early recognition, and are encouraged by their recent successes everywhere, and the general disorganization in Spain of every power that could have opposed them, and the despondency and hopelessness that seem to have seized the Republicans.—The Duc d'Aumale will preside over the court-martial which is to try Bazaine. Prince Frederick Charles of Germany has tendered the Marshal evidence in his favour on his trial, but the latter declines to permit the evidence to be introduced.—The Assembly was to adjourn on Thursday.—The Government has received information which it regards as trustworthy, that instructions have been issued from the head of the Internationals in London to subordinate in France to organize for a series of labour strikes throughout the Republic, to be carried into effect during the coming recess of the Assembly. Increased vigilance on the part of the local authorities is ordered, and the contact of soldiery with foreigners is prohibited.—The *Journal de Paris* says the project of placing a Prince of the house of Hohenzollern upon the throne of Spain has not been abandoned. A number of discontented Carlist leaders and liberal unionists are said to favour the Hohenzollern candidacy. The *Journal* also says the Curé of Santa Cruz was proclaimed a rebel by Don Carlos for being concerned in this intrigue.—The Permanent Committee of the Assembly, to sit at Versailles during the recess of that body, is composed of ten members of the Right and Centre, seven members of the Left, and one Bonapartist.

RUSSIA.—The decree issued by the Khan totally abolishing slavery throughout his dominions provides that all persons held in bondage shall be made citizens and returned to their native countries. The *World's* St. Petersburg despatch says Gen. Von Kaufman, commander of the late successful expedition against Khiva, will advance with 5,000 men upon the wild Turcoman tribes, who continually harassed the Russian forces during the late campaign and kept constantly hanging on their flanks and rear.—The Government has received a despatch from Gen. Kaufman announcing that the treaty between Russia and Khiva has been signed. The Khan promises to pay Russia 2,000,000 roubles and to abolish capital punishment in his dominion. Russia guarantees the independence of Khanata. The Czar's troops will occupy Khiva until the war indemnity is paid. A portion of the territory of Khanata is to be given to Bokhara for assistance rendered the Russian troops.

AUSTRIA.—Several cases of cholera have occurred at Vienna. It is said the authorities of that city are endeavouring to suppress the particulars.—The Emperor will go to St. Petersburg in autumn. The visit is regarded by the press as of deep political significance.

ITALY.—The Cardinals have had instructions from the Vatican not to receive the Curé of Santa Cruz, on his arrival in Rome.—The Commission for the liquidation of ecclesiastical property has opened its session.

BELGIUM.—The ex-Queen of Spain is at Brussels.

SPAIN.—An attempt has been made to assassinate Marshal Serrano.—The Carlists have sacked and burned the town of Igualada. In consequence of this success the municipal authorities at Barcelona have organized a committee of safety, and are pressing into service for local defense all men between the ages of 20 and 40 years.—Gen. Pavía has been appointed Captain-General of Andalusia and Estramadura.—The crews of the Spanish men-of-war "Almánde," "Victoria," "Menlez," "Nunez," and "Fernando," having revolted, the Government has issued a proclamation declaring them pirates and authorizing their capture and treatment as such, by any foreign power, on the high seas. This has caused a great panic, and the rebel ships will not leave port for Malaga as intended.—The Cortes has approved of a bill providing for the imposition of extraordinary war taxes. Persons known to be in sympathy with the Carlists are to be taxed heavier than the loyal population. The minority of the Cortes have issued a manifest condemning the policy of the Government.—30,000 men of the reserves have been summoned to active service.—Desertions to the Carlists are frequent among Republican officers.—The Cortes has declared itself in favour of the abolition of capital punishment.—It is stated that the minority in the Cortes intend to leave Madrid and go to Cartagena, where they purpose establishing a separate government. They are endeavouring to induce Senor Pi y Margall to accompany them.

SECRETS OF THE SANCTUM.

The humourist of the *Detroit Free Press* observes that there is always one vacant chair in the sanctum of every daily paper, or it would be vacated for the right man. It is the position of "really-very-good-but-we-haven't-room-for-it" man. When a young man, wearing a very exultant countenance, walks into the editorial rooms with a bundle of manuscript under his arm, all the staff know what is coming. He has been writing an ode to spring, or a poem on the fast disappearing Indian race, or five hundred verses on the power of love. It is really wonderful how sanguine he is. He has selected this particular paper as a great favour to the paper, and he is certain that the publishers won't think of offering him less than a dollar a verse, and that after they have handed him the money they will pat him on the back and say, "Go on, young man, there is a wealth of laurels for you in the future." He walks around the room a few times to collect himself, and then goes for the nearest man. He is referred to "the man in the other room," and the man in the other room heaves a sigh as he sees him enter. "Here's a few verses on spring-time which I dashed off the other day," says the young man, as he deposits the roll on the table; "you can look them over, and I will call for the money Saturday." He goes out, and the recipient of the roll unrolls it, feels his hair raise up as he sees that some lines have ten "feet," others six, and that a pile-driver could not pound the metre into shape. He puts it away, and begins to dread Saturday. Saturday comes, and with it the young man, who expects a check and a compliment. He sits down, and there is a long pause. The editor would rather tackle a Bogardus kicker than to say what he must say, but he finally gets around to it. "Very good—seasonable—well written—but, ah!—ahem! we haven't room for it just at present; you'd better send it to the *New York Post*." That young man gets up with an awful look of contempt and revenge on his face, seizes the roll, and goes out feeling that he shall be an enemy of the paper, the editors, reporters, compositors, and apprentices forever after. This is only an illustrative case. There is the woman who has written nineteen verses on her dead baby; the old maid who has hashed up a ballad and wants to be brought out as the author; the young man in love who has written a poem on his Hannah

and five or six others. Each one must be refused in such a manner as not to wound his feelings, and yet his feelings will be wounded. If he hadn't a cent in the world, and was in need of bread, he wouldn't feel half so bad to be refused a cash loan as he would to be told that his poetry wasn't first-class, and that he'd better turn his attention to a trade. The poets are not all. There is the man with the "Essay on Sober Second thought," the man with the two columns on "The Degeneration of American Politics," and the scores of men with essays on this and that, which no one but the writer would read. They must be met, repulsed and got rid of; and though the editor is as tender as a lover, the chances are that within three days he will receive a letter reading something like this:

"DEAR SIR.—Owing to the fact that my article on the 'Rejuvenation of Mummies' did not appear in your issue of Wednesday, you can stop my paper. I shall subscribe to the *Ark*, which is a live, go-ahead daily, full up to the times.

Yours,

"A.T.O."

Fun.

A Milwaukee servant-girl, whose lover insisted upon an early day for the wedding, had gathered together eighteen towels, fifty napkins, twenty sheets, three quilts, seven dresses, and several other articles when arrested.

A misfortune has lately befallen a Chicago editor. By an adverse and cruel fate he has found himself far off in San Francisco writing up the Chinese question, and the free passes are out off. He now writes to his wife that as his liver is badly out of order he intends walking home, and that he expects to arrive some time in 1874, in time for their wooden wedding.

The most remarkable old woman mentioned in the country papers for a week past is Mrs. Hastings, of Greenfield, Mass., who is eighty-three years old, and who lately walked five miles and back for the purpose of paying a bill of ten cents according to promise. Those "old lady" paragraphs are varied and not a little improved by a little spice of morality introduced into them once in a while. "According to promise" is good. Eighty-three years old and cannot tell a lie!

Epitaph in Banbury Church-yard, Oxfordshire. (From Cole's MSS., in the British Museum.)

"To the memory of Ric. Richards, who by a gang-ruff first lost a toe, afterward a leg, and lastly his life, on the 7th of April, 1656."

"Ah! cruel Death, to make three meals of one!"

To taste and eat, and eat till all was gone!

But know, thou tyrant, when the trump shall fall,

He'll find his feet, and stand when thou shalt fall!"

A New York party, who wears spectacles and white linen clothes, and boards at one of our hotels, went out into the woods to hunt for wild strawberries. Two doctors have since been employed hunting for one of his ears. They have got the swelling down, so he can blow his nose, with a pair of pinchers, and think they have found all of his mouth, but they can't find that ear. They believe it is there, however. People who can't tell mercury vines from strawberry plants should keep out of the woods.

A Danbury man thought it would be pleasant to have his wife make wax flowers. He said there were things to cultivate besides the body, and what we live for was not bread alone, and so he got her some moulds and a couple hundred sheets of wax, and she went to work. After a while, he commenced to find some difficulty in drawing on his clothes, and experienced a mild sort of vexation trouble in getting a comb through his hair. He didn't mind this so much, but when he walked around, stocking feet, and couldn't pull his boots on, and drew a chair into the air when he started to rise from it, he lost his interest in art, and kicked the entire wax establishment into the street.

Mentioning a particular rodent, the voracious Grass Valley (Cal.) *Union* says: "The rat of which we speak has his enjoyment in the North Star Mine. The other day a miner down in one of the levels lit a short clay pipe in order to take a whiff or two of smoke. He gave a couple of puffs and put the pipe down on a piece of rock to attend to his work. He in a few moments looked for his pipe for the purpose of taking another whiff. The pipe was gone. He looked a little further and beheld a rat, who was gray with age and wisdom, sitting up on his haunches with the pipe held in his mouth. The miner went to get his pipe, but the rat retreated a few steps, and again sat up and began to smoke. The miner was surprised as well as delighted, and merely remarked, 'Go ahead old fellow, and have your smoke out.' The rat did have his smoke out, and then, putting the pipe down, gave a little squeak of evident satisfaction and betook himself in a dignified way to the darker recesses of the mine."

Courrier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

Colonel Higginson puts the matter in this way: "The question of intellectual education is not one thing for man and another for woman, any more than the question of healthful diet is one thing for man and another for woman. When we have separate treatises on the laws of digestion for the two sexes it will be time enough to have separate treatises on the education of women. Whatever is best for the mind is best for the feminine mind. All the questions of modes of instruction, kindergartens and object lessons, science and literature, Greek and German, required and elective studies—all these must be essentially the same for woman as for man. All the problems of education seem to present themselves in the same way at Harvard for boys, at Vassar for girls, at Michigan and at Cornell for the two united. The logic of events is sweeping with irresistible power to the union of the sexes for higher education. West of the Alleghanies, as even its opponents admit, public sentiment is irresistible in its favour, and east of the Alleghanies the tendencies are all one way. The tide is sweeping in, the smaller New England colleges are swept away, and if the others do not follow, the promised Boston University, with its vast endowments, will soon make it unimportant whether they follow or not. The exhaustive reports of President White of Cornell, and of the Rev. Dr. Clarke, of the Harvard overseer—reports which nobody has yet attempted to answer—have established one thing—that all the testimony of experts is in favour of joint education. With hardly an exception, the doubts and fears are from those who have not tried it, and the endorsement and approval from those who have seen it tried for years. In the public schools and academies, where the influence of actual experience is felt far more closely

than in our colleges, the tendency is all one way. We often hear of separate schools being abolished and joint schools established. This has taken place in every town where I have been on the School Committee—three in number. But, neither in these towns nor in any other, have I so much as heard a proposition to change the other way. If anything is certain in our public school system it is that the sexes, once united in a school, are united forever. This is a popular verdict, from which there is no appeal. In our incorporated academies, too, the system of joint education has prevailed for nearly a century, and I cannot conceive why every atom of experience gained there is not directly available for our colleges. As between the two, the age of the pupils does not greatly differ, nor do the studies. If, now, two or three hundred young men and women of eighteen or twenty can dwell together in peace in an academy, why does the whole experiment become perilous and alarming when you change the name and call the thing a college? The system of elective studies, which is destined, I am sure, to prevail in all our colleges, is working clearly in the direction of the joint education of the sexes. The greater subdivision of classes makes abundant room in the class-rooms, and the elective system gives plenty of opening for the special bent, if there be such a thing, of the feminine intellect. It also meets the assertion that the system of education for woman should be more classic than for man.

A young lady in Nashville is changing her views somewhat relative to the question of matrimony. She says that when she "came out" in society she determined that she would not marry a man unless he were an Episcopalian. Time passed on and she did not get married, and then modified her views, and concluded she would marry no man who was not a Christian. That young lady is still unmarried, and says now that all she is looking for is a man who doesn't drink whiskey.

THE SHAH'S DRESS AT THE OPERA.—Never during his visit in England did His Majesty appear so lavishly and splendidly jewelled. His epaulettes, of European, and it may be said of specially English, form and size—being in outline almost identical, for instance, with those worn by the Prince of Wales—were made completely of diamonds in place of bullion. On the flat upper surface of each was a single emerald of oblong shape and immense size, the thickness of the stone being denoted by the set that its colour was, except in a side light, indistinguishable from that of a very dark sapphire. When, however, the rich emerald-green fairly caught the requisite effulgence, its colour was superb. Crossing his newly-acquired blue ribbon, the Shah wore a sword-belt, composed of large single diamonds, set square, and joined by massive gold links. The stones were of the palest water, and they were so large that some of their facets were always sure to refract the light, shooting forth a long red or green or violet ray. The scimitar was in a scabbard positively encrusted with magnificent diamonds; and to complete the array of gem ornaments, the Shah wore the richest of his aigrettes in the black cap or Persian turban.

Ladies, don't go to Vienna until the 14th September next. Such is the advice of the *Court Journal*. About two hundred years ago the Empress of Leopold I. determined to ennoble and decorate her sex, and for that object instituted "The Order of the True Cross." The suburbs of that great city, which has long outgrown its circle of the time spoken of, was destroyed by a great conflagration. A golden crucifix belonging to the Empress, with two pieces of the real holy wood on which our Saviour suffered, being fitted into it, came out of the terrible conflagration unscathed by the flames. The Empress elected to make "The Starry Cross of Vienna" an order for ladies, appointing a feast to be held twice in every year, on 3rd May and 14th September. The consorts of foreign princes and the wives of noblemen of first rank may have the honour conferred upon them. But the chances are all in favour of ladies in Vienna at the time of the festival. There is a mode of casting one's self in the way of getting an honour. It is often well enough to show a bit of fine jewellery, a present from a friend and admirer, but to have a jewelled decoration of "an order" is something to speak about and attract observation. The badge is an eight-pointed white-enamelled cross of gold, upon which is a smaller one of brown enamel, with a flat escutcheon under white, charged with a sable imperial spread eagle. Four small eight-pointed red stars interval the other points, the whole surrounded with a circle of gold, lettered "Salus et Gloria," worn in a two-finger broad ribbon on the left breast. Ladies should first be presented to our own Queen Victoria before going over. Consent to wear any foreign order in this country is necessary from the Crown. The Virgin Mary and St. Joseph are patrons of the order.

It was a favourite theory of Mr. Mill (says the *Globe*), that women have a special aptitude for governing. He would have found some confirmation of this notion in the little State of Bhopal, in Central India. Its ruler is a woman, and she is pronounced by the *Times of India* "one of the most enlightened administrators amongst our native feudatories." In a narrative recently issued she gives an account of some of the changes she has introduced for the better government of her subjects. Arrangements have been made which prevent defendants in a civil suit from fraudulently concealing their property, and thus evading payment of decrees passed against them. Dishonest insolvents may now be punished by attachment and criminal prosecution; and, to prevent extravagance, money lenders have been cautioned not to advance loans to Jaghirdars of limited means. An extra judicial establishment, formed at a considerable annual cost, clears off long pending cases; and the police has been reinforced from the regular army. In spite of this latter fact, the lucky people of Bhopal have no longer a city police tax to pay, the cost of maintaining the force being debited to the State revenue. Fairs have been established, roads and bridges constructed, and the British postal system largely developed. The Begum by no means shrinks the responsibilities of her office. She makes tours through all the districts of the State, and finds, to use her own words, that "they act as a check on dishonest officials, and afford a chance to ryots and others, who may have grievances to be redressed, to present their petitions in person." She has recently gone through the south of Bhopal, and visited seven mahals. "At each place," she says, "I directed all the Jaghirdars, local officials, and inhabitants of the place to be assembled, and in their presence caused a notification to be read, inviting all who might have complaints to make to do so without fear or hesitation." This is government in its most primitive, and perhaps not least effective, form. The camp followers of her highness were in the habit of obtaining supplies from "Tehsilars" on credit. As the creditors had some difficulty in recovering the price of articles, this conscientious princess has given orders "that supplies are not to be furnished to anyone except for cash payments." The Begum's daughter, who is heir apparent, is not allowed to waste too much time in frivolous amusements. Three hours are given up to "recreation," but the rest of the day is spent in study and in the hearing of "ordinary cases." The latter employment is supposed to give her some insight into official work, and to prepare her for future duties. In the evening, if the princess does not go out for a drive, she occupies herself with needlework. How would a Western young lady of average sensibilities like such a programme?

LUBIN'S JOCKEY CLUB, AND OTHER
 Choice Extracts. A large stock offered the
 trade constantly at cost price with commission.
 ROBERT WILKES, Montreal and Toronto.
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**PROVINCE OF QUEBEC RIFLE
 ASSOCIATION.**

The Annual Prize Meeting
 WILL TAKE PLACE AT
POINT ST. CHARLES RANGES
 ON
TUESDAY, the 12th AUGUST,
 AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

John Fletcher, Lt.-Col.,
 Secretary.

July 8. 5-4 3f1f

Notice of Removal.

**JAS. WALKER & CO., HARDWARE
 DEALERS,** beg to inform his friends and the
 public that they have removed their Business to

105 ST. JAMES STREET,

First door West of Messrs. Dawson Brothers' Book
 Store.

July 16th, 1873. 8-4 2f

**BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL,
 LENNOXVILLE.**

RECTOR:

THE REV. C. H. BADGLEY, M.A., Queen's Col-
 lege, Oxford.

SUB-RECTOR:

A Clerical Sub-Rector is now being selected in
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ASSISTANT MASTERS:

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- G. THORNELOK, Esq., B.A., Bishop's College,
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- C. L. WOKKELL, Esq., B.A., Trinity College,
 Toronto.
- MONS. L. DIONNE, French Master.
- A. H. HOOKER, Esq., University of Heidelberg,
 German and Drawing Master.
- MR. PRINE, Gynastic Master.
- SERGEANT ROCHER, (late of H. M. 17th Regt.) Drill
 Instructor.

The School will re-open for the Michaelmas Term
 on Saturday, September 6th. New boys will be ex-
 amined and entered on Monday, Sept. 8th.

For further information apply to the
 REV. CHAS. H. BADGLEY, Rector.
 8-4 4f



LACHINE CANAL.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the un-
 der signed, and endorsed "Tender for Flour
 Sheds," will be received at this Office until Friday,
 the 1st day of August next, at noon, for the con-
 struction of two Flour Sheds on the St. Gabriel
 Basins, now being constructed.

Plans and Specification can be seen at the Canal
 Office, Montreal, on and after Monday, the 21st inst.,
 where printed forms of Tender will be furnished.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible
 persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become
 sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract, must
 be attached to each Tender.

The Department does not, however, bind itself to
 accept the lowest or any Tender.
 By order,
 F. BRAUN,
 Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }
 Ottawa, 17th July, 1873. } 8-4 2f

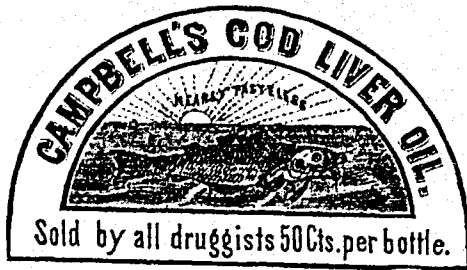
DR. BESSEY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

8 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL.
 7-23zz.

**CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED
 KNUCKLE,** American House, St. Joseph
 Street:

MONTREAL, March 7th, 1872.
 DEAR SIR,—I was afflicted during the beginning of
 this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with
 incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF
 BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many
 persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a
 great many things, which were given me both by my
 doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit
 from anything until I commenced using your
 "HOARROUND AND CHERRY BALSAM," which
 seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued
 using it until I was completely cured, and now I be-
 lieve I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would
 gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a
 similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me
 can certify to the above. ALFRED KNUCKLE.
 Mr. RICHMOND SPRINGER, Chemist, corner of McGill
 and Notre Dame Streets.



Bulbs direct from the Growers

ANT. ROOZEN & SON, FLORISTS,
 Overveur, near Haarlem, Holland.

- GLADIOLI, LILIES,
 HYACINTHS, TULIPS,
 IRIS, CROCUS,
 SNOW DROPS,
 CROWN IMPERIALS,
 DAHLIAS, ANEMONES,
 RANUNCULUS, AMYLLUS,
 NARCISSUS.

And every variety of Bulbs grown at low prices. No
 charges for packing. No payment required until
 delivery of Bulbs.

A liberal discount to dealers. Catalogues sent
 free to all applicants. Carriage paid to London, Ont.
ANT. ROOZEN & SON,
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"BEST IN USE."

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.
 FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-1541

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
 OTTAWA, 19th March, 1873.
 Authorized discount on American Invoices until
 further notice: 12 per cent.
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
 Commissioner of Customs.

**IMPORTANT TO PARTIES OWNING OR
 USING MACHINERY.**

**STOCKS CELEBRATED EXTRA
 MACHINE OIL.**

THIS OIL has been in very general use in
 Ontario for the past two years, and with the
 greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials
 from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will
 not thicken in cold weather.

From the JOSEPH HALL WORKS, Oshawa: I
 consider Mr. Stock's Oil cheaper at \$1.00 per gallon
 than Olive Oil at 50 cents. Yours respectfully,
 F. W. GILES, President.

Sold in quantities to suit purchasers at Messrs.
 LYMAN, CLARE & CO., 282, 284, & 286 St. Paul
 Street, Montreal, where the testimonials of the prin-
 cipal consumers of Oil in Ontario can be seen. 3-5

A BRAVE BOOK!

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 A Woman's Book About Women.
 By Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY.

The only work of the kind ever written by a wo-
 man, is a necessity in every household. Its entire
 purity and eminent practicalness will create an
 immense demand. Notwithstanding the delicate
 subjects necessarily treated, it is written in such
 brave, pure style as will not offend the most fas-
 tidious. Lady accents never have had such an op-
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"HEALTH THE CROWNING BLESSING OF LIFE."



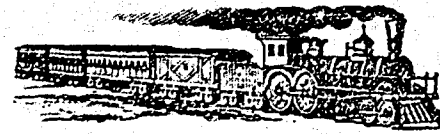
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 Standard English Remedies.**

These valuable Remedies which have stood the test of
 trial, and become a household necessity, are the best that
 experience and careful research can produce for the care
 of the various diseases for which they are especially de-
 signed. They are pure in quality, prompt in action,
 effectual in use, and employed with great success by the
 most eminent Physicians and Surgeons in Hospital and
 private practice in all parts of the world.

- THE FOLLOWING COMPRISE THE LIST:
Wingate's Cathartic Pills.—For all derange-
 ments of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.
- Wingate's Nerve-Tonic Pills.**—Used with
 remarkable success in all Nervous Affections.
- Wingate's Chalybeate Pills.**—Designed espe-
 cially for Female use in complaints peculiar to their sex.
- Wingate's Dyspepsia Tablets.**—A powerful
 aid to digestion, and cure for Dyspepsia.
- Wingate's Pulmonic Troches.**—An excellent
 Remedy for all Irritation of the Throat and Lungs.
- Wingate's Worm Lozenges.**—A safe, pleasant
 and effectual Remedy for Worms.

The above Remedies are sold by all Druggists
 and Dealers in Medicines. Descriptive Circulars
 furnished on application, and single packages
 sent, post paid, on receipt of price.

Dr. N. A. SMITH & Co.,
 SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.
 No. 245 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.
 7-14 4f



**Grand Trunk Railway Company of
 Canada.**

1873. Summer Arrangements. 1873.

*Pullman Palace, Parlor and Handsome New
 Ordinary Cars on all Through Day Trains,
 and Palace Sleeping Cars on all Through
 Night Trains over the whole Line.*

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:—

GOING WEST.
 Day Mail for Prescott, Ogdensburg,
 Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belle-
 ville, Toronto, (Guelph, London,
 Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit,
 Chicago and all points West, at..... 8.00 a.m.
 Night Express "..... 9.00 p.m.
 Mixed Train for Toronto, stopping at all
 Stations..... 6.00 a.m.
 Passenger Train for Brockville and all
 intermediate Stations..... 6.00 p.m.
 Local train for Vaudreuil 5.00 p.m. every
 week day excepting Saturday, when it
 leaves at 2.00 p.m.
 Trains leave Montreal for Lachine at
 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 12 noon, 3 p.m., 5 p.m.,
 and 6.30 p.m.
 Trains leave Lachine for Montreal at
 8 a.m., 10.09 a.m., 1 p.m., 3.30 p.m.,
 5.30 p.m., and 7 p.m.
 The 3.00 p.m. Train runs through to
 Province line.

GOING EAST.
 Day train for White Mountains, Portland,
 and Boston..... 7.00 a.m.
 Day train for Quebec, River du Loup, Ca-
 cuna, and Trois Pistoles..... 8.09 a.m.
 Mail train for St. Hyacinthe, Richmond,
 Quebec, Sherbrooke, and Island Pond
 Accommodation train for Richmond and
 intermediate stations..... 5.15 p.m.
 Night train for Island Pond, White
 Mountains, Portland, and Boston..... 10.09 p.m.
 Night mail train for Quebec, stopping at
 St. Hyacinthe and St. Hilaire..... 11.00 p.m.

GOING SOUTH.
 Train for Rouses' Point connecting with
 steamers on Lake Champlain..... 6.00 a.m.
 Train for Boston via South Eastern Coun-
 ties Junction R.R..... 7.30 a.m.
 Express for Boston via Vermont Central
 Railroad, at..... 8.45 a.m.
 Mail Train for St. John's and Rouse's
 Point, connecting with trains on the
 Stanstead, Shefford and Chambly, and
 South Eastern Counties Junction
 Railway, and steamers on Lake Cham-
 plain..... 3.15 p.m.
 Express for New York and Boston, via
 Vermont Central, at..... 3.45 p.m.

As the punctuality of the trains depends on con-
 nections with other lines, the Company will not be
 responsible for trains not arriving at or leaving any
 station at the hours named.

The steamer "FALMOUTH" leaves Portland
 every Tuesday, at 5.30 p.m., for Halifax, N.S.

The splendid steamer "CARLOTTA," running in
 connection with the Grand Trunk Railway,
 leaves Portland for Halifax, N.S., every Saturday at
 4.30 p.m. She has excellent accommodation for
 passengers and freight.

The Steamship "CHASE" also runs between
 Portland and Halifax.

The International Company's Steamers, also run-
 ning in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway,
 leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6.00
 p.m. for St. John, N.B., &c.

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

Through Tickets issued at the Company's prin-
 cipal stations.

For further information, and time of Arrival and
 Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way
 stations, apply at the Ticket Office, Bonaventure
 Depot, or at No. 143 St. James Street.
 C. J. BRYDGES,
 Managing Director.
 Montreal, May 26, 1873. 7-15 2z

**TO MANUFACTURERS, PATENTEES,
 INVENTORS, and OTHERS.**

**THE
 Canadian Patent Office Record**

(OFFICIAL)
AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE,
 Of which the first number, (March, 1873,) has just
 been issued.

Offers the very best medium for advertising your
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 every Producer, Vender, and consumer of Manufac-
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 Saving Devices, must take THE CANADIAN
 PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS'
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Only \$1.50 Per Annum.

The first or March number of "The Canadian Pa-
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 on mechanical and scientific subjects; the short des-
 criptions of claims of 25 inventions patented in
 Ottawa from October 17th to December 13th, 1872,
 with complete index; 240 diagrams, illustrating the
 same; the whole forming a handsome quarto
 pamphlet of 72 pages.
 For sale by all News-Dealers at 15 Cents per num-
 ber.

Advertisements for the April number should be
 sent in at once. Address
Geo. E. Desbarats,
 Publisher, Montreal.

7-14 4f

\$5 to \$20 per day. Agents wanted! All classes
 of working people, of either sex,
 young or old, make more money at work for us in
 their spare moments, or all the time, than at any-
 thing else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON
 & CO., Portland, Maine. 7-20 2z

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*We can confidently recommend all the houses
 mentioned in the following List:*

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 COMMERCIAL HOTEL,.... HENDERSON DIXON,
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 HARTLEY'S HOTEL,.... MRS. E. HARTLEY,
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**HEALTH TO THE SICK,
 Strength & Vigor to the debilitated.**

**LIEBIG'S LIQUID EXTRACT
 OF BEEF
 AND TONIC INVIGORATOR**

DOES NOT
 REQUIRE
 COOKING OR
 WARMING,
 In the finest
 TONIC
 Stimulant
 AND
 NUTRITIVE

**INSTANTLY RELIEVES PAIN,
 CURES ALL WEAKNESSES.**
 Consumption, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Lowness
 of Spirits, Fever, Ague, Cholera, all Female
 and Children's maladies, Sick Headache,
 Bladder Complaints, Sea Sickness,
 Influenza, Purifies the Blood and
THOROUGHLY RENEWS THE SYSTEM.

THERE IS
 ONLY ONE LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF IN EXISTENCE.
Signature of the Inventor:
Baron Justus Liebig, M.D., F.R.S.,
 Professor in the University of Munich.



Ottawa River Navigation Company's

ROYAL MAIL LINE OF STEAMERS.
**MONTREAL TO OTTAWA DAY AND NIGHT
 LINE.**

New Iron Steamer "Peerless," Capt. A. Bowie.
 Steamer "Prince of Wales," Capt. H. W. Shepherd.
 "Queen Victoria," Capt. P. Y. Macdonnell.
 "Princess," Capt. P. Mellowan

UPWARDS.
 Passengers leave by the 7 a.m. and 5 p.m. trains
 for Lachine by Railway, and connect with the
 Steamers "Prince of Wales" and "Princess" for
 Ottawa and intermediate landings.

DOWNWARDS.
 Passengers leave Ottawa at 7 a.m. and 5 p.m. by
 Steamers "Peerless" and "Queen Victoria" for
 Montreal and intermediate landings.

BAGGAGE CHECKED.

Passengers leaving Ottawa by the evening steamer
 will descend the Rapids. No Through Passengers
 taken on Saturday Evening Boat.
 The Comfort and Economy of this Line are unsur-
 passed, whilst the Route is one of the most pictur-
 esque in Canada. Tourists will find this a delightful
 trip.

PREIGHT FOR ALL POINTS ON THE OTTAWA SENT
 THROUGH WITH DESPATCH.
 Single and Return Tickets may be had at the
 Company's Office, 15 Bonaventure Street; at the
 Grand Trunk Depot, Montreal; and at the Office,
 Queen's Wharf, Ottawa.
 7-26 1 R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

**ACADEMY
 OF THE SACRED HEART,
 SAULT-AU-RECOLLET.**
 (Near Montreal).

This Institution is beautiful, healthy and healthfully lo-
 cated about six miles from Montreal. Every facility
 is afforded for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the
 French language.
TERMS—Board and tuition for the scholastic
 year, \$150. Piano, Vocal Music, Harp, German, &c.,
 are extra.
 For further particulars, apply to the
REVEREND MOTHER SUPERIOR.
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THE ELECTRO-GALVANIC BATTERY has become a great benefactor in the domestic arts. In no instance is its wonderful effect so manifest as in the process of ELECTRO-PLATING. By this process a heavy coating of pure silver can be deposited firmly on articles made from German silver or white metal, and which, well made and honestly plated, the articles have all the utility of solid silver, without the expense. No goods made by this process can be relied on that are not plated heavily enough to stand the machine buff polisher, and to resist acids. All our manufactures are subjected to these tests. To prevent the purchase by the public of inferior goods, each article of our manufacture is marked R. W. & Co., without which we cannot guarantee them.

SPoons, Forks, Ladles, Knives & Forks.

BUTTER KNIVES, Pickle Forks, Tea Sets, Trays, Cake Baskets, Cruets, Pickles, Card Stands, Goblets, Communion Sets, to be had through all dealers in the Dominion.

ROBERT WILKES,
Sole Wholesale Agent,
Montreal and Toronto.

057-22 5

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31, 33, and 124 Southampton Row,
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Juror at the London Exhibition, 1851. Paris, 1855; and London, 1862.

WORKS:—HORSEY ROAD, N., AND SUMMERFIELD WORKS, HORNBYTON, N.E., LONDON, manufacturers of

PURE CHEMICALS & ALL NEW MEDICINES.

PREPARATIONS OF PEPSEINE.

MORSON'S PEPSEINE PORCI,

Pepsine obtained from the stomach of the Pig, in a pure and palatable form. Free from Starch and acid.

DOSE—2 to 4 grains.

MORSON'S MEDICINAL PEPSEINE

DIGESTIVE POWDER.

(PEPSEINE ACIDE AMYLACEE, OU POUVRE NUTRITIVE.)

Contains the active digestive principles of the gastric juice of the stomach, purified and rendered permanent and palatable. Dose: 10 to 20 grains.

CAUTION.

As many of the low-priced Pepsines of commerce possess little or none of the digestive properties of TRUE PEPSEINE, the following tests of the purity and activity of the above preparations are given and every bottle bearing the trade mark of T. MORSON & SON is guaranteed to answer the tests indicated.

TEST.

TESTS OF DIGESTIVE POWER OF TRUE PEPSEINE.—Mix 4 grains Pepsine Porci or 10 grains of Medical Pepsine, with an ounce of water, then add 15 drops of Hydrochloric Acid and 150 grains of coagulated egg Albumen (hard boiled white of egg). Apply a gentle heat, not exceeding 100 degrees Fahr. (the temperature of the stomach,) for about half an hour, stirring the mixture occasionally, when the process of digestion will be found to have commenced, the Albumen becoming soft and pulpy. This action may be continued until after the lapse of a few hours, a solution is effected, such as occurs in the stomach.

PEPSEINE WINE.

The efficacious properties of this preparation are already well known; when the digestive organs are weak, or their secretions imperfect or unhealthy, it has been found invaluable.

Sold in Bottles at 2s., 5s., and 9s. each.

PEPSEINE GLOBULES.

One or two for a dose. These, like the Lozenges, may be carried in the pocket and taken when required.

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PEPSEINE LOZENGES.

Each Lozenge contains a dose of Pepsine, and will be found a very convenient and agreeable mode of taking this remedy, as it may be carried in the pocket, and taken when dining out, or at any other time, without observation.

Sold in Boxes at 2s., 6d., and 4s. 6d.

These preparations bearing our Trade Mark, but not otherwise, will be guaranteed to possess the full efficacy of the digestive principle.

Morson's Pancreatine Preparations.

PANCREATINE EMULSION (substitute for Cod Liver Oil). Perfectly miscible in water or milk. Dose, 1 to 3 teaspoonful twice a day in milk or water. Sold in stoppered bottles at 2s., 6d., 4s., 6d., and 8s. each.

PANCREATIZED COD LIVER OIL, in bottles, 2s., 6d., 4s., 6d., and 7s. 6d. each.

PANCREATINE POWDER, containing the active principle obtained from the Pancreas, by which the digestion and assimilation of fat is effected. Dose, 20 to 30 grains.

GELATINE, a perfect and economical substitute for Isinglass. In packets, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. each.

MORSON'S EFFERVESCENT CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, in 4 oz. and 1 lb. bottles.

CREOSOTE (Caution)—From Wood Tar. Test of freedom from Carbolic Acid. Insoluble in Price's Glycerine.

Artificial Essences for Flavouring.

CHLORODYNE

Has now obtained such universal celebrity as a remedial agent, it can scarcely be considered a speciality, its essential composition being known to most European practitioners.

Many of the Chlorodynes of commerce are not of uniform strength, and vary in their effect, which has induced Morson & Son to compound this preparation to remedy these defects.

The dose for an adult is from 10 to 20 drops (and 1 minim is equal to 2 drops); the dose may, however, be increased in special cases to 25 or even 30 minims, but it is best to commence with the lesser dose. It may be administered in almost any fluid or on sugar.

Sold in bottles at 1s., 2s., and 3s. each, and in bulk for Dispensing.

MORSON'S PREPARATIONS are sold by all Chemists and Druggists throughout the world.

057-25 4

NOVEL WATCH-KEY CHARM, PAPER

Cutter, Envelope Opener, and Nail Cleaner—four in one. Sold at sight by Agents—boys and girls everywhere. Charm sent to fit any watch on receipt of watch-key and 25 cents. Special terms to Agents. CITY NOVELTY CO'Y., Drawer 217, Buffalo, N. Y. 057-22 12

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

CHLORODYNE is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered. CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma. CHLORODYNE effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diphtheria, Fever, Croup, Ague. CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery. CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and Spasms. CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Menstruals, &c.

From LORD FRANCIS CONYNHAM, Mount Charles, Donegal: 17th December, 1868. 'Lord Francis Conynham, who this time last year bought some of Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne from Mr. Davenport, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half-a-dozen bottles sent at once to the above address.'

'Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE.'—See Lancet, 1st December 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PIRACY AND IMITATIONS. CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the inventor of CHLORODYNE: that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See Times, 13th July, 1864. Sold in Bottles at 1s., 1s. 2d., 2s., 4s., 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words 'DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE' on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle. SOLE MANUFACTURER:—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON. 6-12 P.M.

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THE MATHUSIEK

Is endorsed by the most noted artists of the day as THE BEST PIANO MADE.

THE FISCHER

Is thoroughly made, and a most delightful Parlor Instrument.

THE BEAUTY.

Seven octave, overstrung, rosewood, all round corners, three mouldings, back finished like front, carved legs, at \$325. Endorsed by Jules Benedict, Pianist to the Queen, Thalberg, &c., and awarded gold medal at the Henseler Institute.

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The best in the market. All Instruments WHOLE-SALE AND RETAIL, and warranted five years. We are in a position to supply local dealers in every part of the Dominion at manufacturers' prices.

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

NORRIS & SOPER,

Colborne Street, Toronto.

7-10-11pm—os

Reduction in Freight Rates.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY WILL continue to send out, daily, THROUGH CARS for CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL, and other Western points, at reduced rates from the winter tariff.

Shippers can get full information by applying to Mr. BURNS, Agent G. T. R., Chabouillet Square, or at the Office of the General Freight Agent, C. J. BRYDGES, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

P. S. STEVENSON, General Freight Agent. 7-21 U

DOMINION BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

On or about the 1st of September, 1873, will be published, Price \$1.00.

A Dominion Classified Business Directory.

This work will contain the Names and Address of every Business Man in the Dominion, each Branch of Business being alphabetically arranged. The Publisher has concluded to place the Directory at the low figure of \$1.00 per copy, in order to ensure as large a circulation as possible, and to make it THE VERY BEST MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISING. The advertising patronage of the public is earnestly solicited, as the success of the present edition and the continuation in the future depend very largely on the support received from Advertisers. A copy of the Directory is included with each advertisement.

Agents are now employed throughout the Dominion collecting information.

Published by DAVID McALPINE, Publisher of the Maritime Provinces Directories.

Printed for the Publisher by JOHN LOVELL, Montreal. 8-3 6f

TO LITHOGRAPHERS.

ONE OR TWO FIRST-CLASS ENGRAVERS, and One expert CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHIC ARTIST can find permanent employment at the office of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Applicants must exhibit specimens and references. Address: GEORGE E. DESBARATS, PUBLISHER, MONTREAL.

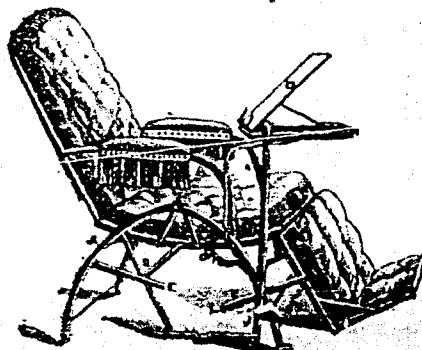
7-5-U

The Federal Bank of CANADA.

BOOKS FOR THE SUBSCRIPTION OF STOCK will be open on and after MONDAY, 21st instant, until further notice, at the Offices of STRATHY & STRATHY, Stock Brokers, 100 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal; BLAIR & ALEXANDER, and CLARK & FIELD, Stock Brokers, Toronto; and KIRKPATRICK & ROGERS, Kingston.

By order of the Provisional Directors, A. J. CATTANACH, Secretary. Toronto, July 11, 1873. 8-4 U OS

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ADJUSTABLE CHAIR.

THE NOVELTY OF THE AGE!

An ingenious piece of mechanism, which can be arranged in

THIRTY POSITIONS.

AND CONVERTED INTO AN Invalid, Parlor, Library, Reading, Writing, Reclining, Smoking, Student's, Physician's, and Dentist's Chair, or a Lounging, Bed and Child's Cradle and Sling.

Circulars with explanatory diagrams sent free on application. Orders by mail, or otherwise, receive prompt attention, and Chairs carefully and securely packed, shipped to any address on receipt of price, or forwarded by express, payable on delivery.

Address: THE WILSON MANUFACTURING CO., Sole Manufacturers, 245 St. James St., Montreal. P. O. Drawer 202. 057-14 22

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst Pains In from 1 to 20 Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE. INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSERIC, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

JNO. RADWAY & CO., 429 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL. 8-17-22

MACORQUODALE BROTHERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, (RIDDELL'S BUILDING,) 31 & 33 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

"The handsomest Studio and finest light in Ontario," or 7-2' m.

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Illustrated catalogues containing price list, giving full information

How to Choose a Good Watch.

Sent free. Address S. P. KLEISER, 7-20 2205 P. O. Box 1022, Toronto.

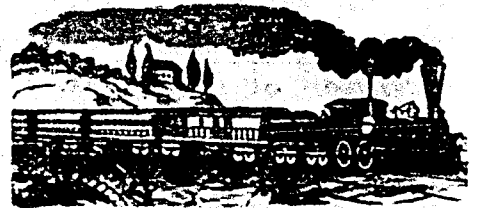
GRAY'S

Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.

Prepared from Canadian Red Spruce Gum.

BALSAMIC, SOOTHING, EXPECTORANT, ANTISPASMODIC AND TONIC. (Delicious flavour.)

A sovereign remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Throat affections generally. For sale at all Druggists. 25 Cents per bottle. Sole manufacturer, HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 7-12 205 MONTREAL.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1873. Summer Arrangement. 1873.

On and after MONDAY, 24th inst., a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7:30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 8:30 p.m. A Passenger and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 8:00 a.m., and be due in Halifax at 8:50 p.m.

Trains will connect At Painesco with trains to and from Shediac and intermediate stations. At Truro with trains to and from Pictou and intermediate stations.

At Windsor Junction with the trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

At St. John with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Bangor, Dawson Junction, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

LEWIS CARVELL,

Railway Office, Moncton, N.B., May 1873. 7-2 U

TELEGRAPHY.

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES desiring to qualify for the numerous situations which will soon be offered on the several Telegraph Lines, are invited to attend at the Dominion Telegraph Institute, No. 75 St. James Street. The mode of instruction followed in this Institute has received the approval of the highest authorities in the country, and the best proof we can offer is that all the new situations filled within the last two or three years have been so filled by pupils from this Institute. As to the success of the method followed here, read the following testimony:

"Cookshire, 21st December, 1872. To Mr. Morgan, Proprietor of the Dominion Telegraph Institute:

Sir,—I hereby certify that only eight weeks' study and practice in the DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE has enabled me to receive messages at the rate of 23 words a minute, and that I consider the mode of instruction followed as excellent.

"Yours, etc., "S. J. OSGOOD."

The regular course is three months; but, as will be seen by the above testimony, intelligent persons can qualify in much less time. Proficient pupils have the advantage of practicing on a regular line, and of being placed on a large circuit.

The terms for the course is THIRTY DOLLARS, the use of the instruments included. All the accessories of the school are new and complete.

J. V. MORGAN, Proprietor, 75 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 8-38 f

FOR SALE.

A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Verennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to

D. R. STODART,

Broker, 146, ST. JAMES STREET. 4-12 U

Grand Trunk Railway

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 19th instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave RICHMOND at 5:30 A.M., arriving at MONTREAL at 9:10 A.M.

Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 5:15 P.M., arriving at Richmond at 9 P.M.

C. J. Brydges,

MANAGING DIRECTOR. 7-21 U

Printed and published by GEORGE E. DESBARATS 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street, Montreal.