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Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1880.

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A SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

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NOTICE.

In order to prevent any delay in the delivery of the NEWS, or loss of numbers, those of our subscribers who change their place of residence will kindly advise us of the fact.

TEMPERATURE,

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

| June 12th, 1880. | | | Corresponding week, 1879. | | |
|------------------|------|--------|---------------------------|------|--------|
| Max. | Min. | Mean. | Max. | Min. | Mean. |
| Mon.. 78° | 65° | 71° 5' | Mon.. 68° | 49° | 58° 5' |
| Tues.. 75° | 65° | 70° 5' | Tues.. 60° | 39° | 49° 5' |
| Wed.. 71° | 65° | 68° | Wed.. 69° | 43° | 56° |
| Thur.. 75° | 59° | 67° | Thur.. 69° | 49° | 59° |
| Fri.. 78° | 60° | 69° | Fri.. 71° | 53° | 62° |
| Sat... 82° | 64° | 73° | Sat... 77° | 53° | 65° |
| Sun... 71° | 65° | 68° | Sun... 81° | 63° | 72° |

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 19th, 1880.

A SECOND CHAMBER.

One of *Grip's* latest illustrations is an old lady looking intently on a "Notice to Quit," addressed to "Old Mrs. Senate." The *Globe* seems to have roused all the political journals in the Dominion to discuss the question of the abrogation of the Senate, and concurrently a motion has been made in the Quebec House of Assembly for an address to the Crown, praying the abolition of the Legislative Council of Quebec. Prominent among the arguments in favour of the abolition of the Senate is the cost which it entails on the country, which is said to be \$140,000. It must be acknowledged that, having reference to the finances both of the Dominion and of Quebec, the question of cost cannot be treated as altogether irrelevant. The main question, however, is, and it is well worthy of calm consideration, whether with our system of Government a second chamber is desirable? The *Globe* has been attacked rather violently for inconsistency, on the ground that the late Senator BROWN had supported at the time of Confederation the principle of nomination in preference to that of election. If we comprehend the present position of the *Globe*, its advocacy of the abolition of the Senate is based on its objection to the principle of election in any form. Now, it cannot be denied that nominated bodies have not been a success under Parliamentary Government. In the United States the Republican system, both in the Federal and State Governments, is one of checks, and accordingly the various branches are perfectly independent and are elected by different constituencies. Our system is that the Government is administered by an administration responsible to the people through its representatives in the popular branch; and it may well be questioned whether under such a system there is any advantage in a checking body. In England the House of Lords represents a territorial aristocracy, but as the great majority of the body are entirely independent of the Executive Government, there

is little danger of subserviency, and experience has proved that there is no danger of such a body setting public opinion at defiance. In Canada, although the Senators are appointed for life, yet the instances are rare where a Senator abandons the party which has conferred on him his seat. The appointments are made on party grounds; and the consequence is that when a change of administration takes place owing to an expression of public opinion, the measures of the popular Government may be thwarted by a Senate nominated by the statesmen of a rival party. We have already had some experience of this in Canada, but we have likewise had that of the Australian colonies, and it is rather singular that at the present time there is an agitation both in Victoria and New South Wales for a change in the Constitution of the Second Chamber, although in the former colony it is elective, and in the other it is nominated by the Crown. In New South Wales the cause of the dead-lock was the rejection of a money bill, and the same difficulty would have been found in Quebec, but for the change of Ministry, caused, in a great measure, by the rather sudden withdrawal of support by several members from the JOLY administration. The experience of Quebec is, beyond doubt, that it would be difficult for a Liberal administration, even if successful at the polls, to carry on the government with a Legislative Council constituted as at present. The case in New South Wales, which has caused a demand for a change in the constitution, is widely different from that of Quebec, and it cannot be alleged that the Council was to blame. A tax bill had been passed by the Assembly, which the Council thought open to misconstruction, the question being whether a stamp tax would apply to bills then current. The Council amended the bill to make clear what the Government and Assembly really meant, but the Government held that the bill was sufficiently clear and that no such intention could be deduced from it. Accordingly, instead of sending a new bill in the form adopted by the Council, to which they had no real objection, they sent a new bill precisely in the old form, which was again rejected, and thus a dead-lock was created on the tax bill. In Victoria things are immeasurably worse, and Mr. BERRY, the Premier, was recently in England to endeavour to effect a change in the Constitution. We have had in Canada twelve years experience of the practicability of carrying on the Government satisfactorily without a Second Chamber, and it seems probable that such an example will lead to continued agitation until all the Second Chambers are abolished. The inference that we draw from the late course of the *Globe* is that one section of the Reform party has abandoned the scheme of an elected Senate, which the *Globe* considers impracticable with parliamentary government; while on the other hand, those heretofore favourable to a nominated Senate have agreed to support its total abolition. Just at present there is no probability that the opponents of a Second Chamber will be able to effect more than a discussion of the proposition to abolish the Senate, but it seems beyond doubt that abolition will in future be a plank in the Reform platform.

IMMIGRATION TO CANADA.

In an article on European immigration to this continent which we published a fortnight ago, after recording the extraordinary influx into the United States, we asked the pertinent question—Why does not Canada get a fair proportion of this increase? Taking the American average, then set down, we expressed the opinion that the Dominion should receive an accession of about 40,000 this year. We enquired further why the party organs were so silent on this point after all the glowing promises which had been made during the last session of Parliament? Beyond a paragraph somewhere, traceable to no respon-

sible source, that our immigration figure would rise this year to 50,000 or 60,000, we have received no definite reply to our query.

It is not only we that are anxious on this point. Our American friends are puzzled as well. They cannot understand why it is that while the northern half of this country is at this moment receiving new comers by the thousand a day, both Canada on the North and the Southern States fail to attract the new population which they so greatly need. Explanations have been given of the immigrants' avoidance of the South, but these do not account for the immigrants' avoidance of Canada. It is, indeed, surprising that so many of those arriving at Montreal and other ports of the Dominion, do not settle in the Provinces, but start next day for Wisconsin and Minnesota, where tens of thousands of their countrymen have preceded them. And yet, as a leading American journal truly and justly remarks, "the Canadian Government is liberal and equitable; the Canadian lands are productive and cheap, and the Canadian forests abundantly supplied with timber." Furthermore, many of the new comers arriving on this continent are Scandinavians—Norwegians, Swedes and Danes—who, we might suppose, would be fascinated with the Canadian arctic winters, and easily drift to that country where the lands are as fertile and cheap as any in the United States, and where they would meet with quite as cordial a welcome as in the North-western States.

These facts are grave and require consideration. They are given in no carping spirit, but with an earnest desire for the improvement and progress of the country. Immigration is a vital element in the forecast of our future prosperity. Without it our public works would lose much of their *raison d'être* and become a burden impossible to carry. If the Department have any statistics they should publish them, as do the Americans. Should the showing be satisfactory, that fact alone would add to the general cheerfulness and energy.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

We publish in the present issue two views, interior and exterior, of the great building in which was held, last week, at Chicago, the Republican Convention. We hope next week to be able to publish the portrait of the successful candidate for the presidency—Hon. JAMES A. GARFIELD, as also that of his second, General ARTHUR. This has been the most eventful convention in the history of the Republican party, always excepting that of 1860, which resulted in the nomination of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and the outbreak of the civil war. It will be chiefly remembered for three things—the choice of the "dark horse,"—that is, a man not on the original list of nominees—who is clearly above any of his competitors. For any one following the course of American politics there can be no doubt that Mr. GARFIELD is superior in brains, and in that magic element vaguely denominated power, to either BLAINE, SHERMAN or WASHBURN. EDMUNDS is his only possible rival, being the Republican leader in the Senate as GARFIELD is in the House. In the second place the convention will be remembered as the grave of the Third-Term craze. This, we are sorry to add, includes the defeat and humiliation of General GRANT, who, if he had consulted his own character and reputation, would never have entered into this scramble for a new lease of power. Thirdly, at Chicago the death-blow was given to the Machine, or political Ring tyranny, which was endeavoured to be exercised in New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois, by such men as Messrs. CONKLING, CAMERON and LOGAN. Mr. GARFIELD is that strong that unless the Democrats put up one of their very best men at Cincinnati, next week, he will infallibly be the next President of the United States.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

ART is to be recognized at the Oxford Encænna this year in the persons of Mr. Watts, R.A., and Mr. Millais.

A DETERMINED effort is being made to discover who were the delinquents at the Bridge-water House meeting. The position of the man who is first discovered as having broken his pledge of secrecy is not to be envied.

THE Princess Louise has sent a box containing a number of valuable and interesting curiosities made by the Indians of North America to Cheadle Rectory, Lancashire, in aid of a bazaar which will be opened shortly by Mr. Cunliffe Brooks, M.P.

A RUMOUR circulates that the Queen, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, will probably visit Ireland next August. It is said that the statement comes from the new Lord-Lieutenant, who has had intimation of the Royal intention.

THE irritated mood of a section of the Liberal party may be inferred from the reproach hurled by Mr. Richards, M.P., the other day, that not a single appointment out of the Cabinet had been given to a Non-conformist, although more than a hundred of such offices had been filled up by Mr. Gladstone.

ALL the gypsies have to clear out of Epping Forest by the 12th day of August next. Up to this time the place has been very carelessly guarded from fire. Some young men have during several summers camped out in the forest for four or five days at a time, keeping a fire burning all the while.

It is denied that Cardinal Newman intends to answer Dr. Littledale's "Plain Reasons against the Church of Rome." As a prince of the church, the greatest of English dialecticians has too much to do at present to go on with the mere work of controversy. He has banished that thought from his mind. Another Oratorian has the work in hand. We shall have some good theological controversy this winter.

THE Reform Club intended to illuminate and have a grand dinner, because no more of the Ministers than the Home Secretary and the Lord Advocate had lost their seats, and because no more of the Ministry than Gladstone and Fawcett had found it necessary to apologize within a week. But the illumination is put off for the present—and the dinner too. The recantations and apologies are not all over yet.

THERE is a picture of a child at the Royal Academy, which all the critics have been particularly requested to give the full name of. But it is the reason assigned for the request that is curious. It appears that the father of the child has left his home, and it is thought that if he sees the praises awarded to the picture of his offspring, he will return to it, and to its mother. This seems to be a better way of trying to reach a truant husband than employing detectives. It is delicate, and therefore more pleasant, while it is certainly much cheaper.

ONE of the results of the general election was to stop the flow of charity towards Ireland, and that before the need has ended. At the meeting of the Mansion House Committee held recently, it was announced that only £10 had been received since the last meeting, and that within a month relief operations must come to a close for want of funds. Unless the representations made by the Committee are greatly exaggerated, prompt action on the part of the State can alone avert grievous suffering in the near future.

THE question of an increased allowance to the Prince of Wales is coming before Parliament. This has been talked of for some time, but no action has hitherto been taken. The fact is that His Royal Highness is put to very considerable additional expense through having so often to take the leading part in all kinds of public ceremonies, either presiding at public dinners, which of course means a handsome subscription to the funds, or laying foundation stones, &c., most of which involve a direct appeal to the purse of His Royal Highness. It is quite certain that he is entitled to an extra grant from some source or other.

THE system of dictating the parliamentary debates to the *Times* from St. Stephen's through its own telephonic wire to the compositors has fully succeeded. Composing type from the dictation is in itself an innovation, and the saving of time must be enormous. It gets rid not only of the messenger between the house and Printing House square, but of the necessity of the reporter writing out his notes. But this is not the last development of the telephone. When it is perfected the reporter will be abolished by making every compositor his own reporter, taking down his sentences as the orator proceeds at Westminster.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

The following was addressed to the Literary and Historical Society by one of the *litterateurs* of Percé :

The *Haldimand Papers* have been partially copied at the expense of the Dominion Government and ought now to form part of the public archives, at Ottawa.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF GASPÉ.

MY DEAR SIR,—Since my last, these following new informations have come to hand.

By the *Quebec Almanack*, we see that in 1806 and 1807, Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury Deschambault, Aide-de-Camp, was Lieut.-Governor of Gaspé. In 1808, Forbes appears for the first time.

The best chance of success would be to apply to the *London British Museum*, where is the collection of *Haldimand Papers* and *Bouquet Papers*, which contain very precious information on the years following the Conquest. No copy of these papers likely exists in Canada. Please suggest to authorities.

Mr. Benj. Sulte is to publish shortly notes concerning Lieutenant-Governor LeMaitre, in a gazette. They will likely supply some missing links.

Could not a Canadian devoted to his country's history be found in London to inspect the aforesaid papers and extract what concerns particularly that point which is now put before the public. We say *honor to a centenarian!* Well, the Lieutenant-Governorship of Gaspé is about this time a venerable centenarian. Let us dust it a little, gather, like the dry bones in Ezekiel's vision, all its component parts, and set it up as a whole.

Let me know if the *Chronicle* or the *Journal de Quebec* contain information in answer to questions about the Lieut.-Governor of Gaspé. Percé, June 4th, 1880.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has been recognized as a poet in days that are separated from us by almost sixty years. He was born in Portland, Me., on the 27th of February, 1807. Maine then formed part of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was a son of the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, a man of much note in the first half of this century, both in law and in politics, and who was one of the early members of the United States house of representatives from Maine (1823-5). He was one of the Massachusetts delegates to the Hartford convention, and it is stated that he was the last survivor of the members of that memorable body. He was descended, paternally, from one of the Massachusetts colonists who came to this country more than two centuries ago, and on the side of his mother from John Alden. Mr. Stephen Longfellow had a close interest in literature, and at one time he was president of the Maine Historical Society, a body which has done much good and useful work. He died in 1849, living to a great age, so that he had the gratification of seeing his most distinguished son in all the enjoyment that established fame affords. That son was sent at the age of 14 years (1821) to Bowdoin College, then, as now, ranking with the first of our institutions for the promotion of learning. In the same class was Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was his senior by almost three years. The early association of these two young men was the beginning of a close friendship that lasted for more than 40 years, and ended only when Hawthorne went to his final resting-place, in Sleepy Hollow, at Concord. In Hawthorne's writings can be found not a little that shows how he appreciated Longfellow's friendship; and Longfellow was not less loyal than Hawthorne. He was the first man in the world who took the measure of his friend's mind, and we have heard that he wrote the admirable article on the first edition of "Twice-told Tales," published in 1837, which article appeared in the *North American Review* the same year, if our memory be not at fault. A third student was at Bowdoin during most of the time that Longfellow and Hawthorne were there. Franklin Pierce entered the college a year earlier than Hawthorne and Longfellow, and in 1853 he became president of the United States. Between the future president and Hawthorne a lifelong intimacy was established, which had a great effect on the fortunes of the author, though the president cared for nothing but American politics, and Hawthorne cared no more for them than he cared for those of Lilliput. But it is an old thing that men of the most different minds often become the most devoted friends. Mr. Longfellow graduated in 1825, when he was but eighteen years old. As he began his poetical career while he was in college, he was a young poet in what have become old days. Mr. Longfellow appears to have thought of devoting himself to the law, which was a natural enough first thought of a youth whose father was an eminent jurist, but it soon was abandoned. When but 19 he was made professor of modern languages and literature in Bowdoin College, and he passed the next four years in Europe preparing himself for his professional duties. That time was spent in Germany and France, Spain and Italy. He assumed the chair to which he had been appointed in 1830, and held it till 1835. He found time, or he made it, for other labors, writing for the *North American Review* and translating the "Coplas de Manrique," the most perfect production of the kind ever known. It

is not just to speak of it as a translation, for in the English it is almost as much an original work as it is in the Spanish.

His success with the "Coplas de Manrique" placed Mr. Longfellow at the age of 26 (the work was published in 1833), in the front rank of great living poets; and there were poetical giants in those days. "Outre-Mer: A Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea," came out two years later, and was received with delight, though the reading public of 1835 would sustain but a poor comparison with that of 1880. Two years after its publication he was appointed to the professorship of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard College which had been made vacant through the resignation of his eminent friend, P. of. George Ticknor. He again visited Europe, where he remained two years, travelling in Germany and Switzerland, in Holland and Belgium, and in Sweden and Denmark. He began his official duties at Cambridge in 1837, and held the professorship till 1854, when he resigned. Meantime his career as an author went steadily on. "Hyperion" was published in 1839, and became immediately popular, and it has retained its popularity through 40 years. The same year appeared "Voices of the Night." "Ballads and other Poems," date from 1841. It was in 1842 that he gave his "Poems on Slavery" to his countrymen. A long series of works followed, showing that the poet could labor steadily besides discharging his professional obligations. "The Spanish Student" was published in 1843, and in 1845 he prepared "Poets and Poetry of Europe," a critical compilation. Then came "The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems," in 1846, and "Evangeline" in 1847, which is commonly held to be his greatest production. His novel, "Kavanagh," appeared in 1849, and "Sea-side and Fire-side," in 1850. "The Golden Legend," has the date 1851. Four years passed, and in 1855 he published "The Song of Hiawatha," said to have had the largest sale of any of his poems. Three years later, in 1858, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," met with the applause it deserved. "Tales of a Wayside Inn," appeared in 1863, "Flower de Luce" in 1866, and "New England Tragedies" in 1868. It was known that he was engaged on a translation of Dante, which was expected with much interest. The publication took place in 1867, with the title "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri," and filled three superb and massive volumes, including "Notes," and "Illustrations."

MUSICAL.

After an absence of about two years, August Wilhelmj re-appeared before a Montreal audience on Tuesday, the 8th inst., at the Mechanics' Hall, with Signora Marie Salvotti as prima donna, and the young and celebrated pianist and composer, Max Vogrich.

Though the audience was rather noisy, owing to the inexcusable delay of half an hour in opening the concert, every one was full of attention when Max Vogrich appeared to begin the programme with the Mendelssohn-Liszt Wedding March, the playing of which proved at once that the good account which the United States press gave of this young artist is true. Signora Marie Salvotti, a lady of Italian type with a commanding appearance, sang Verdi's Aria "Nabucco" in Italian.

Her cultivated voice, over which she has entire control, is rich and pure, while she sings the upper register with the greatest ease and understands fully how to give expression even to the most simple music.

Paganini's Concerto by Herr Wilhelmj was the next piece, and we can hardly describe the storm of applause which greeted this distinguished player, who furnished a delightful sight by his modesty, pleasant smile and composure, amidst the ovation given him. This scene was repeated at the end of his playing, and though he generally avoids *encores* he had to comply with the demands of the audience which manifested such a longing for more as if Herr Wilhelmj had just come on the platform.

"I Love Thee," a sweet little song by Wilhelmj, was beautifully rendered by Signora Salvotti who, too, received warm applause and sang "Home, Sweet Home" as an *encore* in an artistic style, and with great pathos. The accompaniment to this piece particularly had some exquisite passages, and we have had seldom the pleasure of listening to anything so perfectly executed.

Vogrich's Andante by Herr Wilhelmj followed. Though he plays with the brilliancy of execution and delicacy of shading which characterizes his execution and justly made him the eminent artist he is, yet the flaw which occurred in the harmony of his and the composer's playing could not escape the notice of an attentive and musical ear. We fully realized the fact of playing without music on one side, and being entirely at home in the rendition of a piece by the composer himself on the other; still harmony is the important foundation and does not admit of a break in the precision. Max Vogrich played Raff's Fantasia "Aida" with great effect and accompanied Herr Wilhelmj in Ernest's Hungarian Dances, which simply brought the house down, and Herr Wilhelmj bowed in place of an *encore*. Still, as the enthusiasm did not abate, the three artists appeared to close the concert with a Fantasia on "God Save the Queen" in which Signora Salvotti showed her melodious voice until every one was fairly in raptures, and when God Save the Queen was sung with the usual honor the audience left with the greatest satisfaction.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

It is stated that Sir Richard Wallace is forming his collection of pictures, works of art, and curiosities into a museum, which he will open to the public once a week.

THOSE of the Paris theatres which remain open in June, July, and August will, during those months, revive popular and little-remembered plays. This is for the benefit of the foreign visitors as well as for that of the theatres.

THE antiquarian world is in joy. A genuine nightcap in guipure, belonging to Charles V., has been placed in the Cluny Museum. This valuable relic figures alongside the slobbering bib of Henri IV. and the feeding spoon and silver porringer of Louis XIV.

THE Versailles Municipality has voted the restitution of the inscription on the Hoche statue:—"Died too soon for France. Had he lived his glory promised to cost nothing to the liberty of his country." This sarcasm on Cæsarism, composed by Mr. Villemain, of the Academy, was suppressed by Napoleon III.

ONE of those French manufacturers who are capable of any iniquity, is sending out a brocade which has designs upon it borrowed from furniture. It is hideous beyond expression when one looks at it closely and realises what a jumble of vases, jars, fans, plates, and pitchers it is, but it is tolerable at a distance, for its colours are blended with great taste.

WHITHER are we drifting in the matter of extravagance in dress? The latest and costliest of novelties is a black satin, embroidered all over by hand very finely, with flowers in their natural hues. This artistic material costs two hundred francs a yard. Some twelve yards in combination with plain satin were recently employed in a dress prepared for an American belle by one of the leading houses of Paris.

A SELECT club has been founded where only enthusiastic sportsmen, foreign as well as French, are admitted. It has its monthly paper devoted to improving dogs, and will hold a canine exhibition every spring. During the close season, the members, instead of gambling, are treated by Waldteufel and his orchestra from ten p.m. till one a.m., to a selection of music recalling the pleasures of the field.

As a rule fashions are confined to the fair sex, but a contemporary gives the latest novelties in masculine dandyism. Canes with secret bottles are now in fashion. The handle of the cane is a Chinese, Indian, or Japanese divinity, from whence, on pressing a string, escapes a jet of scent. Amber holders for cigars and cigarettes have the monogram or crest of their owner in diamonds or coloured stones. At home the Parisian dandies wear short coats of Scotch plush, and white flannel trousers, whilst for races socks of plain-coloured silk with the initials embroidered on the ankles, have a charming effect worn with low shoes. This is the grave result of women adopting masculine manners, and putting on manly attire. It has driven men to the opposite extreme of effeminacy.

VARIETIES.

AN UNLUCKY JULIET.—The juvenile leading lady, a good actress and very pretty woman by the way, and a young mother, was cast to play Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet*. Her baby had been placed in her dressing-room for security, and to be near the mother. But just before the balcony scene the young tyrant became unruly and impossible to control. What was to be done? A mother's tact hit upon the true soothing syrup. She nestled the infant to her breast, and from that moment the young villain became silent as a mouse. Being called, she hastily mounted the rostrum that supported the supposed balcony, throwing a lace scarf over her shoulders, which concealed the little suckling; and leaning over the balcony, with the other arm pensively placed upon her cheek, she looked the picture of innocence and beauty. The scene opened and went glowingly. But, alas! Juliet has to appear and disappear three times; and in her effort to do so gracefully, and yet conceal the child, she stumbled against the iron brace that held up the frail structure. Down fell the balcony; and, lo! the love-lorn maiden was discovered with a baby at her breast—seated on a tub, that served for a stool, and at her foot, accidentally placed there by the thirsty carpenter, was a quart pot. The said carpenter was discovered on all-fours steadying with his back the rickety structure above. Shrieks of laughter from all parts of the house greeted the *tab-teau*, and of the play no more was heard that night. From "Random Recollections of an Old Actor," by Fred. Belton.

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE QUEEN.—The new literary paper, the *Pen*, contains in its first number the following hitherto unpublished letter addressed by Charles Dickens to an intimate friend (the father of the painter of the "Roll Call") immediately after the marriage of the Queen. "Devonshire Terrace, Thursday Morning. My dear Thompson,—Maclise and I are raving with love for the Queen, with a hopeless passion whose extent no tongue can tell, nor mind of man conceive. On Tuesday we sallied down to Windsor, prowled about the Castle, saw the corridor and their private rooms

—nay, the very bed-chamber (which we know from having been there twice) lighted up with such a ruddy, homely, brilliant glow, bespeaking so much bliss and happiness, that I, your humble servant, lay down in the mud at the top of the long walk and refused all comfort, to the immeasurable astonishment of a few straggling passengers who had survived the drunkenness of the previous night. After perpetrating some other extravagances we returned home at midnight in a postchaise, and now we wear marriage medals next our hearts and go about with pockets full of portraits which we weep over in secret. Forster was with us at Windsor and (for the joke's sake) counterfeits a passion too, but he does not love her. Don't mention this unhappy attachment. I am very wretched, and think of leaving my home. My wife makes me miserable, and when I hear the voices of my infant children I burst into tears. I fear it is too late to ask you to take this house, now that you have made such arrangements of comfort in Pall Mall; but if you will, you shall have it very cheap—furniture at a low valuation—money not being so much an object as escaping from the family. For God's sake turn this matter over in your mind, and please to ask Captain Kincaide what he asks—his lowest terms in short, for ready money—for that post of Gentleman-at-Arms. I must be near her, and I see no better way than that for the present. I have on hand three numbers of "Master Humphrey's Clock," and the two first chapters of "Barnaby." Would you like to buy them? Writing any more in my present state of mind, is out of the question. They are written in a pretty fair hand, and when I am in the Serpentine may be considered curious. Name your own terms. I know you don't like trouble, but I have ventured, notwithstanding, to make you an executor of my will. There won't be a great deal to do, as there is no money. There is a little bequest having reference to HER which you might like to execute. I have, on the Lord Chamberlain's authority, that she reads my books and is very fond of them. I think she will be sorry when I am gone. I should wish to be embalmed, and to be kept (if practicable) on the top of the Triumphal Arch at Buckingham Palace when she is in town, and on the north-east turrets of the Round Tower when she is at Windsor. From your distracted and blighted friend, C. D.—Don't show this to Mr. Wakley if it ever comes to that."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, June 7.—Prince Jerome Napoleon is seriously ill.—John Brougham, the veteran actor, died last night.—All hope of the missing training ship *Atalanta* is now given up.—The funeral of the late Czarina took place at St. Petersburg yesterday.

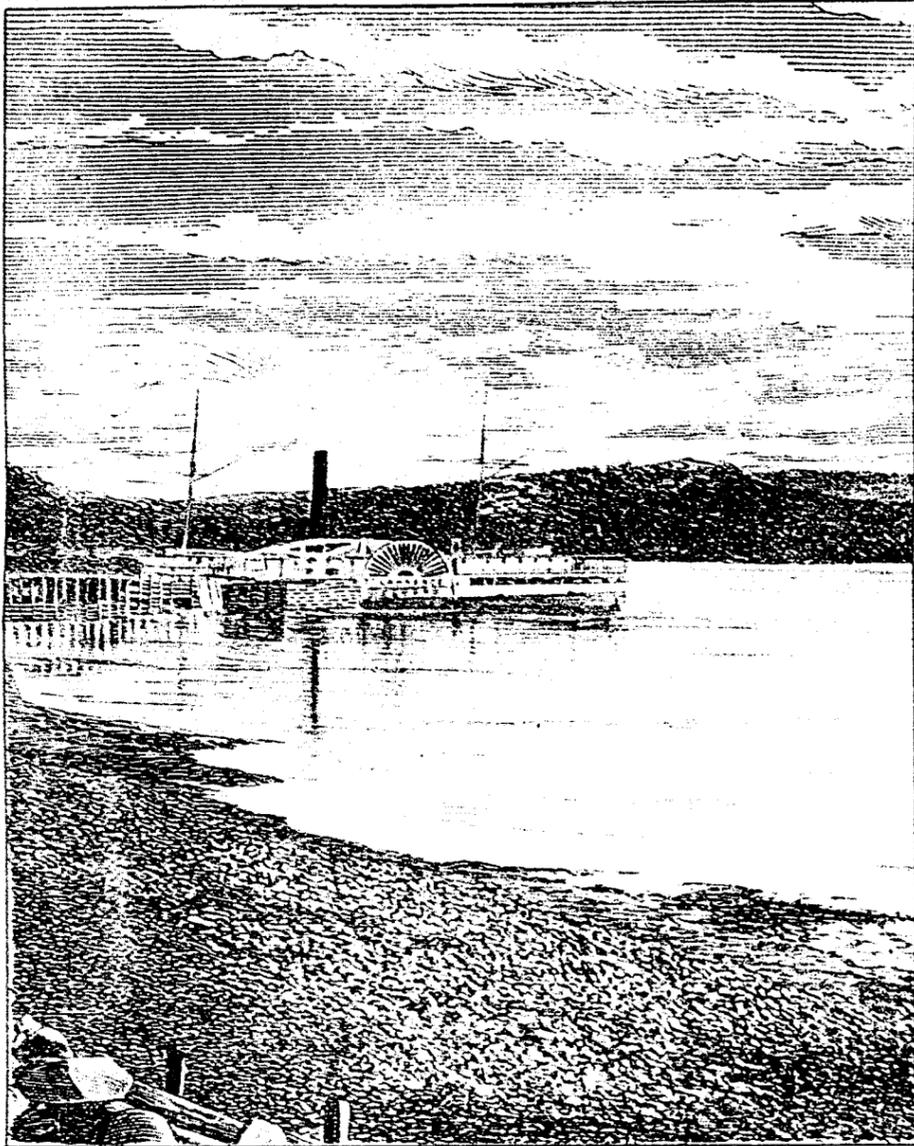
TUESDAY, June 8.—Crop prospects in the Ottawa Valley are reported to be unusually excellent.—The German Government is to issue invitations to the Powers for a supplementary conference at Berlin.—An anti-slavery deputation yesterday waited on Earl Granville to urge upon the Government to advocate the abolition of slavery in Egypt and Turkey.

WEDNESDAY, June 9.—The new Viceroy of India has arrived at Simla.—It is reported that James Gordon Bennett was thrown from his horse and seriously hurt whilst riding in Paris yesterday.—In the Local Legislature last night, the Opposition challenged a division, and the Government was supported by a vote of 29 to 21.—Gen. James A. Garfield, of Ohio, yesterday received the Republican nomination for the Presidency, and Gen. Arthur, of New York, the nomination for the Vice-Presidency.—The barque *Glen Monach*, from Rio de Janeiro, has been placed in quarantine at Grosse Isle, near Quebec, having sixteen cases of yellow fever on board. There were three deaths during the voyage.

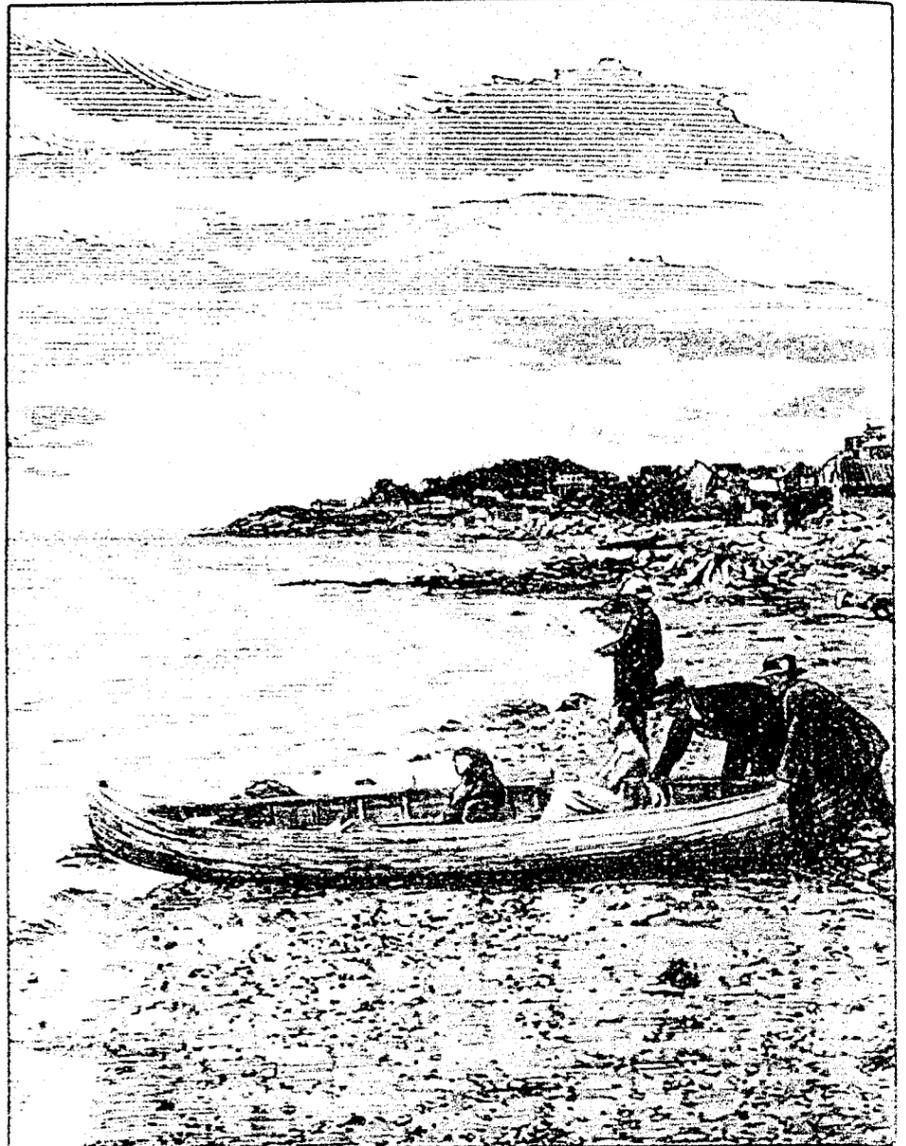
THURSDAY, June 10.—The Senate Committee on Finance has reported favourably to the House a bill putting a specific duty of 25 cents per bushel on barley malt in place of *ad valorem* duty.—The New York *Graphic* says proceedings have been begun in the U.S. Circuit Court by the Pullman Palace Car Company against the N. Y. Central Car Company and Webster Wagner, for infringement of patent rights. Wagner is charged with manufacturing cars without license to certain contracts. Complainants claim one million dollars damages.—Ravages of the army worm upon wheat, corn and timothy crops in Ocean and Monmouth Counties and other parts of New Jersey continue. Farmers, who at sunset see their grass and rye doing well, awake at sunrise to find acres on acres destroyed. The rapidity and thoroughness with which these worms do their work are appalling, and coupled with the late drought in this section, is likely to make 1880 a year of serious disaster to a large part of New Jersey.

FRIDAY, June 11.—Cassagnac has resigned his seat in the Chamber of Deputies owing to divisions in the Bonapartist ranks.—Lord Hartington in the Commons denies that orders have been given for the evacuation of Cabul.—A tornado in Iowa, on Wednesday, wrought great destruction of property, not a house in its track being left standing. Twenty people are reported dead or missing.—A large oil tank in Titusville, Pa., was struck and set on fire by lightning yesterday morning, and the fire extending continued to burn furiously all day. The loss is estimated at \$3,000,000.—A raft, in descending the Lachine Rapids yesterday morning, got into the wrong channel and was broken to pieces. The crew of thirteen had a thrilling adventure, and three of their number—a Frenchman and two Indians—lost their lives.—The abolition of the malt tax in Great Britain, while gratifying to the agriculturists, will give offence to the Scotch and Irish whiskey manufacturers. The beer manufacturers, too, are likely to complain of the reduction of duty on light wines.

SATURDAY, June 12.—The Burmah rebellion is said to have collapsed.—The entry of the Chinese into Russian territory is confirmed.—Midhat Paasha is spoken of as likely to be appointed Governor of Albania.—Intercepted letters of Abdul Rahman to the Afghan chiefs have created an unfavourable impression against him.—Preparations are rapidly nearing completion for the holding of the national Democratic Convention in Cincinnati.—A Berlin despatch says Bismarck has no intention of dropping the May laws amendment bill, in spite of its rejection.—Earl Granville, speaking at a banquet given him by the London Fishmongers' Company, said present indications of European concerted action were extremely favourable.



HA! HA! BAY, SAGUENAY.



ON THE BEACH AT RIVIERE-DU-LOUP.

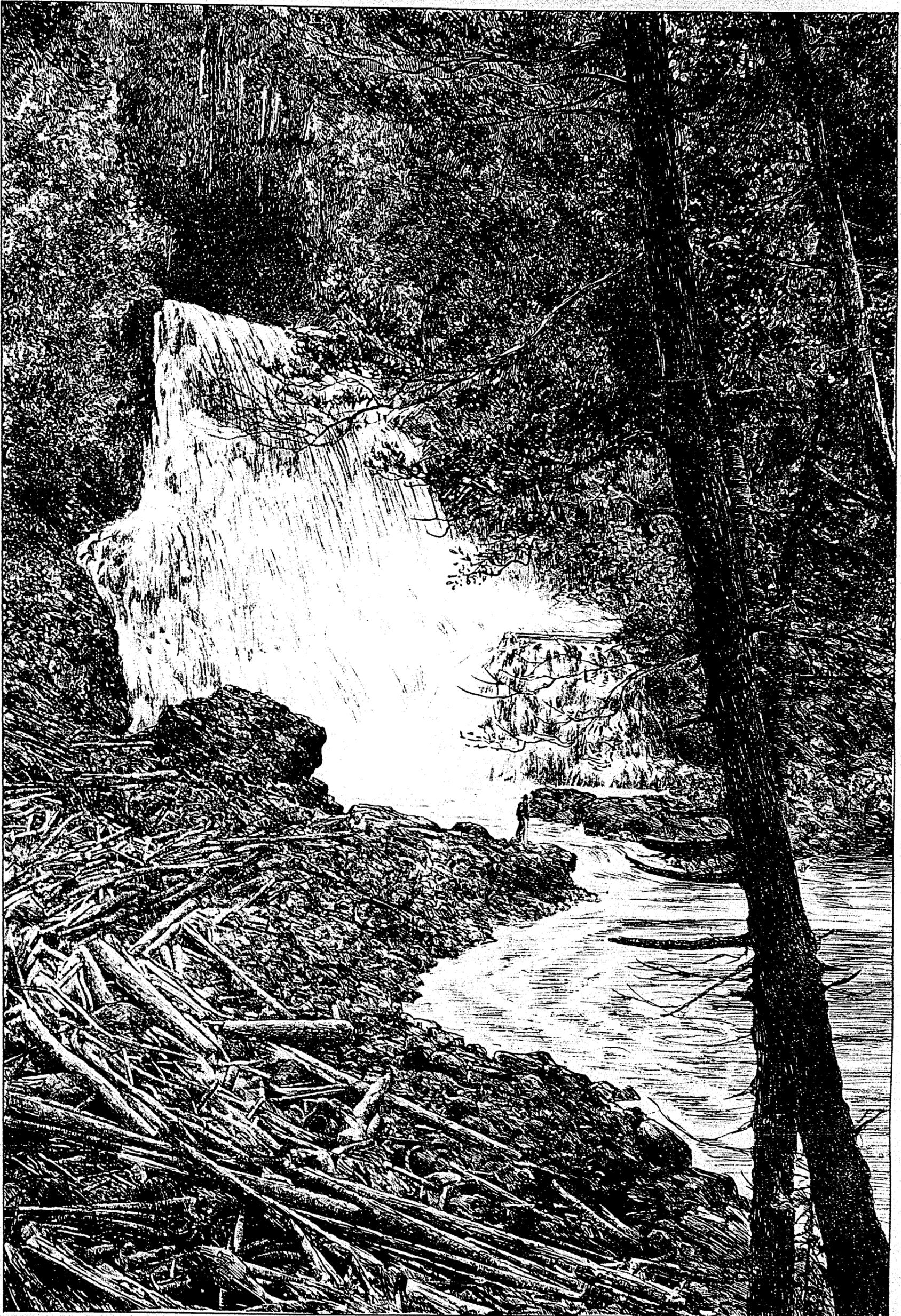


STEAMBOAT LANDING, MURRAY BAY.



ON THE BEACH, MURRAY BAY.

SEASIDE VIEWS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARKS.



ST. PATRICK'S HOLE, NEAR QUEBEC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS.

MASADA'S TRAGEDY.

"What man is there would not rather
All Death's dismal terrors brave,
Than submit with craven spirit
To be cruel Silva's slave?"
Bitterly mused Eleazer,
As he stood alone at night,
Gazing down upon the Romans
From Masada's giddy height.

Then he called in stirring accents,
As he strode o'er tumbling stones,
While the crags and lofty ramparts
Echoed back his trumpet tones:
"Ho, the guard there, give the warning!
Summon to the council hall
Old Masada's stalwart soldiers!
Bring them quick and bring them all!"

Soon, responsive to his orders,
Trooped the veterans scarred and grim
To the faintly-lighted chamber,
Filled with shadows weird and dim;
And the chieftain's piercing glances
Noted through the murky gloom
That his soldiers' wives and children
Lined the borders of the room.

For a moment gazed he fondly
On the silent gathering there,
On the gray-haired, war-worn heroes,
And their wives and daughters fair,
With pale, eager, anxious faces
Upward turned to hear their doom,
Then his eloquence resounded
Round the crowded council-room.

"On the morn the Roman legions
Will o'erwhelm us with their power,
And the torments of the captured
Will be awful in that hour.
Let us, therefore, meet the danger,
And, by voluntary death,
Cheat proud Silva of his victims,
And in freedom end our breath.

"It is vain to think that longer
We can hold the foe at bay,
God Himself declared against us
In the struggle of to-day.
He no longer loves the nation,
That was once His chiefest care,
And His aid we need not pray for
In our hour of dire despair.

"Had He not condemned, accursed us,
Would He not have raised His hand
To protect the Holy City
From that conquering heathen band?
He has doomed us to destruction
For our sins so manifold,
And the Roman is the weapon
His Almighty hand doth hold.

"Let us die like heroes, soldiers!
If we suffer for our guilt,
Let our own swords be the weapons
Then by which our blood be split!
Burn up all but the provisions,
That the heathen horde may see
We succumbed not unto famine,
But chose death 'fore slavery!"

Then he paused and gazed around him
On the wild group gathered there;
Saw that some were nerved for action;
Saw that some were in despair;
Heard he, too, the solemn silence
Broken by their heavy sighs,
As unto their wives and children
Turned they, then, with tearful eyes.

"Soldiers!" quick he shouted sternly,
"I'm ashamed to see those tears!
Rise above each petty weakness;
Dash to earth your puny fears!
Life is but a dreary prison,
Shackling down the human mind;
Death unbars the iron portals,
Snaps the chains that gail and bind!"

"For the love you bear your families,
Die with them in honour now!
With the morn will come dishonour,
Blighting each survivor's brow,
Death and honour, life dishonour,
I entreat you make your choice.
Surely there's not one among you
Who will raise dissenting voice!"

"Death and honour!" fiercely shouted
Then that remnant of their race;
As they to their aching bosoms
Folded in a last embrace,
Wives and mothers, sweethearts, children,
Bound in death they would not part,
Then with purpose unrelenting
Stabbed each loved one to the heart.

With the dawn the conquering legions
Up their scaling ladders came,
But the ramparts were deserted,
And black vestiges of flame
Met their eyes in all directions,
As amazed they gazed about,
Then among the ruins rushing,
Raised they high a mighty shout.

At this sound two trembling women,
Who'd survived that awful night,
Crept from out their hiding places
With their faces white with fright;
And they pointed to the palace,
Where the Romans quickly found
Full nine hundred human beings,
Stiff and dead upon the ground.

Grey-haired sires, and aged grandams,
Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,
Side by side had for their honour
Given up their precious lives,
Baby faces, sweet and dimpled,
Cold and white were there at rest,
Each one pressed by rigid fingers
To its mother's blood-stained breast.

Maidens, that had yester even
Been so blooming and so fair,
Lay with ghastly eyes upstarting,
While their beautiful flowing hair
Brushed the death-damp from the faces
Of their lovers lying near.
'Twas a sight to awe the sternest,
Thrill the bravest heart with fear.

Spell-bound stood the sturdy Romans,
Filled with admiration high
For the valour of those brave ones,
Who were not afraid to die;
And they raised no cheer of triumph,
But, in silence and in gloom,
Mute placed each noble foeman
In a soldier's glorious tomb.

Strong Masada was dismantled
And abandoned long ago,
When the hopes of doomed Judea
In the dust lay cold and low;
But the memory of its soldiers,
And their last great deed sublime,
Will re-echo down the ages
Throughout all the coming time.

Staynor, Ont. C. E. JAKWAY, M.D.

HUMOURS OF THE CENSUS.

The aristocrat of St. Mary street, Cross alley and Cullen street were found in a state of excitement recently when the census enumerator and a reporter arrived upon the scene. The visitors were no sooner espied than they were surrounded by a motley crowd of blacks and whites, cursing them.

"Hello! here's the blokes what put our names in the paper to-day," said a white woman with a black eye and discoloured face, which looked as if she had recently suffered a severe beating. "Oh, but you're going to catch it."

"If my man was here he'd rip you open," shouted another hag, with an oath. "You'd better look out for yourselves, I can tell you." "Dere's a big cullud woman 'round on St. Mary street huntin' for you wid a club," said a burly mulatto elbowing his way through the crowd. "She swears she's goin' to break your neck for insultin' her in de paper."

"Don't you dare to come in my house unless you want to spend \$2," said a coloured man standing at the entrance to an alley on Cullen street. "I don't want no trash around here."

"Young fellers," said an old coloured man, waving his stick in the air, "if you take my advice you'll clear out. De neighbours 'round here are mad at you, and dey may hurt you."

There was no danger of anything more than talk from these persons, however, as a policeman was posted on the corner of Cross alley and Cullen street, and they confined all their warfare to threats. The enumerator proceeded with his work without molestation, although he was annoyed and hampered by a crowd of men and women following him wherever he went, and commenting with much freedom upon both the strangers' personal appearance.

"Say, here's Aunt Chloe," said a fellow, seizing an old coloured woman who was passing along with a pitcher in her hand; "don't you want to put something in your paper about her? Look yar, she's got a beard," holding her chin up for inspection.

"You done put anything in de paper about me I'll break your jaw," said the old woman, brandishing her pitcher and glowering at the reporter.

At one house a woman told her little boy, who was evidently in disgrace for some mischief, that the man with the big book had come to take him away for being a bad boy. A coloured man inquired very anxiously if the enumerator didn't want to put down his six dogs, and assured him that they were half mastiff and half St. Bernard. "All sons of Gen. McClellan," he said, and inquiry revealed that their father was a mastiff that bore that title.

"Does your wife work?" was asked a German in one of the houses.

"Nein, she goes to school," was the reply. "I mean your wife," said the enumerator. "Oh, mine old woman; yah, she works," replied the Teuton.

"Do you suffer from any sickness?" was asked a very fat coloured woman, on St. Mary street.

"I'm conflicted with a smothering of the heart," she replied, but was unable to tell anything more about it.

"We're all blacks 'round here," said an old woman, when asked the colour of the inmates of her house. "I don't mix with no white folks and don't want to."

In one house on St. Mary street the man was told that information was wanted, and responded that he didn't know anything except what his mother had told him.

"He ain't got no education," said his wife, apologetically, "but I can read and write."

When asked if he was married he replied that he had a piece of paper which the minister had given him hanging upstairs, and that was all he knew. One man stated that he was suffering from "misery in the back." Before a little house in a court an old coloured woman sat knitting when the visitors approached.

"Oh, Aunt Rose," said a little mulatto girl, playing on the pavement, "here's two gentlemen come to tell your fortune."

"Dey'll be smarter men dan any I have seen if dey can do dat," said the old woman with a chuckle.

"Say, mister, do you vaccinate babies?" asked a woman with a baby in her arms, approaching the enumerator.

When informed that he did not she looked quite disappointed. No further trouble was experienced, and before night the enumerator had the satisfaction of knowing that he had completed the worst portion of his division.

William Robb, one of the enumerators for the Ninth Ward, has the division bounded by Market and Arch and Tenth and Eleventh streets. In his peregrinations recently he came upon a tumble-down old dwelling off Market street, near Eleventh, occupied by a stout Irish woman and three children. The enumerator explained what he had come around for, and after the expenditure of a good deal of breath convinced the woman that his visit was perfectly legitimate, and that whatever objections she might have to the census system he was not to be blamed for it. She told him her name, but when he came to ask her age she became a changed woman.

"Indade," she said, "it's nobody's business what my age is, an' I shan't tell it to anybody." The puzzled enumerator looked around until his eye rested upon the three chubby children who stood staring with all their eyes.

"Have you a husband, madam?" he asked in

a persuasive and gentle tone, expecting by a change of the subject to mollify the indignant woman.

"Shure, an' do yez think these childer wud be aroun' here if I hadn't?" she demanded, in a voice that made the enumerator quail.

"I didn't know, madam, but that your husband might have been dead, or that you might have got a divorce from him, or—"

"Och, have yez got rid o' yer wits? He's not divorced nor dead either, but as alive an' able-bodied as yerself."

There is one Chinese laundry in Mr. Robb's division, Sam Weng's establishment, on the west side of Tenth street, a few doors below Arch. Entering here recently Mr. Robb found a single Chinaman at work, ironing. A pair of wooden shoes protruding from the top of a box behind a screen, with a pair of linen legs attached, seemed to indicate that the solitary Chinaman had a fellow-workman, who at that precise moment seemed to be recuperating his frame with sleep. The enumerator had quite a satisfactory interview with the solitary Chinaman, as the following dialogue shows:

"Do you speak English?" said the enumerator.

"Speakee English?" repeated the Chinaman, looking at him suspiciously, as though he suspected a joke.

"What's your name?" said the enumerator.

"My namee?" said the Chinaman.

"Um," said the enumerator, nodding "your name?"

"Namee?" said the Chinaman, looking searchingly at the enumerator, as though positive he was being made a fool of.

"Yes," said the enumerator. "Name, name," he continued, making motions on his paper with a pencil.

"Whatee fol?" said the Chinaman.

"Census," said the enumerator.

"Census?" repeated the Chinaman, still with that suspicious look.

"Census," said the enumerator, looking at the Chinaman. The Chinaman looked at the enumerator and the enumerator looked at the Chinaman, and both looked as though they knew that each considered the other a fool.

"I'm taking the census," said the enumerator, spreading out his paper on a pile of smooth linen and trying to demonstrate. "The census—names, ages, occupation, everything."

"Ebelything?" repeated the Chinaman, curiously.

"How many of you are here?" said the enumerator.

"How many hele?" repeated the Chinaman.

"Yes," said the enumerator, eagerly, "how many?"

"How many?" repeated the Chinaman again.

"Write it down," said the enumerator, shoving his paper and pencil toward him.

"Lite it down?" repeated the Chinaman, inquiringly, resuming his iron.

"Can you write English?" said the enumerator, shoving the pencil and paper temptingly near the Chinaman.

"Lite English?" repeated the Chinaman, composedly following with his eyes the course of the iron.

"Write it down in your own language," said the enumerator with sudden eagerness after a moment's pause. "Oh, no," he said in the next breath; "that wouldn't do me any good, either."

"What's your name?" persisted the enumerator.

"Youl namee?" repeated the Chinaman, stopping his work at the appealing look of the enumerator.

"Yes," said the enumerator; "I must write your name down here," and showed the Chinaman a lot of other names. "I have everybody's name here, and I want your name to be put down with them."

The Chinaman looked as though a faint gleam of intelligence shot athwart his benighted mind, and he nodded.

"What is your name?" said the enumerator, coaxingly.

"Charlie," said the Chinaman.

"Charlie what?" said the enumerator, beginning to write it down.

"Charley ebelything," said the Chinaman, resuming his iron.

After awhile the enumerator got the Chinaman to say that his name was Hoo Lam. Further and more persistent inquiry, however, modified this title down to Hoo Ling and thus it went down in the enumerator's book.

"How many of you are here?" asked the enumerator.

"Two," said the Chinaman, sullenly.

"What's his name?" said the enumerator, pointing to the wooden shoes.

"I lout low," said the Chinaman.

"Don't know?" said the enumerator. "Yes you do."

The Chinaman did not answer, but went on ironing.

"What's his name?" repeated the enumerator.

"Sing," said the Chinaman.

"What's his first name?" said the enumerator.

The Chinaman said he didn't know and the enumerator went and waked up the wooden shoes. He seemed a good deal put out at being thus disturbed.

"What's your name?" said the enumerator.

"Whatee fol?" said the wooden shoes.

"Census," said the enumerator, tapping his paper; "what's your name?"

"Lout low," said the wooden shoes.

After awhile he said it was Sing, but would not tell what his first name was, so it went down on the paper as Ah Sing. The enumerator says he is glad there are no more Chinese in his district.

GLEANER.

MONTREAL harbour is illuminated with the electric light.

FAVOURABLE reports are given of the New Brunswick crops.

MOUNT PILATUS, near Lucerne, was ascended for the first time this season on the 5th ult., by two English ladies.

THE *Gazette of India* announces the issue of the India Medal of 1854, with clasp inscribed "Perak," to all troops engaged in the Perak expedition.

AN "Engineer" writes to the *Quebec Chronicle*, proposing a scheme for utilizing the Montmorency Falls for loading vessels with grain by means of compressed air.

SIR JAMES HANNEN, of the British Bench, has decided that a Kansas divorce is ineffectual to dissolve a marriage contracted by two English subjects domiciled in England.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD is understood to be devoting some of his leisure time to the collection of the political memoirs of his time, with a view to their future publication.

It is stated at Toronto that Mr. J. B. Robinson has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and Mr. Angus Morrison, Collector of Customs for the port of Toronto.

DURING the past year there were 265 vessels built in Canada, with an aggregate tonnage of 74,227. The Dominion now ranks as the fourth maritime power of the world.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND is commencing to participate in the cattle trade between the Dominion and Great Britain, the first shipment having been made the other day.

PRINCESS VICTORIA, the future wife of Wilhelm, the eldest son of the German Crown Prince, has a quiet, winning, and gracious manner, and is of the true type of German beauty.

THE Great Council of Geneva has adopted a measure which involves the disestablishment and disendowment of both Catholic and Protestant Churches in the Canton of Geneva.

It is stated in the latest Australian news that a new gold field has been discovered on the Carpentarian watershed in the Cape York Peninsula, belonging to Queensland.

THE latest development of sport in Australia is "oatmeal-porridge eating" against time. A New South Wales exchange contains a challenge from a man named Bidy to "eat" against anybody else for £1 a side.

THE *London Spectator* says that the worst of these fishery disputes is that even if you come to some temporary agreement, each dispute is as prolific of new disputes as a shoal of the most prolific fish in the sea is of new fish.

SIR EDWARD SELBY SMYTH, the retiring Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Militia, left Ottawa on Saturday for New York on his way to England. Major-General Luard, his successor, will arrive in Canada about July 12th.

A DAUGHTER of Dr. Livingstone has sent to Mr. Spurgeon one of the sermons which was found among her father's effects, having on it some words of commendation in the handwriting of the great African explorer and missionary.

MR. GLADSTONE is husbanding his strength, and does not propose to keep the late hours to which the House of Commons has got so accustomed. Lord Hartington has arranged to share the duties of leader of the House, and, except on rare occasions, will discharge the functions from midnight onwards.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA is about to visit England, which she has long wished to see. The Paris correspondent of the *London Times* says that she entertains great admiration for the English Royal Family, and those members of it whom she had met during her residence in Paris have inspired her with respect, which she has expressed at every opportunity.

ALBERT VICTOR, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is a tall, slender, delicate-looking boy, slightly resembling his grandfather. His brother George is short, stout and round-headed. The Prince's eldest daughter is rather plain, but the other little girls are exceedingly pretty, especially the blooming and spirited little Princess Maud.

So abundant are corn and hay on the great steppes between Tomsk and Tjumen, Siberia, that horses are hired for one halfpenny per mile. A ton of salt, which costs in England fifteen shillings, is sold on the Yenesei for fifteen pounds; and wheat, which commands fifteen or sixteen pounds per ton in London, may be got in any quantity for twenty-five shillings per ton.

THE origin of the "mark" with which illiterates now sign is enveloped in some doubt; but it would be quite wrong to suppose that the cross they now use was employed in very early times. On the contrary, it is said that for many centuries after the Dark Ages those who could not afford to wear a ring or keep a signet used to make some special and peculiar mark, such as an arrow-head, in which it was supposed, and perhaps rightly, that their autograph could be recognized.

A REGIMENTAL ROMANCE.

Captain Ruthven had put the last careless touches to his toilet, and stood leaning on his elbow and looking at himself in the glass with a handsome and insolent smile.

"I don't know, Ayres; I sometimes wish we had remained in the West. Awful climate! See how they are dying. Facing bullets is one thing; facing Yellow Jack quite another. We shall be ordered to New Orleans next week—mark it."

Lieutenant Ayres stood up and glanced at his watch.

"It is quite nine. Are you ready? The dancing has begun long since."

So the two officers set out for the ball. The lieutenant's conjecture proved correct; the festivities were in full progress, and, as they entered the room, the dancers were whirling through a Strauss waltz.

"Who would imagine the fever only a few hundred miles away!" murmured Ruthven, with his satirical smile, as he watched the scene. "But it is for the benefit of the sufferers."

And he, also, was watched. More than one dark-eyed Southern beauty noted his arrival and thought of the vacancies still on her card. The Fifth was noted for its handsome officers, and not unjustly, as one might see by glancing through the room; but Ruthven was the peer of them all. There was something wild and fierce, almost cruel, in the splendour of his features—proud, and sad, and sarcastic.

He looks on dreamily, and you would not suppose he cares for the scene or any one figuring in it; but a faint flush has risen to his olive cheek, and his heart has thrilled within him.

The dance ends, and he crosses the room to where sits the famous beauty and heiress of the Ravieres plantation, Miss Douglas, who is fanning herself, a little exhausted. The little dried-up old lady beside her is in a great flutter, and smirks and fans herself violently. It is Madame Noiret, the governess.

Miss Douglas receives the handsome soldier haughtily, and he begins talking about the ball.

"Many more than I thought there would be. The dread is growing, and I do not wonder. How many new cases yesterday?"

"Are you afraid of the fever, captain?" asks Madame Noiret.

"I am—frankly," he laughs. "I can scarcely conceive a more miserable fate. We are expecting to be ordered to New Orleans, and you can fancy my sensations over the prospect."

"I am so accustomed to the fever," says madame, with a shrug, "that I never think of it. This season is no worse than some others I have passed through. You would be much regretted, captain, if anything unfortunate should happen to you. I have heard that you are the favourite of your regiment, and they tell me that one of your men is passionately attached to you. He was pointed out to us on parade this morning—the drill, I believe, you call it. A fine fellow, whose life, they tell me, you saved—O'Leary."

"Yes, I did O'Leary a service, and he has been much attached to me ever since; it is quite true. Miss Douglas, may I have this quadrille?"

Miss Douglas danced with Captain Ruthven half a dozen times that evening, and they had several quiet and doubtless romantic talks together in out-of-the-way places. This, however, surprised no one; the beautiful heiress had shown something of a preference weeks before.

Ruthven was in great spirits; and yet was there not an odd sort of turbulence in his gaiety, such as people show who would drown a secret care? Now and then he sighed heavily, and more than once glanced stealthily at his watch.

Ayres caught him in the dressing-room leaning on his hand and in a dark reverie, so that he did not even hear the lieutenant as he entered, nor until he had touched him on the shoulder, when he started and flamed up savagely. But it was only the ebullition of a second.

"What are you doing here?"

"Is it you, Ayres? I was just debating whether I should go out and have a smoke," and he got up. "If any one asks for me, make an excuse."

They chatted a little longer—the ball, the ladies, the prospect of these gayeties ending very shortly—and Ayres went away again. Ruthven watched him to the door, and, having made sure that he was really gone, took a note from his pocket and crossed over to the light. The message was written on pretty and perfumed paper, but in a curious scrawl, and began thus:

"DEAREST CAPTAIN RUTHVEN—Meet me to-night before twelve, at the usual place, or you will be sorry. I have made up my mind at last about what I shall do—it is—"

He suddenly crunched the paper in his fingers and thrust it into his pocket, and, with a pale imprecation, murmured:

"She would dare anything—it is the Creole blood. I must see her"—he strode to the door and a fierce and ill-boding frown lit up his dark features—"and have it over." And with this he went out.

It was a lovely Southern night—a brilliant moon and hosts of stars—and the air was heavy with sweet odours. Even in his black and bitter mood, Ruthven felt something of the languor and poetry of the air and scene. A beautiful world—why should so many hearts in it ache? A bird was singing in the silent canebrake, and he stopped to listen for a minute, and then glided on again; and at length getting off the high-road, entered a clump of timber.

This thicket was darker, and he felt his way

more cautiously, and once put his hand within his breast and touched something there, and so got on and on, until at length he re-emerged into the moonlight and found himself beside a stream of dark and sluggish water.

Here he was met—a very handsome Creole girl, who had been standing on the bank, in some reverie of her own, turned and seemed doubtful whether to advance. Ruthven stopped short, with a sour and sarcastic smile.

"So, Miss Cora, you see I had your note and have complied with your request."

Her large dark eyes searched his face anxiously; but at the same time there was a sort of defiance in them, and she tapped her little foot nervously.

"You did well to come, sir. I am almost heartbroken, Captain Ruthven, and I wish to know what you are going to do. I am a desperate girl, and that note only said what I meant."

"I sent you word by O'Leary what I meant. I have no idea of being annoyed further. I will give you money, Cora—I have already said so. You can't have been fool enough to think I would marry you. I intend to marry Miss Douglas—and now you know it."

She uttered a little cry and placed her hand to her side.

"Rather than see it I'll do what I wrote in the note," she said, passionately.

And Ruthven instantly stepped towards her.

An hour later the captain was dancing again with Miss Douglas, of Ravieres, and when the waltz was over he went out and hunted up his orderly, O'Leary, and they rode to the barracks together.

Captain Ruthven was oddly gay; he sang—a sweet and melancholy tenor—and after a while bethought him of the soldier in the rear.

"O'Leary, are you asleep? Dull work, I dare say, you found it waiting for me. How did you pass the time?"

The man, who had ambled up, muttered something, but so indistinctly that the captain gave a quick, surprised glance at him.

"I see," said Ruthven, gravely, "how you passed the time;" and his high spirits subsided, and he sang and talked no more. His faithful O'Leary was grossly unsober, and could scarcely keep his seat—the first occurrence of the kind in his history.

And now in the next four or five days it got pretty well about that the handsome Captain Ruthven and the beautiful heiress of Ravieres were to be married. It was a great match for the penniless soldier, and he should have been very happy; but he was not. He was *distracted* and anxious, and the more so as news came of the spread of the fever. And, indeed, the whole regiment had its secret anxiety on this point, no one knowing what minute orders might come for a movement to New Orleans, where people were dying like sheep. The men had been through Western campaigns, but here was another sort of foe, more treacherous than the Indians—an invisible enemy whose very breath was poison and whose touch was certain death. And a little demoralization followed, whisky was smuggled into the barracks, and some of the best men were occasionally fuddled, and, strangest of all, it became pretty well known that the captain's favourite and the regimental paragon, Charley O'Leary, was drunk every day, and cared no longer for himself or for what his comrades thought of him.

Such was the situation when, one evening, Captain Ruthven, walking into the barracks, was stopped by Major Poindexter, an old regular, with a pink face and snow-white hair and moustache.

"Captain Ruthven, I have been waiting for you," he said, nervously; and some others came up, all with grave looks, and even the sentinel at the gate, forgetting his duty, halted and listened. "There is some bad news. A Creole girl named Cora Vaudray has been foully murdered. Her body was washed ashore last night, and—"

In fact, sir, lately, people have connected your name with hers. I am sure there can be nothing in the story; but, sir, they say you had an assignation with her on the night of the ball. If it be true, you are ruined, for that was the night she was killed. You did *not* have a meeting with her, captain?"

Ruthven was pale as death—but only as any man might be on hearing such intelligence. His looks did not falter in the least, as he answered:

"It is, unfortunately, true that I did have a meeting with her on that very night, and a bitter quarrel. The unfortunate creature was infatuated with me, and when I told her of my intended marriage, she reproached me bitterly."

"Great heavens, sir! in that case you will surely be held for murder, and what will you do?"

"I will show that she took her own life," returned Ruthven, with a stern and pallid smile; "and for proof will produce—*this*!"

He drew forth Cora Vaudray's last note to him, a part of which the reader has already perused; and the remainder ran thus: "I have made up my mind at last about what I shall do—it is to kill myself; but before I take that last desperate step, I shall have arranged for a revenge most pitiless. Nevertheless, I love you—it is love that is relentless, and not thy poor CORA." The last few words were in French.

"I met her," pursued Ruthven, "and she upbraided me bitterly. I asked her what revenge she meditated. She said that she would inform Miss Douglas of our intimacy; I replied that I had already done so. She felt then that she was powerless, I suppose; I offered her money, which she refused, and we parted. I do not feel myself

to blame. She was infatuated with me to the point of insanity; but I did not encourage it."

The inquest followed, and the same testimony. Cora Vaudray had been well known; also something of the extravagance of her passion for the handsome captain; and, considering all things, an end of this sort was quite in keeping with her previous history.

Ruthven appeared on parade next morning, looking pale and moody. A far larger crowd than usual had assembled to see the soldiers go through their drill, and every eye was fixed on the captain as the regiment drew up, his company at the head.

It was a brilliant and stirring scene—the waspish rattle of the drums, the shrill melody of the fife, the stern cries of command, the shifting evolutions of the ranks. But in a very few moments it became apparent that, as the foremost lines marched, wheeled and counter-marched, something disordered the harmony of their movements. Ruthven issued his orders in a sharp and savage undertone, chafing with impatience; and those who followed the lurid gleam of his eye saw that it took always the one course, and suddenly the cry of "Halt!" rang out and passed down the lines, and an instant stoppage and stillness followed. Something was wrong—what was it? Ruthven, pale as death, and with wild and savage rage, with his drawn sword quivering in his angry clutch, thrust himself among his men and struck one of them two or three times across the head with its broad blade. The soldier fell back a few steps—it was O'Leary, red-faced and unsober. But the next instant his powerful arm lunged forth, and he struck Captain Ruthven in the face, cutting his cheek open and staggering him.

The man was seized, but not before he had made an attempt to shoot himself with a revolver which he had about him. A great deal of surprise and comment, of course, followed. O'Leary had been noted for his dog-like attachment for Ruthven, who had saved his life once in the West at the risk of his own. The only plausible explanation was that the man must have been insane from drink. O'Leary's fate was already settled, the penalty being death, and in this case there was no mitigation. The sentinel on guard over him reported that he had not spoken, but sat crying violently. A great hush hung over the barracks, and the men lounging about their quarters talked in undertones, uttering a short laugh at some sally, as people will do under the gravest circumstances but growing still as death, and a little paler, when an officer passed.

And about four o'clock that afternoon Captain Ruthven visited the prisoner. As he entered the guard-house he closed the door behind him, and when O'Leary heard the footstep he turned round. It was the saddest face that Ruthven had ever looked upon. The two watched each other in silence for about a moment, and then said the officer:

"O'Leary, what has been the matter with you lately?"

"You know, sir. I followed ye that night, Captain Ruthven, and saw all that passed. Something told me when you went from the ball-room, where it was you were going, and, as you stood by the water and spoke to her in the moonlight, I was watchin' and listenin' and heard every word. Oh, I loved her dearly, Captain Ruthven!" and he clasped his hands in wild agony. "And I loved you, sir, and to have saved you the crime o' that night it would have been happiness to die. I saw her pitiful face turned up from the water to the sky, and you a'standin' over her wid no look o' mercy in yours. Oh, sir, I've been mad ever since, and ye cannot blame me."

"Hush!" said Ruthven, awfully white, and shaking like a man with the ague as the dreadful scene was again conjured up. "You had no business to strike me, O'Leary; there is not a hope for you."

"There is one, captain dear," and he lowered his voice; "ye can bring me that as will make the court-martial unnecessary, and no one would suspect you. Jist a little vial, sir, and in a few minutes all's done and troubles over."

"I could not do it, O'Leary. I have enough on my soul already," and Ruthven shuddered and threw a haggard glance at the door, outside which the sentinel was mechanically pacing.

"What matters it, captain, dear? At the court-martial you must appear agin me, and it will be your words that will send me to my death. Sorry I am I raised my hand agin ye, sir; but I was mad when you disgraced me before them all, knowin' about you what I did. I wish to heaven you had run me through;" and the wretched man leaned with his face to the wall and wept bitterly.

Ruthven looked at him a moment or two with a dismal gaze, the beauty of his countenance taking strange and weird lights from the tragedy of the situation; on his exquisitely-moulded features the intermingled tints of pride and remorse, fury and despair—a fallen angel.

"I will do what I can, O'Leary," he said at last, his voice more saddened and subdued; and turning suddenly he went out.

That evening he appeared as usual at the Ravieres Plantation. The parlours were crowded and Miss Douglas radiant. The affair of the morning was discussed a little, and then some one mentioned the rumors, current to-day, on apparently better authority than ever, that the regiment must move to New Orleans.

"Are you sure of this?" said Ruthven, sharply, from his place at the piano, and bend-

ing a rather stern and anxious gaze on young Delaney, who had pronounced the report.

"One is never sure of a rumour; but this arose, I believe, from a remark dropped by the colonel of your regiment, Captain Ruthven."

Ruthven turned away with a troubled expression, and some of the people in the room smiled and exchanged glances. Ruthven's dread of the fever was well known.

After a while he was missed from the room, but no one remembered seeing him go out.

About ten he returned, and, music being in progress, no inquiries were made; and when the song was over, Lieutenant Ayres appeared and was warmly greeted.

"It is hail and farewell, ladies and gentlemen," said the lieutenant, laughing, "for marching orders have been received. The colonel announced the fact publicly to-night."

"Where do we go, Rogers?" asked Ruthven.

"To New Orleans—or, rather, to the grave, most of us, I fear. The telegraph declares a startling increase of mortality since the last two days."

Ruthven dropped into his seat with a singular gesture, noticed by every one.

Miss Douglas flushed and trifled nervously with her fan.

"I suppose you do not *fear* the fever, Captain Ruthven, although one might prefer not to die of it."

He looked up with a pallid smile.

"It does not matter much to me where the regiment goes," he said; "because this afternoon I resigned my position."

"Resigned!" murmured all, thunderstruck.

"I resigned undoubtedly, and my letter is in the colonel's hands."

Miss Douglas was transfixed.

"I suppose you are jesting, captain. No soldier was ever known to resign on the eve of battle," and she laughed a musical but nervous little *roulade*.

"I am afraid of the yellow fever," he said, with a sort of dogged defiance of shame itself, "and I confess it. It has been my resolution from the first not to go to New Orleans. My courage has been tested in battle, but this—is this a foe against whom one has no chance."

Miss Douglas turned away, almost fainting. Little Madame Noiret sprang up and ran to her, and caught her arm. Amid a breathless and dismal silence they left the room.

Ruthven looked round awkwardly, with a shamefaced laugh, but Ayres and the others turned their backs on him. He walked to the door, and there paused and looked round again. His face was ghastly white—the apotheosis of misery; and so he went out, and no one there ever saw him again from that night.

About four or five weeks after this a strange nurse at Granada, who had been remarkable for his devotion to the sick, was taken ill and at once pronounced a hopeless case. No one knew anything about him, except that his name was Bennett, and that he had been sent to Granada by the Howards. He said that he had had the fever before, but the physicians who examined him after he was taken down pronounced it impossible. Even in that dreadful season of excitement and despair, Bennett's extraordinary beauty was noticed, as well as his fearless devotion to duty. He was very gentle and patient with the sick, but had a stern way and a sharp tone of command with the nurses when they grew negligent, which seemed to show a man accustomed to be obeyed at a word. His erect and soldierly bearing was also remarked, and many conjectured that he had seen long service in the civil war.

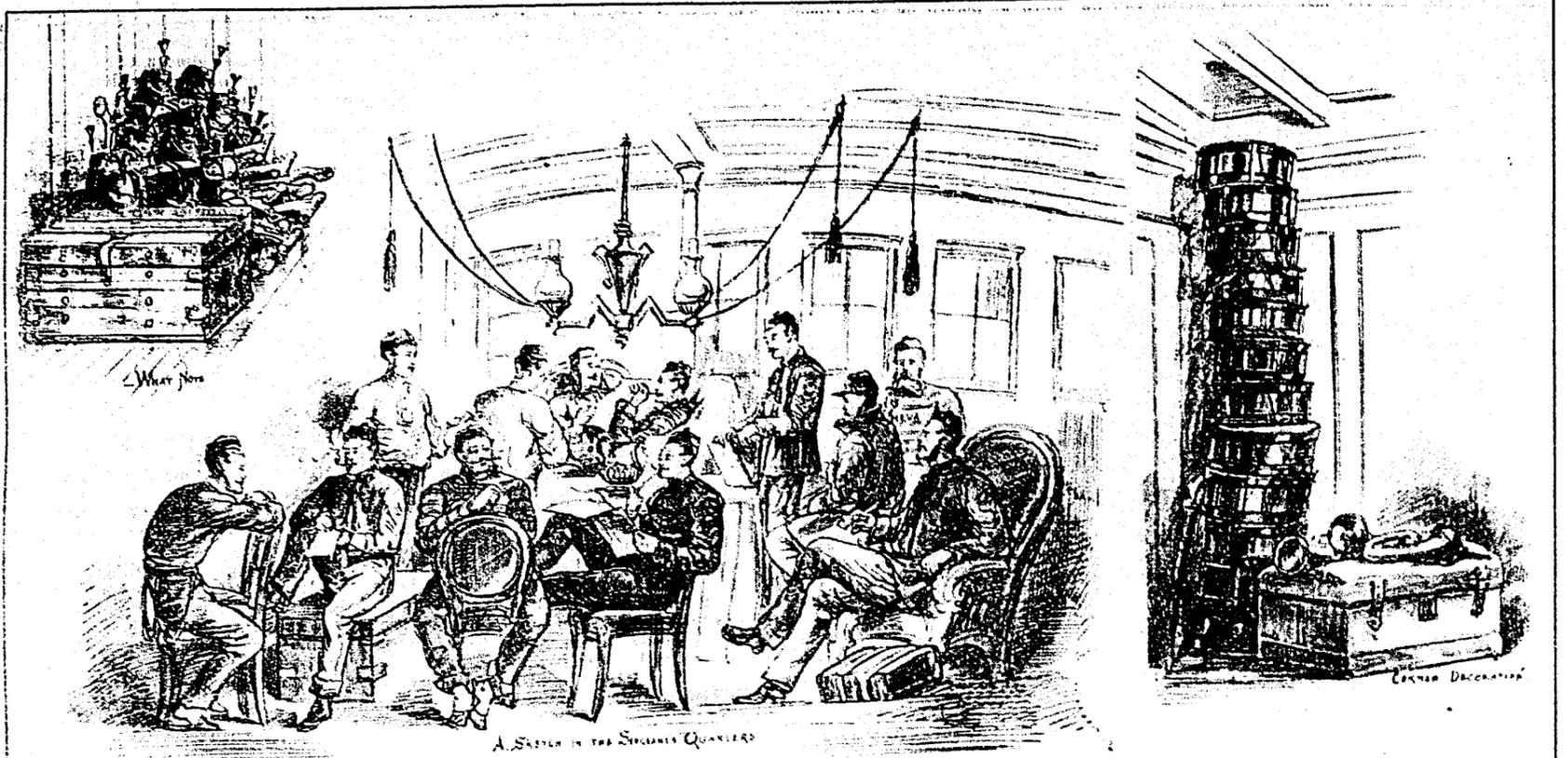
He died delirious; but the Sister of Mercy found a package in his bosom, which she carefully fumigated and then transmitted to the United States War Department.

Outside certain persons in authority at the seat of government, no one ever learned what was in this package; but some time afterward, Private O'Leary, of the Fifth Regiment, United States Regulars, who had been condemned to death for striking his superior officer, had his sentence commuted to imprisonment.

If the vanished Captain Ruthven had any other motive for resigning, on the eve of the departure for New Orleans, than a fear of taking the yellow fever there, his comrades never learned the fact. Although his testimony at the court-martial of O'Leary was missed, that of the other witnesses was quite sufficient to insure the condemnation which followed. Why the sentence was commuted is one of the many secrets of the War Department.

LITTLE four-year-old Gussie has a papa with a fine beard and moustache. The other day he had his moustache taken off. When he came home in the evening she met him as usual, but as soon as she saw his altered looks she ran crying to her mother, and with real grief exclaimed: "Oh dear! what shall I do; I don't know my papa!"

"WHAT is the price of this bracelet?" asked a tourist of an old trinket-seller in Brittany. "Is it for your wife or your sweetheart?" she responded. "For my sweetheart." "It's ten francs." The tourist turned on his heel, when the old woman said, "You've no sweetheart, or you'd have given the ten francs without a word. You may have it for three." "I'll take it," he said, handing over the money. "You haven't any wife, either," exclaimed the old woman; "for if it had been for her, you'd have beaten me down two francs. Oh, you men—you men!"



A SCENE IN THE SOLDIERS' QUARTERS



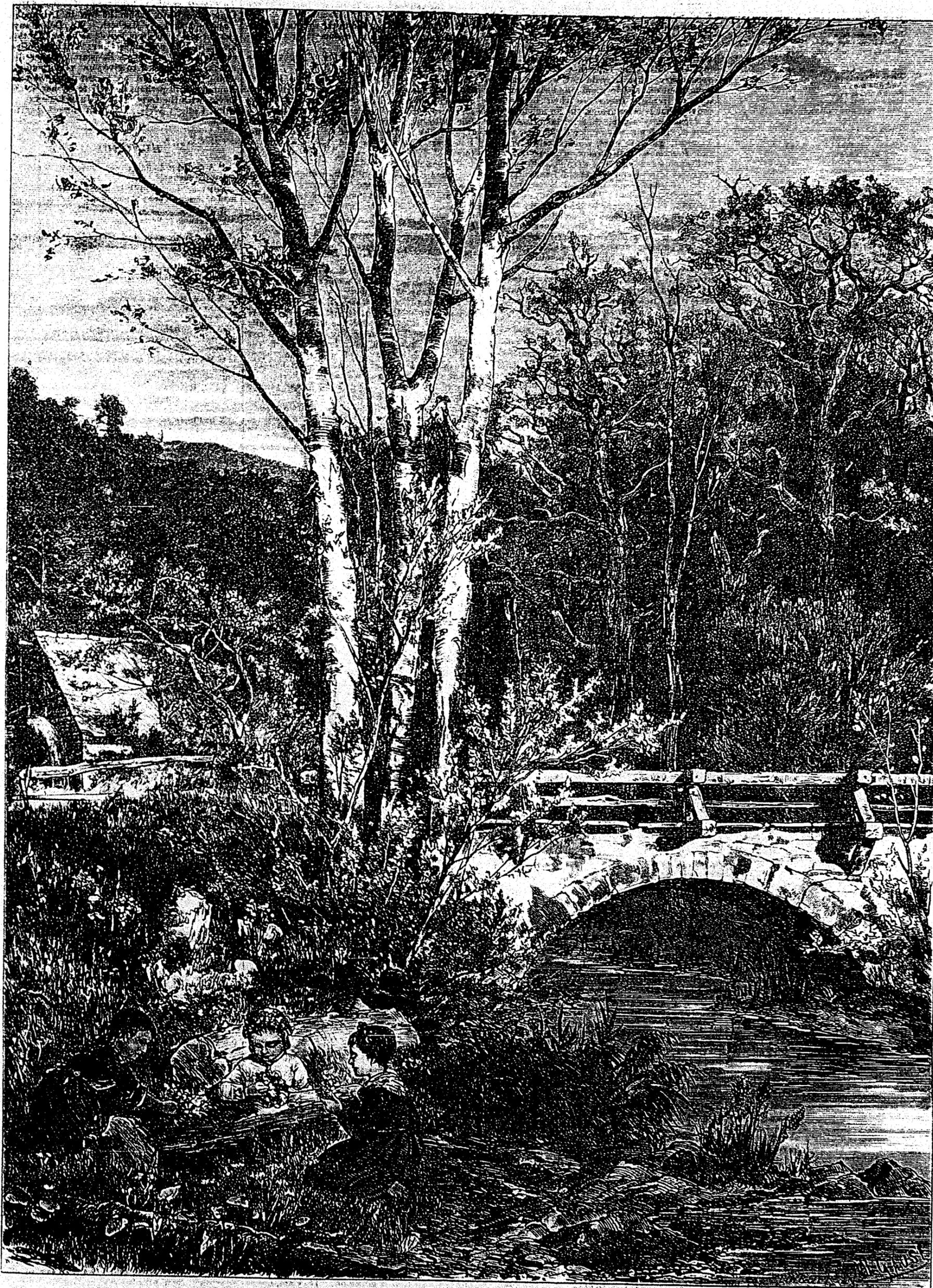
THE REveille 5 A.M.



BOUNCING THE ARTIST

THE MARCH PAST AT 2 A.M.

ON THE WAY TO QUEBEC, WITH THE VICTORIA RIFLES.—FACSIMILE SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



BIRCH TREES.

TO ANNIE.

O maiden fair!
With golden hair,
That falls in richest tresses,
In thy sweet face
There lives such grace
As language ne'er expresses.

As music wells
From silver bells,
And fills man's soul with gladness;
So thy sweet voice
Makes hearts rejoice,
And drives away all sadness.

Then, Annie, dear,
Why should I fear
To tell thee that I love thee?
For why? I'm sure
My love's as pure
As the blue heavens above thee.

The rising sigh,
When thou art nigh,
Bespeaks love's strong attraction,
My broken rest
And troubled breast
Reveals my soul's distraction.

Thy image bright,
Both day and night,
Doth seem to haunt me ever;
And peace of mind
I cannot find,
If Fate our lives dis sever.

Oh! lend an ear,
Sweet Annie, dear,
Though all the world should hate us;
Say thou art mine,
For I am thine,
Till Death shall separate us.

Paris. Ont.

H. M. STRAMBERG.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CONTRASTS.

Tourists who are preparing to go abroad with the fine weather, either "personally conducted" or otherwise, must not expect to carry England everywhere about with them. Even in these fraternizing days of international exhibitions and universal broadcloth, the British traveller will have to enjoy or put up with some notable contrasts, which form a sufficiently refreshing difference with his home life to make him quite sensible of a change of scene and company. In that amusing novel of Albert Smith's, now so little read, "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," Jack Johnson, landing with the hero on French soil, explains to him the difference between the manners and customs of the French and English. "English soldiers," says he, "dress in red coats and blue trousers; the French in red trousers and blue coats; the English take the left in driving, and the French the right; then the English allude to the pawnbroker as 'my uncle,' while the French call the same institution 'my aunt's.'" Plenty more instances might be added to these. If you enter a British inn it is the landlord who receives you, while the landlady is in the kitchen looking after the joints and rolling the puddings; but in France all the ornamental functions in a family business are discharged by the lady, while the man does the hard work. It is the husband who cooks, and his wife sits behind the inn counter airing her smart silk gown and cap-strings; and since this puts one in mind of dinner, note how the Britisher drinks beer with his meal and wine after it, while the Frenchman does just the reverse.

When a Frenchman has well dined or breakfasted, imbibing the choicest vintages of Burgundy and Bordeaux, he thinks nothing of going to the café afterwards and tossing off a few bocks to "cool" himself, while the Englishman considers the after-dinner period specially favorable for the tasting of claret and port. On their visiting cards Englishmen put the word "Mr.," the French do not; and the latter, when leaving cards upon the members of one household, do not follow the English plan of leaving as many cards as there are persons in the family, but turn down a corner of the pasteboard, and make it do for the whole connection. As a French girl has no social status, and is not said to be "out" when she has danced at her first ball, she does not put her name on her mother's cards, as is the custom with us. Nor do the French daughters of the nobility sport titles. The daughters of a duke, unless the latter be of Royal or Imperial blood, is simply a "Mademoiselle;" and when a French widow with a title gets re-married to what we should call a "commoner," she sinks her title and assumes the plain name of her husband. The Duchesse de Persigny, who not very long ago married a barrister of roturier extraction, is known now simply as "Madame L—." On the other hand, the French laws of nobiliary succession in the male line shed dignities on all sorts of persons who would remain untitled in England. The eldest son of a duke is a marquis, the second a count, the third a viscount, the fourth a baron, the fifth a chevalier; and while some of the sons of these have the right to bear titles, all of them to endless generations may sport the honorific "de." It must be remembered, however, that there are dukes whose eldest sons are princes, and the second sons dukes—e. g., the Broglies and Luynes—while there are princes whose eldest sons are dukes. The French laws of succession, though capricious in some things, are regular on this point—that all the progeny of a nobleman are noble to time eternal.

To call an Englishman a melon, or to say of a countrywoman that she was a good, cow-like creature, would be no very grave offence; but applied to French people these terms would be deadly insults. You must not call a French-

man a canary either, nor a turkey-cock, the latter term meaning much more than it does in England; nor must you say of a lady that she is a wren (*linotte*), this being synonymous in French to saying that she is a simpleton. The similarity in the sound of English and French words often causes foreigners who visit France to make mistakes; thus they will ask for an *appartement* when they do not want a suite of rooms, but one single room; and say that their style of living is *luxurieux* when they seek to convey that it is luxurious, the French for which is *luxueux*. Again, they mistake *bonnet* for bonnet, which must be rendered *chapeau, vicair* for vicar, which is *curé*, while curate is *vicair*, and *discussion* for discussion, whereas this word in French means an angry wrangle. Frenchmen are great kissers and shakers of hands, but the latter courtesy is not practised between sexes. A Frenchman bows to a lady without extending his palm, and he would be thought very forward indeed if he tried to shake hands with an unmarried lady. He might kiss a married lady, however, on New Year's Day, or in an outburst of great emotion on any other occasion, without anybody—even the husband—demurring; and he may embrace members of his own sex at all times. A French grown-up son kisses his father, and alludes to him as "papa;" and, as everybody knows, a son must ask his "papa's" consent to his marriage, no matter how old he may be.

Stamps are not sold in France at stationers' shops, but at tobacconists', and the persons who keep *bureaux de tabac* are quasi-officials appointed by Government. They sell postage stamps, receipt stamps, *papier timbré* on which bills must be drawn, and wax matches which you buy in other countries at the grocers'. A French grocer, by the way, dislikes to be called an *épicer*; he is a *marchand de denrées coloniales*, just as a door porter is not a *portier*, but a *concierge*. This last-named functionary expects to be addressed as sir, and indeed it is safe to use this style of appellation towards all Frenchmen, whilst as to women of every degree, even to street apple-women, it is absolutely binding to give them the prefix of madame or mademoiselle, as the case may be. In England, when you want to propose to a young lady, you do so in person; in France, decorum requires that you should use the intermediary of a third party, and when your petition is accepted you are required to pay your first visit to your betrothed in evening dress. This is the ceremonial garb of France. A Frenchman puts on a swallow-tail and a white tie to call upon a minister, to attend a funeral, or to get married; and he is equally nice in minor points of sartorial etiquette, for, if a well-bred man, it would not occur to him to pay a visit in any garb but a frock-coat. To conclude with these differences between French and English, it should be mentioned that our neighbours laugh at us for being so mealy-mouthed as not to pronounce the word "trousers" in company, while we bathe freely at the seaside without donning drawers. The French, more rational, name pantaloons when it suits them, but they only go into the sea with a very full equipment in the way of costume.

BEATING THE CIRCUS.

It is believed that average humanity will do more to beat its way into a circus than it would to gain possession of a whole side-show. The doors of Barnum's circus were hardly opened yesterday before an old man over 60 years of age was walking coolly in without a pasteboard. When halted he said:

"Can't stop a minute—I'm looking for Phineas."

"Ticket—ticket!" cried the door-man as he held on to him.

"I tell you I have an engagement to meet Phineas T. Barnum at this hour, and if you stop me he may lose \$5,000!" shouted the old man.

"Go back and get your ticket!"

"Haven't time."

"You can't go in here."

"Very well, then. If P. T. loses a clean \$5,000 he must blame you, and not me." He told me to call at this hour, and here I am."

That settled it. Barnum was not in town, and the old man was lifted up and dropped outside the ropes.

Within two minutes a young man walked up to the door and said that he had been promised a free entrance in consideration of the fact that he had been run over by the band-waggon.

"Show me the injury—show me the place!" called the ticket-taker, as he reached right and left for the pasteboards.

"It was an internal injury," replied the victim.

"Go away—go away—we pay for nothing that isn't visible, and we have nothing in this show which cannot be seen by the naked eye!"

A woman bought a ticket for herself, and then taking a boy fully 13 years old in her arms she wrapped a shawl around him and started in.

"That's a pretty big baby you have there," said the man as she came up.

"Big?" Why, you ought to see his brother!" she exclaimed as the weight bent her nearly double.

She started to pass in, but caught her foot and fell flat, and "baby" rolled out of the shawl in all his bigness.

"Half-fare—get a ticket!" said the man as he lifted him over the ropes, and the woman added:

"Crawl under the canvas, Johnny—crawl under the canvas! You'll find me looking at the camelephants!"

Before the show opened in the evening a long-haired pilgrim hunted up the manager and confidentially observed:

"Chance for a big rush here to-night if the thing is worked right."

"How?"

"You should have some one to deliver an address from a box half an hour before the performance begins. I am called a fluent talker, a fair philosopher, and can give fifty-six different reasons why it is not wicked to attend a circus. I deliver this address and you pass me in free."

"Guess not."

"Then if you don't take in enough money to enable you to leave town, and have to pawn all your animals, turn out your horses and go home on foot, don't ask to borrow any money of me, for I won't lend you a copper—not a single cop!"

LOGGING BEE.

The "Logging Bee in Muskoka," in your issue of 1st May, revives memories of my early years. Many will be pleased to see the picture of an occupation in which they or their forefathers took such an active part. But it appears to me that the artist did not study the details of the "Bee" very minutely or he would not have fallen into such clear errors. The driver of the oxen is on the off side of his team. Now, save in some Dutch settlements, the driver takes the near side, and oxen will as little bear to be driven from the off side as a cow would submit to be milked from the near side.

Again, one of the men is lifting from a position between the log and the pile; a position most decidedly unprofessional. He not only neutralizes the power of the man with the handspike on the opposite side, but, also, places himself unnecessarily in a dangerous position, as he is liable to be crushed between the log and the pile on which they are trying to place it. If it were necessary for him to lift against the handspike man he would do so from the end of the log.

In the third place several of the log-piles are burning. Now, no sane man would fire on the day of his "Bee." If he were working with his own help simply he would fire from the windward side as they went along, but there is danger of the fire spreading and of the wind changing so as to drive the smoke into the eyes of the workmen, and no man would run such risk of spoiling his "Bee."

Lastly, five men to a yoke of cattle are quite sufficient among timber of ordinary size. The timber in the artist's painting seems to be of very ordinary size, and yet he has fourteen men and only two ox teams. In brief, the artist seems to have taken a very large survey of the work, and also has endeavored to embrace too much in his picture. Logging and burning cannot be done to advantage in one and the same day, and consequently is seldom, if ever, done, for farmers are generally speaking shrewd men in the management of their work. R.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

We learn that the King of Belgium has conferred the "Cross of Knight of the Order of the Branche Ernestine of Saxe" on Mr. Edmond Depret for services rendered to the musical art.

The violin played by the Duke of Edinburgh at the Albert Hall was that used by the late Duke of Cambridge (himself an amateur violinist of no mean pretensions), and it was presented to the Duke of Edinburgh by the present Commander-in-Chief.

MADAME PATTI is in superb voice this year. Her Juliet is simply incomparable, alike in singing and acting. She can hold her own against all. She looks the part to perfection, and appears to be as youthful now as she was when she first enacted the character.

A NOVEL way of advertising the *Cloches de Corneville* has been adopted. There passes through the principal streets of London a huge van, inside of which a bell is suspended, and so hangs that it rings loudly whenever the van moves. This is a good advertisement, no doubt, for the *Cloches*, but it is likely to cause accidents by frightening horses.

MADAME MODJESKA, the great dramatic genius, is tall, slim, lithe; has fine eyes, a very expressive face, and a charming voice. Her attitudes are always graceful; her manner utterly refined; she never outsteps "the modesty of nature," and her emphasis, considering she is a foreigner, is strikingly correct. In fact, she shows genius deserving public recognition, and should she in another character prove as successful as in the present one, there is little doubt that a bright career is before her on the English stage.

LORD DUNMORE's concerts continue to attract a great deal of attention. The Prince of Wales is generally present, and Lord Dunmore conducts the music himself. These concerts are the only respectable ones at which smoking is permitted, and at which good wine is given to the audience free of charge. They usually break up after two o'clock, and till then are exceptionally well attended. Of course, they are the occasion of all the gossip of the week, and one hears all that is going on. They are, moreover, the most select gatherings that society furnishes.

MR. ALBERT DELPIT, the dramatic critic of *La Liberté*, speaks in high terms of praise of Miss Geneviève Ward, whom he saw in London in *Fazio* and as *Lady Macbeth*. Mr. Delpit says that he has never been moved as he was by this artist, and he concludes thus: "I have often asked myself why some Parisian manager did not try to induce her to give some performances, seeing that she has no accent whatever—La Rounat would perhaps do well to try her at the Odéon with the translation of Jules Lacroix. I think I might safely predict an almost certain success."

HUMOROUS.

"A COCHER de fiacre"—a hackney coachman—was the answer.

SOME students think it necessary to be behind their lessons in order to pursue their studies.

WHY are good resolutions like a squalling baby at church? Because they should be carried out.

THE trouble with too many in this world is that they want reserved seats everywhere except in the family circle.

PAPER is worth about six cents a pound in Peru until it is made into money. Then it depreciates about fifty per cent.

"How to judge a horse." You can't if you are a jackass. A horse is entitled to be judged by a jury of his peers.

A CITY missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally because I have preached so much without notes," he said.

"MAMMA, can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dear; but be careful and don't want anything you can't have."

AN Indian's experience with the liquor of the pale face is calculated to shake his belief in the Great Spirit of his fathers.

A CERTAIN junior has at last discovered one advantage in the faculty. He says that they write to his parents so often that it saves him the trouble.

IN ancient Mexico it was the custom to sacrifice human beings to the gods. This was a case where several wrongs made a right.

WISCONSIN is recommended to invalids on account of its bracing climate and clear, health-giving air. Thousands of tons of Limburger cheese are made there every year.

A TRAVELLER in South America reports a monkey with two tails. Now we have the Darwinian progenitor of the man who stands in a steel-pan coat near the door at the opera and says, "Bravah-h!"

"MEN often jump at conclusions," says the proverb. So do dogs. One recently jumped at the conclusion of a cat, which was sticking through the opening of a partly-closed door, and created a great disturbance.

A PAINTER to his maid-servant: "Malheureuse, the porter has carried away my picture to the salon. It wasn't yet finished!" "Monsieur may rest easy as to that. We gave it a few little strokes of the brush before sending it!"

"YES," said the landlady, after diligent search for her guest's silk umbrella: "I thought it had been stolen, and now I am satisfied that it was." "You may be satisfied," responded the guest drily, "but I'm bleat if I am!"

A PARTY that moved last Saturday hung a Brussels carpet on the clothes-line for an airing, and a goat came along and ate a couple of yards of it before he made the discovery that its flowers were not natural. The remarks of the owner on making the discovery are not printable.

"Do you think a man can run a circus and be a Christian?" asked the serious man. "Well, I don't know—yes." "Do you think Barnum, for instance, can go to heaven?" "I think he has a good show," was the rather equivocal reply. Strange that some men can never be serious.

A BOHEMIAN of the first water was recently turned out of his lodgings and installed in a miserable little room absolutely without furniture. He met a friend and said to him, "Lend me a chair." "What for?" was the answer. "My dear sir, I should be so ashamed if burglars should come into my room."

ARTISTIC.

MR. FORBES, the Toronto artist, is finishing a portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald, which has been ordered by the Premier's friends in the Conservative party.

AN article on "Queen Victoria and Art," illustrated by Her Majesty's express permission with copies of sketches by the Queen and the late Prince Consort, appears in the June number of the *Magazine of Art*.

ON the day before the opening of the Paris salon, "varnishing day," as it is called, a curious incident occurred. M. Kosak, an Austrian painter of well-known talent, finding his work very badly hung, mounted a ladder, and with his pen-knife cut the canvas from the frame and put his painting in his pocket.

THE prizes for Christmas cards offered by L. Prang & Co., have been awarded as follows: The first to Miss Rosina Emmet, \$1,000; the second to Alexander Sandier, \$500; the third to Unknown, \$300; the fourth to Anne Goddard Norse, \$200. The judges were Richard M. Hunt, Samuel Colman, and E. C. Moore.

THE *Morning Post* understands the Government have a scheme in hand for transferring the National Gallery from London to the country, the gas having already injured the pictures. It is said the Government intend to apply to the Governor of Dulwich College for a site on their magnificent property, with the view of adding the Dulwich picture gallery as a separate wing to the proposed grand building on the manor of Dulwich.

POVERTY AND SUFFERING.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did them no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced its use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost, I know it. A Workingman."

THE TOILET OF CONSTANCE.

(From the ballad of Casimir Delavigne, as abbreviated by Ruskin in Vol. III. of his *Modern Painters*.)

"Haste, Anna! Did you hear me call?
My mirror, quick! The hours advance—
I'm going this night to the ball
At the Ambassador's of France.
Just think—those bows were fresh and fair
Last eve—ah! beauty fades apace:
See, from the net that binds my hair
The azure tassels droop with grace.
Your hands are awkward, girl, to-night—
These sapphires well become my brow—
A pin has pricked me—set it right—
Dear Anna, I look charming now!
(Anna, my fancy has beguiled,
(Anna, my rancor will be a guest,
(Eie, fie! that's not my necklace, child,
Those beads the Holy Father blest)
Oh! should his hand my fingers press,
(At the mere thought I tremble, dear)
To-morrow should I dare confess
The truth in Père Anselmo's ear?
Give me my gloves—now all is well—
In the tall glass one final glance—
To-night I long to be the belle
At the Ambassador's of France."

Close to the hearth she stood and gazed:
O God! a spark ignites her dress—
"Fire, help!" when every hope was raised,
How sad such death for loveliness!
The flame voluptuously gnaws
Her arms—her breast—around—above—
And swallows with unquenching jaws
Her eighteen years, her dreams of love!
Farewell to all youth's visions gay!
They only said: "Ah! poor Constance!"
And waltzed until the dawn of day
At the Ambassador's of France.

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

FLUTE AND PICCOLO.

A CANADIAN TRIUMPH IN CONSTRUCTION.

A scientific flute! A rational piccolo!
My friend René Steckel is a civil engineer.
His forte is mathematics, and he excels therein.
This accounts for his success in the invention of
two musical instruments, much appreciated by
connoisseurs.

Understand, I don't set myself up for a
musician; but as, for about fourteen years,
Steckel has been plying his musical researches
in the room next door to me, I have become in-
fected with his enthusiasm. Under the inspira-
tion of the double crotchet, my vocation might
have been different from what it is.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."

Shakespeare's sentiments are mine also; I
love music passionately, consequently (accord-
ing to Shakespeare) you may trust me implicitly
in what I am going to tell you.

I have followed, then, with interest (and with
some perplexity) the plans, the efforts, the suc-
cesses of my friend.

To begin with, he told me that the flutes of
the instrument dealer are almost invariably in-
correct, false in tone—in fact, to find a perfect
one, possessing all the requisite qualities, one
might hunt the world over—and a little beyond
it!

While discussing the point, Steckel, inspired,
cried suddenly:

"I'm going to make a flute! After all, it's
simply a matter of calculation. I understand
the theory of the sound-waves; I will compel
them to roll for me with a smoothness and pre-
cision such as no other man has ever attained."

He said it—and he has done it!
The engineers never studied at the construc-
tion of the Victoria Bridge as did he to fix the
calibre of his instrument, to grasp the secret of
the enclosed and impelled column of air, and to
fix the size and position of the holes. I only
speak from memory of the mysteries of the
mouth-piece, the ingenious devices of the keys,
the conditions of extreme precision required in
the whole mechanism.

His object was to produce a sound which,
throughout the whole gamut, should maintain
one character. If the low notes gurgle—that's
bad. If the high ones have a nasal squeak, bad
again. The matter is still more complicated
when you reach the upper octave, for then all
the faults of the instrument are noticed to-
gether, the exaggerated effects, that high scream,
that low, feeble bass—not to mention the
necessity of managing the pressure of the air,
which seems to rush unequally through the
flute, now vibrating too much and now too
little. Irregularity, incorrectness, noise—that's
what it is—not music. And yet, for the want
of better, that's the sort of thing we have had
to be content with hitherto.

To discover the laws of pressure of the sound-
waves, and to succeed in storing them, as it
were, in a tube which would command their reg-
ular flow, Steckel devoted himself with mar-
vellous patience; and the result is that he has
produced a flute which has made the voyage to
France to good purpose, for a Paris maker has
been only too glad to undertake its introduction
to the public.

My friend profited by the occasion to pay a
visit to Alsace, the country of his forefathers.

Upon his return I soon perceived that he
wasn't perfectly happy; I questioned him about
it.

"Ah!" said he, "it's not finished—now for
the piccolo!"

And the piccolo has appeared.

After the creation of man, it was yet possible
to make a being still more perfect; so woman

was produced. Thus it was with Steckel's pic-
colo. Besides being a perfect gem in appearance,
its tone has all the graces of the sweetest, the
most delicate and sensitive instrument. Would
you have believed all that of a piccolo? It has
lost its horrible squeak altogether. Now it fairly
sings; it produces true melody. One is forced
to pay it due respect. So genteel its form, so dis-
tinguished its manner, such good company gen-
erally, its position in the world is assured, even
before its formal introduction into the best
society.

This has not been accomplished without a new
series of calculations, mind you. Fresh compli-
cations surrounded the invention, but a resolute
will carried the day; they have been thoroughly
overcome by a master-hand.

The tube of the piccolo is from the establish-
ment of Mr. E. Chanteloup, Montreal; the frames,
the keys, and all the mechanical appliances are
by Mr. S. Laporte, of Ottawa. Artists were
necessary to execute his plans, and it must be
said that Messieurs Laporte and Chanteloup de-
serve much credit for the masterly skill they
have displayed.

So perfectly are the keys fitted to the open-
ings that the slightest false escape of air is im-
possible.

The ideal piccolo cannot be made of wood, and
its keys must not be round ones. So, likewise,
with the flute. The keys are square. May I be
permitted to remark that we have here the
squaring of the circle.

When you find these wonderful little instru-
ments of Steckel's applied in Paris, New
York, or London, you will, of course, appreciate
them also; but, until then, I know these few
lines in my friend's praise won't appear worth
your notice. A prophet is of no account in his
own country, nor, consequently, a Canadian
genius in Canada. Never mind, we will wait
and see; in meantime, I shall sing (though the
rhyme is a little difficult)—

"Joyous metal, brilliant nickel,
Sound the victory for Steckel!"

BENJAMIN SULTE.

CHARLES LAMB.

Lamb was invited to meet a somewhat mixed
company. One was Mr. D—, a retired
cheese-monger, who had been for years in some
commission connected with the poor laws. He
was a pompous man, with a grand affectation of
having been born to the exalted position. At
one time in the course of the dinner opinions
ran at variance as to the proper methods of
dealing with pauperdom, and Mr. D— assumed
a very high manner. "Gentlemen," he said,
thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his
vest, lying back in his chair and inflating his
lungs to their utmost capacity, "gentlemen, I
should know what I am speaking of, with all
my years in the public service, and with my
opportunities for studying the dispositions of
these miserable and troublesome paupers. Gen-
tlemen, they are as worthless and ungrateful as
they are and have been improvident. The time
has been, gentlemen, when I had some of the
milk of human kindness in my breast for these
wretches, but now"—and he paused for a mo-
ment in order to let the conclusion come more
overwhelmingly—"N-now," broke in Lamb,
with his poor, thin face all childish innocence—
"n-now, Mr. D—, I suppose that m-milk is
all m-made up into ch-cheese!" Lamb re-
ceived an invitation on a certain evening to be
present at a breakfast at Rogers' the following
morning, to meet a young author, whose first
volume of poetry left the press that day. He
went a trifle early and reached the waiting-room
while it was vacant, Rogers not having come
down, and none of the other guests having ar-
rived. On the table lay a copy of the young
poet's new book. Lamb picked it up, ran
through it, saw that it contained nothing of any
special mark, and then, in a few minutes yet re-
maining, amused himself by committing to me-
mory three or four of the short poems it contain-
ed. The guests arrived—among them the young
aspirant for honours. Some of the leading men
of the London world of letters were among the
number. Rogers descended, the young man was
introduced, and the breakfast was served. Some
literary matters came under discussion, pend-
ing the after-introduction of the young poet's
book. With the gravest of faces, after a few
moments, Lamb said: "I don't think, gen-
tlemen, that I h-have ever repeated to you one
of my b-best poems. What s-say? Will you
h-have it?" Nobody quite understood what
was coming, but all could read the mischievous
flash in the eye that was usually so kindly; and
the demand for the poem was general. Lamb
quietly repeated, word for word, one of the
poems from the young man's book. The key
was furnished to the rest, when they saw the
young poet pale, then redden, and then fall
back in his chair, as astonished as if thunder-
struck, and as helpless as if paralyzed. Loud
cheers, clapping of hands and demands for
more. Lamb bowed his thanks, pretended not
to remember anything else that he had lately
written, and then, under urging, repeated an-
other, and yet another—of the poems from the
young man's book—the budding poet manifest-
ing symptoms of doubt whether he was himself;
whether anything on the earth was real; whether
he had really written the poems that up to that
time he had believed that he had—until he
heard a man declaiming them, and claiming
them for his own; a man who could not even
have seen his unpublished book. Louder cheers,
and still a louder demand for yet another. The

fun, with all the "old uns" now thoroughly
instructed, began to grow "fast and furious."
Lamb, who had previously retained his sitting
position, now rose and said:

"G-gentlemen, I have only been g-giving
you s-some l-little bits of m-m-y p-poetry. But
I h-have one p-poem that I am a little p-proud
of. I w-wrote it a g-good m-many years ago.
This is h-how it begins:

"Of m-man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, with all our woe—"

The recitation was doomed to go no further.
For the previous few minutes the young poet,
crazed with wonder, and yet aware that in some
unaccountable manner he was being robbed—
had simply been tearing his hair. But at this
juncture he could restrain himself no longer.
He sprang to his feet, his face ablaze, and burst
out:

"Gentlemen, this is too much! I have sat
here, gentlemen, and heard that man repeat
poem after poem of mine, claiming them for his
own, and I have borne it. But when I hear
him attempt to claim the opening lines of Mil-
ton's 'Paradise Lost'—"

That address, too, was doomed to be cut
short like the recitation. Rogers averred that
never, beneath his roof, with all the merry mad-
ness that that breakfast-table knew, had such a
storm of laughter and applause gone over it, as
finished that speech and sent the young man to
his chair, for the time little less than an ab-
solute maniac, under the pressure of Lamb's
crowning atrocity.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SPARE moments are the gold-dust of time.
Young wrote a true as well as a striking line
when he said, "Sands make the mountain, and
moments make the years." Of all portions of
our life, spare moments are the most fruitful of
evil. They are the gaps through which tempta-
tions find the easiest access to the garden of the
soul.

THERE are families who endure miseries un-
told because they live beyond their means, be-
cause they wish to dress and visit and entertain
as neighbours do who have tenfold their in-
come. Of this narrow and vulgar ambition a
brood of sordid and unwholesome things are
born. It is impossible that children shall
develop symmetry of character in houses where
life is a frantic struggle to appear as grandly as
the occupants of the next one appear, the
grandeur being all tinsel and vain show.

THANKS.—Thanks are not anything like pay
for the service of kindness, of devotion, of self-
sacrifice. There is no question of recompense
or reward in the matter. They are but the
natural result, the crowning development, the
flowering out of the generous action. They
finish what has been nobly begun and carried
out. They assert an obligation which no ma-
terial benefit can ever cancel. Who wants to be
paid back for a kindness, or what wealth could
ever repay a generous devotion? What we do
want is the intangible emotion of gratitude
that wells up in the heart and fills the sympa-
thies and overflows in words or deeds because it
cannot be repressed.

THE GOOD AND TRUE.—All through human
society good is the most effective instrument
with which to conquer evil. Not destruction,
but fulfilment should be our effort. How shall
we correct poor and unfaithful labour? By in-
fusing the desire for excellence. How shall we
allay discord? By nourishing and developing
the germs of love that lie dormant. How shall
we cure the faults and follies that we carry
about us in our own characters? By welcoming
and nourishing the opposite virtues which have
been neglected. By cultivating an interest in
things that are higher we lose the taste for the
lower, and by giving everywhere and always our
loyal adherence to the good and true and pure
we may conquer and outgrow the evil, the false,
and the corrupt.

TEMPER.—Bad temper is more often the result
of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy
organization; it frequently, however, has a phy-
sical cause, and a peevish child often needs diet-
ing more than correcting. Some children are
more prone to show temper than others, and
sometimes on account of qualities which are
valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of
active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager
purpose is more likely to meet with constant
jars and rubs than a dull, passive child; and, if
he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is
immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you
repress these ebullitions by scolding and punish-
ment, you only increase the evil by changing
passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tem-
pered tone of your own, a sympathy with his
trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from
no ill-conduct on his part, are the best anti-
dotes; but it would be better still to prevent
beforehand, if possible, all sources of annoyance.
Never fear spoiling children by making them too
happy.

CHEERFULNESS.—A cheerful disposition is
always regarded as a cause for sincere congrat-
ulation. Every one is sensible of the atmosphere
of hope and energy which surrounds it, and of
the happiness it sheds abroad; every one ad-
mires and welcomes it in others and wishes that
he also possessed it; every one acknowledges
that it is one of the chief blessings with which
man is endowed. It is, however, regarded rather
as a gift to be thankful for than a quality to be

cherished, rather as a fortunate attribute than a
progressive virtue. Yet it is certainly true that
whatever is absolutely essential to the happi-
ness of man is within his power to obtain, if not
in full measure, at least to a very fair degree.
That we cannot acquire all that we crave does
not prove that we cannot secure all that we
need. And, although there may be other things
we covet more earnestly, there is no more im-
portant ingredient in human happiness than a
cheerful spirit, with its natural manifestations
—and this is attainable by all who resolutely
determine to possess it.

GREATNESS OF SOUL.—To most of us the
events that affect us are the greatest things of
life. A birth, a death a marriage, the accession
of a fortune, the loss of property, the removal
of our family, a change of occupation—these and
other vicissitudes mark the dial-plate of our ex-
istence, and stand out with unequalled promi-
nence. Not so is it to the man with a truly
great soul. He sees something larger than all
these, something strong enough to hold them
and wide enough to contain them, yet superior
to them. George Eliot, in her *Felix Holt*,
makes Esther—a young girl just waking into
thought—say to her father, "That must be the
best life." "What life, my child?" "Why,
that where one bears and does everything
because of some great and strong feeling, so that
this and that in one's circumstances don't
signify." She uttered a deeper truth than she
imagined. The best life, the most valuable, and
the most solidly happy, is one which is so full of
something out of self—so intent on some noble
enterprise, or rendered so enthusiastic by an
ideal of what life should be—that the events
which ripple its surface do not disturb its full
and deep undercurrent.

It has been long known that fishes return to
about the same place in the same rivers each
year to spawn, but it is a recent discovery that
in going up they ascend the left-hand side of
the stream, while in coming down they take the
opposite side. Fishermen may be benefited by
remembering this.

"TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they
mean," playfully quoted Mr. Hickenlooper, as
he came airily into the room, and found his wife
crying. And Mrs. Hickenlooper rose up and
remarked that she supposed a fool of a man
would laugh even if he did smash his fingers to
jelly trying to drive a picture nail; and then
she flounced out of the room after the arnica,
while Mr. Hickenlooper, in a dazed condition,
sat down on a chair that wasn't there, and
nearly drove himself through the floor.

SOME anonymous malefactor sends the follow-
ing recipe for an evening party:—"Take all the
ladies and gentlemen you can get, put them
into a room with a small fire, and stew them
well; have ready twelve packs of cards, a piano,
a handful of prints and drawings, and throw
them in front from time to time; as the mixture
thickens, sweeten with politeness and season
with wit, if you have any; if not, flattery will
do as well, and is very cheap; when all have
stewed for an hour, add ices, jellies, cakes, le-
monade and wine."

LITERARY.

MR. SWINBURNE is writing for the *Fortnightly*
Review an article on Victor Hugo's new poem.

It is said that Mr. Tennyson has written a
two-act play, which will be brought out in a few months
at the Lyceum.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH'S new novel, "Brigitta,"
which is making some sensation in Germany, is being
translated into English.

THE English edition of Louis Kossovich's new
work, which will be published, as "Memories of my
Exile," will, it is expected, be ready for publication
shortly.

A COMMISSION is said to have been appointed
by the Turkish Government to prepare a catalogue of
the MSS. in the principal libraries of Constantinople.

MR. BENTLEY will publish at the end of this
month a book by Miss Mary Fitzgibbon, entitled, "A
Trip to Manitoba." Miss Fitzgibbon is a grand-daughter
of Mrs. Moodie, whose "Roughing it in the Bush" was
well known thirty or forty years ago.

MR. KARL BLIND will have an article in the
Gentleman's Magazine on "Wotan, the Wild Huntsman,
and the Wandering Jew," in which he seeks to show the
gradual evolution of the Ahasuerus legend from the
Saga-circle of Germanic mythology.

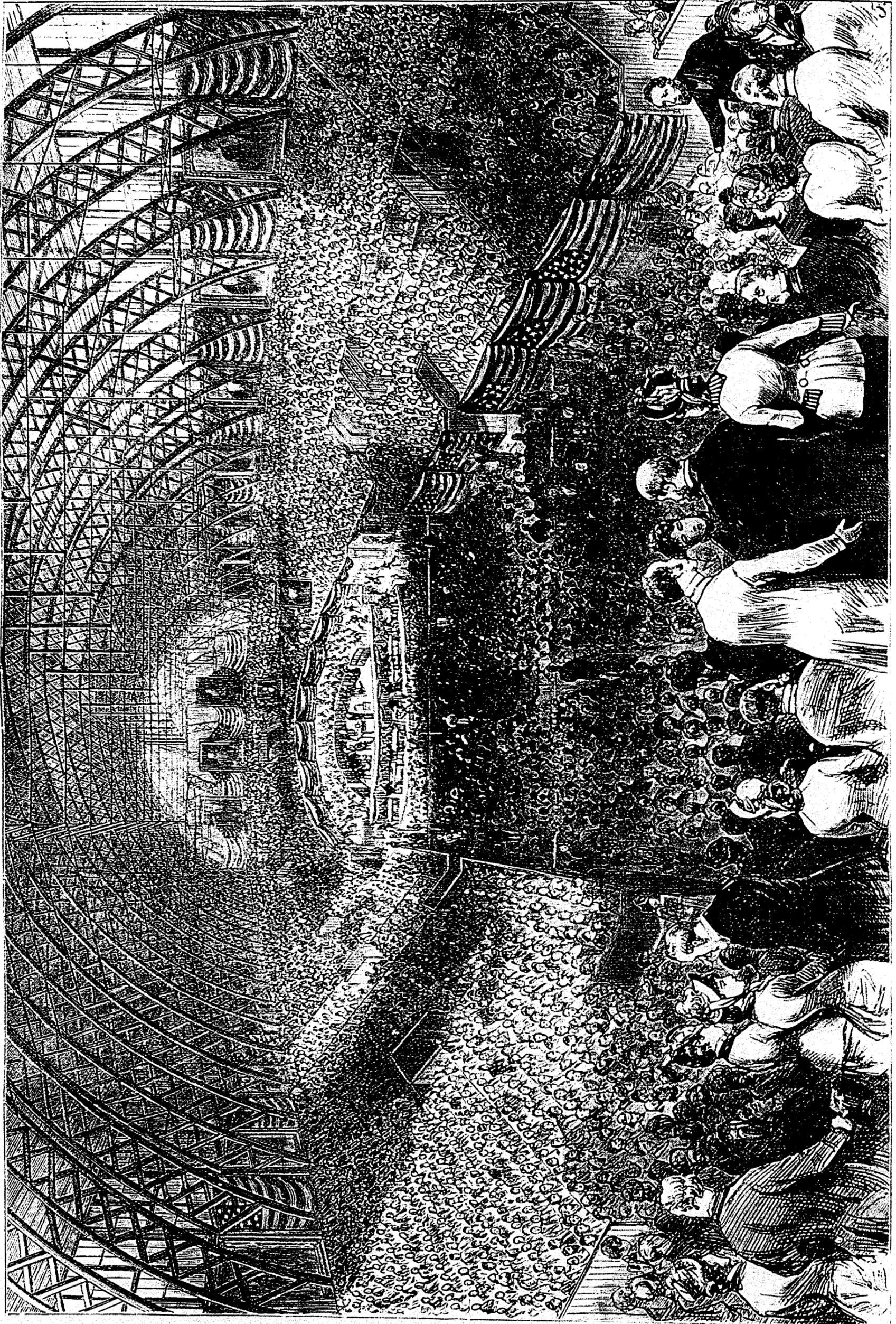
AFTER the publication of the concluding
volume of his "Origines du Christianisme," M. Renan
will bring out a translation of Ecclesiastes, with a criti-
cal introduction, which, it is said, has long been ready
for the press.

STELLA'S tragedy of "Sappho" is being trans-
lated into the Greek language at Athens, and will be
produced on the Hellenic stage. A new edition of her
"Records of the Heart," with additions, is in the Lon-
don press.

MR. BARNETT SMITH, author of the popular
"Life of Gladstone," recently gave a select literary
party at Cuba Villa, Highgate, London. Among the
guests present were Julian Hawthorne, J. H. Ingram,
"Stella" (Estelle A. Lewis), and many well-known
members of the London press.

FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.

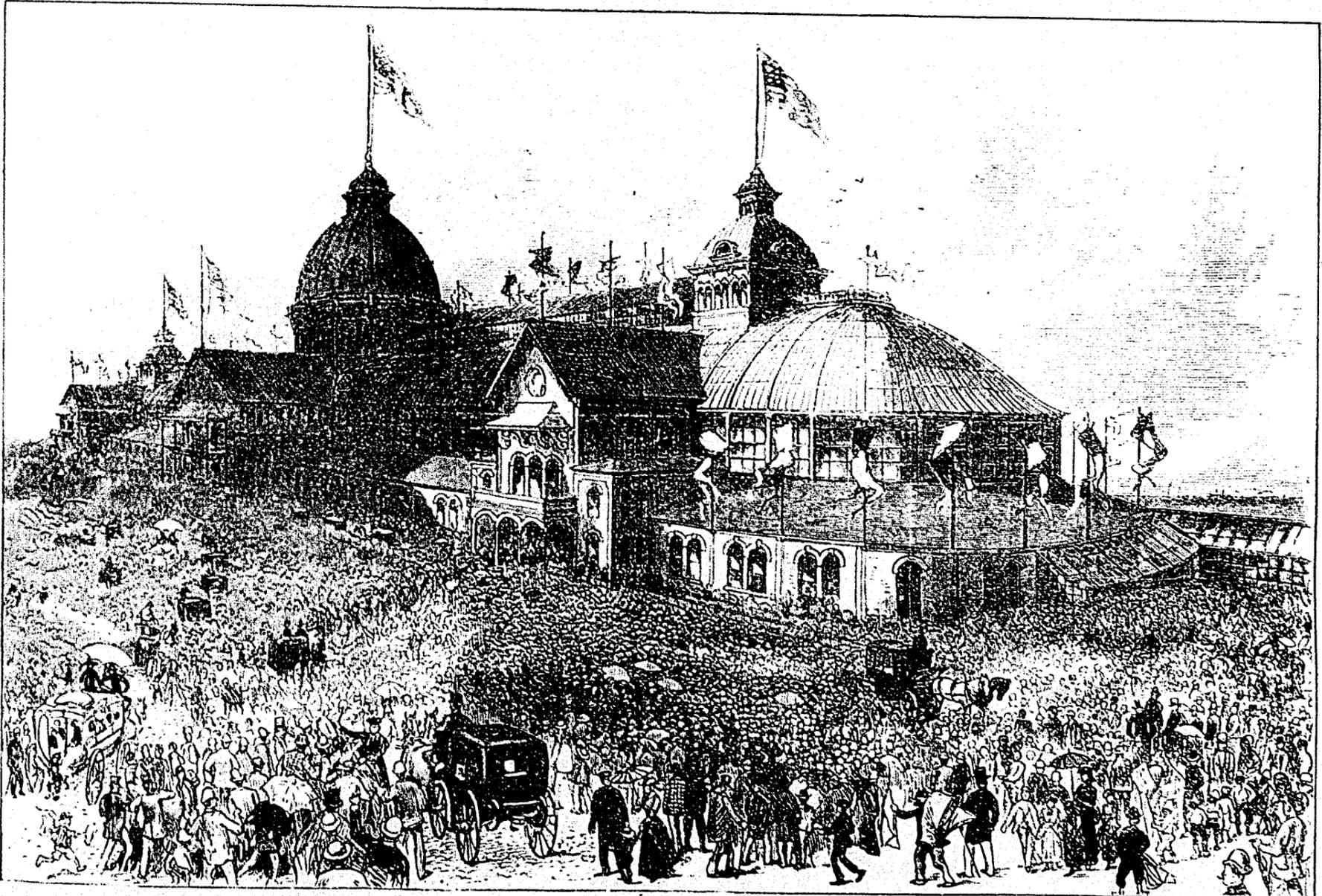
"My mother was afflicted a long time with
neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition
of the whole system; headache, nervous pros-
tration, and was almost helpless. No physi-
cians or medicines did her any good. Three
months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with
such good effect that she seems and feels young
again, although over 70 years old. We think
there is no other medicine fit to use in the
family."—A lady, in Providence, R.I.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHICAGO REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.



INAUGURATION OF A BUST OF THOMAS MOORE AT CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION BUILDING.

THE CONSTELLATION WAR-SHIP.

(Sent by the United States Government with food for the Irish poor, 1880.)

BY JOSIAH W. LEEDS.

Oh, favoured *Constellation*, late sailing o'er the sea,
Deep freighted with the offerings that sweet mercy sends
by thee,
Was there ever grander service by a gallant war-ship
done,
Or ever nobler triumph thus attempted to be won?

From the port-holes of this war-ship pe grim cannon's
mouth doth glare—
On the deck-planks of this vessel neither shot nor shell
are there,
And the flag that proudly flutters at the mast-head far
above,
Is no signal of defiance, but a pennon broad of love.

All the day let favouring west-winds speed thee swiftly to
thy goal,
All the night let ocean's billows from thy prow to rudder
roll,
And the stars that stud the azure their benignant vigils
keep,
Every heavenly constellation bend in love above the
deep.

On thy rugged coasts, oh Connaught! now the waves of
welcome break,
And the heights of Connemara all the grateful echoes
wake,
For a deed that Heaven smiles on is voiced from every
wave—
The war-ship! yes, the war-ship! it comes men's lives
to save.

Oh, better, braver, grander, to use our brethren so,
Than with bursting shell and grape-shot to lay them
bleeding low—
Than to break that great commandment, which by Him,
who knoweth best,
Was to all the after ages thus in words of truth ex-
pressed:

"If thy enemy be hungry, let this gracious thought be
first—
To feed him with thy substance, and with drink t'assuage
his thirst,
For by doing so thou surely shalt kill the hate within—
Thou wilt also gain thy brother—thou wilt save thy soul
from sin."

THE DINING ROOM.

CABINETS AND BUFFETS—TABLE LINEN—SILVER
AND CHINA—DINNER AND TEA SETS—
FLOWERS FOR TABLE DECORATION.

Cabinets are made in the same style as the book-
case, and are sometimes in ebony instead of the
rich oak or other natural woods that the dining-
rooms are generally finished in. Occasionally
the backs of the deep recesses have pictures set
within them, and now and then thick bevelled
mirrors are placed behind the lower shelves, re-
flecting back the china and silver placed upon
them, and a mirror is set at the back of the
large centre recess. The same thick bevelled
glass is used for the doors of the little cup-
boards in the sideboards, which are filled with
thin antique glass set in gilding in the old
fashion, or with old and antique pieces of china.

For dinners of ceremony they are of fine
heavy white linen damask, made transparent
by Kensington drawn work laid over fine red
cloth covers, while a third cloth of small size is
of red velvet oval-shaped and embroidered in
peacock feathers, and outlined and fringed in
gold. On this velvet mat, which extends over
the central part of the white cloth, is placed a
silver-bound mirror. On this mirror are placed
Dresden swans and aquatic plants, the white
lilies looking as if floating on a miniature lake.
But these elaborate covers are used only for
great dinner parties; for smaller ones the table-
cloth is drawn and carefully sewed over again
into the most complicated lace-work. Under
this is placed a bright cloth, upon which the
white cloth is laid, the bright cloth showing
through the meshes; then as the light falls
upon it through coloured globes, red silk shades,
or those made of the crimped tissue paper, the
effect is warm, rich and cheerful. A great deal
of colour is now used in the dining-room, and
upon the table. Rich effects are sought after,
and coloured glass, coloured lunch cloths,
crystal, mirrors and silver all aid in bright re-
flections. Pink, gray and buff damask with
coloured borders and even laces are used for
lunch cloths. Silk damasks, embroidered linen
and even black satin are employed, as well as
the simpler ones of damask with centre piece
and border outlined in red or blue cotton.
Lunch napkins and tray cloths match the table
linen.

Among the novelties are entire sets for dinner,
tea, coffee and lunch services, decorated with
figures of rabbits, butterflies and dogs all treated
in a style of broad humour. Birds and butter-
flies are formed in a great variety of colour and
gorgeousness. Ice-cream sets are in French
shapes and Japanese and Chinese decoration.
Claret jugs and wine-glasses are of red crystal
with polka dots or wreaths and flowers; these
are grouped in three and some are plain, with
gold bands. Coffee sets have each cup and
saucer different in ornamentation. The same is
true of fruit sets also. Fish sets are decorated
with fishes; game sets have birds, deer, each on
its own native heath. Canvas-back ducks are
served at ceremonious dinners in England and
Paris on plates of American silverware, because
American silversmiths are the best in the world,
and the canvas-back is one of America's greatest
delicacies.

Some of the latest sets in Haviland ware re-
present baskets with braided handles. Dessert
plates in this style are nearly covered by
coloured squares, which represent napkins; the
tureens and little salver on which they stand

are made in one piece. Some are no longer,
round, but octagonal, and their decoration in-
cludes subjects of all sorts, from cattle pieces to
scenes from Tennyson, Shakespeare and Long-
fellow. Far prettier are the flower groups in
natural colours, in which each plate of the half
dozen is in six different tints, pink, tea rose,
buff, cream, celadon and sea foam, and the de-
coration is a flower spray lying just inside the
rim with a bee or bird hovering over it. Some
are plain china with turquoise, blue and pink
bands, and are very pretty. Among the new
designs for dinner plates is a set in Walter
Crane colours, representing a girl picking beans
from a trellis, another girl paring potatoes;
squashes, corn, cabbages and cauliflowers are
the objects of interest on the other plates. An-
other set represents fish with a border of coral
and cat tails; lobsters, surrounded by lily pods
and a pointer in a border of partridges, berries
and leaves. Some are of Indus ware, ornamented
with cranes and storks. Tea sets are accom-
panied by tea pots that look like tinted eggs
set in a frame of white wicker work, and having
braided handles. A set in which all the dishes
are fluted, and bear a resemblance to different
shells, is both quaint and pretty.

One set, mounted on a little tray, has a pile
of volumes of Punch lying in the foreground and
hollowed out to form a receptacle for salt.
Punch grins from one side of the pile, Judy
smiles from the other, and the little dog Toby,
looking over his frill in the background, serves
as a handle to the tray. Bits of white colour,
to set off the plain white sets, are found in the
casters and salt-cellars in Derby, Longway,
Copeland and other wares. Some of these have
nickel tops, and others are solid and are filled
through a cork in the bottom. These sets are
used instead of the time-honoured caster, and
come in very quaint design; solemn-looking
owls, with ruby eyes, English pug dogs, and
even toads. When these are used, small
pitchers of Venetian glass hold the vinegar, and
the mustard pots—two of which are a set—are of
artistic china, either matching the dinner ser-
vice or of sufficient beauty to stand alone.

Flowers of only one kind are preferred to
mixed bouquets for dinner decoration. It is
thought better to fill one's house with the odour
of one sweet-scented blossom and to give all
one's guests a knot of it to take home, thus con-
necting its memory with that of the dinner,
rather than to have a medley of flowers on the
table and thus leave a confused impression on
the minds of the guests. Thus, a dinner may be
known as the "violet," "rosebud," or "pansy
dinner." Very fashionable little baskets are
made of wood, so thin and turned to such a
nicety that the sides can be bent together.
These are decorated upon the exterior sometimes
gilded upon the edge and filled with moss,
small ferns, delicate flowers, and tied together
with ribbon. These are after dinner suspended
from the waist with a long loop of ribbon, and
the damp moss will for a long time keep the
flowers fresh. Small wooden pails and wheel-
barrows are also used, filled with the same.
These are mounted with four cones, decorated
with an insect, flower or blade of glass. These
are often filled with trailing vines or the ice
plant, interspersed with small flowers and the
vines allowed to trail over the side. Growing
ferns and other plants are often taken up and
put in a rustic jardiniere and used for table or-
namentation.

FOOT NOTES.

ABOLITION OF THE DRUM IN THE FRENCH
ARMY.—General Farre has determined to abo-
lish drums in the French army, and—terrible
loss for nursery maids—the gigantic drum major.
The pros and cons of this question have been
long discussed. The roll of the drum, it was
argued, was inspiring, and dear to tradition.
Nothing like the drum to bring out the popula-
tion to stare at a regiment on the march! But
the reasons which have prevailed are that in
actual service the drum is not heard so far as the
bugle; is not so well adapted to convey orders
by sound; and, moreover, that the heavily-
laden drummer cannot carry a rifle, which the
bugler does.

GOOD INTEREST.—A capital story was long
current relative to prices charged for goods in
Galt in its early days. As Mr. Shade began to
grow rich, and rumours prevailed that he made
profits of at least forty or fifty per cent. upon
his goods, he was one day visited by a well-
known, honest Dutch storekeeper in the south-
ern part of Waterloo Township, who could not
understand, but was extremely anxious to learn,
how that gentleman obtained such handsome
prices. "Mr. Shade," said he, "I have come
down to ask how it is you can get forty or fifty
per cent. profit upon your goods, when I have
hard work to get one per cent. for mine. Will
you tell me the secret?" "Only one per cent.,"
replied Mr. Shade; "why you must charge more
than that!" "O no, I don't," returned his
Waterloo friend, deeply in earnest. "When I
pay \$1 for an article, I never charge more than
\$2 for it, and I want to know how I can get
forty or fifty per cent. like you?" Mr. Shade
explained as well as his risibility would permit,
when his interlocutor departed a wiser if not a
happier man. The joke, however, was too
good to keep, and there is fun to this day over
the Dutchman's one per cent.

PRINCESS LOUISE, says the Buffalo Express, is
a comely, healthy-looking lady, of vivacious
spirits and genial disposition. Her good-

heartedness is proverbial, and it is reported that
since her arrival in Canada her hobby has been
the visiting of charitable institutions and hospi-
tals. She is simple and unaffected in her
demeanor when conversing with the poor and
unfortunate. Her garb yesterday was of the
plainest character, and so ill-fitting that any
Buffalo society lady would have shrunk from
appearing in public in it. His Royal High-
ness, Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Eng-
land's Queen, is a medium-sized young man of
about twenty-six years of age. He is a pro-
nounced blonde, and wears a dainty mustache
and goatee. At present Leopold is badly sun-
burnt. As he stepped out of the carriage yes-
terday, he appeared to the usual crowd of curi-
ous observers to be a fair specimen of the Eng-
lish youth, somewhat boyish-looking, but
manly and sensible in his deportment. He was
attired in a light suit of gray melton cloth, evi-
dently made by an English tailor, and cut
altogether too small for him. Tagging at the
heels of the young prince was his pet dog *Vic*, a
harmless-looking little English fox terrier.

SCRAPS.

PATTI has purchased a mansion in Wales.

CHAS. READE now reads the Bible diligently.

PRINTED for private circulation—counterfeit
bank notes.

You can always tell an English "lord," we
are assured by the *Norristown Herald*, by the
amount of money he wants to borrow.

AN exchange, speaking of the stage, uses the
term, "the ballet proper." Don't think we've
seen it.

A DETROIT lady who had graduated at three
seminaries tried to send a ban-dbox by telegraph
the other day.

FARMERS do not hear the cornstalk. Neither
do men who wear tight boots. But there are
some things which speak louder than words.

It is reported at Richmond, Va., that Arch-
bishop Gibbon, of Baltimore, who is now in
Rome, will be made a cardinal before his return.

EVERY ONE knows the sale of Beecher's
"Life of Christ." Canon Farrar's has been more
successful. Two hundred thousand copies have
been sold.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' fortune is estimated at
\$500,000, outside of his art collection, worth
nearly as much. Every penny of it he has de-
rived from his literary labors.

AN Indiana girl jumped the rope until the
bones of her legs began to decay and she had to
have them amputated, but don't let this stop
any girl from doing likewise.

THE man who thinks that his boy can hoe in
the garden while a circus procession is passing
is always the man who has a front seat when
the performance begins.

MISS Emily Faithfull imagines that she has
done some little good in the world by living
single, but she admits that if it were to do over
again she'd say "yes" to some good fellow.

CARLYLE is said to be rapidly failing. He
cannot now hold a cup without spilling its con-
tents. He is resigned at the prospect of death,
fearing to survive his intellectual faculties.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* wants every rule
to work both ways. It says: "There is no in-
stance known of a man sentenced to imprison-
ment for life having his sentence commuted to
hanging."

A Leicestershire, England, farmer writes to
the *Mark Lane Express*: "Hundreds of farmers
have lost the whole of their flocks of sheep. It
has been one of the most disastrous seasons for
sheep ever experienced."

CARDINAL Newman, when he was stronger
than he is now, was a fine vocalist. He now
loves to sit dreamily listening to the playing of
Beethoven's compositions, of which he is a pas-
sionate admirer. His voice is still very sweet.

BONANZA FLOOD is to build the finest private
residence in America. He will have 1,500 acres
in his front yard, and when a stray cow gets in
there, it will require simply an enormous supply
of profanity and bricks to get her out.

FIFTY Greek brigands have been hunted
down and killed within the past week, but let
no traveller rejoice. There are over five
thousand left, saying nothing of the robbers who
act as Government officials.

CERTAIN Russian ladies occupy unofficial dip-
lomatic positions, some of them receiving from
the government as much as \$65,000 annually
for entertaining, bribery and other secret service
expenses.

THERE seems to be very little sympathy for
muscular effeminacy. The idea of a great big
giant like Courtney lying sick abed with a ner-
vous headache, like a delicate school-girl, seems
almost too absurd to be true.

GEORGE PEARBODY WETMORE's summer house
at Newport, R. I., has cost about half a million
dollars. The cost of the main staircase alone,
the wood of which was imported and the carving
done in the Florentine style of workman-
ship, was \$40,000.

It is significant of depression in England
that the marriage-rate was lower in the last
quarter of 1879 than in any since civil registra-
tion was established in 1837. The birth-rate
was lower than in 1850, and the death-rate, too,
below the average.

THE New York *Commercial Advertiser* wants
an elixir that will bring forgetfulness without
producing unconsciousness. If the *Advertiser*
will take hold of a hot poker, it will forget all
about business troubles and be a fearful way
from unconsciousness, too.

THE New Haven *Journal* makes the curious
statement that a post-mortem in the case of B.
D. Purdy, jr., of Canaan, Conn., "revealed the
fact that his death was caused by a broken neck,
and that he had been living in that condition
for some three years, as is supposed."

AN old lady heard one of her daughter-in-law's
callers say: "My father was an ambidexter."
After the visitor's departure the listener ex-
pressed her indignation by saying: "That
stuck-up hussy was lying all the time. I knew
her father year in and out, and his name was
Smith."

THE Hartford *Courant* gives a list of parties
who have been reported as killed by lightning
this season, and adds as a noticeable thing
about the list, "that none of the accidents oc-
curred in cities or in the presence of telegraph
wires and accumulations of metal. These seem
to act as safeguards."

EXTENSIVE repairs and improvements are
about to be undertaken at the Hofburg or old
Imperial palace of the Hapsburg family in
Vienna. The palace enclosure embraces an ex-
tent of about nineteen and one-half acres, of
which about nine and one-half acres are actually
covered with buildings.

AT a recent meeting of the Royal Geographi-
cal Society in England, three noblemen, Earl
Katakuba, Earl Swaddi and Earl Namkaddi,
ambassadors from Mtesa, king of Uganda, Africa,
were introduced to the president, Lord North-
brook, by Mr. Wilson, a missionary, who said
that they had taken a peculiar liking to white
women, and that in fact the king had begged
him to bring him back an English wife, but he
had told him that they were not to be bought.
Here is a crown absolutely going a-begging.

MARIO has resumed his own name of Marquis
of Candia. He lives in Rome, holding a post
at court, with a salary of \$2,000.

Two manuscripts of Lamartine were sold in
Paris a few weeks ago. Originally they were
given to friends of the orator-poet, who since
died. Jocelyn, dated 1836, fetched about \$560.
It was in a very bold handwriting, and had very
few corrections. Harmonies Sacrées, full of
erasures and corrections, but dated the same
year, brought \$130.

THE Princess of Asturias, now in Paris, is an
object of much curiosity in social circles. She
is twenty-eight years of age, and truly "as
haughty as a princess." Since she was an
infant almost she has been a great stickler for
every point of etiquette. She is the terror of
courtiers, and unconcealedly proud of her posi-
tion as eldest daughter of the ex-Queen Isabella.

WHAT has been done with Gibbon and what
many people think should be done with all
great works that have been over-edited—the
restoration of the text to its original integrity—
will be done for Boswell's Johnson, edited, com-
mented on and discussed as few books in the
language have been. Rev. Alexander Napier
has this undertaking in hand.

A CLERGYMAN recently said that many a one,
while apparently singing with all his might the
lines:

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,

was diligently engaged with one hand in his
pocket in scraping the edge of a 3-cent piece to
make sure it was not a dime.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Many Thanks.

B.S., Montreal.—The position is correct.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution received of Problem for
Young Players No. 277. Correct.

T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution re-
ceived of Problem No. 277.

The Hamilton Chess Correspondence Tourney is
making rapid progress, and already several games have
been won and lost, and we have no doubt that others are
rapidly approaching conditions which will enable some
happy contestants to send in their scores to the con-
ductor, Dr. Ryall, and modestly ask for other victims.

We have already one or two finished games
which we intend to insert in our Column as soon as we
can find the necessary time to arrange them for publi-
cation.

The contest between Zukertort and Rosenthal is the
all-absorbing chess matter at the present moment. We
subjoin an extract from *Land and Water* which will be
read with interest. We give the score of the fourth
game in the match, but are obliged to leave out the
notes which, we believe, are by Mr. Steinitz, as they
would occupy too much space in our Column. The
game appears in *Turf, Field and Farm*.

The combatants in the Zukertort-Rosenthal match
remain embedded in a quick-sand of draws, wherefrom
they seem totally unable to extricate themselves. Al-
ready rumours are rife that there will be a drawn match.
It seems likely that some propositions have been ad-
vanced in that behalf, but such an unsatisfactory con-
clusion will scarcely be entertained yet awhile. Never-
theless if much further time elapses without either player
being able to establish his superiority, a division of
honours will naturally suggest itself as being the proba-
ble termination of the struggle. The sixth game of the
match was played yesterday week, and after lasting
until a late hour of the evening ended in a draw, which
was a piece of good fortune for Zukertort, as his oppo-
nent had a clear win in the end game. Last Monday there
was no play, the combatants condescending to imitate

Inferior mortals by making it a holiday. On Wednesday the seventh game was contested, and M. Rosenthal, if we are not misinformed, obtained an undoubted advantage in the opening, which was a Ruy Lopez. Zukertort being first player. Again, however, there was a draw, making the score—Zukertort, 1; Rosenthal, 0; drawn, 6.

The eighth game in the Rosenthal-Zukertort match was played yesterday. Rosenthal was first player, and he opened with the Ruy Lopez. At the stage reached shortly before we went to press Zukertort had the advantage.

Latest news of the great match between Rosenthal and Zukertort.

(From Land and Water.)

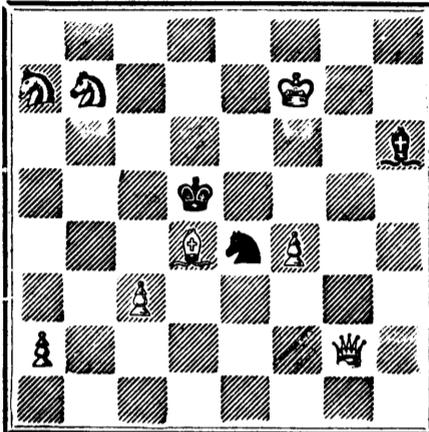
The eighth game in the Rosenthal-Zukertort contest, which we alluded to last week as being in favour of Zukertort, was won by him. The ninth game, fought last Monday terminated in a draw. On Wednesday the combatants abstained from playing in honour of Saint Derby. The tenth game between Zukertort and Rosenthal was played on Thursday last, and resulted in favour of the French champion—a fact which will cause a general feeling of pleasure in the chess world. The score now stands—Zukertort, 2; Rosenthal, 1; drawn, 7.

In the march number of the *Strategic* there is an obituary article upon the venerable Abbé Durand, Principal of the College of Lisieux. He was, it appears, a chessplayer, and also formerly a contributor of chess articles of much merit to the French periodicals of the day.

PROBLEM No. 281.

By F. Healey.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 410TH.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Fourth game in the match between Dr. Zukertort and Mr. Rosenthal, played at the St. George's Chess Club, May 10, 1880.

(Ruy Lopez.)

Table with chess notation for Game 410th, Ruy Lopez. Columns: White, Black. Rows: 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. B to Kt 5, 4. P to Q 3, 5. P to B 3, 6. B to R 4, 7. Q Kt to Q 2, 8. K to B sq, 9. Kt to Kt 3, 10. B to B 2, 11. Castles, 12. B to Q 2, 13. P to Q R 4, 14. Q to B sq, 15. Kt takes P, 16. P to Q 4, 17. P takes Kt, 18. B to B 4, 19. Kt takes P, 20. B takes Kt, 21. P takes P, 22. Q to K 3, 23. B takes Q, 24. B to B 6, 25. B to H 5, 26. B to Kt 4, 27. K R to K sq, 28. B takes B, 29. R to R 7, 30. P to R 3, 31. R to Kt 7, 32. P to Q Kt 3, 33. K to B sq, 34. P to B 4.

And the game was given up as drawn.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 279.

Table with chess notation for Solution of Problem No. 279. Columns: White, Black. Rows: 1. Q to Q R 3, 2. Q to K 7 (ch), 3. Q or P mates.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 277.

Table with chess notation for Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 277. Columns: White, Black. Rows: 1. P to K Kt 5, 2. Kt mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 278.

Table with chess notation for Problems for Young Players, No. 278. Columns: White, Black. Rows: K at K B 6, R at Q Kt 7, B at K Kt 2, Kt at Q 8, Pawn at Q 2.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CARDS—10 Lily of the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case. Name on all 15c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

25 all Gold and Silver. Motto and Floral Cards 10c. Stevens Card Co., Northford, Ct.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK.



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3rd of JUNE next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until

Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

Tuesday, the 8th day of June.

By Order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.



LACHINE CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3rd of JUNE, next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until

Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

Tuesday, the 8th day of June.

By Order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

- 20 Locomotive Engines.
16 First-class cars (a proportion being sleepers).
20 Second-class Cars, do.
3 Express and Baggage Cars.
3 Postal and Smoking Cars.
240 Box Freight Cars.
100 Flat Cars.
2 Wing Ploughs.
2 Snow Ploughs.
2 Flangers.
40 Hand Cars.

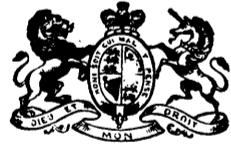
The whole to be manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba. Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.



WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to Bridge-Builders.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY, the 15th day of JUNE, next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 31st DAY OF MAY, next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained. Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge, for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

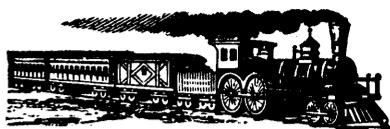
The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfilment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice. Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, May 3rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

Table with train schedules for Q.M.O. and O. Railway. Columns: MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows: Leave Hochelaga for Hull, Arrive at Hull, Leave Hull for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for Quebec, Arrive at Quebec, Leave Quebec for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome, Arrive at St. Jerome, Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga.

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.) Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later. Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

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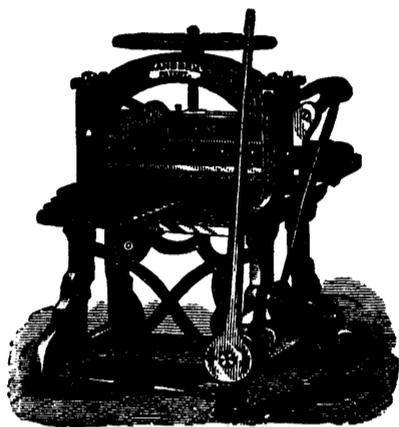
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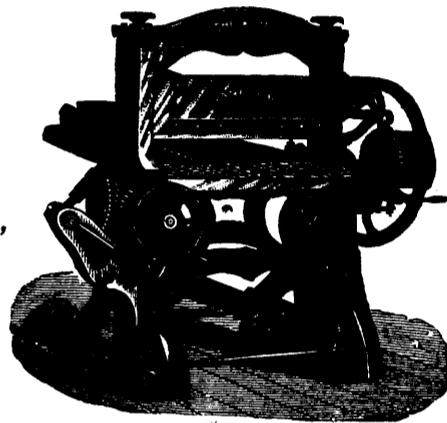
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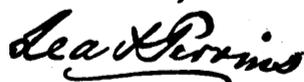
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