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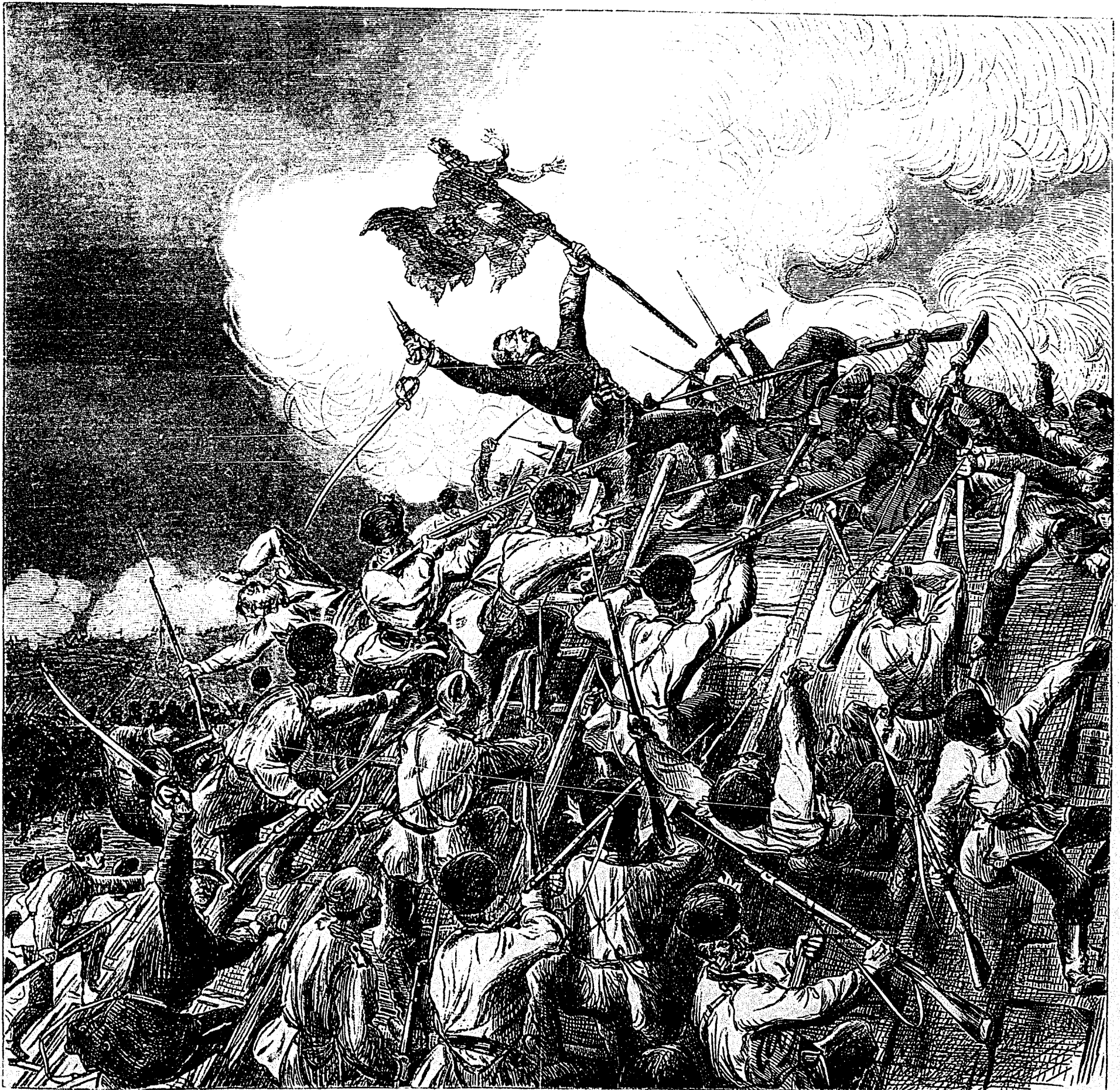
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Wholesale News

Vol. XVI.—No. 19.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1877.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE EASTERN WAR.
STORMING OF THE GRIVITZKA REDOUBT, PLEVNA, BY THE ROUMANIANS.

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 postmasters, in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

NOTICE.

Our Agent, MR. W. STREET, who collected our accounts west of Toronto last year, is again visiting all the places on the Grand Trunk, Great Western, Canada Southern, Northern and Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railways. Subscribers are requested to settle with him all accounts due.

Subscribers are once more requested to take notice that the dates to which their subscriptions are paid are printed on their wrappers with each number sent from the office, thus: 1.78 would signify that subscriptions have been paid up to January, 1878; 7.77 up to July, 1877. This is worthy of particular attention, as a check upon collectors and a protection to customers who, not seeing their dates altered after settling with the collector, should after a reasonable time communicate with the office.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 10th, 1877.

VERDICTS.

It might well be exclaimed that all is vanity and vexation of spirit when so many of our citizens are seen suddenly stricken down by what the Coroner's Juries are accustomed to call apoplexy or heart disease. If medical witnesses were quite elaborate in their investigations, and fully outspoken, they would say probably, in the majority of these cases, that there was no organic disease, but only functional. If the heart be stimulated to abnormal action, it will force the blood upon the lungs more rapidly than it can be aerated in breathing. The same action of the heart will also cause a super-charging of the vessels of the brain. One or other of these conditions may soon cause death to supervene, and the moral will be, that the heart, which is the servant of the nervous system, should not be stimulated to action that is abnormal by anything in the ordinary habits of the subject. We should be glad to see the profession evidencing a positive interest in such cases, because the premonitions are generally sufficiently manifest for their guidance; and the florid appearance of the patient, in most cases, ought to arrest more attention than it usually does. That the Christianity which is able to control the life has also something to say on the subject, might be evident enough to the dispassionate observer.

The leading editorial writers on the London Times gets 2,000 guineas per annum, which is a pretty fair salary. The largest salaries paid in America are quite equal to this. Dr. CONNERY, the managing editor of the New York Herald, receives \$8,000; WHITE LAW REID, of the Tribune, \$12,000; CHARLES A. DANA, the editor of the New York Sun, \$12,000, besides his profits as a stock owner; Hurlbut, of the World, gets \$10,000. The Boston newspapers pay well. Haskell, the editor of the Herald, gets \$10,000, and has just received a year's leave of absence to go to Europe, his salary being continued. The Western press pays very fair salaries. The leading editorial writer on the Chicago Times gets \$5,000, and the managing editor \$6,000; WATERSON, of the Courier-Journal, \$7,500, and an interest in the

profits; SHEEHAN, of the Chicago Tribune, \$6,000. The largest sum paid in America to any editorial writer is that received from the New York Herald by Mr. CHAS. NORDHOFF. He gets \$10,000 a year, and writes when and what he pleases.

REGULATIONS regarding the issue of stamped envelopes by the Post Office Department were published in the "Official Gazette" last Saturday; envelopes are now ready, and will be issued to postmasters at the following rates per 100: One cent, \$1.30; three cent No. 1, \$3.30; three cent No. 2, \$5.25. Postmasters and stamp vendors are required to sell at above rates per hundred, and a less number as near the exact proportionate value as possible. The following caution to postmasters is published: "It appears to be necessary to caution postmasters that they are not authorized to use postage stamps or other stamps entrusted to them for sale to the public, either for remittance on their own affairs or for sale in other places. The Postmaster-General regrets to find that irregularities of this character have taken place, and trusts that this notice of the impropriety of such practices will be sufficient to prevent their recurrence."

WHATEVER rioting there may have been in the late election—and it seems to have been considerable—it does not appear to be the fact that anyone died of the injuries received. The latter assertion was one of those frequent untruths with which "the wires" are chargeable. We are heartily glad it was no worse, but our remarks last week will be not at all the less applicable to election contests generally, and we trust the right sense of the country may before long become effectual in promoting some such reforms as were then advocated.

INTELLIGENCE of the greatest commercial importance comes from Berlin. The Emperor and Prince Bismarck, it is stated, concur in the opinion of a numerous party in the Empire who believe that the "Free-Trade principles have obtained greater prevalence than the country can well afford," and that "the comprehensive enquiry into the state of German industry and commerce demanded by the Protectionists and recently recommended by the Committee of the Handelstag will be ordered by Government."

THE Trade-mark treaty between the United States and Great Britain recently signed, provides that subjects or citizens of each country have the same rights as subjects or citizens of the other, or as are now or may hereafter be granted to subjects or citizens of the most favoured nation in relation to trade marks and trade labels.

THE LATE HON. A. B. FOSTER.

Ex-Senator Foster, who had attained the age of 60 on his late birthday, was born at Dummerston, Vermont, near Brattleboro. His father was Dr. Stephen S. Foster, who came over to Canada when his son was but four years of age, and settled in Frost Village, two or three miles from Waterloo, Eastern Townships. When about twenty years of age, young Foster went to the United States and remained there for fifteen years with his uncle, Mr. S. F. Belknap, an eminent railway man, who was engaged in the construction of railways in Massachusetts, Maine and Vermont. About twenty-five years ago Mr. Foster returned to this country, and entered upon the same business in Canada. His first contract here was on the Grand Trunk between Richmond and Quebec. He subsequently built the Stanstead and Shefford Railway between St. Johns and Waterloo. He was next engaged on the South Eastern from Farnham to Newport, and on an extension of the Canada Central from Sand Point to Pembroke, a distance of fifty miles. He also finished ironing the railway from Sorel to Sutton Junction, with the exception of a link from Acton to Waterloo. He also contracted for the extension of the Canada Central to Nipissing. During twenty years he was engaged in these various railway works, and was one of the oldest contractors in America, very few having attained such varied experience in this line of business. He was first elected for Shefford in 1858, defeating Judge Drummond. Two years later he resigned his

seat and was returned to the Legislative Council for the Bedford Division, which he continued to represent until Confederation, when he was called to the Senate by royal proclamation. Two years ago he resigned his seat in the Senate, having undertaken to build the Georgian Bay Branch of the Canada Pacific. At the time of his death he was deeply engaged in the adjustment of several business contracts and other matters. When he arrived in Montreal last week he was about to proceed to Ottawa and Brockville to negotiate a settlement with Mr. Bolckow, M. P. The disease which carried him off had made its presence felt some time ago, and he was advised by his physicians to avoid all causes of excitement. Late events, known to the public, are supposed to have agitated him unduly, and to have accelerated the fatal termination of the disease. Mr. Foster's mother survives him, at the age of 83. His father died nine years ago. There are also six brothers and four sisters living. He leaves a wife, two sons and five daughters. Mr. Foster's energy and enterprise have been exceeded by few, and immense benefits have thereby been conferred upon the country. He devoted himself to the construction of railways with an ardor which did not spring from any mere desire of pecuniary profit, but from enthusiasm in his profession, if we may so term it. Canada, and particularly the Eastern Townships, is deeply indebted to his exertions, and we feel sure that the expression of regret at his premature death will be universal. His death took place at the Ottawa Hotel, in this city, early on the morning of Thursday, the 1st inst. He was buried at Knowlton, P. Q., amid a vast concourse of relatives and friends, on Saturday, the 3rd.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER AT GANANOQUE, ONT.—The beautiful village of Gananoque, situated upon the St. Lawrence River, about 18 miles from Kingston, is becoming a favourite place of resort for pleasure seekers during the summer months. We present our readers with two views which will convey an idea of the scenery which renders this locality so attractive. Many Americans from the densely populated cities of the Southern and Middle States come here during the heated term to luxuriate in the cool and refreshing breezes of the St. Lawrence, which, acting as the best of tonics upon constitutions debilitated by over work, mentally or physically, restores lost appetites and spirits, brings back the roses to faded cheeks, and re-establishes health and vigour generally. Admirably situated, within an hour's sail of Clayton, Cape Vincent, Kingston, or the now celebrated Wellesley Island Camp Ground, no place offers better inducements to tourists, either in point of scenery, good fishing, or hospitable entertainment. The village itself is picturesque, and has the appearance of a town, with its fine-looking churches, manufactures, etc. The hotel accommodation is excellent, and the village boasts of having the finest skiffs and sail-boats on the river.

THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE DRAPER.—Owing to the late hour, in view of our allotted time for publication, at which we received intelligence of this distinguished citizen's death, we have room for only a few biographical details. But the portrait of the Judge, with a memoir, appeared a few years ago in our pages. Mr. Draper was born in Surrey, England, his father being the Rev. Henry Draper, D.D., rector of St. Antholin, London. He came to this country in 1820, and studied law in Port Hope. On being called to the Bar eight years later, he commenced practice in Toronto. He was elected for the Legislative Council of Upper Canada in 1841, and was a member of the first Government formed on the Union of the two Provinces. In 1853 he was elevated to the Bench, and was subsequently appointed to the Chief Justiceship of Upper Canada, and afterwards President of the Court of Error and Appeal. He was also for some time President of the Church Association of Ontario.

CANADIAN TROPHY AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—We publish to-day a sketch of the Canadian trophy, which is to be exhibited at the Paris Universal Exposition, taken from a photograph by Mr. McLaughlin, photographer for the Public Works Department. The drawing was prepared by Mr. Watts, under the direction of Mr. Scott, Chief Architect Public Works Department. This trophy is to be placed inside a tower on the right of the main entrance, and the junction of two of the principal wings. The trophy will be 99 feet in height from the ground to the top of the flag-pole, or 85 feet to the top of the roof. It will contain four storeys with three galleries, and be constructed principally of walnut and pine. There is a base of 30 feet. It is 16ft. 6 in. from the ground to the first gallery, 16ft. to the second, 16ft. to the third, and 11ft. 6 in. from thence to the roof. From the commencement of the roof to the top is about 25 feet. The lower storey will be filled with cases for small exhibits, there being four cases of 11 sections each, making 44 sections in all. This section will be decorated with wild flowers. The first gallery will be decorated with goods, and on the verandah are two cases elevated, one above the other, with a roof on top, thus forming miniature towers. The cases in the centre of this section will be filled with vials containing geological specimens and specimens of agricultural produce. The gallery above is supported with ornamented brackets,

festooned with rope and twine. The second gallery is about 23 feet square, and will be decorated with lumbermen's tools, agricultural implements, etc., while moose heads decorate each side. The third gallery will be adorned with a canoe suspended from its side, with fishing nets, spears, tackle, cricket bats, and other sporting implements, above being a large buffalo head, and on the side corn brooms. The roof will contain specimens of shingling and slating, while at the top of the tower, on the four sides, is the word "Canada." There will be a circular staircase in the interior, so visitors may go up and pass out on each gallery. The trophy promises to be one of the features of the Exhibition.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

SITTING BULL is to have a reservation at Red Deer River in the spring.

ST. JOHN was relighted with gas last week for the first time since the great fire.

It is understood that the Quebec Provincial Legislature will not meet before the 15th December.

CHESSE players of Hull are about to play a game with some parties in Quebec by aid of postal cards.

THE Watertown men contemplate establishing a paper mill at Kingston. They propose to use poplar wood pulp.

ACTIVE measures are being taken by some of the leading business men of Quebec for the establishment of a beet-sugar factory in that city.

THE painting and decoration of the church of Notre Dame, Montreal, have been finished, at a cost exceeding \$100,000.

A PROTESTANT organization, to be known as the International Protestant League, has been formed in Montreal, with branches throughout Canada and in the United States.

THE Exhibition Building at Fredericton, N. B., and two adjoining houses were destroyed by fire recently. Several other buildings caught fire from the flying cinders, and were more or less damaged. A supposed incendiary was arrested.

THE schools of military instruction at the following places will be re-opened:—Halifax, 1st November, and Fredericton, 1st December next, provided there are a sufficient number of cadets. These schools will be kept open for six months.

THE Allan steamship Sarmatian arrived at Quebec lately, after making the fastest passage on record, and exceeding any previous passage by five hours and a half. The British mails were landed in six days and twenty-two and a half hours after their receipt on board at Moville.

THE Newfoundland codfishery is a complete failure, and a terrible winter is in store for the fishermen. On the western coast much destitution already exists. The Magdalen Island cod fishery has also failed this year, the weather having been too stormy to allow the fishermen to make their way to the fishing grounds.

PERSONAL.

CHIEF JUSTICE DRAPER is dead.

DR. TUPPER has returned to Toronto in renovated health.

MR. MALOUIN has been elected for Quebec Centre by acclamation.

GENERAL O'GRADY HALY has gone to Baltimore, and will be absent three weeks.

BISHOP MCKINNON, of Antigonish, has been created Archbishop of Almydo, *in partibus*.

It is reported from St. Thomas, Montmagny, that Hon. Mr. Beaubien, of the Legislative Council and ex-Commissioner of Crown Lands, is dangerously ill.

THE rumor of the elevation of Mr. John Hearn, M.P.P., to the Legislative Council for Stadacona Division, is confirmed.

MR. BOUCHER DE LA BRUYERE, editor-in-chief of *Le Courrier de St. Hyacinthe*, elevation to the Legislative Council is announced for Rougemont Division.

MR. S. J. LYMAN last week delivered a lecture on "Fungology" at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and also at Brooklyn on "The Chemistry of Odor."

THE Rev. Mr. Rainsford, the celebrated English Church Evangelist, is at present officiating in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, during the illness of the Rev. Mr. Tilley.

ST. Andrew's Church, Campbellton, N. B., which has hitherto held aloof from the Presbyterian Union, has now united with the other churches. A call has been given to the Rev. J. C. Herdman.

It is understood that the Hon. George, and Mr. Gordon Brown, have secured the entire control of the Toronto Globe, and that they intend to form a joint stock company, with a capital of \$500,000.

ON Saturday week, at Grace Church, New York, the Hon. L. S. Huntington was married to Mrs. Marsh, widow of the late Mr. Charles Marsh, Civil Engineer. Among those who were present by invitation was Sir William B. Richards, Chief Justice of the Canadian Supreme Court.

ARTISTIC.

THE workmen engaged in preparing the front of the Florence Cathedral recently, in removing a thick coating of plaster at one of the corners, discovered seven marble statues, pronounced by connoisseurs to be of the best period of Greek art.

HUGUS MERLE is painting a Charlotte Corday for the next Paris Salon. The moment is when she knocks for admittance at the door of Marat's house, and holds the letter in one hand and a knife half concealed in the other.

It is reported that Detaille and Vibert were at work on a picture representing the apotheosis of M. Thiers; but, taking Meissonnier in their confidence, that artist declared that he had the same intention, at the same time requesting they should ceder le pas to him. This, it is said, Detaille promised to do, but Vibert, not being a pupil of Meissonnier, was not willing to abandon his project, and intends carrying it out alone.

BRITISH THEORY AND PRACTICE.

We may know something of what the Religion of Christ may do for the world. We may think we know a little of what particular forms of Christianity ought to do and do not. The enunciation of vital truth, however, is as old as the Garden of Eden, and it has had its followers from that hour to this. It comes to a region quite irrespective of types or evolutions, and though it may be affected by these—it is by itself that the region is transformed. What it is doing for Britons at home and in the Colonies in their social life and organization, as well as in its personal appeal to their minds and hearts, is a fair subject of enquiry. Sir Stafford Northcote asserts, with an impressiveness that is acknowledged by the sincere enquirer, that the weaknesses of the time among the British Communities—if we consider, as we well may do, that he looked beyond the mere limits of the islands—are vanity and the love of excitement—and to him the *Spectator*, the journal which has so admirably advocated native interests in India, rejoins that those faults are not more prevalent—if as prevalent—now, than in a former era; but that whereas they were wont to assume a social and physical habit, they have now put on a literary one. While for ourselves claiming that the love of good opinion and the love of novelty have also their useful forms and presentations, we rather think the *Spectator* is raising a new issue, and that the question was not so much comparison of time with one or the other period immediately preceding, as with the demands of common sense, or with an ideal or any good era. There was ambition amongst the ancient Jews, but subdued by the theocratic sense of duty and the human kindness that tempered the Mosaic rule. In Homer's age there was vanity enough and excitement too, in all the pomp and circumstance of war amongst the Greeks, but in their social intercourse in time of peace, setting aside their polytheistic and pantheistic superstitions and resulting corruptions, they were hospitable, elegant and practical. Their best traditions we assume to have come from Jewish sources through the Egyptians, and they transmitted part of the fruits of their civilization to the power that followed them. Universal refinement cannot, of course, be claimed for the Greeks, who drew their leisure from the labours of a servile population; but concurrent testimony and the wonderful relics they have left in art, science and literature are proofs sufficient of the advance they made. That extraordinary civilization of half a dozen centuries may appear a historical puzzle—fit for the analysis of a Ruskin—but it is idle to disregard it. In the early days of the Roman Republic there was an almost passionate watchfulness over the welfare of the citizens—one of the most beautiful things in history. However afterwards corrupted and lost sight of the system of patron and client which endured even to Imperial times and at length became a mere travesty, was one of the developments of the commonwealth of Romulus. Coming down the ages, and looking at States founded under the auspices of Christianity—a religion of the heart as well as an ethical system—we find in Britain, under the Saxon rule, men making themselves responsible for one another's well-being and conduct, in hundreds, ward motes and juries. Such was Alfred's system, under Norman Feudalism. With all its ignorance and contentions, an intimate link of mutual support and intercourse was developed between rich and poor, baron or knight and vassal. Following the Reformation came the middle or the trading class as a power in the state, but it did not succeed in extinguishing entirely the feudal relation. In process of time came the modern Economy, born of commerce and shaped to its demands, while calling itself "Political," and for its auxiliary the portentous birth of huge mechanical forces sprung from science and invention. The very air it breathes is a deductive logic in substitution for the grand inductive method which had for two centuries been making good progress. The new commercial philosophy is now a hundred years old, and humanity, in its multiplied interests, has gained immensely and lost immensely by their mighty ethical and physical creations. The mechanical auxiliaries with many conveniences have introduced a host of new dangers and destructions; and as demand and supply can be only very partially applied to human life risks, these have gone unheeded and been largely enhanced in their effects. The weight and pressure of the commercial philosophy often sitting like a nightmare upon the popular form, has enforced the advance of the good angel of the new philanthropy, striving to relieve in the kindest way it knows, always trying to find a substitute for the lost social bond. It should now be seeking union of interests and a restoration of the Inductive Rule. We have already spoken of social habits. Hospitality differs from display, elegance from mere glitter and colors, vital economy from a load of only partially useful, and quite often injurious appliances. An ideal is present to most intelligent minds and hearts even when not fully realized in the conceptions, and it is made up of our impressions more or less correct and modified by surrounding influences of the serviceable and the attractive. There is an excellence in things, however, independent of our opinion of them, and by thought and patient enquiry we should be constantly bringing our civilization into harmony with the human constitution we are gifted with—Nature and Scripture being our guides—and seeking instead of

shunning the aid of experts in all departments. If we will only pursue such a course, vanity and excitement will be put under bonds, and the approach towards the unattainable perfection to which so many longing eyes are turned in this active time, may at least appear more manifest. We must admit the skill and refinement and generally conscientious ends of modern criticism, but when we regard its treatment of social claims there is an evident want of practical perception and elegance, almost of deficient hospitality—for example,—in the grave dissensions in the *Saturday Review* as to the possibility of a private citizen living on some considerable number of thousands a year—Thackeray would say so at any rate—and we feel it to be a matter that we have very little to do with in the Colonies. There is enough of elaborate prosecution of enquiry in every department of more or less fanciful analysis, such as evolution and archeology, all very good in their place and degree, and emanating from literary habitudes that have no doubt become as second nature to their professors; but the fact remains, that the men who are in earnest cannot so far get space devoted to an argument on the need of making an approved mechanical appliance, like water-tight compartments in passenger and equipment ships, an established fact of the social life of the Empire. We are not now speaking of mines and other tracts of life and labours in which the same neglect prevails to fearfully bitter results. And when the perceptions of the literary body are thus obscured—that they are not always obscured the good service in Railway Reform of the very same journal will prove—we cannot even provide for them the full excuse made for Theodore of Abyssinia, who "did not know" about the Queen's guns at Portsmouth, and the same Theodore, at least, led his people, while our cities would seem in such cases to be only following their's. Their object are avowedly Imperial and federative and social, and unlike Theodore's, and they cannot, as citizens of this highly estimated country, be uninterested in the conquest of nature by man—nor in the condition of the people in their homes and travels,—nor afraid to speak on any but a popular topic, like the Social Science expansive congresses—and yet, with it all, we find a form of literary variety which is often a more injurious element than that supposed social variety of a past age in Britain, to which the present is supposed by the *Spectator* to offer a fine contrast—for the earlier habit with all its faults often seemed, to the extent of its light, to do the thing most immediately called for. Mr. Pepys, for example would no doubt have done any number of kind things if he had known how, and done them at the right time too. Here is this never-to-be-forgotten consideration that the literary sphere cannot be purely negative in its influence, but that it absorbs the general mind, which the mere tawdry and personal display did not do to at all the same extent, and here lies its immense responsibility. If it does not do, it will undo;—in the absence of a counteracting influence. If it does not aim at some completeness in physics and sociology, it will be merely obstructive, and will, of course, in the end, go the way of obstructives. As we see it, it is in some degree imbued with the competitive which, if useful, is not a highly reflective spirit, and it talks of things which is the partizan's business, or the fashion to talk about, and in the way that is fashionable and partizan, while the value of an independent mind is before it, if unrecognized, in the homage rendered to Carlyle for his good sense rather than his philosophy. And so, for the want, not of ability, but of such human, moral and literary efforts as would meet the case in the view of plain men—culminating, as they would do, in practical rules and laws and appliances—for the country will follow a reasonable press sooner or later—we are all doomed, among many other social miseries, to be witnesses while grand ships freighted with noble souls go staggering down under the waters, and so into the depth of the ocean, to be no more seen or heard of by the community that sent them forth, unimproved, whether in a fatal hope or calculation defiant of monetary losses. In Miranda's beautiful hyperbole, echoing the feelings of our Christian humanity, in which, changing a word or two, we keep the meaning:

"Oh! their cry should knock against our very hearts! Poor souls! they perished. Had we been gifted with the power, we would have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere it should the huge ships have swallowed and the freighting souls within them."

CANADENSIS.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARISIANS are playing base-ball—and now Monsieur le pitcheur gracefully pitches the ball to Monsieur le strikeur, who makes a trois base hit into the estomac of Monsieur le champ à la gauche (left field), who exclaims "Ventrebleu!" and sits down on the grass for rest and refreshments.

THE authorities of Paris are having executed at this time numerous improvements in the pavements and sidewalks of the streets. On the 1st of April, 1878, the capital will possess 865 kilometres of public ways, representing a surface of 7,743,250 square metres, of which over two-thirds are in granite, the remainder being macadamized, laid in asphalté, or paved with wood.

Mlle ALBANI has at last been positively engaged by the manager of Les Italiens for a series of representations, including, not only the characters in which she charmed the Parisians last season, but two important new creations as well. The season at Les Italiens promises to be exceptionally brilliant. Tamberlick will be the first "star," and will open the season in *Poluto*, with Mme. Urban as Poalma.

A FAMILY of Esquimaux is about to arrive at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. It consists of the father of the group, who is thirty-two years of age, about four feet in height, his face of a deep yellow, and with thick black locks falling square on either side of the head; his wife, twenty-three years old, not so tall as her husband, a northern beauty; and their two children, aged one and two years.

AMONG the objects of interest at the Exhibition of 1878, will be a monster captive balloon—it will be 16ft. higher than the Arc de Triomphe. It will be strong enough to carry an engine and its driver; it will hold 50 passengers at one time, and raise them to an elevation of 1,600 feet. It will be made of alternate layers of silk and India-rubber, which will be joined together by more than three and a half miles of cotton. The balloon will be held captive by cables capable of resisting a strain of 10,000 kilogrs.

GERMANY has elected, as the only country, to take no part in the Paris Exhibition of 1878. "The reason of her isolation," it has been said, "is not very far to seek. The Exhibition has been designed to show that France has, after a disastrous and almost overwhelming war, been able to retain her ancient strength, so that the revival of the country can be judged by an international competition. The reasons that influence France in promoting the Exhibition are much the same as those of Russia, who will be a considerable contributor to the show. Russia is anxious to demonstrate that the present war is not so exhausting that the country cannot bring forward the proofs of its industry. Probably the same idea is present in the mind of the Porte, who has requested that a place should be reserved for Turkish manufactures."

SPEAKING of the death of a man at Pau who reached 104 years, a journal shows the number of dynastic and Government changes which have occurred in France during that period. The deceased must have seen the reigns of Louis XV., Louis XVI., the Convention, Directory, Consulate, Empire, Louis XVIII., the Hundred Days, the Restoration, Charles X., the Revolution of 1830, Louis Philippe, the Revolution of 1848, the Republic, the Empire, the Republic! All those events were contained in a single life! With such historical facts, who can desire to occupy a throne in France?

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON has left Paris for Russia, where she is about to fulfil an engagement of four months. During the Crimean War the Emperor Nicholas ordered his nobles to show themselves at the opera, and there is every reason to believe that a similar air of fictitious brilliancy will be imported into the present season. At the end of her Russian engagement Madame Nilsson will visit several cities of Germany, Prussia being specially excluded, and she will finish by taking part in the season of Italian opera at Vienna. Hitherto she has sung in Italian, while the other members of the company have replied to her in German, but next year she will sing without this confusion of tongues.

THE works at the Palace of the Universal Exhibition are advancing rapidly. The colonnade of the great Salle des Fêtes and the galleries belonging to it, and which consist of 360 pillars of the Corinthian order, are receiving the finishing touches. The immense hall itself, which is 50 metres in diameter and 45 high, is almost entirely completed. Preparations are being made to instal the colossal organ intended for it. The magnificent mosaic pavement of the adjoining vestibules is already far advanced. Nine hundred workmen are employed on the building, including the carvers, who are occupied in embellishing the two great galleries of the Retrospective Exhibition of Archaeology. They will be ready at the beginning of November to receive glass cases destined to contain the finest collection in the world. The objects which will be brought together here are estimated to be worth more than 300,000,000 fr.

A PERFECT luncheon given by Brillat Savarin is thus described in his book, *Gastronomy as a Fine Art*: "Punctual to the minute, I saw my guests arrive, clean shaven, their hair fresh from the barber; two little old men still hale and hearty. They smiled with delight on seeing the table laid for three, and at each plate two dozen oysters with a bright golden lemon. At each end of the table stood a bottle of sauterne, carefully wiped, all except the cork, which showed unmistakably that it was long since the wine had been bottled. Alas! I have lived to see nearly the last of those cheerful luncheons, once so common, when oysters were swallowed by thousands. I regret them, but it is as a philosopher; if time modifies governments, how great must have been its influence upon the simple social usages. After the oysters, which were found quite fresh, the servant brought to table some roasted kidneys, a jar of truffled foie

gras, and, last of all, the *fontuc*. The constituents were altogether in a saucepan, which was placed on the table over a chafing dish heated with spirits of wine. I commenced operations, and not a single one of my evolutions on the field of battle was lost sight of by my guests. They were loud in their praises of my success, and asked to have the recipe, which I promised, at the same time telling them two tales that hang thereby. After the *fontuc* came the fruits of the season, and sweets, with a cup of genuine Mocha done *à la Dubellay*, a mode then coming into fashion, finishing off with two liqueurs—one a spirit to clear, and the other an oil to soothe."

THE HOUSE OF DUPUIS FRERES.

In the spring of 1869, the late Jos. Nazaire Dupuis, at that time a clerk of Messrs. Stirling, McCall & Co., opened a small store at the corner of Montcalm and St. Catherine streets. Owing to his slender means, not being in a position to abandon his position as clerk, nor the service of his patron, he was obliged to make his purchases during meal hours, and classify, mark, and sell his goods at night. Incapable of rest and despising the pleasures and amusements of his age, he saw and understood only one thing—to labor without ceasing and procure the well-being of his family. Soon, under the direction of his mother and aided by his brothers, whom he guided and prepared for the fine commercial position which they now occupy, his establishment became too small. Although he had neither money nor credit to begin with, he persevered in his efforts to enlarge the sphere of his operations, and two years later, in April, 1871, he removed to the adjoining store, which was then even too capacious for the wants of the locality. Still, business increased rapidly, and with the assistance of his second brother, who is at present one of his successors, he enlarged his premises still more, occupying the upper stories, which had previously been used as a residence, and adding a wing. Through his assiduity and proverbial honesty, he soon secured the custom of the principal religious houses of Montreal and the Province—a circumstance which, while it widened the circle of his orders, and the diversity of his goods, led him to attempt direct importations. Accordingly, in September, 1872, he crossed to Europe for the first time, and he continued his semi-yearly voyages till 1875, when he removed to St. Paul street, with the view of devoting himself to the wholesale trade, in spite of the financial crisis which was already invading the community. In this new field, he was achieving signal success, when he was carried off prematurely by death. This unforeseen decease and the inconvenience of a hasty winding up of the estate, did not, however, dishearten his three younger brothers, who immediately got about the erection of the immense warehouse, a sketch of which we publish to-day. This store, one of the finest and best assorted on St. Catherine st., and even in Montreal, is 110 ft. in length, 28 in breadth, and four storeys high. We invite our friends to judge for themselves by visiting the establishment, on the corner of Amherst and St. Catherine streets. The Messrs. Dupuis will always be happy to receive their clients and show them over their premises. The best order prevails in all the departments. The numerous clerks are distinguished for their courtesy, and in especial, the house is distinguished for the quantity, variety, and richness of their goods, and the extreme low prices at which they are sold.

HUMOROUS.

COOL, BUT NOT ALWAYS COLLECTED.—An ice bill.

WHENEVER you feel that the land is suffering for rain, either get up a family pic-nic or go and camp out.

THE summer is gone, and winter approaches with the business-like pace of a man who is coming to collect a bill.

SOMEBODY says: "Every failure is a step to success." This will explain why the oftener some men fall the richer they become.

HALF of a newspaper editor's life is spent in hunting through the dictionary to discover the difference between ultimo and proximo.

It looks as though there'd be no difficulties in keeping the wolf from the door next winter. There won't be any thing at the door to tempt the wolf.

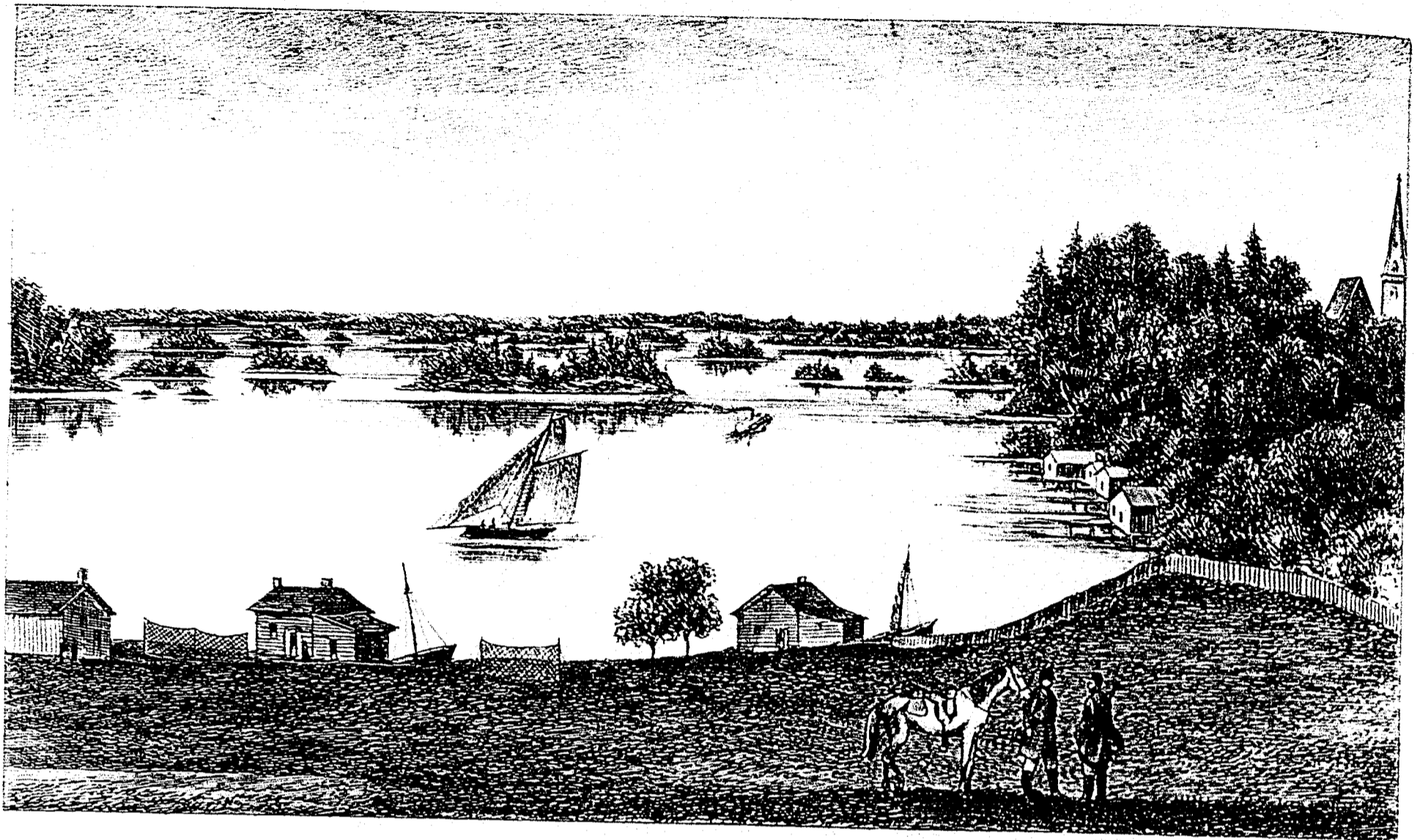
THE principal resemblance between a man who stops his team on the sidewalk of a crowded street and half a barrel of flour is that both make about a hundred walt.

A CHICAGO fashionable clergyman has failed. Liabilities, \$15,000; assets, twenty-two pairs of worked slippers, assorted sizes, thirteen dressing gowns, thirty pen-wipers, two dozen fancy pincushions, nine watch pockets, and seven cushions, for easy chair.

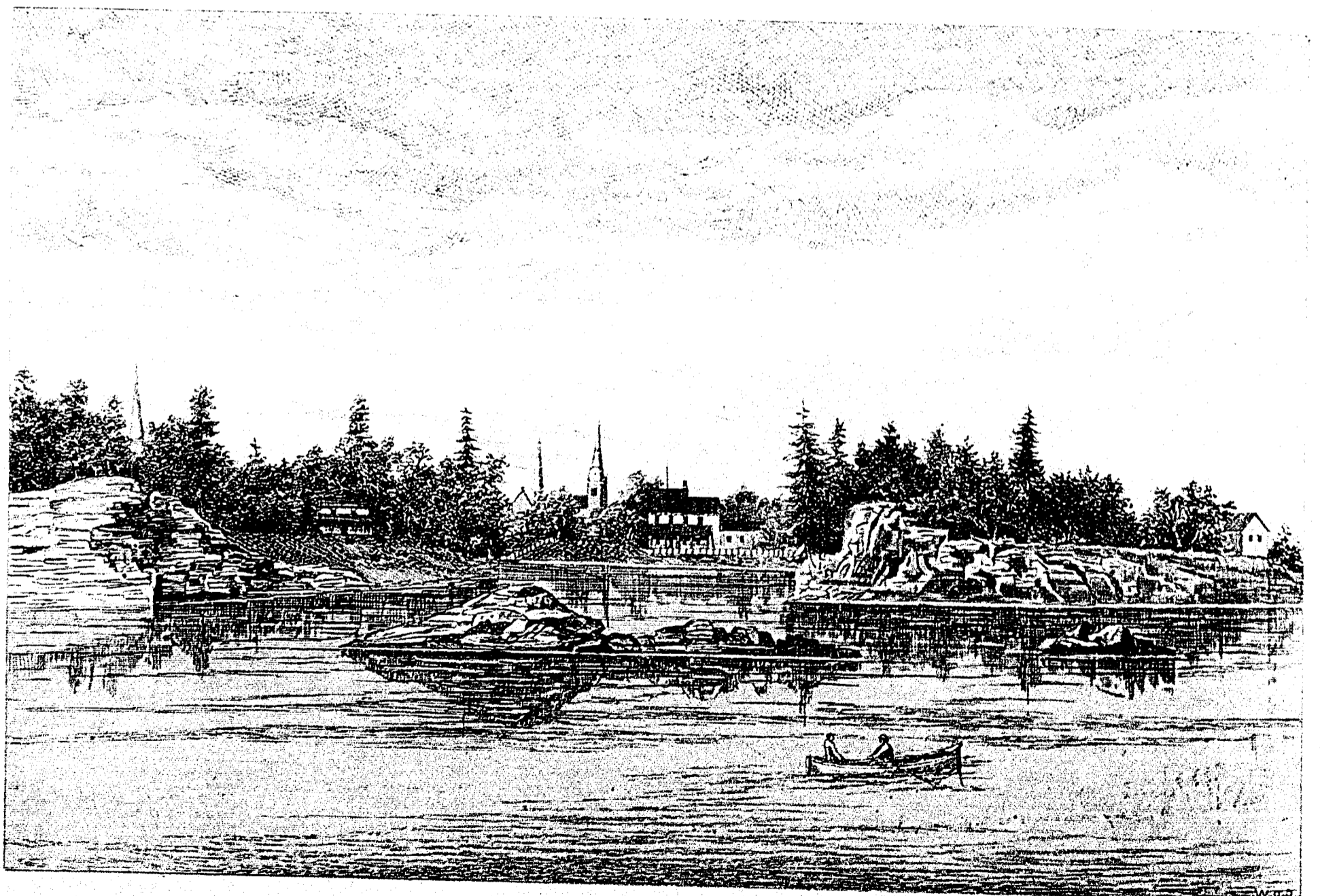
"I want five cents' worth of starch," said a little girl to a grocer's clerk. The clerk, wishing to tease the child, asked: "What do you want five cents' worth of starch for?" "Why, for five cents, of course," she answered, and the clerk concluded to attend to his own business.

THE Russians are evidently suffering severely from sickness in the Dobrudscha. We've had pains in our head, pains in our stomach, and pains everywhere else, save in our Dobrudscha. Thank Heaven we're all right there yet. When a man's Dobrudscha gives out, he'd better measure his length on the ground and send for an undertaker. He's gone, sure.

A FRIEND of a well-known bibliophile, looking over his books the other day, saw one that interested him very much, and asked for the loan of it. "Lend you a book?" said the bookworm; "impossible!" "Why?"—"Because I borrowed a book of you long since, and you never asked for it back again. I could not lend my books to a man with such a memory as that."



VIEW OF ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, SHOWING ENGLISH CHURCH, FROM BELVEDERE HOUSE, GANANOQUE. - FROM A SKETCH BY A. W. MOORE.



VIEW AT GANANOQUE FROM ST. LAWRENCE RIVER. - FROM A SKETCH BY A. W. MOORE.

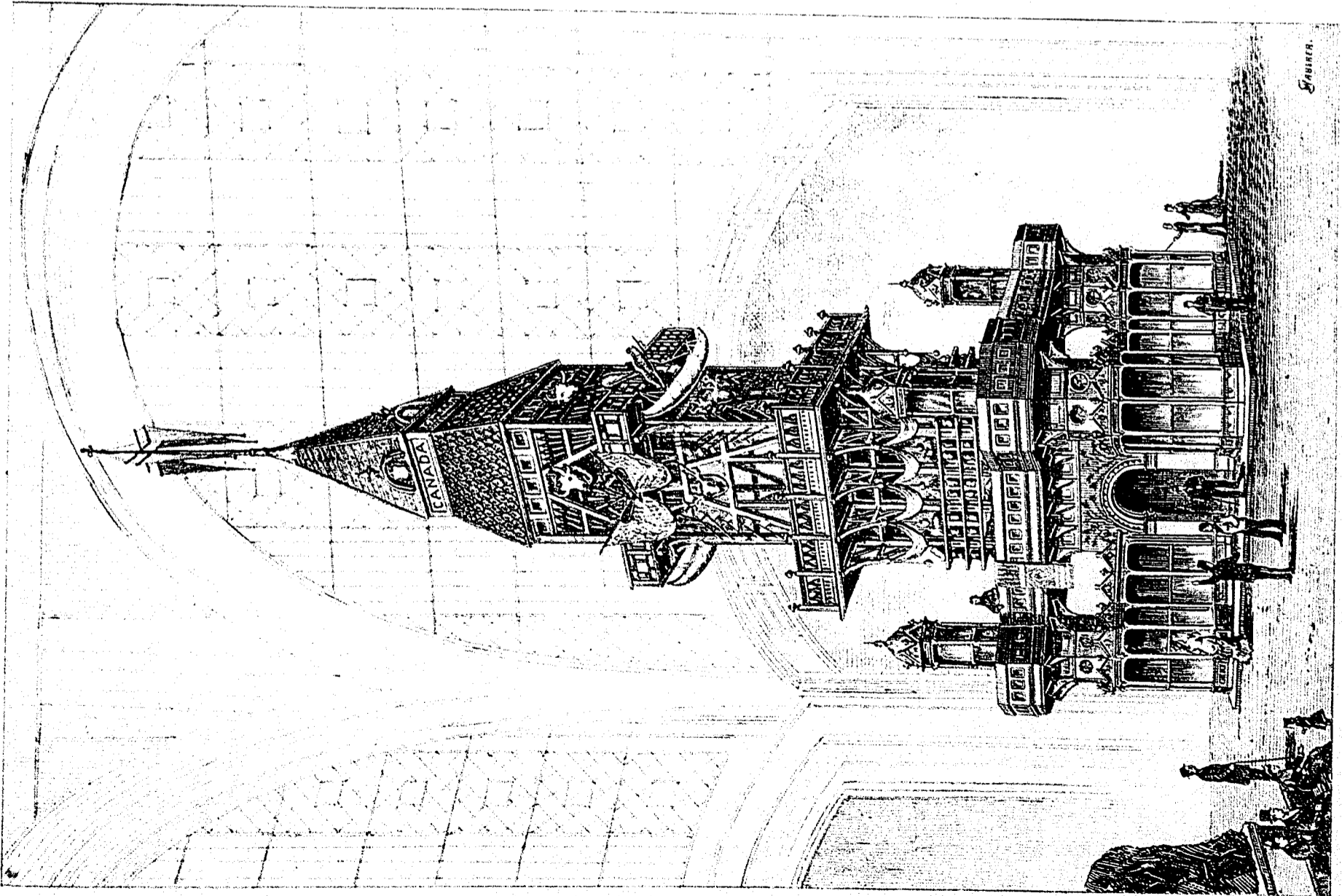
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 277.—THE LATE HON. A. B. FOSTER.



No. 278.—THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE DRAPER.



THE CANADIAN TROPHY AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

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BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY,"
"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY." &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PONTIFEX COLLECTION.

In the days that followed things went on externally as if nothing had happened. Celia's suitor walked with her in the town, was seen with her in public places, appeared in church morning and evening—the second function must have exercised his soul heavily—and said no word. Mr. Tyrrell, deceived by this appearance of peace, resumed his wonted aspect, and was self-reliant, and sometimes as blustering as ever. Celia alone seemed to remember the subject. For some days she tried to read and talk as usual, but her cheek was paler, and her manner *distrainé*. Yet I could say nothing. The wound was too fresh, the anxiety was still there, it was one of those blows which, though their worst effects may be averted, leave scars behind which cannot be eradicated. The scar in Celia's soul was that for the first time in her life a suspicion had been forced upon her that her father was not—had not been— Let us not put it into words.

To speak of such a suspicion would have been an agony too bitter for her, and even too bitter for me. Yet I knew, by the manner of the man, by the words of the German, that he was, in some way, for some conduct unknown, of which he was now ashamed, under this man's power. I could not tell Celia what I knew. How was she to tell me the dreadful suspicion that rose like a spectre in the night unbidden, awful? We were only more silent, we sat together without speaking; sometimes I caught her eye resting for a moment on her father with a pained wonder, sometimes she would break off the music, and say with a sigh that she could play no more.

One afternoon, three or four days after the first opening of the business, I found her in the library, a small room on the first floor dignified by that title, where Mr. Tyrrell kept the few books of general literature he owned, and Celia kept all hers. She had gathered on the table all the books which we were so fond of reading together—chiefly the poets—and was taking them up one after the other, turning over their pages with loving, regretful looks.

She greeted me with her sweet smile. "I am thinking, Laddy, what to do with these books if—I have to say what Papa wants me to say."

"Do with them, Cis?"

"Yes," she replied, "it would be foolish to keep things which are not very ornamental and would no longer be useful."

"Our poor poets are a good deal knocked about," I said, taking up the volumes in hope of diverting her thoughts; "I always told you that Keats wasn't made for laying in the grass," and indeed that poor bard showed signs of many dew upon his scarlet cloth bound back.

"He is best for reading on the grass, Laddy. Think of the many hours of joy we have had with Hyperion under the elms. And now, I suppose, we shall never have any more. Life is very short, for some of us."

"But—Cis—why no more hours of pleasure and poetry?"

"I do not know when that man may desire an answer. And I know that if he claims it at once—to-morrow—next day—what answer I am to give. I watch my father, Laddy, and I read the answer in his face. Whatever happens, I must do what is best for him."

"Put off the answer, Cis, till Leonard comes home."

"If we can," she sighed—if we can. Promise me one thing, Laddy—promise me faithfully. If I have—if I must consent—never let Leonard know the reason: never let any one know; let all the world think that I have accepted—him—because I loved him. As if any woman could ever love him!"

Then he had not deceived her with his smooth and plausible manner.

"I promise you so much at least," I said. "No one shall know, poor Cis, the reason. It shall be a secret between us. But you have not said 'Yes' to him yet."

"I may very soon have to say it, Laddy. I shall give you all this poetry. We have read it together so much that I should always think of you if I ever try and read it alone. And it would make me too wretched. I shall have nothing more to do with the noble thoughts and Divine longings of these great men: they will all be dead in my bosom; I shall try to forget that they ever existed. Herr Räumer—my husband," she shuddered—"would not understand them. I shall learn to disbelieve everything; I shall find a base motive in every action. I shall cease to hope: I shall lose my faith and my charity."

"Celia—my poor Celia—do not talk like that."

"Here is Keats." She opened him at random, turned over the leaves, and read aloud—

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Wretched not at passéd joy!

"Passéd joy. We shall not be able to go out together, you and I, Laddy, any more, nor to

read under the elms, nor to look out over the ramparts up the Harbour at high tide, and you will leave off giving me music lessons—and when Leonard comes home he will not be my Leonard any more. Only let him never know, dear Laddy."

"He shall never know, Cis. But the word is not spoken yet, and I think it never will be."

She shook her head.

"There is our Wordsworth. Of course he must be given up too. When the whole life is of the earth, earthy, what room could there be there for Wordsworth! Why," she looked among the sonnets, "this must have been written especially for us. Listen—

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd
To think that now our life is only dress'd
For show

The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone: our peace, our fearful innocence
And pure religion breathing household laws.

Fancy the household laws of Herr Räumer," she added, bitterly.

She was in sad and despairing mood that morning.

I took the book from her hand—what great things there are in Wordsworth, and what rubbish!—and found another passage.

Those first affections
Those shadowy recollections,
Which be they what they may
Are yet the fountain light of all our day
Are yet the masterlight of all our seeing,
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake
To perish never:

Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

"Do you think, you silly Celia, if things came to the very worst—if you were—let me say it out for once—if you were tied for life to this man, with whom you have no sympathy, that you would forget the beautiful things which you have read and dreamed? They can never be forgotten. Why, they lie all about your heart, the great thoughts of God and Heaven, what this beautiful earth might be and what you yourself would wish to be; they are your guardian angels, who stand like Ithuriel to ward off evil dreams and basenesses. They cannot be driven away because you have placed them there, sentinels of your life. If—if he—were ten times as cold, ten times as unworthy of you as he seems, he could not touch your inner life. He could only make your outer life unhappy. And then, Celia, I think—I think—I think that Leonard would kill him."

"If Leonard will care any more about me," she murmured through her tears. "But he will not. I shall be degraded in his eyes. He will come home with happier recollections of brighter scenes and women far better and more beautiful than I can be, even in his memory."

"Celia," I cried hotly, "that is unkind of you. You cannot mean it. Leonard can never forget you. There will be no scenes so happy in his recollection as the scenes of his boyhood; no one whom he will more long to see than little Celia—little no longer now, and—oh! Cis—Cis, how beautiful you are!"

"Laddy, you are the best brother in all the world. But do not flatter me. You know I like to think myself pretty. I am so vain."

"I am not flattering you, my dear. Of course, I think you are the most beautiful girl in all the world. Ah! if I could only draw you and put all your soul into your eyes as a great painter would. If I were Raphael I would make you St. Catharine—no, St. Cecilia—sitting at the organ, looking up as you do sometimes when we read together, or when I play Beethoven, and your soul opens like a flower."

"Laddy—Laddy."

"I would make your lips trembling, and your head a little bent back, so as to show the sweet outlines, and make all the world fall in love with you. Don't cry, my own dear sister. See, Leonard will be home again soon triumphant, bringing joy to all of us. Our brave Leonard—and all will be well. I know all will go well. And this monstrous thing shall not be done."

She put her arms around my neck, and laid her cheek against mine. "Thank God," she said simply, "for my brother."

By this time I had mastered my vain and selfish passion. Celia was my sister, and could never be anything else. As if in the time when companionship is as necessary as light and air, it was not a great thing to have such a companion as Celia! In youth we cling to one another, and find encouragement in confession and confidence. David was young when he loved Jonathan. It is when we grow older that we shrink into ourselves and forget the sweet old friendships.

This little talk finished, Celia became more cheerful, and we presently stole out at the garden gate for fear of being intercepted by the suitor, who was as ubiquitous as a Prussian Uhlan, and went for a ramble along the beach, where a light breeze was crispering the water into

tiny ruffles of wavelets, and driving about the white-sailed yachts like butterflies. The fresh sea air brightened her cheek, and gave elasticity to her limbs. She forgot her anxieties, laughed, sang little snatches, and was as merry as a child again.

"Let us go and call at Aunt Jane's," she cried, when we left the beach, and were striking across the furze-covered common.

To call upon Mrs. Pontifex was never an inspiring thing to do. She had a way of picking out texts to suit your case and hurling them at your head, which sent you away far more despondent about the future than her husband's sermons. There is always this difference between a woman of Aunt Jane's persuasion and a man of the same school; that the woman really believes it all, and the man has by birth, by accident, by mental twist, for reasons of self-interest, talked himself into a creed which he does not hold at heart, so far as he has power of self-examination. Mr. Pontifex had lost that power, I believe.

They lived in a villa over-looking the common. Mrs. Pontifex liked the situation principally because it enabled her to watch the "Sabbath breakers," viz.: the people who walked on Sunday afternoon, and the unthinking sinners, who strolled arm in arm upon the breezy common on summer evenings. The villa had formerly possessed a certain beauty of its own, being covered over with creepers, but Mrs. Pontifex removed them all, and it now stood in naked ugliness, square and flat-roofed. There was a garden in front, of rigid and austere appearance, planted with the less showy shrubs, and never allowed to put on the holiday garb of summer flowers. Within, the house was like a place of tombs, so cold, so full of monumental mahogany, so bristling with chairs of little ease.

To our great joy, Mrs. Pontifex was out. Her husband, the servant said, with a little hesitation, was at home.

"Then we will go in," said Celia. "Where is he, Anne?"

"Well, Miss," she said, in apology, "at present master's in the front kitchen."

In fact, there we found the unhappy Mr. Pontifex. He was standing at the table, with a most gloomy expression on his severe features. Before him stood a half-cut, cold boiled leg of mutton. He had a knife in one hand and a piece of bread in another.

"This is all," he said, sorrowfully, "that I shall get to-day. Mrs. Pontifex said that there was to be no dinner. She has gone to a Dorcas meeting—No, thank you, Anne, I cannot eat any more—ahem—any more boiled mutton. The human palate—alas! that we poor mortals should think of such things—does not accept boiled mutton with pleasure. But what is man that he should turn away from his food? A single glass of beer, if you please, Anne."

"Do have another slice of mutton, sir," said the servant, in sympathising tones.

"No, Anne,—there was an infinite sadness in his voice. "No, I thank you."

"There's some cold roly-poly in the cupboard, sir. Try a bit of that."

She brought it out. It was a piece of the inner portion, that which contains most jam.

Mr. Pontifex shook his head in deep despondency.

"That is not for me, Anne," he said, "I always have to eat the ends."

"Then why do you stand it?" I said. "You are a man, and ought to be master in your own house."

"You think so, Johnny?" he replied. "You are young. You are not, again, like St. Peter—ahem—a married man. Let us go upstairs."

He led us into his study, which was a large room, decorated with an immense quantity of pictures. The house, indeed, was full of pictures, newly arrived, the collection of a brother, lately deceased, of the Rev. John Pontifex. I was not learned in paintings, but I am pretty sure that the collection on the walls were copies as flagrant as anything ever put up at Christy's. But Mr. Pontifex thought differently.

"You have not yet seen my picture gallery, Johnny," he said. "The collection was once the property of my brother, the Rev. Joseph Pontifex, now,—alas!—in the bosom of Abraham. He was formerly my coadjutor when I was in sole charge at Dillington. It was commonly said by the Puseyites at the time that there was a Thief in the Pulpit and a Liar in the Reading Desk. So great—ahem!—was our pulpit power that it drew forth these fearful denunciations. I rejoice to say that I was the—ahem!—the—Liar."

It was hard to see where the rejoicing ought properly to come in. But no doubt he knew.

"They are beautiful pictures, some of them," said Celia, kindly.

Mr. Pontifex took a walking-stick, and began to go round like a long-necked, very solemn showman at a circus.

"These are 'Nymphs about—ahem—to Bathe.' A masterpiece by Caracci. The laughter of those young persons has probably long since been turned into mourning."

"The Death of Saint Chrysostom," supposed to be by Leonardo Da Vinci. The Puseyites go to Chrysostom as to a father. Well; they may go to the muddy streams, if they please. I go to the pure—the pure fountain, Johnny."

"Pope Leo the Tenth," by one Dosso Dossi, of whom, I confess, I had never heard. I suppose that there are more Popes than any other class of persons now in misery."

He shook his head, as he said this, with a smile of peculiar satisfaction, and went on to the next picture.

"A soldier, by Wouvermans; on a white

horse. Probably the original of this portrait was in his day an extremely profligate person. But he has long since gone to his long—no doubt his very long—account.

"That is 'The Daughter of Herodias Dancing.' I have always considered dancing a most immoral pastime, and in the days of my youth found it so, I regret to say.

"The Mission of Xavier.' He was, alas! a Papist, and is now, I believe, what they are pleased to call a saint. In other respects, he was, perhaps, a good man, as goodness shows to the world. That is, a poor gilded exterior, hiding corruption. How different from our good Bishop Heber, the author of that sweet missive—i—o—na—ry poem which we all know by heart, and can never forget.

From Greenland's icy mountains—
From Greenland's icy mountains—
From Greenland's—ahem!—icy—

—but my memory fails me. That is, perhaps, the result of an imperfect meal."

"Sit down, my dear uncle," said Celia. "You must be fatigued. What was Aunt Jane thinking of to have no dinner?"

"Your great-aunt, Celia," said Mr. Pontifex, with a very long sigh, "is a woman of—ve—ry—remarkable Christian graces and virtues. She excels in what I may call the—the—ahem—the very rare art of compelling others to go along with her. To-day we fast, and to-morrow we may be called upon to subdue the natural man in some other, perhaps—at least I hope—in a less trying method."

We both laughed, but Mr. Pontifex shook his head. "Let me point out one or two more pictures of my collection," he said. "There are nearly one thousand altogether, collected by my brother Joseph, who resided in Rome, the very heart of the Papacy—you never knew Joseph, Celia—during the last ten years of his life. That landscape, the trees of which, I confess, appear to me unlike any trees with which I am personally acquainted—is by Salvatore Rosa; that Madonna and Child—whom the Papists ignorantly worship,—is by Sasso Ferrato; that group—(it was a sprawling mass of intertwined limbs)—is by Michael Angelo, the celebrated master; the waterfall which you are admiring, Celia, is a Ruysdael, and supposed to be priceless; the pig—alas! that men should waste their talents in delineating such animals—is by Teniers; the cow by Berghem; that—ahem!—that infamous female" (it was a wood nymph, and a bad copy) "is a Rubens. The Latin *rubco* or *rubesco* is—unless my memory again fails me—to blush. Rightly is that painter so named. No doubt he has long since—but I refrain."

"Do you think, Celia," I asked on the way home, "that Mr. Pontifex dwells with pleasure in the imagination of the things which are always on his lips?"

CHAPTER XX.

THE RIGHT OF REVOLT.

The Polish Barrack in 1858 had ceased to exist. There were, in fact, very few Poles left in the town to occupy it. A good many were dead. Some went away in 1854 to join the Turks. Some, grown tired of the quasi-garrison life, left it, and entered into civil occupations in the town. Some, but very few, drifted back to Poland and made their peace with the authorities. Some emigrated. Of all the bearded men I knew as a boy scarcely twenty were left, and these were scattered about the town, still in the "enjoyment" of the tenpence a day granted them by the British Government. I seldom met any of them except Wassielewski, who never wearied of his paternal care. The old man still pursued his calling—that of a fiddler to the sailors. The times, however, were changed. Navy agents were things of the past—a subject of vainglory among the Tribes. Sailors' Homes were established; the old curls had given way to another and a manlier fashion of short hair. The British sailor was in course of transformation. He no longer made it a rule to spend all his money as he received it; he was sometimes a teetotaler; he was sometimes religious, with views of his own about election; he sometimes read; and, though he generally drank when drunk was in the way, he was not often picked up blind drunk in the gutter. The Captain said he supposed men could fight as well if they were always sober as if they were sometimes drunk; and that, always provided there were no sea-lawyers aboard, he saw no reason why a British crew should not be all good-character men, though in his day good character often went with malingering. The trade of fiddling, however, was still remunerative, and Wassielewski—Fiddler Ben, as the sailors called him—the steadiest and liveliest fiddler of all, had a large *clientèle*.

At this juncture the staunch old rebel, as I have explained, was in spirits, because he had wind of a new movement. The Poles were to make another effort—he was really five years too early, because the rebellion did not begin till 1863, but that was not his fault; it would be once more the duty of every patriot to rally round the insurrection and strike another blow for Fatherland. Not that he looked for success. No one knew better than this hero of a hundred village fights that the game was hopeless. His policy was one of simple devotion. In every generation an insurrection—perhaps half-a-dozen—was to be got up. Every Pole who was killed fertilised the soil with new memories of cruelty and blood. It was the duty, therefore, of every Pole to get killed if necessary. No Red Irreconcilable ever preached a policy so sanguine

and thorough. Out of the accumulated histories of rebellion was to arise, not in his time, indignation so universal that the whole world would with irrepressible impulse rush to rescue Poland from the triple grasp of the Eagles. To bring about this end but one thing was needed—absolute self-sacrifice.

I knew when he met me, the day after Celia's birthday, and told me that the time was coming, what he meant. I, like himself, was to be a victim to the Holy Cause. I was a hunchback, a man of peace, even a Protestant. That did not matter. I bore a historic name, and I was to give the cause the weight of my name as well as the slender support of my person. And, as I have no desire to pose as a hero, I may at once confess that I felt at first little enthusiasm for the work, and regarded my possible future with feelings of unworthy reluctance.

I suppose that Wassielewski saw this, because he tried to inflame my passion with stories of Russian wrong.

As yet I knew, as I have said, little or nothing about my parentage or the story of my birth. That I should be proud because I was a Pulaski; that I should be brave because I was a Pulaski; that I owed myself to Poland, because I was a Pulaski—was all I had learned.

I suppose, unless the old patriot lied—and I do not think he did—that no more revolting story of cruel repression exists than that of the Russian treatment of Poland between the years 1830 and 1835. Wassielewski, with calm face and eyes of fire, used to pour out these horrors to me till my brain reeled. He knew them all; it was his business to know them, and never to forget them or let others forget them. If he met a Pole he would fall to reviving the old memories of Polish atrocities—if he met a "friend of Poland" he would dilate upon them as if he loved to talk of them.

History is full of the crimes of nations, but there is no crime so great, no wickedness in all the long annals of the world, worse than the story of Russia after that revolution of hapless Poland. We are taught to believe that the wickedness of a single man, in some way, recoils upon his own head, that sooner or later he is punished—*raro antecedentem scelestum*—but what about the wickedness of a country? Will there fall no retribution upon Russia, upon Prussia, upon Austria? Have the wheels of justice stopped? Or, in some way which we cannot divine, will the sins of the fathers be visited upon the children for the third and fourth generations? We know not. We see the ungodly flourish like a green bay tree, his eyes swelling out with fatness, and there is no sign or any foreshadowing of the judgment that is to fall upon him. We do not want judgment and revenge. We want only such restitution as is possible; for nothing can give us back the men who have died, the women who have sorrowed, the children who have been carried away. But let us have back our country, our liberty, and our lands.

A dream—an idle dream. Poland is no more. The Poles are become Austrians, Prussians, and, above all, Muscovites.

Wassielewski, a very Accusing Spirit, set himself to fill my mind with stories of tyranny and oppression. The national schools suppressed, a foreign religion imposed, the constitution violated, rebels shot—all these things one expects in the history of conquest. What, however, makes the story of Russian barbarism unique in the History of Tyranny seems the personal part taken by the Czar and the members of his illustrious family. It was the Czar who ordered, in 1824, twenty-five thousand Poles to be carried to the territory of the Tchernomovski Cossacks. The order was issued, with the usual humanity of St. Petersburg, in the dead of winter, so that most of them perished on the way. It was the Czar who, in 1830, on the occasion of a local outbreak in Sebastopol, ordered with his own hand that the only six prisoners—who had been arrested almost at random—should be shot; that thirty-six more were to be apprehended and knouted; that all the inhabitants without distinction should be expelled the town and sent to the villages of the Crimea; and that the place should be razed to the ground. Every clause except the last was exactly carried into effect. It was the Czar who ordered the library of Warsaw to be transported to St. Petersburg. It was the Czar who formed the humane project of brutalising the Polish peasantry by encouraging the sale of spirits to the Jews. It was the Czar who transported thousands of Polish nobles and soldiers to Siberia. And it was the Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, whose brutality precipitated the rebellion of 1832.

There were two things which Wassielewski as yet hid from me, because they concerned myself too nearly, and because I think he feared the effect they might have upon me. That, so far, was kind of him. It would have been kinder still had he never told them at all. Even now, nearly twenty years since I learned them, I cannot think of them without a passionate beating of the heart; I cannot meet a Russian without instinctive and unconquerable hatred; I cannot name Czar Nicholas without mental execration; and not I only, but every Pole by blood, scattered as we are up and down the face of the world, hopeless of recovering our national liberty, content to become peaceful citizens of France, England, or the States, cannot but look on any disaster that befalls Russia as a welcome instalment of that righteous retribution which will some day, we believe, overtake the country for the sins of the Romanoffs.

In those days, however, I had not yet learned the whole. I knew enough, in a general way, to fill my soul with hatred against the Russian

name and sympathy with my own people. I had, as yet, received no direct intimation from the old conspirator that he expected me, too, to throw in my lot with him. But I knew it was coming.

I was certainly more English than Polish. I could not speak my father's language. I belonged to the English Church. I was educated in the manners of thought common to Englishmen, insular, perhaps, and narrow; when the greatness of England was spoken of I took that greatness to myself, and was glad. England's victories were mine, England's cause my own, and it was like the loss of half my identity to be reminded that I was not a Briton at all, but a Pole, the son of a long line of Poles, with a duty owed to my country. Like most men, when the path of duty seems confused I was content to wait, to think as much as possible of other things, to put it off, always with the possible future unpleasantly visible, a crowd of peasants armed with scythes and rusty firelocks—I among them—a column of grey coats sweeping us down, old Wassielewski lying dead upon the ground, a solitary prisoner, myself, kneeling with bandaged eyes before an open grave with a dozen guns, at twenty paces, pointing straight at my heart. Nor did I yet feel such devotion to Poland as was sufficient to make the prospect attractive. Also I felt, with some shame, that I could not attain to the exasperation at which Wassielewski habitually kept his nerves.

"I hear," said Herr Rümer one evening, "I hear that your friends in Poland are contemplating another insurrection."

"How do you learn that?" I asked.

"I happened to hear something about it from a foreign correspondent," he replied carelessly. "The Russians, who are not fools, generally know what is going on. Up to a certain point things are allowed to go on. That amuses people. It is only by bad management that conspiracies ever get beyond that point. The Grand Duke Constantine in '31 made enormous mistakes. Well, I had a letter from Berlin to-day, and heard something about it. Here we are at the respectable Bramblers' Come upstairs, and talk for half an hour."

"Besides," after he had lit a cigar, got out his bottle of Hock, and was seated in his wooden armchair. "Besides, one gets foreign papers, and reads between the lines if one is wise. There is a bundle of Cracow papers on the table. Would you like to read them?"

I was ashamed to confess that I could not read my native tongue.

"That is a pity. One multiplies oneself by learning languages."

"Music only has one language. But how many do you know?"

"A few. Only the European languages. German, Russian, French, English. I believe I speak them all equally well. Polish is almost Russian. He who speaks German easily learns Danish, Swedish, and Dutch. Turkish, I confess, I am only imperfectly acquainted with. It is a difficult language."

"But how did you learn all these languages?"

He smiled superior.

"To begin with," he said, "the Eastern Europeans—you are not yourself a stupid Englishman—have a genius for language. There we do not waste our time in playfields, as these English boys do. So we learn,—that is nothing—to talk languages. It is so common that it does not by itself advance a man. It is like reading, a part of education. Among other things you see it is useful in enabling me to read papers in Polish, and to get an inkling how things look in that land of patriots. But you do not want papers, you have your friends here. Of course they keep you informed?"

"I have one or two friends among the few Poles that are left. Wassielewski, my father's devoted servant, is one of them."

"Your father's devoted servant? Really! Devoted? That is touching. I like the devotion of that servant who leaves his master to die, and escapes to enjoy an English pension. One rates that kind of fidelity at a very high value."

The man was nothing unless he could sneer. In that respect he was the incarnation of the age, whose chief characteristic is Heine's "universal sneer." No virtue, no patriotism, no disinterested ambition, no self-denial, no toil for others, nothing but self. A creed which threatens to grow, because it is so simple that every one can understand it. And as the largest trees often grow out of the smallest seeds, one cannot guess what may be the end of it.

"You are right, however," he went on, nursing his crossed leg. "At your age, and with your imperfect education, it is natural that you should be generous. It is pleasant in youth to think that a man can ever be influenced by other than personal considerations. I never did think so. But then my school and yours are different."

"Then what was the patriotism of the Poles?"

"Vanity and self-interest, Ladislas Pulaski. Desire to show off—desire to get something better. Look at the Irish. Look at the Chartists. Who led them? Demagogues fighting for a cause, because the cause gave them money and notoriety."

"And no self-denial at all?"

"Plenty. For the satisfaction of vanity. Vanity is the chief motive power in life. All men are vain; all men are ambitious; but most men in time of danger—and this saves us—are cowards. I am sixty-two years of age. I have seen—" here he hesitated a moment—"I have seen many revolutions and insurrections,

especially in 1848. What is my experience? This. In every conspiracy where there are three men, one of them is a traitor and a spy. Remember that, should your friends try to drag you into a hopeless business. You will have a spy in your midst. The Secret Service knows all that is done. The other two men are heroes, if you please. That is, they pose. Put them up to open trial and they speechify; turn them off to be shot and they fold their arms in an heroic attitude. I believe," he added, with a kind of bitterness, "that they actually enjoy being shot."

"You have really seen patriots shot?"

"Hundreds," he replied, with a careless wave of his hand. "The sight lost its interest to me, so much alike were the details of each."

"Where was it?"

"In—Paris," he replied. "Of course the papers said as little as could be said about the shootings. I am sure, in fact, now I come to remember, that they did enjoy being shot. The Emperor Nicholas, whose genius in suppressing insurrections, knew a much better plan. He had his rebels beaten to death; at least after a thousand strokes there was not much life left. Now, not even the most sturdy patriot likes to be beaten to death. You cannot pose or make fine speeches while you are walking down a double file of soldiers each with a stick in his hand."

The man's expression was perfectly callous; he talked lightly and without the slightest indication of a feeling that the punishment was diabolical.

"Except the theatrical heroes, therefore, the gentlemen who pose, and would almost as soon be shot as not, provided it is done publicly, every man has his price. You only have to find it out."

"I would as soon believe," I cried, "what you said last week—that every woman has her price, too."

"Of course she has," he replied. "Woman is only imperfect man. Bribe her with dress and jewels; give her what she most wants—Love—Jealousy—Revenge—most likely she is guided by one of those feelings, and to gratify that one she will be traitor, spy, informer, anything."

I suppose I looked what I felt, because he laughed, spoke in softer voice, and touched my arm gently.

"Why do I tell you these things, Ladislas Pulaski? It is to keep you out of conspiracies, and because you will never find them out for yourself. You have to do with the *jeunes élèves*, the *ingénues*, the *naïves*, the innocent. You sit among them like a Cherubim in a seraglio of uncorrupted hours. Happy boy!"

"Keep that kind of happiness," he went on. "Do not be persuaded by any Polish exile—your father's servant or anybody else—to give up Arcadia for civil war and treachery. I spoke to you from my experience. Believe me, it is wise. If I had any illusions left the year, of forty-eight was enough to dispel them all. One remembers the crowd of crack-brained theatrical heroes, eager to pose; the students mad to make a new world; the stupid rustics who thought the day of no work, double pay, and treble rations was actually come. One thinks of these creatures massacred like sheep, and one gets angry at being asked to admire the leaders who preached the crusade of rebellion."

"You speak only of spies, informers, and demagogues. How about those who fought from conviction?"

"I know nothing about them," he replied, looking me straight in the face. "My knowledge of rebels is chiefly derived from the informers."

It was a strange thing to say, but I came to understand it later on.

He threw his cigar ash into the fireplace, and poured out a glass of the pale yellow wine which he so much loved.

"Never mind my experience," he said, rising and standing over me, and looking gigantic with his six foot two compared with my bent and shrunken form, crouched beneath him in a chair. "I am going to rest and be happy. I shall do no more work in the world. Henceforth I devote myself to Celia. Here is the health of my bride. Hoch!"

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.—"Hope not for perfect happiness," said her governess to the Princess of Savoy on the eve of her marriage to the Duke of Burgundy; "there is no such thing on earth, and though there were, it does not consist in the possession of riches. Greatness is exposed to afflictions often more severe than those of a private station. Be neither vexed or ashamed to depend on your husband. Let him be your dearest friend, your only confident. Hope not for constant harmony in the married state. The best husbands and wives are those who bear occasionally from each other sallies of ill-humour with patient mildness. Be obliging without putting too great a value on your favours. Hope not for a full return of tenderness. Men are tyrants, who would be free themselves and have us confined. Do not be at any pains to examine whether their rights be well founded; it is enough if they are established. Pray to be kept from jealousy. The affections of a husband are never to be gained by complaints, reproaches, or sullen behaviour."

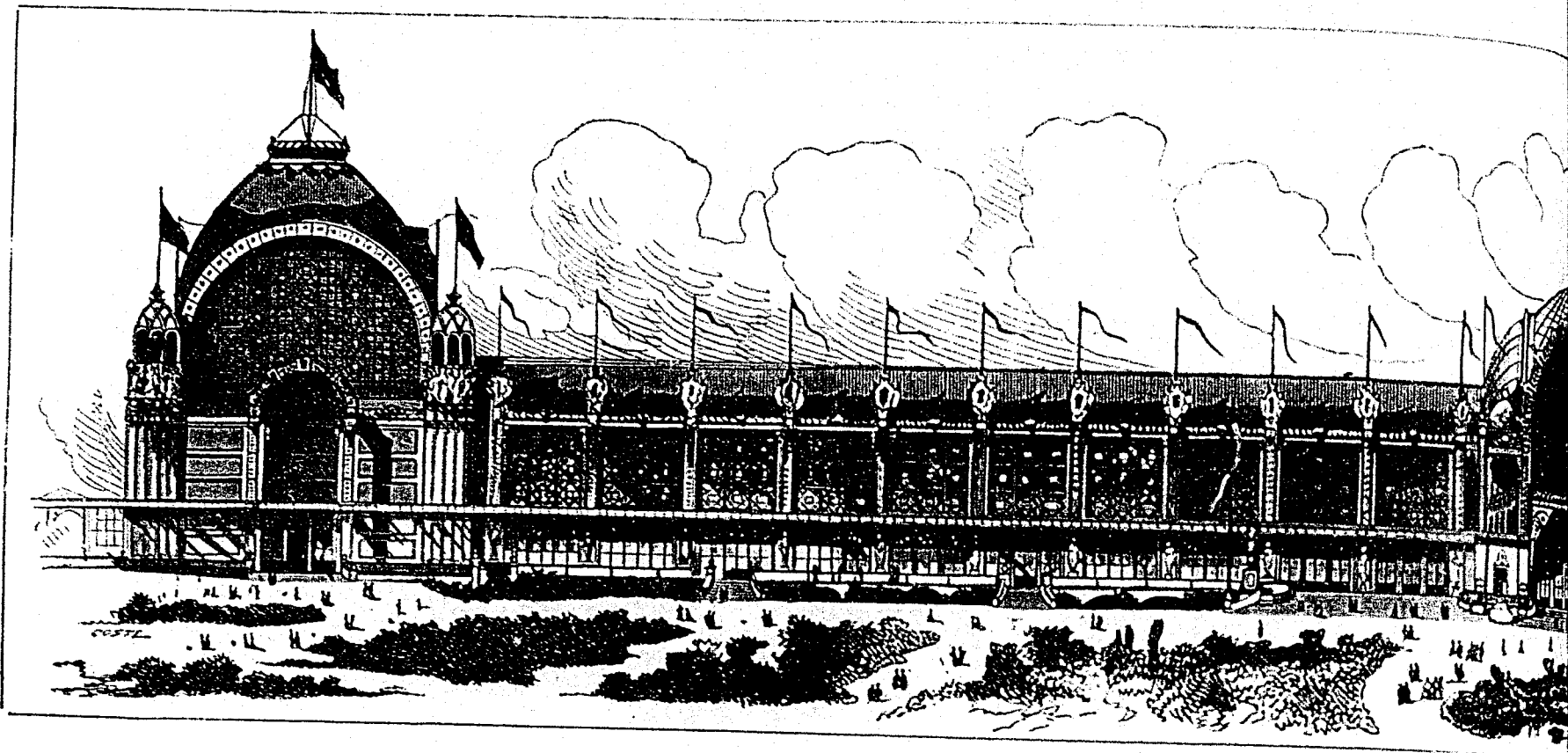
A WHINING MAN.—If there is a cowardly trait in human nature more disagreeable than any other it is whining. The man who goes

from home whining and fault-finding to meet his business perplexities, whining because times are hard, whining because his plans fail, is a burden upon his friends, and upon the community in which he lives. "You can't expect anything better from people nowadays."—"Oh, you ought to see them administer justice."—"This is no place for an honest man;" and so the croaker goes on fulfilling his mission of grumbling and whining year in and year out. Give us a man—and a woman, too, for that matter—who have the gift to carry their burdens without whining. There are no successes that come to people without labour, thought, care, privation, and application, reaching through years. The whining men and women seem to see nothing in the past, nothing to hope for in the future—always prophesying misfortune and ruin to the whole country, and sickness, rheumatism and ague to every inhabitant.

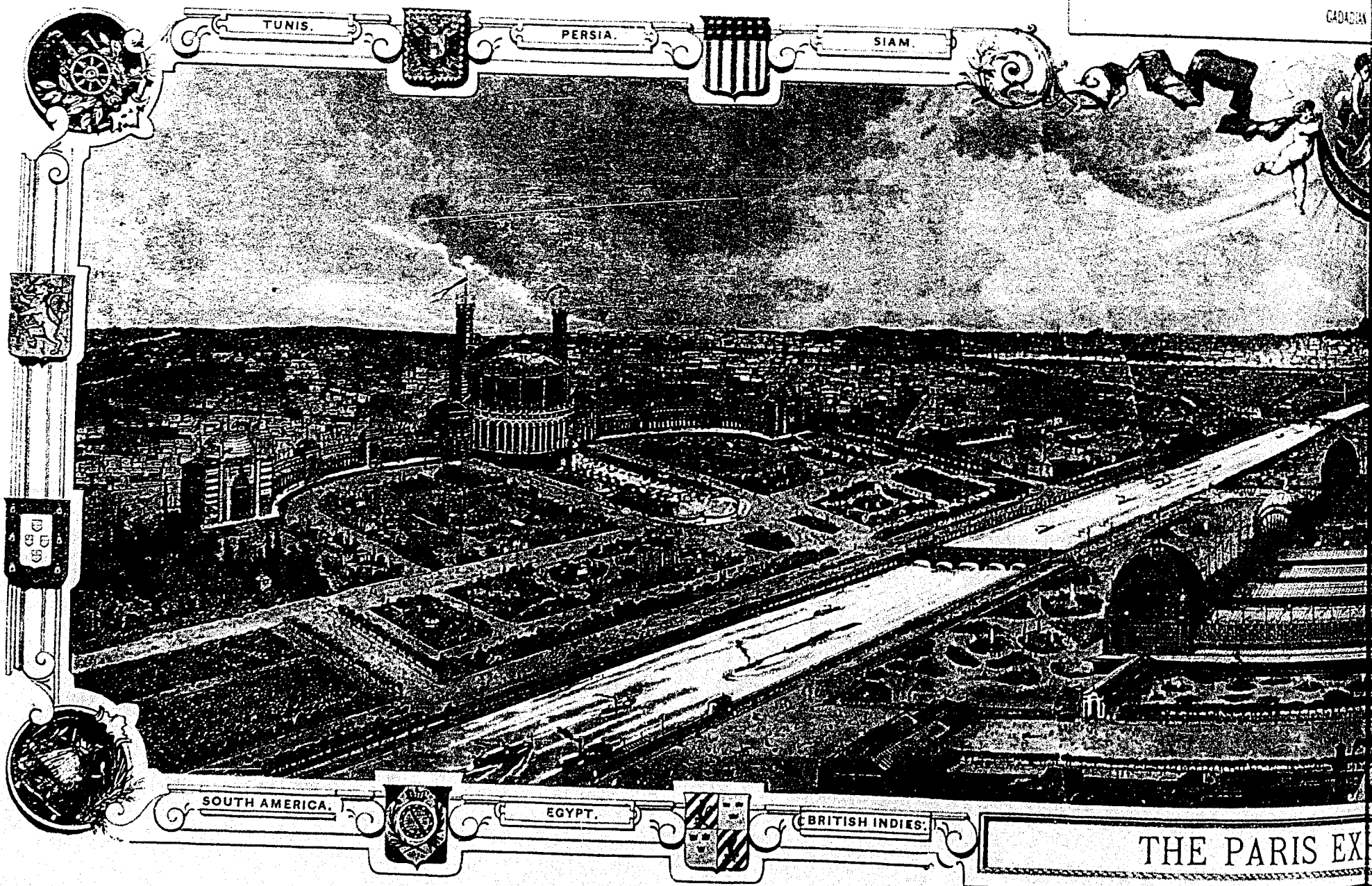
SELF ESTEEM.—Don't rob your neighbour of his good opinion of himself. Crush a woman's self-esteem, and you make her cross-grained and snappish. Do the same with a man, and you only make him morose. You may mean to create a sweet, humble creature, but you'll never do it. The people who think least of themselves are apt to be the best. Women grow pretty in believing they are so, and fine qualities often creep out after one has been told one has them. It only gratifies your own momentary spite to force your own unfavourable opinion of him deep into another's mind. It never, never did any good. Ah, if this world, full of ugly people and awkward people, of silly people, and vain people, knew their own deficiencies, what a sitting in sackcloth and ashes we should have. The greatest of all things that a man can possess is a satisfactory identity. If that which he calls I, pleases him, it is well with him; otherwise he is utterly wretched. Let your fellow-beings alone; hold no truthful mirror before their eyes unless with a pure intention to uproot sin. So may a mirror without a flaw never be prepared for you.

TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.—We have seen many beautiful tributes to lovely woman, but the following is the finest we ever read:—"Place her among the flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and folly—annoyed by a dewdrop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle, or the rattling of a window-pane at night, and she is overpowered by the perfume of the rosebud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then! How strong is her heart! Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird, or anything to protect—and see her, in a relative instance, lifting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimson as her upturned forehead, praying for her life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of the earth, call forth her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the strides of a stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, pale and affrighted, shrinks away. Misfortune haunts her not, she wears away a life of single endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of colours, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the centre from which radiates the charm of existence."

DOMESTIC OVERWORK.—In most parts of the country, it is almost impossible to obtain good servants. Girls who are fitted for domestic service seek situations in city houses rather than on farms; for, in many cases, farm life is dull, and young people avoid it. Therefore, the farmer's wife is taxed beyond her strength; the work must be done, and there is no one save herself to do it. And such a variety of work, both indoors and out! She is expected to cook for her husband and family, attend to the innumerable duties of a household, perform all the labour, except the washing, and always be ready to entertain visitors. The children must be taken care of, and father, who is apt to be unreasonable, of course expects to be clean and neat, and can see no reason why everything cannot be moving along like his work out of doors. But owing to the many hindrances to which every mother with little children is subject, even with the best help, it is not possible always to have household work perfectly smooth. Papa does not comprehend this. Perhaps it is too much to expect a strong, hearty man, working out in the fresh, invigorating air, with his work all performed seasonably, to understand how his wife can be overburdened, surrounded with every comfort that is within his means to give her. Yet her life can be made utterly burdensome with hard work. Says a farmer's wife; "I had been a slave to my family for years before I bethought myself of adopting a young orphan girl. Perhaps I was more fortunate than anyone need expect to be, for my adopted daughter proved a wonderful comfort and help. When I see young mothers so oppressed with their many cares, and wearied out with unceasing calls of the little ones, I think of the many orphan children that are suffering in want, that could be so helpful, and thankful for a home, where they could be cared for as the rest of the children. Young girls often have a peculiar talent for entertaining children, and do it with so much ease that it is a pleasure to see them together. They amuse each other, and the tired mother finds opportunity to attend to her domestic duties without interruption."



FRONT VIEW OF PALACE OF THE ARTS



TUNIS.

PERSIA.

SIAM.

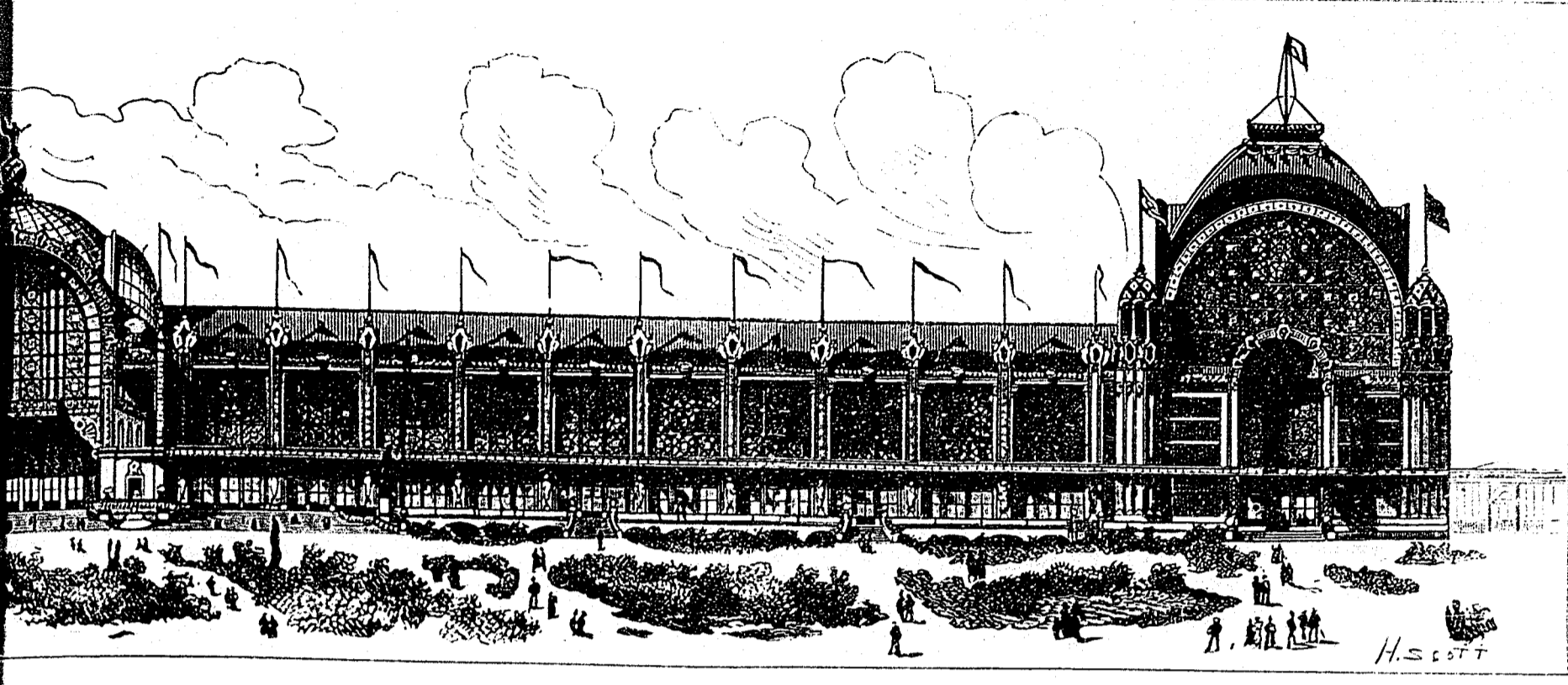
CADACIAN

SOUTH AMERICA.

EGYPT.

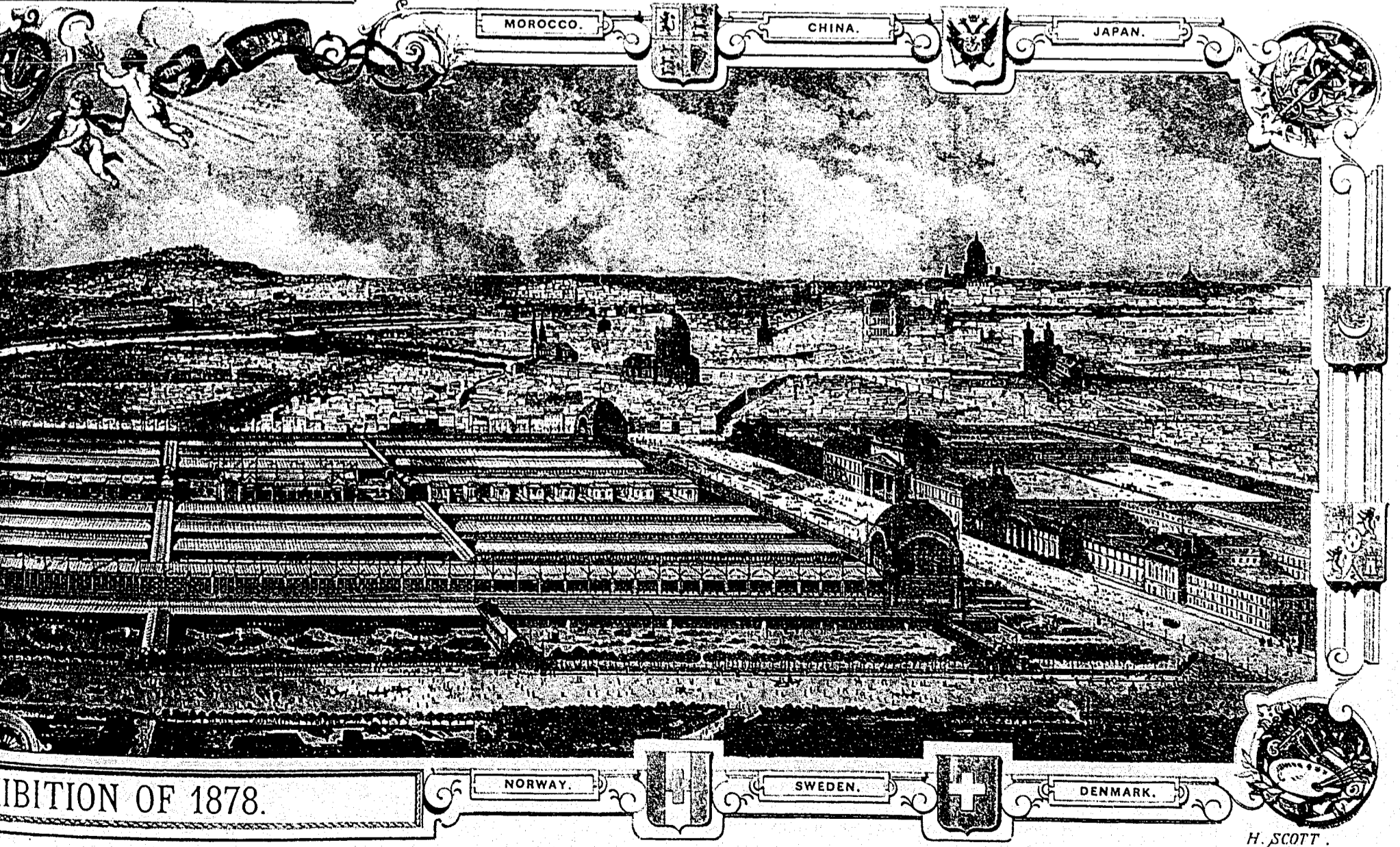
BRITISH INDIES.

THE PARIS EX



CRISTAL PALACE ON CHAMP-DE-MARS.

ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



EXHIBITION OF 1878.

H. SCOTT.

A WANDERER'S SONG.

Responsive hearts are everywhere,
Go where'er you may;
But touch the spring that holds them there.
They beat to you always:
But wandering in distant parts,
A longing often fills—
A longing for the true, true hearts
On the old Canadian hills!

Through cities of magnificence,
I tread with sprightly feet;
And many sights of excellence,
Admirably I meet:
But as from stately block and dome
The greatness falls and thrills,
I long so for the dear old home
On the old Canadian hills!

In mazy dreams I breathe the air
On southern plains of flowers,
In aromatic forests where
The white magnolia towers;
But even as the fragrance drops
Into my heart, and thrills,
I long so for the maple tops
On the old Canadian hills!

And many maidens pass me by,
In my oft-changing way,
Some pensive as the twilight sky,
Some sunny as the day;
But in the grace that shines above
My restless eyes, and stills,
I long so for my true, true love
On the old Canadian hills!

O sweetheart mine! O true hearts mine!
O blossoms in the grass!
I come to you in lights divine—
To you in dreams I pass!
Sometime again I'll greet you there,
If gracious heaven wills—
I long so for my native air
On the old Canadian hills!

Cowansville, P. Q.

C. L. CLEVELAND.

THE
GOLD OF CHICKAREE.BY
SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND
CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

PRIM'S TRUNK.

We cannot go into the next day's shopping, though it was a very enjoyable day for the two people engaged. Some things however must be mentioned, on account of words and thoughts to which they gave occasion.

The business on hand this day was the getting of New Year's gifts for everybody in general. And as, with the exception of the Hollow people, it had also to be for everybody in particular, the work was slow.

Wych Hazel wanted a secretary for Primrose, in the first place. A very beautiful one was found, very perfect also, of some light-coloured ornamental wood, finely inlaid, price three hundred dollars. On the other hand, Rollo got one, a larger one, and equally good, for Arthur Maryland, for just half the money. One for Prim was to be had for a third of the money; but it was unadorned black walnut, and less elegant in form, and Wych Hazel recoiled. She would have got the first without hesitation, only she could not coax any encouragement out of Rollo.

"Do you think she would like this plain one better? Do you?"

"Suppose the difference, in the shape of a note, lay in one of the drawers, for Prim's poor people? Which do you think would give her most pleasure?"

"O that,—if you put it so. But I wish I could suit myself too."

"You can suit yourself too," said Dane smiling.

"I'll think about it as we go along. You see," she said meditatively, "I could put the cheque in, just the same."

The next place in order was Stewart's. "I have something to get for Prim, too," said Rollo as the carriage stopped. "I have provided a new patent upright trunk; and I propose to stock all its compartments. Will you help me? Else, I am afraid, I shall never know all that ought to go in."

"Well," said Wych Hazel,—"is it to be filled with Prim's ideas, or mine?"

"Let us give her what she can use and enjoy; every comfort we can think of; and nothing that would not be a comfort. You wonder at my choice of a present, perhaps; but Dr. Maryland's means are very limited, and I know Rosy often hesitates about a new pair of gloves."

"I can choose gloves," said Hazel confidently. "But then—Dane—"

"Well?" said he, smiling, as he pushed open the swinging door.

Hazel walked on in a brown study. "Never mind,—let me see you begin, and maybe I shall learn how to go on," she said, as they paused before one of the dress goods counters.

It was no doubt new experience to her. For Rollo began with soft merino and warm plaid pieces, choosing colours and qualities indeed with care, yet refusing the more costly stuffs which were offered. Except that he indulged himself and Primrose with a delicate gray camel's hair at last. At the silk counter he would not be tempted by the exquisite tender hues which the shopman suggested to his notice; no, he looked, and called for others, and

finally bought a good dark green and a black, the mate to Mrs. Coles' black silk. At the glove counter he handed the matter over to Wych Hazel. She had watched all his proceedings with observant eyes, saying hardly a word, unless upon some point of quality where she knew best. Now she faced him again.

"How much do you want to invest in gloves, please?"

"That is not the point? I want to stock her glove drawer. Warm gloves, cool gloves, dark gloves, light gloves; you have carte blanche. I will now look on."

Hazel laughed a little. "There are more sorts of gloves than that. What about six buttons?"

"Six buttons!" repeated Rollo. "Would you like more?"

"I do not understand the question. Excuse me."

Wych Hazel held out her dainty wrist, turning it slightly that he might see.

"I approve of that," said he, looking gravely down at it.

"But you cannot have that for nothing," said Hazel.

"What?" said Dane, his eyes coming now with a sparkle in them to her face.

"Hush!—Don't you understand? The more buttons, the fewer gloves—if you are limited. That was why I asked how much."

"The buttons do not look costly."

"But they are—in effect."

"What's the difference?"

"Every additional button counts for so much," Hazel told him.

"How many buttons are needed for comfort?"

"Twelve are best for some occasions,—and I think I can have one box with two."

"But how many are needed for comfort?" said Dane, inquisitorially now.

"Why!—as I told you," said Hazel. "The comfort of a glove depends on its fitting your hand and the occasion as well as the hand."

Dane pulled a card out of his pocket and did a moment's figuring on it with his pencil.

"Do you see?" he said low and rapidly in French. "If you buy so many—the difference between two buttons and four would keep a fire all winter for one of Rosy's old women who has no means to buy firing."

Hazel looked at him with open eyes, shook her head, and moved away. "I see I must quit my side of the counter," she said. "That would not suit Prim's 'views' at all. May I get them with two?"

Practically the same thing went on in the lace and embroidery departments. In the shawl room Hazel was better satisfied, though even there Rollo was content with less than a cashmere. Furs, linens, ribbands, what not, claimed also attention; and Prim's trunk took a good while to fill.

The next thing was a new carpet for the long library at Dr. Maryland's.

So went the day, with many an other purchasing errand, general and particular. New Year's gifts for the mill hands and the children; the supplies for the stores which Rollo was purposing to open in the Hollow, where all sorts of needful things should be furnished to the hands at cost prices; an easy chair for Reo, a watch for Mrs. Boërresen; books, pictures, baskets. In the course of things Hazel was taken to a bank, where a dignified personage was presented to her and she was requested to inscribe her name in a big book, and a deposit was made to her account. Also a good town restaurant was visited, where they got a lunch.

It was a regular game of play at last. Rollo bought, as Hazel never before saw anybody, things he wanted and things he did not want, as if the shopman or shopwoman seemed to be of sorry cheer or suffering from that sort of slow custom which makes New Year's Day a depressing time to tradespeople. And Hazel looked on silently. It was so new to her, this sort of buying, and (it may be said) the buyer was also so new! She did not feel like Wych Hazel, nor anybody else she had ever heard of, and could hardly find self-assertion enough to execute her Chickaree commissions when she saw the right thing. She made a suggestion now and then indeed,—"strawberry baskets" and "fishing lines" and "worsted." "Bye says Trüdchen knit every minute she was at Chickaree," she remarked. And every suggestion she made Rollo acted upon as fast. Some things were ordered at once to Chickaree; others were sent or taken home with them to the hotel; whither at last, with their work but half done, the two busy and tired people repaired themselves.

A pile of business letters demanded Mr. Rollo's time after dinner; and while he was somewhat absorbed in them, Hazel softly brought a foot cushion to his side and placed herself there. It was almost a demonstration, the way she did this, but she ventured nothing further, and sat there still and absorbed in her own musings. Dark blue silky folds lay all around her, and hands and arms came out a little from the wide lace sleeves and were crossed upon her knees. Rollo's eyes wandered to her from his letters once and again, and finally he tossed them aside, and stooped down to look at her and pull her curls a little away from her face.

"Business can wait!"—he said. "What are you musing about, duchess?"

"O, a host of things!"

"Take me along."

"So I have."

"In what capacity, pray?"

"General Superintendent."

Rollo began to laugh. "May I know what I am to superintend?"

"Well," said Hazel, with a bit of a laugh on her side, "you were filling my trunk—and I could not tell how!"

"Why not?" said Dane, drawing a long curl through his fingers.

"I would it be like Prim's?"

"I hope I have more discrimination!"

"As how?"

"Than to think the same things would suit two so different people."

"O I did not suppose you would muffle me in stone-coloured merino," said Hazel,—"but I mean— You know what I mean!"

"I should not like you as well in stone-coloured merino as in blue. Should a bird of paradise wear the plumage of a thrush or a quail?"

Hazel looked soberly down at the dark silky waves that rippled along between her and the firelight. She said not a word. Dane knew well enough what she was thinking of, but chose to have the subject brought forward by herself if at all. He paused a minute.

"Would you like a trunk filled like Prim's?"

Hazel trilled her fingers thoughtfully over the hand that lay near her, and then suddenly asked, "Does that annoy you?"

"Not much!" said Rollo drily. She glanced up at him.

"Mr. Falkirk used to hate.—And I forgot what my hand was about," said Hazel; sedately folding it again with its small comrade. From which it was brought back, first to her husband's lips.

"Have we got to the bottom of that trunk yet?"

"There was another point," said Hazel. "Should I ever get to the bottom of it?"

"Never!" said Dane. "If getting to the bottom of it implied using what you took out."

Hazel laughed a little. "That was just how I felt," she said. "But Olaf"—growing sober again—"after all you do not answer the real intrinsic question."

"How would you state that, as it presents itself to you?"

"Whether you would fill it so," she said, looking musingly at the fire. "So,—not in precise colour, of course, not exact pattern,—but in general quality—and plainness—and—"

she paused for a word.

Dane said quietly, "Probably not."

Hazel went back into an unsatisfied muse. "One would think," she said with a half laugh, "that I was an inquisitor, and that you were answering under torture!"

"Come," said he, "you shall not say that again. Question, and I will answer straight."

"Perhaps my questions were not very straight," said Hazel, still arguing into the fire. "But I really did bring two empty trunks from home for myself—and in all these days—"

It occurred to Rollo that he had heard and seen nothing of any purchases for herself.

"What in 'all these days'?" The words look bare, but the gentle, fine intonation carried all of caressing tenderness that other people are wont to express more broadly.

"I have not known what to put in them."

"How is that? You never found such difficulty before?"

"No. Nor now. I could fill them both in one hour. But then if I did not want to take out what was there, I might as well have Prim's at once."

"Why should you not wish to take the things out?" said Rollo, with an inward smile but perfect outward gravity.

"I made up my mind—last winter," said Hazel rather low, "that I should always like what you like,—and that I would act as if I did."

The first part of his answer Rollo did not trust to words; but presently he told her, half laughing, that he thought she was wrong in both her positions.

"You think I will—and you think I won't," said Hazel. "Is that it?"

"Not at all. Yes, half of it, the first. I think you will, as you say. But I never want you to act contrary to your own feeling; and if I can help it, I will not let you."

Hazel laughed a laugh of frank amusement. "Always excepting," she said, "the few occasions when my 'feeling' does not answer the helm! You see," she added, growing grave again, "I have all my life just done what I liked, and as much as I liked, and because I liked."

"Precisely my own principle. I hope you will do it all the rest of your life, duchess."

"Because you hope my likings will be just right. Yes, but how shall I know? For to begin with, they are as wayward as a west wind."

"Let us see. What is your motive of choice in buying?"

"Just what I said—what I like. I can tell in a minute what suits me."

"Beauty, harmony, and fitness, being your guiding objects."

"Well."

"Well. You cannot be too beautiful, or too harmonious, for my delight."

Hazel sat silent again, thinking, puzzling. "I wonder if I understand you?" she said.

"O I have had plenty of comments made on me before,—I think I was a sort of shock to some people. Good people, you know,—at least the best I saw; nice quiet old ladies, and proper behaved young ones. But then—"

"Go on," said Rollo smiling.

"Well, I used to think they did not know what they were afraid of. Twenty duck shot

would not have mattered, if only the gun had been wrapped in green baize. It was just the glitter of lock, stock, and barrel. Even Prim would have been easy if I had worn things in a heap."

"You must just reverse those conditions to express my feeling. I believe we ought to make ourselves as beautiful as we can, for the highest reasons. Only,—and here perhaps I shall touch the hidden point you have been feeling after,—there is one other thing which comes first."

She looked up, waiting his answer. He looked deep into her eyes as he gave it, with a smile at the same time that was very sweet.

"Do you remember?—'Seek first the kingdom of God.' Therefore, before even beauty and harmony. So, if I can secure these with one dollar, don't you see I must not spend two? The Lord wants the other dollar. He may want both. But generally, for all the purposes of use and influence, I believe he means us carefully to make ourselves, so far as we may, lovely to look at."

Hazel clasped and unclasped her fingers, working out her problem in the fire again.

"His kingdom is all the world," she said slowly. "The harmony having its keynote from heaven, and then finding its accord in all one's earthly life. I suppose that was what David meant—'O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory.'"

She laid her head down upon her arms and said no more.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

MACMAHON has been promised the support of the Senate for a moderate Left Ministry.

BARNUM gives the skins and skeletons of rare animals that die in his collection to the Smithsonian Institution.

DURING his long reign the Pope has founded 130 Bishoprics. In Europe there are 595 prelates; in America, 72; in Africa, 11; in Asia, 10; and in Australia, 21.

The principal buildings for the Paris Exhibition have been completed, and the interior arrangements commenced. The British buildings are in an especially forward condition.

QUEEN VICTORIA and the Princess Beatrice have been making lint at Balmoral for the wounded in the Eastern war, and the example has been followed in fashionable circles.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is to have a golden wedding next spring in Berlin, and great festivities are expected. Among other potentates it is expected that Queen Victoria will be present.

Samuel Eliot, a prominent New England teacher, thinks that girls require a different kind of training from that of boys, and that proper moral training for girls is impossible at any boy's school at such an early age as they would enter.

GEN. CASSIUS M. CLAY is passing his old age in a stately mansion in the midst of an estate of 2,200 acres in Kentucky, with his adopted son, an intelligent young Russian, as a companion. This old abolitionist now holds the most gloomy opinions concerning the condition and prospects of the colored race. He says that of three freed by him, many years ago, none turned out well; also that the race is rapidly decreasing in numbers and must finally become extinct.

ROUND THE WORLD.

A NEW Cabinet has been formed in Holland. FIELD Marshal Baron Von Wrangel, the Prussian General, is dead.

THE resignation of the French Ministry is now stated to be an accomplished fact.

M. GREVY is making efforts to effect a compromise between the Republican and Conservative parties.

THE report of Russian killed, wounded and missing, up to the 25th ult., gives the number as near 62,000.

THE Egyptian leader, in the recent battle with the King of Abyssinia, is reported to have lost 23,000 men killed and wounded.

THE Russians are turning their attention to the investment of Silistria, but with its strong defences, and a garrison in first-rate condition, commanded by one of the ablest Turkish Generals, the task will be no easy one.

England is said to be conferring with the Powers as to basis of the negotiations for peace on the late Constantinople Conference. It is also a significant fact that the Czar has notified Serbia that co-operation has become unnecessary.

THOUGH no formal negotiations for peace have yet been opened between the Cuban insurgents and the Spanish authorities, the desire for peace in the ranks of the former is daily spreading, and desertions and surrenders are increasing to a large extent.

ACTING on information received by a sailor of the whaling barque *Houghton*, from an Esquimaux Indian, a proposition is on foot to fit out an Arctic expedition from New York in the spring, to obtain certain records said to have been buried with the Franklin crew at Englefield.

HOW

TO RESTORE HEALTH AND STRENGTH to the feeble is a question often asked. PHOSFOZONE is one of the most active elements of the body. If it is wanting, disease creeps in, beginning with Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Weakness, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Bronchitis. PHOSFOZONE has cured many cases of above when all other remedies have failed. Sold by all druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.

VARIETIES.

UNHEALTHY WORKROOMS.—The Illustrated *Carpenter and Builder* observes that workrooms seldom contain the necessary quantity of air for those engaged in them; and in addition to the air vitiated by the lungs of the inmates, there are generally gaslights employed, and each of these may be considered to spoil as much air as a pair of lungs. An extra supply of air will therefore be required where these burners are used. But the principal precaution is to provide means for carrying away the vitiated air without letting it mix with the air of the apartment. The flame should be enclosed in a glass chimney, and this chimney should communicate with the spoiled-air flue or chimney. If this be skilfully treated, it will materially assist in extracting the vitiated air, and entirely remove all the evil created by the burner. Stoves also consume a quantity of air, and apartments in which they are used require an extra quantity.

The *Evening Mail* shows a simple method of getting rich. The following table gives the result of saving a certain amount each day for fifty years, and putting it at interest at six per cent:

DAILY SAVING.	THE RESULT.
One cent.....	\$950
Ten cents.....	9,504
Twenty cents.....	19,008
Thirty cents.....	28,512
Forty cents.....	38,015
Fifty cents.....	47,520
Sixty cents.....	57,024
Seventy cents.....	66,528
Eighty cents.....	76,032
Ninety cents.....	85,537
One dollar.....	95,041

AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.—Mr. Browning's handwriting is, like Mr. Tennyson's, a little shaky, but it is neater—that is to say, more regular and, so to speak, more clear. It is the reverse of Mr. Tennyson's in that it looks like the hand of a man who writes a good deal. Mr. Longfellow's is round and plain with a backward turn to it throughout—the slope of the letter being opposite to that usually adopted. Mr. Arnold's is neat and masculine at the same time—firm and decided, without a trace of the effeminacy which some critics have seen in his poetry and prose. Mr. Gerald Massey's is bold, straggling, and not particularly legible; it is a large handwriting, and requires a good deal of space to move it. Dr. W. C. Bennett's is very much of the same description, but perhaps more illegible. Mr. Robert Buchanan's has no particular manner of its own; it is fairly regular, but that is all one can say for it. The letter in the album I am looking through is in blue ink, and is not intrinsically interesting. Very similar to Mr. Browning's is Mr. Frederick Locker's style, Mr. Locker's being the more free and easy of the two. Mr. Austin Dobson's is very neat and flowing, but so small and sometimes so indistinct as scarcely to be decipherable with ease. Clearer and firmer in touch is Mr. Courthope's hand, which is perhaps the most distinct and beautifully formed of all the poet's with which I am acquainted.

A SUBMARINE VESSEL.—A correspondent sends from Constantinople a description of a submarine vessel building for the Turks for picking up torpedoes. He says:—"According to the description I received from her designer, a distinguished British naval officer on the retired list, she is about 25 feet long, and in shape something like the sea hedgehog. Her greatest beam is 10 feet, and the thickness of her skin plates three-eighths of an inch. Strong traverse frames will enable her to support the pressure at considerable depths, and in this respect assistance will also be rendered by the sides of the tanks intended to admit the sea water for the purpose of submerging her. Large 'bull's-eyes' of thick glass, placed on the top and sides, will enable the operators, by means of an electric lamp, to see well for a considerable distance in any direction outside. Her power of progression is to reside in a screw placed aft, in the tail, as it were, of this fish-like craft, and worked by hand and foot. In the bows will be a very powerful nipping arrangement for severing torpedo cables, as her principal duty will be that of clearing the approaches to the enemy's ports. The atmospheric air necessary for the sustenance of the bold men who are to make use of this novel craft will be kept in its normal condition and fit for breathing by the gradual admission of oxygen contained in tanks, and the absorption of the carbonic acid gas by properly prepared chemicals."

JEREMY BENTHAM'S SKELETON.—The skeleton of Jeremy Bentham is preserved among the curiosities owned by University College, London. Dr. Southwood Smith relates in *Notes and Queries* the manner in which so queer a disposition of the eccentric Philosopher's body came to be made. "Jeremy Bentham," he says, "left his body with me for dissection. I was also to deliver a lecture over his body to medical students and the public generally. The latter was done at the Well Street School. After the usual anatomical demonstration was over, a skeleton was made of the bones. I endeavored to preserve the head untouched, merely drawing away the fluids by placing it under an air-pump over sulphuric acid. By this means the head was rendered as hard as the skulls of New Zealanders, but all expression was gone, of course. Seeing this would not do for exhibition, I had a model made in wax by a distinguished artist. * * * I then had the skeleton stuffed out to fit Bentham's own clothes, and this wax likeness fitted to the trunk. *

* * The whole was then enclosed in a mahogany case with folding glass doors, and ultimately I gave it to University College, where it is now."

GRADATIONS OF GUILT.—The wisdom of peoples of all ages ordains for the punishment of the same act various degrees of severity, according to the influence of circumstances on the offenders. Thus, homicide may only be killing by misadventure, or wilful murder, or high treason as the case may be. It is, therefore, strictly on principle that the act of converting to one's own use the money another exhibits, in the light of our lofty civilization, various gradations of guilt, which, after the manner of criminal statutes, are signified by appropriate names, the amount of the spoliation being in this case the principal criterion.

Thus:—
Taking 1,000,000 dols. is called a case of Genius.
Taking 100,000 dols. is called a case of Shortage.
Taking 50,000 dols. is called a case of Litigation.
Taking 25,000 dols. is called a case of Insolvency.
Taking 10,000 dols. is called a case of Irregularity.
Taking 5,000 dols. is called a case of Defalcation.
Taking 1,000 dols. is called a case of Corruption.
Taking 500 dols. is called a case of Embezzlement.
Taking 100 dols. is called a case of Dishonesty.
Taking 50 dols. is called a case of Thievery.
Taking 25 dols. is called a case of Total Depravity.
Taking one ham is called a case of War on Society.

THE SORROWS OF GENIUS.—Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Bæthius died in jail; Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, and yet starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for five shilling; Bentivoglio was refused admittance into an hospital he had himself erected; Cervantes died of hunger; the celebrated writer of "Lusiad" ended his days, it is said, in an almshouse, and at any rate was supported by a faithful black servant, who begged in the streets of Lisbon for the only man in Portugal, on whom God had bestowed those talents which have a spirit to erect the tendency of downward age; and Vaugelas left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts as far as the money would go; Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spenser, the charming, died in want; the death of Collins came through neglect first causing mental derangement; Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for fifteen pounds, at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity; Dryden lived in poverty and distress; Otway died prematurely, and through hunger; Lee died in the street; Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the law; Fielding lies in the burying ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot; Savage died in prison at Bristol where he was confined for the debt of eight pounds; Butler lived in penury and died poor; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

REVOLUTION IN OPERA SINGING.—Paris has now a professor who is, we think, destined to create a revolution in the world of song. He is a Spaniard by birth, by name Emilio Belari, and is himself a singer of note, having been the leading tenor at Les Italiens a few years ago. Though still in the prime of life and of his vocal powers, he quitted the stage in order to devote himself to the development of his theory, and its basis is common sense. Having studied the throat, its conformation and its maladies as a physician, M. Belari comprehends perfectly the art of emission of sound and the methods by which weak or defective voices may be developed and improved. The progress made by his pupils is something really marvellous. In six weeks the organ is completely changed, as a first-class piano manufacturer might change a piano by a careful and scientific tuning and by replacing every imperfect string or key. Under his training the singer never becomes fatigued, never pants for breath, and in some instances where the pupil was delicate, the expansion of the chest and the consequent improvement in health was really remarkable. It is very interesting to see him give a lesson. He stands with his keen, intelligent eyes fixed upon the scholar, correcting every injudicious manner of drawing the breath, of opening the mouth or of holding the arms, as well as the style and manner of singing. So rapid is the progress of the pupil under his method that he declares he can train a perfect novice for the operatic stage in eighteen months, time usually required being three years. He has had wonderful success in repairing and setting to rights the voices damaged by other professors.

THE AIR.—Go out of doors and get the air. Ah, if you knew what was in the air! See what your robust neighbour, who never feared to live in it, has got from it: strength, cheerfulness, power to convince, heartiness and equality to each event. As the sea is the receptacle of all rivers, so the air is the receptacle from which all things springs, and into which they all return; an immense distillery, a sharp solvent, drinking the oxygen from plants, carbon from animals, the essence and spirit of every solid on the globe; a menstrum which melts the moun-

tains into it. All the earths are burnt metals. One half the avoirdupois of the rocks which compose the solid crust of the globe consists of oxygen. The adamant is always passing into smoke; Nature turns her capital day by day. All things are flowing, even those that seem immovable. The earth burns, the mountains burn, slower but as incessantly as wood in the fire. The marble column, the brazen statue, burn under the daylight, and would soon decompose, if their molecular structure, disturbed by the raging sunlight, were not restored by the darkness of night. Plants and animals burn or perpetually inhale their own bodies into the air and earth again. While all thus burns, the universe is in a blaze, kindled from the torch of the sun, it needs a perpetual tempering, a phlegm, a sleep, atmospheres of azote, deluges of water, to check the fury of the conflagration; a hoarding to check the spending, a centripetence to the centrifugence. And this is uniformly supplied. Nature is as subtle as she is strong, and like a cautious testator ties up her estate so as not to bestow it all on one generation, but has a forelooking tenderness and equal regard to the next and the next and the fourth and the fortieth. The winds and the rains come back a thousand and a thousand times. The coal on your grate gives out in decomposing to-day exactly the same amount of light and heat which was taken from the sunshine in its formation in the leaves and boughs of the antediluvian tree.

COLOURS IN HERALDRY.—The imports of the several heraldic metals and tinctures are described by the ancient French writers. Much is to be found on this subject in "La Palais de l'Honneur" of the Père Anselme. The association of the heraldic colours with the planets, to such a degree that the names of the planets were at times used, in blazoning the arms of sovereign princes, to denote the tinctures, gives weight to the attribution in question. The chief symbolizations of the tinctures were as follows:—Or, gold, in the language of heraldry; Sol, the sun, in the coats of princes; topaz in those of great nobles, which is represented graphically by dots over the surface of the field, symbolized faith, justice, charity, honesty, prosperity, constancy, or wealth. Argent, silver; Luna, the moon, on royal coats; pearl, as a gem; a white field; signifies purity, hope, truth, conscience, beauty, gentility, frankness, and candour. Azure, blue, the colour of the planet Jupiter, and of the gem sapphire, signifies chastity, loyalty, fidelity, and good repute. It is denoted by the engraver by parallel horizontal lines. Gules, red, the colour of the planet Mars, and of ruby among gems, signifies love, valour, hardihood, courage, and generosity. It is denoted by vertical lines. Sable, black, the colour of Saturn among planets, and of diamond among gems, denotes prudence, wisdom, and constancy in adversity and in sorrow. It is denoted by vertical, crossed by horizontal lines. Vert, or synople, green, the colour of the planet Venus, and of the emerald, is held to denote courtesy, civility, love, joy, and abundance. It is denoted by diagonal lines drawn from left above to right below. Purpure or purple, a rare and probably a lately-introduced heraldic colour, has no planetary equivalent. It is held to denote devotion, temperance, liberality, and (as the colour of the Imperial robe) sovereign authority. It is denoted by diagonal lines, in the opposite direction to those signifying vert. Ermine denotes purity, chastity, and immaculate honour. The ermine shield, plain, or uncharged, with the motto "Malo mori quam foedari," was assumed by Jean V., dit le Vaillant, Duc de Bretagne, in 1255.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The Empress of Austria, we understand, will honor the Pytchley hunt with her presence during the ensuing season, her Royal Highness being expected at Cottesbroke early in the ensuing year. We also understand that other distinguished foreign visitors have made arrangements for staying in the neighborhood of the hunt.

Experiments are being made at the Royal Arsenal, under authority from the War Office with a series of singular looking kites, designed by the inventor, Mr. Dudgeon, engineer of London and New York, as a means of raising heavy weights. The kites are very successful in rising with the least breeze, and they float horizontally with considerable buoyancy, but being merely models the practical usefulness of such appliances has still to be demonstrated.

Mr. Mapleson has announced the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre for a short series of performances of opera in Italian. This will probably be followed by a season of opera in English, commencing on December 26. It is intended to produce an entirely new English opera during the season, one designed to enlist popular sympathies and a general interest in English opera.

Should the introduction by the Post Office of what is really a new bank note become popular—and this hardly admits of a doubt—it is a safe prediction that the Scotch one-pound note and all its corollaries will be entirely eclipsed, and the name of Lord John Manners remain linked with one of the greatest currency experiments of the country.

According to the latest arrangements, her Majesty the Queen, with her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, will leave Balmoral and return to Windsor Castle on the 21st of November. The Queen will remain for about a fortnight at the Castle, and will then it is expected leave Windsor, in order to spend Christmas in the Isle of Wight.

A BAND of sixteen Hungarian instrumentalists, under the direction of Herr Aaras Miskza, will shortly visit London. These artists were very successful in a programme chiefly consisting of dance music, but also comprising the overtures to *William Tell* and *Semiramide*. One of them gives a solo on an instrument called a cimball, consisting of strings, like those of a violin, stretched on a frame the notes being produced by striking the strings with small hammers.

AN OFFER has been made by a Jersey mechanic to the Turkish Embassy in London of a new explosive machine which, he says, has powers far surpassing anything hitherto known, and which can be used with equal effect on land and water. He has received a reply acknowledging the value of the invention; but intimating his offer of it to the Turkish Government could not be accepted till the matter had been brought under the notice of Her Majesty's Government.

The new and palatial police court in Bow-street, for which an endless number of houses have been pulled down, will be finished for business by May next. The visitors to sensational trials will be much pleased with the spacious arrangements. The law court building is at a dead stand still. It looks almost in chancery already. It is to be hoped that the strike will not long interfere with the work. As far as can be judged it will be a magnificent structure.

Further changes are intended in the dress of our army. The War Office has ordered the Militia to return their shaks at once, and has intimated that in future they are to appear on parade in Glengarry caps—a most unmilitary article of attire. Against this the Militia, not unnaturally entered a mild protest; and applied to the War Office for leave to wear the new helmet that is to be served out to the line regiments. Their request met with a curt refusal, so that in future Scotch caps will be the order of the day.

A SINGULAR rumour has gained considerable currency to the effect that a titled cavalry officer who was supposed to have fallen in the Crimea, did not meet that fate which was generally, if not absolutely, believed, but that, on the contrary, he is at this moment on his way home. It is now stated that when last seen he was leaning, apparently wounded, on his horse; that he was taken prisoner by the Russians, and was shortly after for some insult alleged to have been given to a Russian officer, transported to Siberia, whence, his term of exile having expired, he is returning to Ireland.

THE Primate is anxious to see all parties represented at the Church Congress, to be held at Croydon, and has, it is said, induced Dean Stanley, at last, to give way and enter an appearance at this Church Congress. It is expected that this will bring a following of the Broad Church party, who at first might be thought to exercise a moderating influence between the High and the Low. But the result will in all probability be the very reverse of this, and the strife of parties will be keener than ever. The attendance will, in any case, be very great, and the Archbishop will have a lively time of it.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LISZT has composed an opera called "Luther." RAYMOND, the comedian, neither drinks nor smokes.

CAMILLA URSO is renewing her former successes in New England.

JOS. JEFFERSON gets \$700 certainly per night when he plays in Boston and New York.

LYDIA THOMPSON, it is reported, will take her farewell of the stage next January.

VIEUXTEMPS has recovered his health, and is again on active duty at the Brussels Conservatory.

DION BOUQUICHAULT has arranged to produce his new comedy of *Marriage* at Her Majesty's Theatre.

TITIENS was once very slender. The fatal tumor was produced by some of her heavy falls on the stage, in the excitement of the play.

PATTI, according to a correspondent, instead of being slight and girlish in her appearance, is as fat as an ortolan.

Mlle. TITIENS has left £30,000 to her sister, Mrs. Kruls, with the reversion to her two nieces, one of whom is married.

AN Italian paper states that our Queen so much admired an organ transcription of themes from Verdi's *Mass*, performed at her private chapel, that she has expressed a wish to hear the entire work.

The highest price ever given for a pianoforte performance was probably that paid to Mme. Arabella Goddard, who is said to have been given £1,000 (besides all expenses) for playing one piece at the monster Musical Festival at Boston.



THE EASTERN WAR—THE SIEGE OF PLEVNA.

1. Russian Batteries, 2. Grand Siege Battery, 3. Roumanian Batteries, 4. Redoubt captured by Roumanians, 5. Russian Infantry Reserve, 6. A charge, 7. General Zoloff and Staff, 8. Reserve caissons, 9. Grivitzka, 10. Plevna behind the Heights, 11. Russian attack, 12. Roumanian attack, 13. Grivitzka Redoubt, 14. Turkish Redoubt, 15. Entrenched Camp, 16. Entrenched Camp, 17. Turkish Redoubt, 18. Turkish Redoubt, 19. Turkish Redoubt, 20. Road from Plevna to Biala, 21. Road from Plevna to Pishchak, 22. Red Cross Ambulance, 23. Station of Emperor to view the battles.



VIEW OF TURKISH POSITIONS.

1. Roumanian Batteries, 2. Russian Batteries, 3. Redoubt, 4 & 5. Grivitzka Redoubt, 6. Entrenched Camp, 7. Turkish Redoubt, 8. Turkish Redoubt, 9. Russian Trenches, 10. Route to Biala, 11. Grivitzka, 12. Route to Skalenitsa, 13. Russian Batteries, 14. Cavalry engagement on the Sophia route.

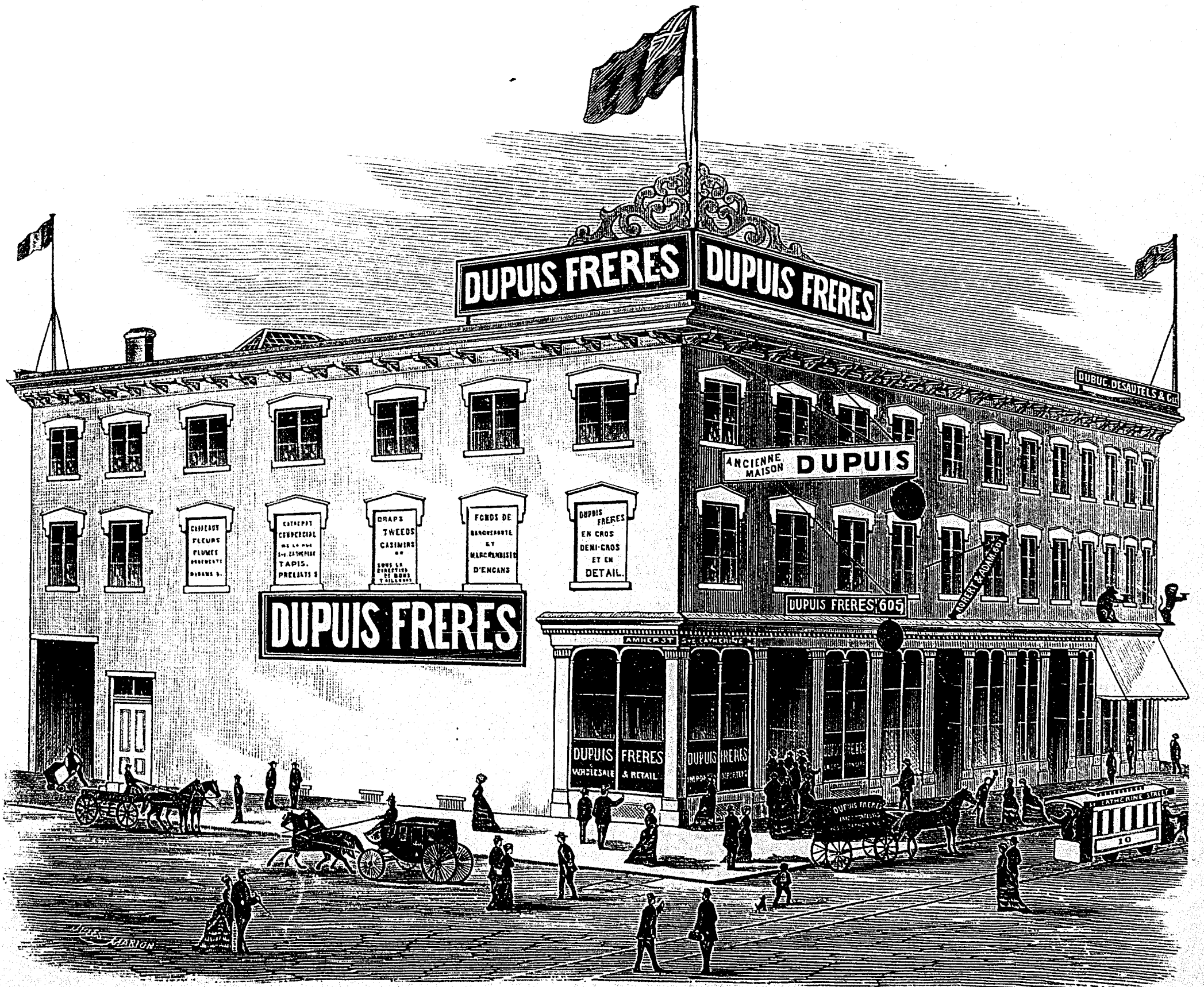


VIEW OF TURKISH POSITIONS.

1. Russian Batteries, 2. Centre Turkish Redoubt, 3. Entrenched Camp, 4 & 5. Redoubts, 6. Redoubt, 7. Forest, 8. Russian Batteries, 9. Pioneers constructing saps, 10. Turkish Trenches.



THE YOUNG ARTIST.



THE BUILDING OF DUPUIS BROTHERS, ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

Hads't thou but Faith in me
To launch thy bark
With mine upon life's sea,
Tho' clouds hung dark,
Then I had Hope in thee,
That thou would'st prove
Staunch against storms to be,
Through thy strong love.

By FAITH and HOPE entwined
Might we not see
Our storm-sky silver-lined
With CHARITY;

And sailing 'mid the din
Of wrathful seas,
At length love's haven win
With fav'ring breeze!

Montreal. BARRY DANE.

THE SPELLING REFORM.

Not with any intention of entering into the merits of the controversy now going on with respect to Phonetic Spelling, but simply as one of those points of literary curiosity which we make it our duty to lay before the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS as they arise, we shall give a summary of a pamphlet on the subject, received from Burns & Co., of New York, and written by Prof. E. O. Vaile, of Cincinnati. In so doing, we shall have the whole subject in a nutshell.

I.

The movement for a reform in our orthography, and the adoption of a uniform method of spelling, seems to have originated in England. The London School Board took up the matter last year, and in December, by a vote of twenty-six to six, passed a resolution declaring it desirable that the government should be moved to issue a royal commission for considering the best method of simplifying our method of spelling. Upon invitation over 100 other boards, including those of Liverpool, Birmingham and Wolverhampton, joined with the London Board in its memorial to the Department of Education. To give greater force to the movement, and largely through the influence of Chas. Reed, Chairman of the London Board, a conference of spelling reformers was held May 27. The report of the proceedings was published in all the London papers. The Society of Arts opened its rooms to the conference, and many distinguished persons participated.

In America, the most eminent philologists are decidedly in favour of the reform. Prof. Whitney, of Yale, Prof. March of Lafayette, and Prof. Haldeman, of the University of Pennsylvania, have each published essays in support of phonetic spelling, as did also the late Prof. Hadley, of Yale. The first three are officers and leading spirits in the Spelling Reform Association, an organization which was formed last year for the purpose of agitating this matter of reform. W. T. Harris, Superintendent of Schools, St. Louis, and C. K. Nelson, of St. John's College, Annapolis, are also officers. The American Philological Association has for years declared the necessity of an improved mode of spelling.

II.

The arguments in favour of the Reform may be thus briefly presented:

I. There is the practical inconvenience which we suffer both in learning and using the language. We hardly realize how much of our learning time is taken up in mastering orthographical intricacies. How much easier it would be to read in the first place, and then how much easier to read and write correctly afterward, if every word were spelt as it is pronounced, and pronounced as it is spelt? How much time and patience would be saved in the school-room, if spelling books and spelling lessons could become things of the past? The English language, from the simplicity of its grammatical structure, would be one of the easiest in the world to learn if it were not for its abominable spelling. As it is, a stranger may acquire the spoken tongue by mouth and ear, or he may acquire the written tongue by grammar and dictionary. But in either case one tongue being learned, the other tongue will be almost as strange to him as if he had never heard or seen its counterpart. He really has to acquire two languages.

II. The pecuniary argument is by no means an insignificant one. It is easy to show that, by the lowest estimate, fifty dollars per year are spent in the case of every teacher for the drill work in reading and spelling. Of this work at least nine-tenths is made necessary by the present irregular spelling. Then look at the matter of printing. Upon the most moderate reform, simply omitting silent letters, six per cent. of the number of letters is saved, consequently saving six per cent. of type-setting and book-making. Suppose \$70,000,000 is the annual cost of production in books, newspapers, and periodicals (and this amount is certainly low), and there would be a saving of \$4,000,000. Is there not something worth considering in this view of the case?

III. Instead of phonetic spelling contributing to the alteration and damage of the language, as it is charged, it would exert a conserving influence, and "tend to uniformity and fixedness of pronunciation." So loose and uncertain is now the tie between writing and utterance that existing differences of pronunciation hide themselves under the cover of a spelling that fits them all equally well. The largest part of our conserving force is spent upon the visible form alone. We do not give much heed to the audible form. We had spelling matches in abundance, but no pronouncing matches.

IV. For the educationist there is an argument more serious than all others. It is the "actual mischief done by subjecting young minds to the illogical and tedious drudgery of learning to read and write English as spelt at present. Everything they have to learn in spelling and pronunciation is irrational; one rule contradicts another, and each statement has to be accepted simply on authority, and with a complete disregard of all those rational instincts which lie dormant in the child, and which it is the highest function of education to awaken by every kind of healthy exercise."

III.

We next append the Phonetic Alphabet.

Table with columns: Letter, Sound, Name. Includes sections for Short Vowels, Long Vowels, Diphthongs, Aspirets, Calesents, Explosents, Continuants, Licwidz, and Naizalz.

* The markt leteas may be uzd when preferred.

IV.

It will be interesting to conclude with an example:

Too very powerful fersez can be relied upon for its support. 1. Ther iz the hœl body ov eminent filolozjists, joined by meny distingwisht scolers, fuily comited, and redy to leed the movement. 2. Ther iz the larj Jerman and foren populashon in our cuntry daily vexing itself in atemts tu acwier our langwej. Their graitest obstacl iz our speling; this they feel. When wuns the mater cumz tu be ajitaid in New York, Cincinnati and plaisez liek them, the hœl foren element wil be found enerjetic in suport ov the reform. If the influens ov the grait body ov teachers cud be aded tu theez uther fersez, we wud soon see the begining ov a chainj in our speling. Why can we not thro our influens in faiver ov reform? Why shud we not ajitat the mater in our comunitiz? Why can not we talk reezonabl licens in the way ov reform? In our oen rieting supez we shud omit a from the diegraf ea when pronounst az e short, and thus riet hœd, helth, serch, truble, jurnal, and jung? Supoez we shud begin on prinsipl tu omit the fienal e after a short vowel, and omit gh when sielent, and riet f when gh has the sound ov f. This wud maik motiw, dauler, tho, ruf, and cauf. By uzing theez forms in our oen rieting, we shud begin the very important werk ov maiking the ie ov the comunity familier with new spelings, even tho in our scool-roomz we say nothing about them. At anl events it iz our bounden duty tu maik it serten that the next jenerashon shal not luk with the saim superstishus reverens az the preznt jenerashon upon what Max Muller caulz our unhistorical, unsistematic, uninateljibl and unteechabl mœd of speling.

VICTOR EMMANUEL, who was seriously indisposed a fortnight ago, called in a priest to minister to his spiritual wants—a step which, the clericals say, he has not taken since his boyhood.

THE SOLITARY GUEST.

"A curious dinner was lately given at one of the principal Parisian restaurants. Thirteen covers had been laid; but, to the surprise of the waiters, a single guest made his appearance. The mystery was afterwards explained. Many years before, thirteen friends (amongst whom were Alfred De Musset and Théophile Gauthier), met at the restaurant in question, and agreed to dine together every year, on the same day and in the same place. The solitary guest at present was M. Rubelles, a painter of some repute, aged 84."—Canadian Illustrated News.

At Paris, in a sumptuous room,
The lamps were lit, one autumn night;
The air was fragrant with perfume,
And all was luxury and light.
A princely feast the table graced,
Rich wines flashed, eager to be pour'd,
And velvet-cushioned seats were placed
For Thirteen Guests around the board.

A liveried crowd, with noiseless foot,
Like shadows fitted to and fro,
Just touched a flower, or turned a fruit,
Each to the other whispering low:
"Est-ce que ces Messieurs vont venir?"
"Tis time the banquet should begin."
Hush! The door opens—they are here—
An old man feebly tottered in.

He took his place, and bowed his face
In mute but reverential prayer:
Their glanced all round, as though he found
A phantom in each vacant chair.
The lackeys gazed appalled, amazed
With awe, that momentarily increased—
They could not guess the wretchedness
That racked the Master of the Feast.

Full forty years have passed away,
Since in that same luxurious shrine
Poets and painters, young and gay,
Thirteen in number, met to dine:
And when the festal hours had sped,
They vowed each coming year to meet,
And, as each brother joined the dead,
Still to retain his ghost a seat.

Here sat De Musset—Murger there—
And here Sainte-Beuve—but whereof dwell
On the great names of those who were?
Those names are still a poet's spell.
Last year, two met—to meet no more—
Since then, bright Théophile has gone—
Rubelles, whose years are eighty-four,
Survives the last, and dines alone!

He sits and dreams; his eyes are blind
To flowers and fruits and dainty fare:
His soul is with the Twelve—his mind
Is busied with each empty chair.
Once, only once, he called for wine:
They filled his glass—and then he said
In hollow tones: "O comrades mine,
"I drink the memory of the Dead!"

Ah! who can tell the thoughts that thronged
The lonely chambers of his brain,
As gazing round, he almost longed
His final home at once to gain.
Enough, my Friends! The heaviest stone
Fate flings at Man's devoted head
Is, when grey-haired he sits alone,
And dreams of all his comrades dead!

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

AN erring lady in a recent novel is described as being "tattooed" by society. This is needless pricking with a vengeance.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON says: "On her own hearthstone woman is fortified. There she may make herself heard." Alas! she often does!

A WOMAN may not be able to sharpen a pencil or hold an umbrella, but she can pack more articles into a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.

A MAN in love may be likened to a fly in a spider's web, entangled by one of the most fragile substances, yet from which it is most difficult to escape.

YOUNG lady: "Oh, I am so glad you like birds? What kind do you admire most?"—Old gentleman: "Well, I think a goose, with plenty of stuffing, is about as nice as any!"

"OCH," said a love-sick Hibernian, "what recreation it is to be dying of love! It sets the heart aching so delicately there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain."

A YOUNG man, who is paying his addresses to a lady love, stayed so late a few evenings since, that the family were compelled to whitewash the wall next morning, to obliterate his shadow.

A MAN cannot wait for his dinner without losing his temper; but see with what angelic sweetness a woman bears the trial. Has the woman more patience? Not a bit—only she has lunched, and the man has not.

THEY were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for dessert except oranges.

A LITTLE boy refusing to take a pill, his mother placed it in a piece of preserved pear, and gave it to him. In a few minutes she said,— "Tommy, have you eaten the pear?"—"Yes, mother, all but the pip!"

"MEN are so unreasonable!" exclaimed a much-ried wife. "Here's my husband can't drink bad coffee at breakfast without abusing me, and yet he'll drink bad whiskey all day and never think of abusing the barmaid."

WHEN a husband and wife are afflicted with incompatibility of temper among the Arizona Indians they are burnt together, but in some civilized communities they are condemned to live on together, and make it hot for one another here in this cold world.

MRS. MILLISS was asked the other day how she managed to get along so nicely with Mr. Milliss, and frankly replied: "Oh, I feel him well. When a woman marries, her happiness for a little while depends upon the state of her husband's heart; after that, it's pretty much according to the state of his stomach."

A PURE and good woman is a great power. Whether arising from the courage that is founded on a sense of responsibility, or whether unconsciously exercised and dictated only by her noble instinct, she has a great power in modeling the characters and regulating the conduct and lives of those who are under her influence.

LITERARY.

EDITORIALS on the Times are paid for at rates varying from two to five guineas each.

MR. J. G. WHITTIER will be seventy years old in December.

CAPTAIN BURNABY's next ride will be to Timbuctoo and the King of Dahomey.

MR. GLADSTONE will contribute a preface to Dr. Schliemann's account of his excavations at Mycenae.

GENERAL LONGSTREET has written a review of the battle of Gettysburg, which possesses some new information.

THE French Academy has formally declared that M. Thiers' seat is vacant. This means that candidates may now offer themselves for the chair.

THE younger Gladstone also takes to literature and art. He has translated and written a preface for Thibault's "Purity in Musical Art."

JOHN HAY, author of "Little Breeches," etc., lives in sumptuous style in Cleveland, Ohio, where he married the daughter of a very wealthy citizen.

BEECHER will lecture at least twice a week this winter, getting from \$300 to \$500 for each lecture. Tilton gets from \$100 to \$250 a night.

JOAQUIN MILLER has located in Boston. He says he likes that city, as it reminds him of dear old London.

MR. J. HAMILTON FYFE is engaged in preparing a work on the social and political condition of France, from the Restoration to the present day.

THE author of *Gina's Baby* has in the press a new work, to be entitled *The Captain's Cabin*, a narrative of a voyage in one of the great ocean steamers.

Diana, Lady Lyle, Mr. Hepworth Dixon's romance, is about to appear in Berlin, a Prussian publishing firm having purchased the right of translation into German.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES does his literary work with a broad gold pen fitted into a quill handle—a pen that he has used for twenty years. He writes three hours daily in the morning.

J. W. DE FORREST, the novelist, is a dignified, dark and handsome man, of middle age, well bred, not egotistic, and although of a retiring nature, is a genial companion to those who know him well.

THE agents of the London papers in Paris have now to produce a written licence for the delivery of their bundle at the stations. The sale of the papers thus depends on the pleasure of the Government.

MR. S. PHILLIPS DAY, whose *True Story of Louis Napoleon's Life*, has been out of print for some time, is about to republish it, with an additional chapter bringing the narrative down to the Emperor's death.

MR. GEORGE HOWELL is writing a book, to be entitled *The Conflict of Capital and Labour*, in which the history and the various aspects of trades unions, technical education, &c., will be treated at length.

MR. GLADSTONE has in the press a collection of "Essays, Letters and Addresses." They will be divided into the following sections: Personal and Literary, Ecclesiastical and Theological, European and Historical.

OWING to the success attending the publication of the first shilling volume of *Stoperiana*, of which over fifty thousand copies have already been sold, the next issue from the *Judy* office will consist of a collection of the *Beauties of Stoper*, accompanied by an analysis written by Sloper himself, in imitation of that by Mr. William Hogarth, published some time ago.

In the Dark, in *Seven Watches*, is the title under which Mr. R. E. Francillon is producing his Christmas romance for 1877. Though similar in plan and character to the fictions known to Christmas as "Like a Snowball," "Streaked with Gold," and "Rare Good Luck," this story, the *Examiner* says, will not appear in connection with any monthly magazine, but will take the shape of an independent annual.

THE late Mr. Mortimer Collins says—"Not to be satisfied with what you write is a good sign. Never use a long word where a short one would do, and construct your sentences so as to require few commas. As to ever being satisfied with what you do, don't expect it. If you were, I should advise you to write no more. The mind must be a very shallow one that is satisfied with its own work. Therefore, accept your dissatisfaction as a good sign, and expect the editor to differ from you. Diffuseness is the worst vice of modern writing."

THE Mansion House Indian Famine Relief Fund now amounts to more than £400,000.

THE London School Board intend to purchase a vessel for a training school, at a cost of £7,000.

PROF. BELL, the inventor of the telephone, will not sell an instrument for any sum, but he rents at the rate of \$10 a year. A Providence correspondent of the *New York Graphic* says the Professor has already rented 3,500, producing the neat little sum of \$35,000 a year.

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, on 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.

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DOMESTIC.

TOMATO PUDDING.—Boil four large potatoes and pass them through a sieve; stir into them powdered loaf sugar to taste, and the yolks of two or three eggs; add a few drops of essence of lemon, then the whites of the eggs whisked to a froth; mix quickly and well; pour into a plain mould battered and bread-crumbed, and bake for twenty minutes in a quick oven.

POTTED CHEESE.—This is an American luncheon dish, and, being in a glass jar, it looks light and pretty on the table. One pound of cheese must be well beaten in a mortar, and to it must be added two ounces of liquid butter, one glass of sherry, and a small quantity of cayenne pepper, mace, and salt. All should be well beaten together and put into a pretty shaped glass potting-jar, with a layer of butter on the top. It makes a delicious relish for bread or toast.

MUFFINS.—Flour, one quart; warm milk and water, one pint and a half; yeast, a quarter of a pint; salt, two ounces; mix for fifteen minutes; then further add flour, a quarter of a peck, make a dough, let it rise one hour, roll it up, pull it into pieces, make them into balls, put them into a warm place, and when the whole dough is made into balls, shape them into muffins, and bake them on tins; turn them when half done, dip them into warm milk, and bake them into a pale brown.

BEEF COLLOPS.—Any part of beef which is tender will serve to make collops; cut the beef into pieces about three inches long; beat them flat, dredge them with flour; fry them in butter; lay them in a stew-pan, and cover them with brown gravy; put in half an eschalot, minced fine, a lump of butter, rolled in flour, to thicken, and a little pepper and salt; stew without suffering it to boil; serve with pickles, or squeeze in half a lemon, according to taste, serve in a tureen, and serve hot.

FRIED PATTIES.—Mince a little cold veal and ham, allowing one-third ham to two-thirds veal; and an egg, boiled hard and chopped, and a seasoning of pounded mace, salt, pepper, and lemon-peel; moisten with a little gravy or cream. Make a good puff-paste, rolled rather thin, and cut into round or square pieces; put the mince between two of them, pinch the edges to keep in the gravy, and fry a little brown. They may be also baked in patty-pans; in that case, they should be brushed over with the yolk of an egg before they are put in the oven. To make a variety oysters may be substituted for the ham. Fry the patties about fifteen minutes.

TOASTED PIGS' FEET.—Stew four pigs' feet till perfectly tender; if the feet are small, they will require only three hours, but, if large, four will not be too long. Take them out of the stewpan most carefully, drain thoroughly, and cover them with some freshly-made mustard, pepper and salt to taste, the mustard being laid on rather thickly; then put them in front of a very clear fire, and let them roast quickly. If this operation is carried out slowly, the feet will become so tough as to be perfectly uneatable. When they are a rich brown colour, serve them on a very hot dish, with a good thick brown gravy. This dish is little known, but is most excellent.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks. Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 146 received. Neat but not difficult.
M. J. M., Quebec.—Problem 144 is defective, as you will perceive.
H. H.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 143. No. 142 was a position occurring in actual play.
B., Montreal.—The subject shall be noticed in a future column.

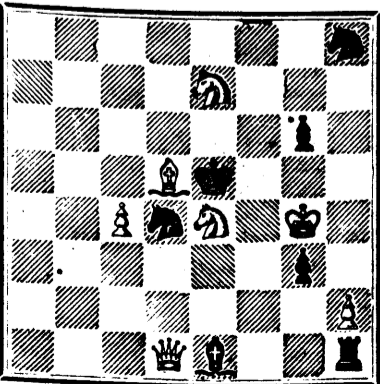
We have often called attention to the educational advantages to be derived from a knowledge of the game of Chess, and as, therefore, much pleased to be able, in the subjoined extract from Washington Moon's "Bad English of Lindley Murray and other Writers of the English Language," to find our views strengthened by so able and acute a writer. Speaking of the mistakes of English writers, he says:
"How are they to be avoided? Only by the cultivation of careful and patient examination of the diversity of meaning produced by the different placing of the same words.
As one means to that end, I strongly urge all students of the language to acquire a practical knowledge of the game of Chess. It tends to produce precision of mind, and by accustoming the player to weigh well the relative position and influence of every piece on the board, make more familiar to him the task of judging accurately concerning the position and influence of every word in a sentence."

We copy the following item from the Toronto Globe and are glad to see that the amateurs of that city are organizing an Association for the purpose of learning and practising Chess. Might not something of the same nature be set on foot by the young players of Montreal?

TORONTO AMATEUR CHESS CLUB.

An Association was organized on the 9th inst. for the purpose of learning and playing the game of Chess, to be called "The Amateur Chess and Checker Association of Toronto." Officers elect: James Rennie, President; Matthew Gny, Vice-President; S. F. Burgess, Secretary; A. B. Scobie, Treasurer; John Rennie, Recording Secretary. Managing Committee—R. Jackson, R. Cooper, and R. Rennie.
Will the Secretary inform us as to time and place of meetings?

PROBLEM No. 147.
By M. J. MURPHY, Qu-bec.
BLACK.



WHITE
White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

(From the Field.)
GAME 217TH.

Played at Cologne in August last between Messrs. E. Hammacher, C. Kochelkorn, C. Leffman and C. Wemmer in consultation against Herr Zukertort.

(Ruy Lopez.)

- | WHITE.
(Allies.) | BLACK.
(Mr. J. H. Zukertort.) |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | Kt to Q B 3 |
| 3. B to Kt 5 | P to Q R 3 |
| 4. B to R 4 | Kt to B 3 |
| 5. Castles. | Kt takes P |
| 6. P to Q 4 | P to Q Kt 4 |
| 7. B to Kt 3 | P to Q 4 |
| 8. P takes P | Kt to K 2 |
| 9. Kt to Kt 5 (a) | Kt takes Kt |
| 10. B takes Kt | B to Kt 2 |
| 11. Q to B 3 | P to B 4 |
| 12. P to Q B 3 | Q to Q 2 |
| 13. Kt to Q 2 | Kt to Kt 3 |
| 14. KR to K sq | P to Q 5 (b) |
| 15. P to K 6 (c) | P takes P |
| 16. R takes P (ch) | B to K 2 (d) |
| 17. Q to B 7 (ch) (e) | K to Q sq |
| 18. R takes B (f) | Kt takes R |
| 19. R to K sq | R to K sq |
| 20. B to K 6 | Q to Q 3 |
| 21. B to B 5 | P to K R 3 (g) |
| 22. R to K 6 (h) | Q to B 2 |
| 23. B takes Kt | Resigns. |

NOTES. (Condensed.)

- (a) New at this stage, and rather perplexing for the defence.
- (b) P to K R 3 was at this point absolutely necessary.
- (c) Finely played.
- (d) If Q takes R, the opponents would simply capture the Q B, and obtain an irresistible attack.
- (e) A beautiful move.
- (f) Played in masterly style.
- (g) Black had no resource.
- (h) B takes Kt. (ch) would have won equally.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

GAME 218TH.

Played some time ago in a match between Messrs. Burn and Owen.

(Irregular opening.)

- | WHITE.—(Mr. Burn.) | BLACK.—(Mr. Owen.) |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | P to Q 3 |
| 2. P to Q 4 | Kt to K B 3 |
| 3. Kt to Q B 3 | P to K Kt 3 |
| 4. B to K 3 | B to K 2 |
| 5. B to K 2 | Castles. |
| 6. P to K R 4 (a) | Kt to Q B 3 |
| 7. P to R 5 | P to K 4 |
| 8. P takes Kt P | BP takes P |
| 9. Kt to K B 3 | Kt to K Kt 5 |
| 10. B to B 4 (ch) | K to R sq |
| 11. Kt to Kt 5 (b) | B to R 3 |
| 12. Q takes Kt | B takes Q |
| 13. R takes B | K to Kt 2 (c) |
| 14. R takes R P (ch) | |
- and makes next move.

NOTES.

- (a) White determines to lose no time.
- (b) Carrying on the attack in an energetic manner.
- (c) An unfortunate slip, especially in a match game.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 145.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. B to B 4 | 1. R to Q 3, best |
| 2. B to K 3 (ch) | 2. K takes R |
| 3. Kt to Kt 4 mate. | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 143.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Kt to Q Kt 3 (dble ch) | 1. K takes R |
| 2. B to Q 5 (ch) | 2. K to K B 4 |
| 3. P to K 4 mate. | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 144.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---------------|----------------------|
| K at K Kt 5 | K at K 4 |
| R at Q 3 | Pawns at K 3 and Q 3 |
| B at Q Kt 8 | |
| Kt at Q R 4 | |
| Pawn at Q B 4 | |
- White to play and mate in two moves.

CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA.

Dividend No. 3.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of

Three and One-half (3½) Per Cent.

upon the Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half year; and that the same will be payable at the Bank, and its Branches, on SATURDAY, the FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT. The Transfer Books will be closed from the Sixteenth to the Thirtieth of November, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

J. B. RENNY, General Manager.

Montreal, 29th October, 1877.

16-19-4 351

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J. K. MACDONALD,

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R. W. SHEPHERD,

President.

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The New Regulation Helmet in stock.
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TORONTO.

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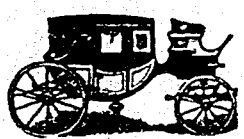
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