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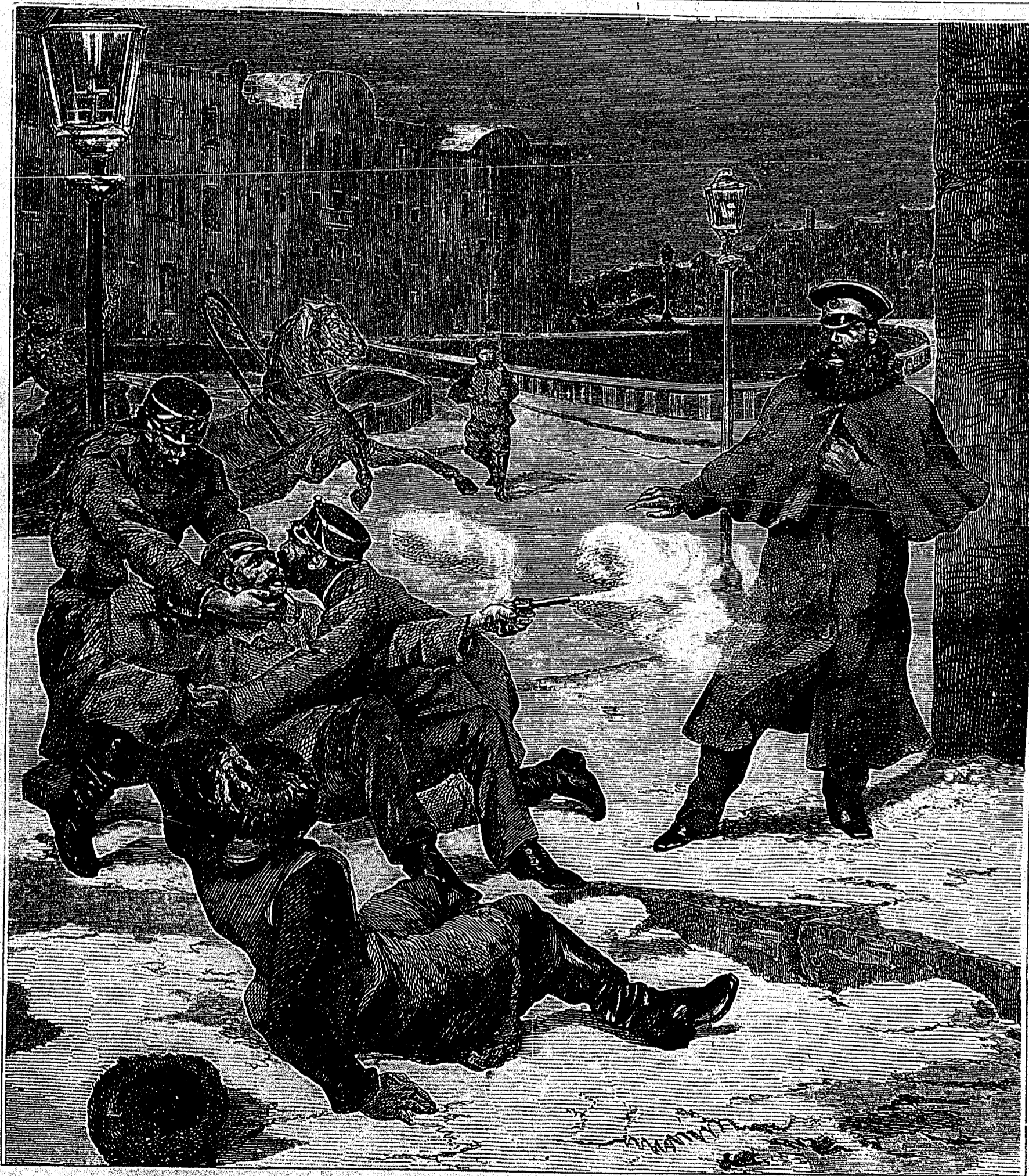
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ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

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NOTICE.

To prevent all confusion in the delivery of papers, our readers and subscribers are requested to give notice at this office, by post-card or otherwise, of their change of residence, giving the new number along with the old number of their houses.

NOTICE.

Great Holiday Number.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

The next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be entirely devoted to sketches of incidents connected with the

International Celebration

of Her Most Gracious Majesty's Birthday in Montreal.

Among the illustrations will appear:—

- THE SHOOTING OF THE LACHINE RAPIDS BY THE AMERICAN TROOPS.
- THE GRAND RECEPTION AT JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE.
- THE REVIEW AND SHAM BATTLE IN PRESENCE OF HIS EXCELLENCY AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.
- THE DRILL OF VOLUNTEERS ON THE CHAMP DE MARS BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.
- THE INAUGURATION OF THE ART ASSOCIATION BUILDING—INTERIOR VIEW.
- EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE ART ASSOCIATION BUILDING.
- GRAND LACROSSE MATCH BETWEEN THE MONTREAL LACROSSE CLUB AND THE CAUGHNAWAGA INDIANS.

TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1878			
May 15th, 1879.							
Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon.. 48°	36°	43°	Mon.. 76°	56°	66°		
Tues.. 55°	37°	46°	Tues.. 79°	57°	67°	5	
Wed.. 57°	40°	48°	Wed.. 75°	60°	67°	5	
Thur.. 61°	47°	54°	Thur.. 74°	55°	64°		
Frid.. 62°	44°	53°	Frid.. 61°	48°	54°	5	
Sat.. 67°	45°	56°	Sat.. 75°	49°	62°		
Sun.. 66°	54°	60°	Sun.. 76°	55°	65°	5	

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 24, 1879.

THE CLOSE OF THE GREAT SESSION.

The historical first session of the fourth Parliament of Canada was brought to a close on Thursday, the 15th inst. Week by week we have published full accounts of its labours from one of the most authorized pens of the Dominion, and our readers have only to refer to them in their serial order to obtain a complete record of what is admitted to be the most important, the most momentous session since the establishment of Confederation. Having had opportunity to see all the Parliamentary correspondence sent to the chief papers, we believe we are justified in saying that by not one was ours surpassed in fullness and accuracy of information, breadth of view or impartiality of criticism, and we are sure our readers

will be happy to learn that the writer has kindly consented to continue them occasionally during the recess, according as circumstances may require. It remains now to chronicle the closing scenes.

The prorogation was made by His Excellency. The Princess was not present, and the Union Jack instead of the Royal Standard floated from the great tower of the Parliament House. There was the usual time-honoured ceremony, the Foot Guards and Princess Louise Dragoons doing the military honours. The riding and movements of the latter were very creditable for the short time they have been drilling. The last days were marked by the passage of measures of unusual importance; notably the Pacific Railway Resolutions and the Act to purchase the River du Loup Branch of the Grand Trunk Railway. It was necessary for the Government to acquire this line in order to have a terminus for the Intercolonial at Quebec. This fact was admitted by Mr. Mackenzie, although he would have preferred a lease to a purchase. But in view of all the facts and the obligations of repairs which the Government would have to undertake, the purchase is probably the most desirable. The sale of this piece of road will enable the Grand Trunk to make an independent extension to Chicago, and so strengthen its position in the West. It may fairly be set down as a new fact in our history that an important purchase of this kind is made from the Grand Trunk with the concurrence of both political parties, and the absence of all attack, in view of the savagery which formerly marked all similar negotiations of the Grand Trunk with the Government.

Dr. Tupper made two speeches, one at the opening, the other at the close of the debate on the Pacific Railway Resolutions, and it is much to say that both efforts were worthy of the subject. He set forth the almost illimitable resources to be developed, and the enormous forces to be called into play by this great undertaking. The subject seems to grow upon the minds of those who bestow upon it special study; and it can only be appreciated by those who do. There is no other interest so important to Canada as this. It is in fact more than a Canadian question—it is one of Empire. The development of the vast areas in the North-West of this continent, with their agricultural, mineral and commercial advantages, means the creation of forces which must in the future constitute the great power of this continent.

We published in our last Ottawa letter a summary of the resolutions introduced by Dr. Tupper. The one hundred millions of acres of lands set apart at a minimum price of two dollars per acre represent a minimum capital of two hundred million dollars; but if they are properly put on the market and sold, the grant will really mean a capital of six hundred millions. The analogy of the large grants of lands to the great railway corporations in the Western States sufficiently establishes this assumption as fact; and there is, moreover, the further fact that the lands in the fertile belt of the North-West Territory of Canada are of a better quality and in a far more important situation as regards the trade and seat of population of the future than the lands of the companies in the Western States. There is, however, in this consideration the serious question of the obligations to be undertaken in the present before there will come time to make these lands available; and this is a matter involving large figures. There is also the consideration of the kind of skill with which the Commission will manage the practical question of immigration on their lands; but they have in this the experience of the great United States Companies to guide them. Some objection was made to the effect that such a Commission would be a bar to settlement, and the Government had better keep its lands. Against this argument, however, may be set the fact that the intensest interest of the

Commission would be immigration to its lands.

There was a good deal of feeling excited by the Senate's rejection of Mr. Bechard's Bankrupt Law Repeal Bill in the face of the very decided opinion of a vast majority of the House of Commons, which the Government, in the person of the Minister of Justice, seemed quite unable to control in this matter. It is said the Senate acted on the advice of the bankers or banking interests; and it is undoubtedly true that without some such measure we should again have the disgrace of preferential assignments and all the class of frauds which they imply. On the other hand there cannot be a doubt that the whitewashing facilities of the bankrupt law have led to hundreds of fraudulent bankruptcies with all their demoralization. We think it is in the circumstances much to be regretted that the recommendations of the Committee moved for by the Minister of Justice were not adopted. They would have been if the House of Commons had been in better temper as regards this question.

The leaders of the Opposition could not let the session close without a debate on the Letellier case. They did not appear to have got over their disgust at Mr. Mousseau's allowing his motion to stand at the request of Sir John Macdonald; and Mr. Mackenzie on the second reading of the Supply Bill brought the question up, as the forms of the House allowed, the Supply Bill being in an especial manner the test of confidence in the Administration. What the Opposition wanted to tell the Ministry was that the advice they had given to the Governor-General was bad, if not unconstitutional. Sir John Macdonald was taken up for his slip of the tongue in expressing "regret" that the Governor-General had not seen fit to agree in the first place with the advice of his Ministers. He did not reply to this and must have felt the slip he had made. They next declared the Ministry were not justified in telling His Excellency that the usefulness of Mr. Letellier was gone on the strength of the resolution passed by the House of Commons, and further that such resolution did constitute such "cause" as was contemplated by the Confederation Act for which a Lieutenant-Governor might be removed. They further contended that the removal of Mr. Letellier would be an invasion of the freedom of administration which the several Provinces ought to possess. The answer of Sir John A. Macdonald was that the Ministers were really only a Committee of the Senate and House of Commons, and, therefore, bound to advise His Excellency in the sense of the resolutions of those Houses. They certainly were obliged to do this, or themselves resign their positions. The time, therefore, for such arguments as those which were urged by the Opposition was before Mr. Mousseau's resolution was passed; except, indeed, for any value they may have for a reproach, or for making political capital.

With regard to the altercation between Messrs. Huntington and White, it is a matter of very great regret that the House of Commons should be made the arena of personal debates of this nature, however necessary they might be elsewhere for the purification of the atmosphere. But there is one thing clear, that the Pacific scandal, as a political issue, is dead; and the Opposition leaders will gain by a recognition of the fact.

It may be mentioned that the bill to reduce the capital of the Consolidated Bank passed through all its stages, in the absence of the notices required for private bills, in view of the fact, as Mr. Tilley explained, that the promoters of this measure had calculated upon acting upon a provision of a Government measure which was not passed. It was, therefore, only fair not to take any objections of form against this bill, which, as a measure of prudence, affecting many personal interests, ought to be allowed to pass, and, therefore, it did pass.

RESPONSIBILITY IN CRIME.

According as they appeared in print, we have had occasion to notice the writings of Dr. HENRY HOWARD on topics connected with the painfully interesting problem of insanity, and, while not always approving the metaphysical conclusions of some of his doctrines, we have borne willing testimony to his efforts in the direction of the improvement of perhaps the most utterly miserable of the many unfortunate classes of human kind. In a paper lately read by Dr. Howard before the Montreal Medico-Chirurgical Society, of which he is the actual President, a further attempt is made to throw light on the question of Responsibility and Irresponsibility in Crime and Insanity. We shall not enter into a summary of the arguments which it contains, but briefly indicate a few of the novel facts and ideas which modern pathological science has brought to bear on the subject. That these are largely revolutionary and subversive of old respectable theories, Dr. HOWARD rather reluctantly admits, and he feels forced to confess—what he was not disposed to do in his previous writings—that they are suspiciously tinged with materialism. It is going rather far to assert that the mental scientist does not pretend to treat of anything else but matter, but seeing that matter is so intimately connected with mind, we are less surprised to learn that the cause of men's moral differences lies in the cortical substance of the parietal and occipital portions of the hemispheres of the brain. Similarly we are told that irritation of the frontal cells renders the most intellectual man a raving maniac; that irritation of the parietal cells renders the most honest man a pickpocket, and that irritation of the cerebral cells renders the most pure being a filthy, impure creature. It follows therefore from innate and congenital human imperfection that every man has in him a criminal neurosis—some to a greater, and some to a less degree. At this point, Dr. HOWARD gives us the difference between criminal neurosis or moral depravity and moral insanity. The latter is that morbid condition of the human faculties whereby they are altered either by disease or accident with consequent loss of power over moral acts from the loss of nerve control. Such a man may will to do right, but he has not the nerve to resist his impulse. The capital punishment of such a man in capital offences, Dr. HOWARD boldly calls judicial murder. Criminal neurosis or moral depravity we are next told is hereditary and the fruit of a radically unsound moral organization. The morally insane have been so from their birth. "They never knew good; evil to them is good. They are as incapable of reasoning as a wild horse; they cannot recognize the rights of society; they are Ishmaelites—their hand is against every man. If they have controlling nerve power they do not know how to use it, or if they do, they use it for their own vile ends." These last are terrible words and the professional man who sends them out before the world incurs a responsibility which he must be prepared sharply to meet. That our author has not written hastily, however, is clear from the high authorities which he cites. For instance, the Lord Chief Justice of England is reported as saying that, "as the pathology of insanity abundantly establishes, there are forms of mental disease in which, though the patient is quite aware that he is about to do wrong, the will becomes overpowered by irresistible impulse and the power of self-control when destroyed or suspended by mental disease becomes, I think, an essential element of responsibility." Dr. BECKWILL, another eminent authority, writes: "Responsibility depends upon power and not upon knowledge and feeling, and a man is responsible to do that which he can do; not that which he feels or knows it right to do." Turning to the practical remedy for insanity, the Doctor very properly calls for Legislative initiative in the partial removal of pauperism, because from

the pauper class as a rule spring the criminal classes.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, in which Montreal needs educating more than in art; the love for anything æsthetic is still in its infancy in this city. Professor CROMWELL'S efforts, during the past week, were most worthy of commendation, and it is to be regretted that larger audiences did not attend his lectures illustrative of all that is artistic in France, Italy and Ireland. However, there is compensation in the fact that if his hearers were not numerous, at any rate they represented the refined and intellectual members of Montreal society, and their approval and applause must have afforded him gratification. Professor CROMWELL revealed to us the art treasures and the beautiful scenery of most of the Italian towns, of Ireland, with its lakes, and of Paris and Versailles, by means of a cosmoscope, which showed the various views in relief and in so vivid and faithful a manner as to please the most critical. The many who have visited the places reproduced can testify of this. One great point in these lectures is that Professor CROMWELL never wearies his audiences with prosy descriptions; he is concise in his remarks, interesting and humorous withal. Lovers of art are indeed grateful to him. Should he ever be induced to come to Montreal again, although, as chroniclers of events, we cannot raise false hopes in the mind to any one (Montreal is capricious, and were Mrs. SIMMONS to come out of her grave, she might have to play to—let us say it sorrowfully—empty benches, or, worse, a "paper" house), he ought to meet with a better welcome. In conclusion, Professor CROMWELL deserves the hearty thanks of our charitable institutions for his kind courtesy in giving two free entertainments to the children.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE.—A full account of this theatre and of its opening appeared in the last number of the NEWS.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.—We have a view of the crowds that are emigrating from Ontario to the North-West, and of a tableau given at the last most successful concert of the Montreal Snow-Shoe and Lacrosse Clubs. We trust that these concerts will be continued, especially during the winter months. Appropriate to the season also are views of yachts in the offing at Longueuil, many of which belong to the Montreal Yachting Club.

PREACHING IN THE PARK, TORONTO.—On Sunday afternoon crowds of men representing almost every denomination, collect around the band stand and discuss matters pertaining to religion. One man starts to preach but is soon contradicted, and an argument ensues in which the words fool, liar, &c., may often be heard. Several stout policemen are always on hand like the Turks in Jerusalem, to keep the Christians from fighting. The University buildings and soldiers' monument are in the background.

ON A MISSION OF MERCY.—The Hospice of St Bernard is situated on the summit of the mountain road leading from Martigny in Switzerland to Aosta in Piedmont, and is 8,200 feet above the sea, the highest inhabited spot in Europe. It was founded by Bernard de Menthon in 962, and is tenanted by ten or twelve brethren of the Order of St Augustine, who have devoted themselves by vow to the aid of travellers crossing the mountains, and who, in the midst of tempest and snow storms, set out, accompanied by their dogs, for the purpose of tracking and succouring those who have lost their way. These dogs are of a breed peculiar to the Alps, and their size, beauty, sagacity, and keenness of scent are well known. They can not only discover the buried traveller, but can also to a certainty keep the track, in spite of snow storms and bewildering drifts. When on their errands of mercy, one of the animals has suspended to his collar a small keg of spirits, while another carries a cloak or blanket. Such a scene is indicated in our drawing. While one dog remains eager on the scent, the other looks back to see if his brother helpers are close at hand. The guide carries a coil of rope and an ice axe, while one of the monks points significantly to the birds of prey which are hovering around in expectation of a feast at the expense of the wayfarer in whose quest the Mission of Mercy has started.

ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE CZAR.—A correspondent of the *France* at St. Petersburg states that as soon as the Czar had entered the winter palace after the attempt had been made to shoot him, he gave orders for all his friends and the high state officials to be admitted to his presence,

and repeated to them the events which had just occurred in the following terms:—I was taking my usual walk this morning at nine o'clock and, feeling rather tired, I was about to return to the palace, when I saw coming toward me along the deserted flags a good-looking young man of about thirty years of age. I looked at him mechanically as he approached, thinking the while if that man wished to kill me it would be very easy for him to do so. This strange presentiment was all the more inexplicable as there was nothing in the stranger's appearance to suggest his being a conspirator. He wore the dress of a clerk in the finance department and his demeanour was perfectly correct. As these thoughts were passing through my mind, I saw him put his hand into the pocket of his cloak, take from it a pistol and aim at me. Instinctively I darted aside. The shot went off and missed me. Just as I was on the point of calling for help a second shot went off, and thanks to the movement I made to right myself, likewise missed its aim. I then called for help. Policemen appeared immediately. I walked straight towards the would-be assassin, who stood still a few paces. His arm seemed suddenly paralyzed. The men rushed at him. He then seemed to recover himself, and fired two more shots, one of which unfortunately wounded my preservers, while the other hit the wall near me. At last the wretch was secured and disarmed. Thereupon, to tell you the truth, I felt rather faint, and I was brought back to the palace. Let us praise God, my friends. It is He who has spared my life.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.—The elevation of Dr. Newman to the dignity of the cardinalate is an event which men of all creeds will view with interest and one which few will object to. He is one of those men who have practically outlived the bitterness of partisanship, and who are regarded with quiet respect, not only by opponents, but by friends. Born in London so long ago as 1801, and the son of a banker, he has nearly arrived at the venerable age of four-score years. His early education, like that of his younger brother Francis William, was at a school in Ealing, in Middlesex, and he proceeded in due course to Oxford, where he entered at Trinity College, and where, in 1820, he graduated as B. A. and took classical honours. He was elected Fellow of Oriel College, and, as stated in "Men of the Time," in 1825 became Vice-Principal of St. Alban's Hall, then under Dr. (afterwards archbishop) Whately. The following year he was appointed tutor of his college, and remained such until 1831. The incumbency of St. Mary's, Oxford, was conferred on him in 1828, along with an outlying chaplaincy at Littlemore, two miles and a half from Oxford. In 1842 Dr. Newman retired to Littlemore, but he retained St. Mary's till 1843. At Littlemore, where the present church was built by him, he founded a community on ascetic principles and presided over it till 1845. There had formerly been a Benedictine nunnery there, founded under Henry II., and given at the dissolution of the monasteries to Cardinal Wolsey. As a preacher at Oxford, no less than as a writer, he exercised great influence over the young men, and in conjunction with Dr. Pusey came to be recognised as a leader of the High Church party. His first appearance as an author was in 1824, when he wrote a "Life of Apollonius Tyaneus;" in 1833 he published "Arians of the Fourth Century;" and in subsequent years he produced sermons, lectures, controversial and other works. He was especially famous for his share in the celebrated "Tracts for the Times," to which he contributed the most famous, No. 90, which concluded the series. The ecclesiastical atmosphere was for several years very stormy, and a polemical warfare of unexampled severity was carried on. Meanwhile, and before popular feeling was calmed, Dr. Newman left the English communion, and gave in his adhesion to that of Rome—a step which shocked his friends, though regarded as a logical necessity by thoughtful men. This was in 1845, and he received the appointment of head of the Oratory of St. Phillip Neri at Birmingham, where he was known as Father Newman, but was seldom seen in public. In this quiet retreat he has remained, but has published some volumes of sermons and other works, the more remarkable of which were the "Letter to Dr. Pusey on his recent Eirenicon" and the "Apologia pro Vita sua," both of which attracted much attention, especially the autobiographical volume. Dr. Newman has had the rare good fortune of commanding the respect of those who differed from him, and even in his adopted church his influence has been all the greater for his discreet moderation. This moderation may not have commended him always to the extreme men of the Roman communion, and there is a suspicion that it prevented his advancement while Ultramontaniam, pure and simple, was in the ascendant. But the new Pope, with a discrimination and a sense of justice which all must admit, has offered him the highest honour it is in his power to bestow. Dr. Newman declined, hesitated, and finally accepted the dignity, and will in his last days enjoy it as a recognition of his great and many services to his Church.

ISAAC BUTT, M.P.—Dr. Butt, the famous leader of the Irish Home Rulers, whose death occurred last week, was the only son of an Irish Protestant minister, the Rev. Robert Butt, and was born at Glenfinan (the parish of which his father was rector), in the County of Donegal, on September 6th, 1815. He was, consequently, 64 years of age at the time of his death. Young Butt's early education was ob-

tained at the royal school of Raphoe. Having obtained a scholarship in Trinity College, he entered that institution at the early age of thirteen, and lost no time in attracting the notice of his professors by his brilliant talents. So greatly were his learning and other qualities appreciated by the faculty, that he was appointed to the professorship of Political Economy ere he had reached his twenty-first year. But the goal of his ambition was not a professor's chair in his "Alma Mater," and at the age of twenty-four he entered the legal profession, for which he was so well adapted. He practiced only six years, when he was made a Queen's Counsel, an honour unprecedented, considering the time spent at the Bar. As a lawyer, Dr. Butt had few equals, and no superiors, and figured successfully and conspicuously in most of the memorable political trials which have taken place in Ireland for a number of years. As far back as 1840 we find him entirely in the hands of the Tory party, who lost no time, upon discovering his great genius, both as a writer, an orator and a lawyer, in advancing him in their ranks. He was returned as an Alderman for Dublin by his party. Here he distinguished himself by grappling with O'Connell, when the latter made a motion before the Corporation for the repeal of the Union. O'Connell seemed vested with the spirit of prophecy, for he said, in complimenting the young Tory: "I'll call attention to the fact that not one word has fallen from young friend Alderman Butt, this day, to prevent him from some day joining me in demanding the repeal of the Union." About this period the Conservatives were anxious that their rising star should enter Parliament. Accordingly they induced him to run for a seat for the County Mayo. The opposition against him, headed by Archbishop McHale, was too strong, and he was defeated. He did not enter the House of Commons until 1852, when his party succeeded in having him elected to fill a vacancy in the English Borough of Harwich. Owing to the dissolution of Parliament, he did not long occupy this seat. As a Tory he was soon after elected for the Borough of Youghal, Co. Cork, and this place he retained till 1858. After this election he deserted his own party and went over to the Whigs and, strange to say, the same Borough that elected him as a Tory again re-elected him as a Whig. With Mr. Butt's parliamentary career may be said to have commenced those habits which, no matter how great the man was, are a blot on certain pages of his life's history. It is said that he became dissipated, and it is only too true that, for a long time, he neglected his profession and allowed financial difficulties to accumulate until they were no longer subject to his control. This state of affairs having come to the ears of his constituents, when the dissolution of Parliament took place in 1865, they refused to again re-elect him, and returned an Englishman to fill his place. Losing his seat in Parliament was for Butt a lucky occurrence. He immediately resumed the practice of his profession, and his many efforts to surmount the difficulties that beset him proved to the world his strength of mind and unsurpassable courage. Later, however, he headed the Home Rule movement and the great confidence reposed in him by the Irish was clearly exhibited by his election for Limerick, which took place without opposition in 1871—since which time up to his death he continued to represent the same constituency. His leadership of the Home Rule party was absolute until a short time ago. Mr. Butt's personal appearance, especially at his post of duty—the Bar, or the House—and warmed up, was striking. He was of large physique, and had features very indicative of his mental powers. He was married, and leaves behind him a wife and three children. These, it is said, are inadequately, if at all provided for. Now that he has passed away, the Irish, even those who were opposed to him will unite in honouring his memory, and in regretting to have been deprived of one whose love of Ireland and of his fellow-countrymen is acknowledged by all. It is already asserted that a national subscription will be made up for Mrs. Butt and her family. Such a step would be no more than a duty in which all Ireland should take pride.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The June *Atlantic* is an unusually strong and brilliant number. It has four of the most attractive magazine writers in America,—Howells, Warner, Aldrich, and Richard Grant White, besides an article from the author of "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life," and four chapters of the excellent serial story "Irene the Missionary," which is rumored to be written by one of the most popular of American story-tellers. The opening article is a careful "Study of a New England Factory Town," Fall River, Mass., setting forth simply and fully the condition, character, and ideas of the mill operatives. This paper should be carefully and generally read. Mr. W. J. Linton, the eminent engraver, writes of "Art in Engraving on Wood," criticising with pungent severity some of the illustrations recently published in *Scribner's Monthly*. Mr. Warner describes in an interesting style "The People for whom Shakespeare wrote." Mr. Howells writes with inimitable humor about "Buying a Horse." Mr. Aldrich discusses "Dobson's Proverbs in Porcelain." Mr. White's account of "A Sunday on the Thames" is one of the most entertaining articles Mr. White has yet written of his English observations. Dr. George M. Beard contributes

an essay well worth reading on the "Physical Future of the American People." Besides these, there are eleven poems grouped under one general head, "Rhymes in Many Moods;" a brilliant critical paper on "Recent American Novels;" a capital short story, "Miss Martin," by Annie Porter; seventeen papers in the Contributors' Club; and the usual chapter on Recent Literature, beginning with an enthusiastic notice of the new edition of Longfellow's Poems. It is safe to say this is one of the best numbers ever issued of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

EPHEMERIDES.

EL CONDE DE PREMIO-REAL is the Consul General of His Catholic Majesty Alphonso XII., at Quebec. He was introduced to the readers of the NEWS a couple of years ago, through the publication of his portrait, accompanied by a brief biographical memoir. He has also acquired the right of citizenship in our little Republic of Letters by the production of a charming work entitled "Spanish Proverbs," in the preparation of which he was assisted by the graceful pen of Miss Howells, daughter of the American Vice-Consul, then stationed at the Ancient Capital, but since transferred to the Queen City of Ontario. This lady is now the wife of Mr. Fréchette, of the Civil Service at Ottawa, and brother, I believe, of Mr. Honoré Fréchette, the distinguished Franco-Canadian poet, lately member for Lévis. She is also the sister of the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, well-known as one of our best American stylists and author of several works of light romance, chief of which is "The Lady of Aroostook," just published.

The latest production of the Count de Premio-Real is a pamphlet claiming for the Basques the discovery of Canada. Besides his own contribution to the research of this interesting point, in a well written French preface, the Spanish Consul calls to his assistance M. Faucher de Saint Maurice, the charming author of several works; M. Marmette, the chief of our French-Canadian novelists, and M. LeVasseur. The result attained by these writers is a strong probability that the Basques had established fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland and the coast of Labrador, one hundred years before Jacques Cartier sailed from St. Malo on his first expedition. Several curious etymological arguments are adduced and so put as to stimulate the wish for further researches into the subject. I commend the pamphlet to our antiquarians and students of history.

In a foot note M. de Premio-Real sums up the different derivations of the word "Canada." Willis deduces it from *Kanata*, an Iroquois word meaning a collection of cabins. Hennepin, the famous explorer, traces it to the Basque words *cabo de nada*, which, being interpreted, signify Cape of Nothing or Good for Nothing. La Potherie is of the same opinion, and so is El Conde de Premio-Real. He shrewdly suspects that if the Basques arrived in Canada during the winter, at Anticosti Island, for instance, which to this day is a land *que nada da* (which gives nothing), they often repeated the words until by contraction it became the received name of the country, *Ca-na-da*!

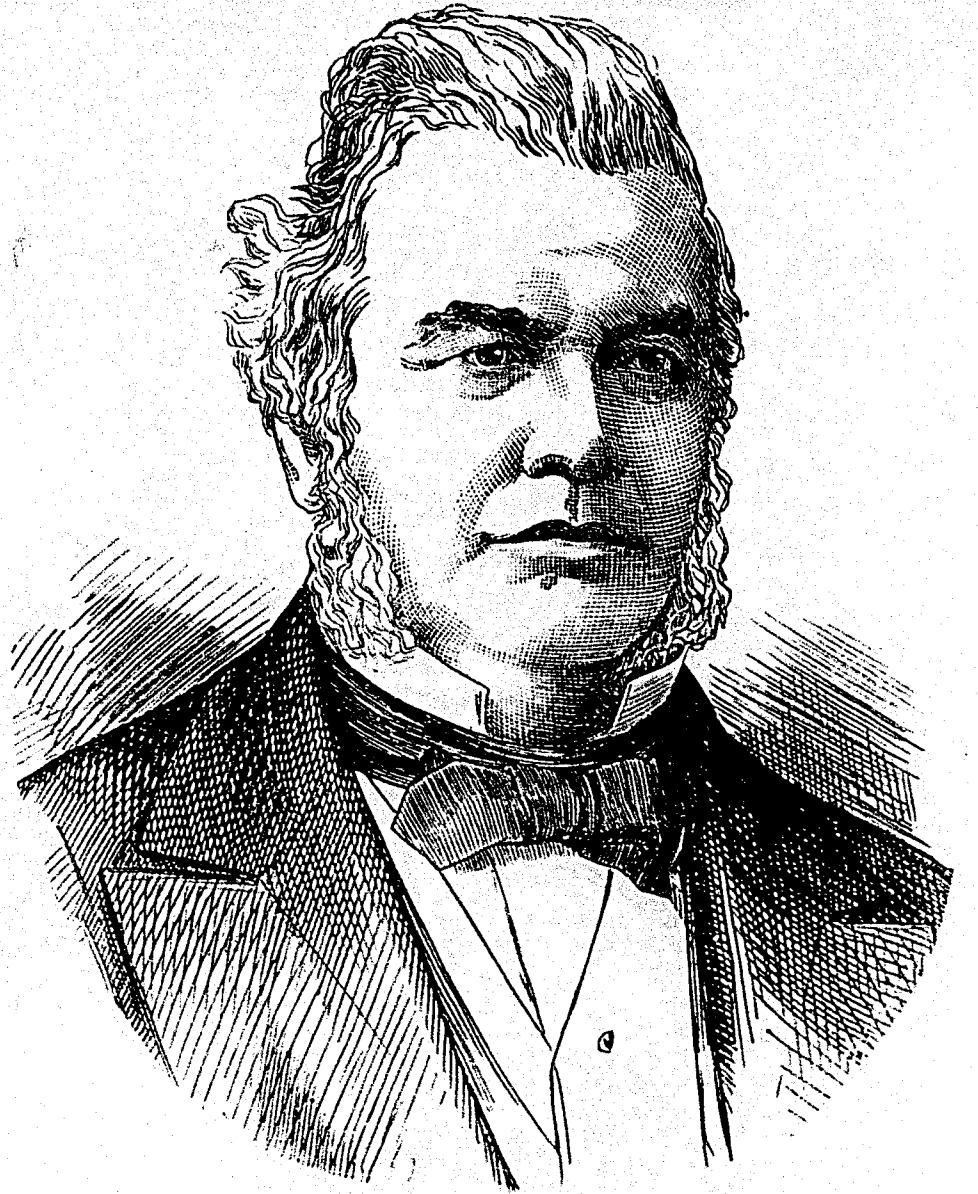
FOLLOWING up the derivation of our historical names—always an agreeable and instructive pastime—I was pleased to find several instances in the able paper of Mr. J. M. LeMoine, which appeared a fortnight ago in the NEWS. That indefatigable searcher informs us that the Iroquois or Hurois were so named by the French from the habit which their orators had of closing their orations with the word "Hiro," *I have said*. On the other hand, the Wendats were styled Hurons by the French, on the authority of Ferland, from their style of wearing their hair erect and thrown back, giving their head the appearance of a boar's head, *une hure de sanglier*. This is rather strained, but it will do on a push. Mr. LeMoine cites Pere Martin as his voucher for the origin of the name of the Indian Village Lorette, near Quebec. It would appear that the Huron missionary Chamaunot arranged the huts around the church in imitation of a similar arrangement around the famous *Santa Casa*, at Loreto, in Italy. This is probable enough and it is pretty withal. What is not so pretty is the information conveyed by Mr. James Hannay in his History of Acadia—a new work which I trust will soon be fully reviewed in the NEWS—to the effect that the poetic name "Bras d'Or," so well known in the annals of Acadia, is neither more nor less than a corruption of "Labrador." I positively will not admit that. As Stamboul hath its Golden Horn and San Francisco its Golden Gate, so must beautiful Acadia retain its Golden Arm.

In poring over the pages of the Almanach de Gotha, one is sometimes startled by the announcement of the extinction of some noble race, found in history. The last of the Lévis, whose name stands out so prominently in Canadian history, was Zoé Le Pelletier des Forts, born in Paris, August 10th, Dowager Marchioness de Lévis, widow of Léon Guy Antoine, Marquis de Lévis, Hereditary Marshal of the Faith, Peer of France, who died January 7th, 1870.

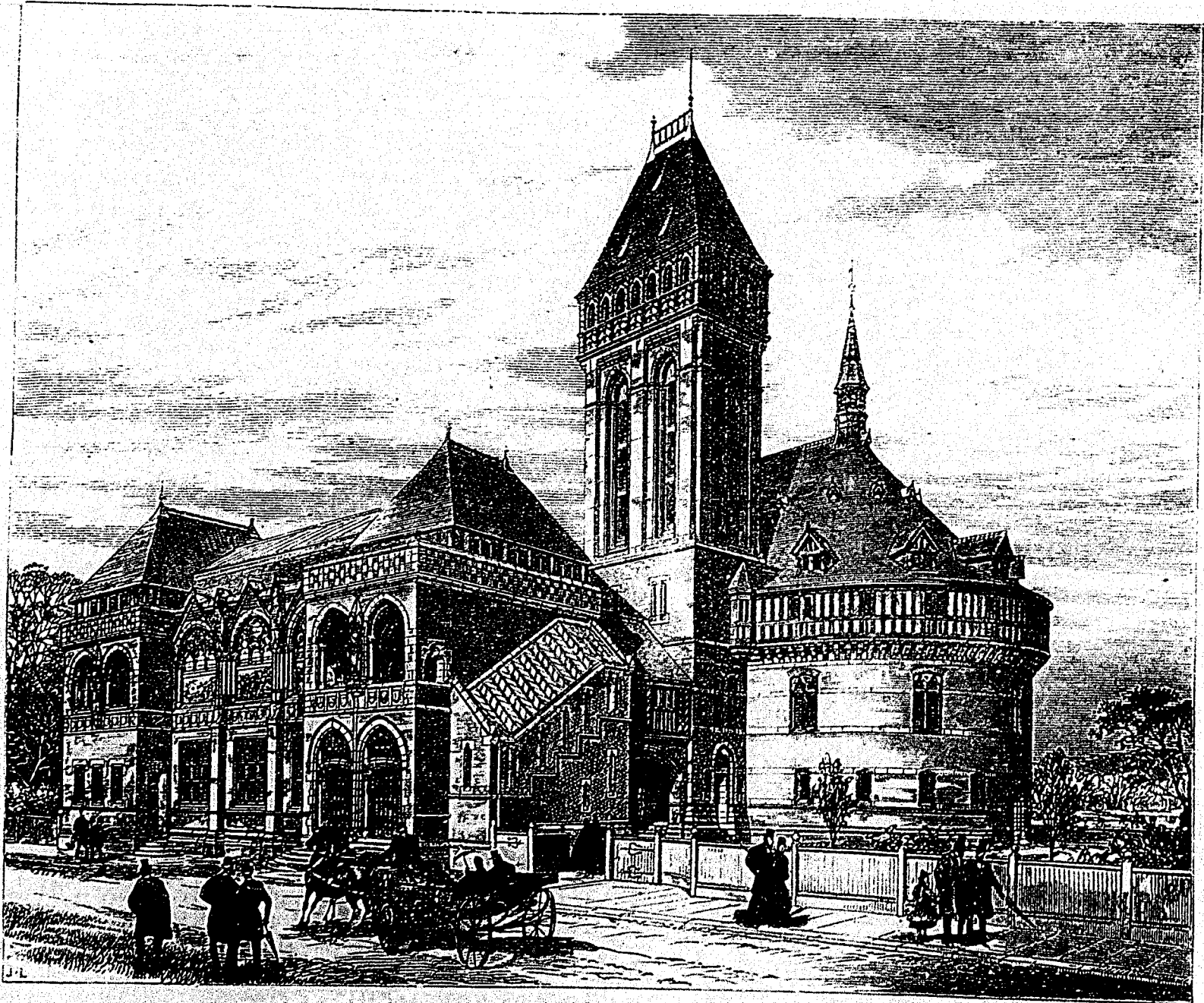
A. STEELE PENN.



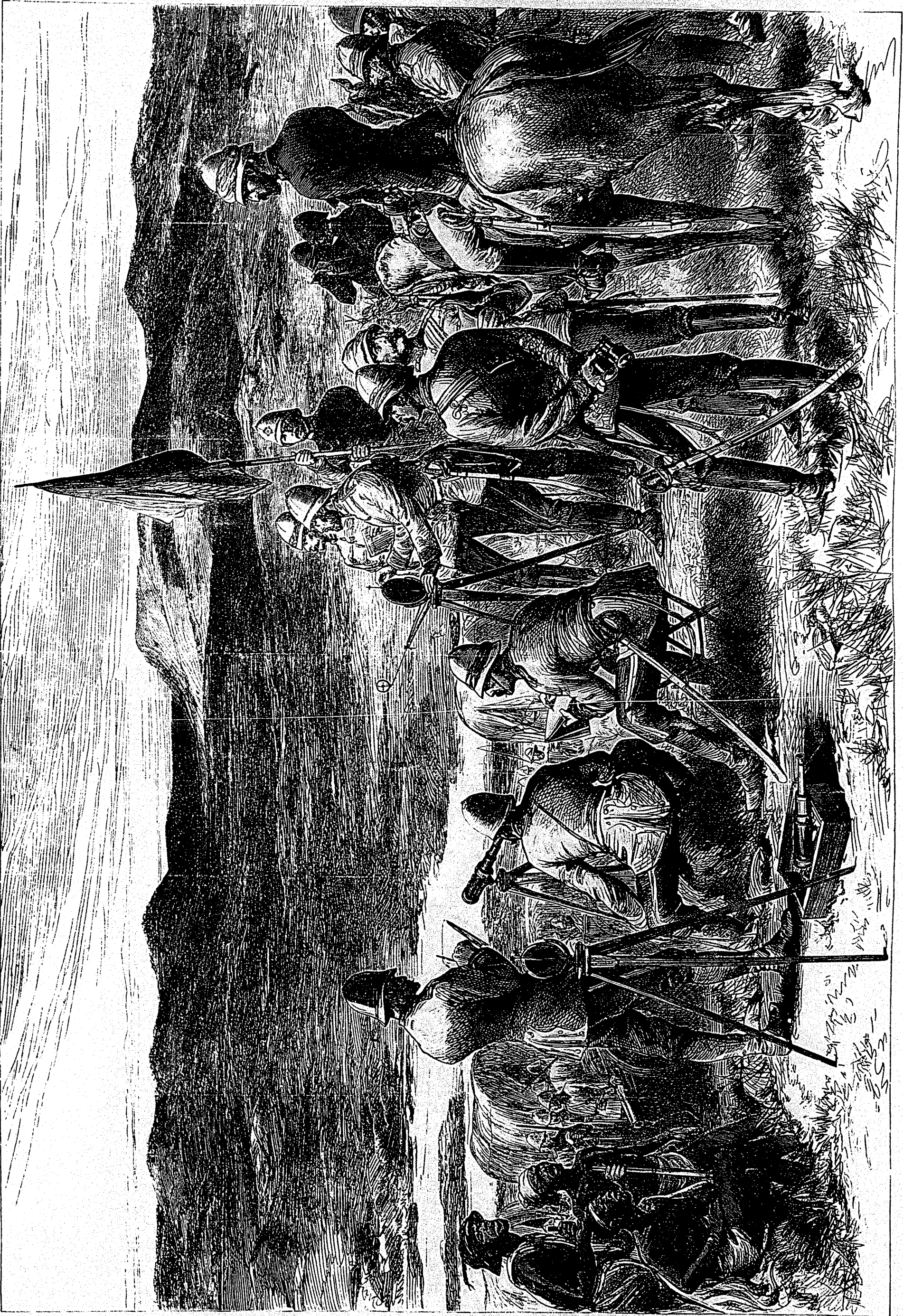
CARDINAL NEWMAN.



ISAAC BUTT, M.P.



THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.



THE ZULU WAR.—USE OF THE HELIOGRAPH.

TO THEE, FAIR SPRING.

BY THOMAS CLAUDE DEAN.

I.

Fair child, from Father Time's unclouded isles;
Fride of the passing year, with rapture deep
We hail thy glad return. Behold! thy smiles
Are brighter than a youthful lover's sleep.
The waking world throws off the fetters strange,
Which long have bound her fast to Winter's throng.
And, glad that she has reached thy sunny range,
Lifts up her voice in song.

II.

Now thou art here again, the laughing rill
Shall chant its anthems to the rising sun;
The feathered bands shall meet in crowds, and fill
The air with music, when the day is done;
The river shall again, triumphantly,
Call back the beauty of its white cascades,
And then bear onward to the great, dark sea,
Its matchless serenades.

III.

Again, within the precincts of the deep,
Sequestered woods, the fabled Dryads gay,
Shall hold their banquets where the mad winds sleep,
Cheered by the murmur of the budding spray;
Here, too, the butterflies shall hold again
Their airy gambols when the sun is high;
Foregoing not the raptures of their reign
Until the night is nigh.

IV.

Again, within the boundaries of the fair,
Bright valleys, where the tender passions dwell,
The shrubs shall bend and woo the scented air
At morning, when the floral waves shall swell;
And when the day is at its full, the birds,
Glad that the winter storms no longer rave,
Shall gather here again in joyous herds
Where the arched branches wave.

V.

Again, upon the hills, where years ago
Our fathers gathered strength in praise and song,
The early flowers, bending to and fro,
Shall hold communion with the fairy throng;
Here, also, when the joyous day grows old,
Again each plant shall by the sun be blessed,
And then receive from her a gift of gold
Ere she sinks into rest.

VI.

Again, among the leagues of dancing waves,
The dizzy gulls shall meet in mystic glee,
And hold their revels o'er the unknown graves
Of those who have found rest beneath the sea;
And when the phantom touch of fearful night
Shall bid the liquid separation roar,
Again these gulls shall take their homeward flight
Along the pebbled shore.

VII.

Yes, gentle spring, now thou art here again
To breathe thy fragrance on the land and sea.
All living creatures shall forget their pain,
Filled with the volume of their love for thee.
And as the days pass on towards the dim,
Dark country, where the bells of Future chime,
The moving earth shall throbb with praise to Him
Who holds the wings of Time.

Trenton, April 9th, 1879.

THE VILLA POTTIER.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

I.

"As for that," said our notary with a shrug, "there are times in all men's lives of which they do not care to talk—periods of failure and depression—and in the same way we French are not too fond of talking about the late war, so let us pass to something else."

We had been dining with our notary and were now taking our dessert in the garden, a rough, unkempt kind of place, but picturesque, too, in its wealth of roses and wild, tangled creepers. Through the heavy wooden gates you caught a glimpse of the Seine, calm and placid in the golden light of a summer's evening. Beyond the broad expanse of river tall poplars caught the last rays of the setting sun, and between these a hazy band of purple suggested a distant landscape and far away hills. The last glass of the old Bourdeaux, rivaling in colour the glowing tints of the sky, was about to disappear. Rosalie, the ancient *bonne*, stood behind us hugging the big black coffee-pot, one man was rolling up a cigarette, another lighting a cigar, while the notary's hand instinctively sought his pocket for his pipe.

"Rosalie," said one of the guests, turning to the *bonne*, "we have been talking of the war. You could tell these gentlemen a few things about that, eh?"

"Ah, ah! Have you told monsieur of the havoc the Prussians made with our master's best faience and the holes they burned in the curtains?"

"Such are the impressions that great events make on ordinary minds," cried the notary, "and is it not the same with all of us? In my own mind, the great tragedies of the war occupy less space than the insignificant part played by myself."

It was quite clear that in spite of his alleged reluctance to talk about the war, the worthy notary had a story on his mind, and it required little pressing on the part of his friends to elicit it.

"It was a sad, dull time," he began, "as most of us remember, the time of the Prussian occupation. The future was wrapped in gloom, the present hideous with the perpetual sense of humiliation. In my own profession there was little or nothing doing; no marriage contracts, no transfer of lands. If you would borrow there was no one to lend; indeed, coin was almost unknown among us. Our banker had fled to Paris, and was there shut up; and those who

had money buried it in the ground. You will remember, Pottier," turning to one of his guests, "the circumstances under which I confided to you the whereabouts of my own strong box."

M. Pottier nodded gravely, and held out his hand to the notary, who pressed it warmly.

"Like many others in those days of sadness," went on M. Brunet, "I took refuge from the contemplation of my country's misfortunes in the pursuit of my studies, partially suspended from the pressure of more urgent business. I began to prepare a long-delayed monograph on the geological structure of the basin of the Lower Seine for our local society. I doubted very much whether our society would ever meet again. I thought it most improbable that my paper would ever see the light, but I went on blindly, hopelessly, but still on. Two young Prussian officers were quartered on me—they might have been Bavarians, but they are all Prussians to me—and as individuals I had nothing to complain of in them. They spoke our language fluently enough, although with a vile accent, and they made themselves very merry with Rosalie and Susette, my servants. Me they left alone to my studies and my gloomy thoughts. These thoughts were made gloomier still by anxiety as to the fate of my younger brother, my only living relative. Ernest was almost a son to me as well as a brother. A well-beloved mother on her death-bed had confided him to my charge. He had just completed his studies, and was about to become an avocet, and he was already affianced to Mademoiselle Therese, the charming daughter of M. Pottier; and, indeed, the necessary notice had been given at the *mairie* for their marriage, when the progress of the Prussians necessitated postponement. I had purchased a substitute for him in the ranks of the army—a thing permitted in those days—but he had thrown in his lot with those who were fighting for their country, and madly, as I thought, had joined one of those irregular bands of *francs-tireurs* who, to say the truth, were almost as formidable to their countrymen as to their foes. Not a word had come to me from him for many weeks.

"The winter was frightfully cold, you may remember, and the river was almost covered with ice—ice in huge masses, that went up and down with the tide, jarring and clashing together dismally. Never such a desolate scene as then upon our quay. Not a sail upon the river, not a boat could venture out, nor were there any faces in the street, unless under a *pickelhaube*. I sat one night in my library, working away at my manuscript, consoled a little by the reflection suggested by my subject, that, after all, the troubles of the human race were the merest trifles in comparison with the great cyclic changes I was now studying. Everything was quite still, except the measured tread of the sentry outside.

"It jarred sadly upon me, that solid martial tread, reminding me that there was no escape anywhere from the scene of the invader's presence. The step approached, the step died away in the distance, with a measured swing like the beat of a pendulum; and then when the pendulum had reached its furthest limit I heard a low tap at my library window, a low tap such as my brother used to give when coming home late, he would find the house locked up and every light but mine extinguished.

"I opened the window and looked out. Nothing was to be seen but fog, in which the feeble rays of the street-lamp at the corner seemed quenched and lost. An indescribable feeling of trouble and depression came over me. My philosophy was at fault for once. I could not escape the influence of hitherto despised superstition. Perhaps he was dead, my brother, and thinking of me at his last moment, had sent me this message. I peered out into the formless void without, in vague expectation of I knew not what. Memories of the past came back to me; the bitter thought of what is passed forever, hopelessly bitter to the lonely childless man.

"Have you all that you want to-night, sir?" said a voice at the door. It was my tall, awkward *bonne* Susette. I had sent her hours before to the house of my friend Pottier to borrow a book I wanted, but I had forgotten all about her and her mission till she now burst in. I dreaded the presence of that young woman in my library as I should have dreaded the invasion of a Cherokee or a Ullan.

"Nothing! I want nothing—away!" I cried angrily; but the girl continued to advance awkwardly across the room, knocking over a pile of books here, and there putting a clumsy foot into the middle of my most cherished manuscripts.

"Will you begone!" I reiterated in rage and almost terror, as my hand was seized and pressed; and then the supposed Susette threw back her hold and revealed the closely-cropped head and dark flashing eyes of Ernest—of my brother.

"When the first greetings were over—joyous, but subdued by the sense of danger—I began to reproach Ernest for coming to me in this unworthy disguise. Detection would be followed by instant military execution; there would be no hope for one thus almost self-confessed a spy.

"I know," said Ernest gayly; "but I could reach you in no other way. There is less risk for me than another, as I am already doomed to the fusillade when caught in my capacity of *franc-tireur*; but they have to catch me first."

"I urged him to go at once and resume his proper habiliments. There were some in his

own room that was kept always prepared for him. Let him not lose an instant; the danger was frightful and imminent. In his real character as my brother, I could easily account for his presence; and who was there to identify him as the *franc-tireur*? Safety on one side and imminent death on the other, why did he hesitate!

"Let us talk a little, my brother," said Ernest, seating himself calmly in the arm-chair. "In the first place, I am not alone. I have five comrades not so comfortably placed as myself; in fact, lying at the bottom of a very damp ditch."

"I threw up my hands in despair.

"And Therese?" I asked.

"Yes; I have seen Therese," he said, mournfully. "I felt that I must see you both once more. Consider me as one coming from the grave to visit you."

"He explained in a few words how he came to be placed in this fearful position. Misled by false information, his band had found themselves in the Prussian lines; the greater part had been destroyed, and only himself and five of his companions had, for the time, escaped. Thanks to his knowledge of the country about and the good-will of the peasantry, to whom he was mostly well known, the little band had thus far contrived to elude pursuit. And now they had found refuge in one of those sunken paths that here and there intersect the forest, and close to which, as Ernest well remembered, began the extensive grounds of the Villa Pottier, the residence of his fiancée. And then Ernest had volunteered to venture forth from the forest, to obtain much-needed provisions and some instructions as to their future route. The river lay before them broad and deep, incumbered with ice, a labyrinth of pools and quicksands, with every boat closely guarded by the Prussians. Behind, a circle of fire hemmed them in.

"Then it occurred to me that I had a chart of the river with the soundings marked, the sand-banks, and the various channels. We pored over it earnestly. At one point, where the wood closely approached the river—in a narrow ravine inclosing the bed of a small stream—the channel appeared to be at its shallowest. Here, too, a sandbank stretched boldly halfway across—barely covered with water at low tides—and at the further end rising above high-water mark in the form of an island. On this island had been built a small light-house to mark the channel, with a wooden hut for the light-keeper. There were no lights in the river now, and the light-house staff had been withdrawn, but the Prussians had not thought fit to occupy the little island, which had seemed too insignificant, perhaps, to attract their attention. Ernest anxiously took the bearings of the light-house from the confluence of the little stream. He saw that if they could only reach it unobserved they might be able to cross the deeper channel beyond. A raft could be improvised quickly from the timbers of the hut, and once on the other side of the river—a sort of neutral zone not yet included in the Prussian lines—it would be easy by a forced march to reach our own army.

"Yes; that is our way," said Ernest; "give me the chart of the river, that I may convince my comrades, who are not accustomed to implicit obedience. And now, my dear brother, I must find my way to the Villa Pottier." He concealed the chart on his person, and wrung my hand with emotion.

"At this moment the outer door was flung violently open with a great clatter of military accoutrements—my two German officers coming in! Ernest cast a hasty burning glance around, and snatched up a knife that lay on my table, a curious silver-mounted Circassian dagger, which had been given me by one of my travelled friends, and which I commonly used as a paper-knife.

"Hush," I whispered; "they will not come here; they will go to their own rooms."

"But to-night, of all nights, my inmates departed from their usual practice. They had been supping with comrades, and were merry and excited as if with wine. The light usually placed for them in the passage had been accidentally extinguished, and seeing the glare from my room, they advanced and stood in the doorway, peering in with owlish expression of good-nature on their blonde stolid faces.

"News for you, worthy sir," cried the elder. "Venture not out to-night; for after the hour just struck all circulation is forbidden, except with a special pass. The sentries are doubled, and all are on the alert; for a band of assassins—*francs-tireurs* they call themselves—are lurking in the forest close by."

"I thought that the glare of Ernest's eyes from under his capeline, hastily pulled over his face as the Prussians entered, would have betrayed him; but our foes were in a happy, uncritical frame of mind. They had noticed my companion at the first moment, dazzled by the glare of my lamp; and when they saw the supposed Susette, they exchanged glances and began to laugh furtively. Perhaps the attitude unconsciously assumed by Ernest, who stood leaning over my *fauteuil*, was rather familiar for a servant. Anyhow they began to rally me broadly about Susette. "Here was a second *Faust*," cried one; "the sage turned into the betrayer of innocence." They saw that I was angered, and only laughed the louder, Ernest behind me boiling with rage and ready in a moment to spring upon them.

"We are two for two," he muttered, under his breath; but I held up a warning finger.

The thing was madness. In the extremity of suspense and danger, however, I found a luminous idea, a way of averting the present danger and placing my brother in comparative safety.

"Messieurs," I said gravely, "I am glad you can amuse yourselves with such a childish joke. My servant here, about whose presence you are pleased to make merry, has brought me an urgent message from my friend, M. Pottier, of the villa on the heights."

"Ah, we know him. Prince L. is there, and some of the headquarters' staff. There is a charming daughter, too. Ha! ha! our princes know how to choose their quarters. They share the penchant of *servants* for the rustle of a petticoat."

"Again I thought that Ernest would have flown at them; but I warned him with a glance to be patient.

"My friend, M. Pottier," I said sternly, "will inform the prince of the motives imputed to him."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the Germans; "pray don't repeat our words; we were only jesting."

"Well, as you have had your joke," I said, resuming my good humour, "perhaps you will give me your help. Mmc. Pottier is dangerously ill, and requires my professional assistance to arrange her affairs. It is a matter of urgent necessity. Susette will accompany me to the villa with a lantern. Kindly give me the consigne, that I may pass your sentries safely."

"The young men became instantly grave and sobered. "What you ask is impossible. It is forbidden to tell the pass-word; but we are anxious to oblige you. Come, we will ourselves accompany you, and pass you to your destination."

"This was a favourable turn of affairs on the whole, for the presence of these officers would insure us against detentions and awkward examinations. True that when they reached the villa they might see the real Susette, and thus detect the false, but sufficient for the moment were its own perils. I extinguished my lamp at once, and we went out into the street, I holding fast by the supposed Susette on the pretext of my shortsightedness. We passed a line of sentries, eliciting challenges at every moment. At more than one post we were stopped, and a low conversation would ensue between our conductors and the officer on duty. The word given—all's well—we passed on, our hearts beginning to beat once more.

"As we descended the hill we emerged from the fog into a clearer atmosphere and were soon in sight of the house of M. Pottier. The lower rooms were brilliantly lighted up, and the strains of music could be heard—clarinet and horn—in a gay dancing measure, with the rush of dancers' feet, the murmur of voices and the sound of light laughter.

"For a sick house a merry one," said one of my companions dryly; and at the moment I felt confounded, thinking my ruse detected, incredible as it seemed, that my friend should be thus dancing and making merry over his country's misfortunes. But as we approached the case became clear. Through the long windows we saw the glitter of splendid uniforms; a number of Prussians of high rank, as I gathered, were enjoying a frolic. There might have been unworthy French women among them. Of that I know nothing.

"To my intense relief, at this point our companions drew off. Here were Herts and Vons, it seemed, of the blue blood, twice-born barons, two-sworded damios; and our humble infantry officers, with the awe of rank inherent in Teutonic blood, feared to intrude upon them. They would wait on the terrace, and begged me to lose no time."

Here the notary broke off, seeing Rosalie approach with her arms full of bottles and jars of liquors and strong waters.

"And the Kirsch," cried the notary. "Rosalie, don't forget the Kirschenwasser."

II.

"Yes, try the Kirsch," said the notary; "the only reminder of the German occupation that is not altogether distasteful." It was tried and pronounced good, and our host, having himself swallowed a glass of the compound, and made a very face over it, proceeded with his story refreshed.

"Some one had been waiting for us at the Villa Pottier, for when we reached the side door—the great door had been abandoned to the use of the Prussian inmates—it was opened quickly and noiselessly. I received a soft, warm pressure of the hand—not intended for me, alas! a pressure that made me for the moment feel envious of my younger brother, even in his present plight. There had been waiting at the door, listening for Ernest's footsteps; for the younger servants could not be altogether trusted, and the old housekeeper, who was known to be faithful, was watching over my poor Susette, whose loyalty was also suspected, though, as it proved, unjustly.

"My pious fraud was almost justified by facts. The excellent Madame Pottier was actually ill in bed, overcome by the troubles and anxieties of this dreadful time. The suite of rooms occupied by her and her daughter were the only parts of the house absolutely secure against interruption, and at Madame Pottier's bedside we held our family council. Gathering about her couch, in low, sad tones we consulted as to Ernest, who now in his own proper garb stood beside Therese, holding her hand in his. Should we let him go

—him upon whom depended the happiness of two families, the very existence of his own?

“Ernest,” began Madame Pottier in a low, broken voice, “my child may soon lose the protection of her mother. Remain here and guard her in the troubles and perils that may beset her. Here we are all assembled; your brother will draw out the contract of marriage on the spot; it shall be signed to-night, and to-morrow my Therese will have a protector.”

“To-morrow,” murmured Ernest; “to marry Therese to-morrow; oh, my dear belle mere, you tempt me sorely. But my comrades who wait in the forest?”

“I own that I forgot for a moment the claims of honour and patriotism. I thought only of the dear mother deceased, recalled only her dying words confiding the much-loved son to my charge.”

“Remain here, Ernest,” I cried; “remain here and live for our sakes. In the name of our dead parents I bid you remain; your comrades shall be warned.”

“But I am their leader,” he said; “without me they are lost. Tell me, my friends, can any asylum be found for them in this place?”

“We looked at each other, but felt that it was impossible to rescue them. With every house occupied by soldiers, and a strict watch kept upon all, to attempt to harbour this little band would be only to lead them to destruction, and uselessly to bring severities upon the peaceable inhabitants of the town. Ernest we could save, but the rest must save themselves. He saw the answer in our faces.”

“Then I must go,” he cried.

“Speak to him, Therese,” I said to the young girl; “remind him of the rights that you have over him. Forbid him for your sake to throw away his life.”

“I watched her face anxiously, the ingenuous face of a maiden who had hardly left her mother’s side since infancy, who had known no world except that of the affections, and whose softly-dawning passion had been engrossed by one alone. He was all the future to her now, this bright young lover, as her parents had been all her past. Surely, the mother’s voice would find an echo in her. She, too, would bid him to stay. How could he resist her voice, the gentle appeal of her tears? for tears ran unheeded down her cheeks, while her soft, swimming eyes fixed upon him. A sob quivered in her slender throat, and her lip trembled like that of a child in deep tribulation. But her voice was clear and firm as she clasped her hands on his shoulder and said, leaning against his breast:

“You must go, dear Ernest. If I have the right over you, as they say, still I must bid you go; it is better to die with honour than live disgraced.”

“We all wept like children, for we felt that the girl was right, and yet it seemed to be sending him forth to certain death.”

“The merry music from below now broke out in wild mocking strains, and the house shook as the waltzers whirled swiftly round. Ah, how our enemies rejoiced, while we gathered stealthily together and in silence and grief devoted our youngest and best to death and sorrowful separation!”

“That night I lay in bed, but not asleep—with my clothes on, indeed, and a cloak beside me, ready to throw over my shoulders. It was a cruel night—real wolf-cold, and I thought bitterly of poor Ernest in his miserable bivouac awaiting the approach of the hour that was to bring release or death. At three o’clock the tide would be at the lowest, and that was the hour fixed for the attempt to steal through the Prussian lines. As the clock struck three I rose and went to my window, an upper window which commanded the river. The fog had cleared away and the stars were shining brightly. The frost had congealed the vapour, and everything was covered with a white shroud. By the soft diffused light the landscape was visible in a faint, filmy way, but I strained my eyes in vain to make out the point where I knew the light-house to be. I could see nothing distinctly, although the frozen part of the river showed all ghastly white with a dark channel of deep water winding through it.

“Then I heard a shot—a second followed a moment afterward, and then a rattling fusillade all along the line, fearfully distinct in the still night, and rolling back from the hills in thunderous echoes. A trumpet rang out a call to arms. My inmates were at once on the move, and in a few moments were off at the double to the place of assembly. The town was now astir, every house gave forth its complement of soldiers, and the peaceful inhabitants, aroused from their slumbers, peered cautiously out from behind shutters and blinds at the gathering troops. Something had happened, and hope whispered fondly, something wrong for the Prussians—an evacuation, perhaps, following some crushing disaster. We dreamed of such things then—of armies breaking through our iron bonds, of victorious legends issuing forth from Paris—we dreamed of such things, to awake to realities of fresh woe and disaster.

“After awhile the excitement subsided, the troops returned to quarters. Also came back my two inmates. They did not go to their room. They stopped at my door and knocked gently. With a swift presentiment of misfortune I opened to them. “What is the matter?” I asked.

“Nothing, we hope. A small band of your countrymen tried to break through our lines and cross the river. One was shot by a man of our company, who, hastily searching him, found this map.”

“The chart was there before me—the chart

that I had given my brother the night before! It was all too clear. The poor boy had fallen. I turned away that our enemies might not see my grief.

“A moment; we notice that your name is stamped on one corner. You lent it to a friend, perhaps.”

“To my brother—my only brother—whom you have killed.”

“The two murmured some sympathetic sentences, with looks that seemed to say, ‘Do not think us to blame.’ Then the older went on to say: ‘The map we must deliver up to our superiors; but the name upon it, leading to the inference that it had been lent by the owner to one of these irregular soldiers—would it not be an act of common prudence to cut it off? See, here is a knife; we will turn away.’

“No, I would not avail myself of the chance. It was not for me to disown my brother in his hour of death. Let them do what they liked with me. Still, I was touched with the good feeling of these two young fellows, who perhaps risked a good deal to serve me. We even shook hands, a thing I had never thought to do. ‘They were brave fellows,’ they whispered; ‘whatever happens, do not blame us. Let us part friends.’

“I slept after this, quite worn out, a heavy, unrefreshing slumber, broken just at daybreak by a tramping of feet past my window. A detachment of Prussians was hurrying past, and in the midst a stretcher borne upon men’s shoulders, the burden hastily covered with a soldier’s great coat; but showing the rigid lines of a corpse. Was it Ernest? I hastily prepared to go out and see.

“Just as I was going out there was a loud knocking at the great door. I opened, and there stood a sub-officer with a guard of soldiers. They hurried me away with scant ceremony, and in spite of my protests at thus being made a victim of barbarous force. People who were going to work, looked back at the procession and murmured: ‘Ah, there goes poor M. Brunet. May the bon Dieu be merciful to him!’ just as if it were my funeral. And this I felt it to be.

“I was marched into the large hall of the Mairie, and there I found the maire, dragged from a sick bed; also the worthy Pottier and the rest of the municipal council, each under an escort of bayonets. It was then, by the way, as we waited in silence and suspense our fate, that I intrusted to my brave friend the secret of the exact spot where my strong box was buried. Soon after a fierce, white-headed general appeared, and snapped out a rude address in his native tongue; rude and malevolent we felt it to be, and even when softened by translation into our own language, it appeared sufficiently truculent. Last night, or early this morning rather, it seemed that a sentry had been killed at his post. This culprit must be found, and handed over to the military authorities with sufficient evidence to justify his being shot. Disperse and use every effort to discover the doer of this dreadful crime, and meet me here at noon with the culprit, or by Him in heaven one of you shall die for it—settle among you which.”

This was the conclusion of the address, and we looked at each other in wonder and dismay. Then we were marched out into the ante-room to view the body of the dead sentry. There he lay, stiff and stark, a fine tall soldier, killed by a knife driven into his heart. The knife lay by his side—one of the pieces of evidence—and I recognized it in a moment as my own—the silver-mounted dagger that Ernest had appropriated.

“Man of peace as I am, a book-worm to whom arms are hateful, I felt a fierce throb of joy as I saw this proof of my brother’s prowess. He had not died altogether in vain, and it was now for me to justify the deed, and take the burden of it.

“Tell your general,” I said, turning to the officer who had us in charge, “that I know the man who did the deed; he was my brother, but it was no assassination, but a fair blow struck for the lives of five good Frenchmen. The knife that did the deed is mine, and if another victim is required—

“No,” cried the brave Pottier, “he was mine, my son; it is my right to suffer for him.”

“Settle it among you,” cried the officer roughly.

“And we were thrust into the street, with orders to come back at noon precisely. Pottier walked back with me to my house. There we saw two female figures, in deep mourning, and closely veiled, waiting for us in the passage. Madame Pottier had risen from a bed of sickness to bring her daughter down to visit the body of her fiancé, which, owing to the kindness of my German friends, had been brought to my house.

“You will be glad to hear, dear brother,” whispered Therese, who bore up with a fortitude quite marvellous in one so young, “that poor Ernest did not sacrifice himself in vain. The five others got safely across the river, and were seen to plunge into the forest beyond.”

“They had disposed the glorious tri-colour about the body, and some one had laid a sprig of laurel across the breast. I went reverently to uncover the face of the corpse. It was not Ernest’s—the face of a brave man sternly compressed, and yet composed, in death, but not Ernest’s.

“I turned to Therese, who had followed me into the darkened room. ‘It is not he! he lives; he has escaped!’

“Therese fell fainting into my arms. I gave her to her mother’s care and left the house. My task seemed easy now; I could picture to myself

the future. Ernest and his wife—their children clustered about them, as he tells them the story of the good old uncle who was killed by the Prussians. The sacrifice was not so hard, after all; but I thought a little regretfully of the unfinished monograph—how it would be one day swept up among the rubbish of my library and consigned to perdition. And I wandered out to my favourite spot just below the Villa Pottier, where a sweet panorama of hills and broad plains and winding river gleamed softly under a ray of winter sunshine. Farewell to all this!

“At noon I presented myself at the Mairie, passed through a file of soldiers to the grand salon, and found that my colleagues of the municipal council—all except Pottier—were already assembled. My resolution to offer myself as a victim, if one were demanded, was generally applauded, and a resolution accepting it passed without a dissenting voice. It was promised that my name should be inscribed on the records of the town as one of its noblest citizens. All very well, no doubt, in its way.

“There was a general crash of arms as the general entered the salon, accompanied by an officer whom I recognized as the Prince L. Pottier, at the same moment, slipped in behind us and gave my arm a reassuring squeeze.

“There was no victim to be offered up, after all. Pottier had appealed to his distinguished guest, Prince L., telling him the whole affair, and the prince had spoken to the general, and the latter now announced in somewhat surly, disappointed accents—‘That the penalty of death to a municipal councillor was commuted into a fine on the commune of twenty-five thousand francs.’

“Soon after we had news of the armistice, and in a little while Ernest was once more among us. Lucky fellow, to have a Therese to welcome him home and sete him as the greatest hero of the war! They were married soon after, and removed to Paris, where Ernest is now practising at the bar. It seems that it was not Ernest himself who killed the sentry, but the brave fellow who was shot, to whom Ernest intrusted the chart and the knife. Ernest would have done the same, he says, had he been in the way of it; but I think Therese is rather glad that it was not so. I hope I shall never see my two German friends again, although we parted on excellent terms. They accepted from me a case of champagne as a memorial—which I did not care should be too lasting—of their occupation of my humble dwelling; and the other day I had in return sundry bottles of the veritable Kirschenwasser of the Black Forest, which, I hope, is to your taste, and now let us talk about the exposition.”

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES

A woman is never too busy to step in next door to see how a new carpet looks.

THE man who, wanting a servant, advertised for a “middle-aged single woman,” doesn’t understand why he has received no applications for the position.

CARLYLE’S niece is to marry a cousin and bring her husband home to live with her uncle, which must be several degrees worse than the most terrible case of mother-in-law.

A HUSBAND’S farewell: “Dear Sal, the doctor tells me our baby’s tooth won’t be through for three weeks yet; till then, good-bye; you always said you loved it more than I did.”

SOME wretchedly belated family were moving up Main street last night. Moving by daylight is condensed woe, but going through the painful operation after dark must be the very cellar kitchen of wretchedness.

WE saw a lovely family party taking the air on the common yesterday. The wife bore in her arms a plump, happy, twenty-pound youngster, and the husband carried the youngster’s doll.

A MARRIED couple in Wellesley, Mass., can take the prize for large families. The lady is 47 years old, and is the mother of twenty-three children by one father, of whom nineteen are living. They were all single births, not a twin among them.

A LITTLE boy once called out to his father, who had mounted his horse for a journey.—“Good-bye, papa; I love you thirty miles long.” A little sister quickly added: “Good-bye, dear papa; you will never ride to the end of my love.”

A FEMALE member of a church choir tried to “shoo” a hen over a high stone wall in North Wheeling, yesterday, and the people for four blocks around turned out, thinking that a circus steam calliope was out on parade.

THEY were engaged in archery, and her attitude was very fine as she let fly the feathered arrow from the twanging bow. “William, are you hit,” she softly murmured. “Shot through the heart,” he answered. “Do, William,” she pleaded, “do William Tell,” and thus it is that history repeats itself.

Andrews’ Bazar is responsible for this: “My darling,” wrote a husband to his wife, “I shall not be home till very late this evening. Do not wait up for me. It’s for thy dear sake I work by the light of the pale, fulfilgent moon, as if it were the bright, dazzling sunshine.” She didn’t wait; she went and got a detective and hunted him up.

A YOUNG woman who had never learned the gentle art of cookery, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, manages to have her kitchen door ajar

on the day after their return from the bridal trip, and just as her lord comes in from the office, exclaims loudly: “Hurry up, Eliza, do! Haven’t you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me; where’s the soap?”

MRS. WHITEFLOUR had company. Now, if there was one thing more than another on which Mrs. Whiteflour prided herself it was her cooking. “Will you try some of my sponge cake, Mrs. Tattletongue?” said she; “it isn’t very good, to be sure; I never had such poor luck in my life as I had in making it.” “Why, ma!” cried Johnny, in amazement, “you said yesterday that was the best sponge cake you ever made!” Tableau.

No man can ever tell just how much money a widow is worth until he marries her for it. It is one of those cases where you have to take your chances.

LORD bless the girl whose golden curls Are not what they do seem, But at the close of day on the bureau lay, While the owners sweetly dream.

“SEE the moon,” said a lady to her nephew, a bright little boy of five, as they sat looking out the window the other day. “The moon!” said the little man; “you can’t see the moon in the daytime.” “Yes, you can,” continued his aunt; “there it is over the trees.” The little fellow had to admit that he saw it, but added, “Tain’t lighted up, any way.”

To religion I’m no foe, My faith it is undiminished. I wish you, sir, to know To religion I’m no foe; Next Sunday to church I’ll go— That is, if my dress is finished. To religion I’m no foe, My faith it is undiminished.

THE newest thing in high art, girls, is to paint your brother’s clay pipe a delicate sky blue with a cluster of lilies of the valley on the bowl. If you haven’t got a brother’s clay pipe, some other girl’s brother’s clay pipe will do as well, or perhaps better.

Two lovers at the gate; They linger, linger, linger; He binds the ring of fate— The ring of love and fate— With a kiss upon her finger.

WHAT SHE SAID. One lover at the gate; She lingers, lingers, lingers; “Heigho! this ring of fate,” She says, “I’ve seen of late Upon six other fingers.”

QUEEN VICTORIA is said to object seriously to the fashion of wearing the hair in fringe across the forehead. It is stated further that she instructed the bridesmaids, who appeared at the recent wedding of her son, that they would not be permitted to wear their locks in that fashion, nor to don high-heeled boots, nor to wear tied-back gowns. Last year, it is reported, one young lady who came to a drawing-room with her hair over her eyes, was informed by the lord chamberlain that until her hair had grown she need not attend any more at the palace.

How much truth there is in this: The mother’s life is full of prose, From early dawn to daylight’s close; But oft, amid her household cares, Some little poem, unawares, Is written down within her heart, And of her life becomes a part.

Some loving words a child may say, A golden curl long put away, A half-worn shoe upon the floor, An outgrown dress the baby wore, A broken toy or faded flower, May touch the heart-string any hour.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CHICAGO is to have a theatre under canvas the coming summer.

MR. J. L. TOOLE has secured in the Strand a site for a theatre, which he will call, American style, “Toole’s Theatre.”

IF Mr. Alfred Tennyson’s new play is ever produced at the London Lyceum Theatre it will have to be cut. As written it would consume five hours in its representation.

THE original autograph score of Beethoven’s Pastoral Symphony, has been sold by auction for £55. It wanted two pages to complete it.

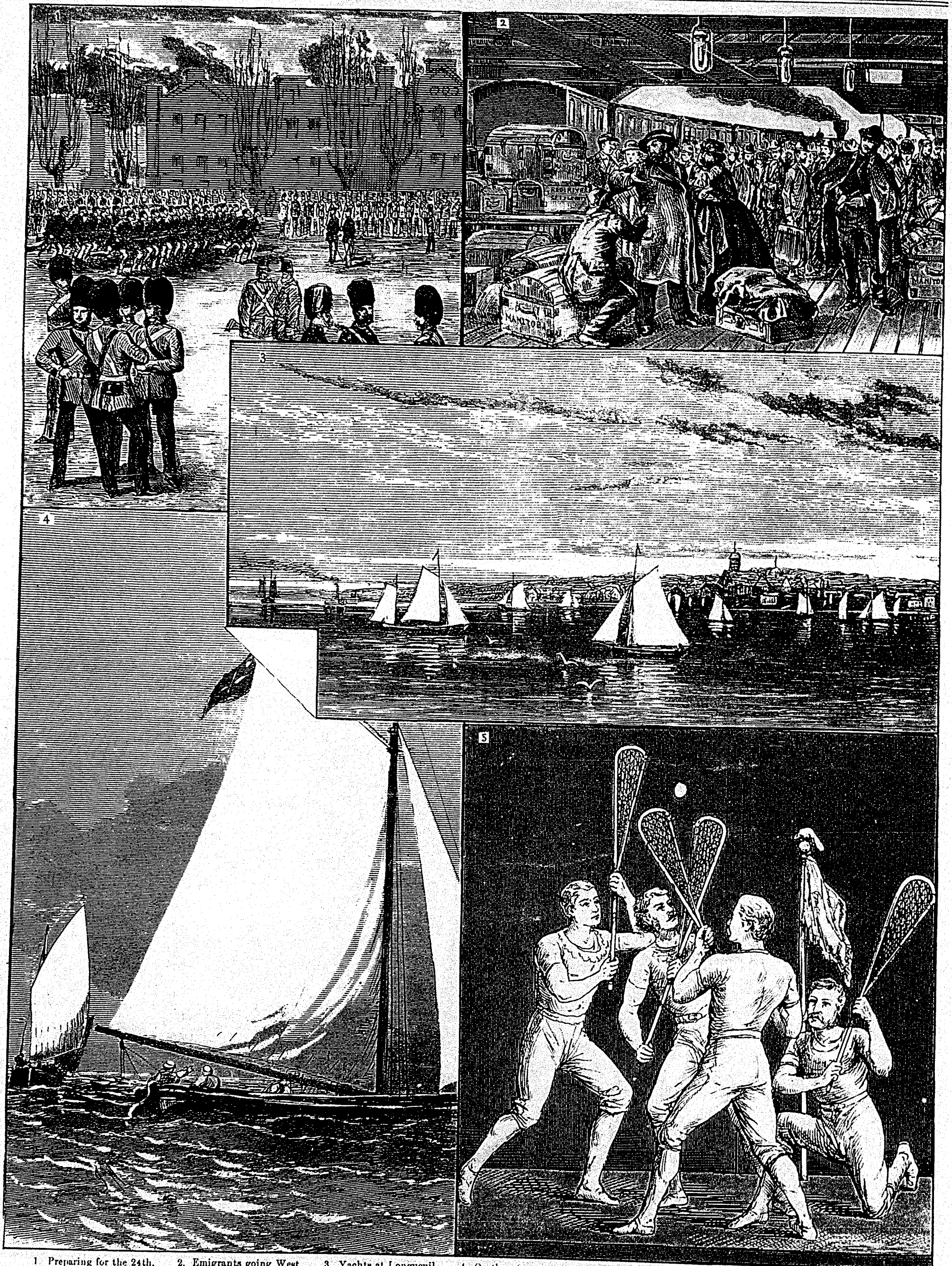
MR. CHARLES FECHTER, the actor, is writing a new play, based upon the domestic life of the First Napoleon. He proposes to enact the character of the great Corsican himself.

HERR VICTOR NESSLER, an Alsatian composer, has produced with success at Leipzig an opera on the “Pied Piper of Hamelin,” a legend forming the subject of one of Mr. Browning’s short poems.

“ROMEO AND JULIET” has been translated into Hindoo, and published at Bombay. The hero and heroine bear the euphonious names of “Ajaysantha” and “Vilasvati.”

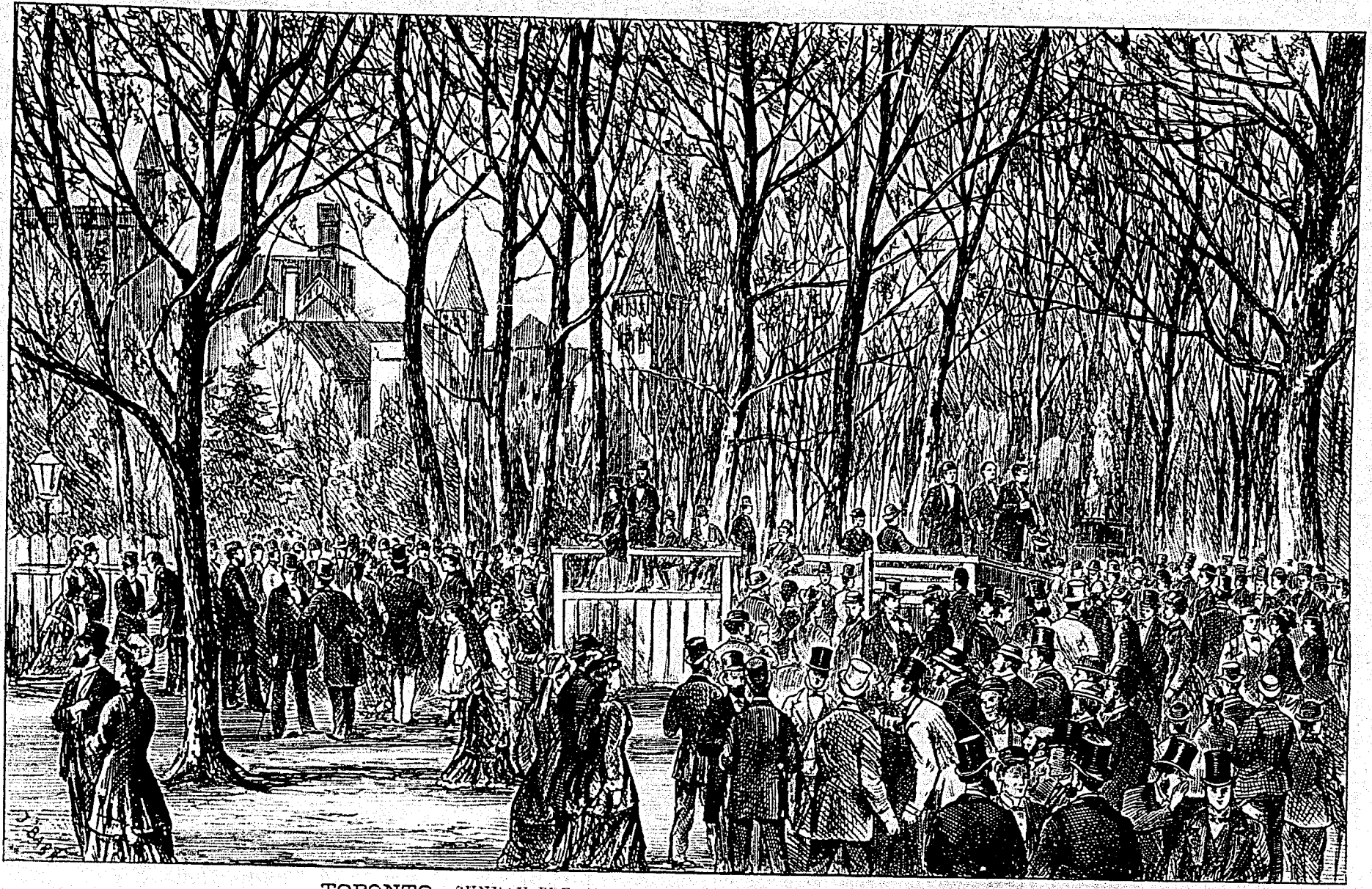
THE Duchess of Edinburgh is going in for the gaiety of life. Nearly every evening during the past fortnight she has been at the theatre, and her round of pleasure is even not yet exhausted. She is passing round from theatre to theatre, so as to have a complete command of the English stage.

THE performance of Claude Melnotte by Henry Irving in the Lyceum Theatre, London, is generally conceded to be clever, forcible and original, but is not likely to be popular, as he is but an indifferent stage lover. He has made several innovations in the manner of dressing the part, and in the latter acts makes himself up in imitation of the first Napoleon.

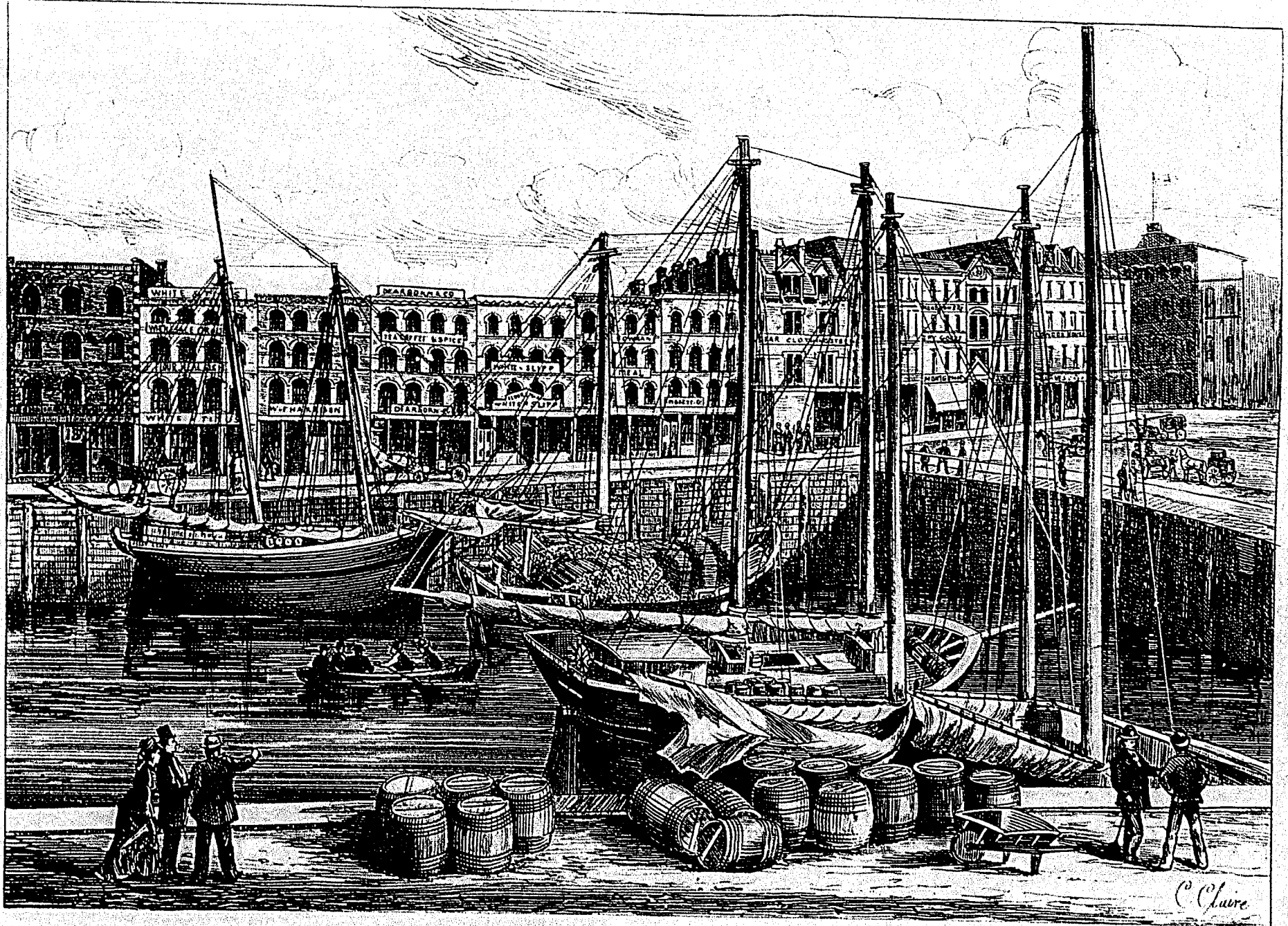


1 Preparing for the 24th. 2 Emigrants going West. 3 Yachts at Longueuil. 4 On the wing. 5 Tableau at the late Concert of the Montreal Lacrosse & Snowshoe Clubs.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.



TORONTO.—SUNDAY PREACHING IN THE PARK.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BARR.



ST. JOHN, N.B.—NORTH WHARF.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. CLARE.

DEATH OF BROCK.

On the still, balmy air of the beautiful morning. There peals out the sound of the summoning drum. And near and afar its wild echoes of warning Proclaim to the camp that the enemy's come.

CZAR AND SKEPIC.

It was in 1829. Government despatches affirmed that Diebitsch's army had achieved a great success, and that Silistria was in their hands.

mendaciousness. Monsieur De la Jobardiere was, himself, very much split, "tres repandu," in certain social circles in St. Petersburg, to borrow an image from his own vernacular; and thus it came to pass that, being gifted, as is not unusual amongst his fellow-countrymen, with a considerable flow of words, he was able to spill the ink of denegation far and wide upon the spotless page of these same disputed Government despatches.

tell you, eh? Unless—I pass to ontreaty. Hear, then, Ivan, Stephens, Nicholas, Sergius! My Corporal, my Sergeant, my Lieutenant of Police! Here is one billet of bank—that is to say, not here, but there; in the pocket of that pantaloons, at home on the Morskani, you comprehend. A billet of twenty-five rubles; of fifty; of a hundred, say, how?

"This, then, is at last Siberia?" "Siberia, Monsieur, by no manner of means." "But where on earth, then, have I the misfortune to find myself—excuse me—the honour to make your distinguished acquaintance?"

sweep than at De la Jobardiere's own hotel door on the Morskaja. It was night again, and it was again damp, and cold, and foggy, but a clear illumination rendered unnecessary the lantern of the feldjager or glimmer of the carriage lamps. Within the doorway on either side stood, in full-dress uniform, two non-commissioned officers of the famous Preobrajzski Grenadiers.

A gentleman in full-dress cut-away, with black satin tights and silk stockings to correspond, with broad silver buckles on his shoes, a chain of wide silver links around his neck, a silver key on his left coat-tail, and a straight steel-handled sword by his side, bowed courteously to De la Jobardiere, and begged him to follow him up-stairs.

Treading noiselessly upon velvet-pile carpets, he led the way through a spacious ante-room, into an apartment where all the light was furnished by a lamp with a ground-glass shade, which stood upon a bureau strewn with books and papers, at which a stately figure in undress uniform was writing busily. Although its back was turned, the breadth of loin and shoulder, the length and upright carriage of the back, the powerful but graceful setting upon the neck of the well-formed head, all revealed at once and beyond a doubt to the astonished Frenchman in what presence he stood—"C'est de plus fort en plus fort, voyez-vous, messieurs. A peine si j'en pouvais plus."

The usher advanced, bowed, spoke a word at the stately figure's ear, bowed again, drew back, and left the room.

The Czar wheeled round his chair, half rose, and made a dignified half-bow. Poor De la Jobardiere folded his eider-down around him and made a profound obeisance.

"Monsieur De la Jobardiere," said that august personage, with just the least suspicion of a smile curling the corners of his imperial lip, "I am informed that you have recently visited Silistria."

An obeisance deeper and more dejected. "Had you there, may I inquire, an opportunity of visiting the citadel and inspecting the military posts?"

"Third obeisance, in the deep and lower depth. And you found them in full occupation by our Imperial troops? May I request an answer expressed explicitly?"

"I found them so, your Majesty."

"Ah! that is well. Not but that I myself had full confidence in Diebitsch; but people will be so skeptical at times. Would you believe it, there are rumours current that even now in certain salons in St. Petersburg, the taking of Silistria is doubted in the teeth of the dispatches!"

What could the hapless Frenchman do but bow down once again.

"However, I am glad to have unofficial and independent testimony from an actual eyewitness. You are certain the Marshal is in undisputed military possession?"

"I am certain of it, your Majesty."

"Thank you, Monsieur De la Jobardiere; I will not detain you any longer; I wish you a good evening." And, turning round to his desk again, his august interlocutor touched a little bell. The usher appeared again, and with the same courteous solemnity of demeanour showed Monsieur De la Jobardiere down-stairs.

An aide-de-camp came tripping down just as the Frenchman's foot was on the carriage step.

"Monsieur De la Jobardiere," he said, "you are an old enough resident of St. Petersburg to know that there are occasions on which it is wise to be discreet about State affairs. But I have it in command from his Imperial Majesty to inform you that you have so recently yourself had occasion to visit Silistria, there can be no possible objection to your stating in general society that you found the citadel, the fortress, and the city garrisoned by his Imperial Majesty's troops."

FASHION IN FURNITURE.

HINTS AS TO HOUSE-FURNISHING—PARLORS, DINING-ROOMS, LIBRARIES, ETC.

French fashions in house-furnishing have remained popular throughout the Anglomani of the past few years, especially in the Louis Seize style, with its massive pieces in graceful carves, its luxurious upholstery and decorations of marquetry, gilt and porcelain. The newest French furniture, however, revives the style of the first empire, with severely simple shapes, spindle-legs, and square corners, trimmed with mouldings of brass in long straight lines.

In furnishing drawing-rooms nothing is set and regular. Instead of buying a whole suit of furniture, it is the present fancy to buy half a suit, consisting of a sofa, two armchairs and two smaller ones, and then to select odd pieces, such as an embroidered chair, an upholstered willow chair, an ottoman, a small tote-a-tete sofa or confidente, and fancy reception chairs of ebony, gilt, or lacquer for filling up the large room. The sofa and chairs of the suit have low, wide seats, straight backs, and square corners.

For small parlors in the flats the upholstering is done in plain plush, bordered with wide cross-bands of contrasting colors, or else figured stuffs are used of mixed silk and cotton; these are commended because moths will not eat them, and reps are abandoned because they are wool, and are devoured by moths. Raw silk of the best qualities is used for parlors or country seats.

The cab net remains a favorite piece of furniture for drawing-rooms and parlors, and is shown of both English and French designs in ebony, rosewood, or mahogany, though the la-

wood is more used in fitting up dining-rooms and libraries. There are Queen Anne cabinets of ebony, with spindle balustrades and bevelled glass doors, or strictly Renaissance cabinets, elaborately carved, and also many Japanese open cabinets with irregular shelves. Two or three low tables for bric-a-brac, or for books, or for 4 o'clock teas, are placed in a drawing-room.

Mahogany is the most fashionable wood for dining-rooms, but walnut and oak are also used; the dark-stained mahogany is preferred for this purpose, while the light natural-tinted mahogany is for chamber furniture. The wood-work of the dining-room, such as mantels, mirror-frames set in the wall, wainscot, and doors, are made to match the furniture; indeed, these parts of the entire house are considered cabinet-works, and are found at furniture ware-rooms.

Libraries are fitted with mahogany or walnut usually. The book-cases are low, and the table in the centre of the room is square; some tables have a leaf concealed in one end, by which they may be enlarged. Figured stuffs are much used for the hangings and furniture coverings in libraries. Ladies' desks of light, natural-colored mahogany are shown in the severest empire styles, with slender round legs and heavy brass mouldings.

Simple suits either in empire or English styles furnish chambers most tastefully, but there are also many elaborate suits rich with carving or inlaid panels. The light goods, such as ash, oak, or Virginia pine, are shown for simple English suits, while mahogany, rosewood and ebony are for costly rooms. Walnut furniture, if solid and well made, is always liked for bedrooms. The low furniture is universal for chambers. The bed is low, with straight head and foot board, and the bureau has low drawers, with large square mirror.

Halls are most often fitted up in English fashion. For large houses the square hall mirror with brass pegs in the frame is built in the wall and there is a square table and heavily carved chairs. The narrow halls of small houses have hanging racks, or else small English stands with a diamond shaped mirror simply framed, and a small closet below for brushes; brass pegs for hats are in the frame.

White Holland shades are still preferred for windows, and drapery curtains are usually suspended by rings over a rod of wood or of gilt. A novelty is transparent coloured curtains of Madras cloth in lovely colours and designs that are brought out most effectively when the light shines through them. Another novelty is the white batiste curtains, a soft muslin fabric in square meshes, like grenadine, and with wide, lace-like stripes.

VARIETIES.

VIOLIN MAKERS.—In approaching Mittenwald, Bavaria, one would scarcely suppose that near upon 8,000 violins, which are made in that quaint village, are yearly sent to different countries. Violin making has been carried on there for the past 200 years. At present there are two depots, each of which sends out about 4,000 instruments every year. The inhabitants work in their own houses. These people get all the raw material from the two depots, where they give up the instruments when finished. The violin makers, about 200 in number, unfortunately get but poor pay for their labour. As short a time back as eighty years, the only agent they had was an old man, who went about from place to place with a box on his back containing specimens of their work. Most of them only do the violin work in winter, as they are generally occupied in the summer in getting in their little bit of corn and hay. A boy can learn the trade without any pecuniary assistance on the part of his parents, as the Bavarian Government started a school for violin making some years ago.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—The Worcester Gazette describes a new source of music manufactured in that city. It says:—

"The Organette is an instrument which plays any given tune automatically on a reed organ, the only skill required of the performer being the even turning of a crank. The instrument, with music reels, occupies a space of 27 by 10 inches on a table and stands 8 inches high. They are also made with reels, occupying a space of about 10 by 12 inches. The bellows producing the wind is constructed on the 'exhaust' principal, the air being drawn into the instrument through the reeds, instead of being forced outward.

"The music of the instrument instead of being printed, is on long strips of particular firm and tough paper, which is perforated with holes for the various notes, a narrow hole for a short note and a longer one for a prolonged note. This perforated sheet is carried over the reeds by a rubber feeder, and at each opening the sound is emitted, just the same as in a parlor organ when the reed is opened by the touching of the keys. Accuracy is thus certain, and a given tune can be played quickly or slowly at the will of the performer."

FLUTTER YOUR FANS.—The fan drill, a diversion with which last summer the young ladies at some of the watering-places amused themselves, is not a "new idea." Our great-grandmothers may have practiced the art, though probably in their secret reunions only. They were too prudent to divulge to the enemy all the tricks of the fan. Addison, however, seems to have suspected the fact of these secret meetings for fan-exercise, and he amus-

ingly describes in a number of the Spectator the arts employed by the dames of his day in the use of this feminine weapon of offensive warfare. But the American girls, it seems, with an audacity that comes from confidence in their powers, exhibit the methods of fan-exercise in the full face of the foe. At the recent "carnival of authors" celebrated in the Horticultural Hall of Philadelphia, a squad of charming young ladies performed the following evolutions:

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| Entrance March. | Present your fans. |
| The audacious flirt. | Shoulder your fans. |
| Handle your fans. | Carry your fans. |
| Unfurl your fans. | Furl your fans. |
| Flutter your fans. | Charge your fans. |
| The majestic wave. | Discharge your fans. |
| The scornful wave. | Shoulder your fans. |
| The coquettish flutter. | Ground your fans. |
| The bashful flutter. | March. |
| The angry flutter. | Retreat. |
| The merry flutter. | Triumph. |
| The amorous flutter. | Surrender. |
| The invitation flutter. | Recover your fans. |
| The repellent flutter. | The greeting. |
| Gossip. | Farewell. |
| Salute. | Salute. |

BURLESQUE.

JOSH BILLINGS' ADVICE TO THE "QUIRE" SINGER.—The first thing to make a good quire singer is to giggle a little. Put up your hair in curl papers every Friday nite soze to have it in good shape Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich you can buy some store hair; if he is very rich buy some more and build it up high upon your head; then git a high-priced bonnet that runs up very high, at the high part of it, and git the milliner to plant some high grown artefishals onto the highest part of it. This will help you sing high, as soprano is the highest part.

When the tune is giv out, don't pay attention to it, and then giggle. Giggle a good eel.

Whisper to the girl next you that Em Jones, which sets on second seat from the front on the left-hand side, has her bunnit with the same color exact she had last year, and then put up your book to your face and giggle.

Object to every tune unless there is a solow into it for the soprano. Cuff and ham a good eel before you begin to sing.

When you sing a solow shake the artefishals off your bunnit, and when you come to a high tone brace yourself back a little, twist your head to one side and open your mouth the widest on that side, shet the eye on the same side jest a triple, and then put in for dear life.

When the preacher gits under hed wey with his preachin, write a note onto the blank leaf of your note book. That's what the leaf was made for. Git somebody to pass the note to somebody else, and you watch them while they read it and then giggle.

If anybody talks or luffs in the congregashun and the preacher takes notis of it, that's a good chants for you to giggle, and you ought to giggle a great eel. The preacher larsent say anything to you bekaus you are in the quire. If you had a bow before you went into the quire give him the mitten—you ought to have somebody better now.

Don't forget to giggle.

ARTISTIC.

MR. W. W. STONY, the American sculptor, has just completed a fine statue of "Sardanapalus," which was on view at his studio in the Via Marina, at Rome, recently, and was greatly admired.

A COMMITTEE has been formed for the erection of a memorial statue to William Tyndale, the first English translator of the Bible, on the Thames Embankment, in London, where a site has been granted by the Metropolitan Board of Works.

MR. BOEHM, A.R.A., acting under a direct commission from the Queen, has now completed the model of the monument to be erected in the Mausoleum at Windsor to the memory of Her late Royal Highness the Princess Alice. The monument itself, however, will not be finished for nine or ten months to come.

THE celebrated Portuguese animal-painter, Thomaz José Annunçiação, died suddenly on April 3 at Lisbon. This painter was highly esteemed all over the Spanish Peninsula as the best animal-painter of his day, and his works may be seen in most of the Portuguese galleries. Many of them have also found their way, it is stated, to England and America. He was the director of the Academy of Fine Arts at Lisbon.

THE Society for Photographing Relics of Old London will for the future issue twelve photographs annually instead of six, at a double subscription. The subjects chosen for the fifth year's issue are: Two views of Canonbury Tower, three of Bernard's Inn, three of houses in Aldergate Street, two of Christ's Hospital, the churchyard of St. Lawrence Pountney, and a house in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

THE statue of Mr. Gladstone lately executed by Mr. Theed, forming a companion statue to those of Mr. John Bright and Mr. Villiers, has just been placed in the Manchester Town Hall. It occupies what may be considered the post of honour—namely, the central niche in the public hall, between the principal entrance doors. The statue is life size, and the right hon. gentleman is represented as addressing an assembly. The attitude is perfectly characteristic, and to all who have seen Mr. Gladstone on the platform at any public meeting it must be very familiar. The likeness is excellent.

THE authorities of the National Gallery have recently hung a picture which was but lately acquired by Mr. Burton at Florence. It is a seated, life-size, three-quarters-length figure of a cardinal, and is supposed to represent one of the Savelli family. The subject is dressed in the scarlet and white colour of his dignity, and occupies a chair decorated with ivory of Cretosa work. It presents more than one difficulty to those who would find out the artist's name. Painted in a large, masculine and powerful way, in a bold high key of colour, it refers equally to the Venetian and the later Florentine schools, but in a certain formal treatment, a dryness of painting, and some harshness of the carnations, some defect of fusion in the tones, it goes best with the later Roman school.

AFTER THE RAIN.

BY L. L. COSHAM.

I heard a song on the moorland brown,
When the days grew fair and long;
Methought no voice in the noisy town
Could sing so sweet a song;
It was but a herd-boy, all alone,—
Alone on the showery plain,
Who sang with a silver trumpet tone,
"The sunshine follows the rain."

My thoughts turn back to that April day
As I pace the city street;
But the brown, brown moor lies far away
From the tread of weary feet;
Yet ever the song rings clear and loud,
Over and over again,
Above the din of the restless crowd;—
"The sunshine follows the rain."

God knows it is hard to fret and strive
For the gold that soon is spent;
It seems sometimes that the sinners thrive,
While saints are less content!
But he knows too that the clouds will part,
And the hidden path grow plain;
His angels sing to the doubting heart,
"The sunshine follows the rain."

LITERARY.

MESSES. BLACKWOOD promise another most important publication: the sixth volume of Mr. Kingslake's "History of the Invasion of the Crimea." It bears the significant title "Winter's Troubles."

THE "Life of Machiavelli," by Signor Oreste Tommasini, of Rome, which gained the prize offered by the Municipality of Florence at the recent centenary of Machiavelli, is on the point of publication.

MR. LEWIS WINGFIELD, the author of "Lady Grizel" is bringing out an historical romance, "My Lords of Stragoe." The scene is laid in Ireland, and the work will show a considerable research in the chronicles of the interesting period between the Convention and the Union, unaffected by political proclivities.

A NEW journal is shortly to be published in Paris under the patronage of M. Dulaur, and with the support of MM. Laboulaye, Barthelemy, and Casimir Perier. It is said that MM. John Lemoinne and Francis Charras will leave the Journal des Debats for this new organ of the Left Centre, the direction of which will be entrusted to M. Laboulaye.

THE International edition of "Longfellow's Poems," so long in preparation, will shortly be issued simultaneously in England and America, by Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin and Messrs. Houghton Osgood & Co. This work will contain upwards of 500 original wood engravings. Amongst the artists on the other side who have been engaged upon the work are Mr. Calderon, R.A., and Mr. Frank Dicksee.

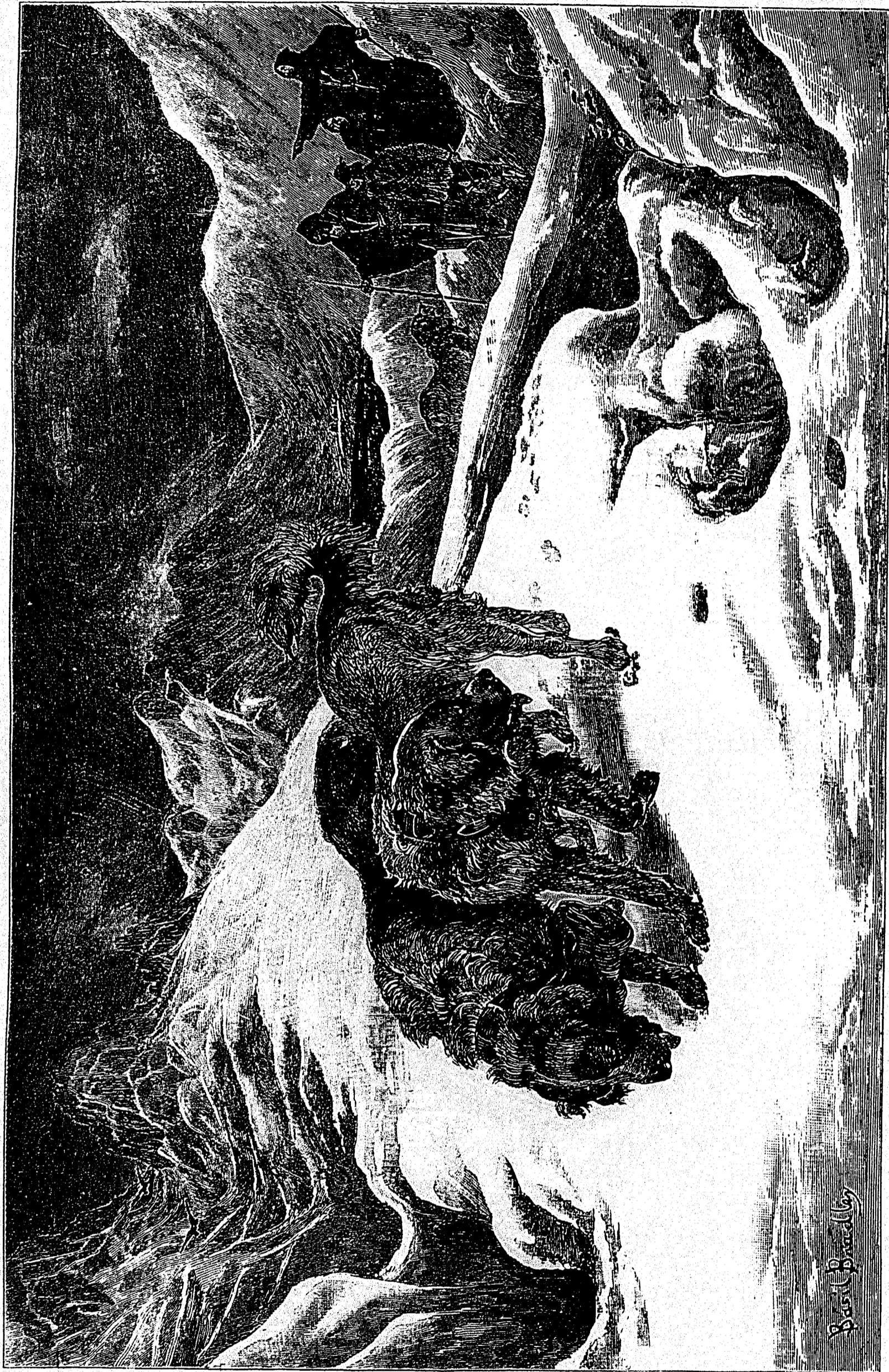
THE International Review for June will be published in a few days. It opens with a very interesting account of the present condition of Greece, by Thomas Davidson, the well-known Greek scholar who passed the winter of 1877-78 in that country. The second article is a careful discussion of the Indian Question, by Hon. J. D. Cox, of Ohio. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Cox's experience as Secretary of the Interior gives peculiar value and importance to his carefully considered paper. Mr. Brooks Adams contributes an article on the Currency Question in relation to the Supreme Court. The question is attracting great attention, owing to the case about to be tried between Gen. Butler and Mr. Chittenden as to the constitutionality of re-issues. Mr. Adams traces the history of the legal tender case, and states clearly the action of Judge Hoar in obtaining the reversal of Hepburn vs. Griswold. The fourth article, upon the Shakespearean revival in London, gives a very interesting description of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, and is written by Mr. Julian Sturgis, of London, well known by his stories in Blackwood, and by one or two successful novels. Rev. George Washburn, President of Robert College, Constantinople, gives a careful and able article upon the relations of England and Turkey. Mr. Washburn writes with all the advantage of being an eye-witness as well as a master of his subject. The next and last article is entitled "Some Remedies for Socialism" and is from the pen of Mr. E. L. Godkin. Mr. Godkin takes a hopeful view of the subject, though he by no means overlooks the dangers. The article is characterized by the strong sense and vigorous style so widely familiar in the columns of the Nation. There are also two poems by Mr. F. W. Bourdillon, whose verses have attracted so much notice in the London Spectator, and whose charming lines beginning "The night has a thousand eyes," were republished and read everywhere. There are the usual full and careful notices of important books. Altogether this number is interesting, timely, strong and striking, and will be widely read and command attention. Enclose fifty cents to Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., N.Y., for this number; or, \$5.00, with request to mail the International Review regularly to your address for one year. The Review is for sale by prominent newsdealers and booksellers everywhere.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

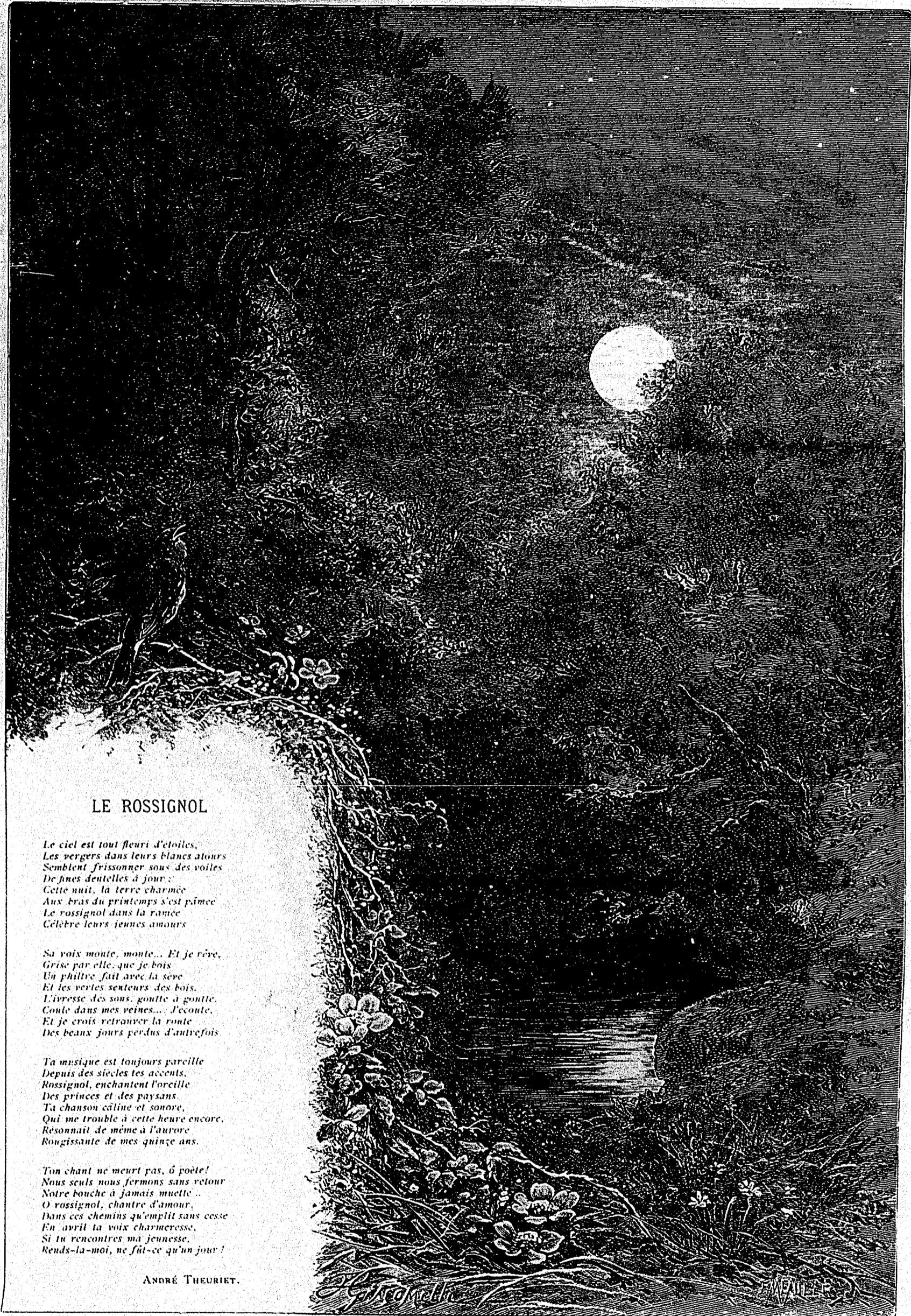
CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Shorax, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.



ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY.

W. C. Brindley



LE ROSSIGNOL

*Le ciel est tout fleuri d'étoiles,
 Les vergers dans leurs blancs atours
 Semblent frissonner sous des voiles
 De fines dentelles à jour :
 Cette nuit, la terre charmée
 Aux bras du printemps s'est pâmée
 Le rossignol dans la ramée
 Célèbre leurs jeunes amours*

*Sa voix monte, monte... Et je rêve,
 Grise par elle, que je bois
 Un philtre fait avec la sève
 Et les vertes senteurs des bois.
 L'ivresse des sons, goutte à goutte,
 Coule dans mes veines... J'écoute,
 Et je crois retrouver la route
 Des beaux jours perdus d'autrefois*

*Ta musique est toujours pareille
 Depuis des siècles tes accents,
 Rossignol, enchantent l'oreille
 Des princes et des paysans,
 Ta chanson câline et sonore,
 Qui me trouble à cette heure encore,
 Résonnait de même à l'aurore
 Rougissante de mes quinze ans.*

*Ton chant ne meurt pas, ô poète!
 Nous seuls nous fermons sans retour
 Notre bouche à jamais muette...
 O rossignol, chante d'amour,
 Dans ces chemins qu'emplit sans cesse
 En avril la voix charmeuse,
 Si tu rencontres ma jeunesse,
 Rends-la-moi, ne fût-ce qu'un jour !*

ANDRÉ THEURIET.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

TO IDEALIA.

Wilt thou roam with me To the dark blue sea, When the sun sits throned in the West, And the hills and streams, With his radiant beams, In richest garments are drest?

Oh, come, let us gaze On the golden blaze Of light on the sparkling sea: For then will awake Those wild thoughts that make Our spirits both joyous and free.

When the daylight dies, And the bright stars rise, And the pale moon shines afar; The lightning that gleams From thy dark eye seems More brilliant than moon or star.

Then, come, let us go And list to the flow Of the billows that break on the shore— How beautiful the spray! How transient its ray! Which gleams, and is seen never more.

But fairer by far Than ever with its star, Or the moonbeams that kiss the sea, Is the light that steals O'er the face, and reveals The soul of thy beauty to me.

How I love to stand On the golden sand, And list to the wind and the wave! The mournful surge Is a sweet, sad dirge For mortals who haste to the grave.

Then, come, let us roam Where the white billows foam, On the deep resounding sea; For I can speak there The thoughts that elsewhere I never could utter to thee!

Montreal.

H. M. SRAMBERG.

A VISIT TO THE INDIAN LORETTE.

By J. M. LE MOINE,

Author of "Quebec Past and Present," &c.

Of the many attractive sites in the environs of the city, few contain in a greater degree, during the leafy months of June, July and September, picturesque scenery, with a wealth of historical associations, than the village of the Huron Indians of Lorette. The nine miles intervening between Quebec and the rustic hamlet of the village, thanks to an excellent turnpike, can be spanned in little more than an hour. I shall now attempt to recapitulate some of the sights and incidents of travel recently befall me, while escorting to Lorette an Old World tourist, of very high literary estate. Fortunately for myself and for my genial but inquisitive companion, I was fresh from the perusal of Bressani, Ferland and Faillon, as well as the excellent French sketch Tahourenché, which my friend Mr. Montpetit had published, to whom I take this early opportunity of making due acknowledgment. My agreeable and illustrious companion had spent one day in the old capital sight-seeing. Possessed of a guide-book of "Quebec Past and Present" of my Tourist's Note Book, which he had inwardly pondered and digested, he had devoted the whole forenoon visiting

- The Citadel of Cape Diamond, The site of the old French Walls, Wolfe and Montcalm's Monument, The Laval University—its Museum and Picture Gallery, The Literary and Historical Society and its Museum, The French Basilica (1646)—its Relics, Pictures, &c., The Ursuline Convent and its famous Oil Paintings, The Dufferin Terrace—the Dufferin Improvements, The New Parliament Buildings, The Plains of Abraham, Spencer Wood and its Grand River Views,

where His Honor the Lieut.-Governor had assembled some of the Quebec literati to meet the great literary lion after luncheon. Our friend had engaged a comfortable carriage and driven down to the FALLS OF MONTMORENCY, the promenade obligée of all lettered Quebec tourists, crossing over to the east bank and contemplating the striking panorama and glittering distant city roof, from the very spot, forsooth, on which Wolfe, in July, 1759, had stood, whilst sitting the details of the campaign, which by its results was to give the Anglo-Saxon the supremacy in the New World. The NATURAL STEPS and the famous ford adjacent thereto, defended in 1759 by Montcalm's militia men and Indians—nothing had escaped the eagle glance of the learned man. My functions as Cicerone, confined to a visit to Lorette and the Chaudière Falls, were to commence on the morrow. With a mellow autumnal sun, just sufficient

to bronze the sombre tints, lingering at the close of the Indian summer, we left the St. Louis Hotel, the headquarters of tourists, and rapidly drove through Fabrique and Palace streets, towards the unsightly gap in our city walls, of yore yeleft Palace Gate, which all Lord Dufferin's prestige failed to protect against vandalism, but which, thanks to his initiative, we expect soon to see bridged over with graceful turrets and Norman towers.

A turn to the west brought us opposite to the scarcely perceptible ruins of the Palace of the French Intendants, destroyed by the English shells in 1759, and battered by the city guns in 1775 to dislodge Arnold and Montgomery's New England soldiery.

The park which intervened formerly between it and the St. Charles was many years back converted into a wood yard to store the fuel for the garrison; a portion now is used as a cattle market; opposite stand the depot and freight sheds of the North Shore Railway; the road skirts the park towards the populous St. Roch suburbs, rebuilt and transformed since the great fire of 5th May, 1845, which destroyed 1,600 houses, occupying the site of former spacious pasture grounds for the city cows, styled by the early French La Vacherie. In a trice we reach Dorchester bridge, the second one built there in 1822—the first, opened with great pomp by His Excellency Lord Dorchester in 1789, having been constructed a few acres to the west, and called after him. The bridge, as a means of crossing from one shore to the other, is an undoubted improvement on the scow used up to 1789.

One of the first objects on quitting the bridge and diverging westward, towards the Charlesbourg road, on the river bank, is the stately, solid, antique mansion of the Hon. W. Smith, who at one time owned nearly all the broad acres intervening between this house and Gros Fin. It took for a time the name of Smithville and was inherited by several members of his family, who built cosy houses thereon. These green fields, fringed with white birch and spruce plantations, are watered by the St. Charles, the Kahir-Koubat of ancient days. In rear of one of the first villas, Ringfield, owned by Geo. Holmes Parke, Esq., runs the diminutive stream, the Loiret, at the confluence of which Jacques Cartier wintered in 1535-6, leaving there one of his ships, the Petite-Hermine, of 60 tons, whose decayed oak timbers were exhumed in 1843 by Jos. Hamel, City Surveyor of Quebec. A very remarkable vestige of French domination exists behind the villa of Mr. Parke—a circular field (hence the name Ringfield) covering about twelve acres, surrounded by a ditch, with an earth work about twenty feet high, to the east, to shield its inmates from the shot of Wolfe's fleet at the entrance of the St. Charles, before Quebec. A minute description has been given by General Levi's aide-de-camp, the Chevalier Johnstone, of what was going on in this earth work, where at noon, on the 13th Sept., 1759, were mustered disorganized French squadrons, in full retreat from the Plains of Abraham towards their camp at Beauport. Here, on that fatal day, was debated the surrender of the colony—the close of French rule; here also, close by, in 1535-6, was the cradle of French power, the first settlement and winter quarters of the French pioneers—Cartier's hardy little band. From this spot, at eight o'clock that night, began the French retreat towards Charlesbourg church; at 4 a.m. the army was at Cap Rouge, disordered, panick-stricken; oh! where was the heroic Levi!

On ascending a hill, to the north, the eye gathers in the contour of a dense grove, hiding in its drooping folds "Auvergne," the former secluded country seat of Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell, now owned by George Alfred, Esq.

A mile to the north, in the deep recesses of Bourg-Royal, rest the fast crumbling and now insignificant ruins of the only rural Chateau of French origin round Quebec. Was it built by Talon, or by Bigot? is an unfathomable mystery. Silence and desertion at present reign supreme, where of yore Bigot's heartless rascals used to meet to gamble away King Louis' card money and piastres.

"And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth, And empty the goblets and dreary the hearth!"

The tower or boudoir, where was immured the Algonquin maid Carolue, the beautiful, that too has crumbled to dust. The Rosignol and Hermit thrush now warble their soft melody over the very spot which once echoed the dying shriek: the poniard of a rival had struck deeply, had struck well. Charlesbourg, in part colonized by Intendant Talon's quiet peasantry, with its white cottages, its frugal peasants, its erect cedar picket fences, like stockades or sentries to prevent Indian surprises, amidst its lands, which

* Originally a brewery owned by Intendant Talon, and by him sold to the French King in 1686 for 15,000 *écus*. Later on its magnificent rivalled that of Chateau St. Louis.

† Kahir-Koubat "a meandering stream." Ahatsistari's house (formerly Poplar Grove, the homestead of L. T. McPherson Esq.) on the north bank of the St. Charles, is now called Kahir-Koubat. Here, formerly, dwelt, we are told, Col. De Salaberry, the hero of Chateauguay.

‡ Beyond the unmistakable vestiges of its having been of early French construction, there is nothing known of its history under French rule of Bigot's little Chateau. History is replete with details about his speculations and final punishment in the Bastille of France; possibly the legends in prose and in verse, which mantle round the time-worn ruin, have no other foundation than the fictions of the poet and the novelist. Thanks to Papineau, W. Kirby, Jos. Marquette, Beaumanoir is now immortalized in song.

fan-like all radiates from a common centre, the parish church, is not a bad type of the primitive French village.

But let us hurry on over the pleasant road, meandering round the crest of the highlands, towards the quaint Indian settlement of Lorette, for a glimpse of which my companion is longing. Here we are at last, but where is the waigwan of the chief medicine man, his *chickigois* and *totems*? I had expected an Indian greeting such as rejoiced the ears of my friend Ahatsistari, when recently he escorted there the light hearted officers of the French frigate Laplace.

"Quaig! quaig! oiataro! (Good morning! Good morning! Friend!) and the response "Quaig! Quaig! (Good morning! Good morning!) was ready, when instead of the great Chief Tahourenché, a comely young woman, with nothing in her air to remind you of Pocahontas, in classic French, informed us that if it was her father Paul we were seeking, he was not at home she regretted to say. We were politely asked to come in and rest, and as I was known to her father, a silver tray with French wine was brought in; proud we felt in pledging the health of the great Tahourenché, whose hospitable roof, says Ahatsistari, has sheltered "dukes, counts and earls," as well as many men famous in letters, war and trade.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

The day before Her Majesty left Ravenna, she planted a cedar and a laurel tree in the garden of the Villa Clara, as mementoes of her sojourn there.

GUSTAVE DORE has been named officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy—and this in appreciation of his illustrations of Dante and Aristo.

The people of Sicily have presented Garibaldi with a shield, in memory of his efforts to secure their independence. The shield bears designs of all the general's battles, and is to be deposited in the museum of the Capitol of Rome.

On it becoming known at one of the Conservative clubs at Burnley that Lord Derby had succeeded from the Lancashire Conservative Association, one of the members of the club threw a coal at the portrait of his lordship which hung on the wall, and smashed the glass, whereupon another member pulled down the portrait and put it on the fire.

POLICE orders were given a few days since to all the stationers and print-sellers of Strasburg to remove from their shop-windows engravings of incidents in the 1870-71 war, such as "Le Bourget," the "Charges des Cuirassiers à Morsbronn," "La Dernière Cartouche," etc., as well as photographs or prints representing inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine, with or without the cockade.

This year is the eighteenth centenary of the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and, in consequence, the directors of the excavations have conceived the project of celebrating the event by a scientific fête, which will be held in November. The principal Italian archaeologists are already invited, and it is probable that the invitations will be extended to foreign savans. It is to be hoped that Mount Vesuvius will be in its good behaviour.

HUMOROUS.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction, for there is less of it.

THE mule kicks in the way he does because he cannot talk back.

A GOOD, square kick will sometimes help a man further along in this world toward independence and prosperity than a dozen pulls by the hand.

WHAT a host of memories it brings up to drag forth a last year's light vest and find a dime snugly encased in one of the pockets!

A LITTLE dog in the back yard will make more noise in an hour than four gross of organ-grinders can make in a week—especially if a fellow wants to sleep.

THE fall of Adam was not so humiliating as it might have been. There was nobody around to say, "Come here, sonny, and I'll pick you up."

THESE are uncertain days when a young man wears his cane down-town in the morning, and before night wishes he had borrowed an umbrella.

AN Indiana paper took a man off a dray, put him to writing locals, and in three days the chap was writing criticisms against Booth's style of acting.

A BRIGHT boy was walking along the street with his mother, and observing a man with a peculiar blith in his gait approaching, he drolly exclaimed: "Look there, mamma! See how that poor man stutters with his feet!"

How the pedestrians would travel heavenwards, if it was announced that St. Peter would divide the gate money dally with the man who arrived first.

"WHAT" asks a correspondent, "is the meaning of Shelley's 'Epipsychidion'?" We are not perfectly certain, but it sounds wonderfully like the name of some new aque medicine.

THE 4-year-old child is an admirable nucleus for a circus party. As many as fifteen persons have been known to take an afternoon off just to see that the elephant didn't step on the little fellow.

SOME men never lose their presence of mind. In New York a man threw his mother-in-law out of a window in the fifth story of a burning building and carried a feather-bed down stairs in his arms.

§ Louis XIV. granted to his Canadian Intendant Talon, in 1665, Bourg-Royal, Bourg La Reine, Bourg-Talon. The great Intendant had located French settlers here, and the lands were divided and tapered off to a point round the church, so that in the event of an Indian raid the tolling of the bell might call them to arms and to concentrate in one spot.

"THE moon is always just the same," he said languidly, "and yet I always find some new beauty in it." "It's just so with the circus," she answered. He took the hint and bought tickets for two.

THE weather continues very changeable in Central New York. A few days ago a man in that country was sunstruck right at the close of a snow-storm because he couldn't get his ulster off quick enough.

THE following is told of a young gentleman who was passing an examination in physics: He was asked—"What planets were known to the ancients?" "Well sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the earth, but I'm not quite certain."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 223. R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 224, also, correct solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 221. E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 222 received. J. H., Montreal.—Letter received containing score of game. Thanks. R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 222.

We are sorry to notice in the English papers the announcement of the death of Mr. George Walker, one of the oldest of our chess writers and players. He became associated with London Chess society about fifty years ago, and he contended during the earlier part of his career with La Bourdonnais, Alexander McDonnell, Lewis, Cochrane, and other chess magnates, whose names are familiar to the student of the game.

Mr. Geo. Walker was connected with *Bell's Life in London*, a Chess Editor, for more than forty years, and by his literary productions in the same line, he did a great deal to make the game what it has become, a popular amusement. His first work was the *Art of Chess Play*, which appeared in 1833. In 1835, he published *Philidor and his Contemporaries*, and *Chess Studies* in 1841. In 1846 appeared his *Art of Chess Playing* and *Chess and Chess Players*. The skill and research contained in his productions have won him a fame among chess writers, but it is, perhaps, his association with the history of the game during the last half century which has chiefly endeared him to the amateurs of the present day, as it appears from all accounts that his memory was replete with the most interesting particulars connected with the great players with whom he had come in contact.

Croydon in Surrey, England, seems to have a chess club which exerts itself bravely to provide its members with the best of practice for their advancement in their favourite pastime. Last February, our old friend, Mr. Bird, became their invited guest, and played a simultaneous match with a number of their players, and now we are informed that Mr. Blackburne has recently contested blindfold with seven members of the same club, and that the results were all in favour of their distinguished visitor. We will endeavour in our next column to give fuller particulars, with one of the games of the contest.

The ladies are certainly coming to the front in chess for one of them, viz. Miss C. A. Holroyd, of Hull, England, has lately won the prize offered for the solution of a very difficult problem contributed by Mr. G. R. Heichelm to the *Brooklyn Transcript* (U.S.A.). Miss Holroyd was the only solver of this puzzle, which is as follows: "Place the men as at the beginning of a game, and (with the sole condition that Black's moves must be the exact counterpart of White's) mate in six moves with Knight, in eight moves with King's Rook, Queen's Rook, and with a double check, and produce a double stalemate in twenty-five moves." *The West Sussex County Chronicle* reproduces this puzzle, and offers a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost" to the first sender of the correct solution, the above-mentioned young lady being of course debarred from competing. We should not be surprised if underhand appeals for help be made to her, and it will then remain to be seen whether solving a complicated problem is more difficult than keeping a secret.—*Land and Water*.

SCORE OF THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY

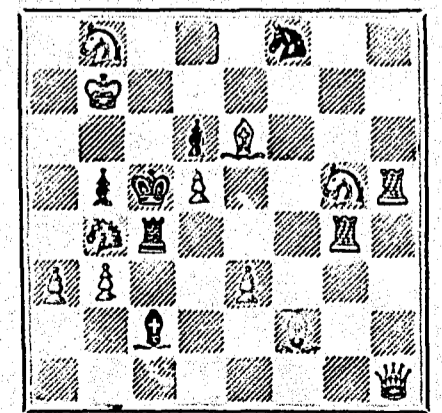
	WON.	WON.	DR.
America.....	18	Great Britain.....	17

Last week the announcement of Mr. French's brilliant victory tied the score in the International Tourney, and this week we are pleased to announce that Mr. Forster, of Michigan, has won another game, beating Mr. Crooke, his English antagonist, in fifty-six moves. This opportunity victory once more gives the Americans a lead of one. Well done, Sir Knight! —*Hartford Times Conn.*

The Leipzig edition of the Paris Tournament games is announced to appear this month from the press of Messrs. Velt & Co. It will contain all the games played in the great contest of 1878, annotated by M. Schalloop, and a supplement devoted to the problem tourney. It may be obtained through Seibert, Broadway, near Nineteenth street, or Westermann & Co.; 524 Broadway. The publisher's price is four marks, which is about \$1 of our currency, including freight and customs duty.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

PROBLEM No. 226.

By C. W. M. Dale, BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 302ND. CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Game played between Messrs. Henderson and Hicks. WHITE.—(Mr. Henderson.) BLACK.—(Mr. Hicks.) 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 3 2. P to Q 4 2. P to Q 4 3. P takes P 3. P takes P 4. Kt to K B 3 4. Kt to K B 3 5. B to Q 3 5. B to Q 3 6. Castles 6. Castles 7. Kt to Q B 3 7. Kt to Q B 3 8. P to Q R 3 8. P to K R 3 9. Kt to Q Kt 5 9. B to K Kt 5 10. Kt takes B 10. Q takes Kt 11. P to Q B 3 11. Kt to K 5 12. B to K 2 12. P to K B 4 13. Kt to K 5 13. B takes B 14. Q takes B 14. Q R to K sq 15. P to K B 4 15. Q Kt to Q sq 16. B to K 3 16. P to Q Kt 3 17. K to R sq 17. Kt to K B 2 18. Q to R 5 18. Kt takes Kt 19. K B P takes Kt 19. Q to K 3 20. P to K Kt 3 20. K to K R 2 21. K to Kt 2 21. P to K Kt 4 22. R to K B 3 22. P to Q B 4 23. R to Q B sq 23. R to Q B sq 24. K R to K B sq 24. K R to K Kt sq 25. K to R sq 25. K R to K Kt 2 26. Q to K 2 26. Q R to K Kt sq 27. K R to K Kt sq 27. K to K Kt 3 28. Q R to K B sq 28. P to K R 4 29. Q to B 3 29. K R to K B 2 30. P to K R 4 30. P to K B 5 31. P takes K B P 31. P to K Kt 5 32. Q to K 2 32. R to K B 4 33. K to Kt 2 33. K to K R 2 34. R to K R sq 34. R to K Kt 2 35. B to Q 2 35. K R to K B 2 36. B to K sq 36. Q to K B 4 37. B to K Kt 3 37. P takes Q P 38. P takes P 38. R to K Kt sq 39. Q to K 3 39. R from Kt sq to Q B sq 40. R to Q B sq 40. R from K B 2 to Q B 2 41. R takes R 41. R takes R 42. R to K sq 42. K to K Kt 3 43. K to Q 3 43. Q to Q R sq 44. Q to K 2 44. K to K B 4 45. B to K sq 45. P to Q R 3 46. B to B 3 46. P to Q Kt 4 47. R to K 3 47. R to Q B 5 48. R to K 2 48. Q to K 3 49. B to K sq 49. Q to K 2 50. B to K Kt 3 50. Q to Q R 2 51. B to B 2 51. Q to Q Kt 3 52. B to K 3 52. Q to Q R 4 53. B to Q 2 53. Q to Q sq 54. B to K sq 54. R to Q B sq 55. R to K 3 55. Q to Q B 2 56. R to K 2 56. Q to Q B 5 57. Q to K 3 57. Q to Q R 5 58. B to B 2 58. R to Q B 7 59. Q to Q 3 59. R to Q B 2 60. B to K 3 60. Q to Q B 5 61. Q takes Q 61. R takes Q 62. K to Kt sq 62. P to K Kt 6 63. K to K Kt 2 63. K to Kt 5 64. K to Kt sq 64. K to K B 6 65. R to K sq 65. R to Q B 7 66. B to B sq 66. Kt to K B 7 Resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 24.

WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to Q B 8 1. K takes Kt 2. Kt to Q Kt 5 mate There are other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 222.

WHITE. BLACK. 1. P to Q Kt 4 (ch) 1. K to Q R 3 2. R to Q R sq (ch) 2. R covers 3. P mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 221.

WHITE. BLACK. (A position occurring in actual play.) K at K sq K at K R sq Q at Q 3 Q at K R 2 R at K 3 R at K B sq R at Q 5 R at Q sq 5 B at K B 7 B at K Kt 5 Pawns at K B 2 Kt at Q Kt 3 K Kt 2, K R 2 Pawns at K Kt 2, Q B 2 and 4, and Q R 2

White to play and mate in three moves.



NOTICE.

SATURDAY, 24th inst., being Her Majesty's Birth day, this Office and the three Receiving Houses will be closed at 10 a.m., unless the mails received up to that time shall not then have been distributed.

The afternoon mails will be closed at 10 a.m., and the night mails at the usual hours

G. LANGTHE, P.M.

22nd May, 1879.

JUST PUBLISHED

CHISHOLM'S ALL-ROUND ROUTE AND PANORAMIC GUIDE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

With corrections to date. It contains full descriptions of the points of interest on the "All Round Route," including Hudson River, Trenton and Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, New York. It is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with maps of the route, and a fine panoramic view of the St. Lawrence River. For sale by booksellers and news agents. Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of the price, 50 cts.

C. R. CHISHOLM & BROS., 179 Bonaventure street, Montreal.

26-52-373

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G. B. BURLAND, General Manager. F. N. BOXER, ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER, Editor.

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This journal is the only Scientific and Mechanical Monthly published in Canada, and its value as an advertising medium for all matter connected with our Manufactories, Foundries, and Machine-Shops, and particularly to Inventors, is therefore apparent.

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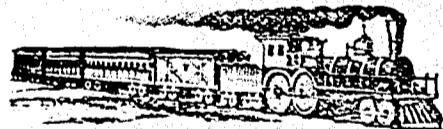
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On and after MONDAY, APRIL 14th, Trains will leave HOCHELAGA DEPOT as follows:—

A.M. P.M. Express Trains for Hull at 9.30 and 5.00 Arrive at Hull at 2.03 p.m. and 9.30 Express Trains from Hull at 9.10 and 4.45 Arrive at Hochelaga at 1.40 p.m. and 9.15 Train for St. Jerome at 5.30 p.m. Train from St. Jerome at 7.00 a.m. Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.

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STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, Ticket Agents, Offices 262 St. James and 158 Notre Dame Streets.

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Province of Quebec.

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PRIVATE BILLS.

PARTIES intending to make application to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, for Private or Local Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges, or conferring corporate powers for commercial or other purposes of profit, for regulating surveys or boundaries, or for doing anything tending to affect the rights or property of other parties, are hereby notified that they are required by the Rules of the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly respectively (which are published in full in the Quebec Official Gazette), to give ONE MONTH'S NOTICE of the application (clearly and distinctly specifying its nature and object), in the Quebec Official Gazette, in the French and English languages, and also in a French and English newspaper published in the district affected, and to comply with the requirements therein mentioned, sending all copies of the first and last of such notices to the Private Bill Office of each House, and any persons who shall make application, shall, within one week from the first publication of such notice in the Official Gazette, forward a copy of his Bill, with the sum of one hundred dollars, to the Clerk of the Committee on Private Bills.

All petitions for Private Bills must be presented within the "first two weeks" of the Session.

BOUCHER DE BOUCHERVILLE.

G. M. MUIR, Ck. Leg. Council.

Ck. Leg. Assembly.

Quebec, 1st April, 1879.

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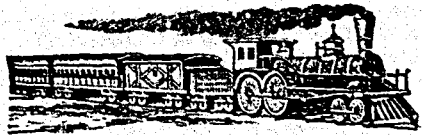
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EXPRESS.....3.00 p.m.....10.10 p.m.
MIXED.....7.10 a.m.....5.50 p.m.

RETURNING.
Leave Quebec. Arrive in Montreal.
EXPRESS.....12.45 p.m.....7.30 p.m.
MIXED.....6.15 p.m.....10.10 a.m.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.
Tickets for sale at offices of Starnes, Leve & Alden, Agents, 202 St. James Street, and 158 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile-End Stations.

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26-17-52-369

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of five per cent. upon the paid-up capital stock of this Institution, has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after

Monday, the Second of June next.
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
Of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank, on
Monday, the Second Day of June next.
The Chair to be taken at One o'clock.

R. B. ANGUS,
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Montreal, 15th April, 1879.

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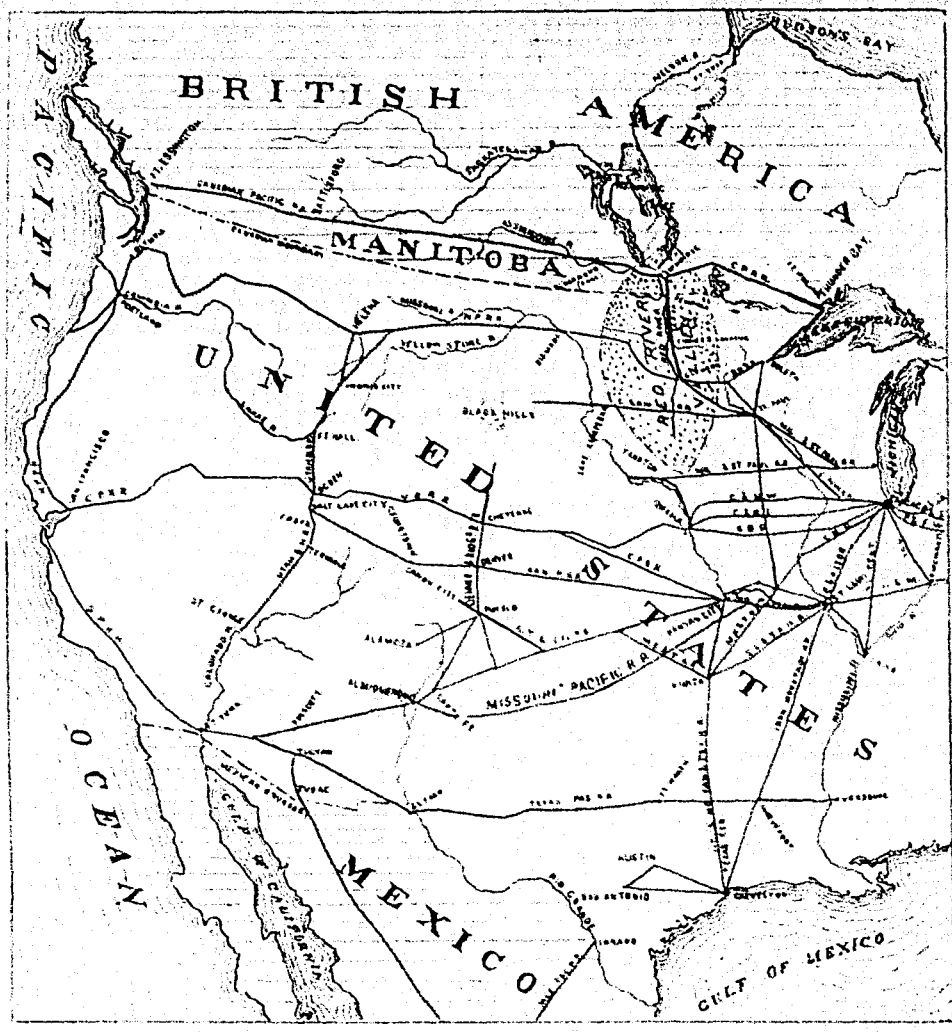
THE MILTON LEAGUE.

"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton."

PUBLICATIONS:

BRAY, REV. ALFRED J. The Churches of Christendom, cloth.....	\$1.00
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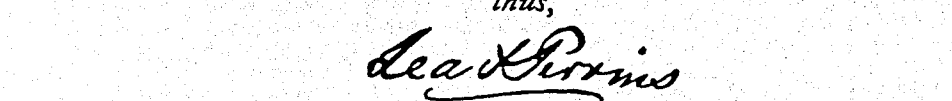
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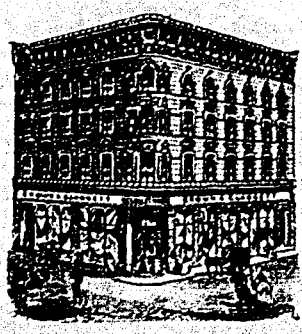
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VISITORS TO MONTREAL ON THE 24TH.

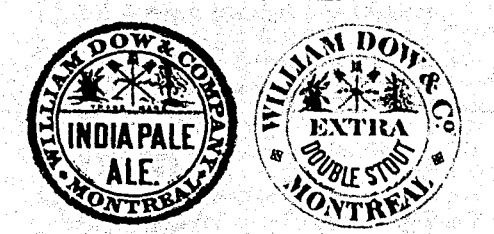


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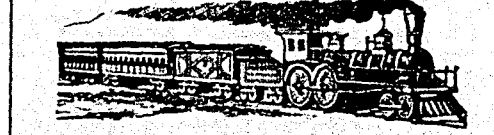
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1878-79.

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Leave Point Levis.....	8.00 A.M.
" River du Loup.....	2.00 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner).....	3.00 "
" Rimouski.....	4.49 "
" Campbellton (Supper).....	10.00 "
" Dalhousie.....	10.21 "
" Bathurst.....	12.28 A.M.
" Newcastle.....	2.10 "
" Moncton.....	5.00 "
" St. John.....	9.15 "
" Halifax.....	1.30 P.M.

Pullman Cars on Express Trains.
These Trains connect at Point Levis with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.45 o'clock p.m.
Pullman Car leaving Point Levis on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, runs through to Halifax, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to St. John.
For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to
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Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

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