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Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 1st, 1878.

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CANADA'S HOMAGE TO OUR BELOVED QUEEN ON THE OCCASION OF HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post-masters, in advance.

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NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Our subscribers in Ottawa, Hull, L'Orignal, Hawkesbury, Aylmer and other places in the neighborhood of Ottawa, will be visited in a few days by Mr. W. STREET, on a collection tour for our several publications. We hope our friends will be prepared to pay their bills on presentation, and thus save ourselves unnecessary expense, and our agent repeated calls for such small amounts.

The Queen's Birthday.

Owing to the fact that we go to press on Monday, it was impossible for us to reproduce sketches of the great celebration of the Queen's Birthday, at Montreal, on the Friday preceding, with any degree of accuracy and finish, but in the next number of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

we intend to publish the principal features of that memorable festival, including the

Governor-General Reviewing the Troops,

As also

THE MARCH PAST

Viewed from the saluting point, and

THE SHAM BATTLE,

including a number of minor scenes. In addition there will be a

DOUBLE PAGE

containing the

Portraits of the Principal Officers

FROM

MONTREAL, TORONTO, OTTAWA AND QUEBEC,

who took part in the celebration. These will be accompanied by a short record of the military services of each officer, furnishing thus a great deal of information.

NOTICE.

PRESCOTT (ONT.) ILLUSTRATED.

We present our readers to-day with a fourth series of illustrations and descriptions connected with Prescott. There remains a fifth and last which will appear shortly. We venture to say that never has Prescott been made so widely known as through these pictures and the graphic writing of Mr. Tolley, our Special Correspondent, and we believe that much substantial benefit will flow from it. What we have done for Prescott will be done for other towns of the Dominion.

NEVER accuse a child of a thought unless you are certain he committed it. Children should not be treated with suspicion. We should act towards them in this matter as we feel we ought to act towards others, only with greater tenderness—not less, as is usually done. We should always put the best construction possible upon their conduct: that is, unless you are sure a child is telling a lie, and can prove it, do not show the least hesitation in believing what he says. Far better that you should be deceived than run the risk of showing a truthful child you do not trust him. Your simple trust may make a lying child truthful. Your doubt of his truthfulness may make a truthful child a liar.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 1st, 1878.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The Paris papers, of all shades of opinion, are jubilant at the successful inauguration and the perspective success of the International Exhibition. The Republican sentiment is, that on May 1st, according to the Temps, Paris gave to Europe, to France, and to itself the rarest and most magnificent of spectacles, that of a truly national festival. The Government might have agreed with the municipality to prepare an imposing mise en scene; for example, to embellish our wide streets and large open spaces with splendid decorations; it would have been charming to witness in the evening some ingenious illumination of our palaces, quays and boulevards; what an admirable basis for illumination would have been furnished by the architectural lines of the Louvre and the Tuileries, by the plantations of our public gardens and squares. And the traditional fireworks would have formed a pleasing finale to a day of amusement and repose. The Government preferred to hold aloof; before the event we might have been disposed to complain at this, but now we warmly congratulate it on the result. In leaving Paris to its own spontaneous inspirations the Government adopted the best possible course, for Paris did wonders: Paris applied all its imagination, all its wit and affection to celebrate worthily the festival of labour and peace under the regime of the national sovereignty, which is at last triumphant, recognized, and respected. As religious belief is manifested by worship, so great sentiments always find expression in material signs: how then can one fail to see behind the flags which adorned our houses, behind the variegated lanterns which transformed the city into a vast and superb fairyland, the joy, the security, and the confidence of the people? Nothing was done by command, there was no concerted action, and yet it looked as if a word of command had flown from the first floor to the attics, from the labourers' quarters to the abodes of luxury; from early morning there buzzed in one's ears one of those explosions of fraternal unanimity which count in the history of a nation with the night of the 4th of August and the fête of the Federation. In the narrowest streets, in the most out-of-the-way districts, flags appeared in continuous lines along the houses; no obscure passage was without its bright array of tricolours, no workman's window was undecorated; there were as many and perhaps more flags at Montmartre and Mouffetard than on the Boulevard des Italiens, and we must say that under every flag there beat a French heart. During the last seven years we have been repairing our disasters with a vigour and promptitude which our European guests will recognize this time with unmixed sympathy, for we have ceased to harass or scandalise them; they know well that we want and represent nothing but liberty, labour, and peace, that universal patrimony which a nation never seeks for itself without thereby conferring a benefit on the whole community. Wednesday's festival has this characteristic of being human at the same time as national; and it is national, not only because industry and commerce are interested in it without distinction of politics, but because it coincides with an internal peace which is perhaps unexampled.

The Journal des Debats, mouthpiece of the most Conservative French sentiment, says that the impression produced by the festival of the first of May upon all who have long known Paris is one of surprise as well as of joy. We never witnessed such a spectacle, and the oldest must look far back to find so spontaneous, so unanimous, and so striking a manifestation of popular feeling. The exhibition was prepared in a kind of silence in the midst of adverse criticisms on the one hand and timid hopes on the other.

Satisfactory as the internal state of the country is at present, the agitation abroad is so great that vague apprehensions struggled till the last moment with the confidence which had crept into our hearts. At all events it is certain that a few years ago no one thought of the great festival which we have just witnessed. No preparations had been made, no measures had been adopted to make the opening of the Exhibition of 1878 an immense national and peaceful demonstration. We may say without exaggeration that the idea of it sprang from the heart of Paris itself. A proposal made by a few newspapers and a resolution of the municipal council sufficed to make a kind of electric spark dart through the whole town, and produce a truly patriotic explosion. There have been hints of a word of command and of threats made to the shopkeepers. Do not those who venture to make such insinuations know by experience how incapable words of command and threats are of producing such results? Have they forgotten what the fits of the 15th of August were under the Empire? No, it was not necessary to rouse the popular enthusiasm by surreptitious means. As M. GREY very well said, in a speech which was applauded by all the groups of the Chamber, the heart and soul of Paris were deeply moved by a great national thought, and hence it was that in two days, without predetermined plan, without orders of any kind, without premeditation or preparation, all our houses were covered with flags and all our windows with lamps, while all our streets were filled with crowds eager to take part in the first manifestation of the re-establishment of France by prudence, labor and peace.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

MUSICAL—THREE VIEWS OF A SIMPLE FAIR.

I.

The story of Rebekah is indeed a most remarkable one. So simple and unpretending, yet so incomprehensible. Well do we remember the strangely delightful enthusiasm which a first acquaintance with that singular courtship awoke in our youthful mind. Moved by some one of the few commendable motives which sometimes animate even the worst of boys, we were induced to resort occasionally to the "Book of Books." On one of those instances, in turning over the leaves, our attention became accidentally fixed upon the xxiv. chapter of Genesis.

Exactly what bearing the strange story therein narrated had upon the great doctrine of Christianity was not quite clear to us at the time. Suffice it to say we found the quaint reading exceedingly interesting.

There was a dash of romance about the assertion that Rebekah was a damsel "fair to look upon," and we thought how happy Isaac must have been when she came to him. The grand old patriarch, Abraham, knew well what he was about when he decided that his son, Isaac, must have a wife. We would then like to have read how that the brave young man Isaac went forth to win a fair bride through a series of heroic adventures. But Isaac did not do anything of the sort. His kind old father simply called up his man servant and bade him to go out into a distant place and bring back a mate for the young man. The faithful old servant immediately started out on the delicate business, and, in due course of time met the fair Rebekah in the suburbs of a city. The old man being somewhat eccentric, straightway resolved to test the amiability of her disposition. The good-natured girl not only gave him a drink of water, but actually offered to draw milk for his thirsty camels. The old man, perhaps a little tired of travelling, began now to reflect upon the old adage, "go farther and fare worse," and the more he pondered, the more fully he became convinced that Rebekah was the girl for Isaac. Strange to say, Rebekah appeared to be of that opinion too, and on the next day bid farewell to her people and, without the slightest misgiving, started out for her new home. Isaac went out into the road and met her with expectant gaze, and, in the language of all modern romancers, "they were united for life." Our youthful fancy made big efforts to catch the poetry of the episode, but we were reluctantly compelled to give it up, for turn them as we would, the facts would remain flatter than stale beer.

II.

Years after, in sauntering through a certain art gallery in a foreign city, our attention was arrested by a large painting entitled "Rebekah at the Well." It was an evening scene in the Holy Land. A grandly effective effort. A beautiful maiden standing beside a well, held up an odd-shaped pitcher while an old and weary-looking traveller, with a great long beard, drank from it. Although thousands of years had elapsed since the incident occurred, yet we

(felt, for the moment, as we should have done if we had suddenly come face to face with some old acquaintances. The artist seemed to have caught up the spirit of the inspired writer, and every detail was eloquently expressive. The sweet face of the damsel was strangely lit up with a look of inquiry which seemed to say "What so stirs my heart within me?" The old man, profoundly conscious of the mightiness of his mission, slowly drinks from the pitcher while he gazes earnestly into her half-frighted face. So well has the artist executed his work that the fancy almost sees the changes in the old man's face as he goes through the process of being convinced in his belief that Rebekah is the chosen one. The noble picture is full of suggestive thought. How strange that such a funny-looking old man should be found acting in the capacity of a match-maker. How lucky that he had not struck out on some other road, for then he would have missed the fair Rebekah at the well. Lovely maiden, how little did you dream, a few moments ago, that you were destined to be the wife of Isaac, and the mother of a mighty race. What a beautiful illustration of the old remark: "Great results from trifling causes spring." The salient points of that picture are fresh in my memory still.

III.

The musical talent of Hamilton recently gave a rendition of a composition which must not be overlooked, Barnby's Cantata "Rebekah." This production is, perhaps, not so well known as it might be. On the occasion mentioned, the chorus comprised some fifty voices, and the orchestra numbered but nine instruments, viz.: 1 first violin; 1 second do; 2 violas; 2 violoncelles; 1 flute, piano and organ.

The Cantata was under the direction of Mr. Abdous, who, it must be admitted, was not particularly happy in his effort.

The orchestra was altogether inadequate in volume, but was exquisite in some respects. The first violin (Mrs. Adams), somewhat reminds one of the famous Camilla Urso.

The music of the Cantata is of a solemn order, and some people are inclined to regard it as monotonous. There may be, however, much truth in the remark made by one of the leading singers that the oftener one hears it the better one likes it. The concert was under the auspices of St. Mark's Church, and the audience was very large and appreciative.

The opening chorus of the Cantata, beginning "Lo! thy golden glory declineth," was passably rendered, but failed to awaken a chord of sympathy. Mr. Egan, as Eliezer, maintained his reputation, although the part was not particularly interesting. The soprano solo and chorus, "Who shall be fittest?" was one of the redeeming features of the work, and the audience was once more enraptured with the charming voice of Mrs. Caldwell.

The orchestral effect in the approach of the cortege of Rebekah to the abode of Isaac, was very pretty. The flute (Mr. Finlay) and the cellos blended nicely. The piano accompaniment (Miss Collaghan) was excellent throughout. Not quite so much can be said for the organ (Mr. Fairbrough), but this gentleman is accustomed to playing on a large instrument. Mrs. Caldwell, as Rebekah, of course sang well, but the character seemed strange to her, and Isaac (Mr. Mitchell) was Isaac himself, sure enough. Altogether the Cantata was very nice, but not brilliant. W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton, 22nd May, 1878.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BOROUGHLE IS A VERY FOND OF US.

APRILINA PACE received a benefit at the Opera which netted her \$2,000.

THERE are 472 theatres, music halls and concert rooms in London.

THE Paris theatres have done a poor business during the past season.

THE father of Mary Anderson was a Captain in the Confederate Army, and was killed during the war.

LEVY, the celebrated puppet player, says that after traveling 20,000 miles during the past three years, it is his experience that the home music of a nation always elicits the most applause and commands the sympathy of an audience.

A WELL-KNOWN dramatic author is dramatizing a story for Miss Maggie Mitchell, in which it is said her characterization of the leading part will surpass that of Fanchon in Little Barefoot. The play will not be produced until next fall.

THERE is a well-known dramatic author who is noted for being the most impractical man in the world. The other day some actors determined to give him a dinner, and, being aware of his weakness, asked him to come two hours before it was served up. Promptly at half-past five the guest arrived, and when he was gravely informed he would have half-an-hour to wait he used language which need not be repeated. He had been asked for four o'clock, and the dinner hour was six.

IN a provincial theatre, where Macbeth was being recently played by a clever man, who was also a very great favourite with his audience, in the banquet scene he had delivered his words to the Ghost of Banquo, "Hence, hence, hence!" when he dropped on his knee, covering his face with his robe, and shuddering convulsively. Just as the applause was over, a youth in the gallery, carried away with the intensity of the acting, cried out, "It's all right now, Smith, he's gone!"

BOROUGHLE'S home in Fifteenth street, New York, is luxuriously furnished. The main room is draped in ruby velvet, with which some Eastern stuff is combined, and the windows are set with stained glass that sends little rainbow shafts over the rich oaken furniture. There is not only a portiere, but a luxuriant sweep of curtains runs directly in front of the table, where backed by a library which says "here's richness," Boroughle does his work, unmolested, certainly, and, if he please, unobserved. Over his head is a copy of "La Confession Humaine."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

INDIAN TROOPS ORDERED TO MALTA.—The first contingent of the native troops of the Queen's Indian army ordered to Malta, for service in the event of a European war, have arrived in Malta. It is satisfactory to learn that the Sepoys have responded with loyal, cheerful alacrity to this unwonted summons; and several regiments have even spontaneously volunteered their services. The best proof of the general good feeling of the troops is the alacrity with which native soldiers abruptly recalled from furlough are rejoining their regiments. The Malta Division is put under the very efficient command of General Ross, well known in 1857 as Ross, of Ross's Camel Corps. He is ably supported by Brigadier-General McPherson, V.C.; a very distinguished officer; Colonel Watson, V.C., commanding the Cavalry Brigade, who has already achieved a brilliant reputation as a cavalry leader; and Colonel Prendergast, V.C., commanding the Sappers and Miners. The first Bombay cavalry is commanded by Colonel Blair, V.C., the Goorkhas (Prince of Wales's Own) by Colonel McIntyre, V.C. The Goorkhas make splendid fighting men, and performed capital service during the mutiny. The 9th Bengal Cavalry was formed after the mutiny from remains of the famous regiment of Hodson's Horse. The 13th Bengal Light Infantry consists of Brahmans, Rajpoots, Hindoostanes, Mussulmans, and Jats. The 31st Bengal Native Infantry is the Punjab Regiment formed of Sikhs, Punjabis, Pathans, and a few Punjabi-Hindoos and Mohammedans—a fine body of men, of grand physique. The military enthusiasm prevailing among the English officers in India is indescribable. The authorities at Simla are stated to have been overwhelmed by telegraphic applications for foreign service. The proposed employment of the Native Army in Europe has given to the Indian military service a lustre in the eyes of the Hindoos, which may in future render it one of the finest military forces in the world and will doubtless prove of great benefit to India in various ways. The English military authorities will now find it necessary to set themselves in earnest to the task of carrying out a thorough reorganisation, so loudly clamoured for in years past. The English officers of the Indian army, spurred by the hope of gaining European distinction, will emulate each other in acquiring as perfect a scientific knowledge of their profession as possible, while the spectacle of English and native regiments fighting side by side in Europe will have a powerful effect in breaking down the barriers of race.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A MEMBER lately read a paper at the Academy of Sciences, wherein he stated that the character of the Norman people has become quite changed since the coasts of Normandy have been converted into fashionable seaside resorts, such as Deauville, Trouville, &c. The inhabitants have become duncards, gamblers, and sluggards; gross in their manners, insolent in the business relations, and the annual percentage of insanity has doubled.

AS E. R. has in one of his pictures a nicely-executed old washstand. It was copied from a piece of furniture concerning which the artist tells an amusing tale. He saw it in a broker's shop. It took his fancy, and he asked the shopkeeper the price of it. The man seemed very doubtful. It was not worth much, he said, hardly more than the cost of the carriage. Where was it to be sent? He gave his name and address. Thereupon the broker said, "I think I have heard tell of you before; if you will paint my portrait you shall have the stand for nothing." The man's estimate of the value of the artist's work can hardly be called high.

Mr. Bright's sneer at the Premier's Jewish descent is all the more remarkable, as Mr. Bright himself has Jewish blood in his veins. His great-grandfather, Abraham Bright, married Martha Jacobs, a pretty Jewish. In the year 1714, this couple removed from the parish of Lincham, in Wiltshire, and settled at Foleshill, in Warwickshire. Their son, William Bright, was baptised, and was therefore presumably a Christian. His son and grandson, the grandfather and father of John Bright, were both named Jacob. Other Jewish names occur more or less often in the family, as, for instance, Benjamin, Joseph, Samuel, Dinah, Esther, Hannah, Rebecca, Sarah, Susannah.

THE betrothal of the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Louise will take place on the 10th. His Royal Highness has just completed his twenty-ninth year. It is no flattery of a Royal Prince which gives him a high military record as an efficient and practical officer. The Princess he is about to marry is daughter of the famous warrior, the "Red Prince," and the Princess Marie of Anhalt, one of the leading favourites of the German Imperial Court. It is said the graces of the mother are reflected in the daughter, who is in her eighteenth year. The future Duchess of Connaught will receive £10,000 for her dowry—no small fortune for a German Princess.

THE honour of the suggestion that Indian troops should be employed in Europe in case of war belongs to the new secretary for India. It instantly met with the hearty approval of Lord Salisbury, and was then mentioned to the Premier,

who suggested difficulties and dangers, but he was so impressed with the scheme that he forthwith ordered a special Cabinet Council to be held. Mr. Hardy, in anticipation of the meeting, had most careful returns, similar to those which he had been used to in connection with the English army, made out; and it is not going too far to say that the statement he was able to place before his colleagues removed all doubt. He was fully empowered to draw out a statement to be submitted to Her Majesty. This was laid before the Queen, having been first sanctioned by the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief, and her Majesty graciously signified her approval.

A member of Parliament who appears to be tolerably fond of his wine, and who is also known to spend a considerable sum of money in the course of a week, found himself short the other day, and wrote a rather brief letter to his wife asking her to send a cheque for £60. Being rather a strong minded female, she got into a rage, as she knew well what the request indicated. Instead of sending a cheque she enclosed to her beloved husband a teetotal tract entitled "Tag Rag: What he was and what he is," published by the Scottish Temperance League. The M. P. was enjoying himself with his companions when the letter was put into his hands. On opening it he concluded at once that the cheque was there, and drove away to a bank. Walking up smartly to the counter he opened the tract before the clerk, turned pale-sherry colour, and left hurriedly.

MOURNING, says a Paris authority, admits of dinné parties where sparkling wine is not handed round. The flowers in the épergues should be white, the sweetmeats not coloured, and the dessert confined to biscuits, meringues, croquignoles, and the four *meubants*. Salmon is not, but surbit is, mourning. It is not mourning to have a band playing in the greenhouse during the dinner, unless selections from musical masses are performed. A concert is mourning if the female artists dress in black or white, and the vocal music is of a grave character. When invitations are issued for a ball, and all the preparations made, it is not necessary to defer the festivity should occasion arise to go into mourning. All the body of the house has to do is to order a cold supper and to suppress the champagne. If she has time it would show *sevoir faire* to eliminate the pink and red flowers from the decorations, and request the leader of the band whom she has engaged to limit his programme to quadrilles. She can give variety to her entertainment by hiring dramatic artists to recite pathetic verses before the dancing begins, but this amusement should not be prolonged far into the small hours of the morning.

THE Grosvenor Gallery has commenced its second year with great éclat, the works being all choice ones, and selected with judgment. The daring flights of a fancy that frees itself from rule and defies the critic's code, are mingled here with the productions of the strictly scholarly and the followers of severe method and patient industry. In the vestibule itself we have at once an exemplification of our statement, and a sample of the tone of the whole exhibition. The daring emancipation from art work as we know it is shown by Mr. E. Burne-Jones in his delineation of "Perseus and the Gorgon." We will not venture upon any speculation as to the mechanical means by which he has obtained the metallic aspect of the drapery; it is sufficient to say that it is an extraordinary flight of fancy, stamped with the daring of true genius. Here, too, is a specimen of the strictly scholastic work of Alphonse Legros—a portrait of Professor C. Cassell. The work of a disciple of the school of gay and brilliant colouring, Walter Field gives us "Henley Regatta," and we find a contrast of colour of the extremely opposite school in R. Lehmann's "Burning Love Letters," deep and powerful, here showing that the gallery supports the early efforts of the amateur; here, too, is a clever thought, richly painted by Miss Sarah Defries, an episode in the life of George Sand. The whole exhibition is of an advanced tone, and our best artists have shown themselves in their true colours.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

The painting of "Paris by Night," covering 40,000 square feet of canvas, was sold at auction in Philadelphia for 250 dollars.

NO TURNSTILES will be found at the Paris Exhibition, and money is not to be received at the doors. Admission is by tickets, which may be purchased at the post and telegraph offices, at the tobacco shops, and other establishments.

It is intended to open a "Palace" at the Paris Exhibition for the benefit of the working classes of all the nations who will be thronging to the world's show. The president is Mr. Samuel Morley, M. P.

The Tuileries Commission has resolved to recommend the restoration of the ruined Palace at a cost of about 4,000,000*fr.*, and the appropriation of it to a museum of modern art. The Chambers will be asked to sanction this scheme.

FOR the decoration of the International Competition, the Municipality of the French capital

has decided to incur the extra costs of electric lights to be employed in those parts of the town where, owing to the surroundings, the greatest possible effect is to be obtained.

THE medals struck in honour of the ceremonial opening are numerous; perhaps the prettiest of these baguettes is a flower with red, white, and blue petals; on one of the latter is a morsel of crystal resembling a drop of dew, and, looking through it, there is a fairy view of the Exhibition buildings.

The words in the speech of the Prince of Wales which chiefly touched the hearts of the French deserve to be singled out for record; they were—"Tout mon cœur est avec la France. Vous tous qui êtes présents, comme tous ceux qui me connaissez, vous savez que tous les désirs de mon cœur sont pour la grandeur et la prospérité de la France."

It is reported that a lobster which had apparently fallen from a market cart was recently seen wandering about the Paris streets, seemingly on his way to the nearest coast. As he evidently belonged to somebody, the police authorities felt bound to pick him up for registration in the missing property department. One of them seized the fish and was in turn seized, the pair arriving attached at the station-house. The captor was severely wounded in the adventure, and the question is as to whether the proprietor is liable to damages for losing a ferocious lobster, his claws not being tied.

Victor Hugo has just issued another work, *Le Pape*. It is a poem of great merit, and is like a winter sky with stars of poetic fire. The headings of the poem are thus characterised:—Scene First—Sleep. Words in the Star-Spangled Heavens—Kings Appear—The Pope at the Porch of the Vatican—The Synod of the East—A Garret—The Pope to the People—Infallibility—On Seeing Some Sheep pass By—Thoughtful Before Destiny—A Church Built—Seeing a Nurse—A Field of Battle—Civil War—He Speaks before Him into Darkness—Malediction and Benediction—On Seeing a Little Child—A Scaffold—Thoughtful in Presence of Night—Entering Jerusalem.

THE Princesse de Sagon, who is to give a ball of marked sumptuousness in honour of the Prince of Wales, is the daughter of the celebrated Orleanist banker, Baron Seillier, who died from grief, it is said, of not being able to spend his rent-roll; a subject that Mr. Mackay ought to bear in mind. No king has an establishment equal to hers. By marriage and relations, her *salons* are next to neutral political ground, and so a kind of Holy Land in Paris. Formerly the Princesse de Metternich filled this useful rôle, till she encouraged smoking and café ballad singing. The Almack residents of the capital purpose giving a splendid ball to the Princess of Wales when she comes to visit the Exhibition. The Prince, by his popular manners, and sincere interest in the Big Bazaar, has contributed almost successfully to dissipate the coldness between the two countries consequent on the German war.

THE GLEANER.

THE Prince of Wales never forgets a face and never omits to shake hands with a man he has met before.

EVERY workman on the Paris Exposition building has received a present of a Bible in the French language.

THE rumour of a possible visit to Spain of Leo XIII. for the coronation of King Alfonso is the latest apparent *canard*.

WIDOWS above fifty cannot marry in Portugal; but there is some difficulty in discovering when they reach that age.

NO proposal for canonization can be entertained in the Roman Catholic Church until a person has been dead fifty years.

NAPOLÉON, the Prince Imperial, is said to be a little ashamed of his mamma, who walks with a cane and does lots of *outré* things.

THE girls of Tuscola, Ill., place a blue ribbon and a mitten on the table when their lovers come to see them, and say, "Choose."

THE royal family of England now receive \$2,700,000 a year in grants from parliament, of which about \$1,720,000 goes to the queen.

THE Sultan never leaves his palace, even on the shortest expedition, unless he is accompanied by a wagon laden with refreshments.

THE Pope is a hard worker: he rises at three or four in the morning, a fact which shows his health is not so delicate as some of the papers have implied.

As an illustration of the practical usefulness of the bicycle, it is said that the treasurer of one of the Boston clubs who lives at Quincy, seven miles and a half from town, rides in nearly every day on the machine, making the distance in about forty minutes.

THERE were 60,000 bicycles made in England last year by 100 makers, and the users are growing steadily more numerous. The new bicycle is a vastly better instrument than the old velocipede, and its use can be learned as readily. It is already quite "the thing" in Boston.

THE OLD TOWN PUMP.—Long may that venerable institution—the town pump—continue to wave! See the weary-eyed urchin, whose dusty face and bloody fingers testify too well of base ball atrocities, draw near with a sigh of relief to quaff the sparkling crystal that spouts from the generous nozzle before him. See the thirsty canine greedily lapping the life giving liquid that drizzles to the trough beneath, as though his ultimate hope of salvation depended on the quenching of the torment within. Behold the inebriate wending his way homeward at 2 a.m., stop at the fountain of purity to assuage his bibulous propensity, and as he grasps the dipper and pours the four-fold contents of it down his burning throat—on the outside—and in his four-eyed gratitude gurgles, "Wot 'ed er do 'thout our pown pump," ask thyself if thou canst, which is best, a five-cent glass of beer or a glass of pure, cold water, without money and without price.

HUMOROUS.

THE bride's dress was just too everlastingly awfully exerting for anything.

IT is a New York truckman who advertises to "move furniture so that it will show to the best advantage."

TWO twin brothers are said to be so much alike that they frequently borrow money of each other without knowing it.

A WISCONSIN editor illustrated the prevailing extravagance of people nowadays by calling attention to the costly baby carriages in use, while when he was a baby, they hauled him by the hair of his head.

"Paper, sir?" asked the newsboy. "No, I never read," was the blunt reply. "Hi boys, come here," called out the gamin, "here's a man as is practisin' for the jury!"

When James called up one Sunday night, Aglow with love's bright flames, He sought the sofa where she sat, "Sofa, so good," said James.

A year thrice told has come and gone, With joys and hopes, and bother; Now stands a crib where the sofa did, Says James, "A little father."

FASHION NOTES.

BEIGE-COLOURED light wooden dresses, trimmed with brown and beige fringes, are much worn.

THE deep collars and cuffs of the moment are the "Anne of Austria," "La Vallière," and "Richefeu."

THE fashionable novel at the moment in Paris is Mme. Angèle Hussard's "Jacques de Trevoines."

BLACK shirts with white dots in them are now sold in London; they will hardly supplant the white articles.

PRETTY mania hats for little girls are seen at Riddle's with a wreath of flowers painted on the brim.

ALL sorts of worsted, silk, embroidered, brocaded, and damassee gaiters are used for heading fringes.

THE fashionables of the Faubourg St. Germain, Paris, were mourning for Pope Pius IX. until Easter Sunday.

PLEATS down the front of princess dresses and kilt pleats in the back are seen daily on Fifth Avenue and Broadway.

SOLID coloured stockings, clocked on the sides, are worn by little girls and misses, in colours to match their dresses.

It is fashionable to put two fringes of different colours or two shades of the same colour on beige or mastic gray dresses.

THE cutaway jacket long waistcoat, and kilt skirt, with scarf drapery around the hips, is the costume of the moment.

THE fringes for coloured bourette dresses are of two or three colours in the same fringe, to match the colours of the bourette.

PLAIN princess polonaises are worn over full trained skirts, the train being looped to escape the sidewalk when worn in the street.

HONITON lace returns with new favour to dress trimmings, and is exhibited in elaborate designs and profuse quantities on rich robes.

KNEE breeches, single breasted cutaway coats and skirts killed in the back, but scant in front, are worn by boys under six years of age.

PLAITED black lace, headed with rainbow jet passementeries, has appeared on black silk and black camel's-hair mantellets, dolmans and saques.

GRAY linen lawns, with white polka dots or small Japanese figures, or barred or striped with colour, are in demand for suits for young ladies and misses in their teens.

BEIGE coloured chip bonnets, trimmed entirely with beige ribbons and ostrich tips, and faced with black or dark coloured velvet, are affected by the most fashionable women.

PLEATINGS and flutings of black French lace, mingled with flat loops of narrow black grosgrain ribbon, are the most elegant trimmings for black mantillas, mantles and dolmans.

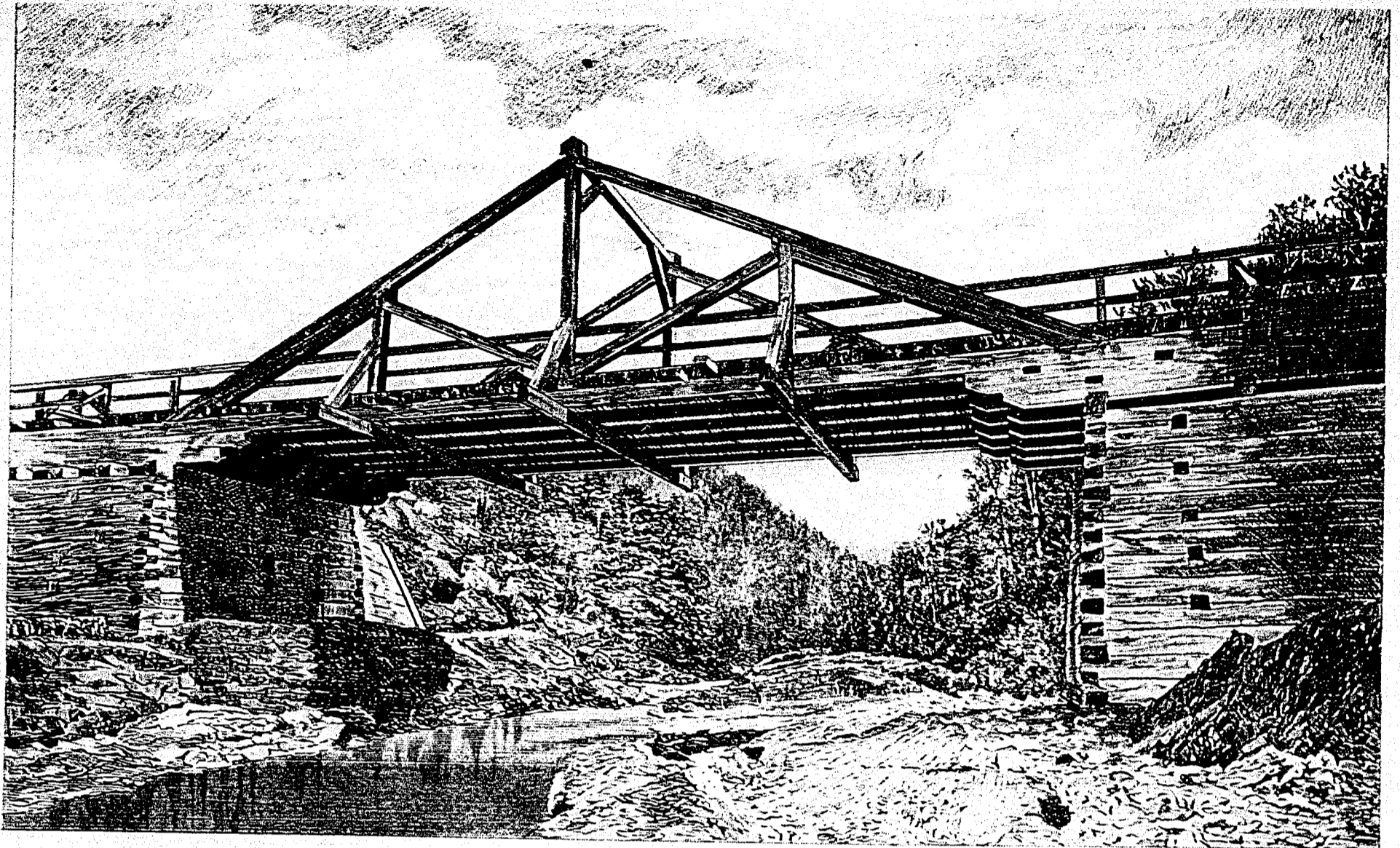
SOME very handsome princess polonaises are made with a band of beaded lace inserted down every seam, the trimmings at the bottom being of lace and beaded fringe to match.

THE most fashionable bonnets are of gray, ecrû, and mastic or beige coloured chip, with diadem fronts faced with black or dark velvet, edged with gold or rainbow tinsel braid, and have no face trimmings.

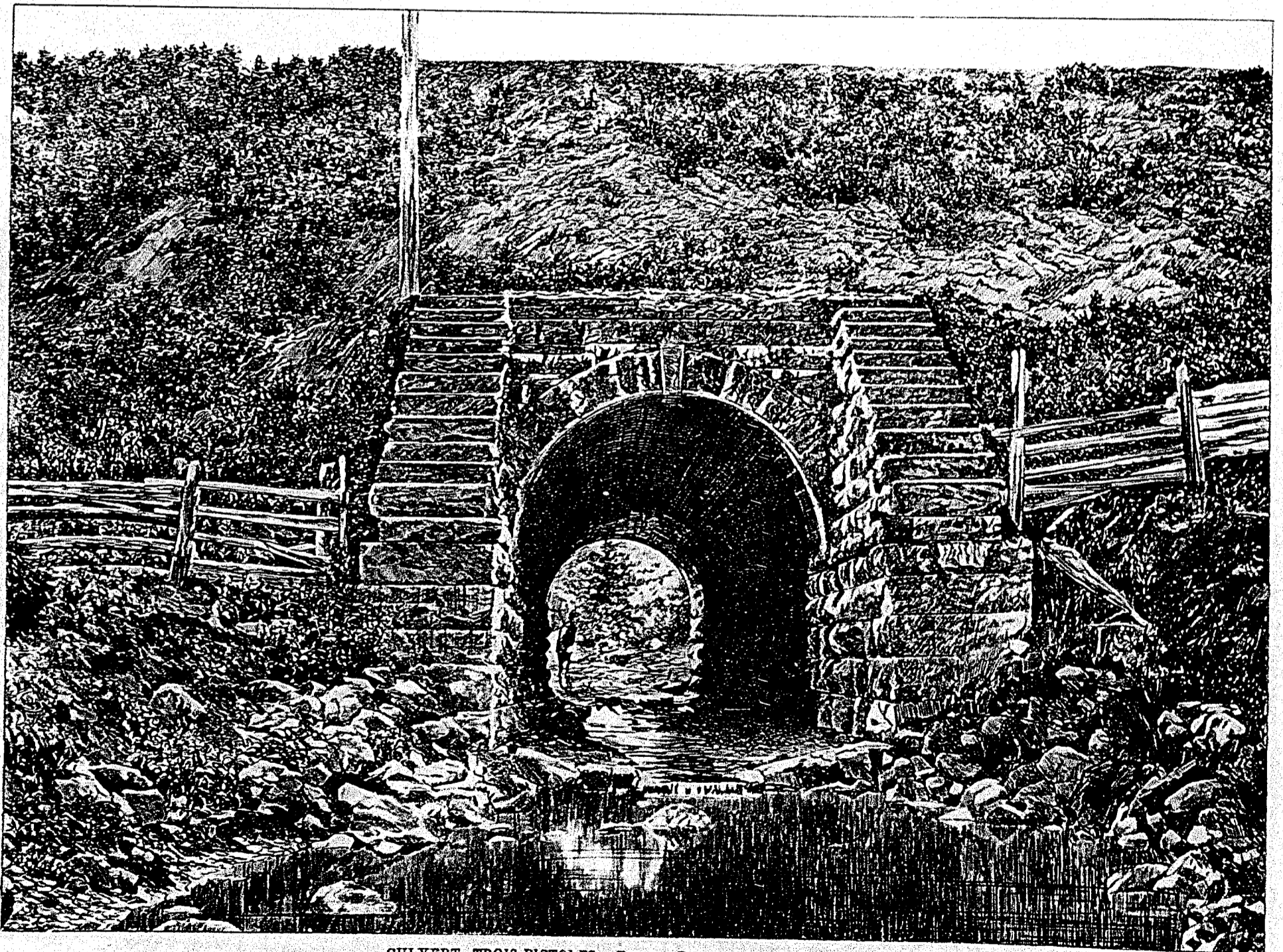
THE exposition costume, according to *Harper's Bazaar*, as determined by the Paris congress of fashion, is short, the skirt reaching only to the ankles, but otherwise it is not materially different to the prevailing styles of the season.

As a substitute for aprons, very small boys are given princess shaped coats or slips of brown linen or plain percale, made with kilt pleatings behind, and an ulster belt; this garment slips on easily over their white underclothing.

IN children's underclothing there is very little that is new. Sometimes the combination form of garment is adopted by them, and their little petticoats are gored; but they should always be made with bollees attached, drawers and flannel petticoats buttoning on to the corded stays.



ASSAMETQUACAN BRIDGE, METAPEDIA ROAD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.



CULVERT, TROIS-PISTOLES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.
VIEWS ON THE INTERCOLONIAL.



INDIAN TROOPS ORDERED TO MALTA. 9TH BENGAL CAVALRY.

TO ETHEL.

(Who wishes had lived—

*"In teacup-times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn."**"In teacup-times!" The style of dress
Would suit your beauty. I confess;
Belinda-like, the patch you'd wear;
I picture you with powdered hair—
You'd make a charming Shepherdess!**And I—no doubt—could well express
Sir Plume's complete conceitedness—
Could poise a clouded cane with care
"In teacup-times!"**The parts would fit precisely—yes;
We should achieve a huge success;
You should disdain, and I despair,
With quite a true Augustan air;
But . . . could I love you more, or less,
"In teacup-times!"*

AUSTIN DOBSON.

BETWEEN LOVE AND DUTY.

In the year 1832, a millionaire named Sydney Harpagon died, leaving the whole of his property to his nephew, Carttar Bessbroughton, and to the detriment of Ishmael Petreer, another nephew.

These two nephews were the only blood relations the man had.

The cousins had unwisely struggled each for the whole of the fortune.

One obtained all, the other nothing.

The old man dying, the conditions of the will could not be modified.

Ishmael openly declared that he had been deprived of his birthright by fraud on the part of Carttar.

Carttar could afford to laugh at the accusation, and he did not go beyond laughter.

The careers of the two men were very different.

Carttar married another fortune and a virago.

He had no family, and she died in 1850, after eighteen wrangling years of married life, and when her husband was about forty.

Carttar Bessbroughton married again, and again became a widower, but with this difference—one daughter, called Cythea, consoled his second widowhood.

Our tale practically commences when Cythea was eighteen years of age.

As to the outcast cousin, Ishmael, he went to India, where he married, after many years' unsuccessful struggle with fortune.

His only son, named exactly after himself, was called Ishmael Petreer. He was born about four years before Cythea saw the light.

He was sent to England from India when he was ten. Before he reached twenty, both father and mother were dead, leaving him master of a very moderate fortune, and the inheritor of some expectation on the mother's side, together with a fervid hatred for the old man whose calamity had destroyed his father's life prospects.

When this tale begins, let it be repeated, Cythea was eighteen, her father sixty; while at that time Ishmael numbered twenty-two, or perhaps twenty-three summers, certainly not more.

A determination on the part of aging Carttar Bessbroughton brought about the events in this tale.

CHAPTER I.

SOME LOVE AND MORE DUTY.

"AND is it possible that you can look me calmly in the face and tell me that you forego our engagement?"

"Yes."

"But you said you loved me?"

"Ezra," she replied, "I know that I did say that I loved you, and I am sure that when I said so I quite believe that I was devoted to you."

"What has changed your opinion?"

"Did you not promise to refrain from asking me questions?"

"I did; but you sprang a mine upon me. When you requested that I should ask you no questions upon what you were going to say to me, when I laughingly said 'Yes' how was I to guess, or come near guessing, that you were about to withdraw your promise to marry me?"

"Nevertheless, did you give your promise to ask me no questions, and you are breaking that promise."

"To which I must reply, Cythea, that when a man promises not to ask questions upon something that is about to be said to him, his good faith is surprised if by that promise he is compelled to be silent upon a vital question. It is evident you obtained from me that concession, well knowing how fervently I keep my promise, and in the view of avoiding answers to my just and upright inquiries. Leave the breaking of my word, I beg, to myself and my conscience. I have a right to obtain some clear answers to my questions, and will have them!"

"Will! You never used such a word to me before!"

"You never treated me as you have to-day."

"What if I refuse to answer?"

"I say I will have replies."

She turned slightly pale. She had found him ever so yielding, gentle, that she was not prepared for this sudden outburst of determination.

"I see you have denied me," she replied, humbly. "Perhaps," she continued, "it is fortunate for me that I have taken the settled determination to break off our engagement!"

"You have no right to do so."

"What! Has a woman no right to change her mind?"

"No woman can justify herself in breaking her promise to marry a man unless she justly, fairly and honestly gives her reasons for so doing. Would a man be justified in such an act?"

"That is a very different matter."

"How so?"

"Because when a man gives up a woman without explanation or justification of his conduct, the woman is compromised."

"And what of the happiness of a man when the woman gives him up without explanation or justification?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then she replied, "I should have thought that a self-respecting man would not have condescended to seek an explanation of a woman who had behaved so unjustly!"

"You will not escape, Cythea. You shall give the explanation!"

"Ah, this is too infamous!"

"It is you who behave infamously. We have been engaged two years. When we met, you were sixteen, I twenty-two. You have never intimated any dissatisfaction, and now suddenly, here in the square enclosure, you tell me that you have decided to give me up. I ask for an explanation, and I am justified in insisting upon having it."

"You are determined?"

"I am—most determined."

"Then listen."

"Speak the truth, Cythea."

"I will. I have desired to avoid this explanation because, after hearing it, I am afraid that you will despise me."

"Perhaps," he said, "it would only be kind to make me despise you if you are going to play me false; thereby you would lessen my suffering."

"I give you up because I have not sufficient courage to meet poverty."

"What question of poverty is there?" he cried. "I have a respectable income, and my expectations are very large. I am unable to understand you."

"It is true your expectations are very large, but it may be many years before they are realized."

"But my own income is nearly five hundred a-year."

"Papa allows me almost that for dress and spending money."

"I am your equal in birth, and your father has never opposed our known friendship. Surely, he may have guessed we were engaged."

"He may have guessed, but he has never spoken. To make you understand my position, you must learn a little of my family history."

"What!" cried Ezra Sedgemoir, almost angrily; "what can your family history have to do with our engagement?"

"All," she said, in a calculating voice. "My father, and a cousin named Ishmael Petreer, were the only blood relations of the man who left my father his enormous fortune. My father obtained the preference over his cousin by fraud."

"And you can thus speak calmly of your father's crime?"

"It was perpetrated before my time; and I am so far justified in my rejection of yourself, that it is in order to do justice to the only son of Ishmael Petreer that I break with you."

"Great Heaven! What do you mean, Cythea?"

"Old people repent, and my father is no longer a young man. He repents of his conduct to Mr. Petreer, and he contemplates easing his conscience by marrying me to my cousin Ishmael, whom I have never seen, so that he may return to the son what he stole, or, rather, manoeuvred away from the father."

"Ah, Cythea!" cried the earnest lover; "and do you think that I can despise you for the act you contemplate? Alas! when I have lost you I shall the more be desolate, because you have sought to sacrifice your love to your duty, or, rather, your sense of duty. You sacrifice yourself to your father's peace of mind."

"You are giving me too good a character."

"No, I am not, but think over it. You are going to do this for life; and your father is near the grave. Have you any right to sacrifice your whole existence, that his last few years may be selfishly peaceful? You see he is selfish to the end, like all bad men."

"You have not heard me out. I contemplated flying with you—I had little sense of duty; but I cannot live otherwise than I do. Luxury is absolutely necessary to me. Did I refuse my cousin, my father would adopt him the day I married you, and he would disinherite me."

"But five hundred a year is a pleasant income, and we shall have more."

"I gave fifty pounds, this morning, for a lace dress. It was while trying it that I felt I could not give up my habits, and that, obeying my father, I must give you up."

"So," he cried, leaping to his feet, "you weighed me against a bit of lace rag, and found me the less valuable!"

"Ah! I told you, you would despise me. What is to be done? We are as we are. I wish I could bear poverty—then I would elope with you."

"And I would not take you to these, my arms, to save you or myself from death. You are worthless. Thank Heaven I am saved from you by your own infamous act and words. There are plenty of good girls, one of whom will make a loving wife. Good-bye, and for ever!"

"Good-bye, dear," she said, covering her face with both hands. "Ah, if you were but rich!"

He did not hear her words. He left her in the enclosure of that fashionable square, where they habitually met, and he went his way.

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER COUPLE.

"But what have I done that you wish to give me up?"

"Nothing."

"Yes; I see a secret in your face. We have been engaged for three years, and I am sure I have never given you cause for sorrow. At any time I have been ready to marry you, and at any time I have been ready to go to the end of the world with you. Speak plainly, Ishmael. What is my fault?"

"You have no fault, Judith. But I have been thinking over many things lately, and I come to the conclusion that if we married, we should not be happy."

"Why, you must have a reason."

"To commence with, you are very much richer than I am, and it is always a fault in a marriage when the man is poorer than the woman."

"You know that I would willingly give you all I have, but that my trustees are opposed to any such arrangement. But I will come to you without money if you like."

"That would be worse still, for I am comparatively poor, though I have expectations on my mother's side of my family."

"Do you not lay too much stress upon mere riches, Ishmael? Of course I know that there can be no true and continuous happiness in a state of poverty. But, on the other hand, can a husband and wife only be at peace upon so many thousands a year? For my part, I look upon a large household, and the insolence of a drove of servants, with positive loathing."

"I—I do not turn from you."

"You do. I beg you will not crush me by the intimation that you purpose abandoning me, because I am rich. You turn my new wealth upon me. You crush me with a fault from which I have no power to free myself. I would, if I could, throw all my riches in the sea. Ah, you finch!"

"It is wicked to speak of despoiling wealth," he said; "it affords us every comfort."

"I knew you did not despise wealth."

"I have not said that I despised wealth."

"But you abandon me for having it. Oh, if I could be rid of it! But there are my trustees, who are honest men, and who would only laugh if I talked of giving away my fortune."

"They would be quite right to protect you against yourself."

"But, Ishmael, the income would be yours. You would have it entirely under your control. I should have nothing to do with it. I would never refer to my means as your wife. I would be gentle as any beggar-maid."

"You think so. Your will is now good and correct enough. But the power and pride which wealth gave cannot be crushed. Despite all your efforts, you would assert your superiority."

"Superiority!"

"The servants would despise me."

"We will go away from England. No one about us shall know anything of your means or mine."

"You are very merciful and gentle, but I am sure the scheme would not do."

"But think what a desolation my life will be if you leave me! I am alone in the world—quite alone. You have gained my affections. What should I do without you?"

He was silent.

"Perhaps there is some other reason?"

"No."

"There is—I see it on your changed countenance. Surely I have not a rival?"

She looked suddenly in a glass. Assuredly there were few women who could compete with those royal features.

"I will write," he said, rising, and moving towards the door.

She rose before him.

"You shall not leave my house until I know all!"

"It—it will pain you."

"I am prepared."

"It will crush you."

"I have no fear of agony."

"Judith, let me go!"

"I will not, Ishmael. You have no right to play with my love, as with the affection of a child! You sought me out, you have made me love you, and now you purpose throwing me aside. You can accuse me of no harm."

"Indeed, no."

"Of no meanness, treachery, or even caprice! I am what I look—an earnest, trusting woman. What right have you to cast me off? Speak. If you act justly, I will yield."

"Then—then I have learnt that there is madness in your family, and you have no right to marry. I should be committing a social sin to marry you."

He had conquered her.

She fell at his feet, crushed with the force and power of what he had said.

He lifted her up, called for help, and showed many signs of great mental distress.

Finally, when at her request, they were left alone again, she said, quite calmly, "We left speak the truth, you are quite right. But I have never been told anything of these things. Is it really true that there is insanity in my family?"

"Yes, Judith; two of your aunts, an uncle, and several cousins all died mad. I have recently seen a great deal of doctors and their waps, and it was by the merest chance that, in the first place, I learnt that there was this hereditary blight in your family."

"I believe you," she said, "and I love you not any the less, Ishmael; but—"

"Yes, Judith."

"I think, knowing how much I love you, that you might have taken pity upon me. You might have married and protected me. I would never have made a complaint; and, if the fatal inheritance came to me, I should not have been alone in the world to fight it. I shall love you for ever! I will not ask you to marry; but you will promise me to refrain from taking a wife for say, two years? I may have overcome my misery by that time, in some measure."

"I promise, dear Judith, upon one condition."

"Yes."

"That you go away from London, and make no inquiries concerning me."

"I promise that, dear; but shall I never see you?"

"Yes, Judith, now and again—I promise you that."

She kissed his hand, maintained a wonderful calmness, saw him to the door, and then turned back into her exquisite, yet home-like, house, utterly desolate and despairing.

Six weeks after that interview, Ishmael Petreer married his second cousin, Cythea Bessbroughton, and the marriage was made quite public.

The shifty conscience of the old man, Carttar Bessbroughton, was consoled, and both his daughter and Ishmael that they had done their duty.

They had effected nothing of the kind. They were actuated by that scandalous greed that thirsts for wealth, which had prompted their fathers to lie and cheat in the struggle to get Harpagon's wealth.

They had inherited greed, and they were cast together for life, equally greedy, mistrustful, and ungenerous.

Had Ishmael married Judith Chaldeen, had Cythea taken Ezra Sedgemoir for a husband, the grasping tendencies of both would have been modified.

As it fell out, they came together mutually to weary and disgust each other.

They had no chance of happiness.

III.

THE VICTIM.

It can never be too frequently enunciated, that it is the innocent who always suffer with the guilty, and only too frequently, they suffer for them.

The news of Ishmael's marriage fell upon Judith with murderous effect.

When she was once again sufficiently herself to take action, she asked herself the query—had he told her the truth when he stated that her family, of whom she was the last, were afflicted with insanity?

She made active inquiries, to learn that the relatives he had named had certainly died in a state of insanity, but that, in every instance, the death was remotely due to previous habits of intemperance.

In other words, she learnt that what the doctors call dipsomania, or craving for drink, had previously destroyed the reason of these unfortunates.

Some doctors maintain that dipsomania is hereditary; others deny this theory.

But no medical man could be sufficiently rash to urge that, in a family given to dipsomania, that necessarily all members must inherit, and practise, the fatal habit of intoxication.

Miss Judith Chaldeen felt, therefore, that Ishmael's excuse for not marrying her was a monstrous falsehood, the more iniquitous that it was a pretence at truth.

In her case she never drank anything of an intoxicating nature, and, therefore, any accusation of drinking propensities, or their anticipation, was cruelly unfair.

Nevertheless, there must have been a suspicion of insanity in the family, apart from the tendency of its members to habits of drunkenness.

Had this not been the case, she never could have done what she did.

Some three weeks after the marriage she made her will.

Her lawyers remonstrated with her very gravely over the terms of this document; but they did not alter her determination.

Two days afterward she visited, accompanied by a friend, the house of a celebrated insanity doctor, and to him she explained that she had made a very eccentric will, which, in event of her death, might be opposed by some very distant relative. She was going abroad to live, and she, therefore, wished that, before she left, there might be evidence that she was in complete possession of her senses.

The great insanity doctor smiled hard.

"Eccentricity is not madness; on the contrary, it is generally associated with very powerful minds," he said.

He tried her in all possible ways, and ultimately he pronounced his visitor sane.

She went on the following day with another friend to a second medical man, who especially practised amongst maniacal patients.

On a third day she, with yet another friend, visited a doctor under similar conditions.

This trio belonging to the faculty of medicine pronounced the young lady quite sane, and all paid her compliments on her looks.

So mysterious is deceptive insanity.

By that time her household had been dismissed, all but her housekeeper, who was to accompany her abroad.

The servants were vastly sorry to part from

her, for she was a good mistress, and all hoped to see her again on her return from the continent.

She smiled pleasantly, and hoped so too. Upon the day when the house was clear of servants, a very large travelling trunk was brought to the house and left there.

By this time most of the preparations for departure had been made.

It was the afternoon when Miss Chaldeen said to her housekeeper, "Hobson, we have yet an hour or more before my train starts. Now the cab will not pass a post office. I wish you would go out and post this letter, and see that it is registered. If a cab passes before you return, I will take it, and it will save you the trouble of finding out. Call also upon the carrier, and insist at once upon his returning with you and taking the large box to its destination. You will then lock up the house, and deliver the key to the agent, and come on by the next train to Dover. I shall be at the 'Lord Warden,' where my new French maid will be waiting for me. Go by the gate, and take the key of the lower door. If the cab passes, I can let myself out and close the door."

"Yes, miss," said the woman. She did as she was directed. Upon her return to the house she found her young mistress gone. The different travelling packages were gone too, and the woman inferred that her mistress had called a passing cab, and gone to the Victoria Station.

She the more readily supposed this to be the case, because she had been some time at the carrier's.

The housekeeper pointed out the box. He had to call the driver of the cart before it could be moved.

The two men found it hard work to get the huge trunk into the cart.

It was addressed to Mr. Ishmael Potter, at his town residence.

Cytha seated at breakfast in the third, or perhaps fourth week of her honeymoon, passed at Cowes, saw her husband start, as opening a letter, a little packet fell from it, and he read a few enclosed words.

"What is it, Ishmael?"

"A message from an old flame of mine."

He turned the note over. It ran:—

"DEAR ISHMAEL,—

"I send you a wedding present—a rich one—for you love riches, even in a shroud. The key is with this, and you will find the box which it opens, and wherein is the present, when you reach home with your bride."

Can it be believed that then mutual curiosity to see what the "old flame" had given them as a wedding present accelerated their return to town?

The reader has anticipated a statement of the rash act committed by poor obscurely-mad Judith Chaldeen.

She had crept into the chest, and pulled the lid over her. When the spring-lock came into operation, the action of suicide was complete.

She had died without struggling, that was evident. She had probably fainted at once, and so was still while insensible.

Tied in her right hand was her will, by which she left everything to the unworthy man who had deserted her.

Three weeks after—only three weeks—and two months after Cytha had dismissed Ezra Sedgwick—the latter received a few hurried lines, of which the following is a copy:—

"DEAR EZRA,—

"I am already a widow. My husband had suffered from heart disease for years, it seems, and a great shock killed him. Just before his death, and since our marriage, a very large fortune was left him.

"I inherit this money. I therefore am quite independent of my father, and independent of the whole world and of all men.

"When the proper interval has elapsed, I shall be happy to receive you on the old footing, and resume that engagement which was cruelly broken off—but, as it results, so fortunately for our future happiness—by our mutual poverty.

"Yours most devotedly,

"CYTHA PERREB."

To which she received this answer:—

"DEAR MRS. PERREB,—

"Pray keep independent of the whole world and of all men, if only for the benefit of that same world and of all men.

"For my part, I have come into a fortune—quite a wealth of love, which had existed for years quite near me, and to which, basking in the light of your love, I had been blind.

"I hope to gain this wealth for life.

"Yours faithfully,

"EZRA SEDGWICK."

Dates will show that this tale refers to very recent events. They were hushed up.

Cytha has inherited two fortunes—Ismael's and Judith's. She awaits her father's.

She is quite alone.

Of course, she can marry when she likes—by purchasing a husband.

But that way of married life is bad marketing. She finds the world—stupid.

MR. JOHN BROUGHAM, the veteran actor, is expected to publish next autumn a volume of "Recollections of the Stage." It ought to be an entertaining book, for he is a man of wit, full of anecdote, and has a wonderfully retentive memory.

A SONG OF SPRING-TIME.

Sweet Spring! Through primrose-scented lanes We felt thee drawing nigh; We heard thy herald-blackbird strains And starting's call on high. Our minds recalled each tender tinge The olden woods put on. Where larches wear their softest fringe And elms their plumage don, And grand old oaks, whose branches wide A thousand storms have known, Bow lightly down in leafy pride, With softest breezes blown.

We know what smiles and teardrops shide When first young April wakes, Where honey-suckles twist and twine Above the violet-brakes. The fragrant gloom of hawthorn bows Where woodruff loves to dwell, And wild anemone, whose flowers Are tinted like a shell— Brave hyacinth, whose clustered bloom Outshines the Summer sky, Who waits as luck with her perfume To spring in days gone by.

Sweet Spring! The pleasures of thy prime Thy daisy-sprinkled lanes, Thy softly-falling twilight-time, Thy golden-glowing dawns— We know them all; and when our hearts Are gladdened with thy smiles, Let us rejoice our Father's voice Still speaks among the trees. Still echoes through life's darkest hours This promise ever true: "The Love that cometh for the flowers Shall out-weigh man's for you."

SUSANNA J.

HEARTH AND HOME.

BRAIN-WORKERS. DR. FAIRHURSTON says, "As long as a brain worker is able to sleep well, to eat well, and to take a fair proportion of outdoor exercise, it may be safely said that it is not necessary to impose any special limits on the actual number of hours which he devotes to his labours. But, when what is generally known as worry steps in to complicate matters, when cares connected with family arrangements, or with those numerous personal details which we can seldom escape, intervene, or when the daily occupation of life is in itself a fertile source of anxiety, then we find one or other of these three safeguards broken down.

THOUGHT. If a reflective, aged man were to find at the bottom of an old chest—where it had lain forgotten fifty years—a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, and reciting, verbatim, many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost any other writer could at his age inspire? He would lose the assurance of his identity under the impression of his immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of the juvenile days of some ancestor, with which he had no connection but that of name.

FAMILY LIKENESSES. Southey in a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges, says:— "Did you ever observe how remarkably old-age brings out family likenesses, which, having been kept, as it were, in abeyance while the passions and business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in age as in infancy, the features settling into their primary characters before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this, a brother and sister, than no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like as twins at last. I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass, where they never used to appear."

THERE are one or two proverbs that contain more truth than falsehood, and one of them, unhappily, is, that familiarity breeds contempt. Though mystery is a good key, it is a very bad lock; it does very well to open the door of a heart, but it is by no means well adapted to keep it safe and secure. This must be done by short strength, and of sheer strength, ever watch talk about love and art, and the youthful affections of long locks and mild weakness, are in no wise symptoms—at least, not of the sort of strength that is required to hold for ever a woman, who had opened her eyes to the fact that the good things of the real world are by no means to be despised.

INCONSISTENCY.—Disgust of certain things is generally the result of hereditary instinct. It sometimes attaches to the total form of objects, and may diminish and become extinct as scientific analysis disjoins the parts of the repugnant whole. Thus, a spider, viewed as a whole, is a repulsive creature; but take a leg or an eye of it, and study in the microscope the marvellous arrangement of these organs, and the sight will awaken admiration instead of disgust. Again, habit is evidently an important factor in feelings of disgust. Thus, to eat frogs or snails is repugnant to us, yet we eat without disgust such things as black pudding, tripe, liver, high game, and decayed cheese. The aversion to horse-flesh is not readily accounted for, except by habit; what rational reason can we give for considering it less fit for food than swine's flesh?

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.—What is the secret of personal influence? Who can tell? In a voice at times; in manner frequently; in the assumption of infallibility; in sympathy and in directness; in opposition and in shifting which is quite opposed to directness; in broadly-outlined acceptance of your views with a fine shading of dissent which shows you to be quite right in vague essentials, but somewhat all wrong in individual points; in smiles that attract confi-

dence and in silence that gives assent; in a moral pose offered as the expression of the true character; in the power of insinuating impressions without committing oneself to a positive statement, and in the impetus which lies in a thundering assertion, let who will dispute or disprove—in all or any of these things lies that subtle gift of power which we call the influence of a man's personality; and in none of them can we find much to lay hold of.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.—Where husband and wife really love each other they get along well through all the vicissitudes of life, because one immeasurable source of happiness always remains to them, whatever disasters betide—and that is their unfeeling sympathy with each other. Nothing less than this enables a couple to endure with equanimity all the cares and anxieties and disappointments of married life. Nothing is more common than to see two young persons marry with the approval of the families and all the friends on each side. "What a fortunate match for both of them!" every one exclaims. To outside appearance such it is. A little time elapses—it may be a few years, it may be only one—when, to the surprise of their acquaintances, it is announced that the marriage has turned out unhappily. The explanation is simple—there was no love between them. There was a degree of friendship, there was a mutual expectation of advantage from the connexion—but love there was not. For the ordinary transactions and relations of life respect and friendship are all that are required. It is not so in marriage. Nothing there will supply the place of love. The belief that there are substitutes for it is one on which many a gay and hopeful young couple have trusted their happiness only to find it a total wreck.

VARIETIES.

A SENSATIONAL WEDDING.—A very singular wedding is reported as having lately occurred in a small town in England, famous for its hunting parties. The bride being a celebrated sports-woman, the ladies present wore riding habits and the gentlemen hunting suits, with high top boots and spurs. While the ceremony was in progress the church was crowded with huntsmen in red coats, which contrasted strangely with the bride's orange blossoms and satin dress with a long white velvet train, and the toilets of the twelve bridesmaids, which were of "poult de-soie," trimmed with fur and branches of holly. After the ceremony and departure the whole party rode off, followed by groom in livery, a pack of hounds, and hundreds of huntsmen dressed in. The effect of this spectacle is said to have been novel and magnificent. Three different scenes of the wedding, the view in the church, and the party at breakfast, and in front of the enateau, with the hunters advancing on horseback to congratulate the bride, are to be painted and presented to the bride, while small copies will be kept for the guests.

A MOUNT COGNAC.—I left Marville and went south on a railroad full of initials that it sounded like a Masonic lodge, and I wondered how they kept the train on the track. But there was a conductor on the train who deserves a monument. He didn't stand round and let passengers hunt seats for themselves. When he came into the car and saw one man with no seat and another man with four, he gently, but firmly, bounced the expensive man, and made him withdraw within the meter and bounds described by his ticket. He wasn't ugly or cross about it, but he had a way of explaining to a man with one ticket and three valises, two hat boxes and a bucket of apples, that the express car is just two cars forward, that was perfectly irresistible. A small timid passenger, unaccustomed to travelling, is very adverse to ordering a big, burly, broad-shouldered traveller, with a belligerent, repellent expression on his sleeping face, to "wake up and give him a seat," and the conductor who takes this job off his timid hands is a godsend to the travelling community. The man who ran north on the K. C., St. J. and C. C. last Monday afternoon would be an honor to a pool with even twice so many initials.

PRINCE OF WALES MAKING HIMSELF USEFUL IN PARIS.—The truth is the prince has taken his presidency of the royal commission seriously, and rendered and continues to render, invaluable services to the exhibition. I think I have already mentioned instances where his personal request had induced men to exhibit who had not meant to exhibit—two agricultural machine makers, among others, who spent \$100,000 on their section, and Mr. Colman, who has spent \$50,000 to show the world how he makes mustard. It is not less true that the prince understands all the ceremonial duties of his position extremely well, and that he has the most perfect command over the muscles and expression of his face. He never looked bored. He was never impatient, though one or two exhibitors were possibly a little exacting. A number of presentations were made to him by Mr. Owen, and his manner to each person was what we should call most civil, and what Englishmen would call gracious. I don't know what the proper word is, but I may safely say extremely well-bred, for it was such a manner as put other people at their ease. You have heard a hundred times that the prince never forgets a face, and that he never omits to shake hands with a man, whom he has met before, whether at levees or in private. He has had the good sense to see that this exhibition gives him an excellent

opportunity for strengthening his position and popularity at home, and he has made the most of it. His father led the way in 1851, and his son is, perhaps, entitled to the more credit for imitating so good an example, since Prince Albert really cared about the matter, and the Prince of Wales cares for it only or mainly, in an indirect way, as affecting the industrial and commercial prosperity of his kingdom.

MORAL PRINCIPLE.—Moral principle, though a current phrase, is employed by many who have but a vague conception of its true import. Strictly speaking, it is not one, but many principles, or rather one principle which may be viewed under a multiplicity of aspects, each one pleasing and beautiful in itself, but the whole surpassingly so in their combination. It is truth disdaining to utter or even to defend a lie for any purpose. It is sincerity giving a transparency to all our dealings, causing the intention to shine forth in the action, and throwing a flood of light on great, noble and self-sacrificing deeds, which lends to them full one-half of their lustre and brilliancy. It is integrity sternly adhering with unbending resolve to justice and rectitude. It is zeal performing good works of every kind, not only eager to embrace, but earnestly seeking for opportunities of usefulness. It is heroism defying with martyr courage and invincible resolution all the horrors of the fagot and the stake. It is self-denial sacrificing friends, wealth, liberty and everything to cherished conviction. It is love springing forward, with a valiancy peculiarly its own, in glad obedience to the voice of the Eternal.

WORDS OF WISDOM. A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of faults makes half amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy sootheth at another and woundeth itself.

Foolish fear doubles danger.

God reaches us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than it does to bear them.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is a way to silence it.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul words in their faces.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants the least.

Small thoughts indulged are little thieves.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are near kin.

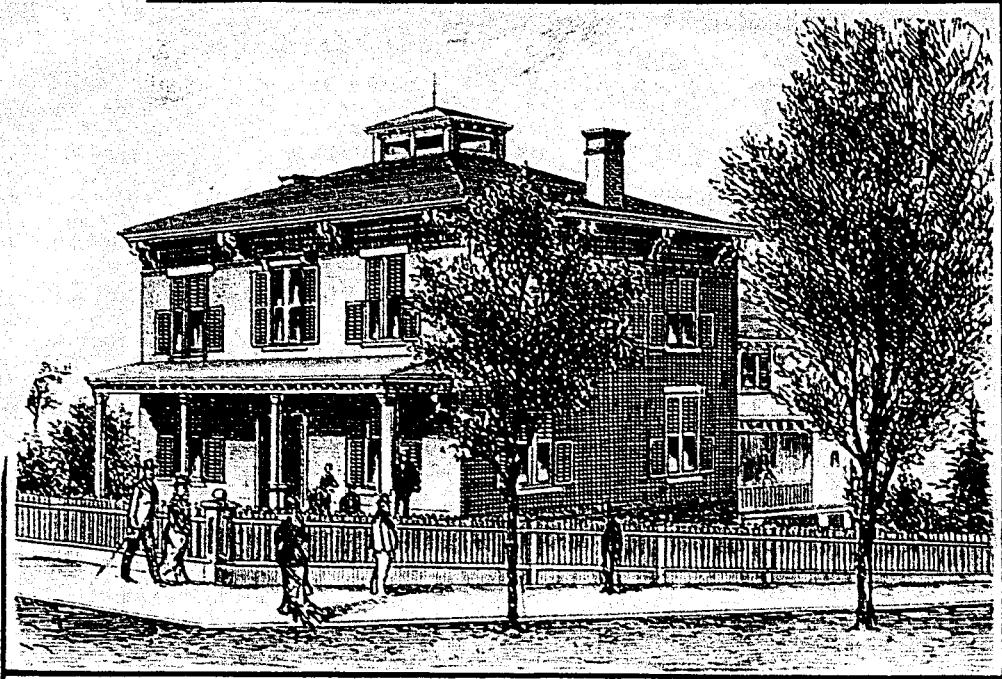
True men make more opportunities than they find.

You never lose by doing a good turn.

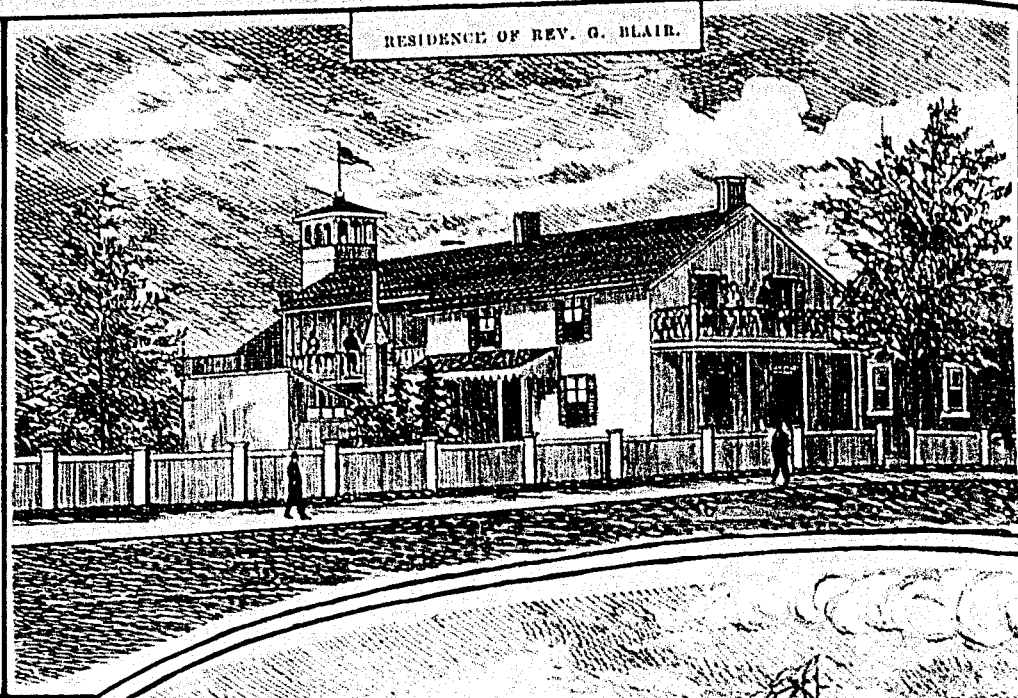
Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

STAMMERING.—The Paris *Débats* publishes some curious statistics of stammering in France. Of 2,086,826 conscripts examined in twenty years, from 1850 to 1870, there were 13,215 examinations on account of this defect. There were about 700 per annum before the new recruiting law, and they have reached one thousand since the whole force has been subjected to examination. It is calculated that stammering affects 125 per 100,000 persons in France. It is more common in the south than in the north, reaching, for instance, the proportion of more than fifteen per 1,000 conscripts in the Basses Alpes and Bouches du Rhone; while in the department of the Haut Rhin the proportion is 63 per 1,000. This difference is attributed to education being more widespread and the pronunciation more attended to in the north than in the south of France. It is pointed out that as long as exemption from military service is accorded on account of the defect, there will be little desire on the part of parents to get their children cured of it. In a recent report to the minister of public instruction, M. Chervin dwells on the necessity of abolishing this exemption on account of a deficiency he considers to be curable by merely obliging children to pronounce rationally.

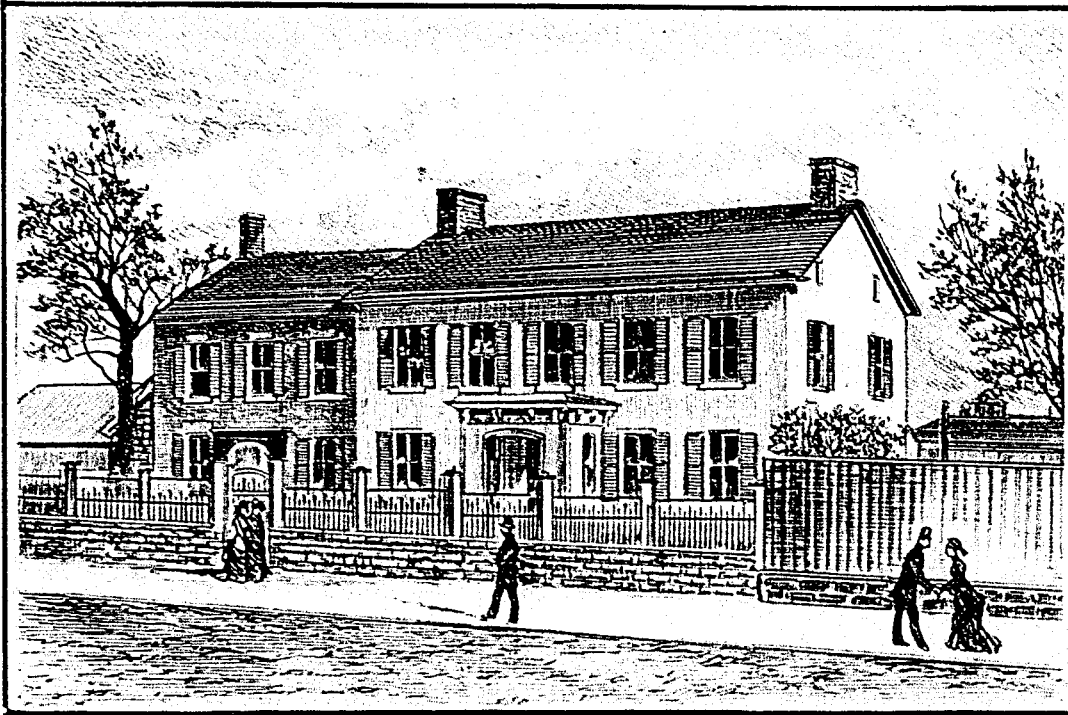
DIPLOMACY OF DOGS.—Compared to a cat a dog is a very simple and transparent creature. Sometimes, indeed, he is guilty of acts of deception and hypocrisy, but they are crude and ingenuous compared to the unathomable wiles of a cat. Mr. North's dog, for instance, who ate the pigeon out of the pie and stuffed up the hole with Mr. North's ink sponge, was not an adept in the art of theft; and a fox terrier with whom the present writer enjoys the intimacy of a common household has disgraced herself this last week by what was, to all intents and purposes, a lie, when a little more astuteness would have shown her the futility of falsehood in the face of an alibi. She had been tearing up paper and strewing it about the floor with fine literary freedom, when the servant whose duty it was to clean the carpet asked her with megisteral severity, "Who tore those letters?" The culprit looked at first terribly ashamed and hung her head and tail in expectation of chastisement, till her mistress, as a trial, observed, "I wonder did Gyp do it?" Gyp being the offender's usual companion, but as it chanced, 200 miles off at that moment, instantly the perfidious little wretch perceived a way of escape from the penalty of her own misdeeds by throwing the blame on her friend, and looking up briskly, shook her tail frantically and almost nodded, "You are right; it was that wicked little Gyp! As for me, I am quite incapable of touching a piece of paper."



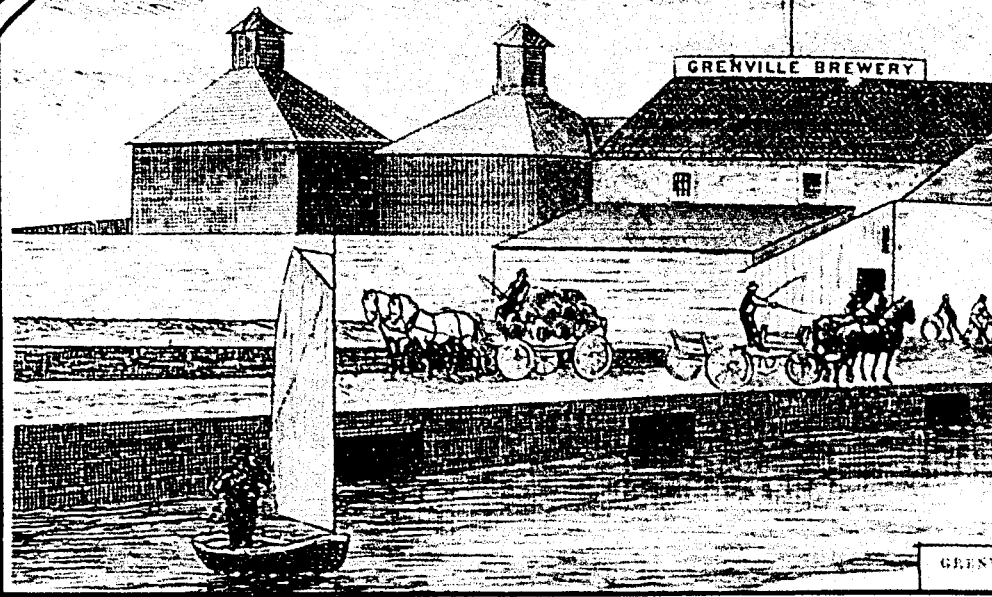
RESIDENCE OF MR. C. WILLARD.



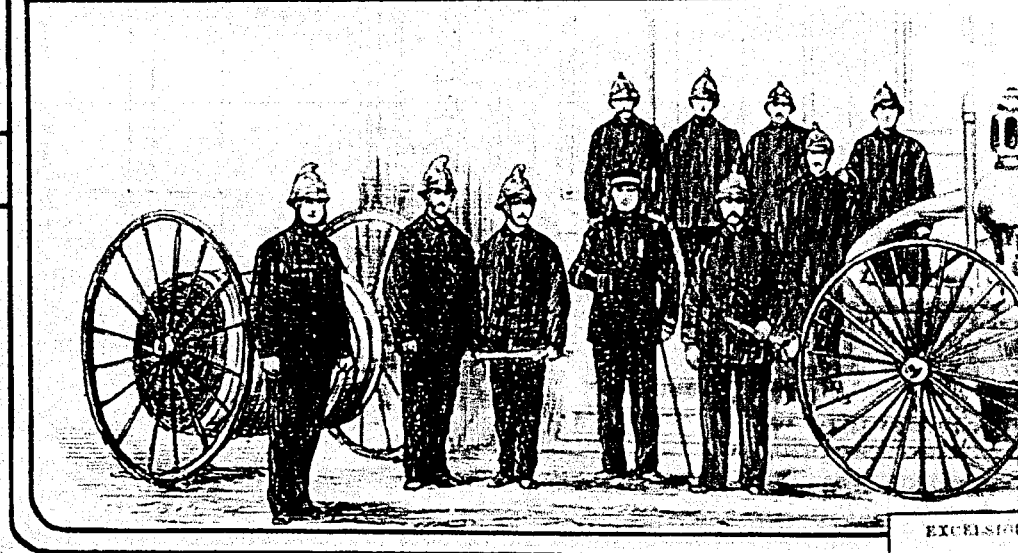
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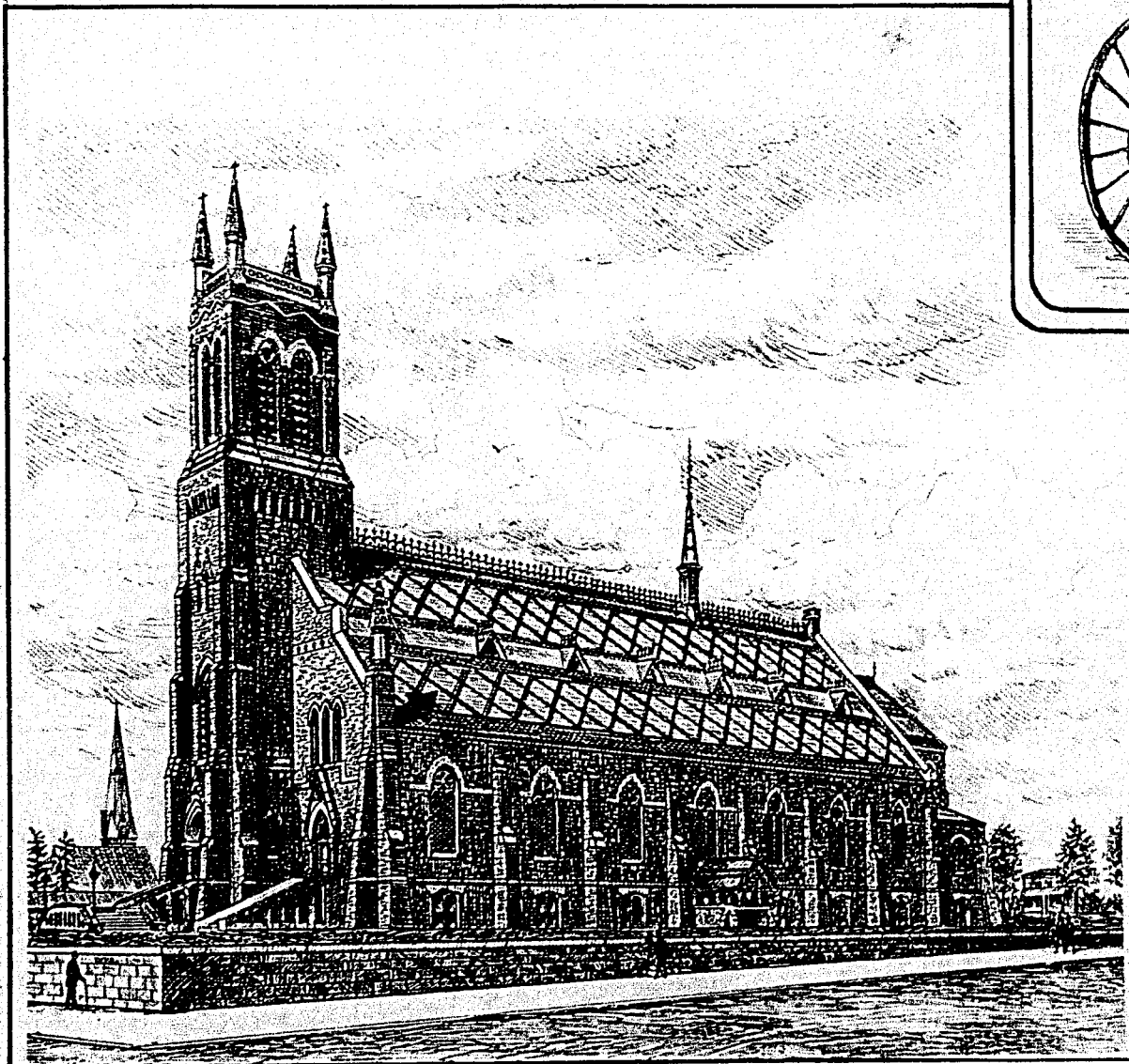
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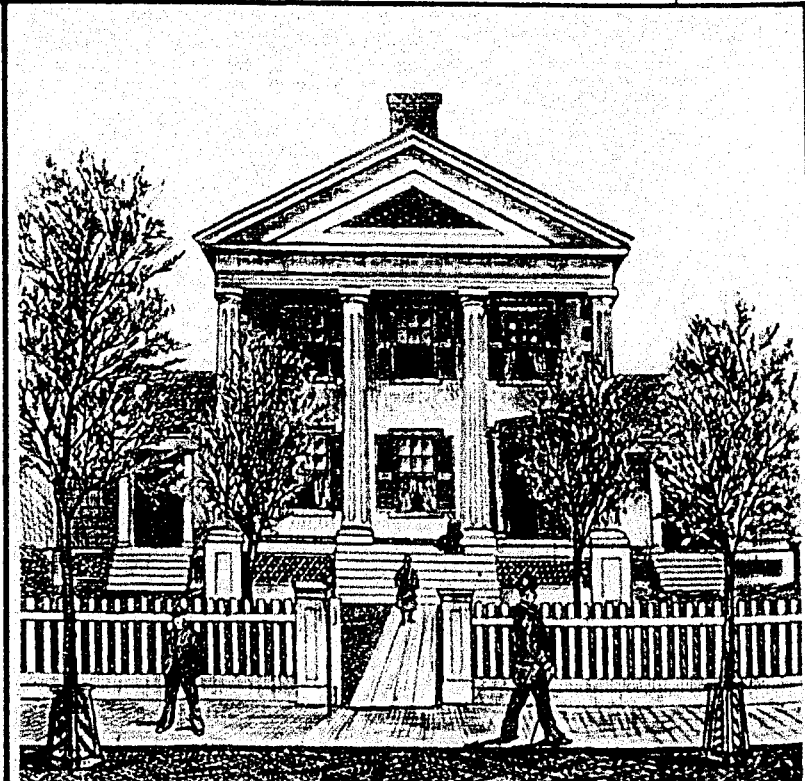
GRENVILLE BREWERY



EXCELSIOR

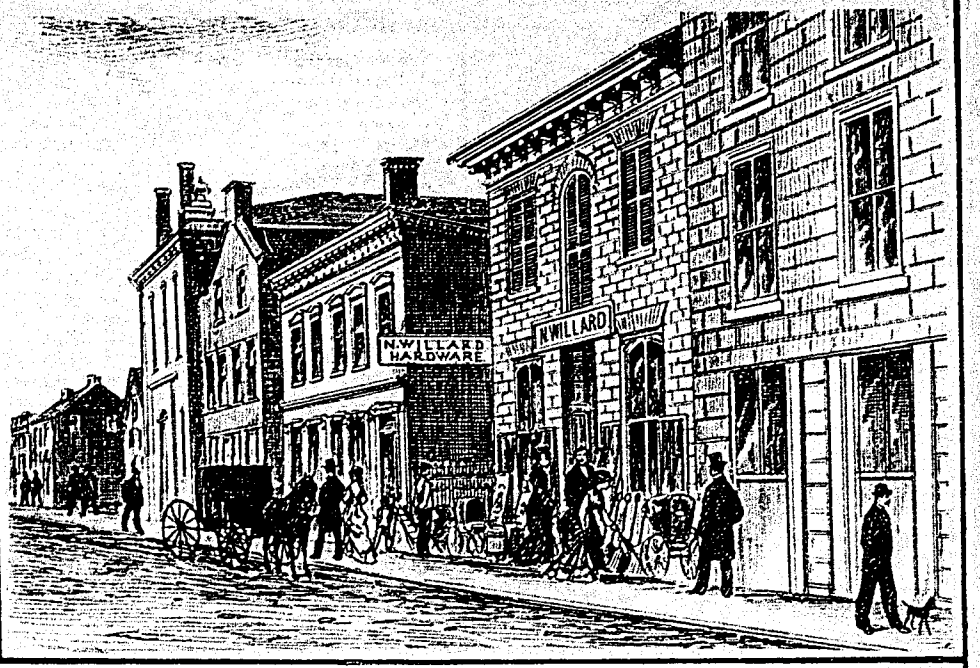
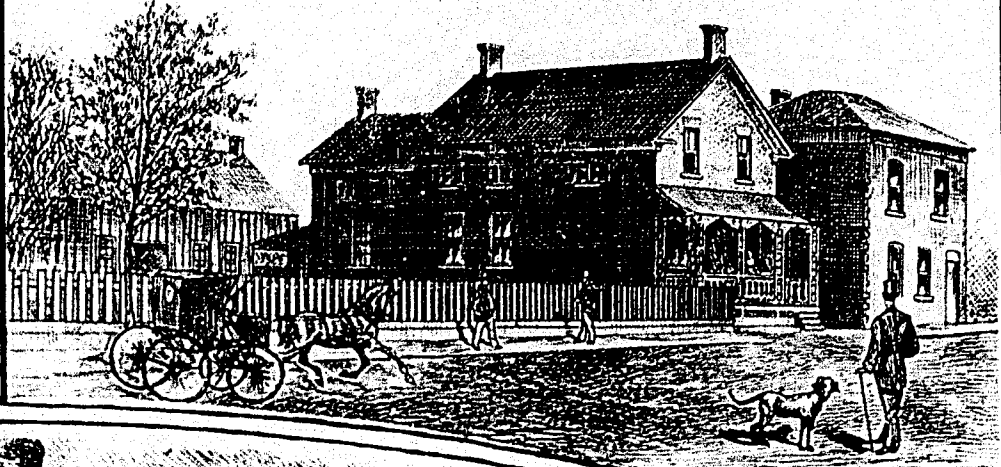


NEW E. C. CHURCH.

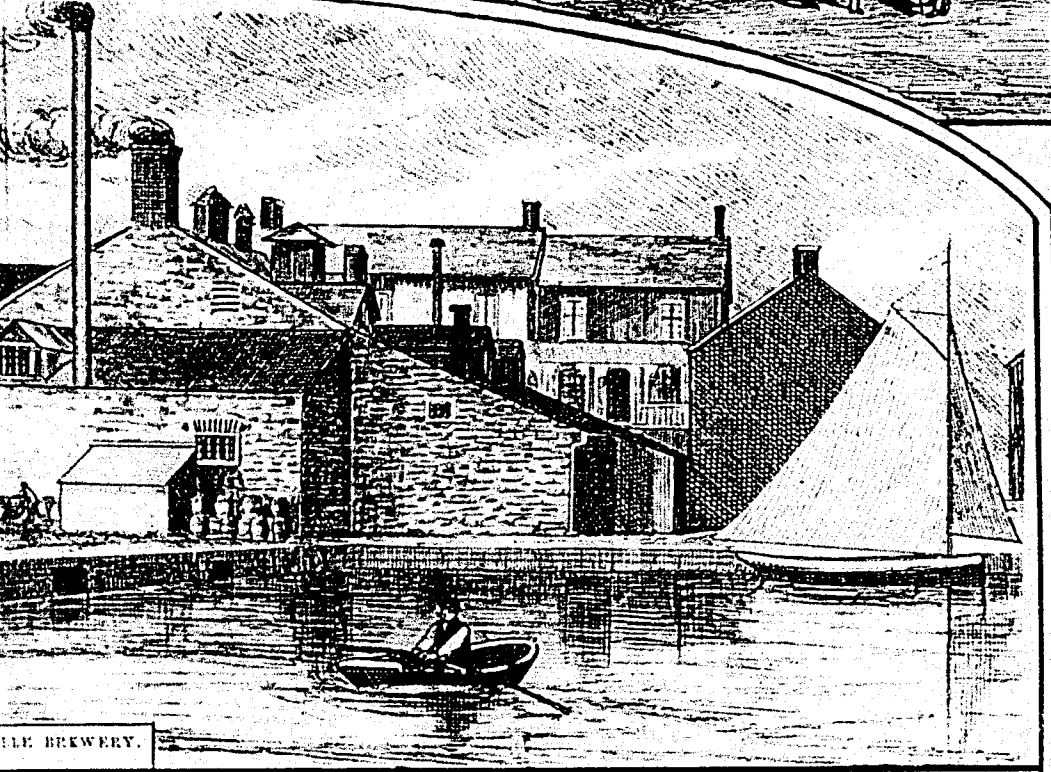


RESIDENCE OF THE LATE C. H. PECK, ESQ.

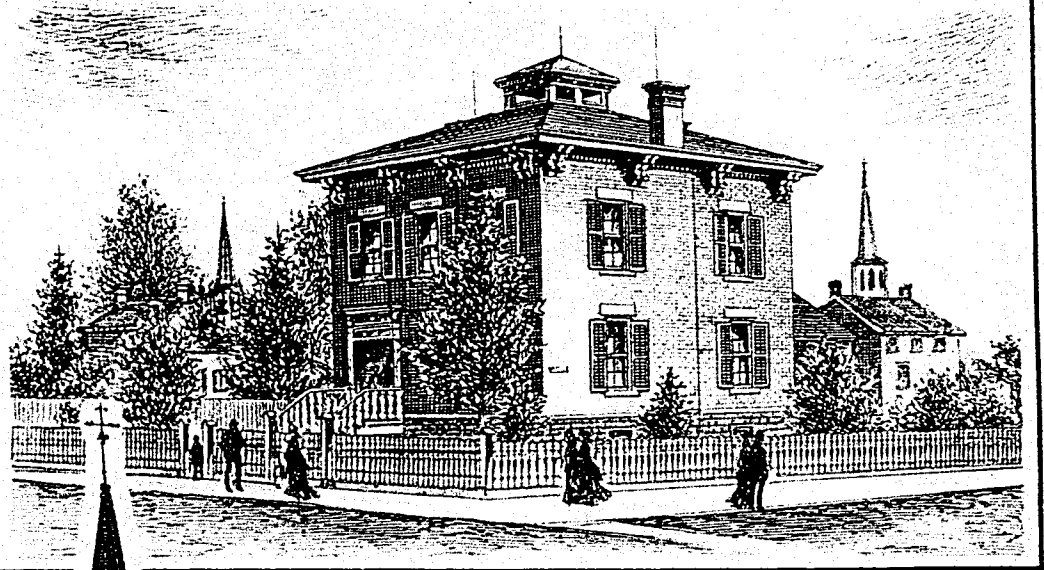
RESIDENCE OF MR. J. CAIRNS.



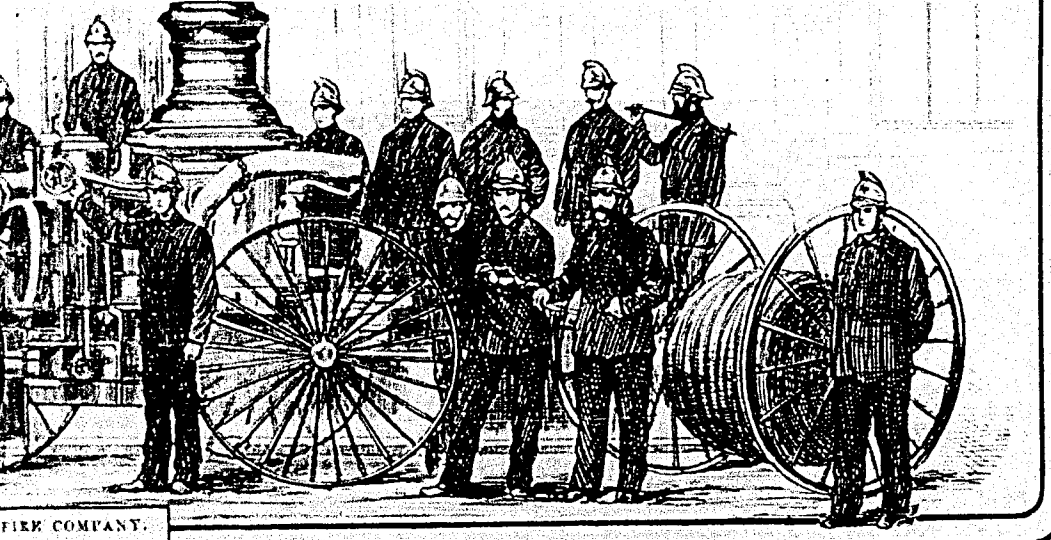
HARDWARE STORE OF MR. NELSON WILLARD.



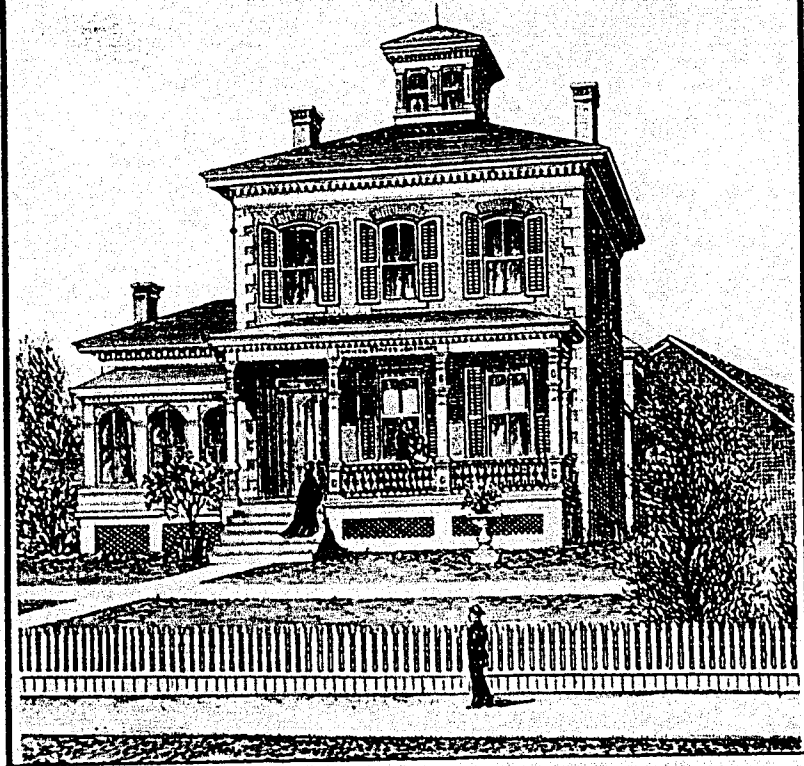
BREWERY.



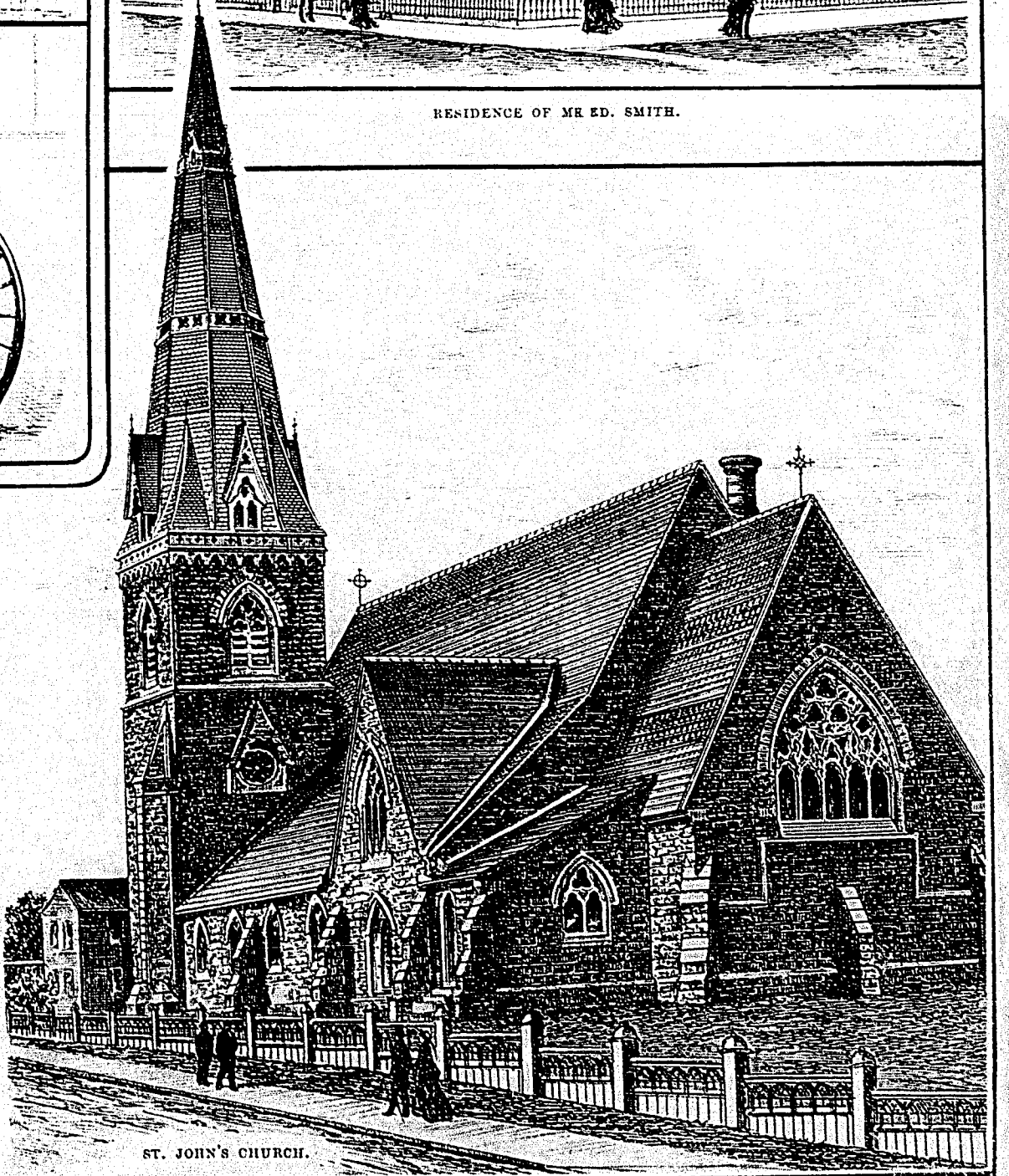
RESIDENCE OF MR ED. SMITH.



FIRE COMPANY.



RESIDENCE OF COL. SIMMS, U.S. CONSUL.



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

A CURIOUS CASE OF KLEPTOMANIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM," "A FOSS-UP," ETC.

Messrs. Maspré & Co.'s famous Magasin de Joaillerie in the Rue de la Paix is literally the most brilliant emporium of brilliants in Paris.

It is well known that Messrs. Maspré, who figure among the largest importers of rough stones from India, Brazil, and the Cape, keep one clear sixth part of the revolving disks in the great Amsterdam grinding and polishing mills in constant operation to supply the requirements of their extensive business, most of the more important transactions in high-priced jewelry being effected at least through their intermediary.

So it was by no means an extraordinary occurrence, but simply in the customary run of the house's business, that on a fine morning in June, 1875, an elegant sumptuously-appointed chariot, drawn by four splendid grays, with coachman and two footmen in blue and silver to match, drew up at the grand portal of this resplendent palace of gems.

The two footmen hastened to open the coach door and let down the steps. The gentleman descended, and entered the emporium, where he was received with obsequious politeness by M. Joannot, the acting chief partner of the firm, and manager of the show and sale department, who saw at a glance that he had before him a fresh arrival in the gay city, obviously a man of substantial wealth.

The chariot had hardly proceeded some twenty yards on its way, and M. Joannot was still engaged in replacing the cards with the rings from which the purchase had been selected, when another aristocratic-looking stranger, dressed with scrupulous neatness in faultless black, hastily entered the place, and, addressing M. Joannot, asked, with some slight embarrassment, whether the gentleman who had left this moment had not perchance inadvertently omitted to pay for his purchases.

"I thought so," said the gentleman, who also spoke with a strong English accent. "My friend, Mr. Chester, is a little absent-minded occasionally. Will you kindly permit me to pay for the ring?" and he drew from his breast a bulky portfolio crammed with Bank of England notes, from which he selected a hundred pound one, and handed it over to the manager.

"Rather a queer go—very!" muttered the manager. "Absent-minded! 'Um, ha! Well, it matters not. People who can afford to pay for it may surely be permitted to indulge in absent-mindedness," he added, with a slight chuckle.

Some three or four days after, the new aristocratic slightly absent-minded customer paid another visit to the emporium. M. Joannot, happening to glance accidentally over the way, just when "Mr. Chester" was entering the place, saw the same tilbury with the same diminutive tiger and the same gentleman in black stopping on the other side.

"Mr. Chester" bought a small diamond cross this time, for which he paid eighty pounds in two thousand-franc notes. The manager watched him closely, but he did not see him touch any other article besides the one purchased by him. Yet when, after "Mr. Chester's" departure, his friend made his appearance and put his query in the same as before, M. Joannot discovered, to his intense amazement, that another valuable trinket was gone. "Mr. Chester's" friend paid at once cheerfully the amount demanded for the missing gem.

The same thing was repeated several times, until the amount of "Mr. Chester's" purchases, overt and covert, reached twelve hundred pounds, and "Mr. Chester's" friend had come to drop all preliminary inquiry, contenting himself with a simple "How much?" and unquestionably handed over the sum demanded.

One day, when "Mr. Chester's" friend had just disbursed another cool hundred for another of the absent-minded man's covert purchases, a gentleman entered the emporium, and came up to the said friend, whose hand he most warmly shook with manifestations of intense delight.

"My dear Sir Jonathan," he cried, in English, "this is an agreeable surprise, indeed. I saw your tilbury, and Tim told me you were in here. What are you doing in this Tophet of perdition?"

"Ah, delighted to meet you once more, my dear prince," responded the gentleman addressed as Sir Jonathan. "How is her charming highness, the Princess Olga? Is she with you?"

"No, worse luck. Monaco holds her still in its Armida's garden of *trente-a-quarante* and *roulette*. In the last two months she has dropped fifty thousand roubles. Well, she can afford it, and we all have our foibles. I am in treaty for the Hôtel Guébriant; and, when everything is arranged, she will join me here for the season. But let me repeat my question, what are you doing here, Sir Jonathan?"

"The unhappy old game, prince, I am sorry to say, has brought me to Paris. Lord—my poor brother-in-law, has another fit upon him—you understand me—and I am here to guard against any untoward consequences."

"What a sad pity! Happily, with his and your unlimited wealth, it does not matter so much."

"True, one must make the best of it. Fortunately, he is much more reasonable now than he used to be. In London I had to pay forty thousand pounds once for a *parure*, which fetched only eighteen thousand when sold by us afterwards. There were twenty-two thousand clean gone. Not a flea-bite even to a millionaire."

"Why, Sir Jonathan, that is almost as bad as Paul Demidow's purchase of the Sancy diamond, for which he gave half a million roubles in 1835, to sell it for 625,000 francs the year after here in Paris, as my father used to tell me. Where is the earl staying?"

"We have taken the Hôtel Choiseul in the Rue St. Dominique for the season. We shall be delighted to see you. Will you come to the countess's—I mean Mrs. Chester's—*soirée* to-night? For we are here in the strictest *incog*. Permit me to hand you our card for your guidance. What say you, prince; may we expect you?"

"My dear Sir Jonathan, I accept your invitation with the greatest pleasure. You may depend upon my coming. If you are disengaged now, you will perhaps do me the favour to look at a new carriage which I have just had built for the princess. I know you are an exquisite judge of such matters."

"Delighted, my dear prince. My Tim will drive us where you order."

The two gentlemen left arm in arm. M. Joannot, who was a pretty good linguist, had paid close attention to the conversation between the two; so had another gentleman apparently, who had come to have a valuable bracelet repaired, and a large sapphire put in the centre, in lieu of the one which, he said, had dropped out accidentally, and been lost.

"Do you know those gentlemen?" asked this customer of M. Joannot.

"Not much," replied the manager. "The one is an Englishman, the other a Russian, I think. This much I gathered from their conversation."

"I knew both of them in London when I was over there some years ago. The Russian is Prince Baryatinski, who owns no end of square leagues of the finest estates in South Russia, and whose wife, the Princess Olga, only daughter and sole heiress of the late Prince Trubetzkoi, is even wealthier than her husband, but who drops a large portion of her princely revenue on the *tapis-vert*. The Englishman is Sir Jonathan Carruthers, the opulent banker, who owns some fifty thousand hectares of the best land in Yorkshire and Lancashire. He is said to be worth three million pounds sterling. His only sister and heiress—he is a bachelor—is married to the Earl of —, well you can easily find out the name for yourself. I do not like to mention it here, as the noble Lord is travelling incognito, as I understand. Poor Lord—! He is smitten with a formidable moral disorder, they say, which, despite his unencumbered rent-roll of five million francs a year, has more than once threatened to get him into serious difficulties. He is what is called a kleptomane."

"A kleptomane! O, that's it!" cried the manager. "A curious fancy for one of the real lords of creation to indulge in."

"*Tous les goûts sont dans la nature*," replied the other, with a true French shrug of the shoulders. "Why, quite recently, one of the scions of the imperial family of Russia stripped his own mother of her jewelry, even taking out the sapphire eyes of the image of the holy Virgin in his imperial mamma's private chapel of devotion; they have shut him up, I understand, to make him sensible of the heinousness of his offence. Poor fellow! as if he could help it. It runs in the family. They are all afflicted with kleptomania, only that the supreme chief of the clan steals lands and men instead of gold and gems."

M. Joannot laughed. "There you are right, sir. The King of Prussia certainly labours under the same affection. He stole our milliards from us, and unhappy Alsace-Lorraine."

"Yes, and he sticks to his acquisitions. With the Earl of — it is very different. He simply cares about the taking; he never troubles about the keeping. He is always willing to pay even

double the value of the thing if he can only cleverly manage to—annex it. It was the same with poor Prince Nicholas Constantinowitch. What he realised one day, he gave away the next to Fanny Lear or somebody else, which is the character of your true kleptomane; whilst with his Prussian grand-uncle takings are keepings."

"Well, never mind! We have got pretty nigh over that little trouble. The hard necessity of the times has given our industry a marvellous impulse. See how our clock trade is flourishing."

"Ah, that we owe to the Prussian officers. By Jove, how they liked our clocks! They seemed to be seized with universal pendulomania. There was once a King of Sardinia, a grand-uncle or great-uncle of Victor-Emanuel, I think, who had a most inordinate affection for watches and snuff-boxes. He robbed all the ambassadors accredited to his court. But he, just like the Prussians, would never part again with the acquisitions of his nimble fingers."

"This latter sort of kleptomania," cried M. Joannot, laughing, "I must confess, I like much less than that of your English earl. If I wanted to speculate in the article, he would be the man for my money."

"I should think so," laughed the other. "He might be a good customer for your place. Egad! Five o'clock, by Jove!" looking at his watch. "I must be off. Will you kindly send the bracelet to the Avenue de l'Alma, No. 6, *au premier*. Here is my card. *Au plaisir*, M. Joannot."

"Vicomte MacMahon de Kergarouet de la Treille," muttered the manager. "A most pleasant gentleman, and so chatty. Good old Irish and Breton blood, and evidently related to the Marshal President. I am rather glad to know now who Mr. Chester is. He may, indeed, turn out a good customer to our place. Five million francs a year—and a kleptomane! Well, well, he can afford it."

Human nature is human nature all over the world. It is hardly to be expected that a merchant should reject or neglect an easy and promising way to dispose advantageously of his wares. So it came to pass quite naturally that "Mr. Chester" had soon some tempting bits of rather high-priced jewelry placed within his reach; and the gentleman availed himself cheerfully of the opportunity thus generously afforded him, so that poor devoted Sir Jonathan and the countess—for after a time that lady would occasionally replace her brother in looking after "Mr. Chester's" surreptitious purchases—had some heavy disbursements to make. However, neither of them ever hesitated or bargained, but paid cheerfully what was demanded. In about two months' time Messrs. Maspré had thus found a profitable market for some seven thousand pounds' worth of jewelry. One day "Mr. Chester" informed the manager of Messrs. Maspré's business that it was his intention to leave Paris soon for America, where he intended to pass two years.

Now at this very time the house had a magnificent diamond necklace, with several very large brilliants of the purest water, of a marketable value of a million and a half francs. The temptation to sell this, if possible, for about two millions to the eccentric Englishman was overpoweringly great, and the manager could not resist yielding to it.

But, strange to say perhaps, "Mr. Chester" resisted the temptation the first time it was placed before him. On another visit, a few days after, when the gentleman's fingers were just tentatively advancing towards the tempting treasure, Sir Jonathan and the Countess came in rather precipitately, which they had never done before, and entreated "Mr. Chester" to leave the place with them at once.

"Look here, Edward," said Sir Jonathan, who seemed not to have the least notion that there might be third parties present who could overhear and understand what he was saying, "you had better come along now with Ada and me. I am afraid you may once again plunge in a little too deeply. I should not like you to have to drop twenty or thirty thousand pounds over another such transaction as we had once before in London, you remember. *Est modus in rebus*, my boy; we must draw the line somewhere."

"I do not understand you, Jonathan," replied the other, a flush of angry passion suffusing his face. "I will go with you and Ada, as I do not wish to have any words with you in her presence. But I would really advise you to mind your own business, and not trouble about mine. If I choose to drop thirty or forty thousand pounds, what is that to you, so long as it pleases me? Have I not two hundred thousand a year, and half a million lying idle now at Childs? What need can there be, then, to interfere with me? However, I will go with Ada and you; so come along at once. *A demain*, M. Joannot." And, linking his left arm in his brother-in-law's and presenting his right arm to his wife, "Mr. Chester" left the place, and the three got into the carriage at the door, which drove off at once.

When the manager, a few minutes after, turned to the table on which the necklace had been placed, he found, to his intensest surprise, and, to tell the truth, to his inward gratification and gratulation, that the precious article was gone! So it appeared that, though he had all the time, as he thought, been closely watching "Mr. Chester," who had had moreover the eyes of his wife and his brother-in-law upon him, yet that remarkably expert gentleman—or rather nobleman—had succeeded, nevertheless, in gratifying his kleptomanic penchant.

Of course, it would be all right, thought M. Joannot; Sir Jonathan would take the first opportunity to slip away from the Earl and pay, however reluctantly, for the kleptomaniacally abstracted article.

Still, strange to say, perhaps, all things considered, there arose some slight and undefined misgivings in the manager's mind. It seemed suddenly to strike him that a million and a half was, after all, rather a large risk to run even for millionaires like him and his partner in the business.

So when, after two hours' waiting, no Sir Jonathan made his appearance, M. Joannot had a cabriolet called to the door, and drove to the Rue St. Dominique.

At the Hôtel Choiseul, where everything was apparently conducted on the largest and noblest scale, he learnt that the carriage had been dismissed and sent back, with orders to the coachman and footmen to take up the family at the opera at about half-past ten in the evening.

This was satisfactory so far. Still somehow M. Joannot could not get rid of an indefinable feeling of disquietude, which led him about nine o'clock to the opera. Unable to secure a place commanding a view of the whole front of the house, he had to wait patiently till the end of the performance. He found the carriage waiting outside, as ordered, but no "Mr. Chester" made his appearance, nor Sir Jonathan or the lady.

The servants told him, however, that Monseigneur, as they respectfully called their master, was rather eccentric, and that this was not the first time they had known him to change his mind, and that most likely the family had by this time returned to the Hôtel.

M. Joannot went back to the hôtel, where he waited till three next morning, when his increasing anxiety induced him at last to make a carefully guarded application to the Rue de Jérusalem, where he was recommended to await the coming day patiently.

Well, the morning came, and there were a great many more people eagerly and anxiously inquiring after "Mr. Chester" and Sir Jonathan Carruthers. There was M. Holbein, the great general agent, who had hired and splendidly furnished the Hôtel Choiseul, and supplied carriages, horses, and servants for the eccentric millionaire, and who, having been paid a month in advance, had allowed two more months to run on and out. Indeed, he had been desired to call on this identical morning for his money. There was the great Chevet, with a long bill, and speedily a longer face. In brief, there were no end of purveyors of all kinds, who had all been desired to call that morning for a settlement of their accounts, and who had called accordingly.

As the distinguished family could not be found anywhere in Paris, not even at the Morgue, the sagacious police opined, with truly marvellous acuteness, that they had "mizzled," and set to work to track the fugitives, if possible.

The French police enjoy a high reputation for particular sharpness; but after all they can only see through a brick wall when there is a hole drilled through it; now there was no such hole in this brick wall, you see, so they stood before it as blind as bats.

The Vicomte MacMahon de Kergarouet de la Treille was anxiously sought after; he was *en voyage*, it appeared, and he had forgotten to settle his bills before his departure. You see he was such an extremely pleasant fellow, as M. Joannot had remarked, and paying bills may not be a very pleasant occupation. The Marshal President indignantly repudiated all and every and any relationship to the Vicomte. It is ever thus: people in the full glare of sunshine will always ignore those under a cloud.

Prince Baryatinski must have changed his mind about the Hôtel Guébriant. He was nowhere to be heard of in Paris. At the Russian Embassy they basely pretended not to know him. Perhaps he had gone back to Monaco to join the Princess Olga, and to tell her about the new carriage.

The head partner and manager of Maspré & Co. went well-nigh crazy, not so much perhaps over the fearfully heavy loss sustained by the house, as over the sad reflection that he had been shamefully and ignominiously done. As the old, though much disputed saying hath it, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," so he who deals in brilliants should surely himself be rather bright; and M. Joannot had certainly shown himself the dullest of dullards, and as gullible as any fool who falls an easy prey to the "confidence trick." At least, such was his own desponding impression.

And, as time wore on, and no more was heard of the noble lord, or the baronet, or the prince, or the vicomte, or—the worst of the matter—of the costly necklace, the conviction grew confirmed in M. Joannot that he had been the victim of what is technically known as a "plant"—cleverly devised and skillfully executed by some high graduates of the Academy of Crime, with capital at their back.

"Prendo!" he will occasionally mutter, with a tremulous voice, whenever his mind reverts to the sad experience of the past—"Prendo! I know now what he meant by it, the dashed impudent thief. Only he ought to have had a necklace painted in his armorial bearings in lieu of diadem."

If we had no pride we should not complain of that of others. Send for samples and card for self-measurement, and get six of **Treble's Perfect Shirts** for \$12. TREBLE'S, 8 King Street East, Hamilton.

TELE... The... And... That... "F... An... The... M... My... The... Unt... And... Col... The... And... "A... I su... The... "Al... Wh... Soft... And... "I... And... Montr... COL. SI... DO... ST... BR... Befo... good... preciou... the old... I met... intimat... haven't... they, "... there is... elsewher... cott wa... good n... stores... and an... I presu... knowle... timated... Prescott... furnish... has pr... everyon... ends is... already... ed, I ir... speak o... Since... present... Simms... import... flect cr... warm... journe... for the... delphia... up his... sistant... he held... Arkansas... was on... Convers... elected... lature a... his ter... ed to p... also C... Means... dier-Ge... to Pres... tular d... Kingst... The C... had an... ing his... diers b... sions, ... Washi... 1779, a... Revolu... embroi... (eviden... Attach... fledged... above... the an... To sati... add th... Polly... having... of Col... army... among... ists... found... Colone... the fig... I giv... to repl... will oc...

THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER.

There crossed three students over the Rhine,
And turned them in at Frau Wirthin's sign,
That hung near by the water;

Then silently the way she led,
Unto the chamber of the dead.
And there they saw the lovely maid
Cold in her amber coffin laid.

The second folded up the pall,
Then turned aside and wept withal.
"Ah! best thou thus upon the bier,
Whom I have loved for many a year."

Montreal. FRANK OAKS ROSE.

Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

VI.

PRESCOTT, Ont., No. 4.

(Continued.)

COL. SIMMS, U. S. CONSUL—ANCESTRAL ANECDOTES—A ROMANTIC MEETING—THE NEW ST. MARK'S CHURCH—THE GRENVILLE BREWERY—THE FIRE BRIGADE.

Before I arrived at Prescott I encountered a good many who assured me that I would find precious little to illustrate and write about in the old Windmill town, and when I did arrive I met those who smiled incredulously as I intimated the nature of my mission.

THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE.

Since 1869 the Great Republic has been represented at Prescott by Col. Clifford Stanley Simms, a gentleman who has so discharged the important duties entrusted to his hands as to reflect credit upon his nationality and win the warm esteem of those with whom he has sojourned.

ST. MARK'S R. C. CHURCH.

I give a view of the splendid edifice which is to replace the present antiquated building. It will occupy the old site—a very fine position,

considerably elevated above the road-way. The Roman Catholics of Prescott have long wanted better church accommodation, the present building being small and poorly fitted up.

THE EXCELSIOR FIRE COMPANY.

The equipment for fire service comprises a Chatham steamer and a hand engine, with three hose-reels carrying two thousand feet of hose. The steamer is an elegant affair. The firemen are young business men, forming the Excelsior Fire Company, a volunteer body numbering some thirty members, governed by an excellent constitution and code of by-laws.

The establishment of this Company has naturally inspired the people with a degree of confidence to which previously they were strangers. The members are, with scarcely an exception, men who are real estate owners, and who, consequently, keenly appreciate the importance of maintaining the efficiency of the organization at as high a standard as possible.

WATER STREET.

as its name implies, runs by the water side. It is the oldest street in the town and at one time was the business centre. The principal buildings are of stone, of the ancient ware-house stamp, suggestive of St. Paul street, Montreal.

The change from "Durham boats" to steam-boats and the substitution of Kingston for Prescott as the transshipping point operated disastrously upon the business done in Water street, and to-day the "five" establishments to be found therein are few and far between.

MR. NELSON WILLARD'S HARDWARE STORE.

which is one of the few old "faded marks"—having been established in 1820. In 1860 Mr. Willard, sr., gave up the business to his son, who has proved a worthy successor. The store is one of the neatest, brightest, and best-stocked establishments of the kind I have seen for many a day.

MR. J. CAIRNS.

master carpenter and joiner, has had a hand in the erection of almost every building in Prescott worth speaking of. Mr. Cairns is a thoroughly practical workman and is to be seen, hard at it, in the midst of his employees, evidently determined that no make-shift work shall disgrace his reputation.

MR. EDWARD SMITH

is a general produce dealer, trading largely in butter, hops and pressed hay. He enjoys the reputation of being one of the most active men in Prescott. He goes in boldly and yet is so shrewd that his ventures have invariably proved successful.

REV. GEORGE BLAIR, M.A.,

is Inspector of Public Schools for the County of Grenville and Town of Prescott. There are about ninety rural and village schools in the county. Until 1871, when the present School Act for Ontario was passed, the majority were miserable log cabins. Under the operations of this Act, these have been replaced by comfortable and commodious brick or stone buildings, and the system of inspection then introduced has greatly improved the status of the schools.

THE GRENVILLE BREWERY

is snugly situated on the river bank about a mile from the western limit of the town. One has no idea of the extent of the establishment until an exploration has been made, for the buildings are so placed as to hide one another in great part. Originally built for a distillery, the premises were converted into a brewery in 1869, the proprietors, J. McCarthy & Co., setting out with the determination to brew a good article and offer it at as low a price as possible.

Mr. McCarthy has a farm of 200 acres which he mainly devotes to barley, raising from 800 to 1,000 bushels. He is one of those who regard the cattle trade as destined to become one of the most important interests in the Dominion.

Up to last autumn the firm consisted of Messrs. John McCarthy and James Quinn. At that date the partnership was dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Quinn retiring, Mr. McCarthy now carries on the business alone.

AT BEAUTY'S SHRINE.

From brewing to beauty is a rather sudden jump, but both begin with the same letter, and tribute to the fair sex is always in order. Among the several surprises which were in store for me as a stranger in Prescott, not one gave me more pleasure than the intimation from an old gallant that the ladies were renowned for their beauty, amiability and vivacity.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

The reading matter connected with this sacred edifice appeared in our previous page on Prescott.

FOOT NOTES.

He was an old physician, and he was declaiming the other day against the propensity which people display for eating unripe fruit and vegetables. Said he, "There is not a fruit or vegetable growing in our gardens that is not best when arrived at maturity, and most of them are positively injurious unless fully ripe."

A "stunning writer" on the Washington Union, who does not glorify the "old times," thus chucks over what the "Father of his Country" did not know: "We don't like to be irreverent, but would like to ask, what did our forefathers know? What, for instance, did George Washington know? He never saw a fast mail-train; he never held his ear to a telephone; he never sat for his picture in a photograph-gallery; he never received a telegraphic despatch; he never sighted a Krupp gun; he never listened to the 'fizz' of an electric pen; he never saw a pretty girl run a sewing machine; he never saw a self-propelling engine go down the street to a fire; he never heard of evolution, and he never took laughing-gas."

WHEN Peacock was a young man, he used to dine once a fortnight with Jeremy Bentham. The two were invariably vis-a-vis, and Bentham's flow of talk was inexhaustible. One day, Peacock, after much urgent entreaty, took a friend. Bentham received them gravely; he made no protest, but dinner was served in solemn silence. Solemn silence was maintained on Bentham's part until the guests departed. Curious to ascertain what Bentham meant, Peacock wrote for an explanation. The great lawyer explained that he made a point of never having more than one person at his table at a time, since a third person was a legal impediment to free speech, and it was a principle of his life never to "commit himself before a witness."

A SIGNIFICANT REPLY.—A fine example of courteous rebuke was the answer of a distinguished English navy officer to a hasty friend.

The late Commodore Hollins was once sailing with an American commodore who used often to insult his inferior officers, and apologize to them afterward. After such an insult had been offered to him, Hollins was called to the cabin of the commodore, who said:

"I am a man of very passionate nature and have treated you as I should not have done, and now I wish to apologize."

Hollins replied: "I, too, am a passionate man, but I notice, commodore, that I never get into a passion with my superior officers, always with those beneath me."

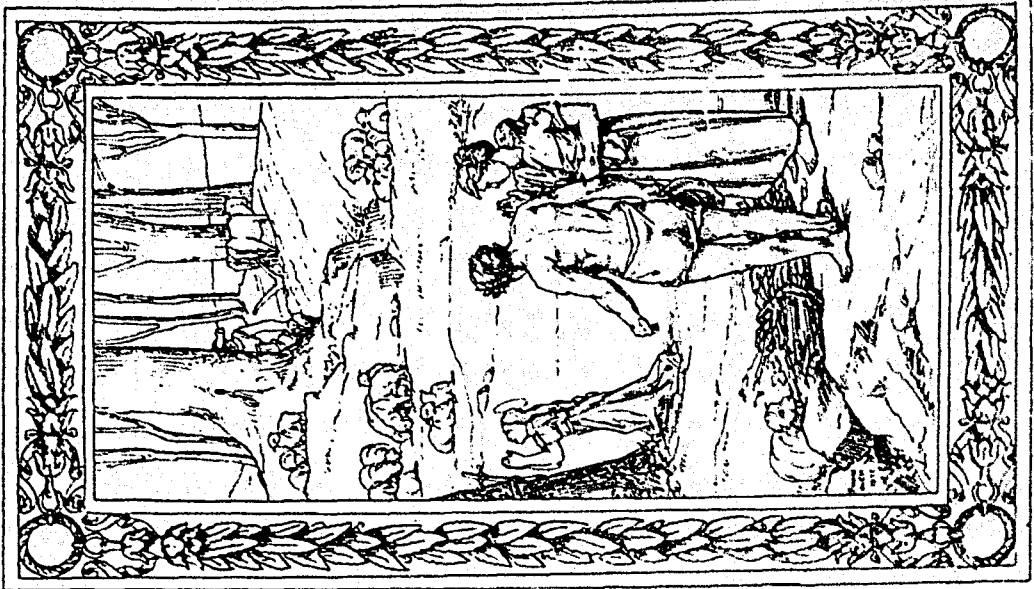
THERE is something comically spasmodic about the publication of the Nicolaeff Vestnik, one of the leading papers of South Russia. It has no stated period of issue, although started fourteen years ago as a daily. Sometimes it is published every day in the week, including Sunday, at other times only once or twice; and occasionally a week passes by without its Nicolaeff Vestnik. The hour of issue is equally vague. It has been known to "come out" at six o'clock in the morning, and the day is still remembered when it was issued as early as five; but as a rule it ranges between two o'clock in the afternoon and ten at night.

SOME curious anecdotes have been revived a propos of the talent a certain actress has shown for shrieking. Among other things it is related that Emilie Guyon, of the Comedie-Francaise, and Mme. Marie Laurent had a harrowing mother's scene at the Porte-Saint-Martin, in Le Fils de la Nuit, where shriek was pitted against shriek, and Mme. Guyon's final yell, "My child, my child—give me back my child!" used fairly to curdle the blood of every one within hearing. She had been invited to spend a few days with M. Legouve at Seine Port, but when she arrived at Cesson in the evening, she found no one in waiting, as they did not expect her till next day. She set out to walk along the lonely road, and at a particularly gloomy spot was seized by two men. For a moment she was too much startled to do anything, but her senses returned promptly, and she threw her whole energy and the full force of her wonderful lungs into one shriek. She did not cry, "Help!" but, as she said, "let off" her usual cry, "My child, my child—give me back my child!" The highwaymen dropped her, struck their fingers in their ears, and fled, their hair on end. Such a shriek they had never heard before, and, from the fact that there was no "child" anywhere in sight, they made sure that they had captured a raving maniac.

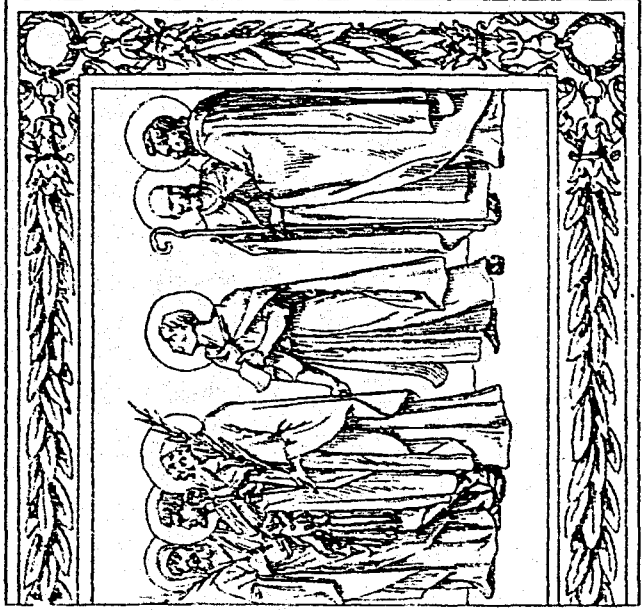
A GENTLEMAN named Romanes has been anxious to find out whether dogs are believers in ghosts and spiritualism, and has been making experiments accordingly, with result for knowledge of which the world is indebted to the New York Times. Mr. Romanes began his researches into these mysteries with a bone; and this, the critic says of him, "is alone sufficient to show the heartless and irreverent character of the man. If there is anything which a dog holds peculiarly sacred, it is a bone. A terrier will submit to be deluded by false representation that there are eligible rats in the coal-scuttle, or that the piano is full of rats, but he feels that bones are too sacred to be made the subject of jest." Mr. Romanes, however, took the bone, and tied round it a thin silken thread, and, just as the little Scotch terrier with which his investigations were conducted was in the act of seizing it, his master slowly drew it away. The poor dog regarded the moving bone with an amazement which found expression in erect ears and a tail gradually thrust between his hind-legs, and, becoming convinced, as Mr. Romanes supposes, that it was but the ghost of a bone, incontinently fled, howling dismally. On the whole, the New York Times considers that the dog behaved much more sensibly than many men would have done under a similar belief. "In all probability," the journal says, "had Mr. Romanes ever seen a piece of roast beef in the act of cruising unassisted around the table, he would instantly have asked it preposterous questions, and would subsequently have let his hair grow long, and have become a confirmed spiritualist. His intelligent dog did none of these things, but, as soon as he decided that he had seen a spiritual bone, he refused to have anything more to do with it, and continued to wear his hair of the usual length, and to cling to that faith in which he was educated." Mr. Romanes was not yet satisfied however. He took a pipe, got some soap and water, and began to blow bubbles along the floor. It took some time to convince the terrier that these airy nothings were not a new kind of particularly dangerous rat, but presently he put his paw on one, and it of course collapsed. He took a second, and it likewise vanished; and then, recollections of the ghostly bone overwhelming him again, he fled. Still Mr. Romanes was not satisfied. He proceeded to "make faces" at his victim, and the grimaces he made were so hideously ugly that we are told the dog mistook him for the worst ghost he had ever seen, whereupon he crept under the sofa and tried to die. "Lovers of dogs will sympathise with the poor little terrier, and, if Mr. Romanes continues his investigations, will hardly regret to hear that he has had to deal with a larger dog, which pursues a more spirited policy with regard to ghosts."



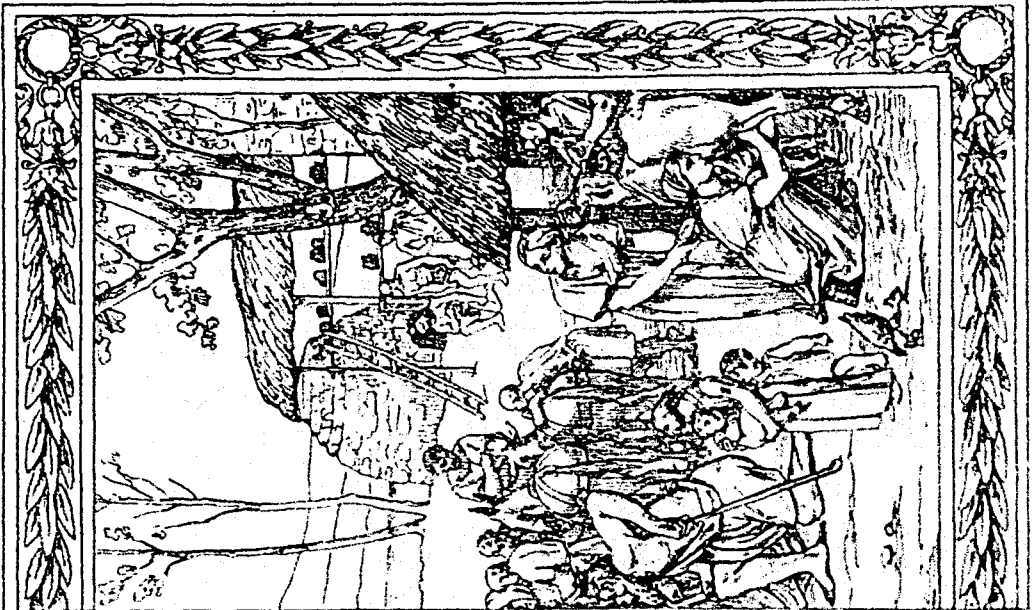
THE THREE THEOLOGICAL VIRTUES.



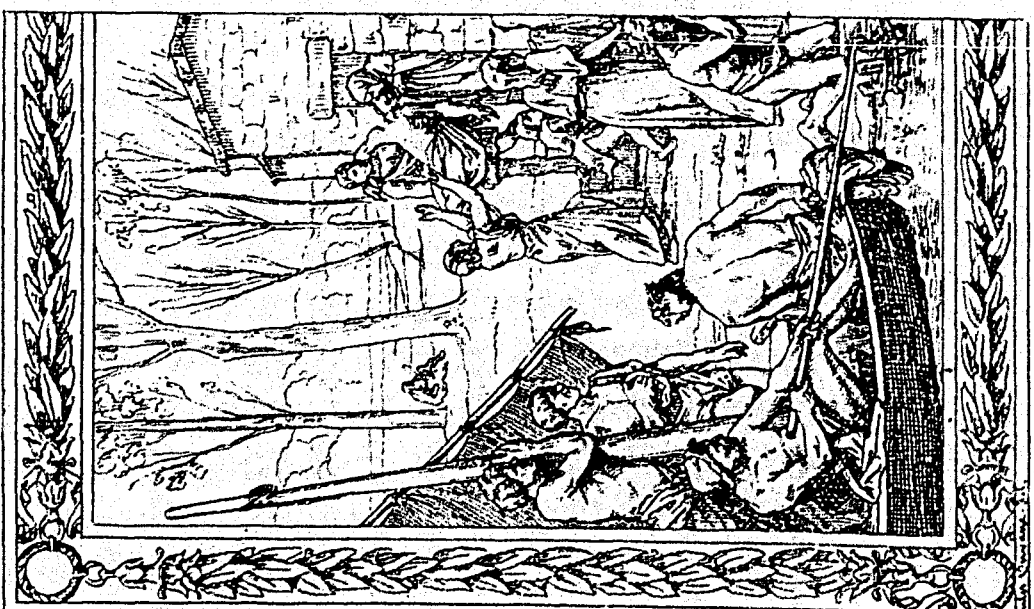
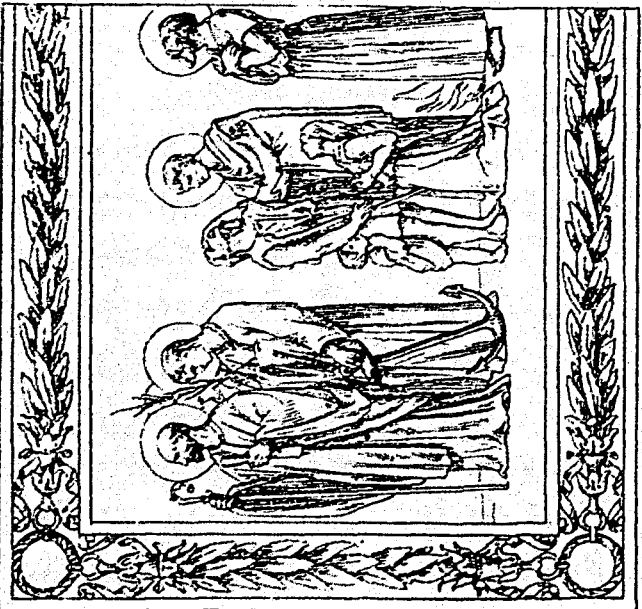
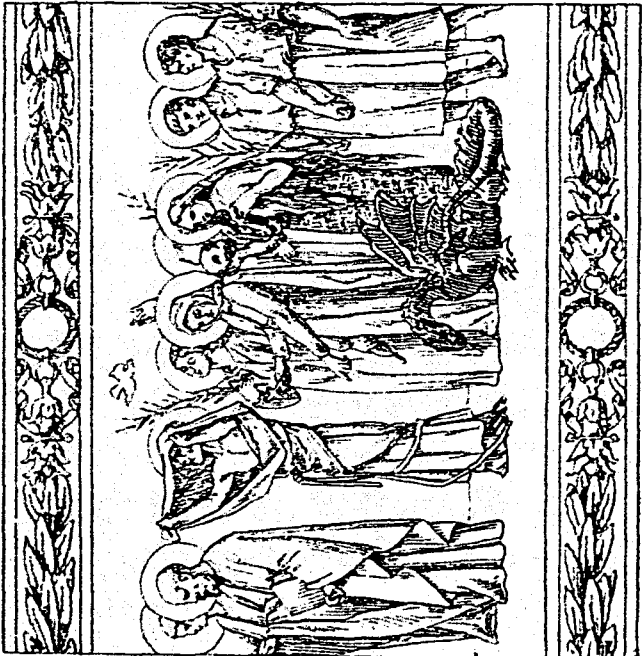
FIFTY OF GENEVIEVE.



FRIEZES.—PROCESSION OF HOLY MEN AND WOMEN.



GRAND PANNELS.—ST. GERMANUS AND ST. LUCIUS DISCOVERING THE INFANT GENEVIEVE.



MURAL PAINTINGS OF THE PANTHEON, PARIS.



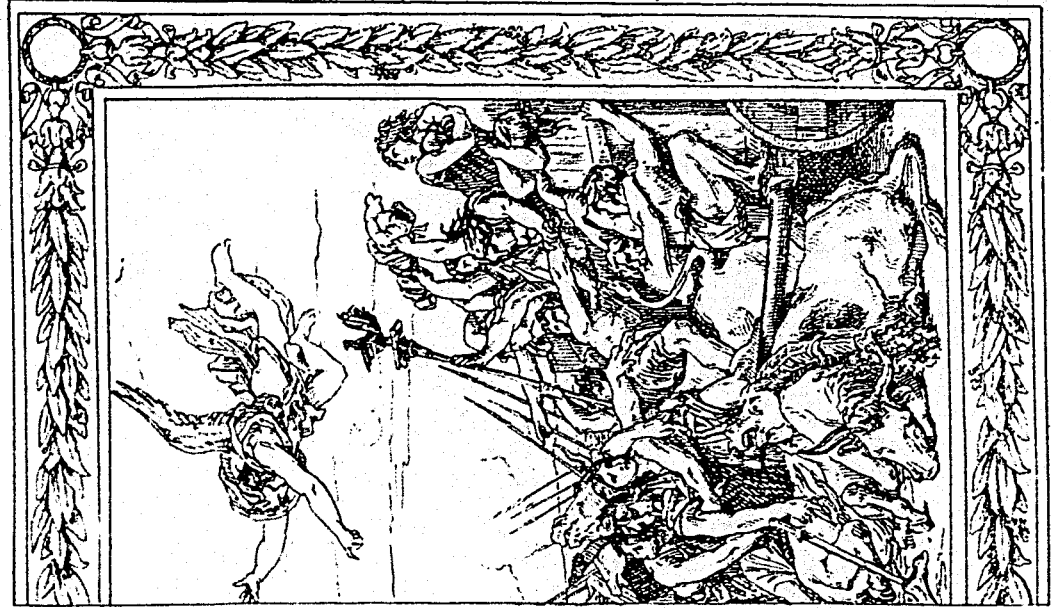
GREGORY OF TOURS WRITING THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.



BAPTISM OF CLOVIS.



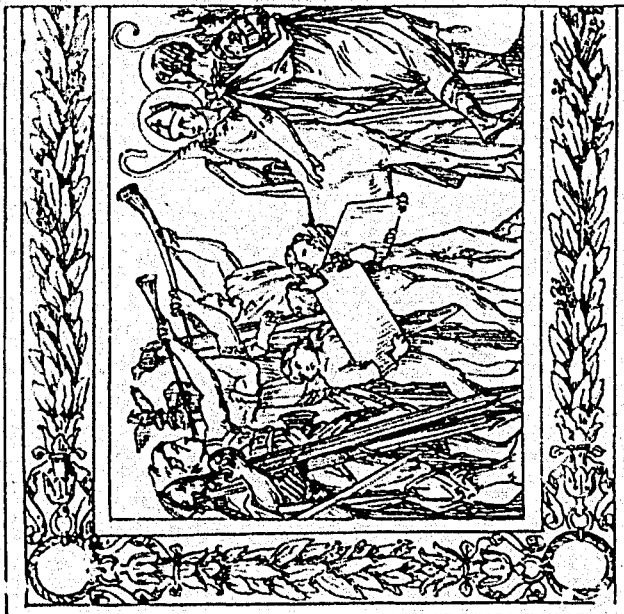
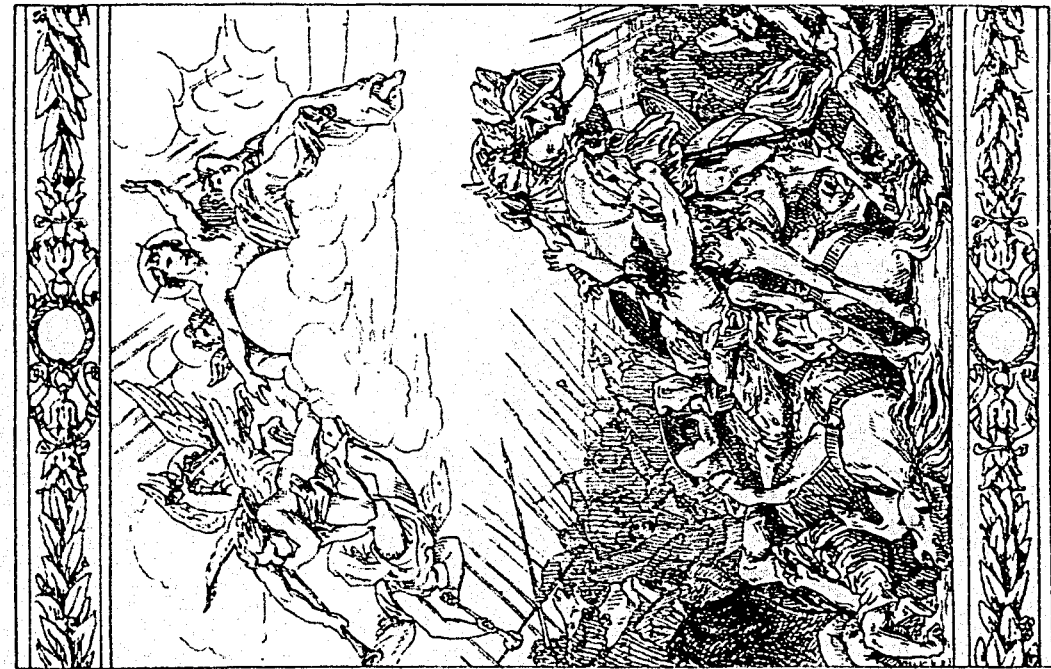
CLOVIS LED BY RELIGION.



GRAND PANNELS.—THE VOW OF CLOVIS AT THE BATTLE OF TOLBIAC.



ST. REMIGIUS BEARING THE SOISSONS VASE.



FRIEZES.—THE HIND OF VOUILLE.



THE HIND OF VOUILLE.

MURAL PAINTINGS OF THE PANTHEON, PARIS.

A PASTORAL.

The following poem, by A. S. Munday, a hitherto unknown English poet, is not only exquisitely sweet, natural and easy in its flow, but it is a marvel in its verification.

BRITISH SEPOYS.

PHYSIQUE, DRESS AND ORGANIZATION OF THE NATIVE SOLDIERS OF INDIA—THE ASIATIC DEFENDERS OF THE EMPIRE WELL SUITED TO CHEASE THE COSSACK—THEIR PAST PERFORMANCES AND FUTURE CAPABILITIES.

Riding or driving through the crowded bazaars of India the visitor is apt to have his attention arrested by the superb appearance of a certain class of the natives. Proud and erect, clad in the "muffi" of the country, with flowing muslin robes, and gigantic turbans rakishly perched on their heads, with emerald and diamond pendants in their ears (hereditary adornments, bequeathed from father to son for centuries), and eke, perchance, jewelled studs in their noses, fierce whiskers and moustaches, and above all, no cast marks on their foreheads, these men move among their compatriots with the haughty mien of a warlike aristocracy. These are the British Sepoys or native infantry and engineer soldiers, and the Sawars, or native cavalry troopers.

two feet long, curved very broad and heavy, and sharpened on the inside. It is a peculiarity with all Indian soldiers that their hands are very slender and lady-like. The hilts of their knives and sabres will scarcely admit of the grasp of more than three fingers of the average European hand. The irregular cavalry are armed with native tulwars, or sabres, which they carry in velvet sheaths lined with sandalwood, which keeps them very sharp, and they are sharpened like razors. The are worn in frogs, close to the hip, instead of slings, and as their horses are shod with felt, the charge of such troopers is marked by the absence of the deafening rattle and clatter attending rapid movements of the cavalry of Europe. They also carry carbines and pistols, and, in addition, usually lances with broad leaf-shaped heads, and the 40 foot staves of the male bamboo, which is very tough and light, although not hollow, and with the joints closer together than in the female bamboo, which we find usually employed in walking-sticks, Chinese chains, etc. The regular cavalry and infantry are armed like Europeans, except that muzzle-loading smooth-bores are used as a rule instead of rifles or breech-loaders, though some few regiments have of late been furnished with the latter. The Shutasowars, or camel cavalry, are a peculiar corps, chiefly used, where field telegraphy are unattainable, as couriers, some of them on fast dromedaries making most extraordinary marches on occasions, while a portion carry mountain howitzers, and form an efficient species of flying artillery.

in his employ; as messengers and guards when traveling, every Sepoy has several of them living as pensioners on what he can spare of his munificent pay of \$3.50 a month. The natives of India are very generous to their relatives, and, indeed, very liberal, and Christianlike in benevolent deeds to perfect strangers of any race. Every native gentleman has a body guard of fighting men as a necessary appanage of his rank, just as an English lady of "position" must have two six-foot footmen with big calves. Some of these native gentlemen maintain large armies for their great glorification, officered, partly to keep them in order, and partly to provide for the officers, by details from the British establishment. Nearly a quarter of a million of these troops are as well drilled and disciplined as the English. The rest are more like Falstaff's army, though they are more richly dressed and know how to fight and do fight admirably when they get the chance which, poor fellows, they seldom get. English rule has spoiled the fun they used to have, when a gentleman in search of a little recreation used to burn out his nearest neighbor, took his possessions, captured his wives, and slaughtered and tortured every one he could lay his hands on of the masculine persuasion. It is very probable that, in despair of fighting the English with success, they would be very happy to fight the Russians or anybody else, if England chose to raise 1,000,000 or 16,000,000 of them, and pay them all \$3.50 a month each. The 40,000,000, Mohammedan population, which is the idlest and most useless of all, is directly interested in the present quarrel of Islam, and could be relied on to furnish a formidable contingent.

as to jumping and running, their activity and prowess are remarkable. They are very interesting soldiers, and the Russians, or any one else who tackles them—under European officers—will find they are by no means despicable adversaries.

MYTHS ARE BUT SYMBOLS OF TRUTHS.

As the scholar sees in the vain but beautiful mythologies of the ancients the embodied expressions of the hungry human soul, blindly groping after the Infinite, so the physician sees in that popular myth of the sixteenth century the fountain of perpetual health and youth—an expression of the longings of suffering humanity for a remedy that should forever prevent the incursion of disease. The wilds of Europe were ransacked for this wonderful fountain, and Ponce de Leon sought for it in the cypress-swamps and tangled ever-glades of our sunny Florida. Men have searched for it everywhere and anywhere but where it really is—in the human body itself. The blood is the real fountain of perpetual health and youth. When this source is corrupted, the painful and sorrow-producing effects are visible in many shapes. The multifarious forms in which it manifests itself would form subjects upon which I might write volumes. But as all the varied forms of disease which depend upon bad blood are cured, or best treated, by such medicines as take up from this fund and excite from the system the noxious elements, it is not of practical importance that I should describe each. For instance, medical authors describe about fifty varieties of skin disease, but as they all require for their cure very similar treatment, it is of no practical utility to know just what name to apply to a certain form of skin disease, so you know how best to cure it. Then again, I might go on and describe various kinds of scrofulous sores, fever sores, white swellings, enlarged glands, and ulcers of varying appearance; might describe how virulent poison may show itself in various forms of eruptions, ulcers, sore throat, bony tumors, etc.; but as all these various appearing manifestations of bad blood are cured by a uniform means, I deem such a course unnecessary. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the great fountain of life, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will all return to us. For this purpose Dr. Fother's Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pills are pre-eminently the articles needed. They are warranted to cure better, salt rheum, scald head, St. Anthony's fire, rash, erysipelas, ringworms, pimples, blotches, spots, eruptions, pustules, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, rough skin, scurf, scrofulous sores and swellings, fever sores, white swellings, tumors, old sores or swellings, affections of the skin, throat and bones, and those of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and lungs.

Interest blinds some and makes some see. Study your own interest and buy Treble's Perfect Shirt. The largest stock of French Cambrie Shirts in the Dominion. Samples and card for self-measurement sent free. TREBLE'S, 8 King Street East, Hamilton.

COPY OF TESTIMONIAL JUST RECEIVED.

30 ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STREET, Montreal, 26th April, 1878. To the Proprietors of "Phosfozone." Gentlemen, I have been using your PHOSFOZONE for the last two months, and I have thus derived very good benefit from it in the cure of a DISORDERED LIVER and of INDIGESTION, and I can therefore most cordially recommend it to all suffering from either of these ailments. Respectfully, (Signed) JOHN POPHAM.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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

CANCERS ARE CURED AT THE LONDON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE

by a new scientific, painless, and speedy process. The knife is never used, and a cure is warranted in every case when undertaken. Ulcers, tumors, fever sores, and all diseases successfully treated. One or two of the physicians of the Institute will be at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on Wednesday, the 15th day of May, and will remain a few weeks for the purpose of effecting cures of cancers and other diseases during their stay. Ladies will receive attention by the Principal of the Institute. Call early.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks. Solution of Problem No. 174 received. Correct. M. J. M., Quebec.—Solution of Problem No. 174 received. Correct. E. B., Montreal.—There is no mistake in the Problem you name. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 175 received. E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 171 received. Correct.

We beg to call attention to the subjoined Prospectus, and trust that it may meet with a hearty response from the Chess players of the Dominion:

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The next meeting of the Association will be held in Montreal, on Tuesday, 20th August, 1878, and following days. There will be a Game Tourney open to all residents of the Dominion, on payment of an entrance fee of one dollar.

Three Prizes will be awarded, one to each of the three players winning the greatest number of games.

- First Prize.....\$40
Second.....20
Third.....10

The prizes will not be less in value than stated above, and may be increased in the same ratio, if funds admit. The conditions of play will be arranged on the day of meeting, by majority of votes of those entered and present.

The Problem Tourney will be open on the same conditions as above.

The Problems must be Two-movers, Three-movers, or Four-movers, ordinary mates, original, and never before published; the primary position in each being such as might occur in actual play.

- Prize, for best Two-mover.....\$10
Three-mover.....10
Four-mover.....10

Each competitor may send in as many Problems as he pleases; he must affix a "motto" to each, and also enclose his name and address in a sealed envelope, bearing the same motto, directed to the President of the Association, so as to reach him on or before the 20th August next. The comparative merits of the Problems will be decided by a judge or judges to be appointed at the meeting.

The Annual Subscription to the Association is: for Clubs, \$5; for individual Members, \$1; for life Members, \$20.

It is requested that individual Members will renew their subscriptions without delay, and that Secretaries of Clubs will promptly send subscriptions from their respective Clubs to Jacob G. Ascher, Esq., Secretary-Treasurer, or to the President, H. Aspinwall Howe, Esq., Montreal.

We have received the Westminster Papers for May, and there is a sufficient amount of Chess news, games and problems, to satisfy the most devoted lover of the game. We suppose that every Club in the Dominion receives this excellent Chess periodical, and that it finds its way into the hands of every amateur who is anxious to improve his skill as a player.

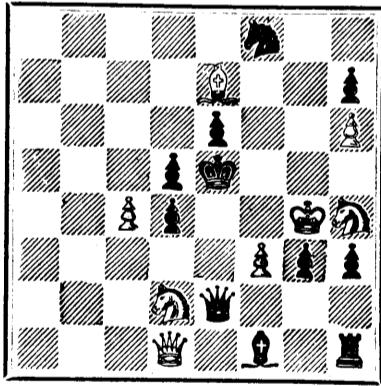
We learn from the Westminster Papers that the contest between Mr. Thorold and Miss Rudge has not yet come to a conclusion. The lady player has won nine games and lost ten, with no draws. To save the match, she must now win two successive games. Fears are expressed that this is not to be expected.

We have still another win soon to announce in the International Tourney. The Rev. L. W. Davis, of Wisconsin sends us a game where his opponent must sacrifice his Queen on the next move to avert a mate. Of course Mr. Philip will immediately resign. We are doing splendidly now, boys. Hartford (Conn.) Times.

PROBLEM No. 176.

By R. B. WORMALD. (From "English Chess Problems.")

WHITE



BLACK

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND. GAME 262ND.

(From Land and Water.)

A lively game recently played in London, Eng. (K B Opening.)

- WHITE (Mr. Leonard.) 1. P to K 4, 2. B to B 4, 3. P to Q B 3, 4. P to Q 3 (b), 5. P to Q Kt 4, 6. B to K Kt 5 (c), 7. B takes Kt, 8. P to K R 4 (d), 9. P to K Kt 4, 10. P to K Kt 5, 11. P takes B, 12. P takes Kt P, 13. P takes P, 14. Q to B 3, 15. Kt to Q 2, 16. Q to Kt 3 (ch), 17. P to B 3, 18. Kt to R 3 (h), 19. Kt takes Kt, 20. Q to Kt 2, 21. R to Q sq, 22. P takes B, 23. Q takes R, 24. K to B sq, 25. K to Kt sq, 26. Q takes Q, 27. Kt to Kt 2, 28. K takes R. BLACK (Mr. Frankenstein.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3 (a), 3. Kt to K B 3, 4. B to K 2, 5. P to Q R 3, 6. Castles, 7. B takes B, 8. Kt to K 2 (e), 9. P to Q 4, 10. P takes B, 11. Kt to Kt 3 (f), 12. K takes P, 13. Q to B 3, 14. Kt to B 5, 15. P to K R 4, 16. B to Kt 5 (g), 17. Q R to Q sq, 18. R to Q 6, 19. P takes Kt, 20. K R to Q sq, 21. Q takes B P (i), 22. R takes Kt, 23. Q to Kt 6 (ch), 24. Q to B 6 (ch), 25. Q takes Q R (ch), 26. R takes Q (ch), 27. R takes R, 28. P takes P, and wins.

NOTES.—(condensed.)

- (a) A move which has never yet been recommended by any authority. (b) We prefer Q to Kt 3. (c) It is rarely profitable in the opening to pin a Knight behind which stands a Bishop. (d) The kind of attack thus foreshadowed bears on its forehead the brand of unsoundness. (e) Intending a somewhat eccentric counter attack. (f) We see little objection to P takes B P. (g) Very bold play. (h) He ought certainly to have taken the Bishop; but we consider that White would have had the materials of an efficient defence. (i) Black, having now the grip, proceeds to tighten same in an unpleasant fashion.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 174.

- WHITE. 1. B to K 7, 2. K to Kt 8, 3. B mates. BLACK. 1. K to Kt 3, 2. P moves, if 1. K to R sq, 2. K to R 2.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 172. (The solution of this Problem is in three moves instead of two.)

- WHITE. 1. K to K B 6, 2. R to K R 4, 3. R to K R 8 mate. BLACK. 1. K to Kt sq, 2. K to B sq, if 1. K to R 2, 2. K to R 3.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 173.

- WHITE. K at Q 3, R at K 4, R at K 8, Pawns at K B 3 and K Kt 2. BLACK. K at K B 4, Pawns at K B 3 and K R 4.

White to play and mate in three moves.

ARTISTIC.

MR. RUSKIN'S health is completely restored, and he is again at work.

It had been the intention of our lately deceased eminent sculptor to pay India a visit. He took the greatest interest in the Bombay University Library tower, and the gentlemen in the Public Works Department were sending him home, up to the time of his death, photographs denoting the progress of the structure. He used to say that it was one of the desires of his life that he might live to see how that noble tower would look after its completion. Few men of his eminence are cut off in the fullness of their powers so completely as Sir Gilbert Scott was.

AMONG the many portraits sent for exhibition to the coming Academy, a half-length figure of Mr. Henry Irving, playing with signet-ring in the character of Richard III., by Mr. E. Long, A.R.A., is likely to attract attention. Mr. Irving is said to be so pleased with it that he had it hung over his chair, with the limelight playing upon it, during the dinner recently given to him at Birmingham, and insisted on sending the artist 50 guineas over and above the original charge. "as a memento of the honour you have done me."

LITERARY.

MR. LEON LEWIS, a novelist of some repute, died recently at Rochester after a long and painful illness.

BRET HARTE is appointed commercial agent at Crefeld, Germany; salary, \$3,000. The situation is one calling for good business ability.

The title of the two poems with which Mr. Browning will soon delight his admirers are "La Salsiaz," and "The two Poets of Croisic." Each poem is in a metre unemployed by the writer.

The copy of the Bible which Martin Luther used daily, and the leaves of which are covered with annotations made with his own hand, is now in the Brandenburg museum, which gave for it about \$450. The Bible was printed in Basle in 1509, is bound in leather, and is in good preservation.

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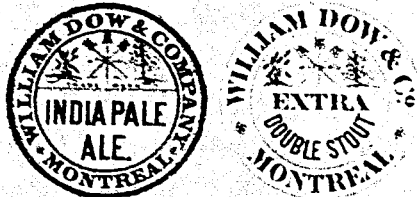


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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of SIX PER CENT. upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after SATURDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE NEXT. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive. The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank ON MONDAY, THE THIRD DAY OF JUNE NEXT, The Chair to be taken at ONE o'clock. R. B. ANGUS, General Manager. 17-17-6-347 Montreal, 16th April, 1878.

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Pianos and Organs,

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Piano rather than any other; nearly all the instruments of these makers having brought within a fraction of cost, while those of other makers were sold at ruinous sacrifice.

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JOSEPH GOULD, 17-20-2-356. The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.