

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

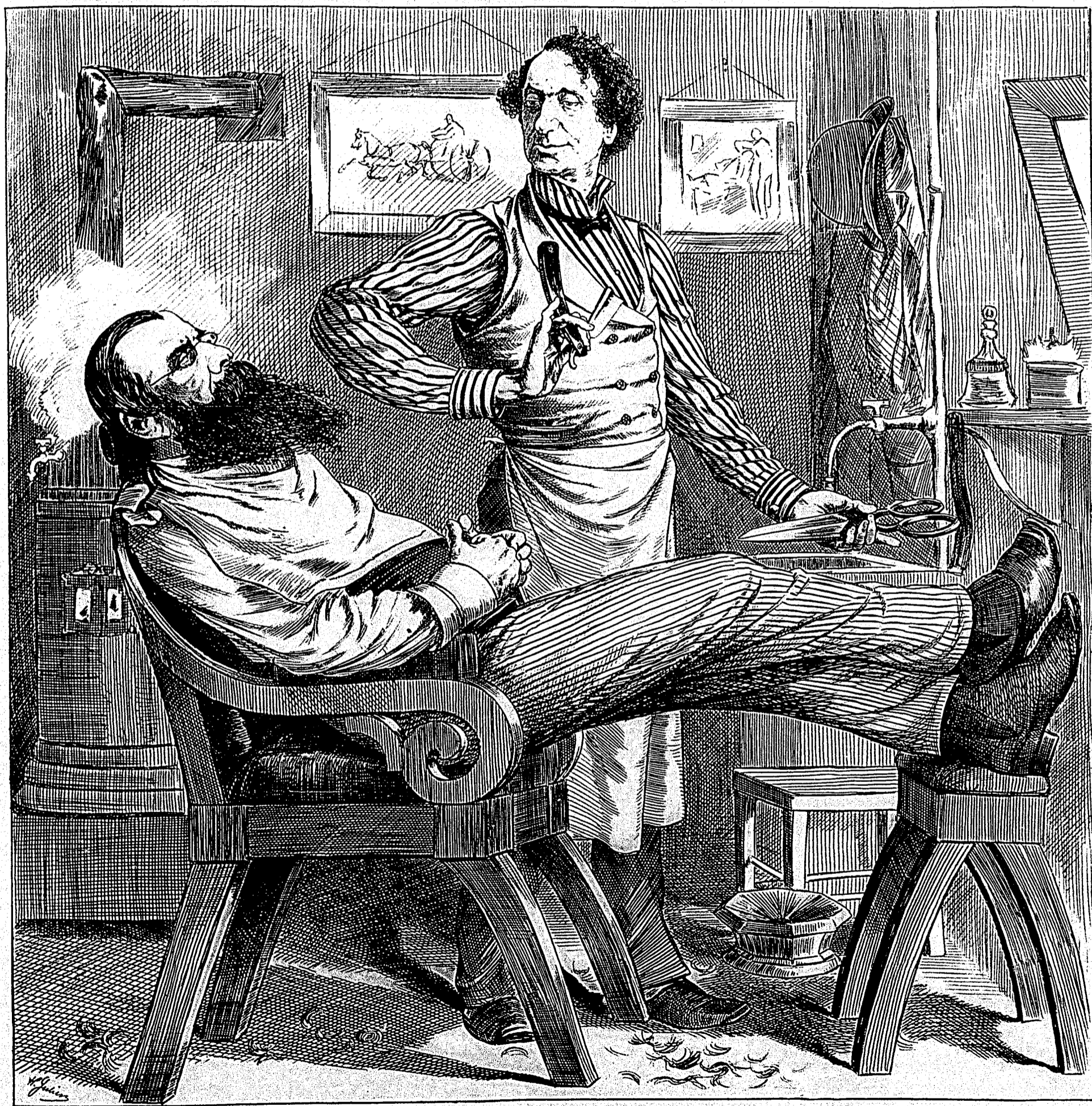
- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

AMERICAN WHOLESALE NEWS

Vol. XV.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1877

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



THE BARBER'S LOGIO.

BARBER:—Shave your head, sir?

CUSTOMER:—What you mean, eh? I want you to cut my hair.

BARBER:—Oh, beg pardon. But it's really all the same, you know.

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 stamps 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.

ONLY ONE.

All we ask of each subscriber of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

is that he will procure us ONE additional subscriber. This can be easily done, and it will do far towards increasing the efficiency of the journal. We are doing our best to put forth a paper creditable to the country, and our friends should make it a point to assist us. Remember that the Dominion should support at least one illustrated paper. Remember too that the "News" is the only purely literary paper in the country. We invite our friends to examine carefully the present number of the paper and judge for themselves of our efforts in their behalf.

L'OPINION PUBLIQUE.

Such is the title of an illustrated paper, written in French, and published from the offices of this Company. It is now in the seventh year of its existence and has prospered from the beginning, but since the month of January of this year, special efforts have been made to improve it, both pictorially and editorially, and the result has been of the most satisfactory nature. It is in the hands of two or three of the best known and most graceful writers of the Province of Quebec, who have, besides, the inappreciable advantage of assistance from the first pens in Quebec, Ottawa, Montreal, Three Rivers, and elsewhere. The literary movement among the French Canadians has never been so pronounced as it is at present, and most of us have really no idea of the variety, abundance, and general excellence of French Canadian literature. We feel therefore justified in calling attention to this fact among our English-speaking friends throughout the Dominion. The knowledge of French is almost a social and commercial necessity in Canada, while in the circle of polite education it cannot be omitted. Hence the English-speaking people of Canada, who wish to learn the language, or improve their acquaintance with it, cannot do better than subscribe to this beautiful weekly, which will furnish them with choice reading, written in good French, and edited with a single view to the entertainment of the fireside. The form of the paper is a large quarto, the size of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, containing twelve pages of matter—four devoted to illustrations and eight to letterpress. The price of subscription is only \$3.00 in advance. Colleges, convents, academies, schools, and public institutions are particularly invited to give the paper a trial and they may rely upon being treated with due consideration. For further particulars apply to the office of the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company, 5 Bleury Street, Montreal.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 7th, 1877.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

We trust it will not be too late, before the present Parliament closes its sittings, to legislate in some practical fashion for the behoof of Canadian publishers. Indeed time must be made for this vital business, and if the Government are not prepared to move in it, we trust that some private member will have the wisdom and courage to do so.

It has been with general satisfaction that the country viewed the progress of the Canadian book trade during the two years which have just elapsed. Toronto led the van and in its wake came Mon-

treau with a number of works, elegantly printed, well bound, and served to the public at very reasonable prices. On all sides the movement was received as the token of a new era, and there appeared substantial grounds for believing that, at length, we were about to lay the foundation of a national literature. But all at once there came a sudden check, and further developments have led to the conclusion that, unless some remedial legislation is at once introduced, our optimistic hopes will be scattered to the winds, as so often before.

We need not refer to the case of Smiles against Belford, which occupied the attention of the Ontario Court of Chancery, some months ago, because we analysed the case fully at the time and delivered our views upon it. The issue was regarded as so important that Belford Brothers were urged by the whole book trade and by public sentiment generally to carry their case to appeal. They did so and lost again, the judges being unanimous and thus preventing the question from going to the Supreme Court of the Dominion. Unfortunately the judgments have been made so clear that they must have been endorsed by the Supreme Justices.

There is no necessity to go through the technicalities of this controversy. Suffice it to say that the so-called Copyright Act of 1875 is a dead letter, and in view of the late judicial decisions, a bitter satire on those who enacted it. It gives the Canadian publisher no guarantee whatever. It gives him no right, not even a chance to take his share in the business of publication. It places him not only at the discretion of the British author, which is only fair enough, but it leaves him utterly at the mercy of the American publisher of the British work. In other words the British author may refuse a copyright to a Canadian house, but he can give it to an American firm and force Canadians to buy the reprint. The result is that we must go on, as heretofore, getting our literature almost exclusively from the Americans. The effect will also ultimately be to force our publishers to close altogether or have their printing done on the other side of the lines, thus depriving hundreds of Canadian printers, pressmen, electrotypers, engravers and others of their legitimate work. Mr. LOVELL long ago transported much of his plant to Rouse's Point, and the BELFORDS are having their reprints done at Buffalo and Detroit. We repeat that this vital subject calls for the immediate attention of Parliament, and the man or men who will associate their name with a measure of reform in this respect will deserve well of their country.

To guide our legislators in this matter, we may make the following suggestions derived from an authorized source:

I. No copyright to be given to any one unless the book be printed and published in this country.

II. No copyright to be given to any but British subjects.

III. If any English book be not registered by the time it is published in England, then any publisher domiciled in Canada to be at full liberty to publish it, the publishing of it to give him a copyright, excluding all reprints of said book.

IV. The Canadian publisher on publishing any book under clause 3 to deposit with some person, appointed by Government, 10 per cent royalty on the retail price of 1,500 copies (an average edition) and to pay quarterly 10 per cent on all copies sold over and above 1,500 copies.

V. The Government to appoint an officer to inspect all returns of quantities sold.

The reason that English authors do not sell their rights for Canada to Canadian publishers is that New York and Boston publishers stipulate, when they buy advance sheets, that the English author shall not sell to any publisher in Canada, but if we make a law, which will give the English author an excuse for selling to a Canadian house, then the whole matter will be righted.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM.

The strain brought upon the American system of government by the late Presidential contest, and the unsatisfactory result of the ultimate choice in so far as a definite settlement on constitutional grounds was arrived at, has again led thinking men to give their views on the relative merits of the American and British schemes of rule. English writers, GOLDWIN SMITH among the rest, have studied the question with much elaboration, but we are better pleased to analyze the ideas of an American, inasmuch as he would be supposed to know the intricate working of his country's system better than any foreigner could possibly do. We find such a man in Rev. V. R. BENSON, and a short paper which he has lately contributed on the subject we judge to be deserving of profound attention.

The writer begins at once by assuming that the British system is superior to the American. That is his thesis. He holds that the British superiority grows out of the very simple truth that all agents who are momentarily responsible to their principals are faithful to their trust. The American inferiority, on the other hand, springs from the fact that officeholders, being everywhere elected for fixed terms, are responsible to nobody for anything; and, hence, are relatively faithless and incompetent. Again, the American written Constitution is a cast iron cauldron, within which the waters of political agitation may boil till they explode; but their explosion works no progress. The English unwritten Constitution is a complex but flexible engine, the various parts of which are the inventions of various minds, each adding something to the smoothness or power with which the engine pursues its way. The English system is correctly stated to be grounded upon three great principles: a permanent executive, a responsible Ministry, and representative Parliament to vote the supplies. From these three principles flow three corollaries, and it is upon these that a comparison with American practice is instituted.

First, the Sovereign always selects his advisers from the party in majority in the House of Commons, whereas the President, as precisely in the case of Mr. HAYES, may select his cabinet from the minority in Congress.

Secondly, when the Sovereign dissolves Parliament, it is because his advisers and the majority of the House of Commons do not agree, and the sense of the country is wanted to see who shall be supported; whereas the President cannot dissolve Congress, which is elected for a fixed term, and he must go on whether he and his administration are endorsed by the country or not.

Thirdly, the two parties in the House of Commons would oppose each other on the well understood terms that the opposition, if successful in overthrowing the party in power, would be obliged to take the reins of administration and run the government on their theory. "It is wonderful what a moderating influence it exerts over all critics if their criticism is listened to only on condition that they, if called upon, will attempt the task of doing better work than that which they criticize." There is nothing of this kind in the United States, where the two parties fight against each other, on personal, not on national grounds.

Fourthly, no elections being necessary, as a rule, under this system, except when some important question is before the national legislature, on which parties make a new division, it would follow that, as a rule, the people would only be called on to vote when there was some measure of policy to vote for or against. The issue would be single, comprehensible, and honest. No one would have any interest in concealing it. This would make political discussion on the stump direct, candid, and manly. It is far simpler than the American issue, which is always in one form.

Fifthly, under this system political parties would divide into progressive and

conservative—one favoring action, the other opposing action, on the always well-defined question: What is now next to be done? This is philosophical and tends toward progress, as compared with the American perpetual deadlock between two political mobs, whose platform always agree, in substance, and who are divided only by their prejudices and their antecedents.

THE PRESS OF THE DOMINION.

* The following from a well known and authorized pen, in a late number of the Montreal Gazette, deserves a place for publication and preservation in the News:

If we cannot give any account of the first introduction of the printing press into the colonies which now form the Dominion of Canada, we can tell something about the history of our newspaper press. It is recorded that Isaac Cury established a printing office in Halifax in the year 1756, but whether he set up the first printing press in the Dominion we cannot say. It was customary in early colonial days for new laws to be published by being read at parade after notice had been given to the population by beat of drum. This custom was continued in some parts of the Maritime Provinces even after the conquest. It might be inferred from this that there were no means of printing, as, if there were, the Government of the day would hardly have resorted to so imperfect a method of imparting information. On the other hand, it seems improbable that, during the long period of French rule in Canada, no one should have had enterprise enough to start a printing press, even on a small scale. Certainly, very soon after the conquest, not only a printing press, but a newspaper was established in the ancient capital. The Quebec Gazette was founded in the year 1764 and was destined to survive by some years its hundredth birthday. In 1769 Halifax followed the good example set by Quebec, an enterprising gentleman of that city having founded the Nova Scotia Chronicle and Weekly Gazette, which, however, proved to be more short-lived than its elder sister. The first New Brunswick paper, the Royal Gazette and New Brunswick Advertiser, made its appearance in 1785. In 1799 the Niagara Constitution was invented, to be followed in 1802 by the York Gazette. For many years a keen rivalry existed between these two little towns—each of which claimed to be the arbiter of public opinion in the new province. Newfoundland had its first journalistic birth, the St. John's Royal Gazette and Newfoundland Advertiser, in 1807. Manitoba had its Nor'Wester as early as 1859. Of the beginnings of newspaper enterprise in the other provinces we have no statistics at hand. From those which we have given it will be seen that, before the present century was very old, the leading provinces of the Dominion, as well as Newfoundland, were fairly represented by the press in proportion to their respective populations. In the Province of Quebec, Montreal, as well as the Capital, soon after the Conquest, had its newspaper. THE GAZETTE which is now in its hundredth year, was only fourteen years later than its namesake, now deceased, in coming into the world. The circumstances of its foundation are peculiar, and as they may not be known to many of our readers, we will recount them. In 1778 a deputation, consisting of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Carroll, of Carrollton, and some others of the revolutionary leaders, came to Montreal with the object of inducing the Canadian people to join the Americans in their rebellion. Dr. Franklin, who knew well the power of the press, thought it well that they should bring along with them their own printing materials, so that they might the more easily issue their manifestos. One Mesplet, who attended to the mechanical part of the work, remained in Montreal after the deputation had returned, and turned the establishment of the Congress on Custom House Square into a legitimate printing office. His business prospered, and he found it to his advantage after a while to start a newspaper. THE GAZETTE thus owes its existence, almost directly, to the most distinguished printer of the American Continent, although it has not inherited his political principles. It is now the oldest existing newspaper in the Dominion of Canada. The Quebec Mercury, founded in 1805, comes next. Le Canadien was originally founded in the following year, but its publication was arrested for a considerable time before the year 1831. The Newfoundland Royal Gazette and Advertiser, already mentioned, is next in seniority, and the Montreal Herald first saw the light in 1809. The Kingston News dates from 1810; the Acadia Recorder from 1813; the Halifax Chronicle and Brockville Recorder from 1820; the St. Catharines Journal from 1824; La Minerve from 1826; the Christian Guardian from 1829; the Picton Gazette and Carleton Sentinel (Woodstock, N. B.) from 1830; the Cobourg Star, from 1831; the Yarmouth Herald and St. Andrews (N. B.) Standard and the Sherbrooke (Q.) Gazette from 1833; the Kingston Whig and the Belleville Intelligencer, from 1834; the Ottawa Citizen, from 1841; the Toronto Globe, from 1841; the Montreal Witness, from 1846; the Montreal Evening Star, from 1869, and the Toronto Mail, from 1870.

The number of newspapers that have been issued since the foundation of the old Quebec Gazette, in 1764, throughout the length and

breadth of the Dominion must be exceedingly large. It is recorded that not less than 120 have seen the light in the city of Quebec alone. Some of them were very short-lived, others lasted for various periods of from twelve months to fifteen or twenty years.

Our magazine literature also dates from the last century. The Hon. John Neilson established the *Quebec Magazine*, printed, we believe in both languages, in 1792. During the long interval between that year and the publication of Mr. Lovell's *Literary Garland*, no doubt many monthlies and quarterlies made their appearance, but none of them, at least the English ones, made any lasting reputation. Indeed, our periodical literature of this class is still in its infancy, or, at least, is but beginning to shew the strength and self-confidence of early maturity.

THE REV. R. W. RAINSFORD.

Mr. Rainsford was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the 30th of October, 1850, and is consequently in his twenty-seventh year at the present time. His father, the Rev. Marcus Rainsford is at present incumbent of St. John's Chapel, Belgrave-square, London, England; but at the time of his son's birth resided in Dublin, where the family continued to reside until shortly after the latter had completed his thirteenth year, when they removed to England. The son was sent to a school at Wellington, in Shropshire, where he remained about a year. Being in delicate health, he then left school, and spent two years in travelling on the Continent for the purpose of invigorating his constitution. After returning from his continental tour he spent some time in London. Becoming interested in the emigration movement, he identified himself with it, and in the year 1868, in conjunction with his friend Mr. Herbert Watney, he came over to Quebec in advance of about seven hundred emigrants who were about to settle in Canada. The two young gentlemen interested themselves on behalf of the colonists, and accompanied them up the country to various points of settlement. The next six or seven months were spent by the pair in a shooting expedition through the valley of the Saskatchewan, and thence across the continent. The greater part of the journey beyond St. Paul was made on horseback, and an account of the adventures they met with on their route would make a volume not less interesting than that of Lord Milton and Dr. Chuzzlewit. After returning to London Mr. Rainsford laboured there for some time as an evangelist, and feeling himself specially called to the ministry, he soon abandoned a notion which he had entertained of a military life. In 1870, in order to prepare himself for his sacred calling, he went up to St. John's College, Cambridge, where in due time he graduated. His ordination took place in 1874. During his stay at college he engaged in a regular course of athletics, whereby he built up his constitution to a state of robustness. The exercises then began have never since been wholly laid aside, and to this cause is to be in a great measure attributed his ability to get through an amount of work under which a less judiciously-managed constitution would break down.

Immediately after his ordination he began his clerical labours as curate of the Church of St. Giles', Norwich. The spiritual destination in that ancient city was great, and he at once began a series of evangelistic services in a large building known as St. Andrew's Hall. These services soon began to attract attention, and after the close of the services for the day it was no unusual thing to find gathered together a congregation numbering upwards of three thousand. The "mission" movement, which has since assumed such large proportions in England, was then in progress, and received a decided impulse from the work accomplished in Norwich. Mr. Rainsford, seeing the very great success which attended his efforts, felt more and more firmly persuaded that God desired to use him in that special sphere. He remained in Norwich until June, 1876, when in consequence of a pressing request from the Rev. Stephen Tyng, Jr., of Holy Trinity Church, New York, he once more crossed the Atlantic, and took charge of Mr. Tyng's Church and Gospel Tent during that gentleman's absence for the remaining summer months. Many of the regular members of the congregation absented themselves from service during this time, but both church and tent were always filled by anxious worshippers desirous of listening to the simple Gospel story so lovingly and persuasively recounted to their edification. Early in September, without any preparation on the part of those among whom he was to labour, and without much apparent prospect of success, he went to Baltimore, where his ministrations proved as effective as they had done in New York and in Norwich. Eager crowds pressed to listen to the heart-stirring appeals of the young evangelist, whose soul was on his lips, and who spoke after a fashion so different from what they were accustomed to hear. Requests for services began to pour in upon him from all parts of the United States. The next scene of his labours was Philadelphia, where he made the acquaintance of the Rev. W. H. Tilley, of the Memorial Church, London, Ontario. Mr. Tilley, who was attending the annual mission meetings, saw and heard Mr. Rainsford, and prevailed upon him to visit this country. Before coming to Canada, however, Mr. Rainsford attended the Church Congress held in Boston, in November last, and after spending a short time in that city, he successively visited Louisville,

Kentucky, and Sandusky, Ohio, in both of which cities his labours were crowned with the most marked success. He then paid another brief visit to Philadelphia, where he ministered in the Church of Epiphany, of which the well-known Dr. Newton is rector. His long-expected visit to London took place a few weeks ago, and the result of his labours there was equally as gratifying as any of his previous experiences. From London he went to Toronto, and took charge of St. James' Cathedral, where his ministrations have attracted a class of persons not commonly identified in the public mind with evangelistic movements. He is to remain in that city until the return of Dean Grasset in June next, when he intends to return to England himself for a short time. His heart is in the work, however, and he hopes to spend next winter in Canada, taking the different cathedrals in succession. For all these particulars we are indebted to the *Globe*.

In personal appearance Mr. Rainsford is considerably above the average height, of fair complexion, and of robust and vigorous frame. That he has done, and is doing, a good work in our midst is a matter as to which there can be no difference of opinion; and should he carry out his present intention of holding evangelistic services in the various cities and towns of Canada next winter, it is safe to predict that the country at large will have reason to congratulate itself upon his presence.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BARBER'S LOGIC.—This cartoon is founded upon one of the many *bons mots* of Sir John A. Macdonald, for which he is so famous, and many of which will long survive in our political literature. It was during the debate on the tariff. The President of the Council asserted that it was quite clear from the writings of Leone Levi that over-Protection was bad, and if that was so a less degree of Protection must be bad in proportion. This exposition of the state of affairs was interrupted by Sir John A. Macdonald, who incidentally remarked, "Then if it is bad to shave your head, it must be bad to cut your hair."

"LE PAS" PORT.—We are indebted to Mr. Horace Belanger, one of the Factors in the Hudson's Bay Company and who is in charge of the Cumberland District, for the sketch of "Le Pas," the locality at which treaty No. 5 was signed with the Indians last summer. Mr. Belanger has spent most of his leave of absence with his brother the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and is on his way back to Fort Cumberland, the headquarters of his District. Mr. Belanger left Cumberland House on the 4th of Dec. last and travelled by dog sledge to Oak Point, visiting on his way the lower parts of his District. The treaty signed with the Indians included money grants and presents in kind. The spot represented in the sketch shows the houses and stores of the Hudson Bay Company and the church of England Chapel of which Rev. Henry Cochrane is pastor.

MÉTIS BRIDGE.—This bridge is the principal one on section 13. It is what is called a "deck" bridge, because the cars go on the top of it. The lattice work—which is wholly of iron—is 9 ft. 8 in. high. Above this are 3 rows of sleepers, making about 2 ft. more. Each span is 107 ft. long, having at each end a "bridge-seat"—that is the part resting on the masonry—of 3½ ft. The weight of iron in each span is 22 tons. The abutment to the right is 61 ft. high. It is built on a good gravelly foundation 5 ft. below the surface of the ground. The building of the first pier to the left of it was a very difficult task. Owing to the porous nature of the soil, the water came with such force into the coffer-dam, that, though it was a good one, 2 steam pumps could not keep it in a suitable state for the building of the foundation. It was not till piles had been driven all round the inside, that the masonry could be commenced. The earth was taken out to a depth of 12 ft. Piles 20 ft. long were then driven down their whole length. Above these were laid a coat of concrete 1 ft. thick, then as much sound squared timber, and lastly, as much concrete. On this foundation the masonry rests. As may well be supposed from what has been said regarding the pier already described, the centre one—which is in the river—was built with great difficulty. Here an excavation of 18 ft. from the bottom of the river was made. Two coffer-dams were built—one within the other. As the usual depth of the river at the bridge is, in summer, about 8 ft. their total height was about 28 ft. The space between was packed with clay. The bottom of the excavation was then paved with piles 25 ft. long. On these were laid two courses of concrete with one of timber between, as in the former case. The whole height of this pier is 72 ft. The cut-water is 15 ft. high, from the bottom of the river. The other side—as will be seen in our picture—tapers off to an edge. From edge to edge the length is 40 ft. The pier to the left has a foundation of 10 ft. below the surface of the ground. There was a little difficulty met with in building it, on account of the water, but it was as nothing compared with what was met with in building the others. The abutment to the left was as easily built as the other was. The piles had all iron points, and hoops of the same material round their heads, and were driven down by a hammer weighing 19 cwt., wrought by steam. The masonry contains about 2800 cubic yards. The material is granite from a quarry near the river side, about two miles above, brought down in two large scows made

for the purpose. While the piers and abutments were being built, two of the workmen were drowned. During the laying of the ironwork, a young lad fell from the top, striking his head on a scow below, and was instantly killed. The cost of building—apart from that of the ironwork—was fully \$100,000. Like the rest of the masonry on the International Railway, the Métis bridge is built in a very substantial manner, and bids fair to stand for many generations. Messrs. W. E. Macdonald & Co.—part of whom are engaged on Sections 1 and 2 of the Lachine Canal—were the contractors for Section 13. We are indebted for information regarding the masonry and building, to Messrs. J. McCracken, of Montreal, and D. McGugan, of Métis—regarding the iron-work to Mr. A. Grant, of Amqui.

SPEARING FISH IN ASHERIDGE BAY.—This is a view of Canadian practice in the obtaining of fish, much in vogue in various parts of the country. The present scene is in the environs of Toronto.

THE SERBIA SKEPTICISM.—This is a sketch of the Serbian Parliament sitting at Belgrade and discussing the preliminary articles of a peace with Turkey, on the 25th February last. We have since learned that the treaty has been concluded, which is at least one point gained in the imbroglio of the Eastern question.

WRECKING OF THE "RUSLAND" OFF LONG BRANCH.—The steamer *Rusland*, of the Red Star Line, plying between Antwerp and New York, went ashore at Long Branch, about six hundred yards south of the West End Hotel, during the snow-storm of the evening of March 17th, striking upon the remains of the *Abomis*, which was wrecked about twenty years ago. The *Rusland* struck bow on. Nearly an hour after the disaster the vessel was discovered by one of the crew of Life-saving Station No. 4. This was at 11.20. He immediately went to Station No. 4, and the men from that station arrived at the wreck with a car and apparatus at 4.40. Soon afterwards they were joined by the crew from Life-saving Station No. 6, with their boat, and from the two crews the life-boat was manned and started for the steamer, the sea being very high. The rescuers got on board the steamer about six o'clock, and immediately returned with three or four passengers—all who dared to come. At 6.15 the life-saving men got a rope over the ship by means of a mortar, but the rope parted. The second shot sent the rope safely over the steamer, and in about half an hour the men had the life-car on the vessel, and immediately began landing passengers with it, five or six at a time. At the same time the surf-boat was going back and forth as rapidly as possible, until 11 o'clock, when all the passengers and their baggage had been landed safely without accident of any kind, except from an occasional wetting received from high waves after the boat reached the shore. The crew of the *Rusland* were afterwards safely landed—with the exception of the captain and a few of the men, who refused to leave the ship—and furnished accommodations in the hotels of the locality.

HON. J. L. BEAUDRY.—This gentleman, who is in the neighborhood of sixty years of age, but still robust in mind and body, is one of the wealthiest citizens and principal financiers of Montreal. He contested Montreal unsuccessfully for the Canada Assembly in 1854 and 1858, but has several times been elected Mayor, and last month was returned to that office by an overwhelming majority over his adversary. He has entered upon his duties in a spirit of curtailment and reform, and considering the present depressed condition of the city finances and the abnormal increase of taxation, much is expected of Mr. Beaudry in the work of alleviation. The new mayor is President of the Banque Jacques Cartier, which institution is much indebted to him for his labors in its behalf when on the brink of collapse. He is also connected with several other prominent monetary institutions. In 1867, Hon. Mr. Beaudry was called to the Legislative Council of the Province of Quebec, where he still sits as representative of the Division of Alma.

REV. W. L. RAINSFORD.—A memoir of this zealous clergyman will be found in a separate article of the present issue.

OFFICE-SEEKERS AT WASHINGTON.—This little picture tells its own tale. President Hayes has a hard road to travel, and one of his main difficulties is, that he is unwilling to remove present incumbents from office to make room for thousands of hungry place-seekers who crowd his private office every day. He is making many enemies from that source.

THE AMERICAN CABINET.—The Cabinet of the United States consists of only seven members, and under the Hayes' administration, Mr. Evarts, of New York, is Secretary of State; Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Devins, of Massachusetts, Secretary of War; Mr. Thompson, of Indiana, Secretary of the Navy; Mr. Schurz, of Missouri, Secretary of the Interior; Mr. Key, of Tennessee, Postmaster-General, and Mr. McCrary, of Iowa, Attorney-General. Our sketch represents these gentlemen in Council at the White House.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—The famous Egyptian monolith known as Cleopatra's Needle, which was presented to the British government by Mehemet Ali in 1819, and has since been allowed to lie neglected and unclaimed on the sands of Alexandria, is at last to be transported to England. Professor Erasmus, a private citizen, has generously undertaken to defray the cost of its transmission, and the management of the

enterprise has been placed in the hands of Mr. John Dixon. The latter gentleman, assisted by his brother, Mr. Wayman Dixon, proposes the following means of transporting this shaft of granite: The sand is to be cleared away and the obelisk set square, parallel with the existing seawall. An iron cylinder, finished to a chisel edge, with sufficient diaphragm to give it strength, is to be constructed round the obelisk, which is to lie in the long axis of the cylinder, into water-tight compartments. The cylinder is to be ninety-five feet long by fifteen feet diameter, and will have a draught of nine feet of water when afloat. All being riveted water-tight, it will be rolled into the sea and across the sandy bed of the water till it floats. It will then be turned over, and the man-holes at the top opened, and about thirty tons of ballast put in to keep the ends vertical, so as to act like stem and stern. After this it will have two bilge keels, a rudder, light spar-deck, mast, and lugsails attached, and be provided with an anchor and good cables, and, if necessary, a pump in case of leakage. The cylinder ship, accompanied by the steamer which has it in tow, will then be fit to go to any port of the world with its freight, and in any weather.

On another page the reader will find a group of illustrations that will give a clearer idea of the preparations under way, for the protection and safety of this sea-going obelisk, than any words can do. In the upper corner, to the left, we see the great mass of granite lying prostrate on the soil of Egypt, while diagonally opposite it appears in all its ancient glory, looking down upon a new civilization and a new people. Before, however, the latter results can be reached, there must be a hazardous journey performed. Whether the peculiar craft depicted in the engraving will accomplish its task with success, and convey this grim monument of the siren of the Nile safely, is a matter of speculation; but it is sincerely to be hoped that the venturesome monolith will not fall a victim to the treachery of the waves.

This monument is one of two giant obelisks that were originally hewn out of the rose-colored granite of the quarries of Syene, and transported from Elephantine to Heliopolis, where the pair stood before the temple of the God Tamm. Thence they were taken in the days of Cleopatra, to Alexandria, receiving the name of Cleopatra's Needles in memory of their transfer. The entire height of this monolith, from the base to the apex, is about 68 feet 5 inches: it is 6 feet 11 inches at the base, and 4 feet 9 inches under the pyramidion. Four notches are in the corners of the base, to hold tenons or cramps by which it was supported on its pedestal, or on some objects which stood on the pedestal, but what they were is quite uncertain. Two of the faces have suffered by exposure to the sea, but the hieroglyphic inscriptions are distinctly visible, and will, no doubt, be more so when the monolith is set upright, and there is more shadow to throw them out. The cost of launching the obelisk will amount to about £3900; but there will be no attempt made to set soil until the summer months entitle those who have the enterprise in charge to hope for fair weather. Once arrived in England, the obelisk in its case will be towed down the Thames, and laid alongside the Embankment on a platform properly prepared for the purpose. It will be lifted high enough to clear the parapet, and the bilge keels and other artifications being stripped off, the cylinder will be rolled to the proposed site and then stripped of the obelisk. The latter will then be ready to be elevated to its pedestal—an operation which will be simply effected by means of a few blocks of timber and two small hydraulic rams. The whole cost of removal is not to exceed £10,000.

FINGER TEST.—This picture is introduced not only for the humor of the situation, but principally for the excellence of the drawing which is deserving of attention by all young artists.

ARTISTIC.

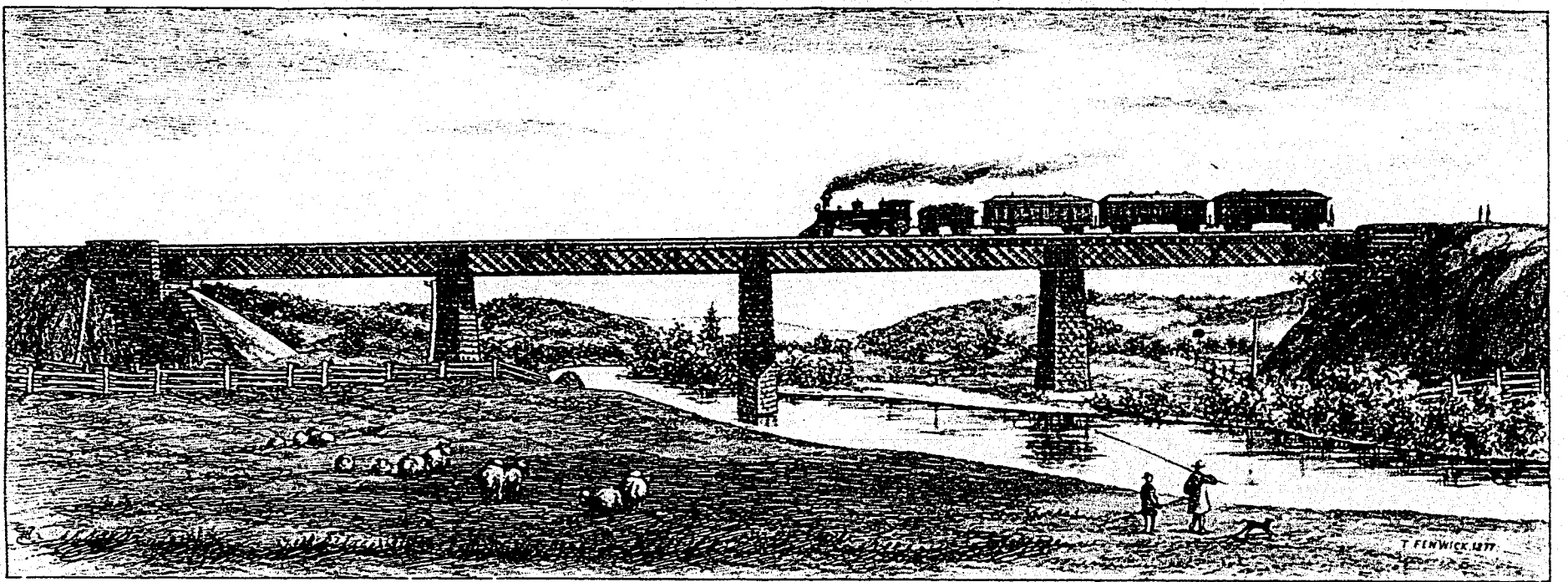
MEISSONIER accepted a commission a year or two since from a well-known dealer, for a small picture of two figures at £3,000, and when the work was finished asked twice that sum, on the ground that the value of his performances had doubled in the interval. A thousand pounds has become quite a common price for works by celebrities as recent as a new opera singer. For £100 you can get a small oil sketch of one figure by such a recent celebrity as M. de Neuville. The elder artists of reputation are building fine houses, like wealthy merchants, and the younger ones are either saving fortunes or spending them. Meantime there is just as much struggling as there ever was for those artists, young or old, who have not yet attracted the notice of the public, and are not on the dealers' private list of available men.

The full length bronze statue of Fitz-Greene Halleck, for which a site has been selected in Central Park, near the statues of Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, will be erected and unveiled in May. On this occasion the venerable poet Bryant will preside; William Allen Butler will deliver an address, and John G. Whittier will contribute a poem. The statue of Halleck will be the first ever erected to an American poet, and it is expected that all of the prominent poets will be present at the ceremony of unveiling.

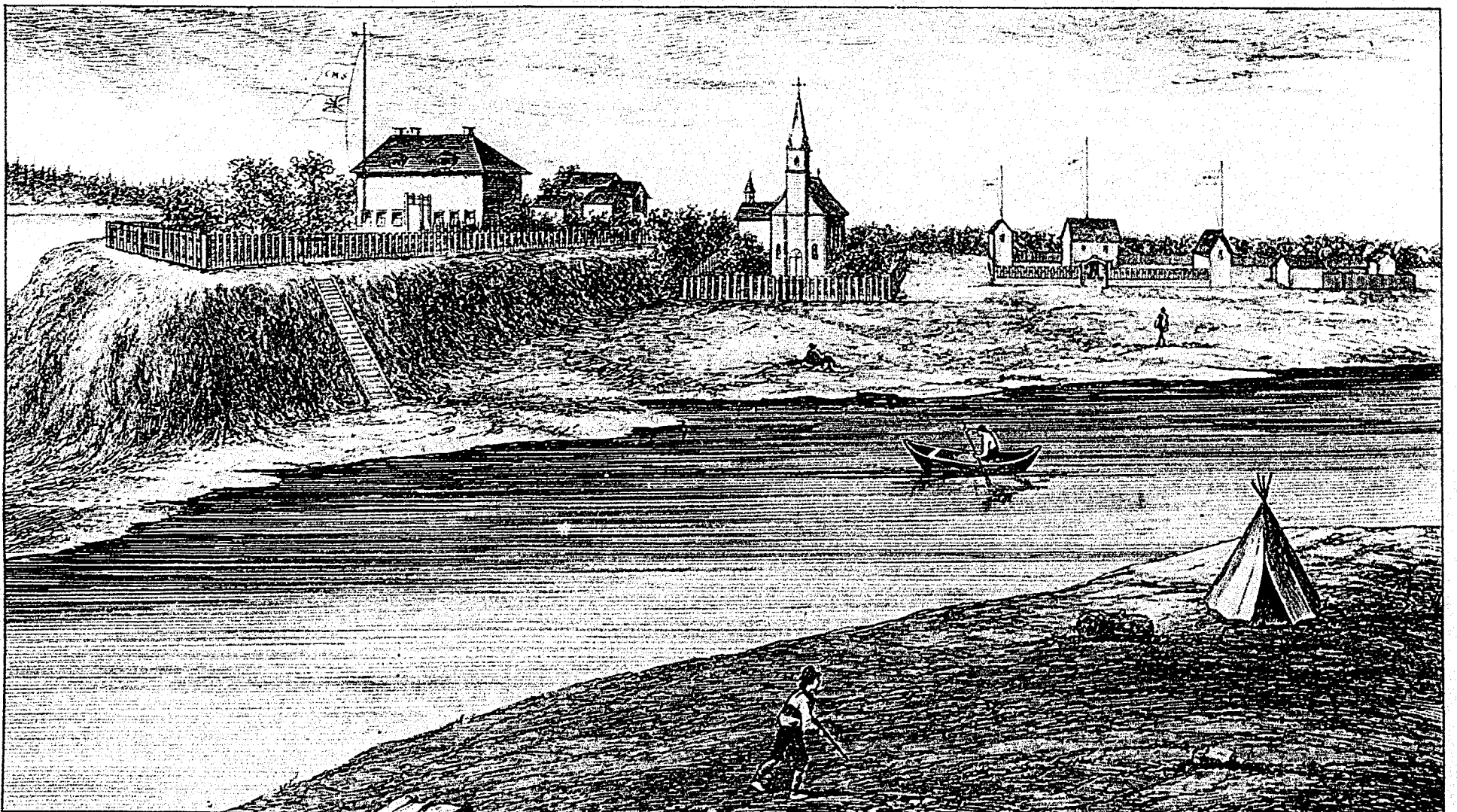
"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.



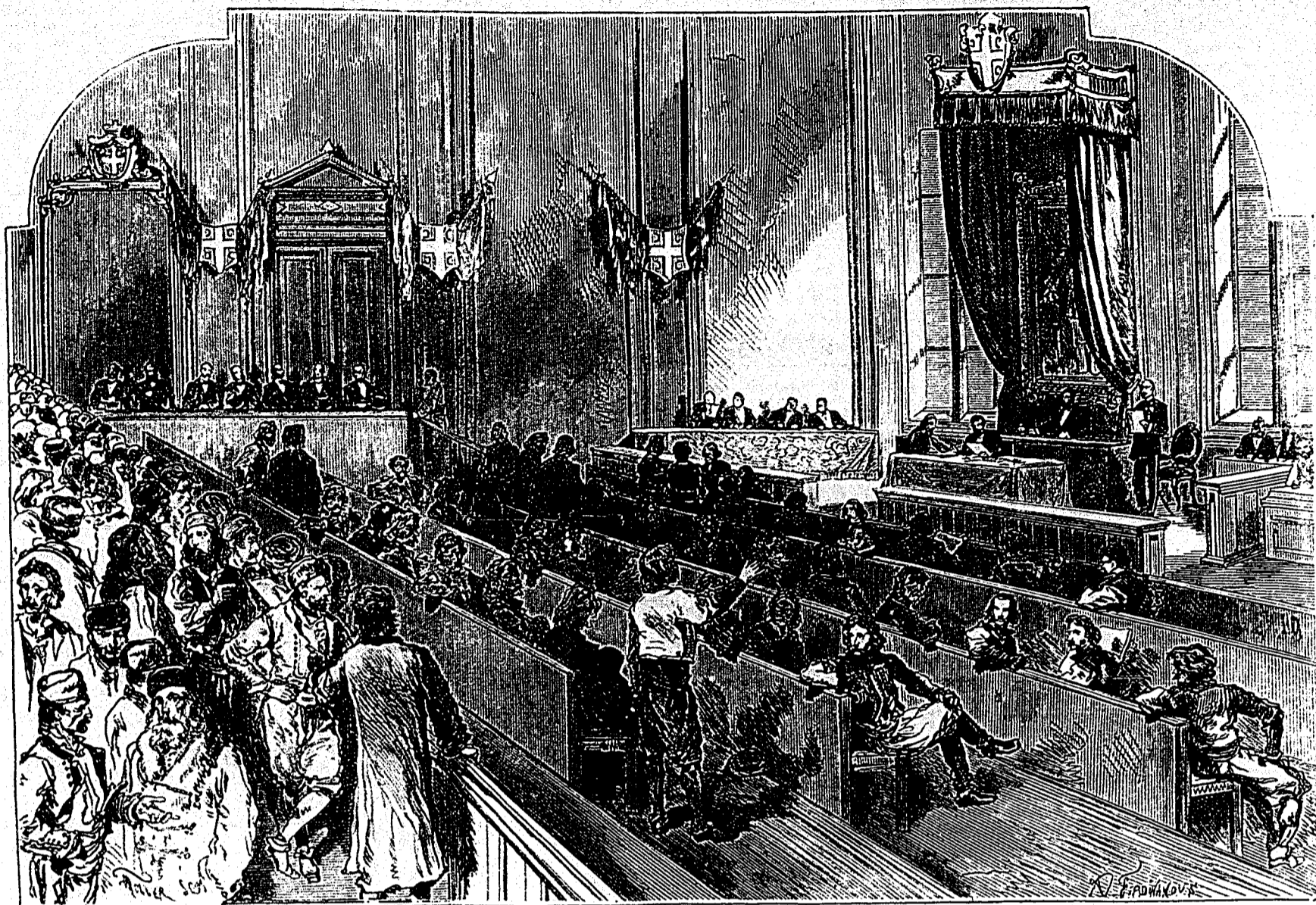
SPEARING FISH IN ASHBRIDGE BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. CRUICKSHANK.



SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.—METIS BRIDGE.—SKETCHED BY REV. T. FENWICK.



"LE PAS" POST OR FORT DEFIANCE, ON THE SASKATCHEWAN, PROVINCE OF KEEWATTIN.



BELGRADE:—SESSION OF THE SKUPCHINA OR SERVIAN PARLIAMENT TO ARRANGE THE PRELIMINARIES OF PEACE WITH TURKEY.



WRECKING OF THE "RUSLAND" OFF LONG BRANCH.

GEN. RICHARD MONTGOMERY, 1775.

(Sketched by himself.) (Continued.)

Among the papers inserted in this memoir, are the letter of Montgomery to Judge Livingston, asking for the hand of his daughter, and Judge Livingston's reply. This correspondence shows the stately steps by which matrimony was approached in the olden time.

KINGSBRIDGE, May 20th, 1773.

"SIR,—

Though I have been extremely anxious to solicit your approbation, together with Mrs. Livingston's, in an affair which nearly concerns my happiness and no less affects your daughter, I have, nevertheless, been hitherto deterred from this indispensable attention by reflecting that from so short an acquaintance as I have the honor to make with you, I could not flatter myself with your sanction, in a matter so very important as to influence the future welfare of a child. I therefore wished for some good natured friend to undertake the kind office of giving a favorable impression; but finding you had already had intimation of my desire to be honored with your daughter's hand, and apprehensive lest my silence should bear an unfavorable construction, I have ventured at last to request, sir, that you and Mrs. Livingston will consent to a union which to me has the most promising appearance of happiness, from the lady's uncommon merit and amiable worth. Nor will it be an inconsiderable addition to be favored by such respectable characters with the title of son, should I be so fortunate as to deserve it, and if to contribute to the happiness of a beloved daughter can claim any share with tender parents, I hope hereafter to have some title to your esteem.

"I am,

"With great respect,

"Your most obedient servant,

"RICHARD MONTGOMERY."

To which the learned Judge thus replied:

"CLAREMONT, 21st June, 1773.

"Sir,—I received your polite letter by the hands of Mr. Lawrence at Poughkeepsie, from whence I returned last night.

"I was there so engaged in the business of Court, both night and day, that I had no time to answer it and though I would have stolen an hour for that purpose, it required a previous consultation with Mrs. Livingston.

"Since we heard of your intentions, solicitous for our daughter's happiness, we have made such enquiries as have given a great deal of satisfaction. We both approve of your proposal and heartily wish your union may yield you all the happiness you seem to expect, to which we shall always be ready to contribute all in our power. Whenever it suits your convenience, we hope to have the pleasure of seeing you here, and in the meantime, I remain with due respect,

"Yr most humble servant,

"ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON."

We next alight on an epistle of rather a discouraging nature, for the cause of the Continentals:

"ISLE-AUX-NOIX,

"Sept. 12th, 1776.

"I am, my dear Janet, so exceedingly out of spirits and so chagrined with the behavior of the troops, that I most heartily repent having undertaken to lead them. I went down the river the other day with 500 or 600 men, in order to cut off the communication between St. Johns and Montreal. The detachment marched off from the boats at night, and in less than half an hour, returned in the utmost confusion, some little noise having been made by a few of our stragglers in the bushes. They gave way near the front, and the panic spreading, they were like sheep, with some few exceptions,—nor can I say who behaved worst. With solicitation, entreaty and reproaches, I got them off again, and in less than an hour they came back, having behaved almost as infamously as at first. In their last excursion, the advanced guard surprised a Canadian officer and some Indians in a hut; the officer and one Indian were killed, but the firing of two or three shots set the whole line a-firing without any object. The commanding officer, who was Ritzma, represented the impracticability of getting the detachment off. The next morning I tried again with as little success. In short, such a set of pusillanimous wretches never were collected. Could I, with decency, leave the army in its present situation, I would not serve an hour longer. I am much afraid the general character of the people has been too justly represented. However there are some whose spirit I have confidence in; they are taking pains with the men, and they flatter me with hopes of prevailing on them to retrieve their characters. We were so unfortunate as to have some Canadians witnesses of our disgrace! What they will think of the brave Bastonnais, I know not! My own feelings tell me they are not likely to put confidence in; such friends. Show this to your father only; it can't be of service to our common cause to make known our weakness. May I have better news to write hereafter!

"Adieu, my dearest Janet,

"Believe me most affectionately yours,

"RICHARD MONTGOMERY."

The fall of Fort Chambly, St. Johns, of

Montreal, of Sorel, of Three Rivers, soon after reached the ear of the loving, absent wife; welcome news, but alas!...

J. M. L.

Quebec, 25th March, 1877.

EPHEMERIDES.

A pretty and hitherto unpublished anecdote which I find in a Paris paper.

Beranger was intimate with David d'Angers. One day, on visiting the sculptor, he found him before a block of marble which had just received the last touches. It was a statuette representing a nude child standing on tip-toe under a branch of vine, with long-curling head thrown back, and holding in his hand an enormous bunch of grapes which his lips barely touched. Beranger, on seeing the delicious work, uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy, but immediately after sent forth a cry of horror.

"What is this, David?" he asked, and his finger pointed to a serpent which the artist had wrought behind the child and which seemed on the point of stinging its heel.

David explained his motive. He had wished to exhibit pain, the poison following in the wake of pleasure.

"Well, my dear friend, so much the worse for your allegory," replied the poet. "If you desire to do me a favor you will at once suppress the hideous beast and let this lovely vagabond eat his grapes in peace."

David smiled and bowed. Then seizing his chisel, with three strokes he sent the serpent flying off the marble.

I read in the Quebec papers that a great and vigorous effort is now being made towards the erection of a Mammoth saw house in the Jesuit Barrack yard, facing on St. Anne street, and it is expected that by the 10th April it will reach to as great a height as the cross on the French Church steeple. About five hundred carriers are busy carting snow, ice and garbage (the latter to be used as cement) daily from sun rise to sun set, and as there is ample accommodation in the yard, it would be well if all the philanthropic snow contractors in the city would turn their attention to this spot, and so hasten the completion of this noble structure. The medical men look upon this work with great satisfaction, as it is expected to yield them a handsome return, business in their line having been rather dull the present season.

Durham Terrace! The very name has poetry in it for every one who has visited the grand old city of Quebec. This winter it has been unusually piled with snow and the usual promenade, with its unrivalled view, could not be enjoyed. The corporation was too poor or too lazy to remove the snow, and hence a number of gentlemen volunteered to do the work at night to the accompaniment of ladies' prattle and a big brass band. The band did not turn out, but the ladies, and the work was done with success. The poet of the Chronicle thus chronicles the event:

"Forward the Snow Brigade! Was there a man dismayed? Not though the heroes knew The city had blundered; They did not make reply, They did not reason why, They did but do and try: On to the Terrace then Marched the half hundred.

Snow to the right of them, Snow to the left of them, And snow in front of them Frozen and solid, Stormed at with sleet and rain, Boldly they worked again, Into that mass of ice, Into that pile of snow Marched the half hundred.

Flashed all their shovels bare, Flashed as they turned in air, Severing the snow piles there Clearing the Terrace, while All the world wondered; Plunged in the misty smoke, Thro' the snow piles they broke: Ice and snow, snow and ice Reeled from the shovel stroke Shattered and sundered, Then they came back again Noble half hundred.

When can their glory fade? O the good work they made! All the world wondered, Honor the work they made! Honor the Snow Brigade, Noble half hundred.

Here is a story of Brillat-Savarin, the great French gastronomist which is worthy preserving. He was travelling with two ladies whom he had promised to escort as far as Melun. They had started early in the morning, and arrived at Montgeron with threatening appetites. But, alas! at the inn where they put up there seemed absolutely nothing left to eat, owing to the ravages of three "diligences" full of travellers, to say nothing of post-chaises. Only an excellent leg of mutton turned before the fire in the most approved of fashions. Unhappily it belonged to three Englishmen, who had brought it with them, and who were sitting upstairs drinking champagne and awaiting its arrival. "But, at least," said Brillat-Savarin to the cook, "you could dress us some eggs in the gravy." The cook assented, propounding the more than questionable doctrine that the gravy belonged to him of right as his perquisite. While he was engaged in breaking the eggs, Brillat-Savarin approached the leg of mutton and drew a large pocket-knife on fell designs intent; therewith he inflicted twelve deep wounds on the unresist-

ing meat, which soon gave up the last drop of its vital juice. By and by, the French party was making a delicious breakfast on œufs brouillés au jus, with cups of steaming coffee and cream; and laughing merrily at the thought that they had the substance of the leg of mutton, while the luckless English were endeavoring to masticate the fibrous tissue, which was all that remained of it.

THE FREE LANCE.

Cauchon is going to survey the boundaries of Alaska. Alas!

The fisheries are declining in the Lower Provinces. Nova Scotia has lost its seal.

Cheval amuses himself with a jewsharp in the House of Commons. That's what I call horse-play.

A good political maxim. Tell me whom you praise and I will tell you whom you hate.

A wicked Grit paper says that the investigation into the accounts of the Northern Railway has made out a clear case of black-mailing.

"Have you seen 'The Bastonnais?'" "Oh, yes; bought two copies of it." "That was sensible. But why two?" "Because I found it so interesting that I wanted to read it twice."

A begging lady rang at the door of an aristocratic mansion on Sherbrooke street.

"Missus don't receive to-day," said the servant.

"That's no matter. I don't want her to receive, but to give."

That was a boss cartoon in a late number of Punch. A magnificent American ox, drawn in Tenniel's best style, is represented goring a stout British butcher and tossing him high in air. The title is "Bos Americanus," or Yankee Beef and British Butcher.

A sick man refused to follow the prescriptions of his physician, and doctored himself.

"Do as you like now," said the physician in disgust, "you are lost."

"If I am lost, then I had better take your remedies."

He did so, and the joke was that he recovered.

Bad example is contagious. I instanced some time ago, the atrocity of the London Advertiser which tortured the harmless French words

Pas de Lieu Rhone que nous.

into "Paddle your own canoe."

Now comes the Ottawa Citizen with the following:

"Ton mais, mais que theme for heure on qu'elle, which is worked into

"Tommy, make room for your uncle."

LAULEDE.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

As we were the first to announce the opera of "Jeanne D'Arc," by Messrs. Prune and Lavallée, we are pleased at being again the first to publish the programme. These gentlemen have just concluded their arrangements with the directors of the Academy of Music. The representation will take place about the middle of May. The outlay for costumes, scenery and other accessories will amount to more than \$2,000. 239 persons are engaged. In the opera proper there are 34 active parts, 10 silent parts and 40 figurants. The chorus, already well trained, consists of 80 voices. The orchestra will number not less than 50 instruments. The following is the programme:

- Jeanne D'Arc..... Madame Prune
St. Catherine..... Miss Gauthier
St. Marguerite..... Miss Desmarais
Lays, a page..... Miss Hone
King Charles VII..... Mr. Chas. Labelle
De Thouars..... Mr. Louis Labelle
L'Huic..... Mr. Paul Watton
Jacques D'Arc..... Mr. Paul Dumas
Maitre-Jean..... Mr. LeBlon

VARIETIES.

THREE EMINENT PHYSICIANS.—As the celebrated physician Desmoulins lay on his death-bed, he was visited and almost constantly surrounded by the most distinguished medical men of Paris, as well as other prominent citizens of the French metropolis. Great were the lamentations of all at the loss about to be sustained by the profession, in the death of one they regarded as its greatest ornament; but Desmoulins spoke cheerfully to his fellow-practitioners, assuring them that he had left behind three physicians much greater than himself. Each of the doctors hoping that his own name would be called, inquired anxiously who was sufficiently illustrious to surpass the immortal Desmoulins. With great distinctness the dying man answered, "They are Water, Exercise, and Diet. Call in the service of the first freely, of the second regularly, and of the third moderately. Follow this advice, and you may well dispense with my aid. Living, I could do nothing without them; and, dying, I shall not be missed if you make friends with these, my faithful coadjutors."

AGED BEAUTIES.—History is full of the accounts of the fascination of women who were no longer young. Thus Helen of Troy was over-

forty when she perpetrated the most famous elopement on record; and as the siege of Troy lasted a decade, she could not be very juvenile when the ill-fortune of Paris restored her to her husband, who is reported to have received her with unquestioning love and gratitude. Pericles wedded the courtesan Aspasia when she was thirty-six, and yet she afterward, for thirty years or more, wielded an undiminished reputation for beauty. Cleopatra was past thirty when Antony fell under her spell, which never lessened until her death, nearly ten after; and Livia was thirty-three when she won the heart of Augustus, over whom she maintained her ascendancy to the last.

Turning to more modern history, where it is possible to verify dates more accurately, we have the extraordinary De Poitiers, who was thirty-six when Henry II.—then Duke of Orleans, and just half her age—became attached to her; and she was held as the first lady and most beautiful woman at court up to the period of the monarch's death and the accession of Catherine of Medicis. Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when she was described as the handsomest queen of Europe, and when Buckingham and Richelieu were her jealous admirers. Ninon, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of three generations of the golden youth of France, and she was seventy-two when the Abbe de Berais fell in love with her. True it is that in the case of this lady, a rare combination of culture, talents and personal attractions endowed their possessor seemingly with the gifts of eternal youth.

Bianca Capello was thirty-eight when the Grand Duke Francesco of Florence fell captive to her charms and made her his wife, though he was five years her junior. Louis XIV. wedded Madame de Maintenon when she was forty-three years of age. Catherine II. of Russia was thirty-three when she seized the Empire of Russia and captivated the dashing Gen. Orloff. Up to the time of death—at sixty-seven—she seemed to have retained the same bewitching powers, for the lamentations were heartfelt among all those who had known her personally. Mile. Mars, the celebrated French tragedienne, only attained the zenith of her beauty and power between forty and forty-five. At that period the loveliness of her hands and arms, especially, was celebrated throughout Europe. The famous Madame Recamier was thirty-eight when Barras was ousted from power, and she was without dispute declared to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, which rank she held for fifteen years.

HUMOROUS.

THE man who knows of a good trout stream is now actively engaged in keeping his mouth shut.

Blue glass has achieved another triumph. It cured a book agent of lockjaw, but it was pain as a ghost when it got through.

THE secret of running a boarding-house profitably is to find out just what your boarders don't like, and then feed 'em lots of it.

WHEN Robert Burns died he forgot to take a pair of silver sleeve-buttons with him, and they are now in the possession of several hundred different people.

IT warns the charitable heart to see the smile of peaceful satisfaction that creeps over the face of the man who finds in these hard times, a few days more of wear in a pair of discarded boots.

WHEN a man discovers that his boy has been using his razor to sharpen a slate pencil with, his faith that he is to be father of a President is temporarily eclipsed by his anxiety to find the boy and a piece of bath.

HALF the fools in Canada think they can beat the doctors at curing the sick; two-thirds of them are sure they can beat the ministers preaching the gospel; and all of them know they can beat the editors running the papers.

THE ground is bare in spots and cats may be planted to advantage. You cannot plant cats any too early, nor is it possible to get too many of them in a hill. You may not raise anything where the cat is planted, but the cat will not raise anything either, and that is where the enormous profit comes in.

THERE is no more striking and saddening picture of extreme poverty and suffering of the poor, these cruel times, than to see a half-clad, shoeless, stocking-less child seated on the cold curbstone, his old rope-handled basket half full of charity's dry crust at his side, and himself lost in reverie through the contenting influence of an old sugar butt.

THE late Dr. Erskine, one of the ornaments of the Scottish National Church, was a clergyman of deep and earnest piety. One day, when something had occurred to irritate him, and to put him into so violent a passion that language seemed to be denied him for the time, Christianity putting a curb on the refractory tongue, the beadle rather archly queried, "Would an alth relieve ye, sir?"

A CLERGYMAN, meeting a little boy of his acquaintance, said, "This is quite a stormy day, my son."—"Yes, sir," answered the boy, "this is quite a wet rain." The clergyman, thinking to rebuke such hyperbole, asked if he ever knew of any other than a wet rain. "I never knew personally of any other," returned the boy; "but I have read in a certain book of a time when it rained fire and brimstone, and I guess that was not a very wet rain."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELINA PATTI receives \$1,050 in gold every night she sings in Europe.

OXENFORD, the English dramatic critic, once said that during all his long career, he had never written a line which would send an actor home in despair, to find his wife and children in tears.

MR. SIMS REEVES, the great English tenor, is getting well on in years, and grows more capricious as he grows older. It is said that he now often refuses to sing at concerts where he has been announced, from no reason but the merest whim, and he is inflexible in his determination to respond to no encores. He sings just exactly the number of pieces that he is paid to sing, neither more nor less. He refuses to go outside of England, and declined for this reason a very lucrative engagement offered him in Australia and New South Wales. He preserves the beauty of his voice in a marvellous degree.

TO THE SILENT BIRD.

Oh! why hast thou so long been silent, bird! For though thy song was passing sweet to hear, And though its notes were grateful to my ear, 'Tis long since I that welcome song have heard.

And oh! 'twas sad; methought it seemed to tell (Perchance unto a sympathising breast) A tale of captured mate or riven nest, Or some misfortune, which to thee befell.

Thereby I loved it; for a heart like mine, That often hath a weight of misery borne, Loves no glad piping, while itself doth mourn, But leaps to welcome such a lay as thine.

I pray thee, bird, resume thy wonted strain: With myriad melodies comes gentle Spring, But none like thine, to me delight can bring, I wait to hear thy pensive song again.

Montreal, March 29th, 1877. M. J. WELLS.

OVER A GLASS.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF ALEXANDER HERZON.

We are surrounded in the world by people who are but shadows to us, vague silhouettes appearing in our lives for a little, and then vanishing. Their very faces, even their brilliant qualities, are soon forgotten in the changing scene in which we move; for the world is ever changing, though it is always progressing, and like eternity, has no known limit to its progress.

Yet these shadowy forms which cross our path are there in virtue of certain laws. We cannot define these laws, because we never get more than mere glimpses of those with whom we come thus casually into contact. They never assume a definite shape. Memory loses its hold of them as life runs on.

Yet if one sets himself to watch some little incident, to examine one grain of dust out of the whirlwind of life, one drop from the bucket ere it disappears, the same laws and the same forces will be detected in operation as those which produce revolutions of nature in the physical world, and catastrophes in the history of humanity. . . . A tempest in a teacup, which is a phrase often laughed at, resembles more than might be expected a tempest in the ocean.

Last summer I was looking for a country house to rent. Tired with putting the same eternal questions and getting the same eternal answers, I stepped into a tavern, in front of which there was a pillar, surmounted by a portrait of George IV., wearing a mantle much similar to that which decorates the figure of the King of Clubs, his hair daintily brushed and powdered, and his cheeks of crimson hue. George IV., raised on high like a street lamp, and painted on a large iron plate, announced to passers-by the vicinity of the tavern, not only by his striking portrait, which caught the eye, but also by an intolerable grinding of the hinges on which he hung, which caught the ear.

You could see through the garden gate a little green plot where they were playing at skittles. I went in. Everything was in the usual order—I mean the order usual in such tavern-gardens in the neighbourhood of London—tables and benches covered with trellis work—shells arranged so as to look like old ruins—flowers planted so as to form letters or figures. The tables were full of shop-keepers solemnly occupied in drinking beer in company with their wives and clerks, and workmen with pipes in their mouths which they never thought of removing, were hurling about balls as large as cannon-balls in the alley.

I asked for a "grog," and sat down on a bench under the trellis. A fat waiter, in a black coat much too tight for him, and very far gone with decay, wearing also a pair of black trousers with a greasy gloss on them, turned round suddenly as if he had just burned his fingers, and called to a boy opposite, "John, whisky cold for No. 8." An awkward potboy, horribly de-faced with small-pox, brought me my "grog."

Notwithstanding the rapid movement of the fat waiter, I thought I recognized him. I watched him for a little. He was leaning against one of the trees, carefully keeping his back towards me. I began to feel sure I had seen him before, but for the life of me I could not remember where. At length I determined to satisfy my curiosity and taking advantage of a moment when "John" had gone for a pot of beer, I called the waiter.

"Yes, sir?" he replied, from behind the tree, which kept him out of my sight, in the tone used by a man who has to do something disagreeable, but which is inevitable. With the attitude of a general about to deliver up a fortress, he approached me—brandishing a dirty napkin to keep himself in countenance. His assumed dignity confirmed me in my opinion, that I was not wrong in thinking he was an old acquaintance.

II.

Three years previously I had been staying for a few days in one of the most aristocratic hotels in the Isle of Wight. Hotels in England are not particularly distinguished either for good wine or for recherche cookery. Their chief attraction is their magnificent outside appearance, and the excellent attendance one gets. The servants perform their duties there with all the gravity of councillors of State of the olden time, or Dutch chamberlains.

The chief waiter in the Royal Hotel was scarcely approachable; supercilious to passing guests, and by no means accommodating to those who came for only a few days, he never condescended to be civil to any but those who were

habitues of the hotel. No one could accuse him of spoiling by obsequiousness those inexperienced travellers who chose to inquire how it happened that a cutlet and potatoes, followed by a morsel of cheese and a lettuce, should cost five shillings.

When such questions were asked he put on an air of supreme contempt. Every gesture was elaborated. From the depth of his bow, from the expression of his face, from the way in which he said, "Yes, sir," in reply to your call, any stranger in the room might have guessed without difficulty the estimation in which he held you. He had an instinctive art of finding out all about you. One or two glances told him your probable age, your position in society, and enabled him to form a very shrewd estimate of what your hotel bill would amount to.

One day I was sitting in a room in the hotel of which the window was open. I asked if I might smoke in the room. He drew himself up. His hand was on the door. Fixing his eyes on the ceiling, he replied in a voice full of ill-suppressed indignation—"I do not understand what you want, sir!"

"Can I smoke in this room?" I repeated in a higher tone of voice—the kind of tone that succeeds in England with their "excellencies" who wait at hotel tables, and in Russia with their "excellencies" who wait at the tables of the bureaux of State. But this waiter was not an ordinary "excellency." He drew himself up without losing countenance, and replied, with all the dignity of Kariatyguine—playing Coriolanus: "I am unable to say, sir—the question has not arisen during my engagement here. No traveller ever before asked me the question. I shall inform the 'governor,' and bring you his reply."

Of course it is needless to say that the "governor" sent me, in punishment of my insolence, to a Smoking Room, the atmosphere of which was too suffocating for me to enter.

With all his hauteur, and in spite of his consciousness of his own dignity and of the dignity of the Royal Hotel—things which he never forgot for a moment—the waiter at last became exceedingly friendly to me. It is only right to say that this was not due to any merit of mine, but to the fact that he had discovered that I was a Russian. I wonder whether he had any statistical information about the Russian exports of hemp, or tallow, or wheat, or woods from the Crown lands? I can't guess. But he certainly did know that Russia exports to foreign countries an enormous quantity of Princes and Counts, and that all of them have plenty of money. (He knew nothing about the emancipation of the serfs.)

An aristocrat at heart, both by his imagined social position and by instinct, he had learned with pleasure that I was a Russian. To raise himself in my estimation, and make himself agreeable to me, he one day entered into the following conversation with me, playing gracefully all the time with a branch of the ivy that overhung the garden gate.

"Only five days ago, sir, I had the honour to wait on your Grand Duke, when he came to Osborne with her Majesty the Queen."

"Ah!" said I. "His Highness took lunch—the Archduke is a very nice young gentleman," added the waiter, closing his eyes with an approving air. So saying he lifted the silver cover from a dish of cauliflower.

When I left the hotel, he pointed out my portmanteau to the hall porter with his little finger, and as a parting mark of regard for me, he actually with his own hands lifted my common-place book from the table and handed it to me in the carriage. In taking leave of him I gave him half-a-crown in addition to what I had already paid for attendance; but he took no notice whatever of the gift, though it disappeared as if by magic into the pocket of his white waistcoat, which was starched with a perfection that no gentleman's laundress can ever equal.

"Surely we are old acquaintances," said I to the waiter, as I sat down on a bench, in the suburbs of London, while he handed me a light.

It was the same man. "I am here now," said the waiter, who was now very far from resembling either Kariatyguine or Coriolanus.

He had evidently been crushed to the very ground with sorrow. His whole demeanour, his very features, were expressive of suffering. The man had been half killed by misfortune. It pained me to see him. His coarse red face, which reminded you of a Ukraine water-melon, hung in flabby wrinkles, each of which looked like a separate muscle. His black whiskers, shaved up to the middle of his cheeks, and dexterously sloped off towards the corners of his lips, were the only monument of the past that remained intact.

He did not, at first, respond to my claim of acquaintanceship.

"I could hardly have believed," I said, as awkwardly as possible.

He looked towards me as a culprit does when taken in the act. Then he looked all round the garden—at the shrubs, at the beer, at the skittle-alley—at the shop-boys and workmen who were playing. No doubt there arose then in his mind's eye the vision of a table gorgeously appointed, at which sat a Grand Duke and a Queen, behind whose chairs he was respectfully

A Russian tragic actor.

bowing; yet before his bodily eyes there was nothing but a garden arranged with all the rigid regularity of a cheap pictorial keepsake, and as trim as a lady's boudoir. His mental vision recalled a salle à manger filled with vases and all sorts of splendid ornaments, and hung with rich heavy silk hangings. No doubt he thought of the irreproachable black coat of the olden time, and the white gloves with which he used to hold out the silver salver for payment of the bill—a trying sight for the inexperienced traveller.

But the reality present to his sight—how different it was! Noisy brawling players at skittles; a green strewn with the remains of dirty old tobacco-pipes; vulgar gin and water, and beer, and the eternal pale ale!

"They were other times with me then," he said, at last, "not like the present."

"Waiter!" shouted a half-drunk shop-boy, rattling on the bench with a pewter pot, "a pint of half-and-half. Look sharp!"

My old acquaintance looked piteously at me, and went to fetch the beer—he looked so humiliated, so ashamed of himself and of his position, and he showed such symptoms of that melancholy which ends in suicide, that my very blood ran cold. The customer paid him in coppers, and I turned away to avoid seeing my friend receiving the customary penny "pour-boire."

The ice was broken, and he seemed anxious to tell me of the misfortunes which had driven him from the "Royal Hotel" into the George IV. Tavern. He came back to me of his own accord and said, "I am happy to see you again. I hope you are quite well, sir."

"Quite well, thank you. I am never ill."

"How did you think, sir, of coming to an out-of-the-way place like this?"

"I am looking for a house to live in."

"There are plenty to let hereabouts; there is one a few yards to the right, and another just beyond. I have been very unfortunate. I have lost every farthing that I had gained from my youth upwards. You have heard, no doubt, of the failure at Tipperary. I have lost everything through it. When I read the news of it in the papers, I would not believe it at first. Afterwards I rushed off to a solicitor.

"You need not put yourself to any trouble," he said; "you cannot save anything; you will lose your all; in the meantime hand me six and eightpence for this consultation."

"I walked out into the street. I walked all day, trying to make up my mind what to do. I thought of throwing myself from a cliff into the sea and of drowning my children with me, but when I looked at them I shrank from it. I had not the heart to kill them. I fell ill—the greatest misfortune that can befall a waiter in a hotel.

"At the end of the week I was able to resume my work. It does not need to be said that my spirits were gone; my misfortunes filled my mind.

"The landlord told me twice that I must look more cheerful—that the gentlemen who came to the house were not all returning from a funeral, and that travellers did not like to be waited on by melancholy-looking attendants like me.

"One day, soon afterwards, I dropped a plate at dinner. I had never done such a thing in my life before. The people laughed. That same night the landlord told me to look out for another situation, as he could not put up with such conduct.

"The reason is that I have been ill, sir," I replied. "I have been—"

"Get better," was the reply. "We don't want unwell people here."

"One remarked to another, and the discussion ended in a quarrel. To revenge himself for some things I said, the landlord maligned me in all the other hotels—calling me a drunkard and charging me with insolence. I found it useless to apply for employment. Nobody would have me. At last, changing my name—like a thief—I determined to seek any sort of situation for a time, but the result was the same. I could find none—none—none!

"During this time everything I had, even my wife's earrings and her brooch—jewels given her by a duchess—whose upper lady's-maid she had been for four years—everything had to go for it. I had even to pawn my clothes, and you know that clothes are articles of the first necessity for a waiter, for without good clothes he cannot be admitted into any respectable establishment. I have often served in temporary bars, and I have managed to exist in that wandering sort of life.

"I don't know how this tavern-keeper consented to take me in (in saying this he looked down at his faded old black suit of clothes), but I am glad to be able to earn a little bread for my children; as for my wife—"

He was silent for a moment. Then resuming he said—"My wife has now to wash linen for others—if you require a laundress, sir, this is her address—she can wash very well—yet in former times—she never had to—but what is the good of thinking of old times?—beggars have no power to choose their work—only it is very hard—for a lady!"

I saw a tear tremble and glisten in his eye. It fell on his bosom, now no longer covered with a waistcoat of clear starched pique.

"Waiter," shouted a voice in the distance.

"Yes, sir."

He left, and I did the same.

III.

It was long since I had seen such a case of real affliction. The man was evidently bent down under a weight of misfortune which had broken his life. He did not certainly feel his position any less keenly than any of those decayed nobles who, shipwrecked in this country or in that, take refuge within the shores of England.

Any less keenly?—No, that is not the word for it. He suffered ten times more—nay a hundred times more—than Louis-Philippe, for example, who lived not far from the "George IV. Tavern," at Claremont.

The great examples of misfortune—those which arrest the attention of the world—are nearly all to be found in the history of extraordinary men. These men have grander natures than those of common humanity, and they have generally more means of relief from misfortune at their command. The strokes of the axe plied against the stem of an old oak resound through all the forest; but they scarcely stir the top of the giant tree; yet the grass falls to the ground noiseless under the scythe, and we tread it under foot as we heedlessly pass over it.

I have witnessed so much misery that I have had a sad experience to look back upon. I have seen many of the miserable great, but I felt my heart melt at the sight of this waiter of the "Royal Hotel" fallen into such wretchedness.

Do you know what the word "beggar" means in England? It means this—excommunication, such as it was in the middle ages—civil death; contempt from the mob; forced humility; want of legal rights; want of justice; want of protection; deprivation of every right, except that of imploring assistance from your neighbour.

When this man, crushed with shame and fatigue, leaves the "George IV. Tavern" for his lodging, carrying with him the memories of the past and his inward sorrows, what repose will there be for him? His wife will be waiting for him—she who had once been the upper lady's-maid of a duchess, she who was by his conduct reduced to the condition of a washerwoman! How often, too weakened with misery to understand it, has he sought some comfort for his ills in gin, that only consoler of the poor suffering, the fatal reliever of so many over-burdened minds, of so much sorrow, of so many lives which without it would have been one long inimitable agony, but a process of grief and sorrow buried in the blackness of darkness.

This is all very well, you will say; but why does not the man learn to think less of his wordly position? What real difference is there between the condition of a double or triple-chimned waiter, pampered in a "Royal Hotel," and that of a poor potboy in the "George IV. Tavern"?

To a philosopher the difference may not be very great; but this man was a hotel servant, and philosophers are rare in that class of society. I have tried to remember some of them, but I can only think of two—Esop and Jean Jacques Rousseau and Rousseau abandoned, this line of life in early youth.

To conclude—Is there any use arguing in that way? Certainly the man would have done better by far if he had shown himself superior to his misfortunes; but what if he could not?

Why could he not? Ask Macaulay, and Lingard, and the other historians. For my own part, rather than answer the question, I should like better to tell you the tale of other sufferers and other beggars.

Ah, yes! I have known miserable sufferers among the great; and it is just because I have known them, that I reserve my sympathies for the waiter of the "George IV. Tavern."

HYGIENIC.

THE cremating of kitchen garbage in one's own stove or furnace is a profitable transaction; it saves fuel. Potato parings, cabbage, or other leaves thrown on the fire train the heat and prevent its rapid passage up the chimney.

A PHYSICIAN says that the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness. It will restore vigour to an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to promote weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room; a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics.

ONE result of the discussions as to the difficulty of carrying lime-juice in Arctic expeditions, owing to its own weight and bulk, and the weight of fuel said to be required to melt it, has been to cause certain experiments to be instituted as to the best means of concentrating it and diminishing its bulk and weight. This is proved to be exceedingly easy. Thus it has been found practicable to make lozenges two of which represent the solid constituents of an ounce of lime-juice mixed with sugar, and which are both portable and extremely palatable. Moreover, it has been found that lime-juice may be concentrated to one-tenth of its bulk very easily, and fortified with a ration of rum so as to occupy very little space indeed. This combination of rum with lime-juice is also agreeable to the palate, and can hardly be frozen at the lowest temperatures.

PHOSFOZONE

A NEW DISCOVERY in Medicine which supplies to the system the waste caused by disease or by excesses of any kind. It is composed of Calisaya and the OZONIC COMPOUNDS OF PHOSPHORUS, and for building up the constitution is unequalled. It has been prescribed for NERVOUS DEBILITY, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM and LUNG DISEASES with great success. Sold by all Druggists. Further particulars on applying to EVANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.



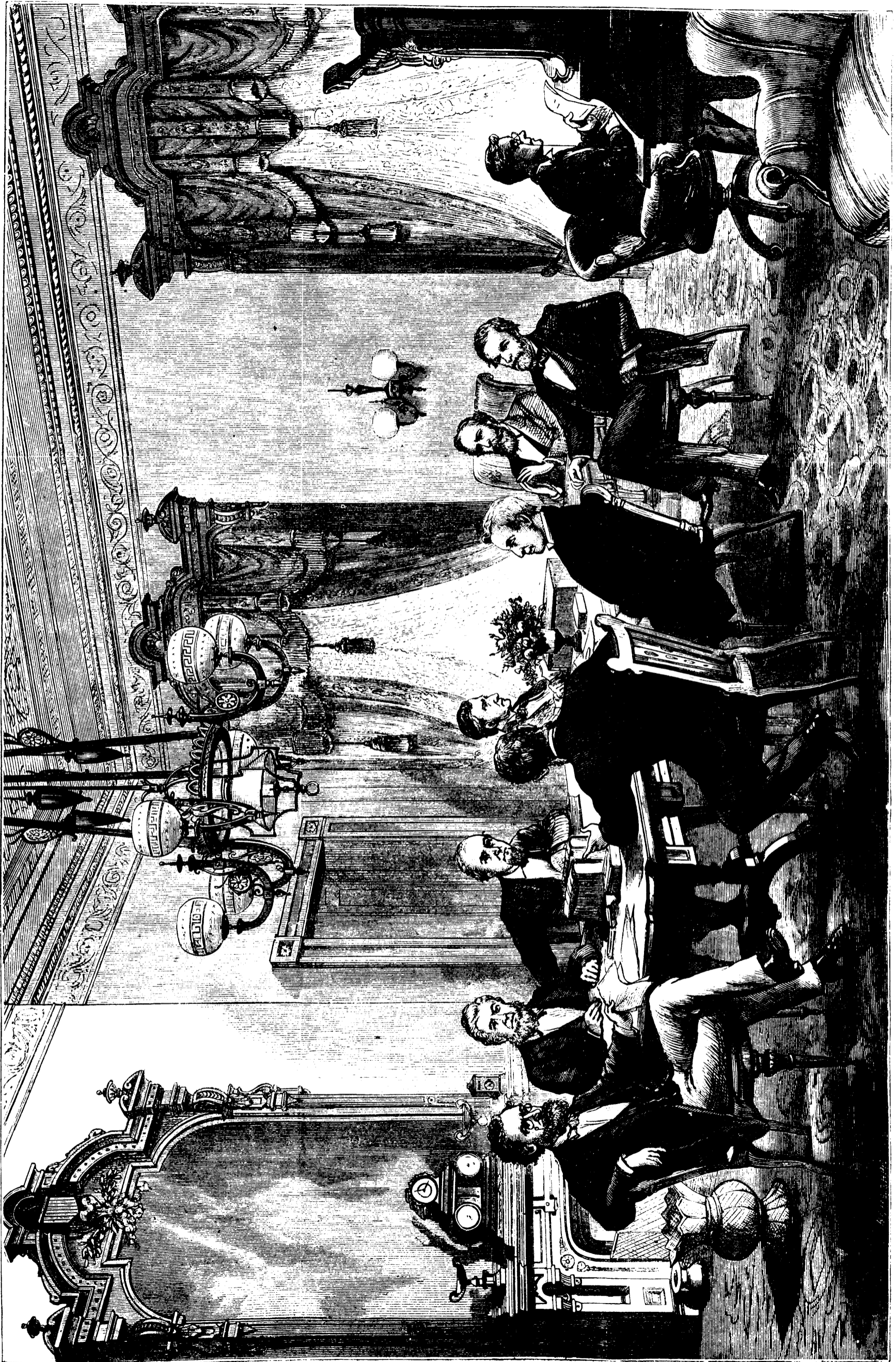
HON. J. L. BEAUDRY, M. L. C., MAYOR OF MONTREAL.



REV. W. S. RAINSFORD.



WASHINGTON:—OFFICE SEEKERS TROOPING TO PRESIDENT HAYES' PRIVATE OFFICE.



SHERMAN, Treasury.

THE PRESIDENT.

WAR, DEVINS.

STATE, EVARTS.

NAVY, THOMPSON.

GENERAL, McCrARY.

POST-MASTER GENERAL, KEY.

SCHURZ, INTERIOR.

WASHINGTON:—THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET IN COUNCIL.

THE LOST PIONEER.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Canada,
Never crush'd by tyrant's sway
Throughout thy wide Dominion,
The aged, young, and gay
Come rally round the standard now,
Come rally to the stand,
With hearts united to the fair,
In this our forest land.

Long years of toil we left the soil,
Our good old native shore,
To build our homes upon this earth:
Where trees had stood of yore,
We swept the bosom of our fields
And labor'd with our hands
To build our cabins and our towns
Within the lotted rands.

By sail we cross'd the ocean wide,
And brav'd the tide of chance.
No steam had we to plow the sea
From England or France.
We brav'd the dangers of the deep
With God, our pioneer,
Through calm and through the chilly breeze
To plant our footsteps here.

Hurrah! for a land of freedom,
Where health and comforts dwell,
The virtuous Queen of England,
And hearts we love so well.
May our cause for ever prosper,
Our banners, free from stain,
With peace and plenty in our land,
And good Victoria's reign.

In this land of lakes and valleys,
Where gently glides the stream,
And on the side of mountains glow,
The moon's bright rising beam
Sheds its splendor all around us,
Where aged cotters dwell,
Music from the harp hath found us
Its loving memories tell.

Our fathers rest beneath the sod,
Hearts worthy of the name,
They nail'd their colours to the mast,
While sailing o'er the main,
They bore the battle of the breeze,
While seeking favor'd gain,
And swept away the stately trees
In their triumphant reign.

Hamilton.

AMOS PITT.

In consideration of our appreciative review of his poems in a late number of the NEWS, Mr. Amos Pitt has had the kindness to send us the manuscript of the above as *primitive*, for which we beg him to accept our most cordial thanks.—
ED. C. I. N.

HELEN.

BY AUSTIN LESLIE.

I.

Such is the simple title of my story. It is a short name—only five letters of the alphabet: to those who delight in aristocratic high-sounding names a very ordinary plebeian one indeed; but to me it is the name among the names of women, at the sight of which, in a playbill or a tale, in a newspaper paragraph or a milliner's circular, on massive door or modest window-plate, a thrill goes through my heart, and I feel a beating there that is not easily hushed. Yet why should I try to still it? Are not all the happiest hours of my life associated with that dear name? At the mention of it there seem to float before my eyes the waves of golden brown hair that encircled as with a halo the sweet face, and the soft violet eyes are looking again into mine, and the old well-remembered tones seem to swell in music upon my ear. What folly to speak thus when I shall listen to them no more for ever!

Yet I still love to think of by-gone days—it is the only happiness that is left me now—days that were ushered in with clouds of crimson glory, filling the east with their roscate hues, deepening on through the noon into dazzling sunshine and an unclouded sky; but the promise of a glorious day went down in thunder and lightning and furious storm. Even so has it been with me; and the storm, alas, may not have spent its force, but be gathering fresh strength to pour out its vials of wrath on my devoted head. Well, I have borne it yet, and my heart is well-nigh seared and scarred with wounds and sorrows; but I shall bear it to the end. What more pleasure can the world have in store for me? Let the rain fall in pitiless showers and the bleak wind howl around the gnarled and crooked trees that stand crouching before the blast. I shall stand firm unto the end. I can bear my fate.

What bitter, dark, brooding sense of evil is this that is filling my heart? What other fate do I deserve than this that has now come upon me? And yet it is sweet to look back on the lost days—the days that are no more. And a balmy breath of summer wind seems to steal over my spirit, and a voice of unutterable love to come borne on the whispering breeze, telling me that there is a solace for the wounded heart and a balm for the broken spirit. Ah, I wonder if that balm will ever be mine!

All is yet as clear and distinct to my mental vision as on that happy day when I put my knapsack on my back, and with canvas and colours, and all the other paraphernalia of a landscape-painter, took my way into the regions of flood and fell. Ah, for those happy days when with a buoyant heart I climbed heath and hill, and filled my longing soul with the beautiful vision of creation—the tumbling brook, the roaring torrent, the heath-clad moor, the rugged mountain in all its stern and glorious majesty, watching cloud and sunshine chasing each other over hill and dale, and transferring to the glowing canvas effects of storm and mist, rain and sunset! Now in shady dells and silvan glades of wood and forest, catching the sheeny light cast on the tremulous foliage, and striving to depict in all its wonderful anatomy the gnarled

trunks and tapering branches of the monarchs of the wood, among wild flowers and grasses growing by the hedgerows, watching the golden tints on the ripening grain, as Autumn, with russet fingers, mellowed the wooded uplands; and again on the solemn shore, amid the glistening seaweed-covered rocks and brown-ribbed sand, with the tumbling waves and the murmur of the unresting surge—God's never ceasing music—around me. Say you that the vocation of a landscape-painter is an idle pursuit, unworthy of a cultivated mind? Let him have—as he should have—a deep reverence for the works of the Creator, and patiently persevering in his attempt to perpetuate that which he deeply reverences, striving to represent worthily something which has touched his inmost feelings, each difficulty he overcomes tends to strengthen and ennoble, each victory affords him the keenest possible delight. But why do I talk of those old days, mauding thus about past joys that can never return, that are gone for evermore, taking with them all the gladness and buoyancy of youth, and leaving behind but the wreck cast up by the waves on a barren shore?

It seems but as yesterday that I saw her as she came along the path in the wood, where I sat transferring to my canvas some exquisite ferns and foxgloves that grew together on the bank, their green and purple tints blending in perfect lusciousness of colour with the wild-flowers growing beside them. I thought her then, and I think her still (in the inmost depths of my lonely heart), the loveliest woman that God had ever made: with a slender and eminently graceful form, in all the soft roundness of budding womanhood, a perfect oval face crowned with a glory of golden-brown hair, and deep violet eyes, tender and true as the sky that is mirrored in the depths of the placid lake. I cannot describe her features; when you looked at her you knew that you were looking at something of exquisite loveliness, though it would have been difficult to describe what really formed that surpassing beauty. It was the whole design that pleased, and the soul within all. But sweeter than all else was the smile that overspread her face with a radiance as of something heavenly, and made you almost feel as if you were looking upon the face of an angel. I tried to transfer that heavenly look to canvas in a picture representing an angel cheering on a soldier in the battle of life, with bruised armour and bleeding feet, tired and wearied, and nearly overcome by the heat of the day and the ardour of his toil, but receiving fresh vigour for further noble efforts by the encouraging smile. It is but a poor attempt to depict with the unworthy pigments of this earth what cannot be limned by poor humanity; but it is to me a valuable memento, a gem of priceless worth, with which I shall not part to the date of my death—nay, not even then; for it shall be buried with me, and we shall go down to the grave together.

I can only remember now that I asked her some questions about the place—I think the nearest road to a scene I wished to paint the next day—and that this chance meeting gradually ripened into acquaintance, and then into love. I have in my writing-desk some lines I wrote on a scrap of paper that day after she had passed out of my sight, which I keep, not from their poetical merit, but as a memorial of old times. Here they are; very silly I may think them now, but I did not think so when I wrote them:

"I have seen her, my love, my queen,
And the flowers were kissing her feet;
Daisies and lilies in white and green
Looked up her coming to greet:
And a sunbeam stole through the leafy sheen
Where the oak and the linden meet.

She is sweet as the breath of the spring
That comes laden with scent of flowers,
When the lark soars aloft on the wing
In the blush of the blossoming hours,
And the soft-voiced thrush and the linnet sing
In the shade of their leafy bowers.

My love with the violet eyes,
And the hair of golden brown,
Where the sunshine for ever nestling lies
Half hid in the radiant crown,
Till the glowing light of even dies
A way over hill and down!

Winds, breathe soft on her head!
Kiss, O ye flowers, her feet!
O rosy sun, in the western red,
Gently upon her beat;
Beat till the rose of love is spread
Where the oak and the linden meet!"

From that day all attempts at landscape-painting were at an end; for me henceforth this was a holy memory of the past. Everything wore a glory look, as of Eden in its time of fairest loveliness: each bosky island was as Prospero's enchanted isle, each lake like the sea of glass on the eternal shore; the mountains seeming to stretch away to the unseen and the illimitable, where no shadows ever cloud their purple slopes, and where no mist ever rests on their lofty summits.

But above all her face was ever before me, coming between my vision and the scene I endeavoured to depict, so that at morn, or noon, or even, wherever I might be, I saw always the soft tender violet eyes looking at me, and the golden glory of her waving hair shining before my eyes.

II.

ON inquiring from my landlady, I found that my rustic beauty was the daughter of a farmer who had died some time before, and that she now lived in the village of Gleneden with her widowed mother; and I was not long in getting an opportunity of calling upon her. Her fa-

ther, from what I heard of him, had evidently been an intelligent, well-educated man, and Helen being his only child, he had given her an education above the common wants of the district, and had looked upon her as the very apple of his eye. I found her mind as well informed as her appearance was prepossessing, and in those happy days gave myself wholly up to the sweets of love. Their little cottage was the prettiest in the whole village, with ivy and honeysuckle climbing up the porch; the summer breeze wafting into the pleasant little room the fragrance of the roses that grew up the wall and clustered about the window-sill. And so the days passed on, each more delightful than the one preceding, until I thought that if there was heaven on earth it was surely here. At last I asked her to be my wife. I can yet remember the conversation that passed between us as we sat on a mossy bank in the wood, with the brook at our feet purling over the pebbles in its bed, its tinkling cadence, soft and low, bearing a soothing dreamy feeling over the spirit, and mingling with the song of the birds and whisper of the falling leaves.

"My darling!" And I put my arm round her yielding waist, and looked into her soft eyes that were cast down to the ground, but when I spoke looked into mine with the light of love beaming from them.

"Will you be my wife, Helen? Do you think you love me well enough to be that? I know I can never love another as I love you, and until I saw you I did not know what it was to love. Without you to share it life will henceforth not be worth living for; but with you, it will be an Eden for ever. Will you accompany me on the voyage, dearest, when I will try to shield you from all trouble and care? Helen, will you be mine for ever and ever, till death parts us?"

"Yes, Arthur. I have loved you from the first."

She spoke in low gentle tones, loud enough, however, for me to hear, and to me they were the sweetest words they had ever listened to. I clasped her to my beating heart, and covered her cheek with kisses.

"Ah, but, Arthur, perhaps you'll get tired of me, and be ashamed of your village maiden when you take me among your own kindred."

"Never, my darling! Though all the world should forsake you, I will be near for you to lean upon, and to comfort and love you for ever and ever, so help me God!"

Were these idle words I spoke to her, without even the shadow of truth in them? God knows I loved her then, and love her still, as I never shall love any on earth again, and that what I spoke I spoke out of a true heart.

The sun was setting behind the far-off hills as we took our way homeward, happy as ever lovers were happy on this side the grave. We spoke little—when the heart is full the tongue is often most silent—but we knew the thoughts that were in each other's hearts, and her looks, at least, were more eloquent than words. And as we parted at the stile that led to the village, we plighted our troth again, and with a burning kiss and a close embrace parted, her golden hair glistening in the tender sunshine as she slowly walked by the beech-trees towards her home.

I returned to the woods, and walked there till the moon shone out on the sleeping earth, and shed her silver radiance through the stillness of the glade. I sat again on the mossy bank where we had told our love, listening to the eternal murmur of the stream, that seemed to tell of peace and happiness that would never pass away.

When I reached my lodgings in the evening I found a letter awaiting me, with the superscription, "Sir Arthur Compton, Bart." Good God! what was this? I was distantly connected with the Comptons of Grange Court; but as there were two persons not much older than myself who bore any prospect of my succeeding to the title and estates, I had always looked upon it as an idle dream, and had banished from my mind all idea of the probability of its ever happening. And now, when I least expected it, it had come true. A *baronet!* But to what fortuitous chance was I indebted for being thus addressed? With trembling fingers I broke the seal, and read:

"Lincoln's-inn Fields, London, July 17, 18—,
"Sir Arthur Compton, Baronet.

"Dear Sir Arthur,—We have the honour of informing you that, owing to the sudden death, by a railway accident, of which you may have read in the daily papers, of Sir Charles Compton, Baronet, and his cousin, you have succeeded to the title and estates.

"We shall be glad to be continued as agents of the estates, a position which our firm has held for the last forty years.

"We are, dear Sir Arthur, your obedient servants,
"BLACKENRIDGE & MORRIS.

"P.S. As there are various matters connected with the estates which it is desirable should be attended to as soon as possible, we would suggest your coming to London at as early a date as you conveniently can."

I can scarcely now tell with what varied feelings I perused and reperused this epistle. I slept little that night, cogitating over my good luck, and wondering how my betrothed would bear the tidings which I had now to tell; for I looked upon the news as equally with myself concerning her, as she had agreed to become my wife.

I rose early, and after a long walk through the woods to calm my mind took the well-known path to the village, fully expecting to see my beloved one at the window, looking out and watching for me as was her wont. But no one was there; and when I entered I found to my disappointment, that a friend had called late on the previous evening, and asked her to go to nurse a relative who was not expected to live many days, and that she might not be back for a week. I cannot tell what a disappointment this was to me; but it was too far for me to go to her in the pressing circumstances, and not a fitting time to acquaint her with the good fortune that had befallen her. So, telling my betrothed's mother that I had to leave for London, and that I should write after I got there, I bade her good-bye, packed up my things, and went off by the next train, reaching London next morning.

I was thrown into new society on my arrival in London. Young, rich, and titled, my presence was sought at the houses of the noble and wealthy in the great city, and for some weeks after my arrival my life was one round of pleasure. Alas, I had never written to Helen since I left the sweet village of Gleneden. What with business which had to be attended to, and engagements from which I could not well extricate myself, my time had been so fully occupied that I had put off writing to her from day to day; and now that I had delayed so long I was almost ashamed to write to her. About this time I met at a ball Lady Laura Vane, the youngest daughter of an old but rather impoverished family, and my vanity was agreeably touched by the evident pleasure which Lady Laura seemed to have in my society. She was tall, lithe as a panther, with tresses black as the raven's wing, and large lustrous dark eyes, now soft and melting, as an April shower, now fierce and flashing, as they were kindled by indignation or insulted pride. Her complexion was fair for a brunette, and dazzling from its transparent beauty, except when a shade of passing emotion would deepen the delicate rose-blush on the face. In Lady Laura's presence my village maiden was forgotten altogether and I abandoned myself without reluctance to the influence of the syren. Out of her presence the old feeling of tenderness for my first love would come back to my heart, only to be dispelled at my next interview with the enchantress, until the image of my rustic beauty grew fainter and fainter, and I gave myself madly up to the seductive power that now encircled me. Not a day passed without my seeing Lady Laura. I would call for her to ride in the Park (she was a splendid horse-woman, and looked well in the saddle), or would drive her out in the new phaeton I had purchased; or in the evening I would attend her at the Opera, the envied of many a one, who would have given much for a look from her beautiful eyes.

III.

It came at last—the temptation and the fall. I met her at an evening-party at Lady Windermere's, when I thought I had never seen her look so charming; in truth she was the belle of the evening, and I was consequently not a little flattered at her bestowing so much of her attention upon me. She was a glorious dancer, and I had been in the seventh heaven of delight waltzing and a beating heart, I led her down-stairs for refreshment. There was a conservatory close by, where the delicate fragrance and cool atmosphere tempted the tired and heated dancers to rest from the excitement of the mazy whirl. It was untenanted, as most of the company were where, and there accordingly we went, from the bustle of the party, and hidden by a cluster of over-arching boughs, the place seemed like a paradise after the glare and heat of the rooms above. And here was I with my Eve.

How superbly beautiful she looked as she sat down with a queenly grace beside me on the soft velvet couch! Her eyes were moist with a dreamy delicious tenderness, there was a blush as of a rose-bloom on her cheeks, and I could see her bosom rise and fall beneath the soft airy material of her dress as she panted a little after the exertion of the voluptuous dance. My blood boiled within me, my veins seemed on fire, my breath came hot and fast, and all the fierce passions of my nature raged like a thousand devils within me. I was helpless under the gaze of spell of the serpent, bound hand and foot in the power of volition.

"What a paradise this is, after the noise and heat above!" said Lady Laura softly.

As if exhausted with the exertions of the dance, she leaned her magnificent head against my arm as we sat together, the masses of her raven hair falling over my shoulder in luxurious tresses. The distant strain from the rooms above came wafted on the ear like the melodious echo of fairy music, and the perfume from choicest flowers filled the air with a delicious fragrance that steeped the senses in Elysium. The twinkling many-coloured lamps that hung from the roof aided the enchantment, diffusing a soft magical light over the scene. As Lady Laura reclined beside me I could feel the heaving of her bosom against my heart; and all the fiery impulses of my nature, heated as they were in the wine I had drunk, burst their bonds in an uncontrollable rush of passion that carried everything before it. I clasped her madly to my breast again and again, before she had recovered sufficiently from her astonishment to free herself from my grasp.

With flashing eyes she rose from her seat with the air of an insulted queen, and raising her tall figure to its full height, while I stared in stupid bewilderment, burst forth, her face flushed to the deepest crimson:

"Sir Arthur, is this the treatment I had a right to expect from a gentleman? Was it for this you brought me here, that unseen you might shame and insult me, as you could insult any minnup of the street? For shame, sir!" And she turned as if about to leave the place.

"Pardon, Lady Laura! Forgive me! Do forgive me! Your beauty has stolen from me what control over my feelings I ever possessed; but let my love—my passionate love for you—be my excuse; and here I lay it at your feet. Will you take it, Laura, and make me the happiest man on earth, or will you throw it away and make me the most miserable?"

I knelt at her feet full of contrition, and looked beseechingly in her dark lustrous eyes.

"Ah, well, Arthur, I suppose I must forgive you, if you promise to behave better in future," returned Lady Laura, with a bewitching smile that entranced me still more.

She suffered me to seat her again beside me, her wrath seemingly quite gone. I do not remember all we said, and there remains only the memory of a time of wild intoxication and rapturous delight.

And so the die was cast; and when we returned to the dancers Lady Laura's mother looked upon me as her future son-in-law.

I will pass over the events of the marriage. My bride was all smiles and happiness; and with the congratulations of our friends we left, to spend our honeymoon on the Continent.

We had been at Rome, and had seen all that was to be seen there. I could have spent days looking at the masterpieces of the old painters, dead and in their graves, some of whose works seemed as fresh as if painted yesterday; but Laura thought it tiresome work, and I had reluctantly to tear myself from the glorious canvases, and drive or ride with her about the country—an occupation much more to her taste.

We reached Florence at length, and were sitting in our hotel one day when a letter was handed to me which had just arrived. I found it had been following me about from place to place after we had left Rome.

I started as I recognised the handwriting as that of my old love. Laura who was watching me, had evidently noticed my look of surprise.

"Well, and who may this wonderful epistle be from, Arthur? Why you are as pale as death! Any bad news from England?"

I had meanwhile broken the seal, and hurriedly perused the letter.

"Leave me for a little, dearest. It is from an old friend who is dying, and I would be alone while I read it."

Lady Laura rose, with, as I thought, a slight sneer on her delectably curved lip, and walked haughtily out of the room.

I have the letter lying before me now, stained with Time's decaying fingers and blotted with my darling's tears. She had evidently written it under great weakness, as the writing was tremulous and indistinct. This is the letter:

"Gleneden, October 20, 18--.

"My dear Arthur, --Perhaps I should call you Sir Arthur, as you are now; but I will call you once more--for the last time--by the dear old name. I knew of your marriage shortly after it took place, having seen it in a paper at the Manse, when I was calling on the minister as to the burial of my dear aunt. I believe I fainted when I saw it, but I told no one why.

"I would not have written now but that I am dying--the doctor says I cannot live many days--and I would like to write and forgive you before I die. Ah, dearest, how happy we were together in the old days!--too happy, I always thought, for it to last. But I did not think my Arthur would have forgotten me so soon. I know, dearest, I should have been unsuited to have filled the place of your wife, and to have mixed in the society to which your rank called you. But I would have liked if only a short letter, or even a few lines, from my dear love, to say that he had not forgotten me. I used to go day by day, and sit on the mossy bank where we plighted our troth; and for a little I felt happy again, when I thought that you had loved me once.

"Don't fret, dearest, at the thought that you have been the cause of my illness. I could not have lived long anyway--the doctor says consumption was in the family, and my father and all his near relations died of it. So, dear Arthur, it was as well you did not marry me. I forgive you from the depth of my heart any pain you may have caused me. I have suffered much; but I forgive you all. With my last breath I shall pray that you may be happy."

This latter part was written with such a trembling hand as to be almost illegible:

"October 28.

"I am getting weaker and weaker, and have only strength to write a few words. My dear Arthur, I again forgive you all. May you be happy! Farewell! and think sometimes of

HELEN."

And then this note at the end of the letter, written in another hand:

"Helen died on 29th October."

I can only remember now that as I read this tear-stained letter from my old love I felt the most horrible pangs of remorse, such as a lost

soul might feel in hell. Poor, dear, dead love! If the bitterest tears that were ever wrung from a human heart could atone for the past, perhaps my grief may not have been unavailing.

I have little more to tell. I accompanied my wife (now more than ever my wife in name only) to Switzerland, saw the Alps, Lake Geneva, the Tyrol, some of the grandest and fairest scenes in Nature; but to me they were as if they had not been. I saw nothing but the vision of a pale sad face, lit up by tender violet eyes, and crowned with a glory of golden-brown hair. And I was glad when at last we reached England again, to brood in silence over my sorrow.

They are both dead now. Lady Laura, who rode like some wild Amazon of the desert, was brought to Grange Court one day a bruised and leading corpse. Her horse a powerful high-spirited animal, had reared and fallen upon her, crushing her instantaneously to death. I never loved her much, and I did not mourn her long.

I shall never marry again. There is only one woman who could have made me happy; and she, I trust, is waiting for me on the golden shores of the unseen world. The fairest place to me in all the earth is the little secluded churchyard of Gleneden, sweetly lying under the shadow of the purple hills. I have been there to-day. There are many rugged old tombstones, moss-covered and worn with time, and there are some bright from the chisel of the sculptor. But to me there is only one grave there. It lies in a sunny spot of this "God's acre," with sweet violets blooming above it, and daisies with their pure white leaves fringing the tender grass. There is a marble cross at the head of the grave, with the simple word--her dearly-loved name--"Helen" upon it. It was the only mark of regard I could show to her, dead. A lark was singing sweetly as I left the place, and as it soared into the blue heavens I thought it might perhaps carry up my lonely sigh to the ear of my lost love. And now I only wait until I meet her again, to part no more for ever.

MONSIEUR.

The *American* is the name of a new weekly published in New York, mainly devoted to society matters and the drama. It contains several illustrations, comic and other, mostly from the pencil of C. Kendrick. Judging from the sign manual, as well as from intrinsic evidence, we think we recognize the clever and gentlemanly artist who was connected, some years ago, with the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. He has the rare merit for a draughtsman--we use the adjective advisedly--of being able to draw, and his conceptions are generally very happy. The editorial matter is unusually good. As a specimen we reproduce the following article which, besides being true in its philosophy, has a merit of form and style which would do credit to the *Saturday Review*:

"Among the numerous ingredients contributed by various nationalities to form the America of the future, it is to be regretted that the French element is comparatively small. We don't want the *petit crew* of the Boulevard, whose nervous system is shattered by absinthe and Chartreuse, and whose waking hours are impartially divided between Baccarat and the corps de ballet; nor do we desiderate the gay and gallant Achille and Timoleon, so dear to the novelist, who utter epigrams at every breath, and have the bewildering propensity of mistaking their friends' wives for their own. We have, in fact, a strong suspicion that both of these characters are pure creations of French romance writers, and are as devoid of actual prototypes, in the ordinary world of French society, as Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, or any other long-winded hero, whose bright swords glitter, and whose smart repartees flash through so many pages of the great Dumas. These creatures of imagination we are content to leave to the adoration of their creators; but we should like to see more frequently the cheerful face and kindly ways of honest and thrifty Jules or Auguste.

If there is one thing which strikes the stranger visiting our shores as more wonderful even than the evidences of generally diffused comfort and well-being of all classes, it is the preternatural gravity of our citizens. We seem to have imported, with Trial by Jury and Habeas Corpus, the peculiarly British faculty of taking our amusement *moult tristement*, and making our very pleasures a toil. Your Frenchman, on the other hand, thoroughly understands the art and mystery of amusing himself, and carries out his theories in successful practice. He can amuse himself easily, cheaply, and gracefully, and "mocks himself" of our elaborate preparations for enjoyment, the heavy cost we incur for it, and the *canai* or boisterousness with which we too often wind up. In his most sober moments he is never heavy; in his wildest distractions he is never rowdy; he is no more moral than his neighbors, but he certainly exhibits in all circumstances more grace, taste, and decorum.

We claim, perhaps with justice, that education is more widely spread among us than in any other nation; but we must allow that the French can, with equal justice, pride themselves on the general diffusion of culture. It shows itself alike in their dress, their dinner, and their theatre. The first we copy without having learnt the art of wearing it; the last we plunder for pieces, which on our stage and in our clamster tongue lose half their brilliancy; for the French dinner we still sigh in vain, when we contemplate our matutinal hash, or try our grinders on our evening steak, or peruse, in a

fit of indigestion, the appalling *menus* of the *World*.

But in affairs much less important than cookery, or the proper confection of *potage à la reine*, they manage things better in France. When we walk and struggle through our streets, unswept, undrained, and unpaved; when we see our best thoroughfares bordered by amorphous rows of buildings of all shapes and styles, eight story and two story brown stone fronts, and iron-fronts, plaster-fronts ashamed of being shams, brick-fronts, blushing at their own hideousness, like that ruddy abortion, the *Tribune* tower, we long to let loose a French Prefect and a Baron Haussman.

In society, too, a French element would introduce new charms: for wherever the Frenchman goes he brings affability and politeness, frankness and *esprit*; he thinks with vivacity and speaks with promptitude; there is nothing that he touches that he does not adorn; he can keep the ball of conversation in the air, tossing it to and fro, from epigram to epigram; he is neither fanciful, intolerant, nor enthusiastic. He may be too frivolous, but are we not too serious? He may be too fond of being over-governed, but are we not too impatient of government? He may be too logical, but are we not too fond of compromises?

BRELOQUES.

You can always detect a bachelor by the way he handles a baby, but to be safe from loss it is well to use a borrowed baby in making the experiment.

A man never realizes the blessings of wealth so fully as when he takes his girl out riding, and discovers at the first toll-gate that he has left his pocketbook at home in his other pantaloons.

HERBERT SPENCER says the gold ring now worn by married women is the sign of the iron ring that was worn about the neck or ankle in olden times, and indicated the submission of the wearer. It is needlessly added it has no such signification now.

The following is a copy of a note sent to a clerk of a parish not a hundred miles from London: "Master, my wife is dead, and wants to be buried to-morrow at wunner o'clock. You knows where to dig it, close by my other wief: but let it be dip."

THE latest at weddings is to have the main aisle thickly strewn with flowers. At the marriage of Mr. Milliken to Miss Outhout, in New York last week, the bride walked over a mat, stretched from the door to the altar-railing, fashioned of evergreens and filled in by lilies, roses and violets.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "Love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son: I shall reform by-and-by." "I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father."

MAMMA--"What is the baby crying for, Maggie?" Maggie--"I don't know." Mamma--"And what are you looking so indignant about?" Maggie--"That nasty dog's been and took and eaten my sponge cake." Mamma--"Why, I saw you eating a sponge cake a minute ago." Maggie--"O, that was baby's."

A THREE-YEAR old little girl at Rochester, N. Y., was taught to close her evening prayer during the temporary absence of her father, with "and please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amusement may be imagined when she added, "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma, too."

THEY were husband and wife, and as they stood before the Guards' Monuments in Waterloo Place, she asked, "What's that figure on top?" "That's a goddess," he answered. "And what's a goddess?" "A woman who holds her tongue," he replied. She looked side-ways at him, and then began planning how to make a peach pie with the stones in it for the benefit of his sore tooth.

JAMES MUIR was cured of acute rheumatism the other day by the explosion of the powder mills of which he was agent. That is nothing; we have known a man to be cured of acute laziness in less than a second by an explosion of domestic wrath, accompanied by a shower of rolling pin, and before the patient realized his improved condition he was in the front cellar and had the coal scuttle filled.

A correspondent says this puzzle is inscribed beneath a family painting in the possession of a Devonshire family:--

"Madam.--I pray this one thing me show: What you three be, if you then know? Coming from the castle in such degree. What's their descent and nativity? Sir.--The one by father's side is my brother. And so is the next in the right of my mother; Third, my own son lawfully begot. All sons of my husband in my lap. Without hurt of lineage in any degree: Show me in reason how this may be."

Now this is just what a contested Presidential election causes in America. How lucky it is that we have a sovereign left us! A young lady, says a Charleston paper, bet a young man a kiss that Tilden would be elected--he to pay if Tilden won, and she to pay if Hayes was elected. On the morning of the 8th of November he called and paid the debt; on the 9th he called and took it back. That evening she paid the debt. Next morning she took it back, and he paid; then she paid and he paid; and so they were kept busy by the contradictory despatches until Congress decided the question.

THE GLEANER.

THERE are ten printers in the United States Senate.

THE Prince of Wales has been re-elected Grand Master of the English Freemasons.

AMONG the newspaper reporters in the French Senate is a young lady about twenty.

THE white tunic of the Austrian army has been abandoned for dark blue in all branches of the services.

THE work for improving the Tiber at Rome is to be immediately commenced with appliances from England.

THE Canadian residents of San Francisco have formed a club, in order to cultivate a friendly feeling among themselves.

A donkey carrying a load of books is as respectable an animal as the person whose head is crammed with learning that he does not understand.

DEAN STANLEY has been elected president of the Sunday Society, which has for its object the opening of museums and art galleries on Sundays.

THE latest thing in showers is a shower of live-clams, reported at Santa Anna, New Mexico, which furnished several meals to persons who scarcely see a salt water shellfish.

THE Queen's state saloon on the Great Western Railway, England, is made entirely of boiler plate and so lined and padded that if the carriage were to go over an embankment and roll to the bottom, the chances are that the occupants would escape uninjured.

THE following hint is the result of experiment, and is worth remembering:--If your stable is on fire, and your horses are frightened, harness them as though they were going to work. They may then be led out without difficulty.

A world's chess tournament will be held in Leipsic, beginning with the 8th of next July, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the chess career of Andersen, one of the greatest of living players, and a veteran admired by all devotees of the game. Contestants are expected from all parts of the world.

A few weeks ago some fishermen drew up a net from the Seine a heavy mass of metal, covered with sand and shells, which they sold to a curiosity dealer on Quai Voltaire, Paris. He set to work to divest it of the incrustations, when there came to view an oval vase of most exquisite design and workmanship, marked with the Greek letter "phi." The metal resembles none known in Paris, and a learned numismatist believes that it is a specimen of the famous bronze of Corinth, which, according to Seneca, was even in his time worth its weight in gold. Into its composition gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, and iron entered, but in what proportions it has been impossible to determine. According to the most likely conjecture, this vase came into France in the time of Julius Cæsar.

DOMESTIC.

POTATOES cut in small squares, and put into cruet or bottles, with the water to wash them, will clean them quickly and well.

To prevent scorching when cooking keep a basin or cup of water in the oven. The steam generated not only prevents scorching, but makes the meat cook nicer.

OUR lady readers may avoid having their hands affected by water or soaps, if the hands are dipped in vinegar-water or lemon-juice immediately after. The acid destroys the corrosive effect of the alkali and makes the hands soft and white.

TINWARE looks much nicer when washed in hot water with milk instead of soap, and will not require the rough scouring which is so commonly used by servants, and which soon wears off all the tin, leaving a rusty, useless article, neither iron nor tin.

It is perhaps the abuse rather than the use of washing-powders, soda, &c., that causes the rapid destruction of clothes. If little more soda be used than is enough to precipitate any lime or other hardening matter the water may contain, little harm would be done either to the clothes themselves or to dyes they are coloured with; but it is common for washerwomen to put in handfuls of soda when spoonfuls would be enough. The idea of weighing or measuring the quantity needed seems never to occur to them; they seem to fancy that because a little is wanted to save waste of soap, a great deal must be still more useful.

LITERARY.

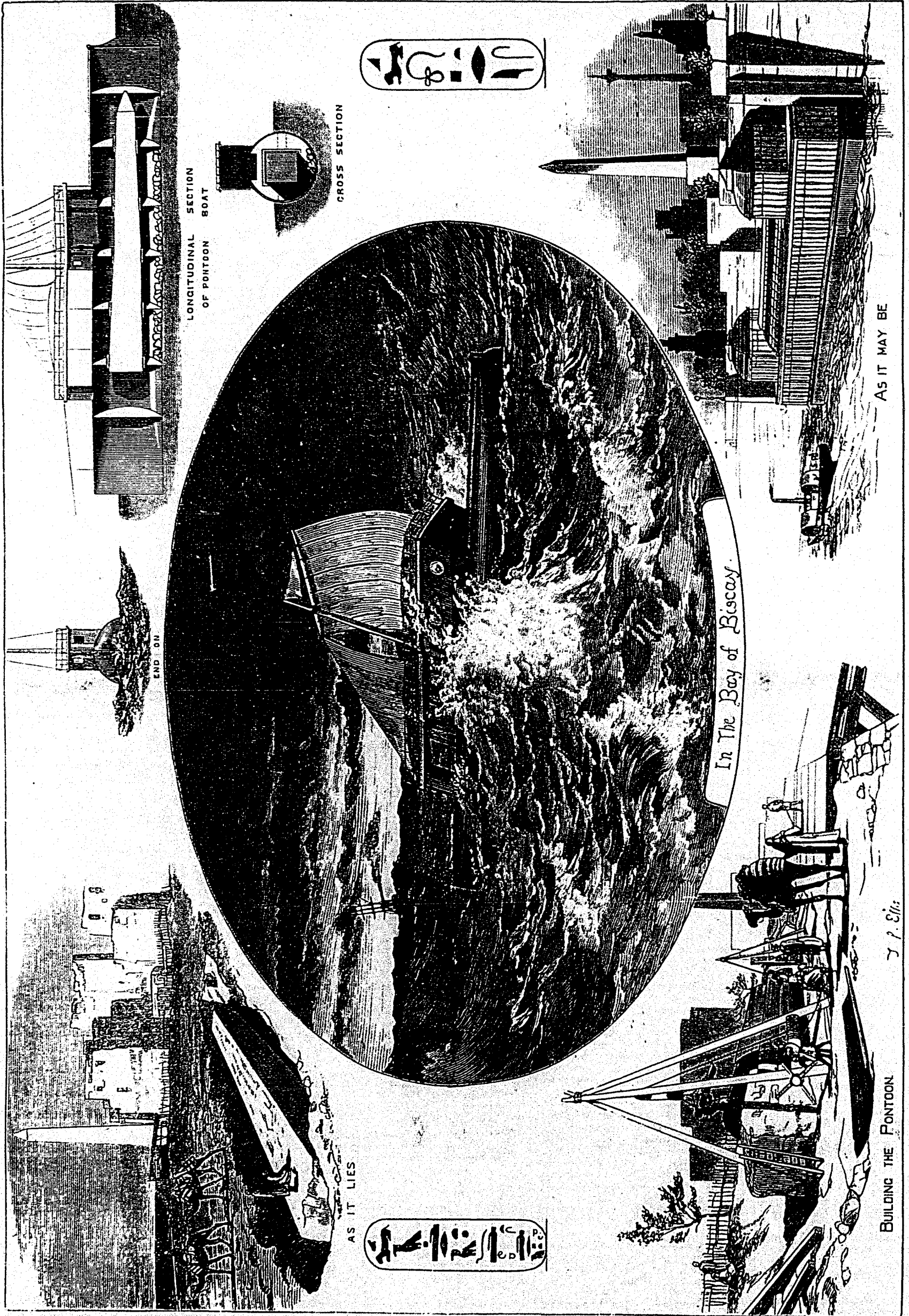
VICTOR Hugo has a bright little granddaughter, who recently lifted on high a glass of wine at the table and begged the privilege of pronouncing a toast to her grandpère. "Granted," said the grand old novelist, and the little creature enthusiastically cried: "To the great Hugo from the little one!"

VICTOR Hugo is never out of trim. Though seventy years old he works almost incessantly. He rises every morning at six, takes a cup of black coffee and a boiled egg and begins his daily task. He works standing at a high desk and transcribes as from dictation the results of his long afternoon walks through Paris. In the turmoil of the street his mind is most active. In the midst of the crowd he is isolated from the rest of the world. His memory is prodigious. He does not use a single note.

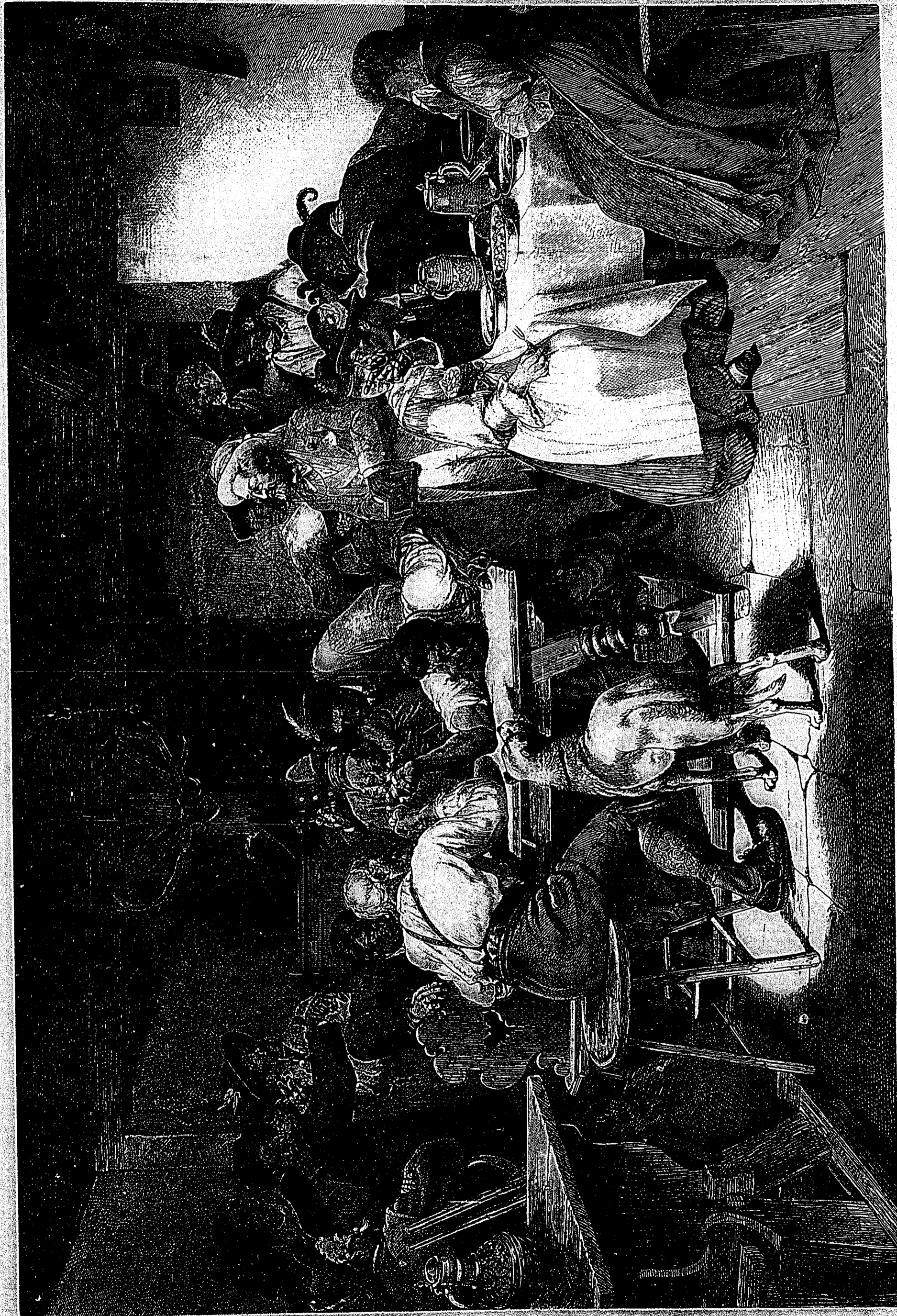
NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample or shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only.

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



PROPOSED METHOD FOR THE REMOVAL OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE FROM ALEXANDRIA TO LONDON.



THE FINGER-TEST, A SCENE IN UPPER BAVARIA.

APRIL.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

Lo! where I come!—shy, dainty April maid!
My lustrous eyes, like Niobe's, all tears;
White on my cheeks the vernal sun appears.
In soft tints of wondrous light and shade,
The fields turn emerald 'neath my genial skies,—
To do me homage, from sequester'd beds
The forest flowers raise their most est heads,
And woeful and wild grow pregnant with my sighs.
The poet weaves me with an ardent strain,
The husbandman, impatient to begin,
His labors manifold, rejoices in
Prospective dreams of coming golden grain,
And Nature mourns, when ended every spell
I go,—loath to depart e'en with a thrice farewell.
Montreal.

THE ROSE.

I am well aware that it would be sheer presumption on my part were I to attempt to write an eulogy on the Rose. Poets of old, and able writers since, have sung its praise so eloquently that I do not attempt to vie with them. Neither do I intend giving, in so short an article, a treatise on this subject, yet I beg the privilege of your valuable columns to say a few words which may stimulate the cultivation of the Queen of Flowers in and about the firesides of the homes of our beloved Dominion, hoping that more valuable essays will afterward be contributed to enhance the diffusion in our midst of those general favorites most worthy of ardent admiration.

We may pride ourselves on being the children of the two forward races of the world who have achieved the highest perfection in the different classes and varieties of the Rose. England has long ago selected it to grace the blazon of her shield, and it seems to me that France has had to submit to the *Fleur de Lys* because her rival had chosen the best first. Notwithstanding this fact, France has proven her strong attachment to the Rose and her magnificent productions of it have won, at least, an equal share of glory in the long contest for superiority between them. Their reputation for the great extent and the excellency of their productions of the Rose and especially as prolific originators of new and valuable varieties, greedily attracts constant orders from all quarters of the globe for such novelties, and they are often worth more than their weight in gold.

The United States of late are taking a lively interest in the cultivation of the Rose and the erection of green houses for that purpose is constantly going on to a notable extent, while their rivalry in the prices and immensity of their stock are widely advertised in the press—5, 8 and 12 roses for one dollar, postage paid to address, perfect condition, safe delivery guaranteed. They issue vast quantities of descriptive catalogues in very pleasing and attractive forms, the mails teem with them, to far and near cities and villages in the Union and a great many of them are addressed to persons in our Dominion.

Among the florists who make a speciality in the line as Rose culturists may be mentioned as the most extensive, Dinger, Conard & Co., West Chester, Pa.; Peter Henderson & Co., New York; Greives & Sons, Paterson, N. J.; Tyra Montgomery, Mattoon, Ill.; Storrs, Harrison & Co., Painesville, Ohio, some few others near Rochester, N. Y. The enormous amount of Rose plants produced in that country yearly and for which sales are always readily effected may cause considerable surprise. It is estimated that not less than \$10,000,000 are invested in the wholesale florists' business, in land, greenhouses, and stock in the vicinity of New York. The houses cover over 45 acres.

I regret very much to note that we have not inherited that same ardent admiration of the Rose for which our fore-fathers have won a world's renown. We are yet in the infancy of its knowledge as a nation, beside of those of our countrymen versed in Botany who keep pace with the progress of the science and some well posted amateurs sparsely scattered over our vast Dominion. The general population is ignorant of the many valuable classes and species of modern introduction; they still cling to the old Province or less desirable kinds of annual bloom in June, even those before their flowers are fairly established are allowed to suffer delapidation from insects without protecting them from scourge. And again are we so penurious that for the purchase of a few plants at a very moderate cost, we should forfeit the satisfaction of those gems of beauty conducive to so much pleasure and legitimate pride! It has been the custom to plant such old sorts as could be obtained as a gift from some near neighbour. It is to be remarked that the common old class Rose are very profuse bearers of ground shoots and by this means natural self propagators; their diffusion is extensive on that account. I have noticed that the higher the state of perfection a plant has acquired from its primeval state of nature the more difficult it is of propagation and require more tender care in cultivation. On this score the celebrated Dr. Lindley says, that the hybridisation of species produces an unnatural and tender offspring, and short lived. Notwithstanding this high authority, deserving of respect, it is well known that our most choice varieties of fruits and flowers were obtained from the crossing of species and varieties of old date, and by this means are, to-day, the pride of the conquest of scientific attainments, and the gratification of the whole world.

The origin of the Rose was the free gift of nature in the wild state disseminated through the universe, I have seen it growing in wild marshes with its simple corolla and delicious

fragrance; it comprises many classes and varieties. Dr. Lindley arranges them in eleven classes and subdivided into about thirty varieties. Out of those through many changes and crossings effected with the highest skill and care, were achieved the great state of perfection to which they have attained in our age. I would chiefly urge the cultivation of hardy Roses on account of the comparative ease required for their thrifty growth and bloom. At the head of the list stands the Moss in her picturesque beauty; of those are the annual bloomers and the hybrid of divers successively bloom during the season; they are rather limited variety.

The Hybrid Perpetual, Portland Remontants, with an extensive list of varieties of many colors, shades and tints, some of which are variegated, all of them desirable and should be liberally cultivated. Under good care they will give several crops of flowers during the season, a selection of which should be chosen with respect to their free blooming qualities. The Persian Yellow and the Yellow Harrison, a product of the Sweet Briar with exquisite fragrant leaves, are a deserving kind. The Prairie Climbing are a class which attains a great height and displays a great profusion of bloom; they are inodorous. Only one variety named the Gem is fragrant, the Baltimore Belle, while planted aside with the fragrant Honey Suckle, is one of gorgeous aspect.

The long list of ever blooming roses next deserves a special mention; they are of a delicate nature for either in or outdoor culture. Few houses are adapted to their healthy growth as they require a moist atmosphere and rather a low degree to thrive well. Under favorable treatment they will generously repay the care bestowed on them; the profusion of bloom, the delicacy of their tints, habits and delicious perfume, the variety of their colors, are such as to endear them to all lovers of the beautiful.

For outdoor cultivation I would recommend to have them properly potted and the holes at the bottom of the vase which contains them in the border, before the approach of hard frosts. They should be sheltered in a rather dry cellar for wintering. This valuable class are from the Tea, Bourbon, China and Neisette kinds. They are the most constant bloomers among the species of roses, and those having the facilities of proper place for their winter culture may have roses the year around to grace their homes with their wonderful grace, beauty and perfume.

Coaticook.

HILAIRE LACROIX.

HEARTH AND HOME

FLOWERS.—Flowers in all ages have been made the representative of innocence and purity. We decorate the bride, and strew her path with flowers; we present the undehid blossoms as a similitude of her beauty and untainted mind, trusting that her destiny through life will be like theirs, graceful and pleasing to all. We scatter them over the coffin, the bier, and the earth, when we consign our mortal blossoms to the dust, as emblems of transient joy, fading pleasures, withered hopes; yet rest in sure and certain trust that each in due season will be renewed again.

FRIENDS.—There are three sorts of friends; the first is like a torch we meet in a dark street; the second is like a candle in the lantern that we overtake; the third is like a link that offers itself to the stumbling passenger. The met torch is the sweet-tipped friend, which lends us a flash of compliment for the time, but quickly leaves us to our former darkness. The overtaken lantern is the true friend, which, though it promise but a faint light, yet it goes along with us, as far as it can, to our journey's end. The offered link is the mercenary friend, which, though it be ready enough to do us service, yet that service hath a servile relation to our bounty.

TO EVERY WOMAN.—Think twice before you believe every evil story you hear, and think twenty times before you repeat it, especially if it is about a woman. Say to yourself, "This may not be true, or it may be exaggerated," unless you have proof of the veracity of your informant. People sometimes tell falsehoods, they often make mistakes, and sometimes "hear wrong." There is auricular illusion. Take all these things into consideration before you even believe. As for repeating the story, ask yourself if it is necessary. It sometimes is necessary. Then do it with the fear of God and the remembrance of the golden rule before you. Let us give the helping hand, not the downward push; so may the angels reach their hands towards us when we stand in need.

EDUCATION.—Education may modify, soften, direct, and improve the mind; but it cannot change the physical temperament, which always gives a tinge to the thoughts, feelings, and actions of the individuals. The kind and degree of mental power are dependent upon physical constitution. The brain is the servant, the mind is fitted to govern and to direct it, so that man is a free agent. By his will he can control, suspend, or encourage any one of his peculiarities. He is, consequently, responsible for all he does, says, or thinks. Hence the necessity of education, especially when young; the free agency of the man, depending upon the education of the child. For if this be not what it ought to be, he will become the slave of his passions and propensities, and he will lose his intellectual and spiritual freedom.

LIVE.—Live for something! Yes, and for something worthy of life and its capabilities and opportunities for noble deeds and achievements.

Every man and every woman has his or her assignment in the duties and responsibilities of daily life. We are in the world to make the world better; to lift it up to higher levels of enjoyment and progress, to make its hearts and homes brighter and happier by devoting to our fellows our best thoughts, activities, and influences. It is the motto of every true heart and the genius of every noble life that "no man liveth to himself"—lives simply for his own selfish good. It is a law of our intellectual and moral being that we promote our own happiness in the exact proportion that we contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of others. Nothing worthy of the name of happiness is possible in the experience of those who live only for themselves, all oblivious of the welfare of their fellows.

TO BREAK OFF BAD HABITS.—Understand the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to the temptations. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, thrice—a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution just think the matter over and endeavour to understand why it is you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is a folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which has been gathering long years.

THE FACULTY OF SEEING.—No great man of action ever existed who had not the full use of his eyes. To a general, to an inventor, to a statesman, to a leader of any kind, the faculty of seeing is as necessary for success as that of breathing for existence. Men stumbling along the high road of life with their heads tied up in bags may make good ideal poets or speculators on abstruse matters needing only concentration and a clear beginning. But those who have to deal face to face with facts and their fellow-creatures need their eyes—eyes that can see before and after—eyes that can catch the earliest indications of small changes as well as of grave perils, and eyes that can look far and near at the same moment, and lose nothing of all that lies between. Quickness and comprehensiveness of vision are the first requisites for promptitude and soundness of decision; and without this no man was ever successful in action or a satisfactory leader of his generation.

EYES AND NO EYES.—It is strange how our eyes get opened by teaching or self-culture to things with which we have lived all our lives side by side, and have never seen until now. The study of any natural science, any branch of natural history, shows us this more perhaps than anything else. Before studying botany, say, we passed by those myriads of small flowers which bloom in hedgerow and meadow—flowers which were practically invisible to us, which we looked at without seeing, and were not able to distinguish from the grass wherein they were embedded. After we have learned them by heart and science, we see them as marked and prominent in their lowly insignificance as if they were tall spears of foxglove or showy blocks of ragwort. Our eyes have been opened for them. But they were always there, just the same as now; and they are not now larger or more evident than they were then. It is only we who have learned to see. So, too, of entomology, of conchology, of ornithology, or any other natural science.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.—A portrait of grand-mother hangs on the wall. It was taken a half century ago, and represents the now venerable lady as a young and blooming girl. She is sitting on an old-fashioned sofa, the hands hold an open book, the eyes look up from it with tranquil sweetness, and through the open window behind we can see a quiet landscape. The costume is quaint, but handsome—a cream-colored dress, ruffled around the neck and over the bosom and shoulders. The waist is short and the sleeves are tight. Around the plump neck and hidden under a lace handkerchief is a necklace of ebony beads. There are two curls upon the forehead, and the rest of the hair flows away in ringlets down the shoulders. Now she stands withered and wan in a plain black silk gown, a close cap and spectacles, and, holding her shrunken and blue-veined hand to shield her eyes, she gazes with a long and longing look upon the blooming beauty that has faded from her form forever. But when she turns away there is the same pensive sweetness in her face that makes it not less lovely than the face of youth.

THE DEBT TO MOTHERS.—Mothers live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them, and manifest their tenderness and love so freely that the name mother is the sweetest in human language. And yet, sons, youthful and aged, know but a little of the anxiety, the nights of sleepless and painful solicitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. Those loving hearts go down to their graves with those hours of secret agony untold. As the mother watches by night, or prays in the privacy of her closet, she weighs well the words she will address to her son in order to lead him to a manhood of honor and usefulness. She will not tell him all the griefs and deadly fears which beset her soul. She warns him with trembling lest she say overmuch. She tries to charm him

with cheery love while her heart is bleeding. No worthy and successful man ever yet knew the breadth and depth of obligation which he is under to the mother who guided his steps at the time when his character for virtue and purity was so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway; let him obey as implicitly as he can her wishes and advice; let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest and happiness, and yet he will part from her at the tomb with the debt to her not half discharged.

THE MOTHER.—Of all the impressions made upon the youthful mind, none are so lasting as those received from a mother. While the rough finger of time may eradicate almost all others, these become, as it were, a part of our nature, controlling motives, exerting a powerful influence over us in all affairs of life. And this fact is sustained by the evidence of many of the greatest men that ever lived. Perhaps of all whom the world has honored with the appellation of great, more than one-half might, with the *strictest* propriety, inscribe on their escutcheons as the motto of their success the simple word "Mother." Truly weighty then are the obligations devolving on woman in discharge of her duties in this relation. The formation of character is hers. And may not she be also responsible for the future welfare or misery of her child, just in proportion as she discharges faithfully, or neglects to discharge, her obligation to him? The child is father of the man, and the seed sown in the moulding of youthful character must bring forth good or evil fruit in the harvest of mature age. Ay, its influence will be felt by future generations, and it remains with the mother whether those who in future time may be affected by the acts of her child shall have reason to bless or curse the name of her who gave him being. "Show us a good mother, and we show you a good son." So far does maternal influence affect the character of the child.

BURLESQUE.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—A Sacramento man who had heard and read a great deal about the blue-glass cure, concluded that he would try it for his rheumatism. He accordingly procured half a dozen panes, inserted them in the window of his bath-room, and took a "sun bath," according to the prescribed formula, for three successive days. His wife had been away from home, and when she returned she was delighted to hear that the new cure had done her husband a wondrous amount of good. He was eager to have her see the new window, and she felt considerable curiosity on the subject herself, but on entering the bath-room she burst into a fit of laughter, which was explained a moment later by her ejaculation: "That's your mazarine blue glass! Why, goosey, that isn't blue; that's green!" He doesn't feel so well now.

SORROWFUL SCENE IN A STREET CAR.—The elusiveness of a cent when it gets into the straw of a horse car is wonderful to behold. You see the very spot where the coin strikes, but when your hand reaches the place there's no cent there. And the more that straw is poked about, be it with the tenderness of love or the spitefulness of anger, the more the little joker keeps out of sight. It isn't a very high-toned pursuit to be thus chasing a festive bit of copper—alloyed at that—through the labyrinth of straw, and feet, and market baskets, and miscellaneous bundles, which the floor of a street car ordinarily presents, but one can hardly take a trip of any considerable length without witnessing just such a hunt. One of the most dignified passengers on a Highland car had an experience of this kind last evening. The coin glided as it fell, and a sort of glow-worm spark seemed to mark its resting place. The dignified traveller was evidently no novice as to the deceitfulness of these little jinglers, for he approached that cent with the cautious, stooping motion of a boy trying to pick a bumble-bee from a thistle-blow. He made the clutch with a smile of satisfaction which was meant to reprove the incredulity of his fellow-passengers, but a handful of dirty straw was his only reward. Then he parted the litter and clutched again as he saw the little disc diving into mysterious depths, but the unsaintlike expression of his face showed further lack of success. Then he just "went for" that bedding, and the more the passengers tried to keep from laughing the madder he got; and he shook and coaxed and stamped and bullied the straw, but the cent rather seemed to like it and kept at a safe distance. Then the man made a shovel-plough of his hands and furrowed the very flooring; then he took to ratterier tactics and try to worry that penny into a compromise, but it was 8 to 7 against him all the time. At this juncture a glance from the window showed him that he had been carried seven blocks past his stopping place, and his remarks as he got out on the muddy crossing were hardly fitted for the neighborhood of the tabernacle.

CLOUD BANNERS OF THE ALPS.

Among the most exquisite scenes which delight the eye of the European traveler are those wonderful rose-colored cloud-banners, floating from the Alpine cliffs. But it is only in the sunlight that Nature hangs out these beautiful tokens. So it is only in the glow of health—the sunlight of our inner being—that nature reveals those physical cloud-banners, the "rosy

cheek" and "cherry lip," to praise which every poet of the earth has invoked the Muse to aid him. But they are as rare as the cynical Hood conceived Christian charity to be. Woman, eager to retain this charm, resorts to French art and rouge. The effect is similar to that which would be produced by substituting auctioneer's flags for the delicate glowing cloud-banners of the Alps. If woman would aid Nature instead of adopting art, would seek health instead of vainly trying to mask disease, she would not only win the greatest charm of womanhood—health—but she would avert much misery both from herself and others. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has received the highest praise from thousands of pale, delicate, suffering women. One bottle often affords more relief than months of treatment by caustics and other medicines. It is harmless in any condition of the system, and its use often renders the modest invalid exempt from that most trying of ordeals, a personal consultation with a physician. It is the duty of every woman to become familiar with the causes and symptoms of the many diseases to which her peculiar organization renders her liable, and also to learn the proper means of preventing these maladies. The People's Medical Adviser contains an extensive treatise upon "Woman and her Diseases." The Author also advises courses of domestic treatment, which will often render the services of a physician unnecessary. Every woman should read it. A copy of the Adviser can be obtained by addressing the Author, Dr. R. V. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y. Price \$1.50 (postage prepaid). Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

Correspondents intended for this department to send Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. W. S. Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 114 received. The other matters referred to in your letter shall receive attention.

W. J. R. B. Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 122 received.

M. J. M. Quebec.—Any problem you may have on hand we shall be glad to receive. Your contributions are always acceptable.

S. J. S. Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 115 received.

The Annual Chess contest between the rival Universities of England was announced to take place on the day before the recent boat race.

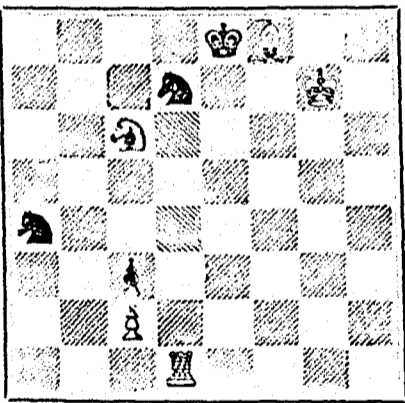
Last year the Oxford players were victorious, scoring twelve games to their antagonists' five.

We shall be anxious to know how matters stand with reference to this year's encounter, and, if possible, will obtain a specimen or two of the play of the best chess amateurs of the great seats of learning.

It appears that a match has just taken place in England between the Athenaeum Club of Manchester, and the Manchester Club. Thirty players entered their names. Afternoon on each side, and the competitors played two games with each other. The Athenaeum players were victorious, having scored sixteen games to their adversaries' eleven.

PROBLEM No. 116. By A. CYRIL PEABODY.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

GAME 167TH.

Played at the Montreal Chess Club in the recent match between Messrs. Henderson and Shaw.

Remove White's Queen's Knight.

WHITE.—(Mr. H.)	BLACK.—(Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	P takes P
3. Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 4
4. B to B 4	P to Q 3
5. P to Q 4	B to K 3
6. Q to Q 3	B takes B
7. Q takes B	P to Q B 3
8. P to K 5	P takes P
9. Kt takes P	Q to Q 4
10. Q to K 2	B to K 2
11. P to Q B 3	Kt to Q 2
12. Kt takes Kt (a)	Q takes Kt
13. Castles	Castles
14. P to Q Kt 4	R to K sq
15. Q to K 5	B to B 3
16. Q to R 5	B takes P (ch)
17. P takes B	Q takes P (ch)
18. B to K 3	Q takes B (ch)
19. K to R sq	R to K 4
20. P to Kt 5	B takes P
21. Q to R 4	Kt to R 3
22. K R to K sq	Q to Kt 3
23. K R to Q sq	Kt to Kt 5
24. R to Q 4	Kt checks (b)
25. K to Kt sq	Kt to Q 6
26. R to Q sq	R to K 5

And White resigns.

NOTES.

(a) By this move and one or two of the preceding, White aids his opponent in his manifest object of changing off pieces. (b) The latter part of this skirmish is well played by Black.

GAME 168TH. CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

The following is the concluding game in a match contested some time ago, at Glasgow between Messrs. Crum and Murray for the West of Scotland Challenge Cup.

(Queen's Gambit Accepted.)

WHITE.—(Mr. C.)	BLACK.—(Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4
2. P to K B 4	P takes P
3. P to K 3	P to K 3 (a)
4. B takes P	Kt to K B 3
5. Kt to Q B 3	B to Q Kt 5 (b)
6. K Kt to K 2	Castles
7. Castles	P to Q B 3
8. P to K 4	P to K R 3
9. P to Q R 3	B to K 2
10. P to Q Kt 4	P to Q Kt 3
11. Kt to K Kt 3	B to Q Kt 2
12. B to Q Kt 3	Kt to K R 2
13. B to K 3	B to Q R 3
14. R to K sq	B to Q Kt 2
15. P to K B 4	B to K R 5
16. Q to K Kt 4 (c)	B takes Kt
17. Q takes B	K to R sq
18. Q R to Q sq	Kt to K B 3
19. B to K B 2	Q Kt to Q 2
20. Q to K R 2	Q to Q B sq
21. P to K B 5	P takes P
22. Q takes P	P to Q Kt 4
23. B to K Kt 3	Kt to Q Kt 3
24. Q to K B sq	K to Kt sq
25. B to K B 4	P to Q R 4 (d)
26. B takes K R P	P takes P
27. P takes P	R to R 6
28. R to Q Kt sq	Kt to Q B 5 (e)
29. B to Q B sq	R to Q R 2
30. B takes Kt	P takes B
31. Q takes P	Q to Q 2
32. P to K R 3	R to K sq
33. B to K Kt 5	Kt to K R 2
34. B to K R 4	B to Q R 3
35. Q to Q B 5	B to Q 6
36. Q R to Q sq	B to Q Kt 4
37. P to Q 5	R to Q Kt 2
38. Kt takes B	

And after a few moves Black resigned.

NOTES.

(a) The usual move is P to K 4, for the purpose of facilitating the first player's Queen's Pawn.

(b) Better we should have thought to play B to K 2.

(c) White has already obtained a very superior position, and winning should be a mere matter of time.

(d) Over-looking, apparently, the very obvious threat of White's last move.

(e) Worse and worse; after this his game is beyond redemption.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 114.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to B 4	K takes R (A)
2. P to Q 4	Anything
3. Kt to Q 3 mate	

(A) Pawn moves

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 112.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q Kt 2	R to Q Kt 8 (best)
2. Kt to K 5 (ch by dis)	Kt to Q sq
3. Kt mates	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 113.

WHITE.	BLACK.
Kt to Q B 3	K at K B 3
Q at K R 4	B at Q R 3
R at K R 2	Pawn at K 2
Kt at Q B 7	
Pawns at Q 2, K 4, K B 3 and 7	

White to play and mate in two moves.

EVERYTHING IN THE BEDDING LINE AT Whiteside's Bedding House, 1377 ST. CATHERINE STREET. FACTORY—66 COLLEGE STREET. MONTREAL. 15-14-5-231

ICE! PURE ICE! SEASON 1877. D. MORRICE & CO., Established over 20 years. OLDEST, SUREST AND BEST.

PRICES.

10 lbs. per day for the Season.....	\$ 5.00
20 lbs. do do.....	8.00
30 lbs. do do.....	10.00
40 lbs. do do.....	12.00
50 lbs. do do.....	14.00
10 lbs. do per month.....	1.25
20 lbs. do do.....	1.75

Every Block of Ice Cut above the Bridge. Careful and obliging drivers engaged. City Ice Office, 2 Victoria Square. 15-12-2-239

HARLAND'S VARNISH. Wanted, some new and reliable glass chimneys and lamp goods. NO PEDDLING. Salary liberal, business permanent. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. MONITOR LAMP CO., 264 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO LET A FIRST-CLASS BRICK DWELLING, No. 1464 Abbotford Terrace (opposite Emmanuel Church), St. Catherine Street, in good order, well drained, and rat-proof. Rent moderate. Apply to G. B. BURLAND, Burland-Desbarats Lith. Co., Bleury St.

STEINAU JEWELRY CO. THE ONLY HOUSE IN AMERICA MAKING A SPECIALTY OF THE MANUFACTURE AND IMPORTATION OF CHEAP JEWELRY. THE LATEST NOVELTIES AND THE LOWEST PRICES. Dealers in General Merchandise, Fancy Goods, and Perfumery will find valuable information in our NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST for 1877, in book form, containing over 1,000 full-sized engravings of the latest styles of all kinds of Jewelry, Watches, etc. Mailed free, on receipt of 9 cents postage. Orders solicited from the Far West and Canada. STEINAU JEWELRY CO., Box 816, 70 W. 4th St., CINCINNATI, O. 15-12-13-221

CANADIAN HISTORY! THE COMPLETE WORKS OF J. M. LEMOINE: QUEBEC, PAST AND PRESENT, Illustrated and Bound, \$2. MAPLE LEAVES for 1863-4-5, 3 vols. Editions exhausted, may be procured by advertising. MAPLE LEAVES for 1873, \$1. THE TOURIST'S NOTE BOOK, Second Edition, \$0.25. LES OISEAUX DU CANADA, very rare, \$5. ALBUM DU TOURISTE, \$1. MEMOIRE DE MONGALM VENGÉE—rare, \$1. NOTES HISTORIQUES SUR LES RUES DE QUÉBEC, \$0.25. DAWSON & CO., LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC, or DAWSON BROS., MONTREAL.

JOHN BULL BITTERS. A wholesome vegetable compound, for all diseases of the Stomach and Nervous System, Dyspepsia, Nausea, General Debility, Vertigo, Languor, Loss of appetite, or in any case where a Tonic Bitters is required. As a Beverage and Appetizer is unequalled, being free from the deleterious effects of Alcoholic Drinks, for which it is an antidote. No Stomach should be without it. Its prompt action, Palatable to the taste, and Bracing & invigorating in its effects upon both Body and Mind. Discontinue the use of glass and excessive wine, and you will never again require the assistance of a Tonic Bitters. Solely prepared by J. C. GILL, Montreal.

For sale by MCGIBBON & BAIRD, DAVID CRAWFORD, St. James Street, DUPRESNE & MONGENAIS, Notre Dame Street, and by Grocers generally throughout the Dominion. 15-10-26-216

APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY. DEVIN'S WORM PASTILLES. The most effectual Remedy for Worms in Children or Adults. Le meilleur remède contre les vers chez les enfants ou adultes. PASTILLES DE DEVINS CONTRE LES VERS. APPROUVEES PAR LA FACULTE MEDICALE.

A Box will be sent to any address in Canada (post paid) on receipt of 25 cents. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY. In every family where Economy and Health are studied is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pan cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 55 College Street. 13-17-52-110

CHEAPEST AND BEST. DAILY WITNESS, MONTREAL WITNESS, WEEKLY WITNESS, CANADIAN MESSENGER, NEW DOMINION, MONTHLY. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal. Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and Plain cheaply and neatly done. Fun and Amusement! 48 Styles, the Best Out!

Transparent Cards. 25 blank, 15c; 25 printed, 2c. 25 Bristol Cards, 10c; 25 Snowflake, 20c; 12 beautiful Chromo cards 20c; 25 Mixed Cards, 20c. 9 samples sent for 3c stamp. We have over 200 styles. Agents Wanted. Order of the old established and reliable firm, A. H. FULLER & Co., Brockton, Mass.

New Work of Vital Interest. Post Free 12 Cents or 6d. stig. FROM J. WILLIAMS, P. M., 22, MARISCHAL STREET, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND, NORTH BRITAIN. A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE. CONTENTS: 1.—Medical Advice to the Invalid. 2.—Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments. 3.—Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and Feeble Digestion. 4.—Salt Baths, and their Efficacy in Nervous Ailments. 5.—The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength. 14-25-52-197

50 WHITE BRISTOL VISITING CARDS, with your name finely printed, sent for 25 cents. 1000 AGENTS WANTED. Samples 3c stamp. No postage. Address A.W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N.S. 15-12-13-223.

CASH Paid for Cast-off Clothing. Address H. VINEBERG, 631 Craig St., a few doors east of Bleury. 15-12-13-222.

P. F. MANNING, TAILOR, No. Corner Fortification Lane, Montreal. Gentlemen's and Youths' Clothes Cut, Made and Trimmed. Particular attention paid to Cleaning, Altering and Repairing. 15-12-13-226.

EMPLOYMENT. We are offering good pay, and steady work for one or two enterprising men or women in each County. Send for the most complete Illustrated Chromo Catalogue ever published. W. H. HOPE, 26 Bleury Street, Montreal. 15-10-26-216

ROWNTREES' Prize Medal ROCK COCOA. The popularity of this Rich and Nourishing preparation is due to the facts: I.—That it contains COCOA and SUGAR ONLY, without any admixture of Fat. II.—That the proportion of Cocoa to Sugar is exceptionally large. III.—That the Cocoa used is not robbed of any of its nourishing constituents. IV.—That the delicate flavor of the Cocoa is not hidden by any other flavor. H. I. Rowntree & Co., YORK, ENG. 15-9-26-214

SHOPS TO LET. Two fine, commodious Shops to let, No. 9 and No. 11, BLEURY ST. Both heated by steam—one of them well fitted up with shelves, drawers, &c., and very suitable for a Tailor or Milliner's Establishment. Apply to the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO., 5 and 7 Bleury Street.

OFFICES TO LET. ONE LARGE FLAT over Mr. Latham's Drug Store, corner of Craig and Bleury Streets; also TWO FLATS in the adjoining building on Craig Street, well adapted for Offices or any Light Manufacturing Business, with or without Steam. Apply to the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO., 5 and 7 Bleury Street.

In consequence of spurious imitations of
LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,
 which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins
 have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature,
 thus,

Lea & Perrins

which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE
 SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.
 Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper.
 Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London,
 &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of
 MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.
 14-14 52-165

CANADA METAL WORKS,
 577, CRAIG STREET.
Plumbers, Steam & Gas Fitters.
 MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO.
 15-4 26-213 ca.

EAGLE FOUNDRY,
 14 TO 3 4 KING ST. MONTREAL.
GEORGE BRUSH,
 MANUFACTURER OF
STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS,
 STEAM PUMPS, DONKEY ENGINES,
 CIRCULAR SAW-MILLS,
 GEAR WHEELS, SHAFING, PULLIES,
 HANGERS, & C.
IMPROVED HAND AND POWER HOISTS,
BLAKE'S PATENT
STONE AND ORE BREAKER.
 AGENT FOR
WATERS' PERFECT ENGINE GOVERNOR.

MILTON GOLD JEWELRY 1 Gents vest
 chain, set of shirt studs, sleeve buttons, collar stud,
 heavy plain ring, Parisian diamond pin, sent post-paid
 50 cents. Retail price \$1. Agents wanted.
 MONTREAL NOVELTY CO., MONTREAL, P. Q.

ASK for the
YOUR IMPROVED
GROCEER Balls also
 Button and English Liquid
 and
 Parisian Square
 Washing Blues.
 14-23-52-189

\$55 to \$77 a Week to Agents. \$10 Outfit FREE.
 P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.
\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and
 terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

50 VISITING CARDS, name finely printed, for 25
 cents. 1000 Agents wanted. Samples 3c stp.
 A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S. 13-26-39-131

THE FOLLOWING
 IS AN
EXTRACT FROM A LETTER
 dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of
 Horningham, near Warminster, Wilts:—
 "I must also beg to say that your Pills are an
 excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do
 enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appe-
 tite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78
 years old.
 "Remaining, Gentlemen,
 Yours very respectfully,
 To the Proprietors of L.S.
NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON.
 14-6-52-e2w.

L. J. FRESHMAN & BROS.
ADVERTISING AGENTS.
 186 W. FOURTH ST.
CINCINNATI, O.
 ESTIMATES—
 FURNISHED FREE—
 SEND FOR OUR
 MANUAL.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE
 The Great English Remedy is
 especially recommended as an
 unfailing cure for Seminal Weak-
 ness, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency,
 and all diseases that follow as a
 consequence of Self Abuse, as Loss
 of Memory, Universal Lassitude, A Tor-
 Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age
 and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Con-
 sumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule
 are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and
 over-indulgence.
 The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study and
 many years of experience in treating these special dis-
 eases. Pamphlet free by mail.
 The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at \$1
 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent by
 mail on receipt of the money, by addressing
WILLIAM GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ont.
 Sold in Montreal by R. S. LATHAM, J. A. HARTE
 JAS. HAWKES, PICHAULT & CO., and all responsible
 Druggists everywhere. 14-2-52-136

ROBERT MILLER,
 Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and
WHOLESALE STATIONER,
 IMPORTER OF
 Wall Papers, Window Shades and
SCHOOL BOOKS,
 397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL.
 14-6

Printing
 &
Decorating
 In first-class Style.
 J. MURPHY,
 786, Craig St., Montreal.
 14-1-52-135.

COHN'S
 Permanent Office File
 Has stood the test of 20 years, and for usefulness,
 durability, and convenience, is still unequalled.

We are permitted to refer to Messrs. ROBERTSON,
 LINTON & Co., J. L. CASSEY & Co. &c., &c., of this city,
 and to a great many other large firms all over the
 Dominion who are unanimous in its praise, and find it
 invaluable for filing and preserving letters, invoices, and
 other documents.
 The manufacture being now carried on by steam power
 on a large scale, under the personal supervision of the in-
 ventor, the undersigned are enabled to sell these files at

ONE HALF THE FORMER PRICES,
 in order to bring them within the reach of every business
 man.
LETTER, FOOLSCAP AND NOTE SIZE FILES
AND COVERS
 constantly on hand and every one guaranteed. For fur-
 ther particulars send for circular to
The Metallic Stationary Mfg. Co.,
43 ST. PETER STREET,
15-3-13-200 MONTREAL.

HATS!
 Spring Styles!
 After an absence of
 twelve years we have
 recommenced Busi-
 ness. All new Stock.
 Hats to suit all ages
 and Pockets. Best
 Goods. Best value.
 Every Hat marked in
 plain figures. Terms
 cash. One price. No
 bad debts. A call sol-
 icited when in the City.
JOHN C. THOMPSON
& CO., 416, Notre
Dame St., corner St.
Peter. The old and re-
liable Hat Corner.
 15-9-13-213

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5
 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.
THE CANADA SELF-ACTING
BRICK MACHINES!
 Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also
HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES.
 244 Parthenais St., Montreal.
 13-12-52-08 **BULMER & SHEPPARD.**
\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit
 free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

DR. CODERRE'S
EXPECTORATING SYRUP
 For COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c., &c.
 Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup, for Infantile
 Diseases, such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful Den-
 tition, &c.
 Dr. Coderre's Tonic Elixir, for all cases of
 Nervousness, General Debility, and diseases of the skin
 or blood.
 These valuable 2 medicines are all prepared under the
 immediate direction of J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D., of over
 25 years' experience, and are recommended by the Pro-
 fessors of the Montreal School of Medicine and Surgery.
 For sale at all the principal Druggists. 13-17-52-109

DR. A. PROUDFOOT,
OCULIST AND AURIST.
 Artificial Eyes inserted. Residence, 37 Beaver Hall,
 Montreal. 15-8-52-210



THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL.
FIRE. **LIFE.**
CAPITAL, \$10,000,000
ASSETS, OVER \$16,000,000
 Agencies in all the Principal
 Cities and Towns.
 W. E. SCOTT, M. D., Medical Adviser.
 JOHN KENNEDY, Inspector.
 H. L. ROUTH, Chief Agent.
 W. TATLEY, Chief Agent.
 15-1-52-201 **OFFICE: 64 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.**

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!
 The Engraving, Die Sinking, Lithographing, Printing
 and Publishing Business
 Heretofore carried on at No. 115 St. Francois Xavier Street, by the late firm of BURLAND, LAFRICAIN & Co., and at
 319 St. Antoine Street, by GEO. E. DESBARATS, being merged into the
BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY,
 has been REMOVED to those substantial, commodious and spacious premises, erected for the Company at
3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, NEAR CRAIG, MONTREAL.

The double facilities acquired by the fusion of the two firms, the conveniences provided by the removal, and the
 economy and efficiency introduced by the united management, enable THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHO-
 GRAPHIC COMPANY to execute orders for every kind of
ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING & ELECTROTYPING,
AT SHORT NOTICE, IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOWEST PRICES.
 Our friends and the public are invited to leave their orders for every description of
 ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING, ELECTROTYPING,
 DIE SINKING, BOSSING, PLAIN, GOLD, & COLOUR PRINTING, STEREOTYPING, &c., &c.
At the Office Bleury Street.
PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY A SPECIALITY.
 To this branch the attention of ENGINEERS, SURVEYORS, ARCHITECTS, &c., is particularly requested;
 the Company being prepared to reproduce MAPS, PLANS, and DRAWINGS, in an incredibly short space of time
 and at a trifling cost.
 ENGRAVINGS, BOOKS, ILLUSTRATIONS, &c., &c., reproduced same size or reduced to any scale.
 ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES for manufacturers done by this process at very cheap rates.
REMEMBER THE ADDRESS:
THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY,
5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

HOPKINS & WILY,
 ARCHITECTS AND VALUERS.
 13-9-52-88 253 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.
 The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published
 by the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY
 (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street,
 Montreal.