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THE ESTUDIANTINA IN PARIS. PERFORMING IN FRONT OF THE GRAND OPERA.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post-masters, in advance.

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EDWARDSBURG ILLUSTRATED.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS we shall present a double page illustration of the flourishing town of Edwardsburg, Ont.; its principal buildings, manufactures and sites of importance and interest. Accompanying the pictures will be a full letter-press description from the pen of our Special Correspondent, Mr. George Tolley. We commend the number to our friends as a continuation of our series of "Canadian Towns and Cities Illustrated."

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 13th, 1878.

THE SITUATION IN EUROPE.

As we go to press, the situation in Europe is represented as most critical. In a day or two, we shall have the reply of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF to the circular of Lord SALISBURY, and pending that, no definite judgment can be pronounced upon the ultimate result, but it still remains true to say that the crisis is of a most alarming character. Since our last issue, events have followed each other with great rapidity. Lord DERBY resigned the portfolio of the Foreign Office, on account of the calling out of the reserves. His resignation was promptly accepted, and his place as promptly filled by the appointment of Lord SALISBURY, a circumstance which proves that the British Cabinet is both unanimous and determined. Lord SALISBURY lost no time in showing his hand. Within a few days after taking office, he put forth a circular which may be regarded as a masterpiece both of intelligibility and firmness, and which has raised its distinguished author, at one bound, to a front rank among contemporaneous statesmen. That circular cleared the atmosphere wonderfully, not only as showing what England demands, but by placing the whole Eastern Question on its truly international grounds. The effect in Europe was not slow in manifesting itself. Austria, which had been vacillating all along, suddenly made common cause with England, and the mission of IGNATIEFF to Vienna became a signal failure. France, whose policy throughout has been one of great reserve, if not of abstinence, declared that she would not move a step either in the Congress or out of it, that would be detrimental to Britain. Even Germany, whose leaning toward Russia has been no secret for any body, has adopted a course of marked moderation. Thus the situation has been considerably simplified, and we are in a better position to-day to understand who would be the parties to the war, if such were declared, than we were a fortnight ago. France and Germany naturally neutralize each other. So long as one of them is quiet, the other must needs be so. Austria sooner or later must side with England. Great pressure, much of it of a very questionable nature, is being brought to bear in the direction of a Russo-Turkish alliance; but evidently this cannot be relied upon. The Porte cannot and will not take up arms against Britain, and the Khedive has announced that if she does, he will immediately proclaim the independence of Egypt. The whole Hellenic element, which for strategic purposes is invaluable, would be in favour of Great Britain. The questions to be decided are of the most intricate

character. The first may be stated thus: How can Constantinople be protected, now that the Sultan is but a shadow and the frontiers of the new Bulgarian State, which will be a dependency of Russia, encircle Constantinople? Russia has stipulated at San Stefano for the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Straits. This would be very convenient for Russia, as the Black Sea would thus remain closed to European ships of war, while the danger that the Porte, in case of war with Russia, might throw the entrance to the Black Sea open to such ships, is merely nominal. It is much more probable that, in future wars, the Porte will be the ally of Russia, and will open the Sea of Marmora to the Russian fleet. The point to be decided is whether this state of things can be accepted. The danger can only be avoided by England concentrating all her energy upon the settlement of this question in a European, and not in an exclusively English sense. The second question is the Bulgarian question. In this the most important point is not the proposed occupation by Russia for two years, though that is a very serious demand, nor is it the settlement of the boundaries, but the important question is what measures must be adopted to prevent Bulgaria from becoming a Russian dependency, when the occupation comes to an end. To this point Austria must devote all her attention and all her energy. Europe will not be the dupe of Russia unless she begins by deceiving herself.

LORD ELCHO respectfully protests against the employment of English Volunteers upon foreign service. Lord Elcho is the pattern Volunteer—one of its earliest officers, and always its warm friend; he cannot therefore object upon very light grounds to the satisfaction of their patriotic aspirations. He does so, he says, in the interests of the force and of the nation. No one who knows the spirit which animates the Volunteers can doubt that many efficient regiments might thus be obtained for foreign service, and that they would on trial be found not unworthy to stand shoulder to shoulder with their comrades of the Regular Army and Militia. But LORD ELCHO argues that any such use of the force would be a departure from the principles of the military system and would endanger the permanence of the Volunteer force at anything like its present numerical strength. On the first point the noble lord describes the principles upon which our military system rests—a paid regular army, raised by voluntary enlistment for service at home and abroad; a paid militia raised in theory by compulsion, whose service is nominally for home defence, but who may also volunteer for foreign, and have frequently done so to the greatest benefit of the State; and unpaid Volunteer force raised for home defence only, whose voluntary service exempts them from compulsory enrolment in the Militia. The employment, therefore, of Volunteers on foreign service would, LORD ELCHO believes, be a direct departure from the principles of that military system. As to the effect of such employment on the force itself, the noble lord says the great value of our volunteer army consists of its numbers; it represents an armed nation. Six hundred thousand men have passed through the ranks; 190,000 are at the present time serving in them, and in any national crisis this number would at least be doubled. But he thinks the number would dwindle away rapidly if in case of war or national emergency Volunteer regiments are to be expected to volunteer for foreign service, and the men who fail to do so, because they cannot leave their work, are to be looked upon as wanting in patriotic zeal.

A RIGOROUS and uniform divorce law throughout all the States of the Union is favoured by many newspapers, regardless of section. The facility with which a marriage can be tied in New York, and cut loose from in Chicago, is filling the charity hospitals and lunatic asylums uncomfortably all around.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

MOORE'S CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

In Moore's preface to the second volume of his poems, edition of 1840, he says (and here it may be stated that he visited Canada in the summer of 1804), "After crossing the fresh water ocean of Ontario, I passed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, staying for a short time at each of these places, and this part of my journey, as well as my voyage from Quebec to Halifax, is sufficiently traceable through the pieces of poetry that were suggested to me by scenes and events on the way, and here I must again venture to avail myself of the valuable testimony of Captain Hall to the truth of my description of some of those scenes through which his more practised eye followed me."

"In speaking of an excursion he had made up the river Ottawa, 'a stream,' he adds, 'which has a classical place in every one's imagination from Moore's Canadian Boat Song,' Captain Hall proceeds, 'While the poet above alluded to has retained all that is essentially characteristic and pleasing in these boat songs, and rejected all that is not so, he has contrived to borrow his inspiration from numerous surrounding circumstances presenting nothing remarkable to the dull senses of ordinary travellers. Yet these highly poetical images drawn in this way, as it were carelessly, and from every hand, he has combined with such graphic, I had almost said geographical truth, that the effect is great even upon those who have never with their own eyes seen the 'Utawa's tide,' nor 'flown down the rapids,' nor heard the 'bell of St. Anne's toll its evening chime,' while the same lines give to distant regions, previously consecrated in our imagination, a vividness of interest, when viewed on the spot, of which it is difficult to say how much is due to the magic of poetry, and how much to the beauty of the real scene. It is singularly gratifying to discover that to this hour the Canadian voyageurs never omit their offerings to the shrine of St. Anne before engaging in any enterprise, and that during its performance they omit no opportunity of keeping up so propitious an intercourse. The flourishing village which surrounds the church, the 'green isle' in question, owes its existence and support entirely to these pious contributions."

"While on the subject of the Canadian Boat Song, an anecdote connected with that once popular ballad may, for my musical readers at least, possess some interest. A few years since while staying in Dublin, I was presented, at his own request, to a gentleman who told me that his family had in their possession a curious relic of my youthful days, being the first notation I had made, in pencilling, of the air and words of the Canadian Boat Song, while on my way down the St. Lawrence, and that it was their wish I should attach my signature to attest the authenticity of the autograph. I assured him with truth that I had wholly forgotten even the existence of such a memorandum; that it would be as much curiosity to myself as it could be to any one else, and that I should feel thankful to be allowed to see it. In a day or two after my request was complied with, and the following is the history of this musical relic."

"In my passage down the St. Lawrence I had with me two travelling companions, one of whom, named Harkness, the son of a wealthy Dublin merchant, has been some years dead. To this young friend, on parting with him at Quebec, I gave, as a keepsake, a volume I had been reading on the way—'Priestley's Lectures on History,' and it was upon a fly-leaf of this volume I found I had taken down in pencilling both the notes and a few of the words of the original song by which my own boat-gee had been suggested. From all this it will be perceived that, in my own setting of the air, I departed in almost every respect but the time from the strain our voyageurs had sung to us, leaving the music of the gee nearly as much my own as the words. Yet, how strongly impressed I had become with the notion that this was the identical air sung by the boatmen, how closely it linked itself in my imagination with the scenes and sounds amidst which it had occurred to me, may be seen by reference to a note appended to the gee as first published."

The note is as follows: "I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sung to us frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all such difficulties."

"Our voyageurs had good voices, and sang perfectly in time together. The original words of the air to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins—

"Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très bien montés,"

and the refrain to every verse was—

"A l'ombre d'un bois, je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser."

I ventured to harmonize this air and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may, perhaps, be thought common and trifling, but I remember when we have entered at sunset upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so gradually and unexpectedly opens, I

have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me, and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all these new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage. The above stanzas (that is, the Canadian Boat Song) are supposed to be sung by these voyageurs who go to the Grand Portage by the Ottawa River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade, prefixed to his journal.

"At the rapids of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole, of their landing. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelary saint of voyagers."

Times have wonderfully changed since Moore's visit to Canada, and changed for the better. The miserable huts he speaks of disappeared, and the happy homes of thousands link, as it were, Kingston to Montreal, while the Ottawa banks are dotted with smiling villages, and at 109 miles from its mouth stands the youthful capital of the young Dominion, whose destinies are presided over by the son of Lady Salina Dufferin, of whom Tom Moore sang—

"Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But love from the lip his true archery wings,
And she who but feathers the shaft when she speaks,
At once seemed at home to the heart when she sings."

JAMES M. O'LEARY.

Ottawa, April 5, 1878.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRESENTATION OF THE GARTER TO THE KING OF ITALY.—This ceremony took place on Saturday, the 2nd ult., at the Quirinal Palace, Rome, in front of which two battalions of infantry were drawn up, the band playing "God Save the Queen," as the Duke of Abercorn and his suite alighted from the Court carriages in which they had been conveyed thither. They were received by the Introducer of Ambassadors, Count Panissera di Veglio, and the Masters of Ceremonies, and conducted to the Grand Reception Hall, the procession (which forms the subject of our engraving) including the Duke of Abercorn, Her Majesty's Special Envoy, and the following members of his suite, each of whom bore some portion of the Insignia of the Order about to be presented to the King: General Sir Frederick Chapman, K.C.B., Admiral Sir Reginald Macdonald, Lord Claude Hamilton, Earl of Mount Edgumbe, Viscount Newport, M. P., Sir Albert Woods (Garter King-at-Arms), Mr. Planche, Somerset Herald, Mr. Cockayne, Lancaster Herald, and Mr. Victor Buckley. The King and Queen (the former wearing the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus), the Duke of Aosta, the Ladies-in-Waiting, the Chevalier of the Order of the Annunziata, the Ministers of State, the Grand Secretary of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, Sir George and Lady Paget and the Staff of the British Embassy, and the members of the King's Military and Civil Household were all present. His Grace the Duke of Abercorn, addressing the King, said that Queen Victoria had charged him to hand to His Majesty the insignia of the Order of the Garter, and to express the sincere friendship she entertained towards him. Her Majesty's sentiments were rendered more heartfelt by the precious remembrance that she should ever preserve of his illustrious father, and she wished to take the earliest opportunity of giving public evidence of her desire to unite still more closely the friendly relations which had so long subsisted between the two Royal Houses and the two nations, and her sincere wishes for the happiness and prosperity of His Majesty and his family, and the well-being of his country. The King replied in a courtly speech, declaring that the high mission of his Grace was a source of pride and heartfelt emotion to him; his satisfaction at the thought that the mutual confidence and friendship of the two nations had never been checked, and that Her Majesty's choice of her Envoy and the other members of the mission was peculiarly grateful to him. He desired His Grace to carry to Her Majesty his acknowledgments, and to be the interpreter of the good wishes which he entertained for herself, her family, and her people. The delivery of Her Majesty's letters to the King and Queen brought the ceremony to a conclusion.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR WM. O'GRADY HALY.—In a late issue we gave the portrait of the late Commander of the Forces, with a few traits of biography. To-day we present two sketches connected with his funeral. We have not space to describe this event, and must confine ourselves to a few notes. All the officers in the procession wore crape on the left arm, above the elbow, and sword knob. Minute guns were fired from the Citadel as the procession passed from Bellevue House to the place of sepulchre, and a salute of seventeen guns at the conclusion of the services at the grave. The firing party was composed of all the regiments in garrison. The streets along the route of the procession were densely crowded by spectators, and every available position was occupied from which a view of the funeral cortege could be obtained. Business was almost wholly suspended, and everywhere were visible signs of mourning. As the hearse bearing the body passed along the line, it was received by each company of militia presenting arms. After appropriate services in

the Garrison Chapel, the Bishop and the two military chaplains, in surplices, preceded the body to the cemetery. After arriving there, the Rev. A. J. Townsend, senior chaplain, performed the remaining portion of the funeral service, assisted by the junior chaplain, the Rev. Riddell Morrison. The Lord Bishop then pronounced the Benediction. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge cabled a message to the friends of the deceased General, expressing regret for the loss sustained by the military service in the death of General Haly, and also expressing sympathy with the bereaved family and friends.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

RECENTLY Lord Beaconsfield visited the Prince of Wales to see "Diplomacy." Although he came after the commencement, and as privately as possible, he was immediately recognized, and received a warm ovation from the audience, which seemed to please him much.

IN the prospectus of the Russell Club for ladies and gentlemen, it is stated that No. 35 Box, for every performance during the season, on the grand tier, at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, will be at the disposal of members of the Club, the tickets for which will be drawn by ballot free of charge.

A LADY, whose name is not Mrs. Harris, neither is it Mrs. Leo Hunter, is going to try if she cannot effect an alteration in the evening dress of her sex by introducing the Greek classical costume. She gives an *opere buffa* at an early date at which all the ladies are to be arrayed in costume which shall be classical and quite correct.

GENERAL VALENTINE BAKER has been refused an extension of leave, as he is wanted to reorganize the cavalry and artillery, and also for the trial of Sultan Pacha. He will return with the gratifying consciousness that his distinguished conduct during the war, reflecting honour on the name of an English officer, has received the fullest and warmest recognition at the hands of the most noble and worthy of his countrymen.

LORD BEACONSFIELD is desirous to let his residence at No. 2 Whitehall Gardens (next to the National Club). The noble earl seems to find himself so comfortable at his official residence in Downing street that he desires no other lodging. The house in Whitehall Gardens—formerly occupied by the Duchess Dowager of Northumberland—though small, is remarkably elegant, and looks out over a pleasant garden, towards the Thames.

THERE is some hope that we may get back one of our two sunken ships of war. Not the *Albatross*, of course—she is beyond recovery, but it is stated that an attempt will be made to raise the *Thetis* next summer. Captain Creppin has succeeded in raising the *Albatross*, an iron ship of 1,200 tons, which grounded on Bonbridge ledge on the south coast last November, and has accepted a contract from Mr. Smith to raise our trawler off the coast of Ireland.

WITH reference to the Queen's intended visit to Germany, it is reported that Her Majesty will leave England with Prince Leopold and the Princess Beatrice, after the rising of Parliament, visiting the Grand Duke at Darmstadt first. Having spent some days with her daughter there, she will proceed to Coburg, and pass some weeks at Rosenau. There she will be joined by the Crown Prince and Princess, and their newly-married daughter, the Princess Charlotte.

WE understand that during the ensuing London season some fancy dress balls will be given, upon which occasion it will be intimated that all costumes are to be those of the full evening dresses of the persons represented. At a masquerade it is all very well for ladies to appear as vivandieres, flower and gipsy girls, and men in Milton costume, or as cooks, Indian savages, quack doctors, or negro melodists, but to make a fancy dress ball thoroughly complete, every costume should be an evening one.

PRINCE LEOPOLD arrived lately at Ajaccio, in the steamer *Ceres*, from Nice. He paid a visit to the room in which Napoleon was born, and on his expressing admiration of a splendid cameo, the Curator, M. Grossetti, begged his acceptance of it as an acknowledgment of the gratitude of Ajaccio for the hospitality accorded by England to the Imperial family. The Prince thanked him for the gift, which he said he should take with him on his return home and present to the Queen. He left on Monday for the interior of the island, the *Ceres* going round to Bastia to meet him.

The authorities of the South Kensington Museum, with the hearty approbation of Professor Wilson, and the promised co-operation of Mr. Dixon, propose to take a cast of Cleopatra's Needle as soon as can conveniently be done after its removal to its site, and before its elevation. Major Festings has been appointed by the museum authorities to make the necessary arrangements for obtaining such a cast, and for its erection at South Kensington. It is considered that, in the event of the original being hereafter in,

jured or defaced by the action of the London atmosphere, it would be of much interest to have such a cast showing the exact state of the obelisk at the time of its arrival in this country.

The House of Commons is going to lose one of its literary M. Ps. Mr. John George Macarthy, who sits in the House by virtue of the smallest number of votes recorded for any member except Mr. Dawson-Damer, is the author of *The Irish Land Question Plainly Stated*, and similar works. He stood for Mallow in 1872, but was beaten. In 1874 he stood again. The 258 electors had four candidates before them. Mr. Macarthy was carried to the head of the poll triumphantly with 86 votes. He is the son of a distiller, and an active opponent of the Sunday Closing Bill. He will probably be succeeded by his late opponent, Mr. Johnston. There will then be two Johnstons, one Johnston, and four Johnstones in the House.

A good story is told of the Attorney-General. Some days ago Mr. Sullivan invited an "amateur politician" to see the House of Commons. The man came to the outer lobby and asked, according to custom, for his member in the hearing of Sir John Holker. To save trouble, Sir John himself took the man in charge, and not only introduced him to the Speaker's Gallery, but stayed a while, with most admirable kindness, to explain the ways of the House, and its celebrities. He had hardly gone when Mr. Sullivan himself appeared. "You do not know to whom you were talking," he asked his friend. "No." "It was Sir John Holker, the Attorney-General." "Oh, my!" cried the unfortunate man in dismay, "I gave him sixpence for his trouble!" Sir John regarding the sixpence as a fee, though small, pocketed it without a word and departed.

Some two years ago Mr. Van Der Weyde, an American artist, whose paintings have been placed upon the line at the exhibition of the Royal Academy, wished to be photographed, and he went for that purpose to the studio of a well-known London operator. He went daily for a week before there was light enough for a successful sitting, and the photographer, in reply to Mr. Van Der Weyde's not unnatural murmurs, said that Americans were an inventive race, and that he had better find out a way to bottle sunlight and bring it over. The half-jesting challenge induced him to lay aside his art and to devote himself entirely to the problem of rendering artificial light available for all photographic purposes, and after two years spent in experiments he has at last been brilliantly and completely successful. In his Studios, at 152 Regent street, he now produces, by artificial light, portraits which, if they have been equalled, have certainly never been surpassed. In the perfect modeling of the features, the delicacy of the lights and shadows, and the general truthfulness of the delineation, these pictures leave nothing to be desired.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE concert-hall at the French Exhibition is to hold 7,000 people besides the occupants, and it will have a gigantic organ. There will be only two galleries, and the place will be lit by 1,000 gas lamps.

A MAMMOT way of making lady presents is to have a doll of the dimensions and in the likeness of the favoured far one made, which is the normal gift. But the real gift is in the dress and jewels with which it is set off.

THE Emperor of Germany has caused an order to be issued which gives token of kindness and delicacy on his part. It is expressly forbidden that any military paintings shall be among those sent from Germany to the Paris Exhibition.

GRAND preparations are being made in Japan for the Paris Exhibition. The late Minister of Finance, Matsugata, has been appointed President of the Japanese Commission, and will go with the goods sent for exhibition to Paris, together with several eminent Japanese, including the new Japanese Envoy to France, Souzima, one of the ablest men in the Empire.

MR. J. W. MACKAY, the American millionaire, has undertaken to defray the expenses connected with the representation of California at the Paris Exposition. Nobody knows better than Mr. Mackay the exhaustless riches of the State, and his action is no vulgar ostentation of wealth; it is merely an expression of his great desire that his State should have no difficulties in the way of proper representation of its products.

THE gardens around the Exhibition buildings in the Champ de Mars and on the Trocadero, assuming shape and will soon bloom in all their freshness and beauty. There can be no doubt that when completed these gardens will render the scene positively enchanting. All that taste and skill in the horticultural way can accomplish has been done, and not the least of the Exhibition wonders will be the display of flowers, plants and verdure. As the weather has been fine and warm the gardens are even now exceedingly attractive.

THERE is one great drawback on visiting French museums—there is no catalogue. It would require a man with a comfortable account

with his banker to invest in a catalogue for all the Paris museums—they are treatises good for a Dominic Sampson to devour, or for old age to nod over. To open one in the gallery the visitor should engage a porter to lend his atlas shoulders for a reading desk. Well, the evil is to be remedied; the catalogues will be catalogues and nothing more, selling for half a franc each.

THE Anti-Tobacco Society has offered a series of prizes to the teacher who shall have prevented the greatest number of his pupils from smoking, who can prove with figures that the non-smoking obtain more distinction than the smoking pupils. Doctors will be awarded prizes for an essay on the influence of tobacco on procreation, and military officers for statistics proving that the best soldiers abstain from the weed. Why not try the influence of tobacco on the Eastern Question? Relative to pulling, the members of the Academy are divided into two hostile camps respecting the alleged right to smoke in the library.

Mlle. ALBANI, her sister and Miss Holmes, her chaperone, are now staying in Paris at the Hotel de Liverpool, in the Rue de la Paix. Albani occupies a suite of rooms on the first floor, and receives visitors between five and six in the evening. The anteroom is oppressively redbent with flowers picked up on the stage and sent to her. Photographs of the Queen and Princess Beatrice stand on a table near the grand piano. They are three times the size of the ordinary carte-de-visite and in very handsome cases. Victoria R. is written under the portrait of Her Majesty, and "From Beatrice to Mlle. Albani," under that of the Princess.

AN agitation is on foot to have a free day to the palace every fourth Sunday instead of fro-mattinées every *dimanche*; the exhibition being official, no private interests are in play. If extra police be required to regulate the crowds the citizens will volunteer as special constables, or the soldiers could be employed to keep the ring as at cattle shows—complimentary for the *hops ingratias*—and race courses. At the Trocadero fortnightly concerts will be given, with an orchestra of 150 performers, and a chorus of 200 voices; these representations will be independent of the popular fêtes and musical conferences. Any nationality can engage either the large hall, for 6,000 persons, or the small one for 600. The flags of all nations commence to brave at present the pacific battle and the breeze. All's well at the installations.

THE Paris shopkeepers and hotel managers are making preparations for the expected and long desired influx of visitors, and most likely their anticipations will be fully met. There can be no doubt of the fact, that in every way the capital will be unusually attractive during the Exhibition period; not alone are those who cater for the public exerting themselves to make the best show, the authorities are having all the public buildings, the gardens, promenades and parks, ornamented and put in the finest order, and there will be everything done to assure the comfort and enjoyment of visitors. The solicitude of the Government on this point is evinced already, and we may confidently look forward during the Exhibition period to a round of gaities, such as will rival all that was ever attempted in Paris during the paludest days of the Empire.

Les Misérables is positively promised for production in the course of the next fortnight at the Porte St. Martin, or rather the first division of the voluminous melodrama which has been fashioned out of the greatest novel of our century. Probably the second part will be given hereafter, should the success of the present venture warrant it. The cast of the work will be a very strong one. Dumaine is going to play Jean Valjean, Tallade the detective Javert, Lacroix the angelic Bishop Myriel, and Mlle. Tallandiera, Fantine. The rehearsals of *Balthazar* at the Odéon are progressing vigorously, and it is probable that the piece will be produced in the course of the present month. The costumes have been in preparation for over a year, and have cost 4,000*fr.* It is whispered that Mlle. Leonide Leblanc, as Madame Dubarry, will wear a parure of diamonds valued at 50,000*fr.*

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

LENT is the season set apart by the church for the female members to get their dresses ready for Easter.

A poor woman who either had to stay at home from church or take her baby, chose the latter course. The preacher was a revivalist, and roared so loud that he waked the baby up and scared it till it roared, too. Its mother arose to take it out of the meeting. "Don't go, my good woman," said the minister. "The baby doesn't disturb me." "It's not for that I go, sir," replied the woman. "It's your disturb the baby."

A LITTLE six-year-old Whitehall boy was watching the sunbeams as they shot through a window and danced diagonally across the room. "Mamma," said he, "what are those streaks?" "Those, my son," she replied, "are sunbeams from heaven." "Oh, I know what they are for, mamma," said the little fellow who had been sliding down beams in the barn-loft. "They are what God slides the babies down on, when He sends 'em to folks."

SLEEP.—Man sleeps. Oh, ye gentle ministers, who tune our dreaming brains with happy music—who feed the snoring hungry with apples fresh from Paradise—who take the fetters from the slave, and send him free from the wild antelope bounding past his hut—who make the hen-pecked spouse, though sleeping near his gentle tyrant, a lordly Turk—who wrote on the prison walls of the poor debtor, "Received in full of all demands"—whatever ye may be, wherever ye reside, we pray ye, for one short hour at least, cheer poor mortals!

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.—It is a favorite assertion with many of the enemies of Christianity that, after a sufficient trial, it has failed to leave a marked impression upon the world; and many superficial statistics are quoted to give plausibility to that notion. A better knowledge of facts leads to different conclusion. The following statistics are presented by Professor A. J. Schem, in a discussion of the diffusion of Christianity:

Table with 2 columns: Category and Value. Categories include Total population of the earth, Under Christian governments, Under non-Christian governments, Total area of the earth, square miles, Area of Christian government, and Area of non-Christian lands.

Two results are here reached; one is that nearly half the population of the world is under Christian governments. The other is that nearly two-thirds of the area of the earth is under the domination of Christian governments.

BURLESQUE.

A ROSEY FUTURE.—They were in the bell tower of the City Hall yesterday, and she leaned her yellow haired head on his agricultural shoulders and listened to the mighty "tick" tick: tick" of the big clock.

"We don't want such a big clock as that, do we, darling?" she whispered.

"No, my little daisy," he answered, as he hugged her a little closer: "I kin buy a clock for two dollars which'll run three days to this clock's two. I've got her ticked out already!"

"We'll be very, very happy," she sighed.

"You bet we will! I've figured it right down fine, and I believe we can live on twelve eggs, one pound of sugar, ten pounds flour and one pound of butter."

"And you'll have a bank account!" she pleaded.

"I will, even if I have to buy a second-hand one!"

"And will we keep a coachman?"

"Yes."

"And have a piano?"

"Yes, darling."

"And I can have some square pillows with sham on them?"

"Yes, my tulip—yes!" we'll sham every blamed thing from collar to garter, have the front door painted blue, and— but less go'n look at some second-hand cook-stoves!"

UNREASONABLE haste is the direct road to error.

CURIOSITY about trifles is a mark of a little mind.

HOWEVER little we have to do, let us do that little well.

THE weakest point in every man is where he thinks himself the wisest.

REMEMBER always that labour is one of the conditions of our existence.

LITERARY.

VICTOR HUGO announces for next month a poem entitled "Le Pape."

ATHENS, Greece, with a population of 50,000, sustains 50 periodicals.

MISS BRAYTON is in her thirty-second novel and her forty-second year.

BARONESS BURGESS COATES thinks of starting a weekly journal of art and science in London.

AN author's copyright lasts in France during his life, and is secured to his family for ten years after his death.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL are passing through the press Dr. Bennett's new volume of seventy Sea-Songs, being a second series of Songs for Sailors.

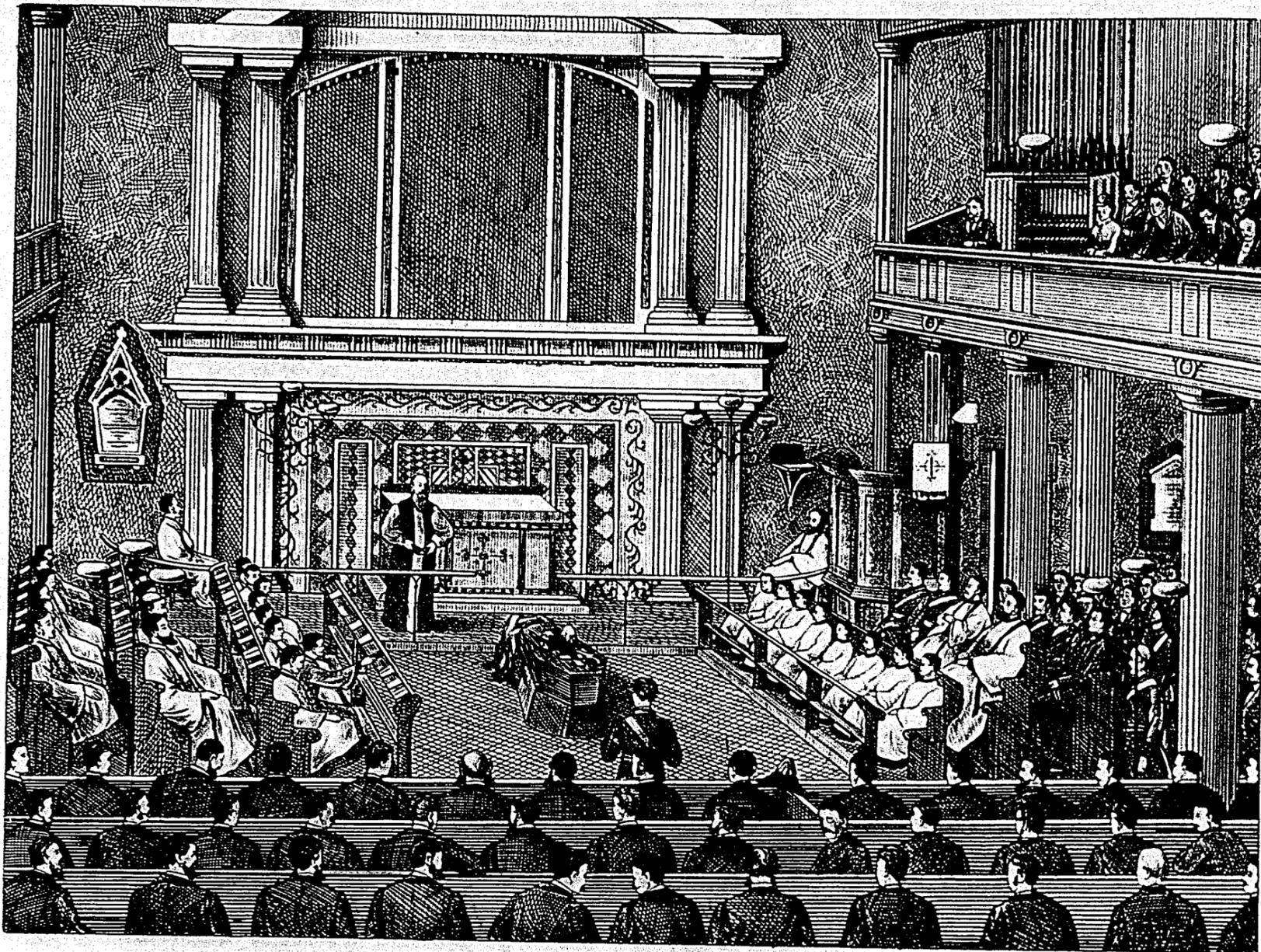
THERE have been already sold 165,000 copies of volume first of "Histoire de la Grèce," by Victor Hugo, and 100,000 of the second volume, and the printing of the work still goes on without cessation.

THE author of "Johannes Olat," which met with so much success in Germany, has just written a new novel called *2000 Lire in Tombina Tinea*. The story is laid during the Napoleonic occupation of Germany, and presents a charming mixture of fact and fiction.

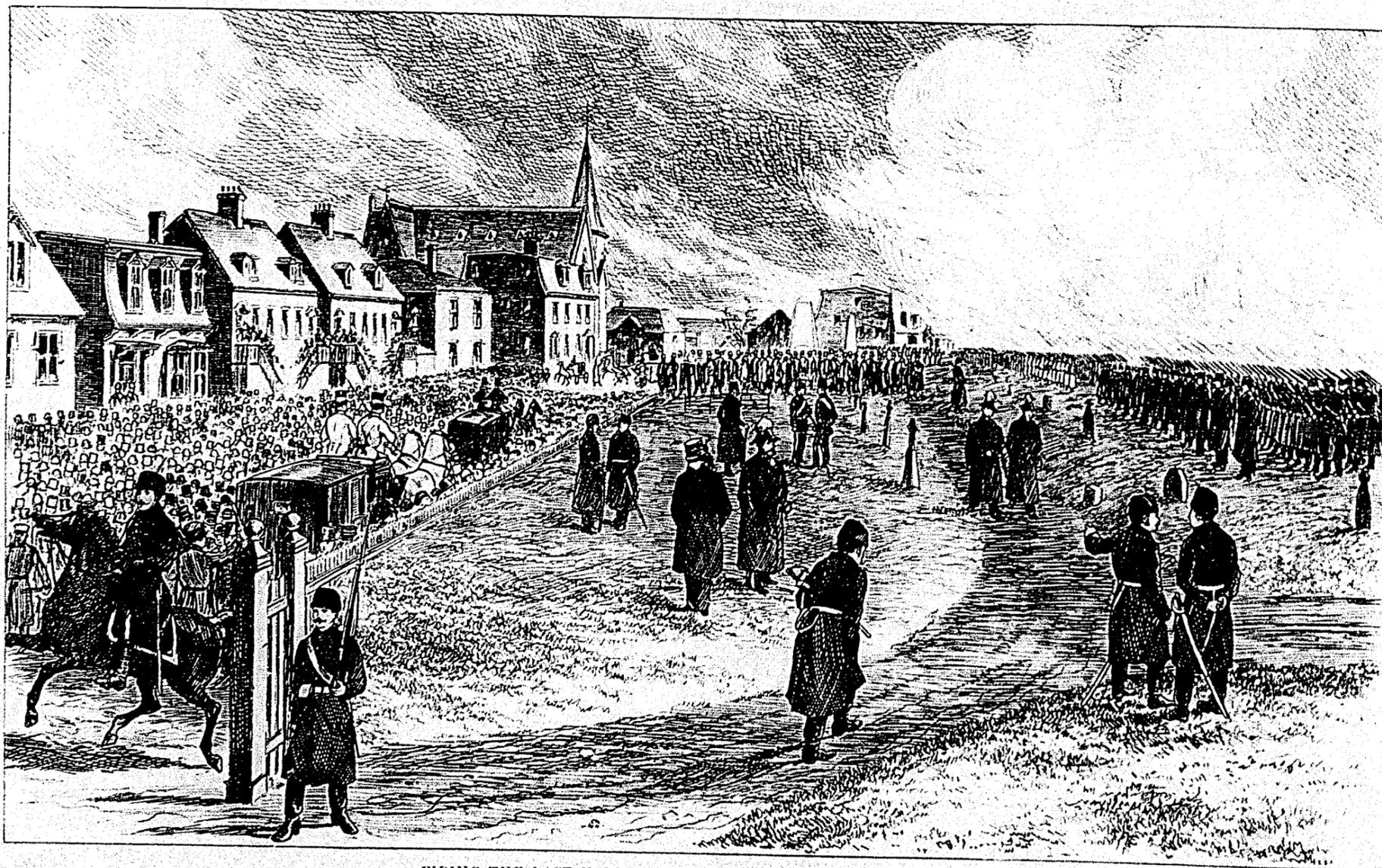
A NEW monthly periodical entitled *Annales de l'Extrême Orient*, and devoted to matters relating to Asia and Oceania is to be started shortly at Paris under the editorship of M. le Comte Meyners d'Estroy. The programme is a somewhat extensive one, for it includes geography, history, ethnography, philology, archaeology, science, literature, bibliography, fine arts, industry, commerce, &c.

IT NEVER FAILS.

PHOSFOZONE has never been known to fail in performing after a trial all that is claimed for it. The most skeptical readily acknowledge its surprising curative powers after taking a few doses, as its action is always rapid and certain. One or two or a dozen doses of Phosfozone may not cure them; but if they persevere in taking it a favorable result is inevitable. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.

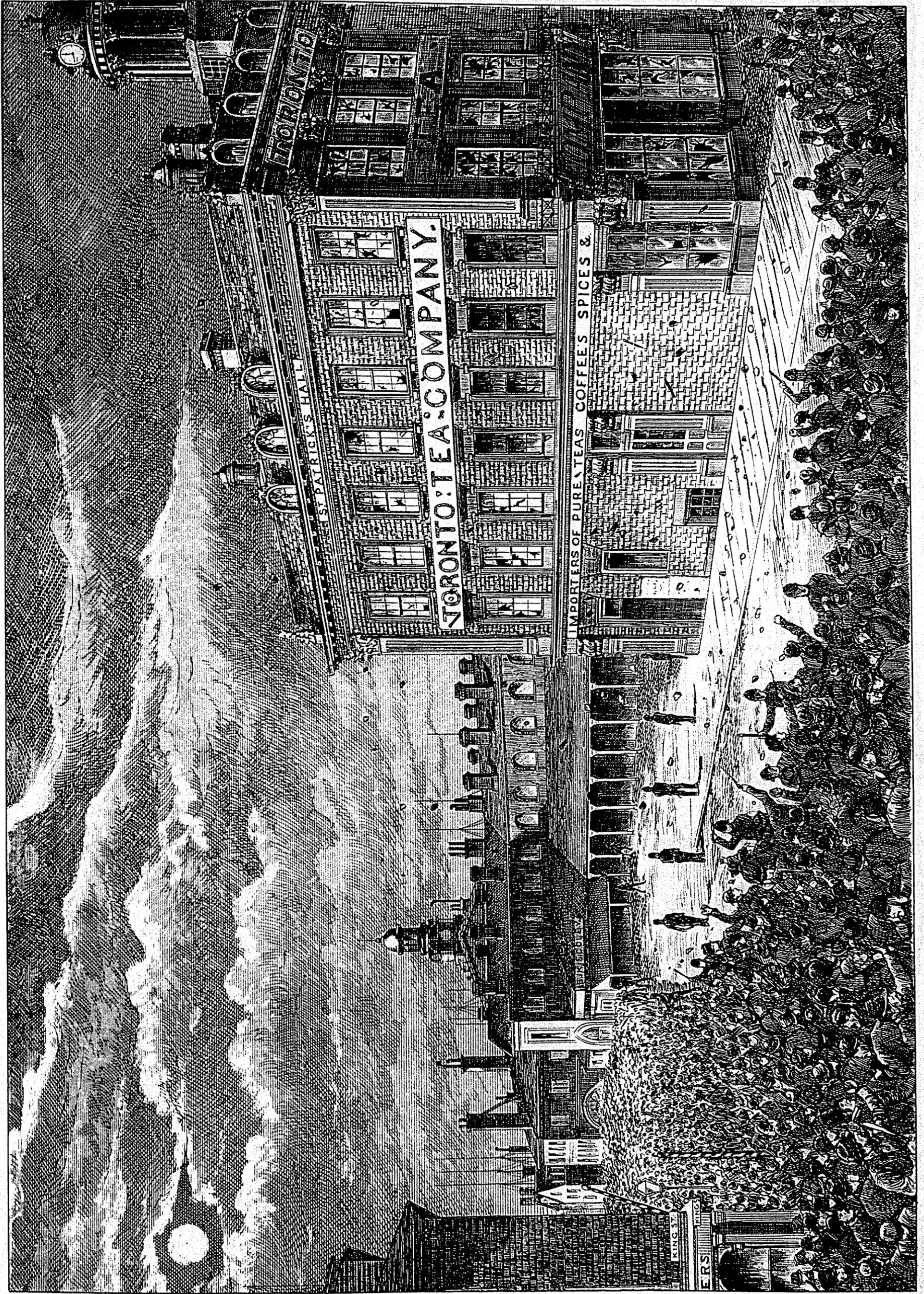


SERVICE IN THE GARRISON CHAPEL.



FIRING THE LAST VOLLEY OVER THE GRAVE AT FORT MASSEY.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE GEN. SIR WM. O'GRADY HALY.—FROM SKETCHES BY R. W. RUTHERFORD.



TORONTO.—THE LATE O'DONOVAN ROSSA RIOT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANTON & VICAR, AND SKETCHES BY MRS. FLORENCE ROGERS.

ST. PATRICK'S VISION.

BY THOMAS P. CULLEN.

The breezes sleep; the woods are still, Save when the bird from neighbouring hill Gives forth its nightly song...

Near where a stream in idle play Round Tara's castle winds its way, An aged form is kneeling...

He prays that Heaven's brightest smile May linger on his dearest isle, Where all as yet is fair...

'Twas there he prayed on bended knee, Nor did he hear the neighbouring sea, What words its wild voice said...

The angel spread still more the scroll, And showed to Patrick's anxious soul The ages yet to come...

Aye! ever since those former days, When Patrick's sun shed down its rays Upon each Irish heart...

Bellef Letters Class, St. John's College, Fordham, '78 St. Patrick's Day.

FASHIONABLE BOHEMIANS.

Who would have supposed a dozen years ago that Bohemianism—literary, artistic, and dramatic—would become a fashion? If you wanted to find a Bohemian at that time, it was necessary to hunt him up in the back parlour of the "Pig and Whistle," or waylay him at the door of some newspaper office...

Bohemianism having thus become almost a thing of the past, it occurred to certain ladies who are regarded in some quarters as leaders of society, that an imitation of the genuine article might be acceptable to their friends and admirers...

of what Mr. Jeames used to call a "pusson of distinkshun." They are even willing sometimes to wear the badges of their calling as part of the costume, so that a gratuitous advertisement may be gained for the "shop," and business be successfully combined with pleasure...

We admit again that there is no great harm in all this, although whether it benefits anybody is another question. What is objectionable, however, is the way in which these Shoddys and Maloneys, and the rest of them, are setting to work to injure and degrade the stage...

ENGLISH JEWS WEARING TITLES OF HONOUR.

In connection with the marriage of Miss Hannah Rothschild to the Earl of Rosebery, and her consequent elevation to the rank of a peeress of Great Britain, it may be interesting to give a list of Jews now living who, though not members of the nobility, wear British titles of honour. These are:

- Sir Nathaniel Mayer de Rothschild, Bart., M. P., son of the late Baron Lionel de Rothschild. Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart., the well-known philanthropist, now in his ninety-fifth year. Sir Francis H. Goldsmid, Bart., M. P., son of the late Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, a prominent member of the Bar. His nephew and heir presumptive, Mr. Julian Goldsmid, repre-

sented Honiton and Rochester in Parliament for several years.

Sir David Lionel Salomons, Baronet, son of the late Philip Salomons, and nephew of the late Sir David Salomons, Baronet, at one time Lord Mayor of London, from which he inherited his title.

Sir Benjamin Samuel Philips, Knight, a prominent and wealthy merchant, and formerly Lord Mayor of London.

Sir Albert David Sasson, Knight, son of the late Mr. David Sasson, of Bombay, a member of the Legislative Council of Bombay.

Sir Julius Vogel, K. C. M. G., formerly Colonial Treasurer of New Zealand, afterwards Premier of the Government of that colony, and now Agent General of the colony.

Sir George Jessel, formerly Solicitor General, now Master of the Rolls and member of the Privy Council, who was shot at the other day by a madman.

Sir Barrow Herbert Ellis, formerly member of the Executive and Legislative Council of Bombay, and member of the Council of the Governor-General of India.

Among the English Jews holding foreign titles are the Baron de Worms, a cousin of the Rothschilds; the Baron de Stern, Baron Albert Grant and the Countess d'Avigdor, sister of Sir Francis Goldsmid. The English Jews who are or who have been members of Parliament are Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild, and Sir Francis Goldsmid, Mr. Julian Goldsmid, Mr. Saul Isaac and Mr. Serjeant Simon, Q. C., Mr. Arthur Cohen, Q. C., who represented the British Government at the Geneva Convention, is the eldest nephew of Sir Moses Montefiore and heir presumptive of his estates. Sir Frederic John Goldsmid, C. B. K. C. S. I., Major-General in the British army, and formerly Director-General of Indo-European telegraphs, is a son of the late Lionel Goldsmid and a cousin of Sir Francis Goldsmid. He married out of the Jewish faith a daughter of General George Mackenzie Stewart, and, though never converted, has ceased to be a member of the synagogue.

THE VOTING AT THE CONCLAVE.

The Germania, the principal Catholic organ in Germany, published in one of its numbers recently the following report of the voting at the several "scrutinies" during the late Conclave. It guarantees the accuracy and authenticity of the report, which has all the appearance of being a transcript of an official document: First sitting, commencement nine a.m., close two p.m. Scrutiny.—Cardinal Pecci, 18 votes; Cardinal Bilio, 6 votes; Cardinal Franchi, 5 votes; Cardinal Panebianco, 2 votes. The other votes were scattered. This scrutiny was annulled because one of the Cardinals had, through inadvertence, sealed his voting paper with a seal bearing his own arms. Second sitting; commencement, half-past three p.m.; close, seven p.m.:

Table with 3 columns: Name of Cardinal, Votes of the first ballot or Scrutinium, Votes received subsequently in the Accessus, Total. Includes names like Cardinal Pecci, Cardinal Bilio, Cardinal Monaco la Valetta, etc.

Forty-four nemini accesserunt (did not change their original vote). Of the sixty Cardinals who voted at this sitting, fifty-nine gave their votes in the Sistine Chapel. One, Cardinal Amat, was sick, and gave his vote into the hands of the Cardinal-Infirmary.

On the occasion of his sitting were the Cardinals Sacconi, Michalowicz, and Serafini. The scrutineers at this sitting were the Cardinals Berardi, Simeoni, and Consolini. When at the end of this sitting the Cardinals left the Sistine Chapel, they proceeded to the great entrance door of the conclave in order to receive the Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon, who took part in the voting next morning. Wednesday morning.—The Cardinals entered the Sistine Chapel at 9.30 a.m. After a low mass, discussion of the question whether, after the completion of the election, it should be "proclaimed" or publicly announced. Scrutiny.—Cardinal Pecci, 44 votes; Bilio, 5; Monaco, 2; Panebianco, 2; Simeoni, 2; Di Canossa, 1; Ferrieri, 1; Martinelli, 1; Moretti, 1; and Schwartzberg, 1. There was one vote further, of which the reporter does not know to whom it was given. Pecci elected. The Accessus not necessary. Only three Cardinals did not take part in the election, namely, Cullen, McCloskey, and Brosais Saint-Marc. For this last sitting the Infirmary were Cardinals Garcia Gil, Mertel, and Oreglia. The scrutineers were Cardinals Regnier, Michalowicz, and Franzelin. The Recognitores (who re-examined the voting papers to investigate whether there was any irregularity) were Cardinals Caverot, Dechamps and Bonaparte.

THE GLEANER.

HOLLAND has at least 10,000 wind-mills.

CAPTAIN BOYNTON lately swam across the strait of Gibraltar.

QUEEN VICTORIA sent an Indian shawl to Mrs. Lionel Tennyson.

UNTIL this winter, no snow has fallen in Lisbon since 1840.

THE estimated population of the vast continent of Africa is 100,000,000.

AN International Geographical Congress is to be held in Paris on August 19th.

A SWEDISH exploring expedition expects to start for the North Pole in May, 1878.

THE death of the Pope caused over a million pairs of black gloves to be sold in Paris.

LESS than eight per cent. of the area of the U. S. it is said, is at present under cultivation.

FRENCH astronomers are on route for Utah, to observe the transit of Mercury, which will occur May 6.

THE Kindergarten system of instruction has been introduced into the Government schools for girls in China.

THE beach at Galveston, Texas, said to be the longest and broadest in the world, is twenty-five miles in length.

THERE is a chance of Mr. Arch succeeding Mr. Gladstone. The "Five Hundred" of Greenwich have named him.

IN 1850 the length of the railway lines all over the earth was only 19,000 miles; in 1875 it had increased to 200,000.

TURKEY owes English creditors ninety millions sterling. Are they to be ignored? What Russia is taking is virtually theirs.

ARCHBISHOP LABASTEDA, of the City of Mexico, has been created Cardinal, and is the first purpled prelate Mexico ever had.

GENERAL CLUSERET, of Commune fame, served on the Turkish Staff during the war, and was taken prisoner and shot by the Russians.

THE Marquis of Lorne weighs about 200 pounds and is losing all his good looks. His hobby is in attending auctions, where he buys anything from baby linen to rare paintings.

THE two principal buildings of the Paris Exhibition, on the Champ de Mars and Trocadero, are generally admitted to be the largest and handsomest structures hitherto put up in the world-fair line.

GEORGE, King of Greece, is never happy except at the billiard table. Billiards are the only thing in which he is proficient. It has taken him years to acquire a smattering of modern Greek.

THE English officers engaged in the purchase of army horses report that the supply is extremely plentiful, and that within a month a sufficient number could be obtained to permit of a Second Army Corps being embarked for service.

MRS. WHITNEY, of Enfield, N.H., is the mother of twins, the grandmother of twins, and the great-grandmother of twins just born to Mr. Leonard H. Clark. She is now, at the age of over eighty, taking care of her great-grandchildren. She is in perfect health.

EGENIE'S income is \$250,000 a year; her property is chiefly in England, though she owns estates in Spain, Italy, Switzerland and France.—indeed, she is of a mind that all France belongs to her, or to her son, which is the same; but la République Française is of a different opinion, at least for the present.

DR. WILD is proving that Queen Victoria is a descendant of David, because he has discovered that the people of Dan, who abode in ships, had commercial relations with Great Britain according to Jeremiah, who accompanied the expedition with a Princess of the House of David. She married an Irish Prince and removed there, and from her was descended Victoria.

HUMOROUS.

A WYOMING man won \$10 in a wager by eating twenty pigs' feet. This was a pigs' feat, indeed.

WHATEVER may be the actual status of an individual, he is sure to be credited with a certain degree of respectability if his boots squeak.

"GIVE me some cold rice," said a guest at a hotel to a black waiter. "Dere ain't none, sah." "Why, what's that on the sideboard, in that dish there?" "Dat, sar, am cole b'iled rice. You asked simply for cole rice, sah. Please be exact in your language, sah. Shall I gib you some ob de cole b'iled rice, sah?"

WHEREAS the spring time has come, gentle Annie, Resolved, that every man ought to have a new suit of clothes. Resolved, that a great many men would like to know how they are to get them. Resolved, that when we find out we will let them know. Resolved, that these resolutions be published for the benefit of their families.

New French Regatta Shirts just received at TREBLE'S, 8 King Street East, Hamilton. Send for samples and card for self-measurement. Goods sent to any part of the Dominion C. O. D.

The Finest Stock of French Regatta Shirts in Canada, at TREBLE'S, 8 King Street East, Hamilton. Send for samples and card for self-measurement. Goods sent to any part of the Dominion C. O. D.

VARIETIES.

LIEBIG'S CURE FOR INTemperance.—The *Scientific American* contains an account of an experiment test of Liebig's theory for the cure of habitual drunkenness. The experiment consisted of a simple change of diet, and was tried upon twenty-seven persons, with satisfactory results. The diet proposed is farinaceous, and in the cases reported was composed of macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas, and lentils. The dishes were made palatable by being thoroughly boiled and seasoned with butter or olive oil. Breads of a highly glutinous quality were used, care being taken to prevent their being soured in course of preparation. In his explanation of the theory, Liebig remarks that the disinclination for alcoholic stimulants, after partaking of such food, is due to the carbonaceous starch contained therein, which renders unnecessary and distasteful the carbon of the liquors.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—A man walks three miles an hour. A horse trots seven. Steamboats run eighteen. Sailing vessels make ten. Slow rivers flow four. Rapid rivers flow seven. Storms move thirty-six. Hurricanes eighty. A rifle ball 1,000 miles a minute. Sound 1,143. Light 100,000. Electricity 280,000. A barrel of flour weighs 190 pounds. A barrel of pork 200. A barrel of powder 25. A firkin of butter 56. A tub of butter 84. Wheat, beans and clover seed 60 pounds to the bushel. Corn, rye and flax seed 56. Buckwheat 52. Oats 35. Coarse salt 85. Sixty drops make a tablespoonful. Three teaspoonful or a tablespoonful, one third of an ounce. Four thousand eight hundred and forty square yards an acre. A square mile 640 acres. To measure an acre: Two hundred and nine feet on each side, making a square acre within an inch. There are 2,750 languages. One person dies at each pulsation of the heart.

DRIED EGGS.—A large establishment has been opened in St. Louis for drying eggs, and is operated by hundreds of thousands of dozens. The eggs, after being carefully inspected by light, are thrown into an immense receptacle, where they are broken, and by centrifugal operation the white and yolk are separated from the shells, very much as liquid honey is taken from the comb. The liquid is then dried by heat by a patent process, and the dried article, which resembles brown sugar, is put in barrels and is ready for transportation. The dried article has been taken twice across the equator in ships and then made into omelets and compared with omelets made from fresh eggs in the same manner, and the best judges could not detect the difference between them. Is not this an age of wonders? Milk made solid; cider made solid; apple butter made into bricks. What next?

WHY GIRLS CANNOT THROW STONES.—The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is substantially this: The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back with the upper part of his arm about at right angles with his body, and the forearm at an angle of forty-five degrees; the direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, like the tail of a snake or a whip-lash, working every joint from shoulder to wrist, and sometimes making your elbow sing as though you had got a whack on the crazy-bone. The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists we never learned until, at a somewhat advanced period, we dove into a book of physiology, and learned that the clavicle, or collar-bone, in the anatomy of a female is some inches longer, and set some degrees lower down than in the masculine frame. This long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free action of the shoulder, and that's the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone.

THE PREMIER AND "A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA."—The London correspondent of the *New York Times* vouches for the following interesting story:—Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi, the art publishers, had a visit last week from Lord Beaconsfield. Lying in one of the galleries was an unfinished engraving from a painting by Mr. Hamilton, R.A., which caught the Premier's eye. The picture represented a child sitting on the sea-shore listening to the imaginary music of a shell which she is holding to her ear. "What do you call it?" asked Lord Beaconsfield. "We have not yet named it—we are at a loss for a title, my lord," said Mr. Colnaghi. "Shall I give you one?" asked the Premier. "Your lordship is too good." "I will write it for you," said the Premier. He took a pencil from his pocket, sat down, and wrote in a bold but graceful hand, "A Message from the Sea." Mr. Colnaghi was highly delighted. "Would your lordship honour me by adding your autograph?" "Beaconsfield" was appended at once.

THE TRUE BUSINESS REVIVAL.—Adversity, though a punishment, is not necessarily reformatory. We may go from bad to worse in secular misery. Indeed, our wisest financiers and statesmen do not see how we can help going deeper and deeper. Having dug out the old safe-beaten way of doing things, we have struck upon quicksand and find nothing solid. Our trouble is not lack of hard money; it is the lack of the hardpan of conscientiousness—it is the substitution of mere policy, and whatever by bribery and mistake may be legalized, or by allowance become customary, for those ideas of honesty which are as old and widespread as the world. We want our words, our labels, and our actions to have about them the ring of the real gold, and not to be a mere depreciated currency, even though everybody does understand it, and only the fool is deceived. Mr. Charles F. Adams is

credited with saying that "the thing necessary for a revival of business in this country is a revival of religion." There is a statesmanship in the remark, whoever made it. We can have no prosperous sailing until the needle of the popular conscience is magnetized with a divinely-given sense of right and wrong.

HARD WORK.—"What is your secret?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." Says Doctor Arnold, "The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy. 'Nothing,' says Reynolds, 'is denied well directed labour, and nothing is to be obtained without it.' 'Excellence in any department,' says Johnston 'can now be obtained by the labour of a lifetime, but is not to be purchased at a lesser price.' 'There is but one method,' says Sidney Smith, 'and that is hard labour, and a man who will not pay that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox.' 'Step by step,' reads the French proverb, 'one goes very far.' 'Nothing,' says Mirabeau, 'is impossible to the man who can will. This is the only lay of success.' 'Have you ever entered a cottage, ever travelled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom,' asked Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, 'and not found that each of those men had a talent you had not, knew something you knew not?' The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club, or idled in rags under the suns of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is, not talent, but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labour.

A HUMANE ELEPHANT.—The favourite elephant of the grand vizier under Rajah Dowlah was a noble creature. The great nabob was about to hunt in the neighbourhood of Lucknow. The preparations being complete, and a train of Indian nobility assembled, the procession of Nimrods began to move off for the field. After passing through a ravine, the gorgeous sportsmen entered a meadow, which was covered with sick people, who were lying exposed to get the benefit of the pure and fresh air, and they were so distributed as to obstruct the course of the beasts of burden. Rajah Dowlah was intent upon feasting his cruel eyes with the sight that the mangling of the bodies of the miserable creatures would produce, by compelling the huge elephants to trample them under foot. The grand vizier rode upon his own beast, and the nabob ordered the driver to goad him on, and he went at a quick pace; but when he arrived at the spot of the indisposed people, though in a trot, the sagacious animal stopped short before the first invalid. The vizier cursed him, the driver goaded him, and the nabob cried, "Stick him in the ear!" All, however, was vain. More humane than his superiors, the elephant stood firm and refused to violate his better feelings. At length, seeing the poor creatures helpless and unable to move themselves out of his way, he took up the first with his trunk and laid him gently down again out of his path. He did the same with the second, and third, and so on, until he had made a clear passage, along which the retinue could pass without doing injury to any of them. The brute and the man had made an exchange of their proper sentiments, and humanity triumphed gloriously in the animal. We question whether another instance of such strong and humane sagacity can be produced from any region in the animal kingdom.

PRINTERS' "PIE."—A delicious piece of "pie" was nearly being served up to the readers of a Liverpool paper the other day. The previous evening its reporter had to attend a meeting at a Wesleyan chapel for the conversion of the Hebrews to Christianity, after which he reported the address given by General H. Y. D. Scott to the Polytechnic Society on the conversion of sewage into lime and cement. In the printer's hands the folios got mixed up, and the report read:—"The Chairman, after the meeting had been opened with prayer, explained that the conversion of the Jews was one of the greatest works that could engage the attention of our sanitary authorities. Filtration was the most perfect method that could be adopted for purification, but a filter had its limits. There was a popular notion that the sewage contained a vast amount of wealth, but the sludge must be taken out of it for purposes of irrigation, as it otherwise choked the pores of the land, and they were a wandering race, spread over the whole face of the habitable globe. They were denied the inimitable blessings of Christianity, which might be counted by thousands of tons per annum allowed to run waste, when by a judicious admixture of lime and clay, the benighted Hebrews who sat in darkness might easily be converted into lime and cement for building purposes, and if thus deodorised, after being first dried and burnt in a kiln, this ancient race would once more take its proud position among the nations of the world. Subscriptions were earnestly solicited for the purpose, though he (the speaker) disclaimed any idea of making a profit out of the process; and in conclusion, he urged increased efforts in the good work, showing that, thus deodorised by a very novel process of evangelisation in large tanks constructed for the purpose, the grateful Hebrew might flow over the land without injury to vegetation, while the expense of conversion, which was progressing as rapidly as the best friends of Christianity could wish, would be more than repaid by the sale of the phosphate of lime and valuable cement for building purposes."

FOOT NOTES.

KNOWLEDGE AND COTTON.—Commerce is the teacher of civilization. Threads of thought, lessons of human advancement and human policy are spun at Cotton-mills, and shipped to instruct and civilize the heathen. With a cotton shirt, the native Indian enrobes himself with lessons, although for a time he may have no knowledge of their influence. The cotton tree—we speak it not irreverently—might be cultivated as the Tree of Knowledge.

LOYALTY.—At Vienna recently an amusing incident marked the Emperor's visit to the Circus Renz. The proprietor of a rival establishment is said to have bought up all the front seats, so that when the Emperor appeared he was not a little surprised to find the house half empty. Renz, however, proved equal to the occasion, and, hurrying to the neighbouring cavalry barracks, invited the willing troopers to witness the performance and to do honour to the presence of their Commander-in-Chief. The Imperial guest is said greatly to have relished the joke, and to have doubly enjoyed the amusement thus afforded to his soldiers.

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF COLONEL BAKER.—A correspondent gives the following particulars of an attempt to murder Baker Pasha, Captain Burnaby, and others, at Gumerjina, near Lagos, in the Ægean. It appears that while the gentlemen named were at dinner at the Greek Archbishop's konak on the 23d of January, the wine was discovered to be poisoned. Fortunately, only a few had drunk any of it, and these immediately had administered to them copious draughts of salt-and-water by Dr. Scotchley. One gentleman did not recover for two days. The affair occurred during Suleiman's retreat to the sea. The poison, on being tested by the Stafford House doctors, was found to be arsenic. The Bishop is fully exonerated, but the servants who attended, habited as monks, are suspected.

THE IRISH ARE LONG-LIVED.—It has never been claimed that in their native land the Irish are a long-lived people, but it is a well-established fact there are more Irish centenarians in America than those of any other nation. The climate and food of the country appear to agree admirably with her adopted sons from Erin. According to a report of the Board of Health of New York, of the ten persons in that city who died last year at the age of 100 and over, nine were born in Ireland, and eight of the nine were widows. At that most remarkable gathering ever seen in this or any other country—the old folks' excursion held in Fairmount Park several years ago—the fact was noticed that much the largest proportion of the very aged were of Irish birth.

WORDSWORTH ON RAILWAYS.—Wordsworth poured forth his indignant spleen lest Windermere and Rydal should be degraded by the presence of a thousand holiday-folks, freed from the steaming hives of Lancashire to enjoy one day with Heaven's beautiful works among the lakes and mountains of Cumberland—astonishing obliquity in one so gifted. His great human heart, instead of growling, should have expanded with the thought that thousands, by the aid of steam, would in one day's emancipation from loom and anvil, gain health, strength, and wisdom, as they luxuriated among the glorious scenery which has so long inspired his lofty mind, and fed his poetic fancy; thousands would be induced to read his works, who heretofore had hardly heard his name.

MIDHAT PASHA.—Midhat Pasha thinks we have done either too little or too much. Having forced so many vessels through the Straits, the next thing you should do, he said the other day, would be to send four or five ironclads to Burgos, so that in case of a war with Russia you may have a footing, so to speak, in the Black Sea, and may be in a position to blockade all her ports, prevent her from obtaining supplies from Odessa, and bring the whole of her commerce to a standstill. What would be your position should Russia obtain possession of Gallipoli and also the narrow gut between the sea of Marmora and the Black Sea? Your Admiral could obtain neither coal nor supplies, and although you might shell the Turkish capital, your fleet would be blown out of the water before it could get back to Besika Bay! This, of course, is no new idea, it is the conclusion every sane man who has studied the Eastern question has arrived at long ago, but coming from such a source, it is worthy of consideration, even though everything has been calculated for us.

GREAT WORKS WRITTEN UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—It is curious that two of the greatest historical works in the world were written while their authors were in exile—the "History of the Peloponnesian War," by Thucydides; the "History of the Rebellion," by Lord Clarendon. Fortescue, the Chief Justice in Henry VI.'s reign, wrote his great work on the laws of England under the same circumstances. Locke was a refugee in Holland when he penned his memorable "Letter concerning Toleration," and put the finishing touches to his immortal "Essay on the Human Understanding." Lord Bolingbroke had also "left his country for his country's good" when he was engaged on the works by which he will be best remembered. Everybody knows Dante's sad tale, and his miserable wanderings from city to city while the "Divine Comedy" was in course of production. Still more melancholy is it to review the formidable array of great works which were composed within the walls of a prison. First comes the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Don Quixote;"

the one written in Bedford Gaol, the other in a qualid dungeon in Spain. James I. (of Scotland) penned his sweet poem, "The Kynge's Quhair," while a prisoner in Windsor Castle; and the loveliest of Lord Surrey's verses were written in the same place, under the same circumstances. Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World" was composed in the Tower. George Buchanan executed his brilliant Latin version of the Psalms while incarcerated in Portugal. "Fleta," one of the most valuable of our early law works, took its name from the fact of its having been compiled by its author in the Fleet Prison. Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy," De Foe's "Review" and "Hymn to the Pillory," Voltaire's "Henriade," Howel's "Familiar Letters"—to which we have recently directed attention—Dr. Dodd's "Prison Thoughts," Grotius' "Commentary on St. Matthew," and the amusing "Adventures of Dr. Syntax," all these were produced in the gloomy cells of a common prison. Tasso wrote some of the loveliest of his sonnets in a mad-house, and Christopher Smart his "Song to David"—one of the most eloquent sacred lyrics in our language—while undergoing confinement in a similar place. Poor Nathaniel Lee, the dramatist, is said to have revolved some of his tragedies in lucid intervals within the walls of a lunatic asylum. Plautus fabricated some of his comedies in a bake-house. The great Descartes, Berni the Italian poet, and Boese, the once well-known author of "The Deity," usually wrote while lying in bed. Hooker meditated his "Ecclesiastical Polity" while rocking the cradle of his child; and Richardson slowly elaborated his romances among the compositors of his printing office. Byron composed the greater part of "Lara" while engaged at his toilet-table, and his "Prologue at the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre" in a stage-coach. Moore's gorgeous Eastern romance, "Lallah Rookh," was written in cottage blocked up with snow, with an English winter roaring round it. Burns dreamed one of his lyrics and wrote it down just as it came to him in his sleep. Tartini's "Devil's Sonata" was another inspiration from Morpheus; and so also was Coleridge's "Kubla Khan."

A CAMPAIGN SLANDER.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce was a candidate for State Senator, his political opponents published a pretended analysis of his popular medicines, hoping thereby to prejudice the people against him. His election by an overwhelming majority severely rebuked his traducers, who sought to impeach his business integrity. No notice would have been taken of these Campaign lies were it not that some of his enemies (and every successful business man has his full quota of envious rivals) are publishing these bogus analyses. Numerous and most absurd formulas have been published, purporting to have come from high authority; and it is a significant fact that no two have been at all alike—conclusively proving the dishonesty of their authors.

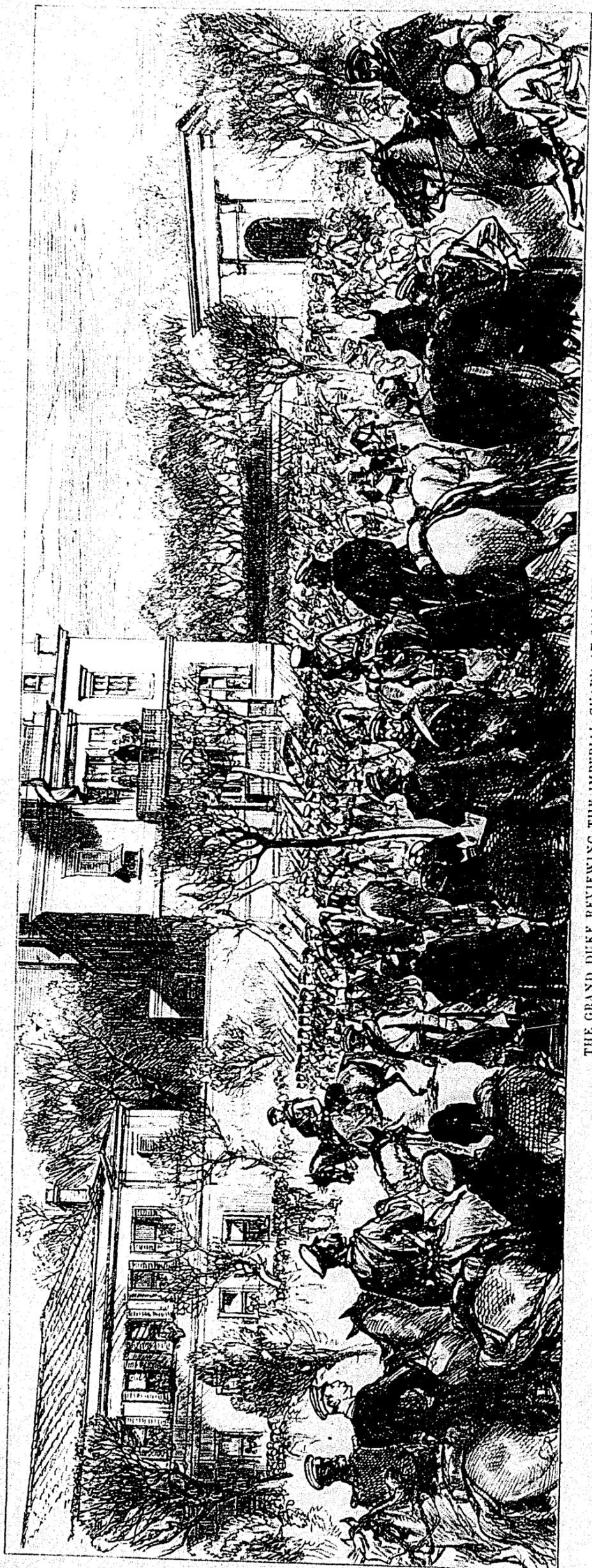
The following is from the *Buffalo Commercial* of Oct. 23d, 1877:

"Hardly a dozen years ago he (Dr. Pierce) came here, a young and unknown man, almost friendless, with no capital except his own manhood, which, however, included plenty of brains and pluck, indomitable perseverance, and inborn uprightness. Capital enough for any young man, in this progressive country, if only he has good health, and habits as well. He had all these great natural advantages and one thing more, an excellent education. He had studied medicine and been regularly licensed to practise as a physician. But he was a student, fond of investigation and experiment. He discovered or invented important remedial agencies or compounds. Not choosing to wait wearily for the sick and suffering to find out (without anybody to tell them) that he could do them good, he advertised his medicines and invited the whole profession, of every school, to examine and pronounce judgment upon his formulas. He advertised liberally, profusely, but with extraordinary shrewdness, and with a method which is in itself a lesson to all who seek business by that perfect legitimate means. His success has been somewhat marvelous—so great indeed that it must be due to intrinsic merit in the articles he sells more even than to his unparalleled skill in the use of printer's ink. The present writer once asked a distinguished dispensing druggist to explain the secret of the almost universal demand for Dr. Pierce's medicines. He said in fact they were genuine medicines,—such compounds as every good physician would prescribe for the diseases which they were advertised to cure. Of course, they cost less than any druggist would charge for the same article supplied on a physician's prescription, and beside there was the doctor's fee saved. Moreover buying the drugs in such enormous quantities, having perfect apparatus for purifying and compounding the mixture, he could not only get better articles in the first place, but present the medicine in better form and cheaper than the same mixture could possibly be obtained from any other source.

It may be thought that all this having reference to Dr. Pierce's private business has no point whatever when considered in connection with the proper qualifications of a candidate for the Senate. Perhaps. But it is the fashion now, and will be for a fortnight more, with sundry journals, to make sneering allusions to this very matter. After that brief period, they will be quite ready to go on doing his work as before, and as always before, to speak of him as a great public benefactor."

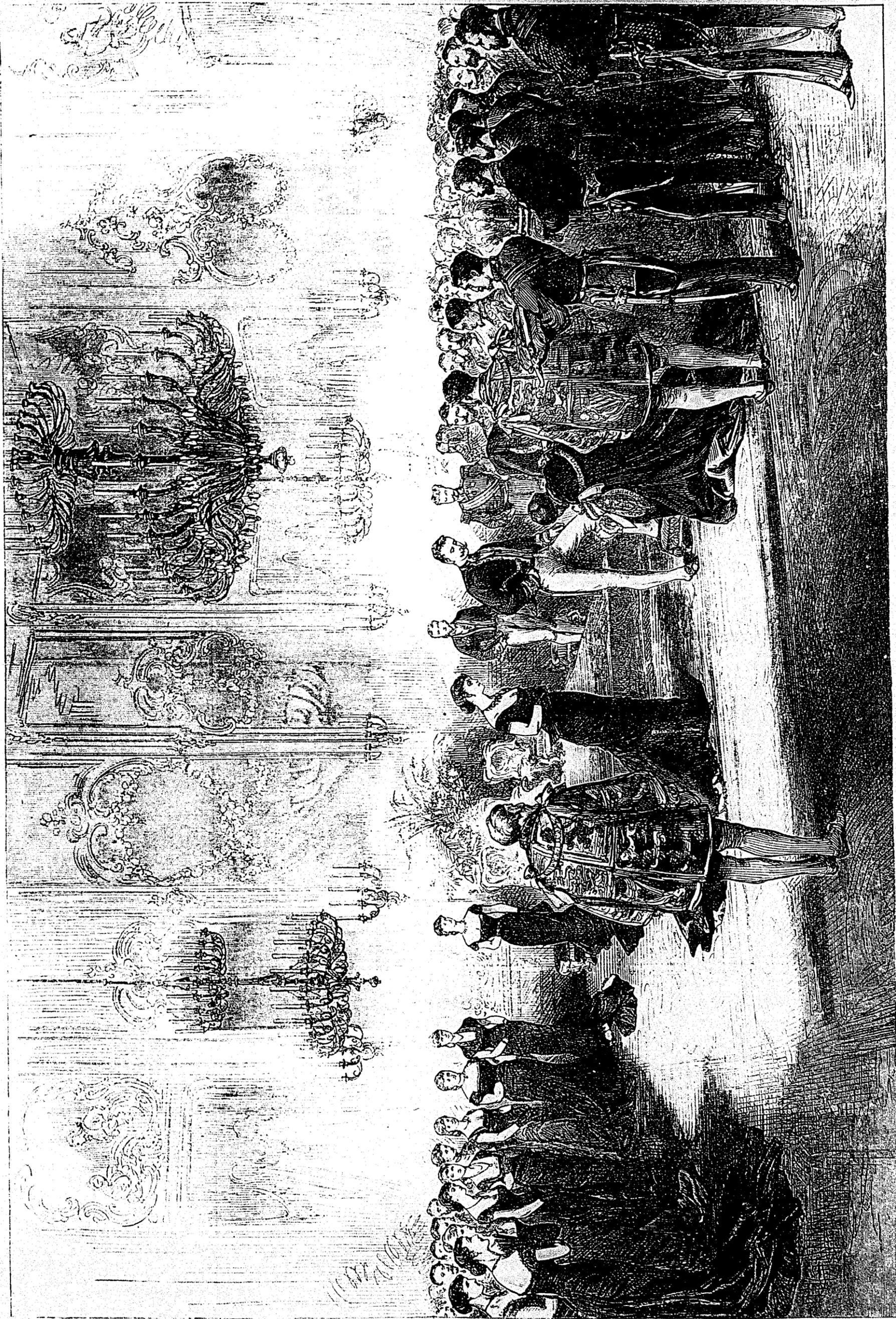


THE BRITISH SQUADRON OFF TUZLA, SEA OF MARIUBRA



THE GRAND DUKE REVIEWING THE IMPERIAL GUARD AT SAN STEFANO.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.



INVESTITURE OF THE KING OF ITALY WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

A WOODLAND NYMPH.

As over the lea I walked one day,
I chanced to meet, upon my way,
A little maid who, to me did say,
"Good master, lend your aid!"

"Ah, now, my pretty little maid,
To whom would you have me lend my aid?"
And, looking up at me, she said,
"Good master, follow me!"

I followed on where'er she led,
Through reedy fen and juniper bed:
Where the wildwood flowers are all in red,
I followed this little maid.

Over height, and hollow, and level plain,
She travelled on, till I would fain
Have turned around, and come back again,
From following this little maid.

She grew not weary; but I went so fast,
That I was forced to say at last,
"My little maid, I'm afraid thou hast
Forgotten that I follow."

At this a sound burst on my ear:
'Twas the sound of singing, sweet and clear.
" 'Tis the home of the fairies we near,"
Said I to the little maid.

"Ah, yes, good master, where now we stand
Is Fairyland;
And the praise of this gaily singing band
Is at my command,
For I am Queen of Fairyland."

Then round me rose at once apace,
Forms inconceivable—the fairy race,
Carolling with becoming grace,
Allegiance to their Queen.

And now, my pretty little maid,
Who had been clad in simplest plaid,
In gorgeous vesture was arrayed,
In loveliest colours blended.

"Good master," said she, drawing near,
"You wonder why I led you here;
Follow, and soon you shall appear
As champion of the fairies."

Where'er the Queen of the fairies led,
I did not follow; but, instead,
A stinging slap on my poor head
Awoke me to my senses.

And my arms encircled my own true queen,
Who was smiling at me with joy serene;
And not mistrusting that I had been
In the exciting fancies of a foolish dream,
Guilty of grave offences.

Kempville.

F. N. DEVEREUX.

WANTING A WIFE.

Jack Lincoln was as fine a young fellow as ever stood in shoe-leather. He was at least six feet in height, whilst his massive chest and sinewy arms stood out in grand proportions. He had a handsome face—a determined face, and a moustache that, however, did not conceal a fine set of teeth and smiling lips.

When Jack Lincoln looked at you with those clear blue eyes of his, you would at once say they belonged to a true man.

Jack was an orphan, but he had been brought up by a relative, sent to Eton, and from thence to Oxford, where we find him on a fine morning after the "Long" domiciled in his room at All Saints.

Now Jack was not what is usually termed a reading man; on the contrary, though he pursued his studies diligently, yet his abundant animal spirits were forced to vent themselves in out-door exercise.

Of boating, cricket, and riding, he was passionately fond, as most Englishmen are; and this love of sport naturally threw him among a set of men with similar tastes.

On the morning after his return to Oxford Jack was alone in his chambers at All Saints.

He had not seen any of his old chums yet, and he was yawning over the paper when there came a knock at the door, and his intimate friend, Tom Parsons, entered the room.

"Halloa!" cried Tom, "so you are back again. How have you enjoyed yourself, eh, since you left the arms of Alma Maters?"

"Pretty well," replied Jack, returning his friend's hearty shake of the hand.

"That's right," said Tom, throwing himself into an arm-chair, and lighting a well-coloured pipe which he drew from his pocket; and after puffing away for a few seconds, he said:

"What's the latest?"

"In what way—boating or cricket?" asked Jack.

"Boating, of course."

"Nothing new. I went down to the North and saw some very good form on the Tyne; but I flatter myself we have as good here; and I wouldn't mind betting a hundred on our chance against any of them, only I'm so hard up that it's out of the question."

"How's that? did the nuns fork out?" asked Tom Parsons, looking at his friend's face, which wore an unusually anxious look.

"The nuns, as you call him, my boy, did not; and what is more, I think he will not hand out any more. You humble servant is stuck in the mud, my boy; clean broke, and that by an accident which no one could foresee but one little urchin, and I wish he were dead."

"Who; the nuns?"

"Young Cupid, the god of love, or money as it appears in this case."

"How? I don't understand you," cried Tom, more and more bewildered at his friend's manner.

"Eh, you don't; well I'll explain. First, before the commencement of the 'Long,' my worthy uncle—who, you must know, is on the shady side of 50—took it into his head to take to himself a wife, and a pretty one, too!"

"Whew!" whistled Tom; "and of course,

his affection is lost to you; and what is worse, his money, his hoarded coin! I pity you!"

"The first loss I could have put up with, but the second, no," continued Jack; "and to make matters still worse, my beloved aunt is likely to present her better-half with a son and heir, which new arrival would definitely give me my *quintus*! Oh, it is cruel!"

"Right down wicked," returned Tom. "Has he no conscience, the hard-hearted old fellow, to deprive you of your just expectations?"

"Yes; I have no expectations. He said to me the day I left—'Look here, boy; you must know now that I shall have a family to provide for; and, therefore, I am compelled to reduce your allowance. You will have three hundred a year until you have completed your education, and after that you will have to shift for yourself. Of course I will give you a start, but I shall most probably have children, you know.' And he looked so pleased that I could have kicked him."

"And serve him right! What sort of a woman is the aunt?" asked Tom.

"Oh, she is a regular artful one; declares in one's presence to the old man that she adores him, flatters him up, and he swallows it all, and is trying to make himself look as juvenile as possible. But there is more in the background. She has a brother, and this fellow is sent by my uncle to Oxford; he is at our Hall. I hate him. And he is a tremendous big fellow, dark as an Italian, and not at all like his sister, who is a fair woman, with a pink-and-white complexion; a regular doll."

"How did the nuns pick them up?"

"At the seaside. I don't know what family they are, though Bob Vavasour—that the fellow's name—does boast a good deal about his grand connections."

"Well, Jack, I'm glad you have told me all about this, for I've got a splendid idea which will easily set you up. There is old Hardbake, the millionaire, in Oxford at the present moment. He has only one daughter—a fine girl, Jessie by name; you shall marry her and all her money!"

"How, my boy? You don't suppose old Hardbake will give me his daughter when I haven't a sou in the world? It's preposterous."

"No, it is not; you just listen to me. Jessie is a girl passionately fond of sport, and, what is more, a young lady who will have her own way. Now, if you can make an impression I don't see why you should not marry her and her money."

"What! become a fortune-hunter?" cried Jack, jumping up with great indignation.

"Take it coolly, my boy; you need not come the virtuous so very much, although I admire you for it. Better men than you or I have married for money. Now, it is just as easy to fall in love with a girl with money, as with a girl without; and, if you give me the alternative, I say the girl with money is preferable, and she may often make the best wife, for, naturally, being used to money, she is not so extravagant, and cares much less about it."

This logic, which Tom Parsons vented with the greatest possible coolness, only served to make Jack hesitate to take his advice.

He loathed anything that was sordid, and had only uttered his opinion about his uncle's unforeseen marriage in a fit of spleen.

"Well, Tom," he replied, "I don't see how I am to answer your proposal. Here I am in a fix. I am in debt and difficulties, and if I should finish by falling in love, why, that would be an accumulation of misfortunes; and it is said the latter never come singly."

"Stuff and nonsense, old fellow. We'll make all the running with the charming Jessie, and I'll back you against any fellow to win. Now we'll be off, and I'll introduce you to the prettiest girl in Oxford."

To this Jack Lincoln consented, nothing loth to get away from his own thoughts.

So the two undergraduates donned their wigs and gowns, and saunteringly went their way to the residence of Alderman Hardbake.

Everything in the mansion showed the princely wealth of the owner, and when Jack beheld all the costly possessions belonging to the lucky merchant, he could not help whispering to his friend:

"Tom, he'll never consent to give me his daughter. I'll tell you what we'd better turn back."

To this his friend only vouchsafed the simple reply of:

"Nonsense!"

The Alderman was in flat contradistinction to his surroundings.

His manner was blunt in the extreme. His dress was as plain as his speech, and that was straight to the point.

Jack Lincoln and his friend were ushered into his presence.

"Allow me, Mr. Hardbake, to have the pleasure of presenting my friend, Mr. Lincoln, to you; the finest oarsman on the river," said Tom.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Lincoln; hope you'll often give me a look in. Now, let me see; of course you want to see my beauty?"

Tom bowed, whilst the old man's eyes twinkled with paternal pride.

"Then you'll find her in the conservatory or the drawing-room with her friend, Laura Joyce. She is always ready to welcome such specimens of Christianity as yourself, Mr. Lincoln. I think that girl of mine ought to marry a sailor."

And Mr. Hardbake laughed, subsiding into his chair over the *Times*, as the two friends ascended the stairs to the drawing-room.

They entered, and found a young girl reading a book very attentively.

Jack thought this was Jessie; but the lady proved to be her friend, Laura Joyce.

"How do you do, Miss Joyce?" said Tom, introducing his friend.

"Ah! Mr. Parsons, so you are back again in the old city," said Miss Joyce, who was a brilliant brunette with eyes that spoke a language of their own.

"Yes; Jessie is in the conservatory," she said, in answer to Tom's inquiry. "Come; we will go to her."

They passed into the conservatory, and found the young lady with her back toward them, leaning over a stand of white camellias, whilst, by her side, stood a tall, dark young man with a black moustache, which he was caressing, as if he were proud of its possession.

Now, the position in which this couple stood did not please our hero, but when he beheld the stranger he whispered hastily to Tom Parsons—

"Why, this is Bob Vavasour! This is a pretty pickle! His sister has cut me out of a fortune, and now the brother is likely to cut me out of a wife in prospect."

"The dickens it is!" muttered Tom, in reply. Then turning to the lady—

"Good morning, Miss Hardbake. I must say you look charming, although I only saw the back of you."

Jessie Hardbake started, and hastily drew away from Vavasour.

Tom introduced her to Jack; and then Jessie followed up by presenting Vavasour.

Both Jack and Tom bowed stiffly to that gentleman, who returned the compliment with studied politeness, which was a little overdone in the effort to appear cold and gentlemanly.

"I have had the pleasure of Mr. Lincoln's acquaintance," he said, "and am happy to meet him again in such a charming presence." He bowed to his hostess.

Jessie was a petite blonde, with beautiful wavy hair parted on the side of the forehead, which gave her rather a boyish look, while her roguish blue eyes danced with youthful glee whenever any subject aroused her mirth, or fell in pensive languor when listening to a more serious incident.

Jack Lincoln had been heart-whole up to the present, but he was at once fascinated by the lively Jessie, whose nature ran from grave to gay, from lively to severe, asking *naive* questions with a simple childishness that a casual observer would have ascribed to coquetry; but there was nothing of coquetry in Jessie. She was a simple, true-hearted English girl, fond of fun, and having nothing to conceal; therefore, said what she meant, nor feared a misconstruction placed upon her actions or her words.

Conversation flowed rapidly, and somehow Jack Lincoln was engaged in an animated talk with Jessie while Tom Parsons monopolized the attention of the fair Laura Joyce.

Mr. Vavasour was thus left out in the cold, yet his self-possession did not forsake him, and he stood twitching his moustache for some minutes, and then said—

"I shall wish you good morning, Miss Hardbake, as you are engaged."

Jessie turned, and laughed merrily.

"Going?" she said; "well, I hope I shall see you again, Mr. Vavasour. We are not so far apart now but we shall be able to meet. Good-bye."

Vavasour departed.

A strange thrill shot through Jack Lincoln on hearing Jessie's words.

"So they have met before," he thought, and somehow he did not speak with his previous vivacity, but remained quieter until he and his friend took their leave.

"Well, what do you think of her?" asked Tom, when they were in the street.

"Think of her? why, that she is a very nice girl. How could I think otherwise?"

"Oh, is that all? Don't you think as if an arrow were sticking in your heart?" laughed Tom.

"Oh, but think of the money. Don't play the high and mighty, or this Vavasour will be cutting you out."

"Ah, will he, by heaven?" cried Tom, fetching a deep breath. "I should like to see him. I wonder how he became acquainted with Miss Hardbake?"

"That I can't say; but I see you will have to run him hard for the heiress. He looks a determined fellow, and one not likely to give up the object he sets his mind upon."

Lincoln agreed to this, and the two friends returned to their rooms at All Saints.

In the meantime the fair Jessie and her friend Laura were not slow to criticize the merits of their new acquaintances.

"I tell you what it is, Laura," said Jessie; "I won't marry any man who can't protect me. Now I like Vavasour and Lincoln, but I don't know how it will be between them if they should propose. Lincoln is the nephew—as Tom Parsons said—of the rich Mr. Lincoln; therefore, on the score of money, my father can have no objection to him."

"And Vavasour?" asked Laura.

"Well, I don't exactly know his means, but we shall see in time."

And so the conversation ended.

A short time after this Mr. Hardbake gave a ball, to which both Lincoln and Parsons were invited.

It was an event eagerly looked forward to by Lincoln, for he had been a constant visitor at

the Alderman's, and had made a great progress in the affections of Jessie.

Still, he had not proposed, but, on the evening of this ball, he resolved to open his heart to Jessie and hear his fate from her lips.

Accordingly, when the two friends entered the ball-room Jack at once sought out Jessie, and found her seated by the side of Vavasour.

"May I see your programme, Miss Hardbake," asked Jack, with all the familiarity of a friend.

Jessie handed it to him with a smile.

Jack looked down it, saw Vavasour's name in several places engaged for a dance, and only three vacancies, which did not please him.

"I have kept the vacancies for you, Mr. Lincoln," said Jessie; "but you know that time waits for no man—you are late, sir."

The spirit of contradiction had entered Jack's breast. He put his name down for the vacancies, and, with a bow, handed Jessie back the programme and left her.

Vavasour could not repress a smile.

Jessie bit her lips, but nerving herself to an effort, she opened the ball with Vavasour.

Jack Lincoln did not dance much. He was very gloomily inclined.

"The least she might have done was to have spared me the dance before supper," he thought, as he retired to the smoking-room, and joined the Alderman at a game of whist.

Presently Parsons came in.

"Halloa! Jack," he said, "what does this mean? Are you mad? Have you and Jessie quarrelled? You'll offend her, and then goodbye to your hopes. Vavasour is making great play during your absence. Come into the ball-room."

Borne by persuasion, half by force, Jack Lincoln was led into the ball-room.

His time to dance had not come yet; but when they looked for Jessie she was nowhere to be seen.

Jack strolled moodily into the conservatory, and, little dreaming that he should interrupt a tête-à-tête, he stumbled full upon Vavasour and Jessie, who, seated by his side, were evidently deep in converse.

Jack had time to withdraw before he was observed, but not before he heard the words—

"You must ask papa."

"So, conditionally, she has accepted him," he thought, bitterly. "Well, I will show her a fair front, and not flinch under the ordeal."

Through the entire evening he was apparently as gay and light-hearted as the rest of the company. But at supper-time he drank a good deal of champagne, and only once met the reproachful eyes of Jessie.

He turned away from her gaze, and commenced a desperate flirtation with the lady next to him.

When Jack Linton and his friend walked home in the early morning through the silent streets of Oxford, Parsons broke out savagely—

"You are—pardon my frankness, Master Jack—a consummate blockhead. You have let this fellow cut in and cut you out!"

"Can't be helped," said Jack. "Look here. She doesn't love me. Vavasour has proposed, and she referred him to her father, and now I'm going to give it up. Emigration is the word. I think I'll do it in the colonies."

"Stuff! If you can't 'do,' as you call it, at home, you won't do anywhere. Look here; you are too easy in laying siege to the heart of the little heiress. Storm her, Jack. Go and propose to-morrow morning, and don't take 'No' for an answer."

Jack blew a cloud from his mouth reflectively, then said—

"Come into Charlie Bruce's rooms. I'll see what is to be done to-morrow, so drop the subject at present."

To this Tom agreed.

Charlie Bruce was known among Jack Lincoln's set as the general referee on all matters of sport, and his decision was never known to be disputed.

The two friends found Charlie Bruce in his rooms with several men, and amongst them Mr. Robert Vavasour.

Charlie Bruce gave them his usual welcome, and broke out—

"Here is the new man. Vavasour says he can pull three miles with any one for fifty. Now that's something for one who has not been in training."

"Not at all," chimed in Vavasour, who felt particularly elated. "I say that the art of rowing does not depend upon mere bodily strength—it is the will, and with a strong will a man may do anything. I wager to do it without training."

And Vavasour looked as if he had the will.

"I'll take your wager," said Jack, quietly.

It was agreed that the race should take place within a week, and after this the two friends retired to their rooms.

The fact was that he was desperately in love with Jessie, and now he saw her about to accept his rival he was more in love with her than ever, and he blamed his folly in not opening his mind to her sooner.

At length, however, Jack fell asleep, and when the bell rang for chapel, it appeared to him as if he had only rested a few minutes. So he resolved to take another nap.

He slept till noon, when he was aroused by Parsons, who looked as fresh as a daisy.

"Hulloa, sluggard! wake up!" cried Tom. "I've seen that dearest girl in the world this morning, and told her about your match with Vavasour. She was all excitement about it, and even expressed a hope that you might win."

"Ah! did she say that?" asked Jack.
"Well, not in so many words, but her father told me, half laughingly, that his pet would only marry the strongest man in Oxford; so, you see, here's a chance for you."

Jack dressed himself with scrupulous care, breakfasted, and, taking his hat and stick, said: "Wait for me here, Tom. I was a fool last night. I will go and try if I can't cut Vavasour out; here goes."

Tom looked after him, and smiled to himself. Having reached the Alderman's house, Lincoln was informed that Miss Hardbake was at home, and he found her alone in the drawing-room, though not before he had seen a silk skirt disappear through another door, which he had no doubt belonged to Laura Joyce.

"Good-morning, Miss Jessie," began Jack. "I hope you enjoyed yourself at the ball; in fact I know you did—you were so light-hearted."

"Light-hearted, Mr. Lincoln! What makes you think that?" asked Jessie, looking at him reproachfully.

"Were you not?" he asked.
"No," she replied at last.
"May I ask why?"

"Well, as I am truthfully inclined this morning, I will tell you. I was grieved at your cold behaviour to me last night. I don't think I deserved it," said Jessie.

"Oh, so you wish to take me to task! Do you not think it was unkind not to spare me a few more dances?"

"You should have engaged them beforehand," replied Jessie.

"Well, that is true; but I should like to engage something that is very precious to me beforehand," said Jack, tenderly.

"And what may that be?" queried Jessie, raising her eyes to his for an instant, and then demurely lowering them.

"Well, your heart."
"My heart, Mr. Lincoln! Oh, you are very exacting this morning."

"Jessie, is it given away already to a more favoured rival?"

"Sir, you are a laggard in love. Why did you not speak to me last night?"

"And it is indeed so? Oh, then, I am too late; Vavasour is accepted."

Lincoln covered his eyes with his hands.
"Jack!"

It was Jessie's voice, and she laid one little hand upon his own tenderly.

"Is it not true, then?" he asked, eagerly.

"Mr. Vavasour has gone to ask my papa, although I would not consent to be his wife. Do not fear the answer."

"Is that a reply in my favour?" asked Jack.
"As you list, sir."

"And may I ask papa?" he asked.
"Papa may be asked, but listen to this—I will never be your wife until you are champion of the river. Now, good-bye."

Jessie darted away and Jack sought an interview with Mr. Hardbake.

As he opened the door he came face to face with Vavasour.

"Hallo!" cried Jack; "is it you? I beg your pardon."

Vavasour drew himself up stiffly, saying: "Sir, I did not know you were here."

Jack did not reply, but entered Mr. Hardbake's presence.

The plain and unassuming Alderman suddenly acquired a dignity and importance in his eyes, now that he might become his father-in-law.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lincoln; you are here early this morning. The young men of the present day are not generally so active unless there is something in the wind," said Hardbake.

"True, sir. May I speak with you on a subject that concerns me much?"

"Well?" replied the Alderman.

"Sir, I love your daughter—she is all the world to me—and I have reason to believe that she is not indifferent to me. Have I your consent to pay my attentions to her?"

"Hum?" muttered the Alderman, not without pride; "this is number two this morning. I wonder how many more there are in the background. Young man, do you know what you ask? My daughter is the heiress of my wealth."

This was coming to the point.

Jack had forgotten that was a stumbling-block, and that his prospects looked anything but bright at the present moment.

"Oh, sir, I fear that is against me. Up to the present time I thought I should have been heir to my uncle's fortune, but he has married again, and I have therefore very little to offer in the way of worldly wealth in exchange for the priceless treasure, your daughter; but I am young and strong, full of energy, and hope to make my way in the world in due course."

"That is all very well," replied the Alderman, surveying the athletic proportions of the young man before him with a critical eye, "but that is for the future; how do you propose to maintain a wife for the present?"

This was a poser, and Jack could not answer it for the moment.

"Sir," he says, "give me but hope, and I will work, and never fear but I shall succeed."

"There let it rest. I have no dislike to your personality, Mr. Lincoln, but I have my daughter's welfare at heart, and, therefore, I must decline the honour you offer me for the present."

Jack knew it was useless for him to urge his claims now, so he politely thanked the Alderman for the interview, bowed, and left the room.

He hesitated in the hall whether he should seek Jessie again, when he heard a side-door open and Laura Joyce beckoned him to her.

She closed the door after her, and then said—

"Mr. Vavasour has been accepted by the Alderman; but Jessie has a will of her own, and if you win the race with Vavasour, I know she will fight hard for you; therefore, be of good cheer. All will yet be well."

Jack kissed the lady's hand, and departed with comparatively a light heart.

"Well, my dear boy, how goes it?" cried Parsons, as soon as he entered the room.

"All right so far. Jessie is willing, but the old man is reckoning up the money. He rather countenances Vavasour. I fancy that silent gentleman must have told him a good many falsehoods."

"Humph!" said Tom. "I should like to know the origin of that gentleman. Have you seen Jackson, of Trinity, since his return?"

"No," replied Jack.

"Well, I met him this morning, and, as we were walking up High street, whom should we meet but Master Vavasour. He bowed in his usual supercilious manner to me, and Charlie asked me who he was. I told him that his sister had married your uncle, and cut you out of a fortune, and that he was the new man of All Souls, sent there by the generosity of his sister's husband."

"Well, what did Charlie think of him?"

"Why, he looked hard at him, and did not say anything for a moment; then he whistled, and said:

"I fancy I have seen this man Vavasour, before."

"Where?" I asked.

"Why, last year I was at Hamburg, and there was a certain Mr. Reginald Trevor at the gaming-tables there. He was a mystery, and so was his young and pretty wife, who, I may say, was the mainstay of his fortune. I left shortly after Mr. Trevor was cleaned out of a very large sum of money, and if this Vavasour is not identical with Trevor, I'm not Charlie Jackson."

"Do you think this can be possible?" asked Lincoln.

"Well, you know Jackson well enough, and he is not likely to make a mistake; Vavasour's face is not one likely to be forgotten. It is a marked face. And this may be true."

These words made Lincoln reflective.

Should it be true that Vavasour was an imposter, his uncle might still relent, and take him again into his favour.

During the time preceding the boat-race Jack resolved to keep a keen watch upon the wily Vavasour.

* * * * *

The eventful morning at last arrived when the race was to take place.

Mr. Hardbake had a steam-yacht, and on this the champions were invited to proceed on the river, and accordingly a merry party assembled.

Vavasour was cool and collected.

He paid assiduous attentions to Jessie, and Jack felt a jealous pang every time he saw it, for he had refrained from seeing Jessie after the Alderman's decision regarding his suit.

The boat was moored high up the river, at Maidenhead.

The course had been cleared, and all the necessary arrangements made.

"Dear me!" said the Alderman, just before the men were preparing for the race; "have you heard of my great loss, ladies and gentlemen?"

"What is it?" chorussed a dozen voices.

"I have been robbed of a valuable brilliant necklace. Only yesterday I was showing it to a friend, and this morning it has gone. I intended it for my Jessie's marriage-present."

"Have you no clue to the thief?" asked Vavasour, coolly.

"None, although I could almost swear that I saw the necklace this morning. I have not yet had time to offer a reward for it."

The subject dropped.

The two competitors were now ready.

Each descended to their boats; and, at a given signal, were started by the umpire.

It was a pretty sight to see Jessie Hardbake standing at the prow of the vessel, with her friend Laura, eagerly straining to see which of the rowers was taking the lead.

Jack was several lengths behind at the start; Vavasour taking the lead with rapid strokes; but both men were pretty evenly matched.

The steamer followed in the wake of the boats, and all on board watched the result of the contest with great interest, and none more so than Jessie, who kept saying:

"If he wins, Laura, I will be his wife—he will win—he must win! Don't you think he will win? Papa likes him: and shall win! Oh, what a bore money is!"

Thus the little heart continued to busy itself with hope, and Laura encouraged her friend, for she, too, had an interest in the race.

The boats were now urged along with incredible swiftness.

The second mile was passed, and Vavasour was a length ahead.

Cries of "Vavasour wins!" "No, Lincoln!" echoed along the river, when suddenly, within half a mile of the goal, a pleasure-boat filled with people steered right across the track of Lincoln's boat.

He was compelled to ship his oars to prevent a foul, and allow the boat to pass, his friends calling loudly for the intruders to get out of the way.

During this pause Vavasour shot ahead three lengths.

Lincoln set his teeth together.

"I'm a match for him yet," he muttered. "I'm only playing with him, although the fellow pretends he has not been in training—so here goes for winning and a wife."

With that he made a terrific spurt, and soon gained his rival's side.

Jessie, when she beheld her hero *in extremis*, covered her face for a moment and clinched her little hands.

"He will lose! Oh, that is designedly done!"

"No, no!" cried Laura. "Look up, Jessie; he is going to the front again. His boat shoots the water—he will win. I am certain of it."

"Give me the odds, Miss Joyce," said Tom Parsons in her ear.

"I will stake my heart he will win," said Laura, laughingly.

"I accept the bet."

"Done, then against the gloves."

Jack Lincoln was rowing splendidly now.

Every stroke told, and Vavasour had the chagrin to see his opponent come in a winner amidst the cheers of the latter's friends and the waving of handkerchiefs.

"I have won," said Jack; "and now, if the Alderman will only give his consent, I shall be happy."

He rowed to the side of the steamer, and his hand was nearly shaken off by a score of undergraduates, amid cries of—

"Well done, Lincoln of All Saints!"

But Jessie—her joy was excessive.

Jack went down to the cabin to rest himself for a time.

As he was descending the companion one of the men placed a letter in his hand.

He went down-stairs and read it.

Vavasour was close to him.

"Do you know anything of this, Mr. Vavasour?" cried Jack, with a flushed brow.

"Of what, sir?"

"Here, read; and listen, ladies and gentlemen."

And Jack read from the letter as follows:

"Sir—Mr. Lincoln—James Smith was bribed by the gent against whom you rowed, to make a foul of your race. I heard him consent to do it, and so did my mate Bob, which we is on board to testify.

"Yours respectful.

"MIKE DILLON."

Vavasour was very pale.

"Now, sir, is this true?" asked Lincoln, pointing to the letter.

"It is a got-up thing by you," said Vavasour, with a sneer.

"That is adding insult to injury; but we will have the men here."

The two rough boatmen swore that Vavasour had asked them to foul Jack's boat.

"It's false!" roared Vavasour. "A falsehood got up by you, Mr. Lincoln, to add to your own glory. You are a liar!"

"A what?" cried Jack his face becoming suddenly pale. "No man shall call me that with impunity. Defend yourself!"

The next moment Vavasour measured his length on the cabin-floor, lying without apparent life or motion.

"Oh Jack, you have killed him!" cried Jessie, rushing forward.

"No," cried Jack; "such men do not die easily. I believe he is an imposter, who has palmed himself off upon my stupid old uncle."

"Oh, what is that gleaming from his pocket?" cried Jessie.

And, before any one could prevent her, she knelt down by Vavasour's side, and took from it a packet of white paper, through which some brilliant gleamed.

"Why—why, that is my necklace," cried Alderman Hardbake.

At this moment Vavasour recovered consciousness, and when he caught sight of the Alderman with his necklet in his hand, he rose to his feet and gasped—

"The game is played out!"

"Yes, villain; but you shall suffer for it—you shall go prison!" cried Jack.

"No, no; let him go!" pleaded Jessie. "He has been on terms of intimacy with us, and he may reform yet."

"His name is not Vavasour. It was Reginald Trevor at Hamburg, and it may be Smith or Jones for all I know," cried Jackson, coming forward.

Vavasour put on his coat, and then said, with a sneer—

"Are you going to send me to prison? Ha, ha! I have some pretty little letters belonging to some ladies here, and it would be so nice to hear them read in open court. Ha, ha!"

Jack's indignation was great. He seized him by the collar, and taking him up the cabin-stairs, said:

"You shall not pollute a respectable company any longer. Go!" And he thrust him into a boat.

Vavasour was soon ashore, and the last they saw of him was that he was caressing his moustache in a contemplative manner.

Perhaps he was soliloquizing on the vicissitudes of fate and fortune.

Jack and his friends spent a happy day together on the Alderman's yacht, and returned at night to Oxford.

Then he wrote to his uncle, informing him of all that had taken place, and the next morning he received a telegram, which contained this message:

"Come to me at once, dear Jack. She has gone, and I am alone."

Jack was soon with his uncle.

Mr. Lincoln looked at least ten years older as he sat doubled up in his chair, groaning and rocking himself.

His wife had received a telegram, and shortly after she disappeared from her home with all her jewelry, but leaving a letter behind her, in which she informed Mr. Lincoln that Vavasour was not her brother, but her husband, and that she had been induced to deceive him by Vavasour, who was pushed for money.

She hoped he would be happy and soon forget her, and concluded by apologizing for taking the jewels and money, but necessity alone compelled her to do so.

The shock had nearly killed Mr. Lincoln; but the kind attention his nephew paid him soon brought him round.

In due course Jack told his uncle he was in love.

The old man consented to allow his boy, as he called him, a liberal income, and formally wrote to the Alderman to ask the hand of his daughter for his nephew.

An answer of consent came, and Jack and his uncle were invited to come down to see the Alderman at Oxford.

They accepted the invitation.

"Hello! here we are again!" cried Tom Parsons. "Behold! Benedict is soon to be the married man. Jack, you have not only won a wife for yourself, but one for me."

"How is that, Tom?"

"Why, Laura Joyce wagered her heart that you would win, and she won my gloves, but generously returned the gift and the bet, seeing that I pleaded my *forma pauperis*, and we are going to be married the moment I leave college."

Jack congratulated his friend, and was only too eager to see his Jessie.

She awaited him in the conservatory.

"I have won you, Jessie," he said, "and I mean to keep you for ever and ever; so seal the vow with those rosy lips."

There was no objection, and Jack was supremely blest.

In due time there was a double marriage, and Jack and Jessie and Tom and Laura were as happy as mortals could be.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Count Joannes has made \$10,000 on the stage.

GENERAL MITE, the dwarf, has earned \$20,000 for his parents in two years.

ANNA LOUISE ekes out a pre-Caay-ous living on \$2,400 per month and all expenses paid.

JANAUSCHEK has been on the stage 27 years and never missed an engagement.

EIGHTY thousand dollars have been subscribed for the monument to be erected at Naples to Bellini, the composer of "Norma."

GERMANY, England, Austria, Italy and the United States will have their respective bauds of music at the Paris Exhibition.

AT Moscow there is no sympathy for Wagner because he is a modern German, and for that reason his "Tannhäuser" has been cold-shouldered.

THE experiment of cheap prices of theatre admission at Philadelphia was so successful that it has been tried with opera. The result has been immense houses, excellent music, the singers buoyant and hopeful and the treasury full.

SENATOR BLAINE has introduced a bill for the better protection of dramatic literature. The bill provides that the law of copyright shall cover and protect managers, actors, and other citizens of the United States who shall procure through purchase the right to play, from a foreign author for the purpose of playing or publishing the same in the United States.

THE proceeds of the 1,000th performance of the comedy of "Our Boys" at the Vaudeville Theatre amounted to \$208, and have been thus distributed, namely: The Royal General Theatrical Fund, \$100; the Metropolitan Free Hospital, \$50; the Charing Cross Hospital, \$50; the Great Northern Hospital, \$50; and the Boys' Home and Refuge, Great Queen Street, \$50.

M. SELLIER, the new tenor, was five years ago a waiter in a Paris wine shop; Gueymard was a ploughboy; Poutlier was a cooper; Villaret was a brewer's man at Tarascon; Renard a working blacksmith at Reims; Morère, a house-painter; Vergnet, a butcher; Dulacrens, a trooper, whose Colonel "discovered" his voice; Gailhard was destined by his parents to be a shoemaker.

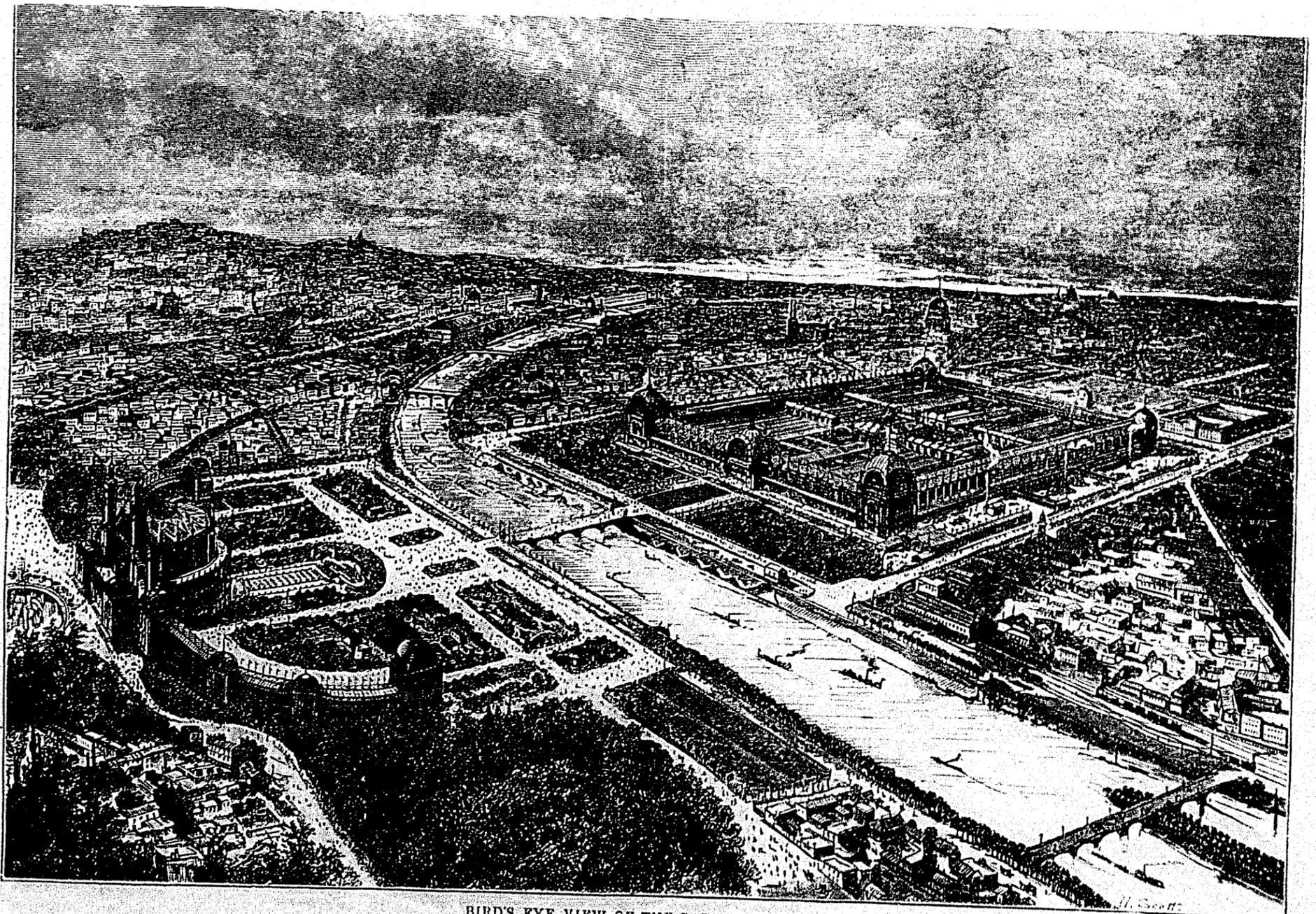
THE Theatre says it is not improbable that in the course of a few weeks the Queen will pay a visit to the Prince of Wales' Theatre. From the time the Princess Beatrice gave her account of "Diplomacy" the Theatre understands Her Majesty has more than once testified a lively desire to see that play, but has not yet finally decided to go. It need hardly be added that Her Majesty's re-appearance at a theatre would revive many agreeable recollections, and give satisfaction to all her subjects.

SARAH BERNHARDT, of the Francais, Paris, has no time for gossip or visiting. Every day is divided up for various studies she takes great delight in. In the morning she takes a long ride in the saddle; at noon she takes the sculptor's chisel and works on three or four busts for the Exhibition, and a group of "Medea"; at 2 o'clock she takes up the brush and works on a large painting; at nightfall she is writing her memoirs, or rehearsing her roles, or attending to her correspondence. In the evening she appears on the stage.

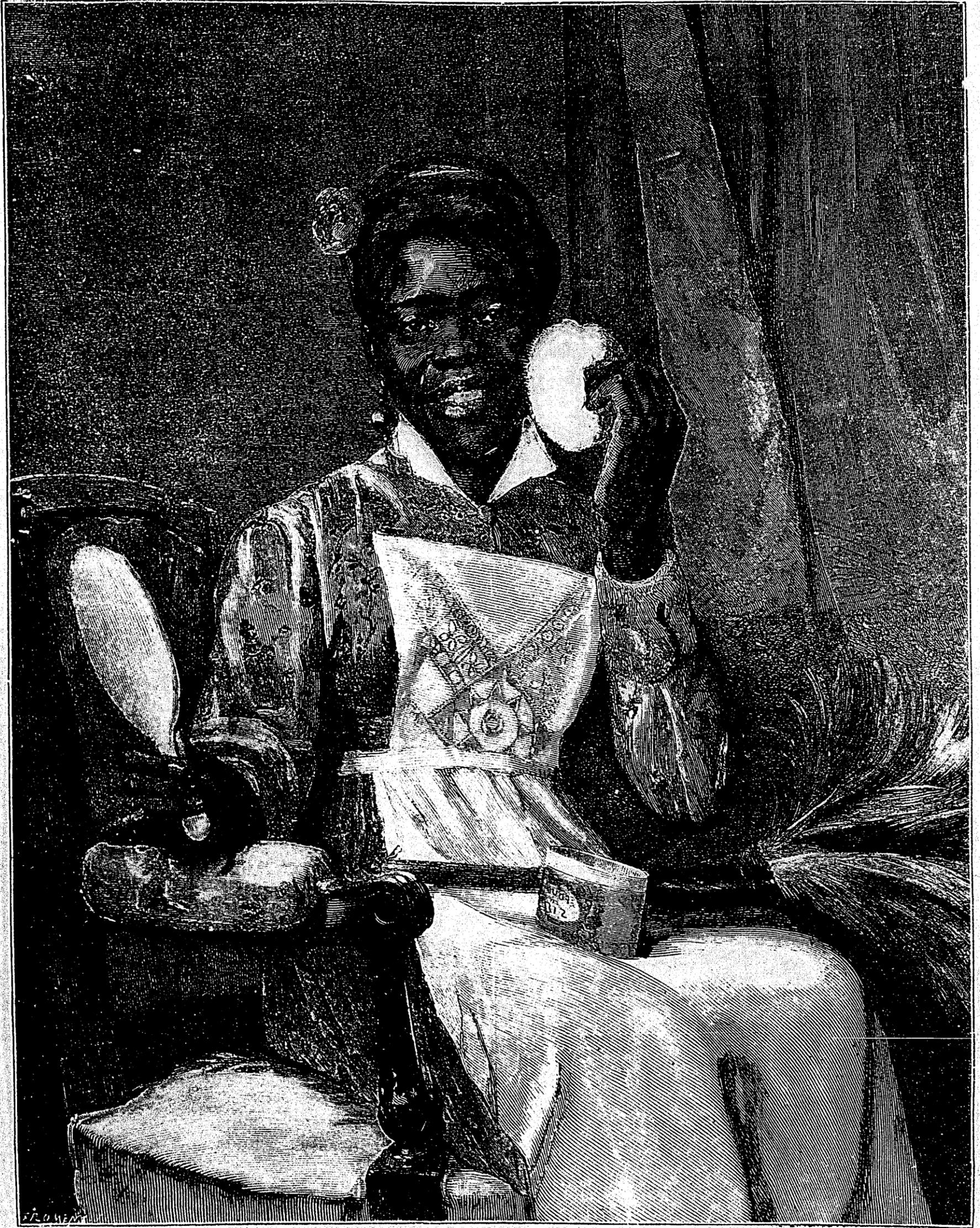
PATTI's recent singing tour of two months through the principal Italian cities yielded in gross receipts \$199,000. And Neilson, having taken the former's place as a favourite with the *élite* of St. Petersburg, received more pay and diamonds, jewellery and flowers during the recent Russian operatic season than she ever received before in her life, and has been even appointed Cantatrice to the Court of Rome. In the long rivalry between these two starring songstresses, it is now conceded that Neilson has carried the day, owing to her uninterrupted course of good behaviour both as wife and mother. Patti was enthusiastically appreciated in Italy, although she had her favourite Nicolini looked on to her; but she has decidedly lost out in all the great capitals, where her cast-off husband, Marquis de Coeur, has organized some very effective rings against her.



A PARISIAN ART SCHOOL.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



"WHILE MISSUS IS OUT."

MAPLE SUGAR.

Oh, the rich, dark maple sugar! how it tells me of the woods: Of bland south winds and melting snows, and budding solitudes

A frosty night! the searching air made hearth fires a delight. Stern winter seemed as if again to rally in his might; But, oh, how pure and beautiful the morning has arisen!

How free the blood is bounding! how soft the sunny glow! And, harken! fairy tones are ringing underneath the snow! Slump, slump! the gauzy masses glide from hemlock, fence and rock,

We cross the upland pasture, robed with a brown and sodden pall. The maple ridge heaves up before—a sloping Titan wall! The maple ridge! how gloriously, in summer, it pitches tent;

Up, up, the beaten path! I climb, with bosom of blithsome cheer. For the song, oft varied with whistle shrill of the woods man keen, I hear; The bold and hearty woodsman, whose rifle is certain death,

The boiling, bubbling liquid! it thickens each moment there. He stirs it to a whirlpool now, now draws the threads in air; From kettle to kettle he ladles it to granulate rich and slow.

The rich, dark maple sugar! thus it brings to me the joy, The dear warm joy of my heart, when I was a careless, happy boy;

Old England's arm is just as strong, her courage just as true. As when of yore she fought the world—aye, fought and conquered, too!

BEWARE!

Old England's arm is just as strong, her courage just as true. As when of yore she fought the world—aye, fought and conquered, too!

Avant you, then, barbaric hordes! brave England fears you not; But for her Bible she ere this had hurled you from the spot.

Beware! the British Lion now is rising in its might, And with its voice of thunder deep grows out its grim delight

Beware! for Britain reigns supreme, the mistress of the sea! Her glorious navy's stronger now than e'en it used to be,

Beware! for every gun is manned behind each iron wall By Britain's stalwart sailor boys, all longing for the call

Beware! her army's greater now than when in days of yore She hurled thy countless legions back on the Crimean shore.

And as the battle notes resound and echo through the world, From Canada to India's strand her flag will be unfurled,

Beware! brave England fears you not, she's ready for the strife. The time has come for action now, she'll meet you knife to knife;

HOW GREAT MEN WORK.

One of the most interesting chapters in literary history would, undoubtedly, be that which should record the whims and eccentricities of men of genius when engaged in the active pursuit of their calling.

The methods of authors in the course of composition have been singular, and though no two of them have worked alike, they have, most of them, illustrated the old proverb that genius is labor, and that few great works have been produced which have not been the result of unwearyed perseverance as well as of brilliant natural powers.

Some authors have undoubtedly possessed astonishing facility and readiness both of conception and expression, as we shall presently see; but, as a rule, the writings of such men, except in the case of Shakespeare, are not so valuable as they might have been, and marred by crudities which might otherwise have been finished beauties, by deformities which should have been graces.

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He sent off to the printer the skeleton of the intended romance, leaving pages of blank paper between for conversations, descriptions, etc.; as soon as that was struck off he shut himself up in his study, ate and drank nothing but bread and water till he had filled up the blank spaces, and in this way laboriously completed his book.

Godwin wrote his "Caleb Williams" backwards—beginning, that is to say, with the last chapter, and working on to the first. Richardson produced his ponderous novels by painfully elaborating different portions at different times.

But it is now time to reverse the picture, and to mention meritorious pieces produced against time and with extraordinary facility. Lucilius, the Roman satirist, wrote with such ease, that he used to boast that he could turn off two hundred verses while standing on one leg.

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his highly-wrought comedy of "The Alchemist" in six weeks, and that Dr. Johnson could throw off forty-eight octavo pages of such a finished composition as his "Life of Savage" at a sitting, one is indeed lost in bewildering admiration, and perhaps half inclined to doubt the author's word.

It is curious that two of the greatest historical works in the world were written while their authors were in exile—the "History of the Peloponnesian War," by Thucydides, and the "History of the Rebellion," by Lord Clarendon.

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ARTISTIC.

LORD RONALD GOWER, whose Marie Antoinette was so much admired last year, is "sculpting" Shakespeare for the R.A.

Mr. Hennessy, who has lately returned from Normandy, has in his studio a picture of "An Evening on the River," a view of Barnes, taken from Chiswick; and the "Fête de Village," a scene of Norman peasants making merry over a game at bowls in a cider orchard.

THE Prince of Wales visited lately the Exhibition Building in Paris, and inspected the several works in progress. At the end of the visit His Royal Highness expressed to the director of the works the pleasure his inspection had afforded him, and complimented the architects upon the great success they have achieved.

PAINTERS and sculptors sending works to the French Exhibition will be permitted to add to the names of the works exhibited the names of former works that they may have executed either on or in public monuments. This permission has only just been granted, and in the interest of artists it is wished that it should be made known as widely as possible.

THE rising young artist, Miss Amy Black, has just painted an excellent portrait of the Marquis of Lorne, K. P., on a plaque.

M. CHARLES WALTNER, the accomplished etcher, is about to produce a series of engraved plates after choice female portraits by Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough.

THE Queen will lend to the next winter Exhibition of Old Masters—which is to include their studies as well as their finished works—the great collection of Raphael and Michael Angelo drawings, generally held in privacy at Windsor.

Mr. F. LEIGHTON, R.A., will send to this year's Royal Academy Exhibition a large picture (figures full life size) of the angel ministering to Elijah in the wilderness, the prophet asleep in an attitude of weariness; the man of God places wine and bread by his head, and gazes at him.

THE sensation picture of Gabriel Max, which is at present exciting attention in Germany, is a large work now being exhibited at the Austrian Art Union. It is called "The Child-Murderess," and represents a mother with the little baby whom she has loved and killed in her arms, crouching in a desolate place by the side of a stream and giving the little bleeding head one passionate kiss before throwing it into the water.

THE Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild has just purchased two splendid works of art, found at Venice in an old palace, where they were lying unknown to everyone. They are two groups in bronze, of about a metre and a half in length, attributed to Michael Angelo.

AMONG the contributions of Mr. Millais to the Royal Academy this year will be the following:—"The Sons of Edward IV. in the Tower." They are seen descending a staircase, and the incident is carefully chosen, so as not to provoke comparison with the celebrated picture by Paul Delaroche in the Luxembourg.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Many thanks for several acceptable communications.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 168 received.

J. W., Montreal.—Such a notice is not required by the rules of Chess.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 165 received. Correct.

B., Montreal.—The game shall be looked over.

Saxon, Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 165 received. Correct.

Amateur, Montreal.—The problem shall be looked over.

Mr. Cochrane, whose death we noticed in our last Column, was a player whose career extended over a period of sixty years, and who, up to the last day of his life, which was prolonged to his eightieth year, manifested an ardent love for his favourite amusement.

After another visit to India, about eight years ago he returned to England, full of years, but still able to enjoy the pleasures of the Royal game.

Mr. Cochrane, as a player, was a great favourite with amateurs, and from the brilliancy of his attack, and the interesting positions which abound in his contests, they are greatly prized by those who make a study of the game.

It is not often in speaking of the career of one of our great players that we can say, that at one period of his life he was an associate of Deschappelles and Labourdonnais, at another of Staunton and Lowenthal, and yet that only a few days ago he was a daily visitor at one of the London Chess Clubs.

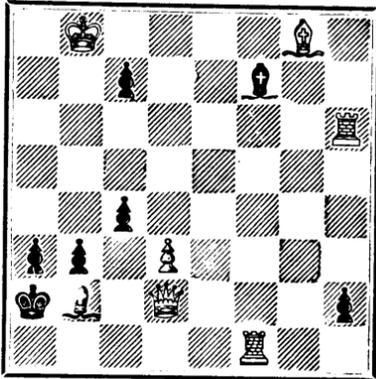
In the last number of the Field we learn the results of Mr. Blackburne's recent contest played blindfold and simultaneously against eight of the strongest players of the Metropolitan Clubs.

His ingenuity, however, and fertility of resource became apparent as the games proceeded, and he finally succeeded in scoring seven and drawing the other.

The players have been invited by the members of the St. George's Chess Club, London, to use their rooms for the match, and they have accepted the offer.

PROBLEM No. 169.

By J. HENDERSON, Montreal. BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND. (From the Glasgow Evening News.) GAME 252ND.

The following brilliant Evans' Gambit was played last month at the Grimsby, (Eng.) Chess Club.

- WHITE—(Mr. G. W. Kirke). 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to K B 3. 3. B to B 4. 4. P to Q Kt 4. 5. P to Q B 3. 6. Castles. 7. P to Q 4. 8. Q P takes P. 9. Kt takes Kt. 10. Q R to Kt sq. 11. Q to Q 5. 12. Q B to K Kt 5. 13. Kt takes K B. 14. Q R to K sq. 15. Q R takes Kt (ch). 16. K R to K sq. 17. R takes K P (ch). 18. R takes B (ch). 19. Q takes Q. 20. R to K 7 (dbl. ch). 21. Q to Q Kt 5.

From the 11th move White plays the game very skillfully.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA. (From the Adelaide Observer.) GAME 253RD.

This brilliant little game was played some time ago between the Treasurer and the Custodian of the Adelaide Chess Club.

- WHITE. Mr. R. M. Steele. BLACK. Mr. W. F. Bertram. Hampe or Vienna Opening. (Remove White's Queen's Rook.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to Q B 3. 3. P to K B 4. 4. P takes Q P. 5. Kt to K 4. 6. Kt to K B 3. 7. B to Q B 4 (best). 8. Castles. 9. Kt to Kt 3. 10. B to B 7 (ch). 11. B to R 5. 12. P to Q 4. 13. Kt takes P. 14. Kt takes P. 15. Kt takes P. 16. R takes Kt (a). 17. R takes B (ch). 18. Q to Kt 4 (ch). 19. P to B 4 (ch). 20. P to B 5 (ch) (b). 21. Q takes B. 22. Q takes B P. 23. Q to Q 7 (ch). 24. Q to Kt 4.

NOTES.

- (a) Ingenious play. (b) Bad. Kt to B 7 (ch) wins.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 167.

We must withhold the solution of this difficult position until we have the author's permission to publish it. We have received no solution, as yet, from our correspondents.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 165. This problem requires four moves for its solution instead of three.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K 5. 2. Q to K 2 (ch). 3. B to K sq (ch). 4. Q to Q B 4 mate. BLACK. 1. P to Q R 4 (best). 2. Kt to Kt 5. 3. R covers.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 166

- WHITE. K at K Kt 6. Q at K R 3. Kt at Q B 5. Pawns at Q 3. K R 2 and Q Kt 5. BLACK. K at K 4. B at Q R 5. Pawn at Q 5 and Q 2. White to play and mate in two moves.

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