

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

Continuous pagination.

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

THE WESTERN NEWS

Vol. XII.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1875.

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



A STANDING JOKE.

M***r.—You must be tired as a tree, C***ks, standing so long: can't you get a seat?
McK****n.—Here, C***ks, I'm weary working here, I'll give you my seat, if M***r will give me a berth somewhere else.
C***ks.—Don't disturb yourselves for me, gentlemen, I'm quite accustomed to it now.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to "The General Manager, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

All correspondence of the Papers, literary contributions, and sketches to be addressed to "The Editor, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

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

One or two good reliable carriers required—Apply to the MANAGER, BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY.

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

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 10th, 1875.

DOMINION DAY.

We have particular pleasure, this year, in being able to chronicle that Dominion Day was celebrated with the usual, if not more than the usual, enthusiasm. Telegrams received from different parts of the country testify that the anniversary of Confederation was observed as a holiday, thousands upon thousands profiting by the occasion to make excursions on land and water, while the firing of cannon, the display of bunting, and the almost total cessation from business, were further proofs that the whole people, irrespective of party or nationality, regarded the day as one of patriotic demonstration. In Montreal, which is a purely commercial city, and where political considerations are generally relegated to the background, the spontaneity and universality of the celebration were particularly remarkable. The day wore a Sabbath appearance, business was almost wholly suspended, and no less than 25,000 people enjoyed their outing on the bright waters, among the blooming lanes of the Mountain, amid the charming scenery of St. Helen's Island, or in the quiet seclusion of the beautiful villages which line the St. Lawrence from Montreal to Sorel.

We repeat that we are gratified at the record of these facts. And the reason of our gratification is this. Some of our contemporaries, in the absence, probably, of anything else to write about, have expressed their hostility to the celebration of the 1st of July. They have gone out of their way to vent their spleen against the "Fathers" of Confederation, thus displaying a spirit of personal jealousy and animosity, and others went the length of sneering at the stability of our present Union. We shall not enter upon a discussion of these points with the papers, in question. They have been sufficiently answered in Toronto by the *Globe* and other leading papers, while in Halifax, the *Morning Herald* has already given all the answer which the circumstances of Nova Scotia allowed. What we particularly wish to draw attention to is the fact that the popular instinct is the best answer of all, and that the enthusiasm of the people for what they justly consider their national holiday is a sufficient compensation to every true Canadian patriot for the ill-adviced attacks of carping critics.

It is a common fault of both politicians and journalists to underrate the popular intelligence. The average mind may not be able to construct a syllogism like the practiced dialectician, but it is uncommonly quick at drawing up an enthymeme. Given a broad premise, and it will jump to the conclusion with unerring insight. Given a great central fact, it will seize upon it and follow out its bearings, without the aid of scribe or speaker. Confederation is one of these central facts. Some politicians may be blind enough to deny that it was a master stroke of statesmanship, but the popular eye is purer and sharper. It has seen and appreciated what Confederation has done for the

country. Before it, there was weakness, after it, there was strength; before it, there was division, after it, there was harmony; before it, there was stagnation, after it, there was prosperity; before it, was the reign of petty parish politics after it, sprung into existence a broad national spirit. Before Confederation, Canada was nothing; since Confederation, she has taken a modest, but distinct stand among the nations of the earth. The people knows these things to be true, and that is sufficient.

In regard to the "Fathers" of Confederation, as a Toronto journal tauntingly calls them, the popular feeling is no less true. Reform writers may abuse Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD till their pens fall from their hands, Conservative speakers may calumniate Senator BROWN till their tongues cleave to their palates, but they can never make the people forget the debt of obligation they owe to these two great men—who, for the nonce, renouncing their differences, united to make this country a nation. Quebec will ever remember CARTIER, spite of the nettles of hate that have been heaped upon his grave. New Brunswick is giving due honor to TILLEY, and Nova Scotia will yet do justice to TUPPER. These men are as truly the Fathers of the New Canada, as WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, FRANKLIN and ADAMS were of the American Republic. And we are quite willing to leave their honored names in the safe keeping of a grateful people.

ATTACKS ON CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.

What could possess a Canadian journal to allow the appearance in its columns of any attack against the cause of immigration is a problem utterly beyond our comprehension. And yet this has been done. Not only have the officials and agents of immigration been arraigned before the bar of public opinion, but the coming of settlers into the country has been discouraged, and the most unfavorable accounts of Canada as a ground for colonization have been scattered far and wide. We have met them cited with complacency by the New York papers. We expect that our next mails from Europe will inform us that the Provincial journals of Great Britain have taken up the theme and improved upon it to stem the tide of emigration.

It requires only a moment's consideration to convince oneself that the necessity of immigration is vital and that the attempt to thwart it in any respect is suicidal. This is a subject to which we have given frequent attention in the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and a careful study of it has shown us all its bearings and destinies. We are quite willing to admit that the enginery of immigration has not been satisfactory, and that the moneys expended on agents abroad were utterly disproportionate to the results accomplished by them. We are willing also to allow that up to the time of Hon. Mr. PORE's accession to office, as Minister of Agriculture, the system even at Ottawa was not properly organized. But failure in this respect is no reason for attacking the whole scheme and discrediting the country in the eyes of Europeans.

Natural increase is not sufficient for the development of this country. However satisfactory the rate of propagation may be, especially among the French Canadians, it is not at all adequate to the growing wants of the country. The last census showed this conclusively, creating a feeling of disappointment which will not soon be forgotten. The statistics of immigration published by us, three or four weeks ago, as extracted from the last report of the Department, bear upon their face the evidence of the immense good done to the country by its yearly settlers. All those who have come are welcome. We have room for them all, work for them all. We deny that immigration has, in any respect, been a failure, so far as the immigrant himself is concerned. Canada is certainly not the paradise depicted by the imagination of some of its agents, but

it offers all the conditions required by honest labor for the acquisition of ease and competency, and how any Canadian writer can deny this fact is a mystery to us. Immigration is a vital question with us. Without it we shall fall back into our old grooves. With it, we may hope to emulate the progress and prosperity of the United States.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

We have received by mail the text of the remarkable article of the GOLOSS, of St. Petersburg, advocating an alliance between Russia and England as the best guarantee for the peace of Europe. The writer unequivocally asserts, in direct contradiction of statements from German sources, that the late war alarms were based on solid grounds, and that it was thanks to the friendly counsels of Russia and England that the danger has been removed. But he proceeds to ask how long a peaceful feeling will be predominant at Berlin? He regards it as indisputable that now no war can take place in Europe without either the permission or participation of Germany; that Germany may find it necessary to make war sooner than any other European State, and that, consequently, a disturbance of European peace is chiefly to be feared from her side. As to the alliance of the three Emperors, the GOLOSS says that it certainly affords an excellent guarantee for the maintenance of peace by all the powers who do not belong to that alliance, but does it secure Europe against warlike projects which might be entertained by one of the allies themselves? Warlike designs are represented as being far from unfamiliar to persons in high position in German society; and it is doubtful, first, how long the German Government will be able to oppose these designs, and, secondly, whether the alliance of the three Emperors will be able to bear another test: To meet this possible and probable danger, the writer suggests an alliance between Russia and England, "the two States which are the natural guardians of European peace," and proceeds to detail the reasons why the Indian question should not stand in the way of a perfect understanding between the two countries.

We may be mistaken in our estimate, but we are disposed to attach exceptional importance to this article, inspired, as it is known to be, from official quarters. The German papers have attempted to diminish its force by unwisely underrating the influence of Britain on the continent. The English papers, with their usual caution, have treated the proposition courteously, but not enthusiastically. To us it appears indicative of a distrustful attitude towards Germany, quite different from that maintained by the CZAR during the war and since, as also a manifest leaning towards France, increased by the CZAR's invitation to M. THIERS for a conference on the European situation.

The condition of affairs on the continent may seem complicated in one sense, but it is exceedingly simple in another. Any attack upon France for the next ten years must come from Germany, and any such attack would be an outrage upon civilization. France is in no condition for war, and pending the permanent establishment of her new constitution, can have no disposition for war. Her weakness is her first claim on European sympathy, but she has others. The resignation with which she has borne her extraordinary burdens, the spirit with which she has striven to repair her losses, the fidelity with which she has redeemed all her obligations, and the honest efforts she is making to secure a stable government, have won for her the friendship of every European nation, except Germany. The GOLOSS article only confirms us in the opinion that if France were attacked by Germany to-morrow, not only would the triple alliance of the Emperors be scattered to the winds, but every power in Europe, with the exception of the Minor States, would spring to her assistance. Notwithstanding the personal relations of

her court with Germany, we would not do Britain the injustice to suspect that, in such an event, she would hedge herself behind her insular security, and look quietly on the perpetration of an international crime.

THE SITUATION IN SPAIN.

The failure of ALPHONSO XII, to better the condition of Spain is another example of the worthlessness of compromises based upon expediency and not upon principle. When this boy was summoned from the Hotel Basilewski to the Palace at Madrid, he had, of course, no personal consideration to sustain him and the only prop of his accession was the implied promise of a constitutional Monarchy, as against the unsuccessful Republic, on the one hand, and the absolutism represented by DON CARLOS, on the other. If his system of government had been really possessed of the strength of sincerity, there was nothing to prevent it rallying around itself all parties, except of course, the irreconcilable Radicals and the Descamisados. But the event has proved that the young King has not succeeded in conciliating even the members of the powerful Liberal Union, the Spanish Right Centre, standing midway between the Progresistas of the Left, and the Moderados of the Right. This party held a meeting, a few weeks ago, at which 365 ex-senators and ex-deputies met, but their deliberations came to naught from the want of a defined line of policy, based upon a corresponding programme on the part of the Crown. Preparations are indeed being made for elections to the Cortes, and a Royal decree has guaranteed the liberty of the press to the extent of a full discussion of all topics, with the sole exception of the theory of Monarchy; but the restoration of public confidence is making no progress, and the numerous parties into which the country is unhappily divided, are as far as ever from adopting a medium through which they could cooperate towards the support of the Throne. The anarchy is still further increased by the high-handed measures of the Ministry, such as the silencing of professors, the exile of prominent men without the formality of trial, the annulling of civil marriages, and the withdrawal of several other minor concessions which the government of CASTELAR had introduced.

A careful study of affairs in Spain points to the conclusion that the military must take precedence of the political question. There is room for belief that if the February campaign against the Carlists, which the presence of KING ALFONSO so happily animated, had been crowned with success, the Spanish problem would be in a fairer way of solution than it is at present. Marshal CONCHA had opened the way to victory and his death had only retarded, not checked, the onward march, and had he been succeeded by a General as energetic as himself, the Carlist war would be over by this time, and Spain would have turned her sole attention to the work of reconstruction. But DON CARLOS has been allowed to recover from the stunning blow dealt him at Bilbao, and he is now stronger than he has been at any time since that event. His bases of supplies have been re-established on a better footing, and early in June, he received a cargo of 2,000 Snider rifles, 400,000 cartridges and several tons of lead. There are, doubtless, numbers of skilful officers in the Alfonsist army, but political considerations regulate military appointments, and political dissensions prevent the Generals from working in harmony. The wonderful tenaciousness of the Carlist army, on the other hand, spite of the odds against it, is mainly due to its homogeneity of political sentiment.

So long as the war continues, there can be no hope for Spain. Political measures at the capital will be only miserably makeshifts. The fate of the Peninsula is in the army and this is so true, that, little as we sympathise with DON CARLOS, always reserving our admiration for his talent and his sincerity, we should

hardly begrudge his crowning at Madrid, if he could successfully cross the Ebro, risk a great battle, win it, and thus at one stroke put an end to this terrible contest which has been the curse of Spain for nearly a decade.

MENNONITE AND ICELANDIC IMMIGRATION.

We learn from a correspondent who has visited a party of Mennonites at Toronto, that six hundred of them, who came by one of the last steamers, are now on their way to Manitoba. These people had a great deal of money with them—some individuals having over twenty thousand dollars. This may be accepted as a proof that they are as remarkable for their thrift, as for the religious zeal which caused them to leave their old homes in South Russia to find new ones in Manitoba. They have come out responsive to the good accounts they have from their brethren who settled in that Province last summer; and we understand that cable messages have been received to the effect that two other parties, numbering nearly one thousand souls, are also now on the way to join them. And these are to be followed by others as soon as they can leave Russia. They make an immigration which is of the greatest value to the Dominion, as they are specially adapted to prairie settlement.

We further hear that the population of the Danish Colony of Iceland will probably emigrate *en masse*, and that the Government of the Dominion are now considering measures to induce those people to settle in Canada. The island of Iceland is in fact becoming unfit for European settlement; and particularly since the last great and disastrous volcanic irruption. It is understood that the Government of Denmark would not, in consequence, be averse to the whole population leaving it.

The Icelanders are a thrifty and industrious people, and they export considerable quantities of wool. It is believed they would be highly successful settlers on the rich land in Manitoba; and it is certainly worth a serious effort to obtain them. They number altogether, we believe about sixty thousand. We shall watch the action of the Government with interest.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIR WILLIAM LOGAN, LL, D, F. R. S., F. G. S.

The seething political strife incident to the rapid development of the art of government in young communities generally draws within its vortex the best talent of the people, so that in such communities the "great men" are to be looked for mainly in the rank of those who have won distinction in political life. There is, however, occasionally an exception to this general tendency. Sometimes a Colonist rises to distinction in Science, Literature, or Art, and spreads his own fame and that of his country amongst circles wherein the names of Colonial politicians are held as of trivial account. Though such men do not receive the popular plaudits in the same demonstrative fashion, yet they are held in no less esteem by their own people than are those who have won their spurs in the political arena. The unobtrusive nature of their studies or employments conceals them from the public gaze; it is only when the results are manifested that appreciation of their labours is awakened. Canada has produced a fair share of these patient and successful workers in the great laboratories of Science and Literature; and we this week present our readers with the portrait of one of the most eminent—Sir W. E. Logan, late Director of the Geological Survey of Canada—whose researches and discoveries have placed him in the front rank among the Geologists of the age, and made his name familiar and respected among men of Science throughout the world.

William Edmund Logan was born at Montreal in 1798. His grand-father, James Logan, was a U. E. loyalist, who migrated from the State of New York, and became the owner of the property now so familiarly known in Montreal as "Logan's farm." Our illustrious Geologist therefore belonged to the sturdy old British stock, whose settlement in Canada during the time of American Revolution did so much to perpetuate, among the Canadian people, a strong sentiment of loyalty to the Crown, the enthusiastic ardour of which not unfrequently surprises the matter-of-fact old world Briton. His education, commenced in Montreal, was completed at the University of Edinburgh. In 1818 he entered the employment of his uncle, Mr. Hart Logan, a London merchant, with whom he remained for about ten years. In 1829 he accepted the management of a Copper Smelting Work at Swansea,

Glamorganshire, in Wales, and at the same time superintended his uncle's interest in a neighbouring Coal Mine. His uncle dying in 1838, Mr. Logan resigned both trusts, and soon afterwards gave the world the benefit of those scientific researches in which, during his nine year's residence in South Wales, he had been actively engaged. In a paper printed in the *Canadian Journal* (1836) Mr. Sanford Fleming, C. E., says of Mr. Logan:—"At an early period he made a very valuable collection of the birds and insects common to Canada, included in which were many species previously unknown, which he subsequently presented to the Institution at Swansea, of which he was one of the founders."

It was during his residence in South Wales that he performed a work which had been declared by the first scientific men in Europe, to be "unrivaled in its time, and never surpassed since." This great work was his Geological Map and Sections of the Glamorganshire Coal Field, the minuteness and accuracy of which were such that when the Government Survey, under Sir Henry de la Beche, came to South Wales, not one single line drawn by Mr. Logan was found to be incorrect, and the whole was approved and published without alteration." Mr. Fleming also mentions that Mr. Logan's system in following out the details of the Coal Field was so much superior to any formerly in use, that it was adopted by the British Survey, and "Mr. Logan's Map may be said to be the model one of the whole collection." Mr. Logan, with characteristic devotion to Science, and forgetfulness of self, presented these fruits of his labours to the British Government without fee or remuneration. About this time Mr. Logan also contributed some interesting papers to the Geological Society on "Stigmairia beds," or "under clays" of the Coal Fields, which had come under his observation; and shortly afterwards he visited the coal fields of Pennsylvania and Nova Scotia, and gave the result of his observations in a paper read before the same Society. In 1842, appeared in the *Transactions of the Geological Society*, (Lond.) a paper from Mr. Logan "On the packing of the Ice in the River St. Lawrence: on a Landslip in the modern deposits of its Valley; and on the existence of Marine Shells in these deposits as well as upon the Mountain of Montreal." So deeply was Mr. George Stephenson impressed with the importance of Mr. Logan's remarks "On the packing of the Ice on the River St. Lawrence," that according to Mr. Sanford Fleming, he (Mr. Stephenson) was "materially guided thereby in reference to the construction of the great Victoria Bridge." It thus appears that nearly a generation since, Mr. Logan had reached a very high rank among men of Science.

In 1842, it having been resolved to institute a Geological Survey of the Province, and the Legislature having appropriated a sum of money for the purpose, Mr. Logan was recommended by the most eminent Geologists of Great Britain for the Directorship; and the late Earl Derby (then Colonial Secretary) applied to him to accept the office. Mr. Logan then came to Canada, and after making the necessary preliminary arrangements with the Government, returned again to Britain to complete his preparations for entering on the work. The following year, 1843, having completed his staff, he commenced the systematic prosecution of these Surveys which have since been uninterruptedly maintained up to the present time, to the advancement of Geological Science and the great benefit of Canada.

The great importance of this Survey, and the significance of the results of Mr. Logan's investigations are too well appreciated to require further remark here than to say that the highest authorities have spoken of both in terms of unqualified praise. His "Geology of Canada," embracing the results of all explorations between 1858 and 1863, and the "Atlas and Maps to accompany the same" have been the subjects of much flattering comment in scientific circles. In acknowledging copies thereof, Sir Roderick Murchison, in a letter to the Hon. Mr. McDougall, then Provincial Secretary, said:—"In thanking the Government of Canada for this mark of their consideration, I must assure you that these works are of the highest importance in the advancement of Geological Science, as well as of Physical Geography, and that in a new edition of my work "Siluria," which is in the press, I shall endeavour to render full justice to their merits." The *London Saturday Review* speaking of the same work says:—"No other Colonial Survey has ever yet assumed the same truly national character, and the day may come—if ever the Imperial Colony shall claim and attain independence—when the scientific public of a great nation, looking back upon the earlier dawnings of science in their land, shall regard the name of Logan, a native born, with the same affectionate interest with which English geologists now regard the names of our great geological map-makers, William Smith, and De la Beche."

Mr. Logan was appointed a Commissioner to the Great World's Fair, or first International Industrial Exhibition, held at London in 1851, and exhibited as much skill and judgment in the display of the Canadian Geological Specimens, as he had previously evinced scientific knowledge and indefatigable zeal in their collection and classification. He also served as a juror, and accompanying the medal awarded to him for his services in that capacity, he received a flattering letter from the late Prince Consort, the President of the Royal Commission. The wealth of minerals displayed by Canada at this Exhibition excited much attention, and with the Canadian success achieved in other departments, did much to disseminate correct ideas as to the magnitude

and diversity of the resources of the country. In 1855 Mr. Logan attended the Paris Exposition, in the same capacity as at London, four years before, and was again appointed a juror. It is needless to add that there he was equally successful. The Imperial Commission awarded him the grand gold medal of honour, and from the Emperor he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour. He was also elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1856 Her Majesty was pleased to confer upon him the dignity of Knighthood, in consideration of his eminent services to Science. The Geological Society, of which he had for many years been a Fellow, also awarded him the Wollaston Palladium medal. The Canadian Institute of Toronto and the citizens of Montreal marked their appreciation of these well-won distinctions by presenting Sir William with congratulatory addresses, on his return to his native country. The Institute, of which he had been the first President, had his portrait painted and hung up in its hall; and his fellow-townsmen of this city accompanied their address with a handsome testimonial. In 1862 he again represented Canada at the London Exhibition, and, as formerly, was one of the Jurors on the class devoted to minerals, &c.

During the twenty-seven years in which Sir William Logan directed the Geological Survey of Canada, it may be truly said that the value of his labours, and the importance of the undertaking on which he was engaged, have steadily grown in the estimation of the Canadian people. Slowly, but no less surely, the increasing liberality of the Legislature in its appropriations towards the Survey, marked the growth of the public appreciation of the advantages to accrue from it. Though a steady drain, even if a small one, on the public chest without returning any immediately tangible result, it never was made the bone of party contention; and the fact is sufficiently significant to deserve notice when it is remembered that other enterprises, no less truly Provincial, and in themselves quite as non-political, have been made the sport of party, and those charged with their management, the recipients of no little share of abuse. Perhaps this immunity from attack has arisen as much from the gentle unobtrusive character of the man, as from an early appreciation of his great scientific attainments. Be the cause what it may, the fact remains that Sir William Logan was ever held in the highest esteem by all classes; and when it was known that he had resigned his position as Director of the Geological Survey, the announcement was received with universal regret.

We are indebted to Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis* for the extracts above quoted, and to it and Fenning's Taylor's *Biographical Sketches*, for the particulars of Sir William Logan's career. His portrait is from a photograph—quite recently taken—by Notman.

CAMP SKETCHES AT NIAGARA.

The view of the camp is taken from the roof of "Butler's Barracks," (shown in second sketch) immediately in front of which are seen the Hamilton and Welland Batteries. In the foreground to the left, are seen the 77th and 44th Battalions, then in succession follow the 39th, 38th, 20th and 19th. The 13th—Queens own—and Cavalry Brigades on the extreme right in the distance. The buildings, &c., in the second sketch, are all designated underneath. All the buildings shewn in these sketches are of historical interest having been used for the same purposes in the war of 1812 as at present. "Butler's Barracks," is so called from having been occupied by the celebrated "Butler's Rangers." Fort Mississauga was built at the beginning of the first war, and was at one time occupied by Gen. Brock, as also Brant and his Indians. At this Fort is situated the magazine in which is stored all the ammunition used during camp, over which a guard is constantly placed. Bullet marks and other evidences of the war may still be seen on the Fort and outbuildings. The last sketch is one taken in St. Marks (Church of England) Burying ground, Niagara. Six graves only are shown in the sketch, the one to the left being filled in and made to retain the form of the others, but without any head mark, as no one is buried there. The disaster occurred a little over a year ago, a short distance from the mouth of the Niagara River, when the yacht "Foam" bound from Toronto to Niagara was overtaken by a storm and swamped, the seven whose graves are shewn being drowned, but the body of the younger Anderson was obliged to be interred where it was washed ashore about seventeen miles from the river, on the American shore. A handsome monument is shortly to be erected by the friends of the deceased.

GREAT FIRE AT BARRIE.

A fire broke out at Barrie, about half-past two on the morning of the 18th ult., in the outbuildings adjoining J. Wood's drug store. The flames spread rapidly, and in every short time the whole south half of the wooden block between Claperton, Dunlop, and Owen streets was in flames. The absence of wind alone saved the town from total destruction. Shortly after three o'clock a slight breeze arose which was very changeable, veering from west to east, then to north-west, but it was so light that it had but a slight effect on the fire. At one time it was believed that the brick block was safe, but owing to the McCarthy block having mansard roofs it ignited, and five three-story brick buildings fell a prey to the flames, the other twelve buildings in the block escaping with slight damage. Soon the burnt-out merchants were hunting up vacant stores and buildings to store their goods in and start again

their interrupted business, and now the business of the town, which was concentrated in the burnt block, is scattered widely. It will be years before Barrie recovers from the effects of this disastrous fire.

BURNING OF THE REFORM TREE.

On the 2nd of June, took place, in Hyde Park, a meeting of London cabinet-makers. More than sixty societies were assembled, each bearing its banner covered with emblems and inscriptions. One of these banners, from the West End, bore two arms laden with chains and this device: "Injured but not dead; we bide our time." About 200,000 persons were present. For several months past, the cabinet-makers have been on strike. Five workmen had prevented some of their comrades from entering the employ of Jackson and Graham. On their being sentenced for this to a month of gaol there was great indignation among the rest, and when set at liberty, they were hoisted into a carriage, the societies assembled, and the procession moved amid cries and vociferations to Hyde Park. There incendiary speeches were made. Small boys climbed into the trees, among them the historic tree planted in 1832, to commemorate the Parliamentary Reform of that year. In the course of the evening, they set fire to the tree and destroyed it.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DYDE.

We publish, to-day, the portrait of Lieut.-Colonel Dyde, of this city, on the occasion of his promotion to the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The distinction was well deserved, and the friends of the venerable Colonel, throughout the country, are rejoiced that it has been conferred. Owing to the long life, great services, and varied experiences of Colonel Dyde, we purpose, in our next issue, publishing an extended memoir of him.

A STANDING JOKE.

It is now above five months since the Hon. Adam Crooks, Treasurer of the Province of Ontario, lost his seat in the Legislative Assembly. His remaining in office without the sanction of a Parliamentary constituency, has been the subject of continued onslaughts from his adversaries, and of not a little animadversion from the more independent of his party organs. For us it forms the occasion of a comic cartoon which we publish to-day, on our first page. The dialogue there copied gives one view of the situation. The following gives another:—

Two Toronto friends—a Grit and a Tory—were discussing politics, and gradually fell to canvassing the merits of prominent men.

"Do you know? I rather like Crooks," said the Tory.

"Yes. He is an able man, a brilliant disciple of Euclid."

"No. He is a disciple of Aristotle."

"How so?"

"He is a peripatetic!"

THE INTERDICT.

The striking picture of Laurens transports us to the Middle Ages. The interdict was an excommunication launched against a kingdom or a city. The churches are closed, Christian burial is refused, the people are deprived of the Sabbath rites. The picture represents the portal of a church. The door is blocked with trees and branches over which floats the funeral pall. On the right, the wicket opening into the church yard is closed and the crowning cross is craped. On the ground lie two unburied corpses—a man whose face and limbs are shrouded, and a young girl with face uncovered and flowers strewn about her. There must they wait till the interdict is raised, the church door opened and the grave consecrated. It is a scene of terrible desolation.

SALVATOR, WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIX.

The French Derby was won this year by a French horse, Salvator, and the triumph was a signal one, as all the English entries were distanced, and particularly the celebrated Camballo thoroughly beaten.

HUMOUROUS.

No man can become thoroughly acquainted with his family history without running for office.

MRS. PARTINGTON says that on Christmas Day she allows Ike to "fill himself to his utmost capacity."

An old Grecian philosopher advises all men to "know themselves." That's advising a good many to form very low and disreputable acquaintances.

A MAN in New York, after spending half the day in thawing his water pipes, discovered the water was cut off for non-payment of rates.

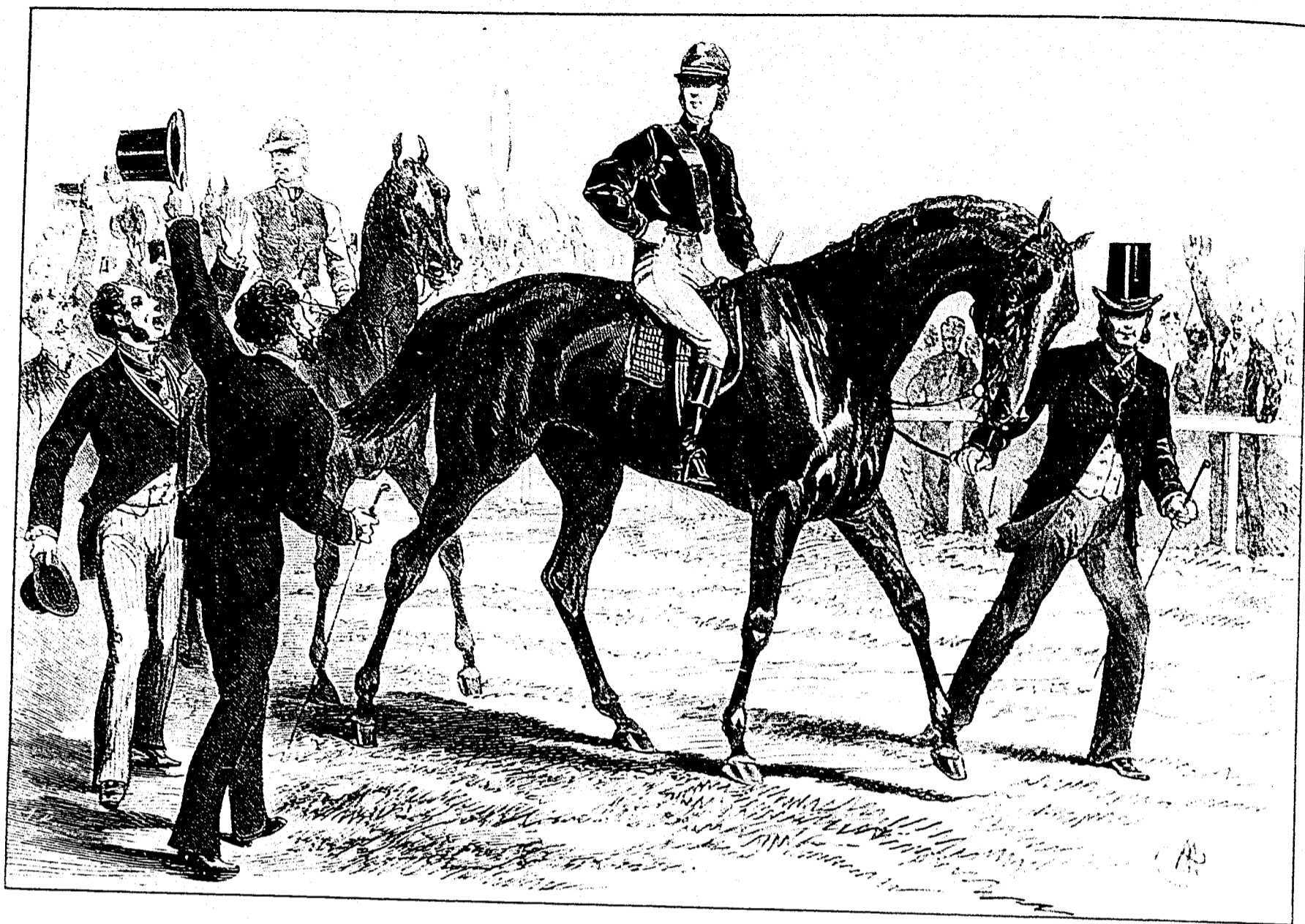
A JUDGE has recently defined "Esquire," as a term which "includes anybody who has nothing to do and is outside of the workhouse."

THE Florentine version of the McCloskey hat ceremony is the best. The *Epoca* said: Gen. Grant will with his own hands place the beretta on Mokloky's head."

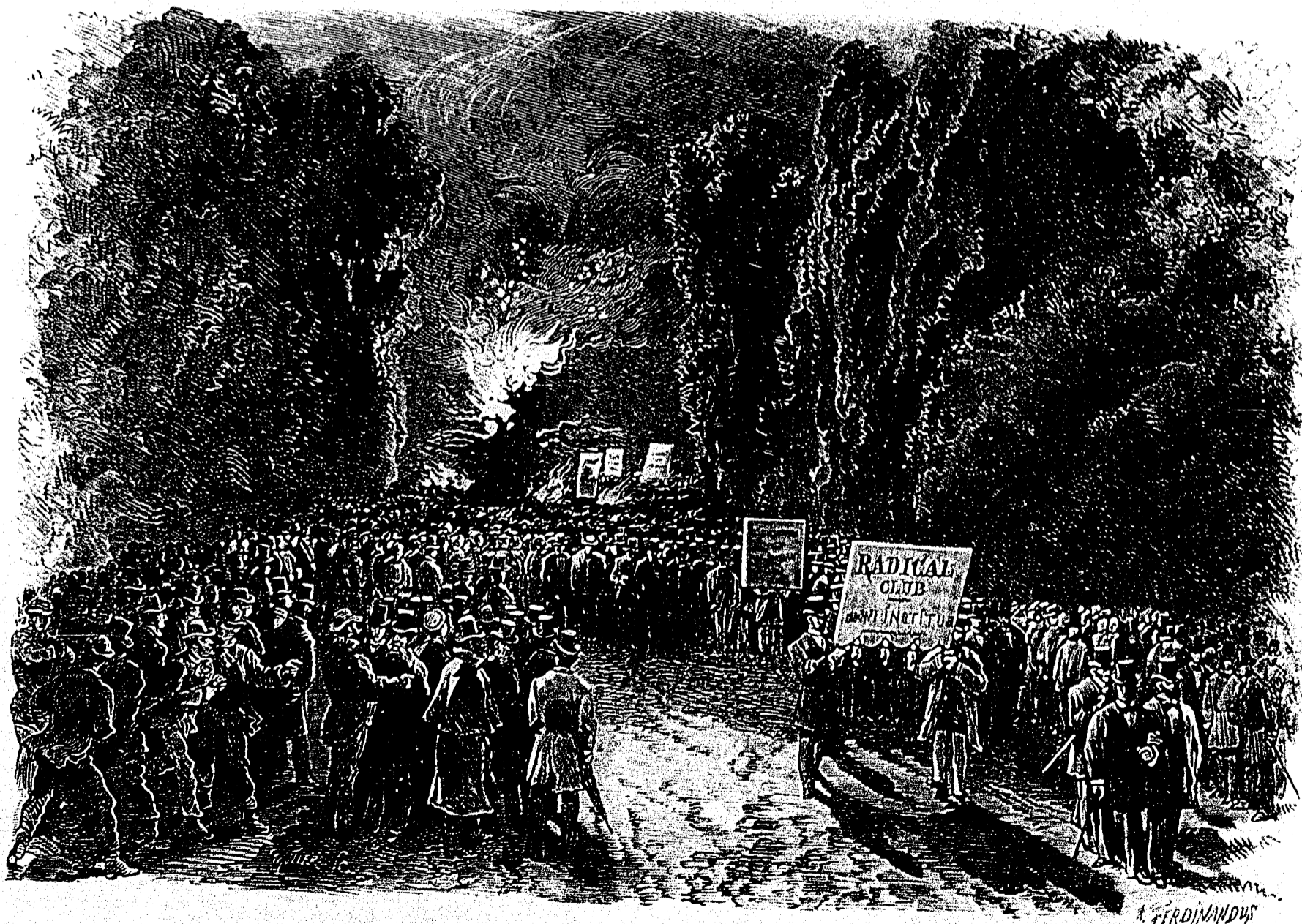
"WILL you have a small piece of the light meat or a small piece of the dark?" asked Bob's uncle, as he carved the turkey at dinner. "I will take a large piece of both," answered Bob.

YET another warning. Joseph Bates, of Vermont, falls dead while carrying in an armful of wood. Show this paragraph to your wife. Nay, cut it out and pin it to the woodshed door.

THEY have a good joke on a "Professor of Ventilation" down East, who being put in a room at an hotel with another guest, asked the latter to raise a window, at night, as the air was so close. "I can't raise it," said the guest, after working at the window a while—"Then knock a pane of glass out!" said the professor. He got up himself and knocked out another pane, and then was able to sleep; but in the morning he discovered that they had only broken into a book-case.



SALVATOR, WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS



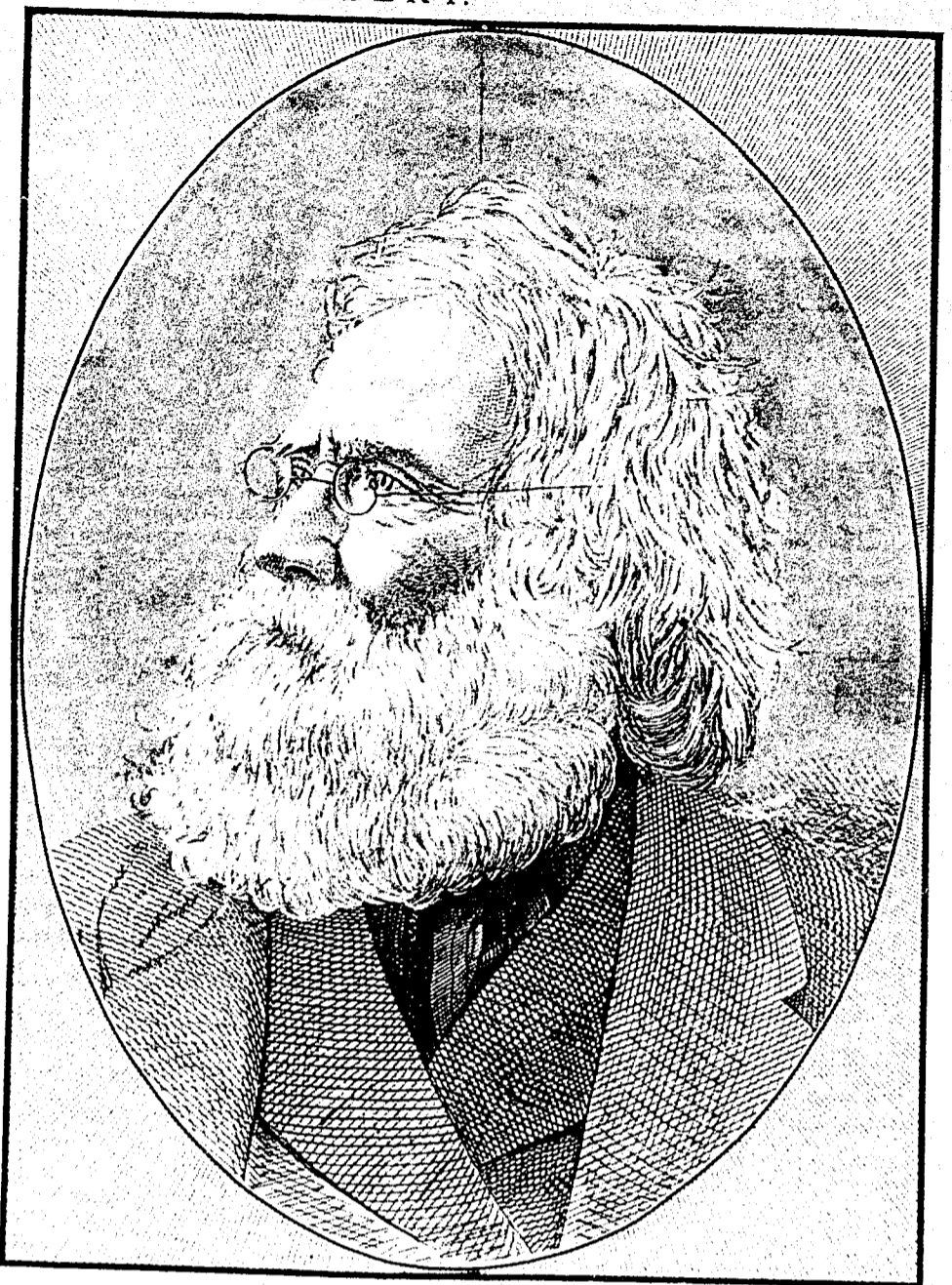
MEETING OF CABINETMAKERS IN HYDE PARK, LONDON; BURNING OF THE REFORM TREE

A. FERDINANDUS

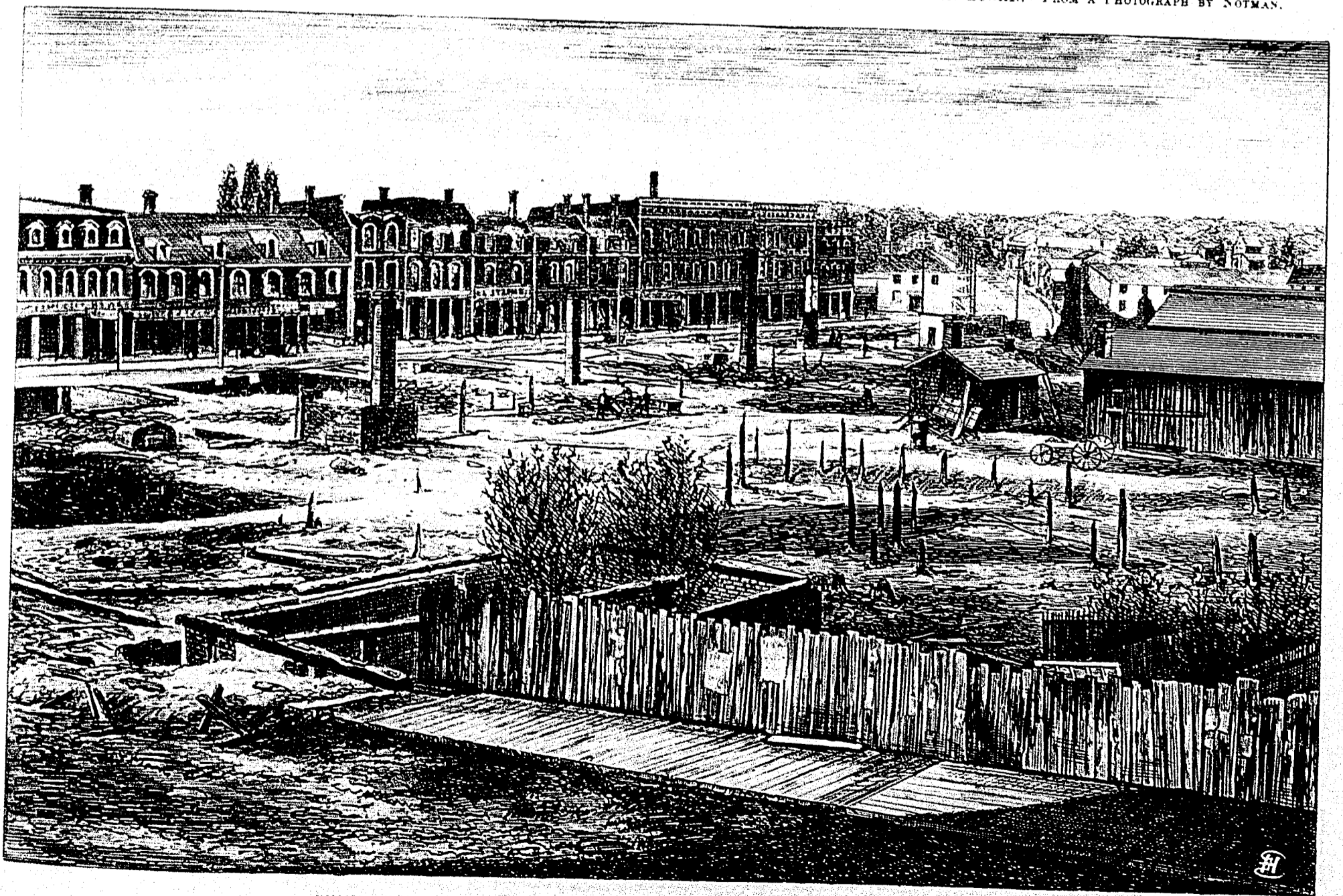
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 246.—LT. COL. DYDE, C. M. G.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



No. 247.—THE LATE SIR WM. LOGAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



RUINS OF THE RECENT FIRE AT BARRIE, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN STEPHENS.

THE SHIP OF SOLOMON.

By Arizona's sea of sand
Some bearded miners gray and old,
And resolute in search of gold,
Sat down to tap the savage land.
They tented in a canyon's mouth
That gaped against the warm wide south,
And underneath a wave-washed wall,
Where now nor rains nor winds may fall,
They delved the level salt-white sands
For gold, with bold and horny hands.

A miner stood beside his mine,
He pulled his beard, then looked away
Across the level sea of sand,
Beneath his broad and hairy hand,
A hand as hard as knots of pine.
"It looks so like a sea," said he,
He pulled his beard and he did say,
"It looks just like a dried-up sea."
Again he pulled that beard of his,
But said no other thing than this.

A stalwart miner dealt a stroke,
And struck a buried beam of oak;
An old ship's beam the shaft appeared,
With storm-worm faded figurehead.
The miner twisted his long beard,
Leaned on his pick-axe as he spoke;
"Tis from some long-lost ship," he said,
"Some laden ship of Solomon
That sailed these lonesome seas upon
In search of Ophir's mine; ah! me,
That sailed the dried-up desert sea."
JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE COLONEL'S WIFE.

When we first heard that the Colonel was to bring home a wife when he returned from leave, we all entirely disbelieved the rumour.

The idea that Colonel Carlton would ever marry seemed utterly absurd; we had all settled that years ago; and, indeed, in every respect he appeared the most confirmed old bachelor imaginable.

When my husband first joined the regiment, years before the time I am speaking of, Colonel, then Major Carlton, used sometimes to be made the object of attack by some match-making mother or mature damsel; but even these had desisted long since; and at length it seemed to be a recognized fact, that nothing would ever induce him to change his condition. His extreme unsociability, even with his own brother officers, and the great dislike he evinced to ladies' society, strengthened us in this opinion; so that, when one morning we saw the rumour confirmed by the announcement of his marriage in the paper, it created quite a little stir among us; and when my husband read it out to me at breakfast: "On the 28th inst., at St. Jude's, Parkhill, Surrey, Colonel Thomas Carlton, to Mabel, youngest daughter of John Percy, Esq.," I confess that I put down my cup in quite a little flutter of excitement and curiosity. "So it is true, after all," said my husband. "I'm not easily surprised, but I must own this does astonish me. I did not think any woman living could have caught Carlton."

"Caught?" retorted I, rather indignantly; "how do you know she caught him? I am sure I pity her, poor thing, whoever she is; his fussy, fidgety ways would drive me distracted in a month."

"Ah! yes, but then you've been spoiled, old lady, by having caught me."

"By having caught a goose," I replied. "But seriously, George, dear, I wonder what sort of woman could have been induced to marry such an old fossil as Colonel Carlton? You must confess it's not likely to be an enviable fate."

"Oh! I suppose he's found some middle-aged woman with money. By-the-way, Mary, you'll be deposed from your position as senior lady. I hope, for your sake, she'll be pleasant, and not take the entire management of your schools and old women out of your hands." And so saying, my lord and master betook himself to parade.

As I went about my usual household occupations that morning, my thoughts would continually wander away to Colonel Carlton's new wife. It was a matter of some importance to me that she should be nice and pleasant. The Colonel having been so long a bachelor, I, in virtue of my husband's position as senior major, had had all arrangements for the comfort of the women and children vested in my hands; and I was conscious of a slight thrill of vexation, as I reflected that I might have to give all this up to a woman quite unacquainted with the troubles and worries which beset the soldier's wife, and with which I had been familiar for the last fifteen years.

I had my own pet theories, too, about the schools, and one or two clothing-clubs I had established; and I knew I could not bear to see them upset without a pang. Of course, it did not follow that they would be upset; but thinking it probable that a middle-aged woman, such as the Colonel's wife would surely be, would very likely have theories of her own also, I tried to prepare myself to surrender the reins of government with a good grace. I did not think I should mind it so much, if I saw her tender and pitiful to my poor women; but should she be (oh! horror) a strong-minded woman, full of wise sayings and good advice, I felt as if I should be obliged to rebel against her authority.

Going out in the course of the day, I met Captain Davis's wife, a nice, bright, merry little Irish woman, who seemed to have friends everywhere, and to know something of every one. Of course we spoke of the Colonel's marriage.

"I know something of some Percys in Surrey," said the little woman, "neighbours of some friends of mine; but Mr. Percy is a briefless barrister, who has never done any good either for himself or anybody else, and has a large family. I remember hearing of him when I was there, but I never saw him. I do not fancy he

was over respectable," continued she, confidentially; "but, of course, Colonel Carlton would be the last man to marry into a family of that sort; besides which, Mr. Percy's youngest daughter is scarcely twenty, so, of course, they can't be the people. Colonel Carlton would never make such a goose of himself at his time of life as to marry a girl," concluded she, disrespectfully.

"My dear," I said, oracularly; "no man is ever too old to make a goose of himself; though I must confess that I do not expect to find Mrs. Carlton much under forty."

"Well, whether she's twenty or forty, I've no doubt she will live quite long enough to repent her marriage," Mrs. Davis says, with a little laugh. "I do not think the saying about an old man's darling is likely to hold good in this case—do you?"

"Hardly," replied I, smiling; for, truth to tell, the idea of Colonel Carlton ever getting anything living, whether wife, child, or dog, seemed absurd. He certainly was, as the young officers used to say of him, "as hard as nails!" "However, Mrs. Davis, let us hope for the best," I say, with a twinge of remorse, for it seemed unkind to settle the poor woman's fate off-hand as we have been doing; "perhaps, a good sensible middle-aged wife may humanise the Colonel a little."

"Ah! I wish he'd retire, and let your husband take command, for you'd be the dearest Colonel's wife in the world," observes the affectionate little soul, to whom I had once been able to render a slight service.

"Hush!" I say, for she is giving voice to some ambitious thoughts which have been worrying me all the morning; "Colonel Carlton is a good officer, and would be a loss to the regiment; and, Pussie, dear, (my pet name for my little friend) let us all welcome her cordially among us: remember it is a trying position for any woman to occupy just at first."

Pussie gives me an impetuous hug as we part in my garden, under the shade of a friendly Hawthorn. "I will be sure to be very good to her, if it's only to please you," is her parting salutation.

For a couple of months we heard no more of the Colonel and his bride, and had almost given up talking of them, when one morning my husband, coming in from parade, said to me, "Well, Mary, your curiosity will be gratified at last. The Carltons are back."

"Is his leave up already? dear me! I am sorry," said I, thinking of my schools. "However, it can't be helped. Have you seen her? What is she like? Where are they staying? and when do you think we had better call?"

"One question at a time, my dear. They are staying at the Royal, and I really think it would be only kind if you call at once. As she is quite a stranger, you might be of some use to her."

"We will call this afternoon," I decide promptly. "But have you seen her? Now do not be provoking, but tell me the truth."

"No, I've not seen her."

"Has any one?"

"Yes. Smith came down from town by the same train."

"And what is she like?"

"My dear child, I really did not ask."

And he really had not. A want of curiosity, for which I did not forgive him for at least ten minutes.

However, we agreed that we would call in the afternoon; and I was so impatient to start, that I was ready full half an hour before the time, and had to wait for my husband, who did not come in until my patience was nearly exhausted.

However, in due time, we arrived at the Royal. Mrs. Carlton was at home, the waiter said, but the Colonel had just gone out; would we walk upstairs. We followed him upstairs and into the room, and—I was struck speechless with surprise! There rose out of the depths of a luxurious armchair, a lovely child. A fairy-like creature, with bright auburn hair and large beseeching blue eyes, a tender, half-tremulous smile lurking round her lips, as though she were imploring you to love her, and my heart went out to her at once; and since the moment I first clasped her hand in mine that afternoon we have been firm friends.

Of course, on that occasion I did not learn much of her beyond her youth and extreme loveliness. She was gentle and quiet in manner; self-possessed beyond her years; and, in spite of her childlike appearance, seemed quite at home and at ease in her new position.

The impression she made on every one in the regiment was decidedly favourable; although, of course, the comments on Colonel Carlton's folly in marrying so young a girl were numerous. Nevertheless, the men were all vanquished by her beauty, and the women—in spite of it. She never interfered with anybody; my schools and poor women were left entirely in my hands as before; and, though she was invariably gentle and courteous to all who approached her, she never made a favourite, and consequently (as those know who have ever been one of a little world like ours) never an enemy. The only approach to an intimacy which she made was with myself. She would drop in occasionally for an hour's chat; and was invariably a pleasant companion, talking on all subjects with a more than average amount of intelligence; but the talk never dropped into a confidential strain. She never mentioned her husband, or alluded to her girlhood; nor did she manifest a hearty interest in the arrangements of her new home, as a young wife should. It pained me to see her so apparently indifferent to everything; but once, when I tried to draw her on to speak of her girl-

ish days, she answered with so much constraint, and the subject was evidently so distasteful to her, that I left it at once, and, indeed, she did not come near me for fully ten days afterwards. Colonel Carlton remained as unsocial as ever, never taking his wife anywhere unless absolutely obliged, and never by any chance asking any one inside his doors.

It was a dull life for her, poor young thing! and the Colonel but a dull companion; but if she found it so we never knew—the gentle, placid manner never varied. Whether the Colonel married her for love or for money we did not know either. His manner to her was kind, certainly; but he scarcely ever noticed her, left her a great deal alone, and, in fact, departed from his bachelor habits as little as he possibly could.

One thing about her pleased me much. Although she was so young, so much alone, and so lovely, she never gave any of the gossips of the regiment a chance of meddling with her name. All the admiration she excited, and it was much, she received with the same quiet indifference which she manifested about everything; and her would-be admirers were speedily made aware that their attentions bored her.

The Carltons had been married rather more than a year, during which time I had seen a good deal of Mrs. Carlton, and, though we were not exactly intimate, we were on very neighbourly terms, when one day George came in with the news that we were to have a new arrival in the regiment. Captain Smith had effected an exchange with a Captain Trenham, who did not wish to return to Bermuda, where his regiment was then quartered.

"A very nice fellow he is, they say," observed my husband. "And he must be well off, too; for he has given Smith a large sum for the exchange."

"It's dear at any money," I cannot help saying; for I had been in Bermuda with our regiment, and remember with a shudder its heat, oily calms, mosquitoes, and cockroaches.

"So it is," acquiesced my husband, with an expressive shrug; "but needs must, you know, when somebody drives. And I fancy Smith has rather outrun the constable."

A few days after this, the band had been playing on the parade, and one or two friends had come in with me, after it was over, to enjoy that favourite dissipation of our sex, "an afternoon tea," when George walked in, followed by a tall stranger, whom he introduced to me as Captain Trenham.

In the uncertain light of a waning autumnal afternoon I could not see him very distinctly; but the voice in which he answered my greeting was pleasant and manly, and seemed to belong naturally to his tall, athletic figure.

"Let me introduce you to your new Colonel's wife," I said, after shaking hands with him. "Captain Trenham—Mrs. Carlton."

Mabel inclined her head slightly, without speaking, and with even more than her usual coldness; but in so doing the light from the fire fell full on her beautiful face.

Captain Trenham started. "Is it possible that I see Miss Percy?" he said, in a low, eager voice.

Mabel Carlton did not reply, so I answered for her. "Miss Percy once—now Mrs. Carlton. I had no idea you were old acquaintance."

"I can scarcely aspire to the honour of being called an acquaintance of Mrs. Carlton," said Captain Trenham, with a slight tinge of sarcasm in his tone.

"No, oh no!" said Mrs. Carlton, hastily. "We knew each other slightly years ago—yes, years ago," she repeated dreamily.

"Very slightly," echoed Captain Trenham, emphatically; and, crossing the room, began talking "shop" to my husband.

I looked from one to the other. What could it mean, I wondered! But Mabel had relapsed into her usual placidity, and was talking quietly with Mrs. Bruce (the other major's wife, and mother of ten children); and Captain Trenham seemed completely to have forgotten her existence. Still I felt as if a little drama had been played before my eyes, to which I had not the key; and I went and sat down by Mabel, in a little flutter of protecting fondness, for which I was at a loss to account. As I laid my hand gently on hers, she turned and looked at me, and I saw that she was very pale.

"Are you not well?" I whispered.

"Quite well," answered she steadily; "but I am tired, and would like to go home."

"So you shall, dear. George, will you see Mrs. Carlton to her gate?" (The Carltons had taken a pleasant house at the bottom of that shady lane which leads into our road.) "It is rather late for her to go alone."

"Certainly, my dear, certainly. Just one moment, Mrs. Carlton, while I get my hat."

Captain Trenham hesitated for half a second, and then stepping forward, said:

"If you will permit me, Major, I am going Mrs. Carlton's way, and shall be happy to see her home, if she will allow me."

Mabel raised her eyes, and looked at him steadfastly for a moment, and then, bowing her head, she laid her hand on his arm, and they two went out into the darkness together.

On going round the next morning to see whether Mrs. Carlton had recovered from the fatigue she had complained of, I was surprised to find her looking more animated, and brighter than I had ever seen her.

"You look like a rosebud this morning," I said, admiringly, as I kissed her. "I need not ask if you have got over your fatigue."

"Oh, I was only a wee bit tired," said she. "I was all right again after a rest."

"I hope Captain Trenham proved an agreeable escort. He seems nice, and George thinks he will be quite an acquisition," observed I. "It will be a novelty to have a rich man in the regiment. They say he has brought down three horses with him."

"Has he?" said she. "He was very, very poor at the time I knew him."

"When was that?" asked I.

"Oh, a long time ago. Mary," said she, abruptly changing the subject, "how is it you are always so happy and contented? I always quote you as the happiest woman I know."

"So I am, very happy indeed. But do not fall into the common error, dear, of thinking your own trouble worse than anybody else's. We all know best where our own shoes pinch; and I have had my troubles, like the rest of the world," said I, thinking of youthful struggles with poverty, and, alas! of an empty cradle, a wee voice hushed for ever, and toddling footsteps whose echo was always in my ears.

"But they are far back in the past now," said she, caressingly; "and your husband loves you so, and is so proud of you, that I should think you wanted nothing else. Was he your first love, Mary?"

"Indeed he was," answered I, a tear standing in my eyes at the recollection. "He was but a poor lieutenant when we married; and we had a hard struggle for it, until a rich uncle died and left him his fortune. We did not begin at the top of the tree, as you have done, little lady."

Mabel froze immediately, as she always did at the slightest allusion to her marriage, and began speaking of something else directly. I felt hurt at her manner; but melted at once when, on wishing me "Good-bye," she said, "I do love you, Mary. Do not—do not be vexed with me; you are the only friend I have," looking at me at the same time wistfully out of her star-like eyes.

We kissed each other tenderly, as we women do; and I promised myself that, if she ever needed a friend, I would be one in deed as well as in name.

At the garden-gate I met Colonel Carlton. We were passing each other with rather a formal greeting (for I confess that the Colonel was no great favourite of mine), when he turned back, as if moved by a sudden impulse.

"I am obliged to you for your kindness to my wife, Mrs. Maclean. She appreciates your friendship greatly, and I am much indebted to you," said the Colonel, in his rather pompous manner; and then, as if fearing to await my answer, he raised his hat hastily, and disappeared into the house.

Somehow after that my mind was set at rest as to whether Colonel Carlton cared for his young wife. I seemed to know that in his own way he loved her, and would make her happy if he only knew how. But, poor man! he who had been so long a bachelor how should he understand?

(To be continued in our next.)

DOMESTIC.

RAW TOMATOES.—Select fine ripens ones and put them on ice; when cold slice, use vinegar, pepper and salt to taste.

SALAD SAUCE.—Yolks of two hard-boiled eggs; a teaspoonful of sweet oil; tablespoonful of strong vinegar; a teaspoonful of mustard; salt and pepper to taste; a tablespoonful of white sugar—mix all together.

CORN BREAD.—Sour milk, a quart; two eggs; soda, two tea-spoonfuls; molasses, four tablespoonfuls; salt; meal.

Into the milk mix the meal and molasses to a thin batter, beat the eggs, dissolve the soda in water, add a little salt, stir all into thin batter, bake it in pans, in a hot oven.

POULET A L'ALLEMANDE.—Stew a chicken in some white stock till tender, divide it into joints as for fricassé. Arrange these in a dish, pile them well up in the centre, pour the following sauce over, and let it stand till quite cold and firm; then garnish with aspic jelly, cocks combs, and a few sprigs of chervil.

LOIN OF MUTTON TO EAT LIKE VENISON.—Bone a large and fat loin of mutton, take off the fat, and put the bones and mutton into a stew pan with an onion, a sprig of thyme and parsley, and a little whole pepper and salt; add a pint of port wine, cover the pan close, and set it over a very slow fire to stew. Then skim off the fat from the gravy, and serve it very hot with a sweet sauce in a tureen.

MEAT JELLY.—Cut some dressed meat (beef or mutton) into slices smaller than for hash; season them with salt and pepper. Dissolve a 6d. packet of gelatine in one pint of good clear stock; arrange the slices of meat in a mould with slices of hard-boiled eggs, fill up the mould with the stock, and put it into the oven for half an hour. Let it stand till quite cold, turn it out, and garnish with watercress.

ROMAN PUDDING.—Butter a basin and line it with boiled macaroni, round like a beehive; have ready veal, ham, tongue, chicken, or cold game, all cut very finely; 1oz. of Parmesan cheese, and a little nutmeg, pepper, salt, lemon peel, and cayenne, two eggs, and a cupful of cream; mix all together, and fill your basin; boil for half an hour. When cold turn it out and glaze it. N.B. It may be eaten hot; then serve it with good rich gravy.

SAUCE A L'ALLEMANDE.—Put one pint of clear white stock into a stewpan with a few slices of mushrooms, previously tossed in lemon juice; reduce to three-quarters of a pint, remove from the fire and stir into it the yolks of four or five eggs and half pint of cream (or milk thickened with potato flour), add some grated nutmeg, pepper, and salt, and a little lemon juice. Stir it over the fire for a few minutes, strain, and it is ready for use.

SAUCE MAYONNAISE.—Carefully strain the yolks of four eggs into a basin; place it in a cool place, or, if necessary, on ice; add a teaspoonful of salt, mix well; then proceed to pour in, a few drops at a time, some salad oil, without ceasing to stir the mixture. When one spoonful of oil is well incorporated with the yolks of eggs, put in, in the same manner, a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar; keep on adding oil and vinegar in these proportions until you get a sauce the consistency of very thick cream; then add white pepper to taste, and more salt if necessary.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE home circle.—Walking around with the baby at night.

A YANKEE widow refused an offer of marriage because she did not know what to do with her first wedding ring.

"I DON'T think, husband, that you are very smart."—"No, indeed, wife, but everybody knows that I am awfully *shrewed*."

SIX Milwaukee women, with babies, met the other day and agreed to vote which was the handsomest infant. Each child got one vote.

How a woman can keep on talking while she twists up her back hair and has her mouth full of hairpins is a mystery not yet explained.

THE old lady who believes every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friends a judgment, is not yet dead.

"No," said Mrs. Podgers, very positively, "if I go into the country, Mr. Podgers goes with me. This city ain't no safe place to leave a man alone in."

WHEN two loving hearts are torn asunder, it is a shade better to be the one that is driven away into action, than the bereaved twin that petrifies at home.

A NEWARK girl hastened the departure of a lingering gentleman caller the other evening by remarking as she looked out of the window: "I think we shall have a beautiful sunrise."

MME. BRES, of Paris, has been appointed physician to the Sultan's harem at Constantinople. She recently read a thesis before the Faculty of Medicine and obtained a doctor's degree.

It is the sagacious remark of a keen observer that you can generally tell a newly married couple at the dinner table, by the indignation of the groom when a fly alights on the bride's butter.

A LADY having been ordered by her physician to a warmer climate, her husband remarked, that if there was a warmer climate than he had been living in since his marriage, he was not aware of it.

WHEN a boy falls and peels the skin off his nose, the first thing he does is to get up and yell. When a girl tumbles and hurts herself badly, the first thing she does is to get up and look at her dress.

QUIN, the actor, being asked by a lady, why there were more women in the world than men, replied, "It is in conformity with the other arrangements of nature—we always see more of heaven than of earth."

WHEN a mother cuts her son's hair with such nice precision and artistic neatness that a boy is ashamed to take off his hat when he goes to bed, it is about time our domestic institutions were overhauled and remodelled.

"WRITE me while I am away," said Jones to Mrs. Jones, after an affectionate good-bye. "Traitorous man!" meditated the lady. "Not one letter does he get! He wants to sell them to one of those Western papers."

"You would be very pretty indeed," said a gentleman patronisingly to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger."—"My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you do not fill them!"

A VERY polite young man wishing to ask a young lady if he might speak to her a few moments, wanted to know "if he could roll the wheel of conversation around the axle tree of her understanding for a moment." The poor girl fainted.

A FUSSY and over-particular young lady was having her photograph taken, and just as the operator had got her down to the "perfectly still" business, she suddenly threw up her arms and exclaimed: "There, I forgot to put my bustle on!"

PRETTY Sally Softeyes brought the man she loved to the "popping" point by saying to him, while gleams of lovelight shot from her half-shut eyes, "I have had two offers of marriage. The first did not please me, and as for the second, I—I have a regard for odd numbers."

"MARY, why did you kiss your hand to the gentleman opposite, this morning?" said a careful mother to her blooming daughter. "Why, the gentleman had the impudence to throw a kiss clear across the street, and, of course, I threw it back indignantly! You would not have me encourage him by keeping it, would you?"

A PARIS correspondent writes, in speaking of the Bois de Boulogne: One lady who always dresses very elegantly, and whose equipage is as elegant as her attire, always sits with her eyes shut while she drives. Whether she is asleep or only shamming to attract is hard to decide. She is apparently about forty years old, and, from the unhealthy pallor of her complexion and the seeming state of stupor in which she is usually seen, I should take her to be an opium-eater.

HERE is a Wisconsin girl, vouched for by the *Woman's Journal*: "She is a slight, slender girl, seventeen years of age. She is equally at home with the mower, reaper, horse-rake, plough-handle, hoe, or any other implement of farm work. She will shear as many sheep in a day as the best of shearers. And when her day's work is done in the field, she will turn to the cutting and making of the children's dresses, or in other ways help her mother about the house. Two years ago her father had a young untamed horse. She broke him to the saddle, rode him at a county fair, and took the first premium over three competitors."

HEARTH AND HOME.

One day you will be pleased with a friend, and the next day disappointed in him. It will be so to the end; and you must make up your mind to it, and not quarrel, unless for very grave causes. Your friend, you have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you; and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for weakness, foolishness, and vanity in human nature; it is unhappy if you are too sharp in seeing them.

A HAPPY marriage—consider what this is, what it may be, whenever it occurs, whether in high places or in humble. It is not only the blending together of two human souls for the mutual society, comfort, and help of each—not only a constant giving and taking of the purest happiness, but also a new beginning of life, a new starting-point of usefulness. It is the great call, once for all, to leave the past with all its errors and faults and follies far, far behind us, and to press forward with new hopes and new courage and new strength into the future which lies before us.

THE ENGLISH HOME.—The poetry of belief makes the English home the very ideal of sweetness, peace, love, security. Sisters are angelic friends each to each, and parents and children are inclosed in a golden web of affection which keeps in all the good spirits and shuts out all the bad. Husbands and wives live in a daily atmosphere of contented affection which is superior to the tumultuous fever of the love-making time, in so far as it is surer and more serene; and, if the world does not penetrate within those four walls, life is assumed to be all the better for the absence of disturbing elements—by no means the poorer for the want of additional interest, or the less carefully conducted for the want of critical eyes to overlook. This is the ideal of an English home.

THE TENDER PASSION.—Thackeray says that "When a man is in love with one woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every one connected with it. He ingratiates himself with the maids; he is bland with the butler; he interests himself with the footman; he runs on errands for the daughters; he gives and lends money to the young son at college; he pats little dogs which he would kick otherwise; he smiles at old stories, which would make him break out in yawns were they uttered by any one but papa; he drinks sweet Port wines for which he would curse the steward and the whole committee at a club; he bears even with the cantankerous old maiden aunt; he beats time when darling little Fanny performs her piece on the piano; and smiles when wicked lively little Bobby upsets the coffee over his shirt."

SOCIETY.—All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, are stupid, have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the ends of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast, who does not know one tune from another; but as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water sauce, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman about her daughter Fanny, or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your morals, men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish persons in the world, and the greatest benefit that cometh to a man from a woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

WOMEN OF PLUCK.—A man of much tact came to New York from Maine and made a handsome fortune. One day he came home out of sorts. He was restless at night—awoke early in the morning, and was evidently in trouble. His wife said: "Husband, what is the matter with you?" "I am in trouble, and dare not tell you what the matter is." "Have you committed murder or some great crime?" "Oh! no, no crime at all. I am afraid I shall have to fail." "Is that all? Why do not you fail then? It can't hurt you to suspend payment when no one pays you. We began with nothing, and we can start again. When times are better you will make money, and then no one can prevent you from paying your debts." "Do you feel like that? Then I can take heart and begin anew." Even now he is on the fair way to success. Men who make business the great thing, and not simply the getting of money, have a resource that never fails.

A SUNNY FACE.—How sweet in infancy, how lovely in youth, how pleasing in age! There are a few noble natures whose very presence carries sunshine with them wherever they go; a sunshine which means pity for the poor, sympathy for the suffering, help for the unfortunate, and benignity toward all. How such a face enlivens every other face it meets, and carries into every company vivacity and joy and gladness! But the scowl and frown, begotten in a selfish heart, and manifesting itself in daily, if not hourly fretfulness, complaining, fault-finding, angry criticisms, spiteful comments on the motives and actions of others, how they thin the cheek, shrivel the face, sour and sadden the countenance! No joy in the heart, no nobility in the soul, no generosity in the nature; the whole character as cold as an iceberg, as hard as Alpine rock, as arid as the wastes of Sahara! Reader!

which of these countenances are you cultivating? If you find yourself losing all your confidence in human nature, you are rearing an old age of vinegar, of wormwood, and of gall; and not a mourner will follow your solitary bier, not one tear drop shall ever fall on your forgotten grave.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

The water in Lake St. Francis is very low this season.

A Warwick gobbler has hatched out a dozen chickens, having driven the old hen away.

Temporary frame buildings are being erected for business purposes on the burnt portions of Barrie.

Counterfeit 25 cent pieces are in circulation at Ottawa, and it is supposed that the counterfeiters are working near that place.

Severe frosts have occurred on the banks of the Ottawa River, destroying not only tender vegetables, but even apple and plum trees.

Recent advices from the lumber districts on the Upper Ottawa state that the bush fires have destroyed fifteen hundred acres.

Mr. Ham, of Whitby, writing from Fargo, Minnesota, says he 'would not trade a concession lot in Ontario, for the whole country.

A story reaches us from Orillia, that some raftsmen captured a swordfish last week which weighed 458 pounds.

The United Empire Club building, at Toronto, the foundation stone of which was laid on Dominion Day, is to cost \$32,000, and the fitting \$8,000.

The Dominion arbitrators who have been sitting at Halifax, have completed their labors. Their report has been forwarded to the Government at Ottawa.

This summer, more than any other in the history of Burlington Beach, are the citizens of Hamilton flocking thither for rest, recreation and fresh air.

The members of the Church of Scotland who refused to enter the Union are about issuing a monthly periodical to be entitled "The Landmark."

The township of Westminster, has grown a magnificent specimen of what is known as the American bearded wheat, this year's growth, of course. It measures five feet seven inches in height.

A general election will take place almost immediately in British Columbia; and it is announced that not only Mr. McCreight, the leader of the late Administration, but many other members of the present house, including Messrs. Robertson, Robson and Duck, will not again present themselves to their constituents for re-election.

A writer in the *Hamilton Spectator*, says:—How is it that we see every day upon the street-railway cars the American flag? a flag respected by all people when in its proper place, but must it ride in our street-cars every day? If it must, then the sooner annexation comes the better. Are the proprietors of these cars annexationists or not? If they are, will they allow the old *Union Jack* with the little Dominion corner on it to float on their cars on Dominion Day?

THE GLEANER.

By a decree of the Italian Government, no foreign ship in Italian waters is permitted to use the potatoes it has on board unless the whole supply is washed under the supervision of the authorities.

A river-steamer, constructed of iron, has just been launched at Argenteuil, near Paris. It is intended for navigation on the Neva. This little vessel will descend the Seine, and be towed through the Baltic and the North Sea to St. Petersburg.

The consumption of snails in the South Tyrol is constantly growing; but the Italians and Tyrolese are not the only people who appreciate the merits of these clean-feeding mollusks; in Paris Burgundian snails are worth one cent apiece, and \$2,500 worth of snails are disposed of in the markets in the course of a year.

French journalists maintain that England must raise a bigger army if she wants to exert any influence in European affairs. A hundred thousand regular troops are a mere bagatelle compared with the immense armies of the present day. England is too near the continent, they think, to be indifferent to complications in European politics.

Here are a few facts for an asphalt or pavement company. There are 6,000 miles of streets in London, and it is clear the paving of this great metropolis is undergoing a radical and complete change. Surveyors and men who have studied the subject say that wood and a modification of macadam and asphalt are the coming pavements.

It is feared that Garibaldi's Tiber scheme is not to be. A correspondent says: "That while the Ministry, the Parliament, and the country will always coincide heartily with whatever Garibaldi proposes, and vote unanimously for whatever he moves personally in Parliament, simply because it would be bad policy to oppose him, nothing at all will ever be done, or even begun, of all that he projects."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

HARRY LINDLEY has "failed."

MISS KELLOGG's fourteen Chicago concerts netted her \$36,000.

MISS NEILSON is resting from her labors in the South of France.

THE Holmans are enjoying their summer vacation.

SIGNOR SALVINI will form part of Mr. Mapleson's troupe for the provinces during the autumn.

HENRY C. PEAKES, for some years a member of the Holman Opera Troupe, has gone to California with Miss Kellogg's Grand English Opera Company.

AN action for libel brought by Mrs. Weldon against M. Gounod, in consequence of some articles in Parisian newspapers, will be tried in Paris.

MRS. OATES and her troupe have begun a season of opera bouffe at the Park Theatre N. Y. The company is said to be a strong one.

A NEW comedietta from the French will be given in conjunction with the Vokes arrangement in "A Bunch of Berries" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in August.

It appears that the Sultan of Zanzibar is a great musician, familiar with the music of Germany, Italy, and France, and purposes entering upon a critical study of Richard Wagner.

VISCOUNT HINTON, son of Lord Poulett, has taken to the lyric stage as a means of obtaining a livelihood, his father having disowned him, on account of his marriage to an actress of the London Gaiety Theatre.

LISZT is reported to be actively organising the new Pesth Academy of Music. Its chief professors are named Von Bulow, Witte, Franz Erbel, Robert Volkmann, and Cornelius Abranyi.

THE late Comte de Rémusat has left among his papers a curious unpublished work, being a drama entitled *Héloïse et Abélard*, in which are given the various incidents connected with the mutual affection of the two legendary adorers.

Mlle. CROIZETTE has, it appears, not always the best ideas of what is becoming to her. She affects the Spanish style of dragging her hair straight from her forehead, and the effect is to make her, with her prominent eyes, wear a somewhat startled expression.

VERDI was highly lauded by artists and audience at the execution of his Requiem Mass in Vienna last month. He directed the rehearsals in person, and during the salient points, the executing artists played the part of public and broke out in enthusiastic applause.

AT Bergamo a square tin box, in which Donizetti's manuscripts for years have lain under seal, has just been opened and found to contain several unpublished pieces of music written by that celebrated composer. The notes are very illegibly written, and the musicians have not yet determined their value.

CLARA MORRIS closed her season by a performance on Wednesday evening in Brooklyn, when she acted *Cora* in "Article 47" and *Camille* [the fourth act] to a crowded house. She was thrice summoned to the footlights at the close. On her return from Europe in the autumn she will create a part in an entirely new piece to be presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

SIGNOR SALVINI has been asked to accept an engagement for fifty nights to act in New York and Philadelphia. Very high terms have been offered, but it is not known what the result of the negotiation will be. Quite lately Mr. Irving declined a similar engagement, and it is rumoured that Signor Rossi will be applied to, should Mr. Irving and Signor Salvini persist in declining.

MADAME PATTI receives £200 for each night she sings at the opera; at concerts she receives £50 for each song and £30 for each *encore*. M. Capoul, who is about to leave Mr. Mapleson and join the Covent Garden troupe next year, has a salary of £400 per month; at a party given by Baron Rothschild this gentleman once received £100 for singing two songs. Messrs. Faure and Nicolini each receive the sum of £60 per month for their services at the opera.

ARTISTIC.

A SITE has been purchased in a conspicuous part of Tooting, to erect a memorial in honour of Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe."

ONE of the staff of the *Graphic*, M. E. Froment, has gained the medal at the Paris Salon, awarded to him for engravings which have appeared in that journal.

AN original portrait by Sir James Thorhill, "Handel playing on the Harpsichord, from the collection of the late John Lodge Eittleton, Esq., has been presented to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

A BUST of the Virgin, which was recently discovered in the vaults of an old castle in the province of Touraine, has just been added to the collection of the Louvre Museum. It was purchased by the municipality for the sum of 12,000fr.

ONE of the latest discoveries in Pompeii is a small woollen manufactory situated very near the house where the fresco representing Orpheus was recently discovered. Several charred fragments of tapestry were found in this place, besides various machines for carding and weaving wool.

IN Wagner's *Lohengrin* the hero arrives in a boat drawn by a swan. There is, we are informed, a "miserere" still in Exeter Cathedral on which a similar scene is carved. The date of the seat is assigned by the late Archdeacon of Exeter, in his history of the Cathedral, to the episcopate of Bishop Bruere, A.D. 1224—1244, the very century in which the poem, from whence the opera is derived, was put forth.

It is reported that Miss Thompson has already got her next picture on the stocks, and has been offered several thousands of pounds for it by Lord Dudley. The subject is not finally fixed upon, or rather the exact situation and characters, but it is understood that the work will relate to the Indian mutiny. Miss Thompson has been making a number of fresh military studies, and it is thought possible that she will visit India to complete them.

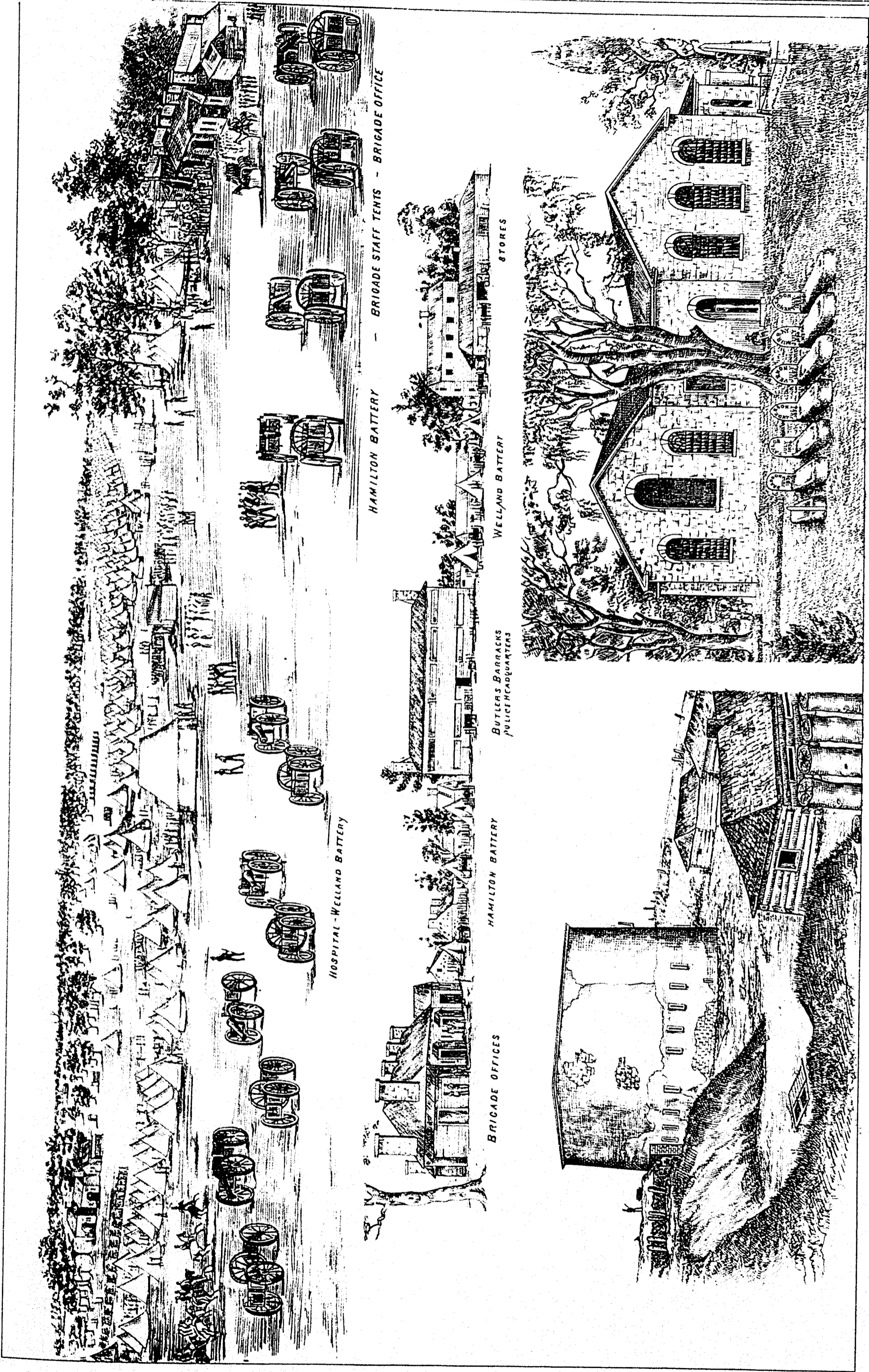
AN equestrian statue of Norodom I., King of Cambodia, has lately been completed by the French sculptor, M. Eudes, and successfully cast in bronze. It represents the Eastern monarch in the uniform of a French general of division, wearing the cross of the Légion d'Honneur and several Cambodian orders. It is intended to exhibit it for a short time in the Champs Elysées before it is sent out to Panopim, the new capital of the Cambodian States, where it is to be erected.

THERE is an anecdote in circulation respecting the late Comte de Rémusat. When he became minister, George Sand called on his wife to solicit her influence on behalf of a very clever but unknown artist who was on the verge of want. M^{me} de Rémusat did better; she drove at once with George Sand to the residence of the unfortunate artist, and bought one of his pictures at a fancy price fixed by herself. The picture was much admired, orders arrived at the young man's studio, and it is thus that Theodore Rousseau was not only discovered, but saved.



ISLAND LAKE, UP THE OTTAWA.

W. Steiner



FORT MISSISSAGGA

VIEW IN ST MARKS - CHURCH CEMETERY GRAVES OF THE YOUNG MEN LOST ON YACHT, FOAM.

SKETCHES NEAR NIAGARA. - By JAS. G. MAUGAY.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

"WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FARMING."

"Drop down in the morning and I'll drive you up." Here was a nice go. Chickweed was noted in that neighbourhood for two things, viz: the being possessed of a very large farm, and the intense delight he took in dragging people over it. It was my last day in town and so far I had escaped the dreaded invitation, but at last it came, and to the opening words of this narrative I could only reply, "Thank you," and resign myself cheerfully to the inevitable. It was a Sunday morning, calm and sultry; my natural instincts would have led me to church, and if I'd known as much about farming as I do now, I would unhesitatingly have followed them.

I do n't know, to this day, how many acres are comprised in Chickweed Farm, but judging from what I went through, I should say it extended over several counties. Instinct prompted me to put another fellow's coat on, and it was fortunate for me that it did, for the roads were in a fearful state, and the buggy wheels kept up a perfect cannonade of mud. "There's time for a good smoke," said Chickweed, "for the farm lays about two miles away," and so we smoked. About nine tenths of the mud came in at my side of the buggy. I noticed this with pain, because I could n't help thinking that it was through some complicity of Chickweed. I fancy he divined the nature of my thoughts, because he spoke, almost regretfully, of the state my clothes were in, and once, when I was scraping some studs off my shirt front, and doing all I could to maintain a certain simplicity of dress, he said the roads were going to be cleaned. I said if we went back the way we came, they would n't want cleaning. I think I gave way once, Chickweed says I did, and he would n't tell a lie without visible remuneration. I'd just baled out one of my ears and had n't noticed that a large pellet of mud had settled on my handkerchief, on the very spot I applied to wipe away the irritation in my left eye, consequently the balance of the farm was done with my right.

I could n't help pluming myself a little on the foresight I had exhibited in putting that coat on, though I felt a little ashamed when I remembered how I had at first hesitated, I suppose from a feeling of false pride.

"Here we are," said Chickweed, as we drove up to a cottage, which, he informed me, was "where the overseer lived." We left the horse there and started on the farm by climbing a fence. Such fences! They were all new, every one of them, about six feet high and topped with a sort of mansard roof. There were plenty of houses around that I'd sooner have climbed over. The cross bars were too close together to crawl through, much too close. This was not a jumped-at conclusion. It was the result of about seventeen failures to get through, one of which, if successful, would have disfigured me for life. He said, "What do you think of these fences?" Considering I'd jumped off fence tops till my head swam, and climbed about seventy-five, I felt too prejudiced to give an opinion. I longed for a rest, so I sat on a burnt stump to ease my blistered feet, and rule a new kind of green mould off my pants. I asked him if there was much more to go over. "Well," he said, "you've seen nothing yet, there's a very fine steer about five or six meadows off, I want to shew you." "That is n't far," I said, "but if you've anything one or two meadows nearer, I don't care if its dead, I'd sooner see it; I suppose its only pride, but I have a feeling that I'd like to get back without assistance, I'm sorry I can't do the balance, because I'd like to have seen that steer while I was within easy distance, by rail." "Come and see the sheep at all events," said Chickweed, "I have about 80 of them and they're just in the next meadow." I always did think sheep were idiotic looking animals, and these seemed to want ballast more than any other sheep I'd ever seen. They stood in groups, meditating, as I thought, but as we approached, they ran away with the same thoughtful expression on their faces. We turned round and they followed us at a respectful distance. Then Chickweed spoke to them in sheep dialect, and they all came trooping after us. He said, "when I call them, I always give them something to eat, I never disappoint them," and he took the cover off a large bin and scooped up a lot of bran, part of which he shook into a long trough, and part into my dress. I said, I'd sooner see them petrified with disappointment than have that bran stuff blow all over my clothes. Further on he shewed me the foundations of some new barns and stables, etc., about to be erected. It took me less than ten seconds to see as much as I cared to see and yet we moped around there for half an hour or more. Then he plied me liberally with statistics; told me how many miles of drainage it would take, the superficial feet of lumber required, and the number of cubic feet of air to each animal, etc., and went on at such a rate that I got confused, and so mixed up the superficial feet of air with the cubic feet of lumber, that it would have been impossible for any animal to live in such atmosphere, and so I gave it up and while he went on shortening his days with barn-yard calculations, I enticed three sheep near enough to wile away the time.

Looking back, I can't say that I have any ill feeling against Chickweed. I hear that he sinks more money every year, on his farm, than the most sanguine man would ever expect to make. Time has softened my own recollections, and softened old Chickweed too.

L. R.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Political economy, we are sorry to say, is a science very little cultivated in our colleges and academies. It cannot, however, be too highly recommended, and in recommending it, we cannot do better than refer to the works of Prof. J. E. Cairnes, the best living exponent of the science in Britain, and the worthy successor of John Stuart Mill. The latest work of his published by Harper Brothers, New York, and for sale by Dawson Brothers of this city, is a neat volume of 280 pages, entitled the *Character and Logical Method of Political Economy*. We have carefully read the book and pronounce it altogether worthy of its author. The lecture on the plan and purpose of "definition" in political economy is especially remarkable. The Malthusian theory of population, so differently understood and so imperfectly elucidated, is set forth with clearness. The theory of rent, one of the most pregnant questions in the whole range of the science, is treated in a masterly manner. We engage all students to procure this work.

The July number of the *POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY* contains a number of interesting and highly instructive papers. The *First and Last Catastrophe* is a thorough lecture about the beginning and end of the world from the pen of Professor Clifford, of London University. *Sexual Cerebration* is a simple and lucid treatise. There is a second paper on the *Deeper Harmonies of Science and Religion* and also on *Savagism and Civilization*. Richard A. Proctor's articles on the *Endowment of Scientific Research* are likewise commenced. The *Editor's Table*, *Literary Notices*, *Miscellany* and *Notes* are replete with the most useful information, brief in form and simple in exposition. For the student of science, who desires to follow the march of research, discovery and invention, no better companion can be recommended than the *POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY*.

A new story by Eliza F. Pollard, entitled *The Lady Superior* is registered No. 443 in the Harper's Library of Select Novels. We salute in this author the undoubted existence of talent, and her work is exceedingly interesting. Her chief merit, and it is an unusual one, is a mastery of pure English, coupled with a simple tenderness of style, and a rare gift of description. We think less of her dramatic power which has the occasional disadvantage of being jerky and confused. Hence the first part of her book is decidedly better than the second, where the crisis of the plot is unfolded. As a whole, the book is superior to three-fourths of its class, and the writer, if she perseveres, is bound to achieve a high reputation. The book is for sale by Dawson Brothers.

The *PENN MONTHLY* for July contains several papers of much interest—among them, the *Political Outlook*, *Industrial Art Education*, *Fourth of July*, *Women in relation to the Professions and Skilled Labor*. The gushing style in which Sherman's Memoirs are reviewed surprised us somewhat, as rather a departure from the usual judicial spirit of this able magazine, and, in our own opinion, the work is not worth the commendation which it there receives. But of course, this is a mere matter of opinion. The *PENN MONTHLY* maintains its course as a solid substantial magazine, with a range outside of the beaten track which furnishes an interest of its own.

GREEN THINGS.

BY M. QUAD.

"Escaping the heat," that's what they call it, I believe; or they refer to the "heated term," in connection with "country breezes" and "strawberry shortcake."

I've been there, and am going again. I've been nailing the windows down, putting double locks on the door, and making a bargain with the policeman on that beat to watch the house while the family goes out to sniff the agricultural air and recuperate the system.

It never costs me much to get ready for a stay of three or four weeks in the country, but if it cost \$5,000 money could not be matched against rosy cheeks and a double chin. I generally go down town and buy out a store or two and a millinery shop, as the first steps towards getting ready, and the remaining purchases can be made at odd times. Any stock not wanted by the family, such as nails, hinges, grindstones, and bar iron, can be auctioned off after you get home.

It does n't take over four months to get ready for a stay of three weeks among the blossoming orchards and the green-clad hills. Any ambitious family can commence in February, and if things are well managed they will be all ready for a country trip by the 1st June.

The most economical way is to charter a special train for the run out. Ten freight-cars, if in good repair, ought to hold all needful articles, but if they are left behind they can come by some of the regular freight-trains.

One should not be troubled to find a country boarding-place. We go out there to get rid of heat, dust, dignity, fashion, and starched clothes, and most farmers are all prepared to take us in. By this date every farm-house which expects to receive boarders is in apple-pie order. The high-post bedstead has been carefully wiped with a damp rag. The ceilings have been white-washed and the cobwebs hauled down. The cracked looking-glass has been hung in a new position, and the cherry washstand nailed into the corner to hide the fact that one leg is missing. The white washbowl, with a big niche in the rim, and the white pitcher, with two-thirds

of the handle gone, have been brought out and rinsed and placed on the stand. The rag-carpet on the floor is n't exactly new, but it has been washed and some of the stripes gone over with a brush and dye.

The farmer's wife has been weeks getting ready for you. The German-silver teaspoons have been scoured and wiped and rubbed until the maker's name has disappeared. She's bought three new towels, a new tin teapot, two new milkpans, a new dipper, and logwood to stain the kitchen chairs over new.

She'll be at the gate to welcome you as the family leave the train and plod up the road through dust three inches deep, with the sun shining down as if it had been hired to melt the stones in the highway. You are ushered into the best room, recognize the old rip in the carpet and that print of Queen Elizabeth on the wall, and you have a sigh of relief as you realize that you are out among the birds and flowers. You do n't see any flowers around there, and the melancholy crow on the corn-field fence does n't warble for shucks, but that is n't your fault.

After a rest you take dinner—mouth puckered up for fresh eggs, strawberries, rich cream and real old-fashioned biscuit. The good old lady stands with a teapot full of black tea in her hand, and explains that she sent her boy to the store after eggs, but all stores were eggless; that she lives too far from the city to get strawberries in good condition; that she has a contract to furnish cream for an excursion; that she doesn't believe coffee is healthy, and that her emptin's did n't come up good and her bread is sour.

I always have a regular programme laid down to follow, and endeavor to follow it, viz:

First Week.—Get used to fat pork, old potatoes, weak tea, cold in the head, skimmed milk, white butter, bar soap, horn combs, cow-bells, mosquitoes, spiders, sunburn and pillows with sixteen feathers in them.

Second Week.—Grow more romantic. Climb hills to get a view of the roof of an old horse-barn and a sheep-pasture. Hunt for shady dells and get mired in a swamp. Listen for the joyful songs of the morning lark and hear the farmer yelling to the spotted cow to "hist around thar or he'll break her neck!" Wander down shady paths at sunset to find that they bring up just where the village carts have dumped a dozen loads of old boots, hoop-skirts, oyster cans, bottles, and shavings. Go over and scent the new-mown hay and feel as if you were a boy again, and have a brindled dog get away with a yard and a half of your lavender pants, besides a desirable quantity of meat.

Third Week.—Remember the comforts of home. Apply remedies for sunburn. Send to town to get the children some clothes to go home in. Wonder where in Texas the cold breezes are. Pull the thorns out of the boys' legs and prick their stone bruises. Warn the mosquitoes, cow-bells, owls, barking dogs, and squalling cats that it is the third and last call. Hand your hostess your wallet. Start for home. When you get there throw open the doors and windows, sink into a chair, and remark:

"The world is full of fools!"

But go again next year.

DE BAR'S OPERA HOUSE

This beautiful little temple of art which has been so well conducted under the management of Mr. De Bar and the supervision of Mr. P. G. Gleason, is adding to its attractions this week by the production of the *Big Bonanza*. This is the famous play which was so successful here a few weeks since. As it will be represented by the same company, that of Augustin Daly, New York, we cannot too strongly urge its encouragement by our readers as a most elegant and pleasant entertainment.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

There is no diminution in the epidemic in the Fiji Islands.

A revolt against the nobles has taken place among the peasants in Transylvania.

The report that the King of Burma refused to allow British troops to pass through his possessions is officially confirmed.

The arrivals from sea at the Port of Quebec for the 1st of July, 1875, were 174 vessels less than in 1874, aggregating 134,000 tons.

The money in the United States Treasury, some \$60,000,000, is now being counted, and will have to be recounted before being transferred to the new Treasurer.

The bullion in the Bank of England increased £1,549,000 during the past week while the specie in the Bank of France decreased 1,542,000 francs during the same period.

The Carlists have abandoned the Province of Valencia.

The Beecher jury has been discharged, being unable to come to a decision.

A telegram from London announces that Lady Franklin is slowly improving.

The damage done by the recent inundation in France is estimated at 300,000,000 francs, and the number of lives lost at 3,000.

The Assembly of Cape Colony are about to annex an independent territory to the south of Natal, inhabited by 150,000 Caffres.

The official figures of the International Match at Dollywood make the total majority of the Americans 39. Johnson, of the Irish team, won the Abercorn cup.

It is rumored that Tilton's counsel will move for a new trial immediately, by placing the case on the October calendar, and as soon as the case is called, making a motion for change of venue.

General Martinez Campos has effected a junction with the forces of General Jovellar.

Thirty-five bridges were destroyed by the recent floods in the south of France.

At the match for the All Ireland Challenge Shield, the Dublin team were victorious, beating the Americans by 11 points.

Leading Americans in London are said to have made great preparations for celebrating the anniversary of the declaration of independence.

LITERARY.

MR. BRIGHT is now engaged on his autobiography,

MR. GLADSTONE contributes a paper on Ritualism to the July number of the *Contemporary Review*.

MRS. ARTHUR ARNOLD's translation of Senor Castelar's "Life of Byron," and other sketches, is in the press.

THE appearance is announced in the *Lanterne of Les Depravés*, a novel of contemporary manners, by Henri Rochefort.

MR. HORWOOD has undertaken to edit for the Camden Society, Milton's "Common-place Book," which was discovered last year in the library of Sir Frederick Graham, of Netherby.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON is writing for *London Society* "The True History of Punch," in which will appear hitherto unpublished letters of Thackeray, Dickens, Brooks, Mayhew, and Thomas Hood.

THE Khedive of Egypt is searching the monasteries and mosques of his dominions for manuscripts to form a library at Cairo. He is said to have obtained thirty different manuscripts of the Koran, and among them one computed to be 1,150 years old.

MR. DISRAELI has granted a pension of £50 a year to the widow of the late Rev. Morris Williams—better known in Wales by the name of "Nicander"—in recognition of the services rendered to Welsh literature by her late husband.

It is whispered that, in spite of assertions to the contrary, Sir Arthur Helps has left behind him a diary which, though not "official," contains many singular political revelations, and that it will be published about the beginning of next winter.

ROCHEFORT has fallen very low from his high estate. He still puts forth his pamphlets, but they fall flat and stale. When Napoleon III. died the pamphleteer lost his fortune. It was something to stand off at Brussels and strike the Napoleonic bull's eye at Paris.

A LIFE of the late Cardinal Wiseman has been for some time in preparation, and a great deal of it is ready for the press, but publication is delayed for politic reasons. Meanwhile a little book containing "Random Recollections" of the Cardinal has just been published.

MR. TENNYSON, or his publisher, receives the handsome sum of \$15,000 or \$20,000 annually from composers who make a business of setting the Laureate's poems to music. The charge for permission to set a poem has been fixed at \$25, and the applications average two or three a day.

PRINCE RICHARD de Metternich is preparing for publication the memoirs of his father. Everything concerning the youth of the celebrated statesman has been entirely written by the son, as well as the details of the last part of his public life. They will be published in Paris, and perhaps within a month. The work will consist of several volumes, which will appear successively.

ANOTHER portion of the long-lost originals of the Paston letters has [says the *Academy*] been discovered—those printed by Fenn in his third and fourth volumes. They were together with a number of MSS., both of that date, and of more recent periods, which are undoubtedly part of the Paston collection, in the house of Mr. Frere, of Roydon Hall, near Diss, in Norfolk. This find is just barely in time to be of some use to Mr. Gairdner before completing his third and final volume.

VICTOR HUGO has written his life, and the work, under the title of "Before, During, and Since the Exile," will shortly be issued in three volumes by the Paris firm of Michel Levy. Of course the author is his own hero, and from extracts already made public it is clear the said hero will not suffer from any lack of theatrical tone and treatment. "I am the son of my mother and father," says Monsieur Hugo, "and I was educated by an old priest—terrible thing! Servile stupidity is catching. When I was about to be named, an intimate friend of my father said to him: 'Hugo is a Northern (German name); let us soften it by a Southern word and call him Victor.' It was his own. I was called Victor. Always serious, I had birds and flowers for my playmates and grew. One day, etc."

VARIETIES.

A PARISIAN druggist, as an infallible means of extinguishing inflamed petroleum, prescribes the throwing of a small quantity of chloroform upon the flame.

THE late Dr. Nelaton has not yet been replaced in the profession at Paris, and competent judges fear it will be a long time before his equal appears there. All the famous surgeons and doctors seem to have passed away there since the siege.

THE Crown Princess of Germany wore a white dress and swan-down rap on the occasion of some recent festivities in honor of the King of Sweden in Berlin, and a correspondent says, in speaking of her: "She looked like a snowdrop just burst into full beauty."

THE Japanese Prince, uncle of the Emperor of Japan, has lately entered the Russian Army, and, although he has only been two years in Europe, has almost mastered the German, French, and English languages. He is graceful, and has a handsome face, but is too short to be at all distinguished in appearance.

THE great "Emperor" bell, cast of French gun metal, presented by the Emperor of Germany to the Cathedral at Cologne, was tried for the first time on the 8th ult., in the southern tower of the Cathedral. The Commission declared the trial satisfactory as the bell gave the note D.

OPERA bouffe music has grown stale in Europe and America. The Japs have already taken to it, and John Chinaman is to have a dose in Peking; and when the war shall have been carried into Africa by a hand organ and monkey, the four continents will all have been duly inoculated against any future out-break.

A MACHINE, it is said has been invented by a M. H. Huppinger for writing spoken words. According to the *Revue Industrielle*, this instrument, which is about the size of the hand, is put in connection with the vocal organs, and records their movements upon a moving band of paper in dots and dashes of the same sort as those employed in telegraphic writing. The person using M. Huppinger's invention simply repeats the words of the speaker after him inaudibly, and the same words are then faithfully written out on the moving band.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON is the hero of all little adventure, which has the merit of being true. A few days ago Dr. Russell Reynolds was being driven in a four-wheeled cab from Charlton Station, near Blackheath England. The horse became restive near away, and the position of affairs was critical, for not far off there was a precipitous unprotected bank. Over this the animal would certainly have plunged had not its progress been stopped by the young Prince Louis Napoleon, who, happening to be close by, sprang forward, seized the horse by the head, and pulled him up. The Prince, who was dragged along the muddy road for a considerable distance, was not recognized by the gentleman whose life he had thus gallantly saved at the risk of losing his own, and when asked for his name replied—without, however, giving it—that he was very glad to have been of some service, and that doubtless they would meet again.

LADY FRANKLIN.

The Boston Post says: There is something both touching and appropriate in the petition of Lady Franklin, lying in dangerous and perhaps mortal illness, for the prayers of the American people. It was an American expedition who brought to an end her terrible and long lingering suspense. From McClintock and his brave comrades she at last learned the not to be doubted news that her gallant and heroic husband had perished amid the icy mysteries of the farthest North. Lady Franklin did not need this proof of American interest in her life purpose and heart's work; her sufferings, her noble heroism, her unselfish devotion, her untiring energy, her uncoward spirit, have always received our warmest sympathies. Surely her appeal will be answered, if not in the churches—where perhaps it will be—at least in thousands of hearts impressed with the beauty of her devotion throughout the land. The old classic tales of wifely fidelity and sacrifice almost pale before her heroic search for her husband's fate for more than thirty years. Left alone at an age when it is proper to be joyous, and excusable to be giddy and forgetful, she has passed early and later youth, womanly prime, and on coming age in this constant, heart-wringing, yet undismayed pursuit. The pleasures, the ambitions of life were afar off from her; her soul dwelt in the grim solitudes of ice deserts; her spirit was in the vague regions where there is nothing of vegetation, where an awful and eternal silence reigns, but where, also, she believed that her hero husband, dead or alive, must be. We may guess that for long years there dwelt a hope in her heart that Sir John was yet alive; that he had somehow escaped, perhaps, from the vast ice prison; that he had passed, by perilous wanderings, and it might be by shipwreck, far beyond the frozen North, and been thrown upon some remote but hospitable land, where the grass grew and the men could live. Then came the truth, that the vestiges of Franklin and his men had been found, vestiges which left no doubt of their identity, or the long ago accomplished fate of the voyagers. Certainly, even the saddest, is better than harrowing suspense; and Lady Franklin was as heroic under the sure bereavement as she had borne up nobly while there was still hope. Franklin must indeed have been a noble man to have inspired such devotion in the hearts of two self-sacrificing wives. His first wife, Eleanor Porden, lay mortally ill when he set out on his second Arctic expedition, in 1825. He offered to remain till she was well; but she begged him to proceed on his voyage, and placed in his hands a silk flag, which she asked him to hoist in the Polar sea. He sailed; and the day after his gentle young wife died. He returned in three years to wed Jane Griffin, the lady who is now known as Lady Franklin. The story of her devotion is household words in both countries. What she had suffered none can tell; that she has suffered nobly all men have seen. And now, at last, after long, weary waiting, and when she has passed the psalmist's limit of threescore and ten by five years, it may be that her life's desire is about to be granted her, and that she will ere long rejoin her long-lost hero and husband. Should she pass away it is to be hoped that her memory will be honored by a memorial in England's grand old mausoleum, dedicated to kings, nobles, poets, and heroes; for none lie in Westminster Abbey more worthy to be remembered for heroism and fidelity than Lady Franklin. Her story will be a romance and an example to future generations of the young, and her name will become the typification of wifely virtues.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

Fashion has crept into the minutest details of a lady's toilet, and it is decreed that the simple Balbriggan stocking, whose claims to attention were merely its fineness, its durability, and its elasticity, is to be replaced by a crowd of new inventions in the hosiery line. The counter devoted to stockings in the large Paris shops is now as radiant with colours as that which is given up to ribbons and neckties. Striped, embroidered, openworked, blue, pink, yellow, violet, scarlet—every shade, in short, save white. The long line of shelves looks like the *avant garde* of a bodiless corps de ballet. It is the mode now to wear a stocking that matches the dress; thus, if the toilet be in two shades, the stocking is striped to correspond. The last style in embroidered stockings is to have a garland winding round and round the leg. Ahem! Stocking which are half dark and half light should have the foot and ankle of the darker shade. They are usually made in different shades of the same colour, but sometimes a contrast is used; thus the lower part may be of pearl grey and the upper of peach colour, violet and lilac, black and pink, and other pretty contrasting shades are worn. The open-worked stockings are fine as lace, and in as delicate and dainty patterns. To better display all this luxury of hosiery, ladies' boots are now cut across the front to simulate straps, and slippers are held in place by three straps adorned with buckles or with bows. The pointed American shape is beginning to replace the broad, square toe, up to this time adopted for ladies' boots by French shoemakers.

The insurance companies have of late adhered to a minimum tariff or scales of rates on risks, to the detriment of the insurer compelled to pay too high a premium for the guarantee against fire loss, he secures. The consequence of the enforcement of the tariff has been the formation of the "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, office: No. 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal. This Company free in action and in its writing of risks has for an object the harmonizing of the interest, of the institution, with those of the general public.

THE DEATH OF "DOESTICKS."

Mortimer Thompson, known throughout the country as "Doesticks," died last week after a short illness. He was born near Rochester, forty-four years ago. In his childhood, Mr. Thompson's parents moved to the West, and Mortimer was graduated from the University of Michigan. After his collegiate course, he came to New York, and obtained a position with Sackett, Davis & Potter, jewellers, in Maiden lane. It was while he was on a summer vacation that he wrote the first of his Niagara letters—a piece of newspaper work that opened the eyes of the public to an entirely new field of American humor. This letter attracted the attention of Mr. Charles A. Dana, then managing editor of the *New York Tribune*, and he offered young Thompson a position on his staff. Mr. Thompson's first work as a reporter was the production of a series of metrical sketches of police court scenes, which attracted much attention. Subsequently he wrote a series of sketches on the fortune tellers, and published them in book form under the title of "The Witches of New York." For some time he was the *Tribune's* dramatic editor, and while he held that position he wrote several brilliant biographical articles on the actors of the day. When the war broke out he became a war correspondent, but in this active calling he was only moderately successful. But during his connection with the *Tribune* he reported several notable events. Among them was the sale of Pierce Butler's slaves near Savannah. This was a task of great danger, especially to a reporter of so pronounced an abolition organ as the *Tribune*, but cleverly disguised, Mr. Thompson passed through the ordeal, and sent a most interesting description of the scene. Over the unique signature of "Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B.," Mr. Thompson wrote several books, among which were "Pluribus," "What he Says," "Nothing to say," and others. His works had a steady run of public favor for many years, but still he was prevailed upon to sell his copyrights to a Philadelphia firm for a nominal price. The works of "Doesticks" still hold a place on their catalogue. The "Elephant Club," which was attributed to him, he did not write. In a moment of confidence he loaned his name to the writer of that work, and it appeared over his popular signature, of which it was not worthy. Mr. Thompson was twice married. His first wife was Miss Clive, daughter of Gen. Clive of Minnesota. His second wife was the daughter of Fanny Fern. Mr. Thompson was of a genial temperament, with a tendency to extreme conviviality. Generous to a fault, he was always ready to hold out a helping hand to a friend, and no call upon his charity was unheeded.

HOMELY HOMES.

They are scattered every where over our beautiful land. Some of them are log-cabins on lonely hill-sides, many are ancient unpainted houses whose builders were laid long ago to sleep under the sod, and not a few are scanty structures, reared only for present use, to be succeeded, when fortune smiles, with something better. The windows in these homely homes are glazed with little 7x9 panes, the ceilings are low, the carpets are woven of rags, the picture frames on the walls are rustic, the furniture is old and time-worn, the china is delf. But everything is waxy- neat and sweet and white and clean and utterly comfortable; there are no foreigners in the home, but the members of the family take care of each other and are all tenderly helpful to one another. They wear plain clothes, and are not in perplexity as to what particular suit shall be worn of a week day or to "meeting" on Sunday. How much mental exertion is saved them! They do not stand in pause considering how the hours of the secular day shall be spent, for every hour has its allotted task and necessity compels constant industry. Their palates are not vitiated by dainties, and when summoned to the board spread with plain but nutritious food, they fall to with an appetite that demands no stimulus. At night they need to woo the drowsy rod with no chloral or other anodyne, but fall asleep as gently and soundly as do the patient oxen or the birds that sing the day long. The roses that breathe their fragrance in at the windows of these homely homes and the honeysuckles that clamber over their porches could not unfold more beauty, or distill a richer perfume on the proudest lawn. The trees, whose cool shadows fall upon the humble dwellings, extend their sheltering arms as graciously as though they guarded palaces. The virtues that bloom in these sequestered homes ripen into as delicious fruitage as earth knows. Around these modest firesides gather children who are reared face to face with nature, and, listening to her voice in field and forest, on the hill-top and in the valley, in the early morning and the quiet evening, they grow up calm, thoughtful and self-reliant. As from the deep woods come our noblest trees, so from these secluded homes come those who make our largest-minded men and women. The narrowness of circumstance that hems them in but compels their upward growth, and forces them to draw from the depths of their own souls supplies of moral and mental power. In such homes as these were cradled our merchant princes, our great philosophers, our intellectual giants. Unpampered by luxury, unhampered by conventionality, the capacities within them have had room to expand and develop, "and give the world assurance of a man."

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

The London Times of May 22 says: The International Commission on the Metric System has agreed to a convention which has been signed by the representatives of France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Spain, Russia, Italy, Switzerland, and the United States. Other powers may hereafter adhere to it. By clause 6 the International Institute is intrusted with: "1. All the comparisons and verifications of the new prototypes of the metre and kilogramme. 2. With the preservation of the international prototypes. 3. With periodical comparisons of national standards with the international prototypes and with their witnesses, as well as those of thermometrical standards. 4. With the comparison of new prototypes with fundamental standards of weights and measures which are not metrical, employed in various countries and in science. 5. With the sealing and comparison of standards and scales of precision, whose verification may be demanded either by governments or by scientific societies, or even by artists and savans." The expense of building the Institute and the purchase of instruments and apparatus is not to exceed 400,000 francs. The annual expense before the distribution of the standards is reckoned at 75,000 francs, and afterwards at 50,000. The staff for the first period includes a director with two first-class assistants and four under-assistants, their salaries, reckoned in the above estimate, amounting to 45,000 francs a year. During the second period this staff will be greatly reduced and their salaries cost only 25,000 francs. The International Committee is to be composed of fourteen members belonging to different States, to be renewable by halves. The expenses will be divided in proportion to the population of the various States. Countries whose representatives have not signed the convention will be charged a fixed price for the standards which they have asked for. The International Committee is authorized to constitute itself at once, and to make all the necessary preparations for putting the convention into force without undertaking any expense before the ratification of the union. The convention consists of fourteen clauses. The regulations are twenty-two in number and the temporary treaty consists of six clauses. The whole document is signed by Herr Foerster (Germany), Herr Herr (Austria), M. Stas (Belgium), General Ibanez (Spain), Mr. Vignaud (United States), M. Dumas (France), Signor Govi (Italy), M. Wild (Russia), and Herr Hirsch (Switzerland).

AT THE SEA SIDE.

Early sea-siding is the order of the day this year. The Parisians who can get away are off, and from Biarritz to Boulogne seaside places are filling fast. At two or three a notable innovation in costume may be observed, possibly due to the exhaustion of funds in Paris, and having, as a consequence, nothing to wear. For instance, a single thin garment, falling from the neck to a little below the knee, and a pair of gaily-worked slippers constitute the entire costume. Stockings are unknown, or, at least, if any lady appears with stockings she is recognised as a new-comer. It may require twenty-four hours for her prudery to wear off, but at the end of that time she will appear in as scanty a dress as the rest. About half of them, indeed, dispense even with the slippers, and one sees groups playing croquet, the gentlemen clad in snowy linen and wearing red or blue caps, and the ladies in hats and short bright-coloured skirts, but neither encumbered by stockings or shoes. At places where the wind blows the sand over the beach, to prevent this from getting into the eyes, glasses or spectacles with wire-gauze frames are worn, which, on young and fair faces, have a droll effect. One would think also that the same sand would sting the lily-white ankles, lily-white muscles, and calves which are so freely exposed; but if so the effect is not severe enough to induce their owners to don the stockings.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang, the breath is offensive, smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, mental depression, hacking cough, and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are, however, likely to be present in any one case. There is no disease more common than Catarrh, and none less understood by physicians.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

is beyond all comparison, the best preparation for Catarrh ever discovered. Under the influence of its mild, soothing, and healing properties, the disease soon yields. The Golden Medical Discovery should be taken to correct the blood, which is always at fault, and to act specifically upon the diseased glands and lining membrane of the nose. The Catarrh Remedy should be applied warm with *Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche*—the only instrument by which fluids can be perfectly injected to all the passages and chambers of the nose from which discharges proceed. These medicines are sold by Druggists.

HEARING RESTORED. Great invention. Book free. G. J. WOOD, Madison, Ind.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

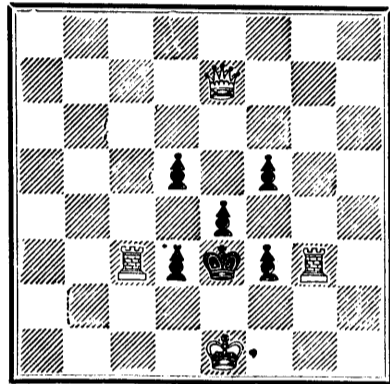
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will endeavour to fulfil our promise of last week by giving in our column of the present issue, the most important particulars connected with the programme arranged for the Congress and Tourney of the Canadian Chess Association for 1875. The meeting will be held at Ottawa, on Tuesday, August 17, 1875 and following days. There will be two Tourneys; one for games, to prizes in which three-fourths of the available funds will be devoted, the balance will be expended in Prizes for Problems. The Game Tourney is open to all residents of the Dominion. Three prizes will be awarded to the winners of most individual games. The value of the prizes will depend upon the amount of Club and individual subscriptions. One-half of the available sum subscribed to be given for first prize; one-third for second prize, and one-sixth for third prize. In the Problem Tourney for the best four-move problem 2/3 of available sum, the same for best three move problem, and the same, also, for the best two move problem. Each competitor, in the Problem Tourney, must affix a motto to every problem sent in, and enclose a sealed envelope bearing the same motto. All problems intended for competition should be forwarded to the Secretary-Treasurer, Ottawa, Ontario, so as to reach him not later than the 14th of August. The Secretary is the Rev. T. S. Phillips, M. A., Ottawa.

The above are the most important particulars in the Prospectus just issued by the Managing Committee, and we trust the zeal and industry of those who seem to have given much time and consideration in drawing up the necessary arrangements may meet with what they richly deserve, a successful gathering of Canadian Chess players in Ottawa, next August.

PROBLEM No. 27.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 25.

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to K Kt 3rd (ch) | 1. K to K 5th |
| 2. Kt to K 3rd (dis ch) | 2. K to Q 5th |
| 3. Q takes K's P (ch) | 3. Kt takes Q. |
| 4. P to Q Kt 6th (Mate). | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 24.

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to K Kt 5th | 1. P takes B |
| 2. K to K B 5th | 2. P one. |
| 3. P takes P. Mate. | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 25.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| K at Q 7th | K at K Kt 2nd |
| R at K R 6th | Pawn at K 4th. |
| B at Q B 4th | |
| B at Q B 5th | |
| P at K Kt 5th, and K 4th. | |

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 31ST.

Played some years ago, in a match between Mr. Lowenthal and an Amateur. The former giving the odds of pawn and move.

[Remove Black's King's Bishop's Pawn from the Board.]

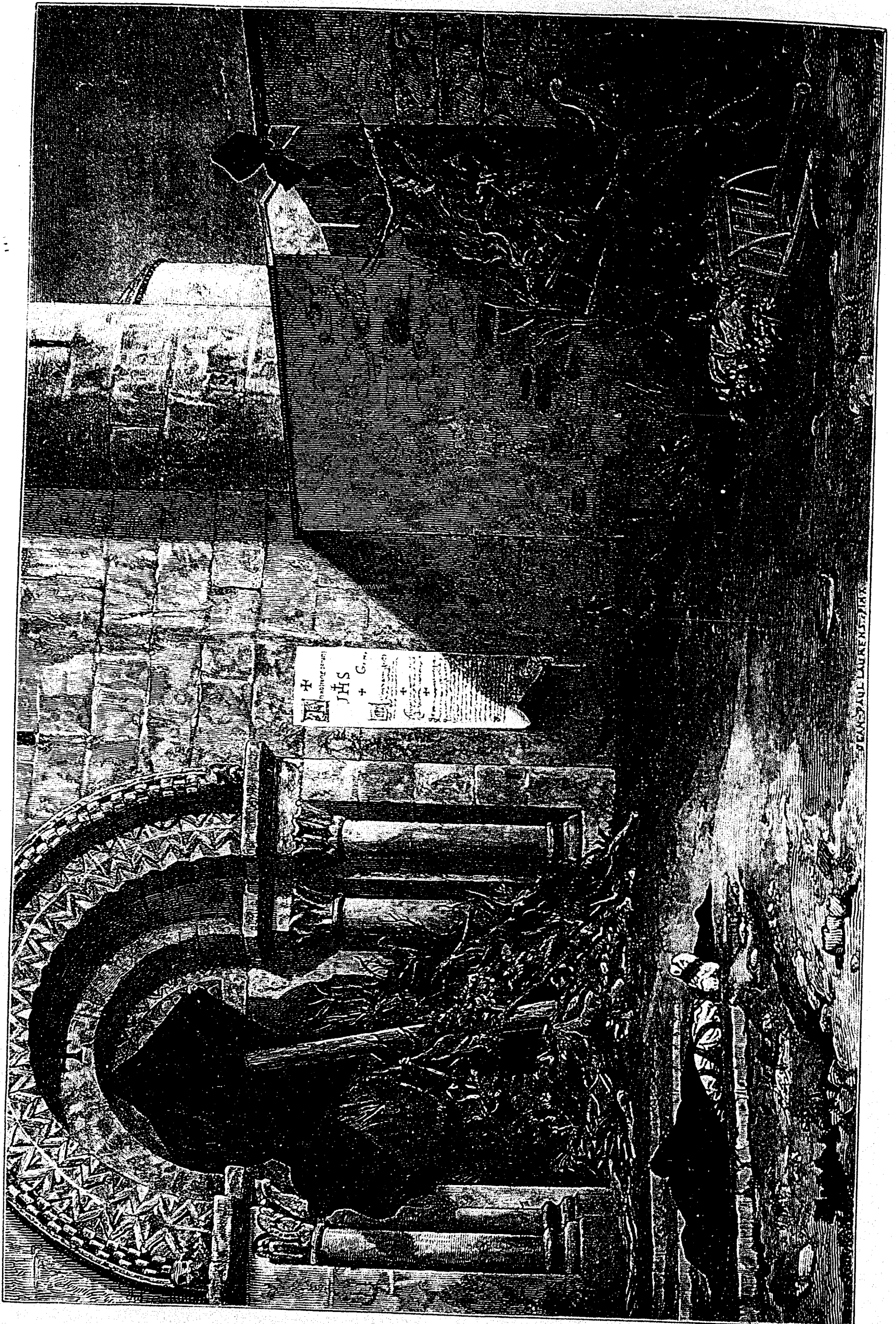
WHITE. (Amateur.) BLACK. (Mr. Lowenthal.)

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 3rd |
| 2. P to Q 4th | B to Q 4th |
| 3. P takes P | P takes P |
| 4. Q to R 5th (ch) | P to Kt 3rd |
| 5. Q to K 5th (ch) | Q to K 2nd |
| 6. B to K B 4th | B to Kt 2nd |
| 7. Q takes Q (ch) | Kt takes Q |
| 8. B takes P | B takes P |
| 9. P to Q B 3rd | B to Kt 2nd |
| 10. B to Q Kt 5th (ch) | Q Kt to B 3rd |
| 11. Kt to K B 3rd | B to K B 4th |
| 12. B to Q 6th | P to Q R 3rd |
| 13. B to Q R 4th | B to Q 6th |
| 14. B takes K Kt | K takes B |
| 15. Q Kt to Q 2nd | P to Q Kt 4th |
| 16. B to Kt 3rd | K to Q 3rd |
| 17. Castles (Q R) | P to Q Kt 5th |
| 18. P to B 4th | Kt to R 4th |
| 19. B to B 2nd | P takes P |
| 20. Kt to K 4th (ch) | K to Q 4th |
| 21. K P to K sq [a] | B to R 3rd (ch) |
| 22. K to Kt sq | B to Kt 2nd |
| 23. B takes B | P takes B |
| 24. R takes P (ch) | K to B 5th |
| 25. R to Q 7th | K R to K Kt sq |
| 26. R to Q B sq (ch) | K to Kt 4th |
| 27. R to B 5th (ch) | K to R 5th |
| 28. P to Kt 3rd (ch) | Kt takes P |
| 29. P takes Kt (ch) | K takes P. |
| 30. R to R 5th, and wins. | |

NOTES.

[a] All this is very well played on the part of White. [b] He threatens to mate on the move by checking with K Kt on Q 2nd. This can only be prevented either by B to R 3rd, or by B to Q B 6th. In answer to the first move, White checks with R on Q 3rd, and mates with K Kt on K 5th. In answer to B to Q B 6th, however, White again mates in three moves, playing as follows:—

- | | |
|------------------------|------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 25. K Kt to Q 2nd (ch) | B takes Kt |
| 26. Kt takes B (ch) | K to B 5th |
| 27. R to Q B 5th | Checkmate. |



PARIS: PAUL LAURENCE & CO.

THE INTERDICT

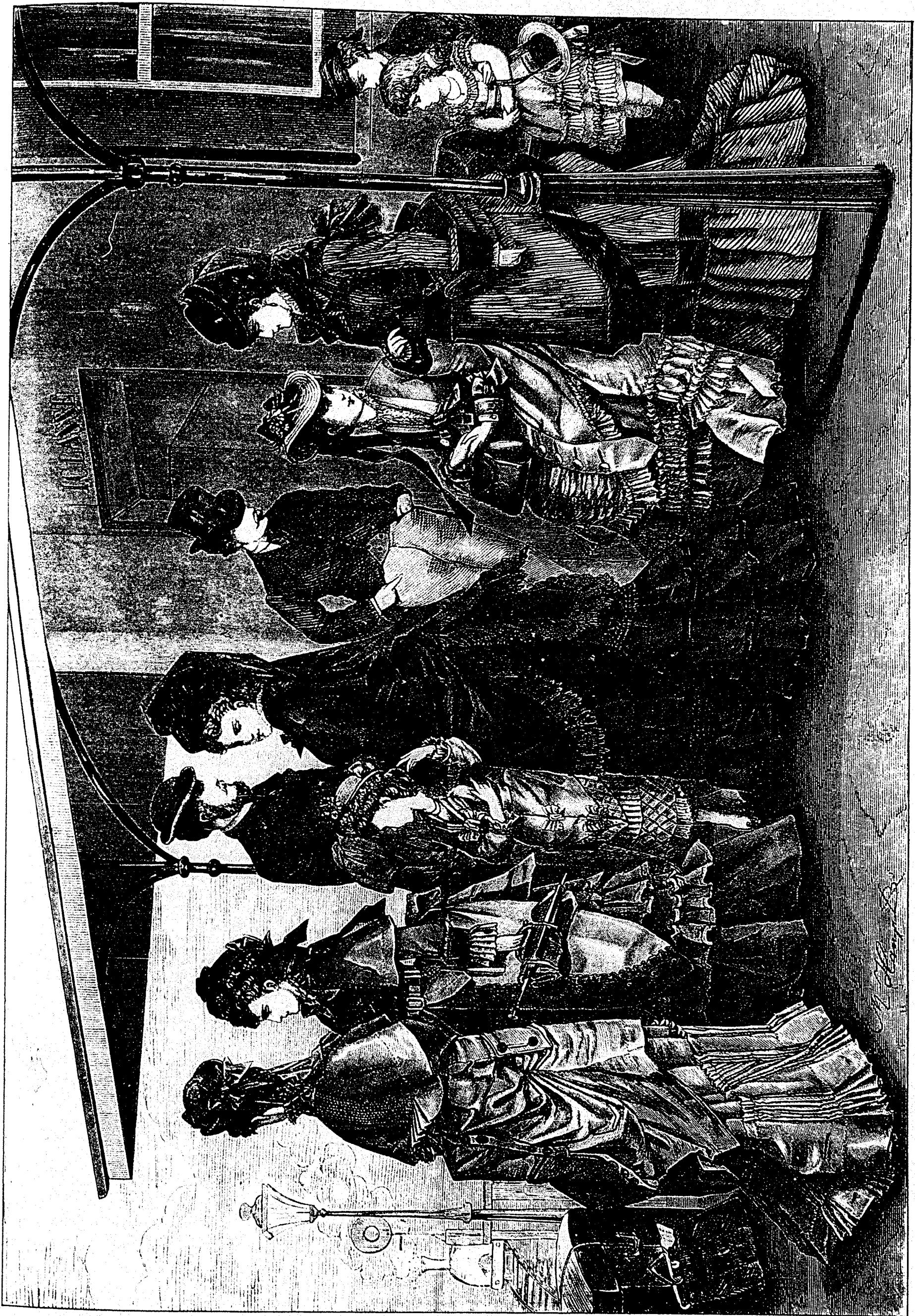


FIG. 1

FIG. 2

FIG. 3

FIG. 4

FIG. 5

FIG. 6

FIG. 7

THE FASHIONS.

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

OR

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

1789.

XVII.

"Other deputies were now arriving by different alleys. As nine o'clock struck we drew near the hall, M. Bailly and two secretaries at our head. Some Gardes-Français were before the door. As soon as they saw us coming an officer in command appeared and came forward; M. Bailly had a lively discussion with him. I was not near enough to hear, but at the same time was stated that the door was closed to us. The officer (the Count de Vertan) very politely justified himself by his orders. We were indignant. In the course of twenty minutes the Assembly was nearly complete; and as the officer on guard, notwithstanding his politeness, would not allow us to pass, several deputies made a vigorous protestation, and then we ascended the avenue nearly up to the railing, in the midst of great confusion. Some proposed to go to Marly and hole the Assembly under the windows of the château; others said the king sought to plunge the country into the horrors of civil war, and starve it, and that nothing similar had been seen under the greatest despots, Louis XI., Richelieu and Mazarin. Our indignation was shared by half Versailles; the people, men and women, surrounded and listened to us.

"M. Bailly had left us about ten; we did not know what had become of him, when three deputies came and informed us, that after having removed our documents from the hall by the help of the commissioners who accompanied him, he had betaken himself to a large hall where they usually played at tennis, in the Rue Saint-François, nearly opposite my lodgings and that this hall was large enough to hold the Assembly. We set off escorted by the people to the tennis-court, descending the street which runs along the back of that part of the château which is called 'les grands communs,' and we entered the old building about twelve o'clock. The affront we had just subjected to was sufficient evidence that the nobility and the bishops were tired of temporising with us, and that we must expect further insults; and we should be under the necessity of taking measures, not only with a view to assure the fulfilment of our mission, but also to guarantee our own existence. These people, accustomed only to employ force, knew no other law; happily we were near Paris which counteracted their plans.

"Let us go on.

"The hall of the tennis-court is a square building about thirty five feet high, paved with large flags, with neither pillars, beams, nor cross-beams, and the roof of thick planking; light is admitted by windows very high up, which gives a sombre appearance to the interior. All round it there are narrow boarded galleries; we had to traverse them to reach this species of *halle aux blés*, or covered market, which must have been a long time in existence. Under any circumstances buildings were not erected in stone for a childish game. It was deficient in everything, chairs, tables, &c. They were obliged to fetch them from the neighbouring houses. The master of the establishment, a little bald man, seemed pleased with the honour that we did him. A table was set in the middle of the hall, and some chairs round it. The Assembly. The crowd filled the galleries.

"Then Bailly mounted a chair, and began by reminding us of what had just occurred; he then read to us two letters from M. the Marquis de Brezé, master of the ceremonies, in which that nobleman communicated the order to him to suspend our meetings until the royal sitting. These two letters were written in the same terms; the second merely added that the order was positive. In conclusion, M. Bailly recommended us to deliberate on what plan we should adopt.

"I need not try, Maitre Jean, to make you understand our emotion; when one is the representative of a great people, and one sees this people insulted in one's own person—when one calls to mind what our fathers have suffered at the hands of a stranger class, which for hundreds of years has lived at our expense, and now endeavours to keep us in subjection—when but a few days previous you are insolently reminded that the superiority of 'the descendants of our haughty conquerors over the humble posterity of the conquered' is graciously forgotten for a moment; and one then sees that by means of insolence and trickery they are seeking to perpetuate the same system with us and our descendants; then, if such treatment be not deserved, we are ready to sacrifice all to maintain our rights and humble the pride of those who humiliate us.

"Monnier, calm though indignant, had a truly great idea. After having shown us how strange it was to see the hall of the States-General occupied by armed men, and us, the National Assembly, at its door, exposed to the laughter and insults of the nobles and their servants; forced to take refuge in a tennis-court, that our labours might not be interrupted; he cried—'The intention to wound us in our dignity had been openly shown, and it warned us of the liveliness of intrigue and of the rage with which they endeavoured to drive our good king to take dis-

trous steps; and in this state of things the nation's representatives had but one course to pursue—to bind themselves to the public safety and the country's interests by a solemn oath.'

"This proposition excited great enthusiasm, every one comprehending that the union of the good causes terror to the bad; the following resolution was immediately passed:—

"The National Assembly, considering that having been invited to determine the constitution of the kingdom, effect the restoration of the public order, and maintain true monarchic principles, nothing can prevent the continuance of its deliberations, in whatsoever place it may be forced to establish itself, and that where its members are met, there is the National Assembly:

"Resolved that all members of this Assembly shall at this instant take a solemn oath never to separate, and to meet wherever circumstances may require it, until the constitution of the kingdom is strengthened and established on a solid base; and the said oath having been taken, that all and each member shall confirm by their signature this irrevocable resolution.'

"How pleased you would have been, Maitre Jean, to see this great sombre hall, us in the centre of it, and the people all around; to hear the hum of astonishment, satisfaction, and enthusiasm; then the president, Bailly, standing on a chair, reading to us the form of the oath, amidst a religious silence; then suddenly our hundreds of voices, like a clap of a thunder, burst forth in the old building with, 'We swear it!—we swear it!'

"Ah! our ancestors who have suffered so much ought to move in their graves. I am not a very susceptible man, but I had not a drop of blood in my veins. I never believed such happiness could be in store for me. Near me the curé Jacques was in tears; Gerard de Vic was very pale; at last we fell into the arms of one another.

"Outside, shouts of applause extended over the old town; then it was I recollected this verse of the Gospel, when the soul of Christ ascended to heaven—'The earth shook and the veil of the temple was rent in twain.'

"When quiet was re-established, each in turn approached the table and took the oath, which the secretaries wrote down and each one signed. I never wrote my name with so much pleasure; I laughed as I signed, and yet I could have cried—what a grand day!

"One deputy, only, Martin d'Auch, of Castelnaudary, signed 'Dissentient.' Valentine will be happy that he is not the only one of his species in France, and that another son of the people loves the nobles better than his own race—there are two of them!

"The opposition of Martin d'Auch was inscribed on the register. And as some suggested sending a deputation to his majesty to represent our profound grief, &c., the Assembly adjourned to Monday, the 22nd, at the usual hour, resolving that, if the royal sitting took place in the Salle des Menus, all members of the Third Estate would remain there after the sitting to take into consideration their own affairs, which are those of the nation.

"We separated at six.

"When he heard what had taken place, the Count d'Artois, surprised to find that it was possible to carry on deliberations in a tennis-court, sent to engage it for his own amusement on the 22nd. This time the poor prince thought we should find no refuge anywhere.

"The next day the king sent us word that the sitting would not take place on the 22nd, but the 23rd. It was prolonging our anxieties; but these profound geniuses had not taken into consideration that at Versailles there are other localities besides the tennis-court and the Salle des Menus, so that on the 22nd, finding these two places closed, the assembly first betook themselves to the Recollets Chapel, which was not large enough, and then to the Church of Saint Louis, where every one was at his ease.

"The grand plan of M. the Count d'Artois and the princes de Condé and de Conti was thus rendered abortive. One can never think of everything. Who could ever have supposed that we should go to the Church of Saint-Louis, and that the clergy themselves would come and join us there? And yet, Maitre Jean, these are the great men who have held us so many ages in abasement! It is easy to see now that our ignorance only has been to blame, and we cannot reproach them for it. Silly Jeannette Paramel, of Barques, with her great throat, has more wit than they.

"Towards midday, M. Bailly announced that he was informed the majority of the clergy was about to visit the Assembly to verify the powers in common. The court had been aware of this since the 18th; it was to prevent this meeting at any hazard that the Salle des Menus had been closed to us, and that preparations had been made for a royal sitting.

"The clergy first congregated in the choir of the church; then it joined us in the nave, and we had again a moving scene; the curés had gained over their bishops, and the bishops themselves were nearly all rallied to the cause of good sense.

"One ecclesiastic only, the Abbé Maur they

son of a shoemaker of the Comtat-Venaissin, felt his dignity wounded by being confounded among the deputies of the Third Estate. One does see strange things in this world!

"Notwithstanding this abbé, of all his order the greatest opponent of this union, documents were examined, and speeches of mutual congratulations were made; after which the sitting was adjourned, to be continued the next day, Tuesday, in the usual place of the assemblies, the Salle des Menus.

"We now come to the 23rd, the day of the royal sitting.

"The next morning, on rising and opening the shutters, I saw we were going to have very bad weather; it did not rain yet, but the sky was overcast. That did not prevent the street being full of people. Some instants later Father Gerard came up to breakfast, followed by the curé Jacques. We were in full dress, as on the day of our first meeting. What did this royal sitting indicate? what had they to say to us? Since the evening before we knew that the Swiss and the Gardes-Français were under arms; there was a report that six regiments were marching on Versailles. While at breakfast we heard the patrols up and down the Rue Saint-François. Gerard was afraid something bad was going to happen—a *coup d'état*, as it was called—to compel us to vote the money and then send us home. The curé said it was rather like saying, 'Your money or your life,' and that the king, notwithstanding his complaisance to the queen and the Count d'Artois, was incapable of striking us such a blow as that. I thought as he did. But as for knowing the object of the royal sitting, I was no farther advanced than the others. I thought perhaps they might try to frighten us; however, we were soon to know what we were to expect.

"We set out at nine; all the streets abutting on the hall of assembly were thronged with people already; patrols came and went; people of all sorts, citizens, workmen, and soldiers, seemed uneasy; every one was distrustful.

"The moment we came near the hall it began to rain; a shower was imminent; I was on before, and I hurried. About one hundred deputies were standing before the door at the grand avenue; they were not allowed to enter, while the clergy and the nobility passed without notice; and as I arrived a sort of lacquey came and told the gentlemen of the Third Estate to enter by the Rue du Chantier to avoid obstruction and confusion.

"M. the Marquis de Brezé having had so much trouble in finding places for all in their order the day of the first meeting of the States-General, had, I suppose, adopted this plan on his own responsibility.

"We began to grow angry; but as it rained fast we made haste to reach the door of the Chantier, expecting to find it open. But M. the Marquis de Brezé had not placed the two first orders to his satisfaction; the back door was, therefore, still closed. We had to take refuge under a sort of shed on the left, while the nobles and the bishops entered boldly and majestically by the Grande Avenue de Paris. M. the grand master of the ceremonies did not put himself out of the way for us; he thought it quite in the order of things to keep us waiting; we were only there for form's sake after all. What are the representatives of the people? What is the Third Estate? Only canaille! Doubtless such was the opinion of the marquis, and if peasants, citizens like myself, had some difficulty in digesting these affronts, revived from day to day by a species of upper-servant, imagine the rage of a noble like Mirabeau; his hair stood on end, his fleshy cheeks trembled with rage. The rain poured down. Twice our President had been turned back; M. the marquis had still to find places for some great personages. Mirabeau, seeing that, said to Bailly in a terrible voice, pointing to the deputies of the Third Estate—

"Monsieur the president, conduct the nation before the king!"

"At last, for the third time, Bailly went up and knocked at the door, and the marquis condescended to appear, having, no doubt, finished his noble task. That man, Maitre Jean, can boast of having served the court well. Our president declared that if the door was not opened, the Third Estate would retire.

"Then it was thrown wide open; we saw the hall adorned as on the first day, the benches of the nobility and the clergy occupied by the splendid deputies of these two orders, and we entered wet through. Messieurs of the nobility and some of the bishops laughed as we took our places; they seemed quite pleased at our disgrace.

"Those things cost dear.

"We sat down, and almost directly after the king entered from the other end of the hall, surrounded by the princes of the blood, the dukes and peers, the captains of his guards, and some gardes du corps. Not a single cry of 'Vive le roi!' was heard on our side. Silence was instantaneous, and the king said, 'That he believed he had done everything for the good of his people, and it seemed to him we had nothing to do but to finish his work, but that for two months we had not been able to agree

over our preliminary operations, and that he owed to himself to put a stop to these fatal dissensions. He would consequently declare his pleasure to us.'

"After this speech the king sat down, and a secretary of state read us his wishes.

"Art. 1. 'The king wills that the ancient distinction of the three orders should be preserved entire, forming three separate chambers. He declares null the deliberations taken by the deputies of the Third Estate on the 17th of this month.'

"Art. 2. 'His majesty declares the powers valid, verified or not verified, in each chamber, and commands that such a declaration be communicated to the other orders without any more hindrance.'

"Art. 3. 'The king annuls all restrictions which have been imposed on the powers of the deputies.'

"So that every one of us could do as he pleased, grant subsidies, vote taxes, alienate the nation's rights, &c., and without attention to the wishes of those who sent him.

"Art. 4 and 5. 'If deputies have taken a rash oath to remain faithful to their mission, the king allowed them to write to their respective bailiwicks to be relieved of such oath; but in the meantime they would retain their places, to give weight to the decisions of the States-General.'

"Art. 6. 'His majesty declares that for future holdings of the States-General he will allow him no instructions to be given by constituents.'

"Without doubt because the cheats who made a traffic of their votes would know one another but too well among the honest men who fulfilled their mission.

"His majesty then indicated the mode in which he desired us to conduct our proceedings. In the first place we were forbidden in future to discuss the ancient right of the three orders; the form of a constitution to be given to future States-General; seigniorial and feudal property; the rights and honorary prerogatives of the two first orders. He declared that the especial consent of the clergy was necessary for everything that referred to religion, ecclesiastical discipline, and the law of regular and secular orders.

"So that, Maitre Jean, we had only been summoned to pay the deficit and vote away the people's money; the rest was no business of ours; all was well, very well, everything would be as it was, as soon as we had found the means!

"After this had been read the king rose again to tell us that no king has done as much as he in his people's interest, and those who continue to retard his paternal intentions were unworthy to be looked upon as a Frenchmen.

"Then he sat down, and his intentions as to taxes, loans, and other financial matters were read.

"The king wished to change the name of the taxes. You understand, Maitre Jean, the name. Thus the land-tax joined to the vingtième, or replaced in some other way, became more accommodating. Instead of paying a livre we give twenty sous; instead of paying a collector we shall pay a tax-gatherer, and the nation will be eased.

"Never did a king so much for his people! He wished to abolish lettres-de-cachet, but maintains them out of regard for the honour of families evidently.

"He was desirous of the liberty of the press, at the same time carefully restricting the publication of wicked gazettes and badly-disposed books.

"He sought the consent of the States-General to raise loans, only in case of war he assumed the right of borrowing up to one hundred millions to begin—'For it is the king's formal intention never to put the welfare of his kingdom in dependence upon any one.'

"He also wished to consult us on employments and offices, which would preserve for the future the privilege of conferring or transmitting nobility.

"In fact, a great medley on all sorts of things was read to us, on which were to be consulted. But the king always reserved to himself the right of doing as he liked. Our occupation was to find the money. In that respect we always had the preference.

"His majesty began to address us once more, and said—

"Reflect, gentleman, that not none of your designs, none of your arrangements, can have the force of a law without my special approval. I am the natural security for your rights. It is I who constitute the happiness of my people, and it is perhaps seldom the ambition of a sovereign to request his subjects to agree on accepting his good offices.

"I command you, gentlemen, to separate yourselves immediately, and to repair to-morrow morning each of you to the chamber destined to your order, to recommend your sittings.'

"At last we were put in our place. We had been sent for to vote money, nothing else. If parliament had not declared that all taxes had been till then illegally levied, our good king would never have had the idea of convoking us,

but now the States-General were more troublesome than parliament, and we were ordered about as if we were domestics—

"I order you to separate immediately!" "Bishops, marquises, counts, and barons enjoyed our decomposition and looked down on us; but believe me, Maitre Jean, we never looked down, but were terribly agitated."

"The king, saying nothing more, rose and went out as he came. Nearly all the bishops, some curés, and the greater part of the deputies of the nobility, withdrew by the great door of the avenue."

"We were to go out by the little door of the Chantier, but for the moment we kept our places. Every one was thoughtful. The feeling of force and anger was increasing in every man's breast. This lasted a quarter of an hour, when Mirabeau rose, his great head thrown back and his eyes sparkling. The silence was terrible; we looked at him. All at once, in his clearest tones, he said—

"Gentlemen, I confess to you that what you have just heard might be the salvation of the country, if the gifts of despotism were not always dangerous. What is this insolent dictatorship, this attendance of armed men, this violation of the national temple, to order you to be happy?"

"Every one shuddered. We felt that Mirabeau risked his head. He knew it as well as we, but indignation ran away with him; his face changed to beautiful! It is even all that is most beautiful in the world!" He continued—

"Who gives you this command? Your proxy! Who lays down these imperious? Your proxy!—he who ought to receive them from us, gentlemen, who are invested with a political and inviolable priesthood—from us, from whom twenty-five millions of men expect certain happiness, because it must be consented to, given, and received by all."

"Every word plunged like a cannon-ball into the throne of absolutism."

"But a fetter is laid upon your freedom of discussion," continued he, with a gesture which made us tremble; "a military force surrounds the Estates! Where are the country's enemies? Is Catiline at our gates? I demand that, covering yourselves with your dignity, your legislative power, your remain faithful to your oath: it does allow you to separate until a constitution is made."

"During this speech the master of the ceremonies, who had followed the king-re-entered the hall and advanced towards the benches vacated by the nobility. Mirabeau had hardly finished speaking when he uttered some few words; but as he was not audible, several cried out, 'Louder, louder!'

"Then he raised his voice, and said in profound silence—

"Gentlemen, you have heard the king's orders!" "Mirabeau remained standing; I saw anger and contempt set his great jaws."

"Yes, sir," said he slowly, in the tone of a great seigneur speaking, "we have heard the proposals which have been suggested to the king, and you, who cannot be his medium with the States-General—you have neither place here nor right to speak, it is not for you to remind us of what he said."

(To be continued.)

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned has this day admitted MR. ANDREW YOUNG and MR. JAMES MATTINSON, JR., as co-partners in his business, which will be carried on under the style and firm of MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO. All outstanding accounts will be settled by the new firm.

JAMES MATTINSON.

May 1st, 1875.

With reference to the above, the undersigned beg to state that they have fitted up the large and commodious premises, No. 577 CRAIG STREET, as a manufactory, where, with increased facilities, they will be prepared to meet all commands at the shortest notice.

MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO., Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters, Copper-smiths, &c. 12-1-26-175

THE MODERN TURKISH BATH.

REDUCTION IN PRICE

Until the First of October next in order to meet the HARD TIMES.

Complete Turkish Bath as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Bath type and Price. Single Bath \$1.00, Six Tickets at 75 cts. 4.50, Fifteen Tickets at 65 cts. 9.75, Gentleman's Season Ticket, good for one year from date of purchase, giving the privilege of using the Bath as frequently as desired. 50.00, Ladies' Season Ticket, on same conditions. 40.00, Turkish Bath without shampooing as follows: Single Bath, 75 cts.; Ten tickets, at 50 cts., \$5; ordinary Water Bath, 50 cts.—CIRCULARS ON APPLICATION.

BATHING HOURS:

Gentlemen, 6 to 8 a.m., and 2 to 9 p.m. Ladies, except Monday and Saturday, 10 to 1 a.m.

DAVID B. A. MACBEAN, M.D., Proprietor, 140 St. Monique Street. 12-1-4-177

The Travelers Life & Accident Insurance Co. OF HARTFORD, CONN.

CAPITAL - \$500,000. CASH ASSETS - \$3,500,000 SURPLUS OVER LIABILITIES, \$1,000,000.

Grants everything desirable in Life or Accident Insurance on the most favorable terms.

FOSTER, WELLS & BRINLEY, General Agents for the Dominion. OFFICE, 199 St. James St., Montreal. 12-1-52-174

MADE TO ORDER ON SHORT NOTICE BY KEMP & CO. Gentlemen's Furnishing Establishment 306, NOTRE-DAME ST., 306, MONTREAL. 11-26-13-168.

AGENTS FOR CHROMOS. Send in your orders or give us a call. Illustrated Catalogue free. ADDRESS: W. H. HOPE, 522, Craig St., Montreal. 11-26-4-170.

BOND BROS., STOCK & SHARE BROKERS, Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange. No. 7 ST. SACRAMENT STREET, MONTREAL. 11-16-52-126.

WANTED. An active and intelligent CANVAS-ER for the advertising in L'OPINION PUBLIQUE. This paper has THREE TIMES the circulation of any other French Paper in Canada, and should command an extensive patronage among English as well as French Business Houses. Party applying must have good references, speak English and French fluently, and possess a good address. Apply to GEORGE E. DESBARATS, 319, St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

JAMES WRIGHT, MANUFACTURER OF Church, Bank, Store and Office Fittings, Parquet Floors, Wooden Carpetings & Fancy Wainscots, 2 TO 15 ST. ANTOINE STREET, & 801 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL, P. Q. Box 943. 11-9-52-107.

PARLOR BOOT & SHOE STORE, 375 Notre Dame Street, One door East of John Aitken & Co. Have always on hand a choice selection of LADIES' WHITE GOODS, in Satin, Kid and Jean. 10-25-52-61 E. & A. PERRY.

To Railway, Steam Navigation, and Manufacturing Companies. BILLS OF LADING, MANIFESTS, BILL HEADS, CIRCULARS, LETTER HEADINGS; BONDS, DEBENTURES, PASSES, TICKETS; TIME TABLES, SHOW CARDS, POSTERS, and every other variety of Printing, executed with neatness and despatch, on Stone or from Type, as may be desired. VIEWS OF FACTORIES, STATIONS, STEAMERS, ENGINES, and MACHINERY, taken by Photography or Pencil, and reproduced in any style, for any purpose required, and at very moderate prices. THE BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY, 115 St. Francois Xavier St., and 311 to 319 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL.

ASK FOR LEBEVRE'S VINEGAR, specially recommended by the Medical Faculty, as being free from adulteration and superior to any foreign importation. Wholesale & Grocer Retail. Bonded Montreal Vinegar Works, No. 41 Bonaventure Street. 11-23-26-159

MARAVILLA COCOA. TAYLOR BROTHERS, LONDON, having the EXCLUSIVE Supply of this UNRIPE COCOA invite Comparison with any other Cocoa, for Purity—Fine Aroma—Sanative, Nutritive and Sustaining Power. One trial will establish it as a favourite Beverage for Breakfast, Luncheon, and a Soothing Refreshment after a late evening.

MARAVILLA COCOA. The Globe says, "TAYLOR BROTHERS' MARAVILLA COCOA has achieved a thorough success, and surpasses every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate Aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For consumers of Cocoa, especially Invalids and Dyspeptics, we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage." For further favourable Opinions vide Standard, Morning Post, British Medical Journal, &c., &c.

HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA. This original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation, and is manufactured by TAYLOR BROTHERS under the ablest HOMOEOPATHIC advice, aided by the skill and experience of the inventors, and will be found to combine in an eminent degree, the purity, fine aroma, and nutritious property of the FRESH NUT.

SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE MADE IN ONE MINUTE WITHOUT BOILING THE ABOVE ARTICLES are prepared exclusively by TAYLOR BROTHERS, the largest Manufacturers in Europe, and sold in tin-lined packets by Storekeepers and others all over the world.

MUSTARD.—TAYLOR BROTHERS' celebrated "Challenge" brand is prepared from the choicest Seed by a patent process which prevents fermentation, and at the same time retains the pungency and purity of flavour to a degree which no other process can accomplish. The double superfine quality is specially recommended. STEAM MILLS, BRICK LANE, LONDON. EXPORT CHICORY MILLS, BRUGES, BELGIUM. 11-20-56-148

McMILLAN & CO., MERCHANT TAILORS, 252, St. James Street, (Next door West Ottawa Hotel.) Are now in receipt of a full stock of SPRING OVER-COATINGS, heavy and medium weight Scotch and West of England Tweeds, for early Spring Suitings. All from the most celebrated manufacturers. 11-19-13-144.

T. REEVES & Co., 687 Craig St. Revolvers, Rifles, Shot Guns, Fishing Tackle, sporting Goods of all kinds. Live Minnows always on hand. 11-19-13-140

COCHRAN'S WRITING INKS! SOME OF THE FINEST IN THE MARKET.

BLUE BLACK (will give one copy if required.) VIOLET BLACK, copying and writing combined. COMMERCIAL BLACK, a really good black ink. BLACK COPYING INK (will give six copies.) BRIGHT SCARLET, a very brilliant color. All the bottles are full Imperial measure. We would call the attention of Schools and Academies to the quality of the Black inks.

MORTON, PHILLIPS & BULMER, Successors to ROBT. GRAHAM. ESTABLISHED 1829. 375 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. 11-7-52-92.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON, Established 1803. Capital and Reserved Fund, £2,020,000.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA: RINTOUL BROS., EXCHANGE BANK BUILDING, Corner Notre Dame & St. Francois Xavier Sts., Montreal. CHAS. D. HANSON, INSPECTOR. 10-22-52-49.

OTTAWA RIVER NAV. CO'S STEAMERS BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA. Passengers by Day boat leave from Montreal and Ottawa every morning at 7 a.m. By night boat leave Montreal and Ottawa at 5 p.m. except on Saturday. Baggage checked through. Tickets at 15 Bonaventure St. and at Railway Station, Montreal, and at Office, Queen's Wharf, and Russell House, Ottawa. R. W. SHEPHERD, President. 11-20-26-150

RELIEF, COMFORT, AND CURE. Artificial Limbs, Trusses, Supporters, Braces, Instruments for Deformities, Weak Ankles, &c., fitted to every case by Dr. J. ENEAS, at the Victoria Truss Factory, corner of Bleury and Craig Streets. 11-19-26-126.

To Municipalities, Societies, Lodges and Granges. BONDS, DEBENTURES, DIPLOMAS, CERTIFICATES; VIEWS OF SITES, ROOMS, &c.; PORTRAITS OF OFFICERS and MEMBERS; ILLUSTRATIONS OF BADGES and INSIGNIA, produced to order, by Photography, Engraving or Lithography, as may be desired. Orders received by mail attended to and executed with care and punctuality. THE BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY, 115 St. Francois Xavier St., and 311 to 319 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL.

C. A. MACDONELL, Union Marble Works, 10 and 12 Bleury Street, opposite Notman's, Monuments, Mantels, Altars, Figures, Tiles, Wainscoting, &c. Importer and manufacturer of Marble of every description. 11-22-52-158.

CANADA BOILER WORKS, 771 Craig Street, Montreal. PETER HIGGINGS, manufacturer of Marine and Land Boilers, Tanks, Fire-Proof Chambers, Wrought Iron Beams, Iron Bridge Girders, Iron Boats, &c. For all kinds of above works, Plans, Specifications and Estimates given if required. Repairs promptly attended to. 11-9-52-103

C. KIRBY, C. MERCHANT TAILOR, 378 Yonge St., Toronto (A few doors South of Gerrard St.) A Stylish Cut and Fit Guaranteed. 11-11-52-119.

CANCER CURE, OTTAWA, ONTARIO, BY DR. WOOD. Cure warranted without the use of the knife, and almost painless. 11-3-52-83

JAMES MUIR, HOUSE AND LAND AGENT, New Canada Life Buildings, No. 190 St. James Street, Montreal. 12-1-52-173

FASHIONABLE TAILORING. For Style, Fit, and Workmanship, call on J. D. DRESSER & CO., 433 Notre Dame St. 11-16-52-131.

GET YOUR PICTURES FRAMED AT G. G. H. HUDSON & CO'S, Corner Craig and St. Peter Streets, Montreal. 11-9-52-105

HATS THAT R HATS. DEVLIN'S HAT AND FUR DEPOT, 416 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL. 11-13-52-123.

HOPKINS & WILY, ARCHITECTS AND VALUERS, 235 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 11-8-52-99

HUTCHISON & STEELE, ARCHITECTS Valuers of Real Estate, Buildings, &c. 181 St James St. A. C. HUTCHISON. A. D. STEELE. 10-26-52-7

JOHN DATE, PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM FITTER, Coppersmith, Brass Founder, Finisher and Manufacturer of Diving Apparatus. 657 AND 659 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. 11-8-52-102

JOSEPH GOULD, Importer of PIANO-FORTES AND CABINET ORGANS, 211 St. James Street, Montreal. 11-7-52-98.

J. V. MORGAN, 75 ST. JAMES STREET, Agent for the SILICATED CARBON FILTER COMPANY, also the PATENT PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLE COMPANY, BATHERSEA, LONDON. 10-25-52-65

L. J. FORGET, L. STOCK AND SHARE BROKER, 104, St. Francois Xavier St., (Exchange Bank Building.) 11-19-52-146.

MERCHANTS—SEND TO HICKS' FOR SHOW CARDS 11-6-52-88. of every kind—Montreal.

MR. PARKS, PHOTOGRAPHER, HAS RECEIVED a very fine collection of STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of Zeosemite Valley, Seranavada Mountain & Niagara Falls. 11-8-52-101

PATENTS! F. H. REYNOLDS, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS, 235 St. James Street, Montreal. 11-8-52-100

P. KEARNEY, GILDER, MANUFACTURER OF P. Mirror, Portrait and Picture Frames, 69 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. Old Frames regilt equal to New. 11-9-52-104

REFRIGERATORS, Filters, Water-Coolers, Ice-Cream-Freezers, Iron-Bedsteads, &c., &c., at MEILLEUR & CO'S, 652 Craig, near Bleury Street. 11-4-52-87.

RUFUS SKINNER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, and all kinds of Canned Goods, &c., Corner Yonge & Walton Streets, Toronto, Ont. 11-9-52-106

THE CANADA SELF-ACTING BRICK MACHINES! Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also, HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES. 244 Parthenais St., Montreal. 11-12-52-122. BULMER & SHEPPARD.

W. P. WILLIAMS, FRUITERER, CONFECTIONER, and Dealer in Canned Goods of all descriptions. 134 Queen Street East, bet. George & Sherbourne Sts., Toronto, Ont. 11-9-52-110

\$500 PER MONTH TO LIVE MEN. SEND \$5 for Agents' outfit which will sell for \$10 or money refunded. A. D. CABLE, 568 Craig Street, Montreal. 10-21-52-39.

THE FAIRBANKS' PLATFORM SCALE Stands side by side with the mower, the reaper, and the cotton gin, as tributary to the material progress of the world. 10-25-52-68

\$5 to \$20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but one cent. Address J. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 10-18-52-20.

To Lawyers, Notaries, Assignees, &c. FACTUMS, LAW FORMS, DEEDS, LEASES, PROFESSIONAL CARDS, LETTER HEADINGS, and every variety of Legal Documents, printed from new type, in good taste, at moderate prices, and at the shortest possible notice. Careful proof-reading a specialty. THE BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY, 115 St. Francois Xavier St., and 311 to 319 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL.

JAS. K. POLLOCK, CARVER, GILDER, Looking Glass, Picture Frame AND PASSE-PARTOUT MANUFACTURER, No. 13 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL. 12-2-52-178.

COAL! COAL!! VERY FAVOURABLE QUOTATIONS, & QUALITY FIRST-CLASS. S. W. BEARD & CO., Foot of McGill Street. 12-2-6-181.

DOMINION TYPE FOUNDRY COMPANY, Cheneville Street, Montreal. Manufacturers of the STANDARD FACES for Newspaper, Book, and Job Work; Dealers in PRESSES and all kinds of Printers' Material. The latest improvements are introduced, and the Company invite comparison with any imported Type for Accuracy, Durability, and Style.

The newest Designs in JOB LETTER at lower prices than type of foreign manufacture. AGENTS FOR THE "RELIANCE" WHARFEDALE MACHINE, and the best English and American Job Presses. Estimates for Newspaper and Job Offices on application. Liberal discount for cash.

DR. A. PROUDFOOT, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Special attention given to DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR. Artificial Eyes inserted. 37 Beaver Hall. Office hours, 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 p.m. 11-7-52-93.

PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.
 W. GRANT & CO.,
 249 St. James Street.
 Collars, Ties, Gloves, Hosiery, Umbrellas.
 SAMPLES OF SHIRTING MAILED.
 11-17-13-133



THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
BLATCHLEY'S HORIZONTAL Ice Cream Freezer.
 Is adapted for SALOONS, HOTELS, ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS or FAMILIES.
 Awarded SILVER MEDAL, first premium over all competitors at the Semi-Centennial Exhibition of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, Oct. 1874, for "superiority, economy, security of contents, and rapidity of action."
 The closed Head saves ice enough in one season to pay for the machine.
 The horizontal position secures perfect uniformity in freezing, and a great saving of time and labor. The Tub requires but one filling to freeze. Sizes, 3, 4, 6, 8, 12, 20, 30, and 40 qts. Send stamp for descriptive circular.
C. G. BLATCHLEY, Manfr.
 506 COMMERCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA
 11-21-8-153



GASALIERS
 NEW, ELEGANT, CHEAP DESIGNS
 RICHARD PATTON,
 74 1/2 Craig Street, Montreal
 11-19-52-145

PAPER HANGING
 WINDOW SHADES, WIRE SCREENS, BANNERS, RUSTIC BLINDS and SCENERY.
CEO. C. DEZOUCHE,
 351 NOTRE DAME STREET
 11-16-13-127

GRAVEL ROOFING.
R. ALEXANDER,
 41 ST. ANTOINE ST., MONTREAL.
 11-21-52-78.

SHEET MUSIC. The largest and best assorted Stock in the Province. Any piece of Music or Music Book sent by Mail on receipt of the marked price.

BRASS BANDS furnished with first class INSTRUMENTS, at moderate prices, and the orders of Colleges and Boys' Schools where BRASS or ORCHESTRAL BANDS are encouraged, solicited.
C. C. DE ZOUCHE,
 211 St. James St., Montreal.
 11-16-13-132.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES from \$1.50 to \$50. Boys Wagons, Boys' Carts, Rocking Horses, Velocipedes.
 I have on hand the largest stock of these goods in the City. Retail at Wholesale prices.
ALEX. D. DALY,
 426 & 428 Notre Dame Street
 11-18-13-137.

"The source of many a writer's woes has been discovered."
MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS!
 "They come as a boon and a blessing to men
 The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."
 "The misery of a bad pen is now a voluntary infliction.
 Another blessing to men! The Hindoo Pen,
 1,200 Newspapers recommend them. See Graphic
 20th February, 1875.
 The Patentees would caution the public to beware of parties offering spurious imitations of these Pens.
 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh.
 11-21 5-163.

I. L. BANCS & CO.,
 783 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL,
 MANUFACTURERS OF
FELT AND GRAVEL ROOFING.
 Gravel Roofs repaired at short Notice.
 Prepared Roofing Felt, Roofing Composition, Gravel Wood Varnish for Painting Shingles. 11-7-52-84.

STRATHY & STRATHY,
STOCK AND SHARE BROKERS,
 Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange.
 No. 100 St. Francois Xavier Street,
 MONTREAL. 11-16-52-125.

GASALIERS. New Stock. New Designs constantly adding. Plumbing, Gasfitting, Steam and Hot Water Apparatus in all their branches. Prices low. Note the address: MACFARLANE & BAIN, 47 Beary Street.
 Also all kinds of Tin work. 11-17-52-134

JOSEPH LUCKWELL,
BUILDER & JOINER
 35 1/2 ST. ANTOINE STREET,
 MONTREAL. 10-20-52-72

J. DALE & CO.,
 FASHIONABLE MILLINERS & DRESSMAKERS,
 No. 58 1/2 Yonge Street,
 TORONTO. 11-10-52-113

Provincial Insurance Company of Canada,
 HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, Ont.
 FIRE AND MARINE. Endeavours to deserve confidence by a PROMPT AND JUST SETTLEMENT OF PAID CLAIMS.
 MONTREAL OFFICE: 160 ST. PETER STREET, COR. NOTRE DAME
 10-19-52-29.
T. J. EVANS, AGENT.

Commercial Union Assurance Company.
 HEAD OFFICE, 19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON.
 Capital, \$12,500,000. FUNDS IN HAND AND INVESTED, OVER \$5,000,000.
 UNCALLED CAPITAL 11,000,000.
 BRANCH OFFICE FOR EASTERN CANADA—UNION BUILDINGS, 43 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.

FIRE DEPARTMENT Insurance granted upon Dwelling Houses and Mercantile Blocks, including Mills and Manufactories and their contents, at reasonable rates.
LIFE DEPARTMENT. Terms liberal—Rates moderate—Security perfect—Bonus large, having here before averaged over 25 per cent of the Premiums paid.
 10-19-52-28
FRED. COLE, General Agent for Eastern Canada.

NOTICE.
Morson's Effectual Remedies.
 Are sold by Chemists and Druggists throughout the world.



PEPSINE, the popular and professional medicine for indigestion is MORSON'S PEP-SINE, the active principle of the gastric juice. Sold in Powder, Lozenges, Globules, and as Wine in 1, 2, and 4 pint Bottles.
CHLORODYNE is of such celebrity that it can scarcely be considered a speciality, its composition being known to practitioners. Many of the Chlorodynes being unequal in strength, MORSON & SON have prepared this. Sold in 1/4, 1/2 and 3/4 pint Bottles.
PANCREATIZED COD LIVER OIL (perfectly miscible in water or milk) in 4 oz. 2 oz. and pint Bottles.
 Highly recommended by the Medical profession in Pulmonary complaints.

THOMAS MORSON & SON.
 MEDALLISTS AND JURORS AT ALL THE GREAT EXHIBITIONS.
 31, 33, & 124, Southampton Row, Russell Square, London.
 WORKS—HORNSEY AND HOMERTON

PURE CHEMICALS AND NEW MEDICINES.
 SELECTED AND SHIPPING OF DEES EXECUTED WITH CARE AND DESPATCH.
 11-13-52-80-84

The Royal Canadian Insurance Co'y.
 CAPITAL, - - - - - \$6,000,000
 CASH ASSETS, OVER - - - - - \$1,031,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
 J. F. SINCENNES, Vice President "La Banque du Peuple."
 JOHN OSTELL, Director "The New City Gas Co'y."
 ANDREW WILSON, Director "The New City Gas and City Passenger Railway" Companies.
 M. C. MULLARKY, Vice-President "Le Credit Foncier du Bas Canada," Vice-President "Quebec Rubber Co.," and President "St. Pierre Land Co."
 J. ROSAIRE THIBAUDEAU, Director "La Banque Nationale."
 W. F. KAY, Director "Merchants Bank of Canada."
 HORACE AYLWIN, of Port Hope.
 ANDREW ROBERTSON, Vice-President "Montreal Board of Trade," and Vice-President "Dominion Board of Trade."
 DUNCAN MCINTYRE, of Messrs. McIntyre, French & Co., Wholesale Dry-Goods Merchants.

OFFICERS:
 President: J. F. SINCENNES. Vice-President: JOHN OSTELL.
 General Manager: ALFRED PERRY. Secretary: ARTHUR GAGNON.
 Marine Manager: CHAS. G. FORTIER.

Insures every description of Fire Risks, Inland Cargoes and Hulls; also Ocean Cargoes and Freights on First-Class Steamers and Sailing Vessels.
HEAD OFFICE: 160 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.
 10-20-52-22

THE COOK'S FRIEND
 BAKING POWDER
 Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY
 In every family where Economy and Health are studied.
 It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crusts, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.
THE COOK'S FRIEND SAVES TIME.
IT SAVES TEMPER.
IT SAVES MONEY.
 For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer,
W. D. McLAREN, Union Mills,
 11-18-52-135. 53 College Street.

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER
 Causes the hair to grow, invigorating the roots, Not soiling the skin. Grey hair it restores again to its natural colour, leaving it beautifully Embellished and glossy. Stops its falling off. Excels all others.
 Price 75c. Three Bottles for \$2.00.
 For sale by Druggists everywhere.
J. GARDNER, CHEMIST,
 457 Notre Dame street, Montreal.
 10-25-52-62.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.
 Trade Mark,—"Blood Mixture."
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.
 For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities, cannot be too highly recommended.
 For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin Diseases, and Sores of all kinds it is a never failing and permanent cure.
 It Cures old Sores.
 Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck.
 Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Legs.
 Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face.
 Cures Scurvy Sores.
 Cures Cancerous Ulcers.
 Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
 Cures Glandular Swellings.
 Clears the Blood from all impure Matter.
 From whatever cause arising.
 As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietor solicits sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.
 Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.
 Sold in Bottles, 1 dollar each, and in Cases, containing six times the quantity, 4 dollars each—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long standing cases, BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world.
 Sole Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE, Chemist, APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND.
 Sold in England by all Wholesale Patent Medicine Houses.
 Wholesale Agents for Provinces of Ontario and Quebec—
EVANS, MERCER & Co., Montreal.
 Mailed to any address on receipt of P.O.O.
 11-24-52-107

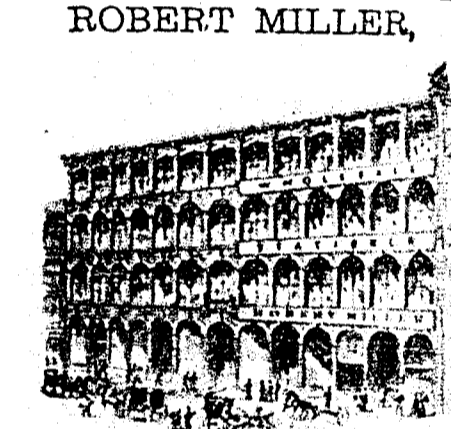
DR. HAYWARD'S NEW DISCOVERY,
 (PATENTED 1872)
 ENGLAND, FRANCE & BELGIUM.
The Treatment and Mode of Cure.
How to use it successfully,
 with safety and certainty in all cases of decay of the nerve structures, loss of vital power, weakness, low spirits, despondency, languor, exhaustion, muscular debility, loss of strength, appetite, indigestion, and functional ailments from various causes, &c., &c.
Without Medicine.
 Full Printed Instructions, with Pamphlet and Diagram for Invalids, post free, 25 cents.
 (FROM SOLE INVENTOR AND PATENTEE)
DR. HAYWARD, M.R.C.S., J.S.A., 14 York Street,
 Portman Square, London, W.
 For Qualifications, vide "Medical Register," 11-9-52-111.

12 Chromes for \$1. The grandest chance ever offered agents. We will mail to any address, post paid, 12 beautiful Oil Chromes, size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, mounted on receipt of \$1. Sell for \$3 in an hour. Try a Chromo agency. It is the best paying agency out. Everybody loves and buys pictures. We have work and money for all, men and women, boys and girls, whole or spare time, daytime or evening, at home or travelling. Inclose \$1 in a letter. Chromos by return mail. They sell at night.

WANTED Agents for the best selling Prize packages in the world. It contains 15 sheets paper, 15 envelopes, Pen, Pencil, Patent Yard Measure, package of Perfumery, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with elegant prize, post paid, 25 cents.

BEST Selling Imitation Gold Watch, in the market. This is a Pure Gold Silver Hunting Case Watch. English rolled Gold plated, sunk Second Hand, English expanded Case, and is equal in appearance to a Gold Watch that costs from \$50 to \$100. It runs and trades readily, for from \$25 to \$40. If you want a watch for your own use, or to make money out of, Price \$17 only. We will send this watch C. O. D. subject to examination, if you send \$2 with the order, the balance of \$15 you can pay the Express Co. if the watch proves satisfactory.

ALL CAN make splendid pay selling our goods. We have other novelties which are as staple as Flour. Send stamp for our illustrated catalogue. Address F. P. GLUCK, New Bedford, Mass. 11-20-52-143



ROBERT MILLER,
 Publisher, Book-binder, Manufacturing and **WHOLESALE STATIONER,**
 IMPORTER OF
 Wall Papers, Window Shades and **SCHOOL BOOKS,**
 397 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.
 10-19-52-6-0.

LAWLOR'S
 CELEBRATED
SEWING MACHINES,
 365 Notre Dame Street,
 11-7-52-96. MONTREAL.

North British & Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY.
 ESTABLISHED 1809.
 Head Office for Canada:
 No. 72 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
 Insurances effected on all classes of Risks.
 LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.
 Ninety per Cent of Profits Divided among Policyholders of Participating Scale.
 MANAGING DIRECTORS AND GENERAL AGENTS:
D. L. MACDOUGALL and THOM. DAVIDSON
WM. EWING, INSPECTOR.
 G. H. ROBERTSON and P. R. FAUTHEUX,
 SUB-AGENTS FOR MONTREAL.
 Agents in all the Principal Cities and Towns. 10-20-52-22

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the BURLAND-DEBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 311 to 319, St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

CET WHITESIDE'S PATENT SPRING BED.