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THE BRIDAL CASNET.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 25th, 1877.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR.

It is not without interest, after studying as we did last week, the organs of British opinion itself, to learn the views of the Russian press on the possible intervention of Great Britain in the present Eastern conflict. The *Russki Mir*, which is one of the most influential of the St. Petersburg journals, is especially outspoken. It declares that the time is past when the sayings or doings of England occupied Russian attention. The tender solicitude of the English for the Turks at one time excited their indignation. That feeling has given way to indifference. The presence of a few thousand English troops would make very little difference in the actual state of the war. Russians have now accurately measured the political and military forces which the English Government has at its disposal in the East, and their indignation has been converted into equanimity. Even the direct support of an English corps for the Turkish army would hardly strengthen Turkey sufficiently to make any considerable change in the chances of the war. England must make a great effort if she wishes even to place 10,000 of her soldiers on the battle-field; and even an English army of 50,000 men—the maximum force which she could send to the Dardanelles—does not, under present circumstances, mean much. The English would, beyond a doubt, be driven away by Russian troops if they should really attempt to defend Constantinople. Even now Russia fights not only with the Turks, but with their secret British allies. During the diplomatic campaign the English menaces might have been disquieting; now they are only laughable. England will not stop the advances of the Russian troops beyond the Danube or shake the determination of the Russian people. Russia's strength lies above all in this: that England neither can nor will risk a war with Russia. Such a war would in Russia be extremely popular, and equally unpopular in England. Nor can it be quite convenient for England to send her whole fleet to the Dardanelles while the whole of the Russian iron-clad fleet is quietly lying at anchor, ready at any moment to go anywhere, even to the British coast. Russian seamen have obtained such a reputation in Europe that the English may expect them to be equal to any achievement, however daring. They should hardly lose much by having another HOBART PASHA their opponent; while, on the other hand, their promise not to take

Constantinople would no longer be binding upon them, any more than their other concessions to England. Russia would then have perfect freedom of action in regard to the natural gates of her empire—the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles.

The German press holds almost similar language. According to it the action of England has commenced, but it has not produced the effect upon the Russian headquarters which was expected in England, and for two reasons. First, because it is known that the British Cabinet will be isolated; and, secondly, because the English preparations are not of such a nature as would cause Russia to fail in the object of the campaign. It is now stated that AARIFI PASHA has entered the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and that Turkey and England have come to an understanding with respect to the occupation of Gallipoli, by the English artillery and marines. In the first moment of terror caused by the appearance of the Russians at Jomboli the Sultan was induced to grant this dangerous concession, and he has sacrificed SARVET PASHA, who also would consent to a provisional occupation of the peninsula, but on the condition that such occupation should cease under certain circumstances. The old diplomatist was of opinion that the Russians would be bound to evacuate the Danubian Principalities, but he could not be brought to think that the English would renounce at a given moment their acquisition when once it had been made. Now nothing is arranged as to the retreat of the English. It is beyond doubt that if they occupy Gallipoli they will hold such a position as would allow of their opposing the opening of the passage of the Dardanelles to the Russians at the time of the negotiations for peace, but that is all. Gallipoli will not aid the English to influence the other results of the war which Russia desires to attain.

THE CARTIER MONUMENT.

Among our engravings in the present number will be found a view of the grounds at Cote-des-Neiges Cemetery, on Mount Royal, near this city, which are intended to be the site of the National Monument of the late Sir GEORGE E. CARTIER. The grounds are beautifully terraced and situated in a commanding locality, near the line of Mount Royal Cemetery and within view of the Mountain Park. The enclosure is an iron fence handsomely decorated with the Baronet's motto, *Fraus et sans dol*, worked on the gates.

It is now four years since this eminent statesman was prematurely cut off by death, and his friends and admirers consider that the time has come when the proposed monument to his memory should engage public attention. Now that the rumors and prejudices of politics have subsided in so far as he is concerned, it is supposed that his patriotic services alone will be remembered, and that a sentiment of mingled admiration and gratitude can be evoked which shall bear fruit in the erection of a suitable memorial over his remains. Leaving the lines of party altogether out of sight, as should always be done in the presence of the distinguished dead—a custom that is universally observed in England—it may be said in absolute truth that Sir GEORGE CARTIER was one of the greatest men which Canada has produced in these times, and that his services to his country are beyond the reach of cavil. To the French Canadians of all parties he must stand as an exemplar of the highest civic qualities, and it will be generally allowed that he has done his large share towards shedding credit upon his race. In view of these facts, it is only natural that a lasting tribute to his worth should become an object of general pre-occupation. The idea is to make the monument a national one in every respect. The movement will be primarily in the hands of his own countrymen, who will be expected to take a prominent lead, but those who cherish his memory in every Province of the Dominion will be called upon to contribute. If the contri-

bution is made a popular one, say a small sum from every individual, we have no doubt that the project will meet with instant encouragement and ultimate success.

THE question of Serbia's taking part in the war has been discussed in the Servian Cabinet, and there has been a difference of opinion in regard thereto. It is announced that all the Ministers have tendered their resignations. Prince MILAN has accepted only that of the President of the Council. M. RISTIC has been appointed President of the Council. Immediately after being appointed RISTIC informed foreign representatives that no change in the policy of neutrality was intended. The army would not be mobilized at present, and the calling of the militia was merely intended to protect the frontier.

THE reports from the Newfoundland fisheries continue favorable. Squid bait continues in abundance in the neighborhood of St. John's, and American fishermen are crowding the harbors and coves to obtain it. It is calculated that three hundred American vessels are now procuring bait, and Newfoundland papers are severely commenting on the contention of Americans before the Fishery Commission at Halifax, that the privilege of obtaining such bait is not a matter of gain to their fishermen.

THE Secretary of the Arts and Agricultural Associations reports that everything bids fair for a most successful Provincial Exhibition in London, September 24th to 29th. Entries of live stock has been received from the States of New York, Kentucky and Ohio. Entries in that class and in the agricultural implements will close on the 25th inst.

THE Senatorial Commission appointed at last session of the Legislature, to enquire into the Chinese question in California, have embodied the information obtained on the subject in a memorial to Congress, which takes strong ground against Chinese immigration, and suggests a remedy, which, it is hoped, will obviate further trouble on that account.

EVERY detail of the preparations shows that the Russians have made up their minds for a long war, and are preparing great depots of firewood. The Roumanian Government is also asking tenders for the supply of great quantities of clothing and stores.

REV. JASPER H. NICOLLS, D.D.

In these days of general search for general knowledge, when the tendency of a wide-spread education is to destroy the salient traits of individual character, it happens but rarely that death leaves a gap which, in a public point of view, cannot readily be filled. This results in part from the active competition in all pursuits and professions, which prepares a new rank to replace more or less ably the veterans who pass away. Genius—always a rare gift of Heaven—must, in these days, be combined with intense and unremitting labour if it is to carve out its own route through the world and to attain that proud eminence, of which men shall say when its possessor leaves this world: "Who, now, shall take his place?" But genius proverbially hasty is not often to be bound down to trammels and systems, to lexicons and text books, to patient watchings and year long studies, in one unvaried direction. Rarely do we greet the man who unites those two desirable qualifications—the divine *afflatus* and the determined will to strive and to work. Hence it is that the machinery of life makes its round so smoothly, the actors on its scene pass away, and are succeeded without a break, and at rare intervals, indeed, does a sudden jar indicate that an element of importance is lost, and the machine for a time left imperfect.

Assuredly, amongst such unusual losses, we must place the death of Dr. Nicolls, Principal of the University of Bishop's College. Of his genius, a double first at Oxford and the successful competition for the Michel fellowship bear evidence, while his work at Bishop's College for thirty-two years proves the zealous lover of work. He was born in England, in 1819, entered Oriel College at an early age, whence he graduated with honours in 1842. Soon afterwards, he won a fellowship at Queen's College, and for a time acted as tutor of classics at his College,

and was afterwards given the charge of a county parish in the vicinity. At twenty-six years of age, his relative, Bishop Mountain, appointed him Principal of the College he was then engaged in founding at Lennoxville, P. Q. In that secluded spot—a week's journey by stage—from either of the great centres of civilization, the young clergyman set to work to rear up such an institution as should be a credit to himself and to the country. He had many discouragements to fight against, but by patience and self-denying labour he finally triumphed over every obstacle, and to those who raised the cry of High Churchism against him showed himself a God-fearing Christian and a conscientious churchman. His life at Lennoxville was uneventful and quiet. Some years ago, owing to excessive study, he had to submit to an operation by which he lost his left eye, which defect was the reason for his resigning the Professorship of Divinity, in 1857, and exchanging it for that of Classics. His work has been in the highest degree successful, as was shown at the last convocation of the University, when it was stated that more than half of the Anglican clergy in Quebec diocese had been trained at the College, as well as a large proportion of those in the other dioceses in the country. Dr. Nicolls was a man of the highest attainments: in knowledge of the classics he had perhaps but few equals, while in his knowledge of theology he was not far behind the most enlightened men of the day. His death, which occurred at the College, Lennoxville, on the 8th inst., was the result of a fever that ultimately settled upon the brain. He leaves a wife, two sons, one of whom is a graduate of Oxford, the other of Lennoxville, and a daughter who is married to the Rev. R. Badgely, ex-Rector of Bishop's College School.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The article by Hon. D. A. Wells in the September ATLANTIC is one of the most important essays ever written by this publicist. It treats of Property, Titles, and Debts, and of the question of their taxability; and assails the monstrous abuse of power by which the same property is frequently taxed in two States. Every man of means in the country will be interested in this masterly paper. The short stories of the ATLANTIC this year have all been remarkably striking for certain qualities that distinguish them from the tales of other magazines. But for the high standard maintained by the ATLANTIC in these matters Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke's story in the July number would have been a literary event; and now in the September number appears another story of equal power. It is a painful but terribly faithful study of the life and career of a girl committed in childhood to the tender mercies of the Reform School. The Child of the State reads like fact. It is too sad not to be true.

The illustrated papers in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for September are "Among the Kabyles," by Edward C. Bruce, and "A Paduan Holiday," by Charlotte Adams, both well written, and the latter very bright and entertaining. An anonymous article on Madame Patterson-Bonaparte is likely to attract much attention. It is evidently the fruit of a personal intimacy with this remarkable woman, and contains many anecdotes, extracts from letters and diaries, and other details which will be found full of interest. Mr. Howard M. Jenkins recounts the Battle of Brandywine, apropos of its hundredth anniversary, with topographical descriptions and other particulars gathered by a close investigation. There is a short paper on "Our Blackbirds," and an amusing account of the Venetian playwright, Carlo Gozzi. The stories include "A Summer Evening's Dream," by Edward Bellamy; "A Great Day," by Edmondo de Amicis; the conclusion of "The Marquis of Lossie," and several chapters of Mrs. Davis's new serial, "A Law unto Herself"; and there is the usual variety of poems and miscellaneous matter, all combining to make a very attractive number.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for September has three illustrated articles—one on "Charles Rivers," a second on "Eton College," and another on the "Tyrol and the Tyrolese." There is also a frontispiece by Alfred Fredericks to a dramatic poem called "The Last Banquet," based on an incident in the French Revolution. The second installment of the story "A Struggle," by Mr. Barnet Phillips, delineates capitally some stirring incidents in a French mansion on the Alsatian border during the Franco-German war. A very promising new novel is begun called "By Celia's Arbor," written conjointly by those popular authors, Walter Besant and James Rice, authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy" and "The Golden Butterfly." Mr. Wirt Sikes sends from Wales some entertaining comments on the name "Gwendolen," which George Eliot gives to the heroine of "Daniel Deronda," tracing it to "Gwenllian," meaning "white linen," accompanied with a striking dramatic sketch of an early Welsh heroine of the name. Then there is a somewhat long but excellent short story, "Tom Chester's Romance," by Miss Olney; a bit of pleasant gossip over "Some Old Play-Bills" by "M. E. W. S.," a paper on "Charles Kingley and his School," by Mr. E. L. Burlingame; and we are glad to note the name of Constance Fenimore Woolson among the contributors to the poetry. There are still other papers, and well-filled editorial departments, making a rich budget for the quarter of a dollar asked for it.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY IN CAMP.—We give to day a view of the late camping grounds of this old and popular corps, under the command of our esteemed fellow citizen, Col. A. A. Stevenson. The picture is from a photograph by E. R. Turner, of 193 St. Peter street, and reflects great credit upon his artistic skill.

RETURN OF THE IRISH CANADIAN PILGRIMS.—On the evening of the 13th inst., the Irish Canadian pilgrims to Rome, residents of this city, returned after a four months' absence, and were received by a large and most enthusiastic demonstration, all the Irish societies acting as an escort. Our sketch represents the venerable Father Dowd addressing his thanks to the multitude from the steps of the Rectory of St. Patrick's Church.

THE DUNKIN ACT IN TORONTO.—The city of Toronto is a flame with the six weeks' voting on the Dunkin Act. We present our readers to-day with two illustrations of the movement from the pencil of Mr. W. C. Cruikshanks. The first is the "Rine Sunday Breakfast" held every Sabbath morning in the Temperance Hall, as a means of bringing inebriates within the reach of the Gospel Temperance cause inaugurated by Mr. Rine, the disciple of Francis Murphy. The other sketch is of a meeting at the Amphitheatre, a wooden enclosure built on a clearing produced by a fire, to discuss the Dunkin Act and indoctrinate the measure to a frequently very doubtful audience.

THE LATE SHERIFF LEBLANC.—This distinguished citizen was born in Montreal on the 18th August, 1816, and received his education at the *Petit Séminaire*, or Montreal College, and studied law with the late Mr. Pierre Moreau, Q.C., who admitted him as a partner when he was called to the bar in 1838. Mr. LeBlanc afterwards formed a partnership with the late Mr. Francis Cassidy, Q.C., which subsisted for a quarter of a century. In 1837, having taken a passive part in the rebellion, he was arrested as a *Fils de la Liberté* and sent to prison; but after an incarceration of five months' duration he was released by Lord Colborne on the intercession of Mrs. de Monténac. He resumed the practice of his profession with success, the firm of LeBlanc & Cassidy enjoying a very large practice. In June, 1867, he was appointed Queen's Counsel, and in November, 1872, was made Sheriff of Montreal. He has filled many positions of honor and trust; for twelve years he was made a member of the Council of the Bar, of which he was chosen *Batonnier* in 1863. He was appointed a Government director of the late Northern Colonization Railway Company, and he also held the office of President of the Reformatory Institution conjointly with the late Mr. Olivier Berthelet. He was formerly President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, and for 18 years Grand Marshal of the same society; also a member of the Council of Public Instruction. He was a churchwarden of the Church of Notre-Dame and a local director of the London and Lancaster Life Insurance Company.

FRENCH SEASIDE FASHIONS.

I have seen a Carmelite flannel dress trimmed down the length of the front with Russian lace, embroidered with pale blue silk, and studded with blue bows; a similar trimming round the throat and sleeves. The jacket, of the same grey woollen, was double-breasted, and fastened with large silver buttons; the train was looped up over a pale blue flannel skirt, trimmed with plaiting, which reached to the knee. The hat was of coarse straw, which formed a chessboard pattern of alternate squares of Carmelite grey and blue; a veil of Carmelite gauze was twisted round the hat, concealing the face. Another toilette in the same style was poppy-red flannel, trimmed with red and blue Russian embroidery on an écaru ground; the petticoat and stockings were both striped red and blue, and the coarse straw hat was trimmed with blue ribbon, a blue veil, and a bouquet of red poppies. A third costume was pink flannel, the skirt trimmed with alternate plaitings and bands of Swiss embroidery, the variety used being very rich; half of it was worked in satin stitch on batiste, and half on net. The skirt of this costume was not a train, but was turned up *en luttère*, a wide band of embroidery forming the hem; bodice tied in front with pink bows, and trimmed with white embroidery. The jacket was Breton in style; it was of pink flannel, bordered all round with embroidery, with the exception of the plastron, which was plain.

About three years ago white and écaru dresses made entirely of Swiss embroidery were much worn, but they turned out to be heavy, so were discarded, and went rapidly out of fashion. The material, however, can now be very happily utilised by converting it into trimmings and making the front of a flannel or serge costume entirely of this embroidery, and by cutting up the remainder into bands for trimming another costume. The edge of the skirt is bordered with a band, the tunic is turned up with another; the waistcoat and cuffs and collar are all formed out of embroidery. Anyone who invested three years ago in a dress of muslin embroidery will find that, if it is advantageously cut up, it will serve for trimming three costumes, and still there will be sufficient left for making some sailor collars for children. Mme. Vignon trims many of her newest costumes with Swiss embroidery, and she adds to the edge of the bands a row of narrow thread lace, which is a vast improvement; the vandyked bands she uses for jackets. If the

embroidery is écaru, it is much prettier, and sometimes either dark blue or red wool is introduced into the pattern with good effect. This is done especially with trimmings for pilot cloth jackets, and also for the small Garricks with three capes or collars, which are so universal this year. Another novel trimming consists of colored embroidery worked on thick soft silk, and used for trimming cloth and cashmere mantles; the band of embroidery is cut at the edge in vandykes. The embroidery is generally of two colors, as, for example, a costume of écaru vicugna cloth was ornamented with embroidery in which the vandyke was brown, and above each point there was a bird of Paradise. Another pattern had a red edge and a row of blue cornflowers on a red ground; a third represented chestnuts—which, by the way, are much affected just now.

The uniform at the seaside this season is a light dress and a dark cloth mantle, a coarse straw hat to match the dress, and a gauze veil. There is scarcely a lady at Dieppe to be seen without a gauze scarf or veil. With a pink linou dress, for example, the hat would be dark green straw, with a dark green gauze veil; with a pale blue batiste costume the hat would be brown, with a brown gauze veil; white straw hats are usually trimmed with black velvet, and blue gauze veils.

Many of the hats are of the bell form; some red pointed, such as are worn in the Tyrol. Straw sailor hats, with the name of a ship round the crown, are worn by children and young girls.

The cambric and linen dresses are either plain or striped; checks are to be seen but rarely. They are trimmed with a mosslike ruche of fine thread lace or imitation Valenciennes, sewn to the edge of muslin plaitings. These dresses are seldom trimmed with ribbons of the same color; a light blue cambric has either pink or yellow ribbons; a pink dress has blue or black ribbons, and sometimes yellow, for the mixture of yellow and pink is very popular. The *élégantes* at Dieppe apparently affect pink this season; the flannel dresses in the morning are mostly of that color, and in the afternoon the batiste dresses show a quantity of pink. White seems reserved for evening wear.

A simple, pretty style for seaside evening toilettes consists of the white dotted muslins trimmed simply with either Torchon or Valenciennes lace. A long polonaise, edged with a narrow frill of muslin, and drawn up closely at the sides, with draped scarf ends at the back, over a skirt with graduated flounces on the back breadth, is stylish; bows of ribbon or velvet finishing the bodice and sleeves, and a narrow silk fichu and wide ribbon belt being sometimes added to the costume. On slight figures a ribbon belt, edged with a deep frill of lace, and fastened with a bow of loops at the left side, is effective. When this is worn, the collarette should be a frill of the same lace top and bottom, with ribbon between, and a corresponding bow at the neck; but only slim figures look well in this fanciful belt and collarette. Other styles of trimming white muslin costumes are in loops of ribbon, following the lace frill on the over-skirt, caught loosely, or in pointed ends of ribbon inserted above or below the frill, and edged, if desired, with lace. A pretty trimming is of such points without the frill of muslin, in which case the lace edge must continue all round, and the pieces may be sewed close together on the edge of the over-skirt or polonaise.

Every variety of seaside evening mantelets are to be seen. The daintiest are of white cashmere, made in fichu patterns, with long ends and turned-over lapels, trimmed with colored silk embroideries or braidings, and edged with fringes of the combined shades. Other wraps are of darker-hued cashmires in the same pattern, with long or short ends to be tied loosely below the bust, and all embroidered or braided in bright-colored silks. These make a beautiful addition to the morning costumes of linen lawns or cambrics, and can be made up in simple cashmires without embroidery, and trimmed with bows of cardinal red or navy blue to suit the costume.

Light-colored flannel or cloth jackets and wraps continue to be worn with every variety of trimming. The more elaborate and costly ones are matelassé, worked with colored bugle embroidery and fringe of silk and colored bugles; but this extremely effective style of trimming can only be recommended when the whole costume is of suitable quiet elegance. Other mantelets and mantles are in silk appliqué work on net or open grenadine, and are an old fashion revived. The outline of the silk pattern is traced in silk braid or chain-stitch. Open-work and insertion are used in every variety of garment and material. A pretty mantle is a long pointed mantilla of black cashmere, and trimmed with five rows of Spanish lace. The back is finished with long loops of ribbon or ball fringe laid on in close strips. Other lighter wraps are of muslin or net fichus or small mantles, tied loosely below the bust or with crossed ends. Net fichus trimmed with thread or Spanish lace cross at the waist below the belt, and are tied low down at the back, with full ends of net and lace. These make an effective finish to a black silk, or linen lawn, or organdy costume.

At Dieppe white confections are patronized, especially in the white tricot made of Pyrenean wool, and also the tricot called "snow-flake;" shawls, scarves, pelerines, and jackets are all made of white tricot, which is wonderfully cheap at Dieppe.

Boots and shoes are always a difficulty at the seaside; in the morning at Dieppe the *élégantes* wear either Russian leather or thick grey linen

boots, laced up the front, as these resist in some degree the destructive salt water and sand.

On rainy days pelisses with capes fringed all round, and made of handsome red or blue tartans, are very popular.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

VARIETIES.

CHEAP NOBILITY.—King Victor Emmanuel has the reputation of being the most generous of men in some respects. For instance, he is always ready to give to any gentleman he meets either a cigar or an order of merit. His Majesty's Ministers seem equally generous in the matter, not of cigars, but of decorations and titles. Between the 26th of March and the 30th of June, 1877, no fewer than 2,760 knights or commanders of various orders were created. This is at the rate of six cavaliers or knights of higher grade per diem. These numbers do not include the decorations or orders conferred *moto proprio* by the King himself. They comprise merely the titles of honour given by the Ministers of the Crown. The income of Italian officials is not large, most clerks getting from £40 to £90 per annum. A professor gets about 1,200 liras, or £48 a year. Yet numbers of men with modest incomes, wear decorations and are cavaliers of this or that order.

BISMARCK AT TABLE.—Imperatively admonished by his doctors, he no longer indulges in the heavy drinks—notably porter mixed with champagne—which used to be his favourite beverages. At his meals only the lightest and most digestible dishes make their appearance. He himself draws up every morning with his *chef de cuisine* the menu for the day; and even if ambassadors are waiting in the antechamber the cook is received without delay. At the table he notes down such critical expressions on the dishes as "*trop cuit*," "*pas tendre*," for the instruction or reproach of his cook. His kitchen is overwhelmed by his admirers with special delicacies of the season, and productions in which various provinces excel, such as Westphalian ham, Zaur or Frankfort sausages, Strasburgh *patés*. A live and entertaining host, he possesses the gift, rare in Germans, of *causerie*; and whilst in Parliament his speeches on public occasions are delivered with manifest effort, he is in private an easy and unconstrained conversationalist.

OLD BACHELOR POETS.—Corneille, Racine and Boileau were all poetical old bachelors. Gray was, in every sense, real and poetical, a cold, fastidious old bachelor, at once shy and proud, sensitive and selfish. In looking through his memoirs, letters and poems, a contemporary cannot find one indication that he was ever under the influence of woman. He loved his mother, and was obedient to two tiresome old aunts, who thought poetry one of the seven deadly sins. His learning was entombed with him. His genius survives his elegy and odes. What became of his heart we know not. He might well moralise on his bachelorship and call himself "a solitary fly." He is reported to have been once in love; and, as the lady was one day older than himself, he used to say jestingly that he "came into the world a day after the fair." He wrote an ode on the passions, in which, after dwelling on hope, fear, despair, and pity, he dismisses love with a couple of lines. Such was Collins's idea of love. Goldsmith died unmarried. Shenstone was not found to captivate; his person was clumsy, and his manner disagreeable. He never gave the lady who supposed herself to be the object of his serious pursuit an opportunity of accepting or rejecting him. He died unmarried. When we look at a picture of Thomson, we wonder how a man with his countenance and mien could ever have written *The Seasons* or have been in love. He was devoted to his "Amanda" through a long series of years, but some destiny denied him domestic happiness.

ADRIANOPLE.—Adrianople is situated at the confluence of the Tundja, the Maritza, and the Arda, and is about 135 miles distant from Constantinople. Its population has been variously estimated from 80,000 to 140,000 inhabitants. According to the most trustworthy accounts, about half of these are Turks, 30,000 Bulgarians and Greeks, and the remainder Jews and Armenians. Adrianople was taken by the Turks from the Greek Emperors in 1362, and was made the capital of the Turkish Empire, remaining so until Constantinople was seized in 1453. It is at present virtually an open town. The old part is surrounded by a wall, and contains a citadel; but these are now useless as defences. Recently more modern works have been constructed by the Turks, but these are only of a field, or at the most of a provisional type. In the opinion of Von Moltke, the hollow roads, ditches, and garden walls without the town afford great facilities for its defence, and the approaches may be covered by troops drawn up so as to rest upon the rivers, but only in corps of not less than 30,000 or 40,000 men. The town is, however, overlooked by heights on every side, and consequently it would be hardly possible to hold it against an army provided with modern artillery. The first view of Adrianople is described by Von Moltke as being wonderfully beautiful, the white minarets and lead-roofed cupolas of the mosques, baths, and caravansaries rising in countless numbers above the endless mass of flat roofs and the broad tops of the plane trees. The country around is also exceedingly lovely. From the valleys of the rivers hills rise up gently, but to a considerable

height, covered with vineyards and orchards, and as far as the eye can reach it sees nothing but fertile fields, groves of fruit-trees, and flourishing villages. Within, however, the streets are narrow and irregular, the shelving roofs of many of the houses projecting so as to meet those on the opposite side of the way.

THE KHEDIVE.—His Highness speaks French like a Parisian, and receives his visitor with a courtesy and affability that at once set him at his ease, rising as he approaches, and motioning him either to a seat on the divan or to a chair near his own, according to the measure of consideration to be shown. Be you engineer, merchant, journalist, politician, practical agriculturist, or no matter what else, you will soon feel that you have met with your match in special intelligence and information; while as regards Egypt itself, you will find that his Highness understands absolutely everything, from the niceties of its relation to the Porte, to the best rotation of crops, or the latest Liverpool price of "fair middling." He has found time to acquire this encyclopædic information is a marvel; but there it is on almost every subject, as if he was a specialist in each. The audience over, you retire with the conviction that if an "intelligent despotism" be under any circumstances the best form of government, Egypt could not well have a better autocrat than her present Khedive. You carry away, too, the feeling that, practically acute as he may be in all the details of business, the man is essentially a grand seigneur, full of a high personal pride, animated by a dynastic ambition which is but thinly veiled by the tone of loyal respect with which he always speaks of the Porte. His Highness is now in his forty-seventh year, below the middle height, stout, though not at all unwieldy, and with nothing of an Eastern but the native dignity, in his ease and polished manners. "But (quite accurately) wrote a recent interviewer) the eye is still clear and bright, and the mouth and jaw are those of a strong and determined character." There is essentially nothing weak about the man himself, and, whatever may be its other defects, weakness is also assuredly the last term that can be applied to his administration.

HUMOROUS.

WHEN a young man is far from home, amid gay company, such a trifle as his collar button flying off will hurt him more than to break a leg.

SAID a distinguished musician:—"Whenever I read that the degree of Doctor of Music has been conferred on anybody, I feel like exclaiming 'Fiddle D.D.'"

A YANKEE editor says:—"Send us from every town and county in America, poems; sad, sweet, dreamy poems on 'Summer.' Write only on one side of the paper, please. We want the other side of the sheet to write editorials on."

"BUT I pass," said a minister one Sunday, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades!" yelled out a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, being assisted by one of the deacons with a full hand.

"WHAT'S your figure?" said a bridegroom (putting his hand in his pocket) to the clergyman who had just married him. He meekly replied: "The law allows me two dollars." "Does it?" exclaimed the young husband. "Well, that's liberal. But here's fifty cents more; so now you've two dollars and a half," and away he went, before the poor parson could explain.

THE other day, as an undertaker was walking along, accompanied by his son, he took off his hat and made a low bow to a man whom they saw across the street. "Father, why do you take off your hat to such an old cootger?" inquired the son. "My son, that man has ten children, some of whom will die before the summer is out, and he pays cash down for everything," answered the father.

"THE CONFLICT OF AGES."

Men differ on nearly every issue. There have always been opposite parties in politics and religion, though the measures fought over one day may be universally adopted at another, and those sacrificed regarded as heroes and martyrs. Medicine has also been subject to revolutionary disturbances. When Drs. Harvey and Jenner announced their discoveries, they were held in contempt and ridicule by an incredulous and ignorant public, yet to-day they are received and honoured by all as benefactors. When Dr. Pierce announced his *Discovery*, many seemed to doubt, and were sceptical concerning all medicines and doctors, but proof of merit has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the Golden Medical Discovery is the standard remedy in curing the most obstinate diseases of the liver and blood, having almost entirely superseded the old-time sarsaparillas by reason of its superior merits.

NORWICH, Chenango Co., N. Y., Nov. 3, '76.
R. V. PIERCE, M.D.:

I was afflicted with a scrofulous affection on one of my legs. It was very troublesome for over two years, so much so that I could not wear a boot, and I had to keep my leg bandaged. It resulted in a raw sore. It got so bad that it became a general talk that I would have to undergo amputation of the limb. One physician told me he never saw such a sore cured. I commenced taking your Golden Medical Discovery, together with your Pellets, as directed on the bottles, and when I had consumed six bottles of *Discovery*, my leg was entirely well, and has remained so ever since—a period of over two years—and I would not swap it for fifty wooden legs.

Yours truly,
JOHN SHATTUCK.



THE LATE REV. DR. NICHOLLS, PRINCIPAL OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE.



THE LATE C. A. LEBLANC, ESQ., Q. C., SHERIFF OF MONTREAL.

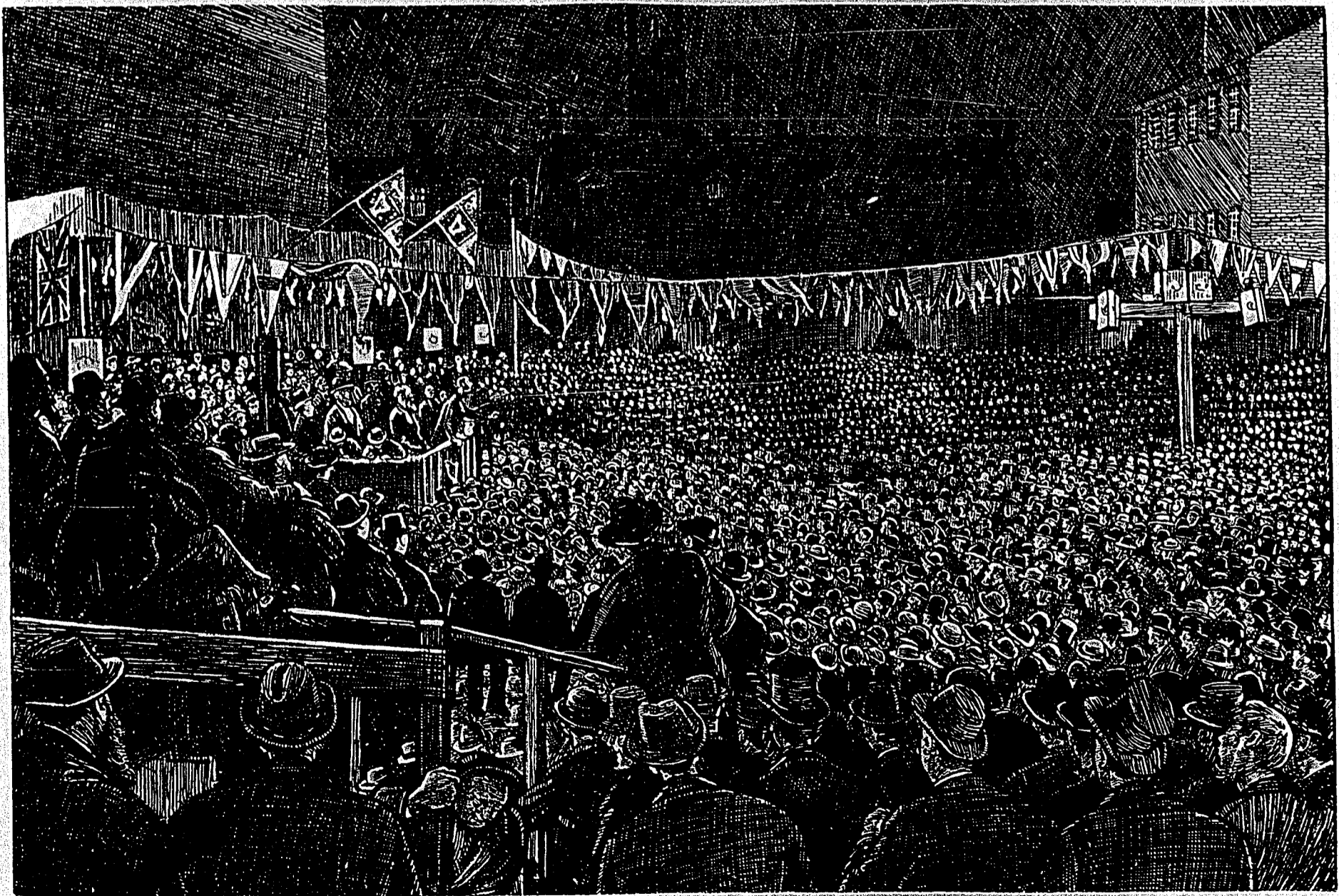


MONTREAL.—ARRIVAL OF THE IRISH CANADIAN PILGRIMS FROM ROME. FATHER DOWD ADDRESSING THE MULTITUDE FROM THE RECTORY OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

THE DUNKIN ACT AGITATION IN TORONTO.



THE RINE SUNDAY BREAKFAST



MEETING AT THE AMPHITHEATRE.

BETWEEN THE DANCES.

"May difference of opinion never hinder matrimony!"—
New Saw.

HE.

Sweet Alice, let me sit by you.
And rest for half an hour;
I see there's just a place for two
Behind this passion-flower.
But why that pensive sigh, dear maid,—
That glance so cold and stately?
Wha rival fancy dares invade
The love we pledged so lately?
I see a cloud upon your brow,
You look at me with scorn;
Oh, say you're not repenting now
The promise made this morning!

SHE.

No, Frank; to you I'm constant yet.
My love, my heart's election!
No rival claim, no base regret,
Disturbs my firm affection.
Your income, too, is quite enough,
While mine for me suffices
(Just hand me, dear, that vanilla puff,
And one of yonder ices).
But, ah! ne'er yet love's blissful way
Ran smooth in human story:
You are a Liberal, they say;
And I was born a Tory.

HE.

Nay then, sweet queen, but yield assent
To just one small petition:
Call forth Love's model Parliament
Without an Opposition;
And there, to save us from a fix,
This sage amendment carry—
"That both shall keep their politics,
Although they dare to marry."
You, Curid's Tory, staunch and true,
Shall change or vary never;
While I will be, in love for you,
A Liberal for ever.

A SCHOOL-GIRL FRIENDSHIP.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER I.

The school bell had just summoned the pupils of Miss Judson's select and aristocratic female seminary, situated in one of Montreal's widest and shadiest streets, to their respective class rooms. Slowly and lingeringly—for the day was oppressively warm—they filed past into the large, bare-looking apartments, where so many weary hours of the long summer day were passed. Without unnecessary delay, for the Lady Principal of the establishment was a strict disciplinarian, they seated themselves at their desks, some with gay mischievous faces, others with weary, discontented looks; whilst the teachers, rigid and formal, sat upright at their different posts, showing but little indulgence to the indolent or ignorant.

When the afternoon hours, with their tiresome hum of study and repetition, were over, and the pupils had joyously closed their desks and left them, two girls still remained standing in an angle near a window, engaged in low, earnest converse. One was a tall bright blonde of eighteen, dressed with a careful elegance that had often drawn down on her cold reproach from Miss Judson, that lady regarding a marked love of dress as almost incompatible with love of study; her companion was a slight delicate girl, attired with great simplicity, and apparently two or three years younger, though in reality of the same age.

"How is it, Charlotte," enquired the latter, with a tired, discouraged look, "that though I studied this weary task," and she glanced towards a book she held in her hand, "for nearly an hour yesterday evening, how is it that you, who read a novel during that time, repeated the lesson so well to-day, and received praise, whilst I reaped only disgrace and rebuke? I cannot understand it at all."

"Oh, you darling simpleton, did you not see that I had placed loose leaves containing the task between my atlas and handkerchief, where I could fortify my memory with a peep when necessary; said leaves, to deepen the measure of my iniquity, as that odious Miss Judson would phrase it, being torn from my book for the special purpose?"

"Surely a dishonourable action," rejoined her companion, her pale cheek slightly flushing. "I wonder that some of the girls did not tell on you."

"Because, friend Gertrude, I took good care that the hateful things should not see me do it. As for you, I do not mind, knowing that your sense of honour, or what might be called your want of sense, will not allow you to expose your friend."

"Tis all very tiresome," sighed Gertrude, "and now, with a blinding headache, I must commence studying again."

"Go boldly to Miss Judson, saying that you are suffering, and she will let you off. You look wretchedly ill and pale to-day."

"I have not courage enough. She might tax me with pretence or indolence. Oh, how I wish the vacations were commencing this very day!"

"For the matter of that, so do I; but, in the meantime, I shall endeavour to make life endurable by all the means in my power, honourable or not; and if you were not a silly little puss you would do the same. But to turn to pleasanter subjects than our school worries, I want you to tell me when you are to see or be seen by this newly-arrived lord of the creation to whom you have been promised in marriage, without your tastes or wishes having been in any degree consulted?"

"My last home letter told me I might expect him and papa this very week, but I do hope

they will not come to-day. I feel neither well nor in spirits—"

"And consequently not in condition to make a proper impression on Mr. Arthur Rodney, the sultan to whom you find yourself promised and given. Frankly, in your place, I would never have tamely submitted to such a high-handed measure."

"There is nothing high-handed about it, Charlotte. My poor mother, with whom Mr. Rodney was a great favourite, being also a distant connection, thought she could best insure my happiness by betrothing me to him, under condition, however, that the step should be kept quiet, and that at the end of the first year that should elapse after my leaving school the engagement would be regarded as void if either party felt the slightest disinclination to fulfil it."

"Which will not be likely on your part, at least," and Miss Brookes smiled satirically. "Your suitor is rich, of good family, and possesses what must be a rare treasure, since people talk so much about it, a remarkably upright, honourable character. I only wish my future lay before me as clearly and pleasantly marked out as yours seems to be. But by the way, have you any idea what the man is like? How long is it since you last saw him?"

"Three years; about the time of poor mamma's death. He has been absent in Europe since then, and when he landed in Canada a short time since, papa wrote, telling me to soon expect them both."

"Pray let us hear what you thought of him when you did see him. I have always found you strangely reticent on this topic, considering the extent of our friendship. Do speak out frankly!"

"I saw him but very seldom, owing to the critical state of my poor mother's health at that time, which rendered me almost indifferent to everything else. I remember well though that he was handsome, clever,—indeed, much too good for an insignificant, plain girl like myself."

"Nonsense, Lady Gerty! You have youth, are of good family, and have had careful training. Then you have money, and though he has also a large share of the same useful commodity, your having it will not prove detrimental to your marital prospects. But what a bearish suitor he must be to not have written you a line immediately on his arrival. A Turk could not have acted worse."

A vivid blush suddenly dyed Gertrude's cheek, imparting a wonderful charm to her pale, girlish face, and she unclosed her lips as if about to speak, yet still hesitated.

"Ah! little traitress, you are concealing something from me, and have been doing so all the time! Be truthful, now, if you wish me to condone your deceitful past."

"I have but little to tell. When papa wrote last I also received a few lines from Mr. Rodney, accompanied by his likeness."

"And you have never shown me either. Is this what you call friendship and confidence? Quick, tell me all, show me all, or our Damon and Pythias friendship is for ever at an end."

Reluctantly Gertrude opened a morocco pocket-book and drew from it a letter and richly chased locket. This latter Miss Brookes, in her eager curiosity, almost snatched from the hands of her companion, and, after gazing long and earnestly on it, closed the costly case, and returned it with the simple exclamation: "Too handsome by half!"

"Well, as I have no beauty to pride myself on, it is fortunate he has enough for both," and Gertrude smiled faintly as she spoke.

"O my poor little friend, it does not matter much, for a man with a face like his will be always too much taken up with it to think of any one else's physiognomy. Now for the letter."

"MY DEAREST GERTRUDE,—Returned at length from my long wanderings, I hope to have the pleasure of soon seeing you and assuring myself that you are both well and happy. I send you my likeness, and will put in a claim in person for yours as speedily as possible. Till then, yours most devotedly,
A. R.

"What a priggish, stilted effusion!" commented Miss Brookes. "Just what I would have expected from the owner of such a face."

"It is neither one nor the other, Charlotte! Give it back to me, and let me tell you it was certainly that you would pass some unkind remark on it that prevented me showing it to you when I first received it. Do you suppose he should have written me a long diffuse love letter, knowing as he does that our epistles run a chance of being subjected first to Miss Judson's scrutiny?"

"Hoity toity, friend Gertrude, Mrs. Arthur Rodney that is to be, you are unusually warm. Already the foreshadowing of the dignity so soon to be yours has fallen upon you. But I shall endeavour to be more prudent in future, so mean while forgive—"

"Enough, enough, dear Charlotte! I am irritable to-day and my head is aching intolerably. Oh! I must ask leave to lie down!"

A sudden hush fell on the two girls for a tall stately figure, dressed in dark olive silk—the formidable Miss Judson herself—loomed up suddenly in the door way.

"Miss Brookes and Miss Mildmay infringing the school rules which forbid pupils remaining after hours in the class rooms! Young ladies, I shall take note of this; in the meantime you are both wanted in the drawing-room."

Gertrude naturally timid and quite overpowered by the magnificent stateliness of the speaker, ventured on no interrogation; but Charlotte, always undaunted, hoped in her

sweetest and most insinuating tone that Miss Judson would permit her to enquire if it were their late fellow pupil, Miss Lewson.

"Tis Mr. Mildmay and Mr. Rodney," was the cold, brief reply. "No unnecessary delay, young ladies! 'Tis ill breeding to keep visitors waiting," and the Lady Principal swept from the room.

"What shall I do? I cannot go down in this condition," helplessly exclaimed Gertrude, her soft gray eyes betraying more nervous anxiety than pleasure. "I must smoothe my hair, put on another frill or ribbon."

"To please His Serene Mightiness, Mr. Arthur Rodney, I suppose?" questioned Miss Brookes. "Why Gertrude, you sly little creature, I had no idea that the conquest of this priggish lover of yours was an aim so near your heart. There, there, you look well enough, indeed too good for him. If we delay another moment that old martinet, Miss Judson, will be down on us again!"

Playfully seizing her companion's hand she drew her away with her. Poor little Gertrude! how suffocatingly her heart beat, her courage sinking lower and lower till it reached its last ebb. Often had she pictured the coming interview to herself, looked forward to, longed for it; and now that the moment had arrived, she was conscious of no feeling save dismay. Very dear to her heart was Arthur Rodney and in her innocent girlish dreams he seemed a being so far above her that she scarcely dared hope, notwithstanding their betrothal, he would ever seek to win her love. Often as she had thought of him, frequently as she had pressed her lips to his likeness, she had carefully concealed within her own breast the affection with which he had inspired her, and contrary to the wont of most young ladies, rarely entertained her "bosom friend" with the subject.

Still holding Gertrude's hand Miss Brookes playfully drew her on, and arriving at the drawing-room door, threw it open. Gertrude was at once enfolded in her father's arms where she seemed to gain some degree of courage and self-possession. Then after that warm embrace, her hand was kindly grasped by a dark, stately-looking man whose keen dark eyes gazed with intense though respectful interest into hers, even while his lips uttered some simple words of friendly courtesy. The shy embarrassed girl returned but cold response, and after a time, Mr. Rodney's gaze wandered to Miss Brookes on whom it rested with admiring surprise.

What a contrast the two girls presented? On the one hand Charlotte with her graceful ease of manner and patrician bearing, regular features and bright complexion, her attractions still further enhanced by a toilet which if too elaborately elegant for a school girl, imparted nevertheless, to its fair wearer, a remarkable prestige; on the other, Gertrude timid and shrinking in appearance, pale from emotion and recent illness, dressed with a simplicity too stiff and rigid to prove becoming; a foil in all things to her brilliant friend. Chancing to look up and see in a mirror opposite a full reflection of herself and her companion, she then and there broke down completely. Vainly Mr. Rodney addressed her kindly remark or conventional question, he obtained no reply beyond a low monosyllable, till wearied or discouraged, he turned to her friend.

Mr. Mildmay though a well-meaning, kind-hearted man, was not very penetrating in character, so he scarcely noticed his daughter's embarrassment; her whispered intimation that she was suffering from headache satisfactorily accounted for the absence of certain demonstrations of tenderness which she usually showered upon him, but of which she proved unusually chary on the present occasion. After a protracted stay the guests rose to go, promising to return early on the day appointed for the breaking up of the school whence they would all proceed together to Mildmay Lodge, Mr. Mildmay's abode, one of the handsome residences gracing the picturesque town of—, Canada East. Both girls were unusually reticent on the subject of the visit, almost tacitly avoiding it, but that evening, Charlotte whilst bending apparently over her books was weaving a rose-colored dream of which she was the heroine, her friend's affianced lover the hero: Gertrude, on her side, cried herself to sleep.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

SOME men are repenting their sins, and more the new melons.

M. THIERS will solicit re-election in Paris, and has declined several other invitations.

THE 14th of October is now the day fixed upon by common report for the French elections.

IN consequence of the recent theft of antique gems from the British Museum a system of precaution against anything of the kind in future is under the consideration of the Trustees.

NEWS from Austria represents a state of great activity at Frohsdorff, the residence of the Count de Chambord. A number of political personages of eminence are assembled at the old castle, and many couriers arrive from Paris daily.

IT seems that the South of India is again threatened with a dreadful famine. Some writers have asserted that the evil could be remedied by irrigation, and that though the sum would be large to do the work, it would repay England in the long run.

A NEWSPAPER for the blind is to be brought out at Geneva in January. The publisher is also the inventor of an ingenious writing machine enabling the blind to form characters perfectly legible to ordinary persons, but raised so as to be deciphered by blind people.

THE fabulous unicorn, like the sea serpent, seems likely to prove to be a reality. A wonderful discovery has been made near Hurdwar, in North-West India, where a party of European sportsmen met with an animal exactly resembling the one-horned companion of the British lion. Unfortunately the creature escaped.

THE Comte and Comtesse de Paris have resolved to live in a more princely style than is their wont. Heretofore, they have shut themselves up in a narrow Royalist clique. To begin with, they are to have several series of visitors with them in August and September at the Chateau d'Eu, to which the pick of the Duc d'Annamale's stud has been sent.

GARIBALDI has written a letter, in which he says that until the Turks have crossed the Bosphorus the Eastern Question will be no nearer settlement than at present. He suggests the following solution:—"The Turks at Bagdad; the Russians at Scutari, on the Bosphorus; a confederation of all the peoples of European Turkey, with Constantinople for the capital; the Bosphorus and Dardanells free to all."

MEHEMET-ALI, successor to Abdul-Kerim, the Turkish Trochu, is the son of a French music-master, who emigrated to Germany, and there became naturalized; the boy was a trouble to the house, and the usual remedy was applied to him—sent to sea. He deserted his ship at Constantinople, and in wandering about the city encountered old Ali-Pasha, who gave him a few crumbs, and finally, the run of the kitchen. The boy's intelligence and tact did the rest.

ARTISTIC.

THOMAS NAST is being treated for rheumatism.

MILE. SARAH BERNHARDT is engaged upon a statue in marble of Medea, the character in which she will shortly appear at the Théâtre-Français. The statue will, in all probability, be exhibited in the Salon next year.

GEORGE H. BOUGHTON is engaged on a historical picture, illustrating the "smoking episode" of New York's Dutch Governor, William the Testy. The irate official is rushing from the open door at a crowd of grave men seated round his doorsteps and smoking in defiance of his prohibition, while the women and children stand about, quietly enjoying the rising volume of unlawful tobacco smoke.

THE Committee for the Exhibition of 1878 have ordered four groups in marble, of colossal proportions, to be placed at the corners of the Cascade of the Trocadéro. "Europe" will be executed by M. Cain; "Africa," by M. Fremir; "Asia," by M. Jacquemart; and "America," by M. Rouillard. The names of the artists give a little scope for a playful remark as to their affinity to the character of the quarter of the world which each artist has to illustrate.

THE Duke of Brunswick's mausoleum at Geneva, to be erected in the Jardin des Alpes at a cost of 1,400,000fr., is to include six white marble statues of his ancestors, beginning with Henry the Lion, and ending with his father, who fell at Quatre Bras. There are also to be representations of incidents in the history of the House of Brunswick, and a recumbent effigy of the duke himself, under a canopy supported by six marble columns, the whole surmounted by an equestrian statue.

LATELY one of the finest examples of the British School of Historical Painting was hung in the National Gallery, Sir David Wilkie's "Interview between Napoleon and Pius VII." This superb picture was first exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1836, along with five others by the same artist, and was bought by Mr. John Marshall for £500. It was late in the possession of Mr. Albert Grant, and, through the exertions of Mr. Henry Doyle, was procured for our National Gallery a few weeks ago, at a cost of £2,000.

AT his country house on the Hudson, William Allan Butler has a very charming conceit in the way of a window, framed so as to impress whoever looks at it with the belief that it is a picture. There is a beautiful view of the water from this window, and, framed as the casement is in gilt, and furnished with a shadow-board, one is deceived for a moment into the idea that it is the work of art and not of nature's self. This idea is not original, as there is a similarly illusive window in a house of some historic note in Calais, but the effect is no less striking.

LITERARY.

THE Marquis of Lorne is preparing another poem for the press.

HERR AUERBACH has just completed a lengthy novel, the aim of which is to describe the social tendencies of the age. Before appearing in book form, it is to be published in the columns of a newspaper.

ON account of the increased damage to valuable books in the library of the British Museum the regulation as to the introduction of new readers by a substantial householder will in future be rigidly enforced.

M. JULES VERNE is publishing a fresh eccentric story, "Hector Servadae," an account of adventures in the solar world. The island on which his hero lives is affected by a volcanic shock, and becomes a meteoric stone.

MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN have written to the Temps, of Paris, a letter in which they authorize any or all French papers to publish their novel of "Gaspard Fix, the History of a False Conservative," without remunerating the authors.

PROF. LOWELL, during his stay in London, breakfasted with Lord Houghton, dined with Mr. Tom Hughes, and in the evening visited the Cosmopolitan Club, where many of his English admirers paid him their respects. His reception was in every way complimentary.

FRENCH editors seem to be more sensitive than English. The other day Mr. Swinburne wrote a letter in the Athenaeum against Emile Zola's novel, "L'Assommoir," and censuring the République des Lettres for publishing it. Several copies of the République des Lettres used to be sent complimentary to this country to various literary men and artists who were supposed to represent here somewhat the same opinions as the clique in Paris, but after the appearance of Mr. Swinburne's letter this courtesy has been discontinued.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

VIII.

DALHOUSIE ON A CIRCUS DAY.—CAMPBELLTON.—THE MICMACS OF CROSS POINT.

Dalhousie, Aug. 14

It was our fate to see this little town rather under a cloud. The railway navies were thronging every hotel: a circus was momentarily expected: everywhere reigned noise—hustle upward; a man in authority, has told us, that at times the place is quiet, even to dullness: he ought to know.

Dalhousie, N. B. with broad streets laid out at right angles is tastefully built on the slope of a fertile ridge. It seemingly dates—about half a century back to those peaceful, halcyon days, of the good Earl of Dalhousie—at one Governor of Nova Scotia—on the 16th June 1820, Governor General of Canada—from whom it took its name. During this half-century striking changes have taken place. Where you might have seen fifty years ago an Indian encampment on the green banks of the Restigouche, now stands a growing town of 110 families; where clustered birch bark wigwams, flourish churches and bar-rooms. Piety and Whisky. Yes bars and bar-rooms—and many can you count, from the timbercribs and piles of sawn lumber, on the beach towards the heights, raising their blithing heads amongst the houses of the laboring class and the stores of the traders. I found it a pandemonium of tumult and noise. The railway navies shouted—the boys shouted—the bar-keeper shouted and louder than others—Mumby Jumbo, the Ethiopian, shouted; amidst these shoutings, barking of curs and cracking of whips by owners of trotting horses, I realized what glorious times king alcohol can establish when nothing, not even the municipalty, nor a female temperance crusade arrest his sway.

As a sunbeam amidst this gloom, the eye gathers in the contour of comely dwellings and churches, lining the tops of the hill, without forgetting a spacious public hall in course of erection, destined to become quite an ornament. The houses themselves, are what we could call in Quebec, paste board shells—some totall unfit to keep out January frosts. Their design though pleases the eye. If the number of churches be taken as a criterion, the Dalhousies, make up a good show in the spiritual line. One end of the town, embosomed in green foliage, like a birds nest, is perceptible the dwelling of a mill owner; a few roods up the hill peers out, from under the trees, the homestead of Hon. Mr. Hamilton; higher up still a monument erected to his sire one of the founders of the settlement—it also serves as a landmark to seamen. Formerly, the leading industry here was—lumbering and the Restigouche salmon fishery, but the Intercolonial has of late, shaken its golden fleece amongst the labouring class. Railways are great civilisers—granted. Railway laborers, navies and whiskey are not; inflated wages, that pink of modern institutions—the strike—bar-room rows, some are some of the evils, which the construction of a railway line brings in a heretofore quiet locality on pay day.

Our popular Viceroy once honored Dalhousie with a meriting call, at a very short notice. This naturally elicited an outburst of loyalty the local celebrities came to the front.

Dalhousie then rejoiced in an unusually big black Ethiopian of the name of Charley; many and curious are the privileges daft Charley enjoyed in the commonwealth. Charley, a black prince of blood royal, was bent on asserting his right to meet familiarly white Princes, no matter how long their pedigree may be. Charley, withal is loyal to the back-bone and in order that no misconception might arise on this point, he on hearing of the coming visit of the great and hurried home, decked himself in his Sunday's best, added a waving plume to his bonnet, and with much dignity of mien, such down to the beach, in advance of the dedutation. As this humorous incident may yet, for ought we know, find its place in some future chapter on the "Lights and Shades of Colonial Life," if sketched by that magic pen, to which we owe the photo of "Dismal Wilson" of the *Focus*, we shall not enlarge. Sixteen miles of pleasant tavel takes you from Dalhousie, to the next settlement on the Restigouche, Cambelton a thriving village, with three churches, Presbyterian, Methodist and Roman Catholic, the last a new structure prettily located on a hill. It contains an office for the Intercolonial railway, presided over by an official, in whom we recognised with pleasure an old Quebecer as polite and obliging as if he still was one of the denizens of the ancient capital, D. Busted Esq. The general features of Cambelton reminds of Dalhousie; abundance of bar-rooms, with occasionally a few sons and daughters of the forest, perambulating the streets—the placid waters of the Restigouche in full view of the village and serving as a line of demarcation between the Cambeltonites and the Mic-Mac Indian mission at Cross Point opposite.

It would be wrong to imagine that Cambelton, in Canada, means superior whisky. That ambrosial usquebaugh, known in the land of cakes, as Campelton weisky, has neither a habitation nor a name in these localities. "Forty Rod" is the name of the wine of the country—the balm of Gilead of the railway navy, on a Saturday night.

Cambelton derives its name from General Campbell, at one time Governor of New Brunswick. 'Tis a pretty village, with nothing Indian about it, save the occasional presence in its streets of a couple of tawny warriors and some smoke dried Pochontas from the Mic-Mac reserve across the river, at Cross Point on the Canada side of the Restigouche. At Cross Point the Government has allotted 1000 acres of land, on the lovely banks of the Restigouche, for whatnow survives, of the once powerful tribe of Mic-Mac or Souriquais Indians, and offshoot of the Algonquins; at one time the masters of the country. They number eighty-six families. Each family owns a small wooden house 20 x 20 feet to which attached a few acres of arable land. Their chief business seems to be to hoe potatoes, build birch bark canoes—eat, smoke and sleep. A resident missionary christens, marries and buries them. The red skin withdrawn from his former modes of subsistence—spiced and served up into a civilized being—does not appear to flourish better at Mission Point than elsewhere. The R. C. clergyman,* who manages the temporal and spiritual concern of his Indian flock, appeared to be both beloved by his parishioners, as well as much attached to them. His church register showed for the year ending 31st December, 1872, forty-one births and forty-six deaths—with this melancholy result the ultimate fate of the mission can not long be uncertain.

Whilst death had knocked nearly at every second door, the angel of fecundity had passed by more than the half without entering. We were invited to pay our respects to the chief man and interpreter of the mission—old Sam Sook. Sam with his piercing black eyes, intelligent face and fluent discourse, makes a very respectable chief; he speaks MicMac, French and English. Old Sam, with your kind MicMac wife, keep up your spirits, there will be a cosy spot for you in the happy hunting grounds, towards which time and age are hurrying you!

In the neighbourhood of the mission there is a very rich quarry of sandstone, which the contractors for the Intercolonial have opened up and from which magnificent blocks for the culverts have been shaped. Mr. Busted's house contains several interesting relics of former times—substantial mementoes of the strife which in 1690 and 1758-9 raged between the navies of France and England. At the entrance of the Restigouche—Admiral Byron sunk a French frigate close to Cross Point—a few miles lower down, Percé and Bonaventure had been mercilessly pillaged in 1690. The hulls of the French vessels can yet be seen in very low tides, from one of which a massive cannon was procured some years back, and now ornaments the fire-place of Mr. Busted's dwelling, as was shown to us. A piece of oak in excellent preservation, was presented to us as having been cut from the timbers of the vessel sunk by the fiery admiral. This prized trophy we intend to convert into a walking stick.

HEARTH AND HOME.

CHILDREN OF PECULIAR TEMPERAMENTS.—There are children of peculiar temperaments whose whole lives are rendered a burden to them by the fact that the person set over them, either parents, guardians, or teachers, are destitute of sympathy for them, and do not think it worth while to try what a change in the plan of managing them would do. There are hundreds, nay, thousands of children set down as sullen, dogged, obstinate, and treated with harshness, who live lives of dull wretchedness because they do not know what is wrong with them and no one takes pains enough to try to set things straight for them and make them happier.

PROFANITY.—We are emphatically in the age of profanity, and it seems to us that we are on the topmost current. One cannot go on the streets anywhere without having his ears offended with the vilest words, and his reverence shocked by the most profane use of sacred names. Nor does it come from the old or middle-aged alone, for it is a fact, as alarming as it is true, that the younger portion of the community are most proficient in degrading language. Boys have an idea it is smart to swear; that it makes them manly; but there was never a greater mistake in the world. Men, even those who swear themselves, are disgusted with profanity in a young man, because they know how, of all bad habits, this thing is the most insidious of habits, growing on so invisibly that almost before one is aware he becomes an accomplished curser.

CIVILITY AND CEREMONY.—Nothing is more honourable and pleasant than civility, and nothing more ridiculous and burdensome than ceremony. Civility teaches us to behave with proportionate respect to every one, according as their rank requires and their merit demands. In other words, civility is the science of men of the world. A woman of good address, who conducts herself with due circumspection, conciliates the love and esteem of society, because every one finds herself at ease in her company; but a ceremonious woman is the plague of her acquaintance. Such a one requires too much attention to be a pleasant associate, is too seldom satisfied with what is paid her, and every moment feels her pride hurt by the want of some frivolous etiquette. You cannot be too formal to her, nor can she dispense with her formalities to others. In short, ceremony was invented by pride to harass us with puerile solicitudes which we should blush to be conversant with.

* Rev. Mr. Leonhard.

GIRLS AND BOYS.—In mind as well as in body the girl differs from the boy. His pastimes are ephemeral; hers are prospective. The boy, becoming a man, will put away his balls and marbles; but the girl's chief plaything, in new developments, will always engage her heart. For what, in fact, is her staple amusement but maternity in prospect? Her housekeeping instinct demands and delights in her baby house, and she will one day devote herself to her real babies, as she now gives her heart and hands to her dolls. Thus early do the sexes assert themselves; thus early do they show instinctively and unconsciously that "man's love is of man's life, a thing apart; 'tis the woman's whole existence;" for the blind intuition of the maternal tenderness, stirred into action by imitative of mamma herself, underlies the one pastime which is the serious pursuit of every little girl's life. Her doll is, as her child will be, at once her comfort and her care.

CHARACTER.—We are apt to consider character as a bundle of qualities, varying in degree of good and evil, and requiring to be fostered or restrained as the case may be. In our efforts to do this, whether for ourselves or others, we forget that there is a fundamental disposition lying at the root of all these qualities, influencing and determining them and making the character a unity, however it may be made up of heterogeneous materials. The word character, in Greek, signifies stamp, and this secret principle within a man sets its stamp upon all his actions. Just as the tree, whatever be its soil or surroundings, maintains its individual nature, and blossoms forth into fruit and flower according to the law of its being, so each man is developing his individuality in all the details of his daily life. We become so busied in these details, in trying to form or reform them, that we forget the spirit which animates them all with its own nature. Qualities lie behind actions, but this controlling principle lies behind qualities, and forms the unity of character, which no deep insight into human nature will even overlook.

ART OF TALKING.—The man who is continually talking seldom says anything of importance; more than half the time he talks because he loves the sound of his own voice, and his remarks are superficial and valueless. The reserved man, on the contrary, finds it difficult to give utterance to his thoughts which rush forward to the portals of his mouth in such crowds that they, in fact, block it up. Whenever you meet with a man of this kind give him time, and do not mistake his tardiness for ignorance or imbecility of mind. In nine cases out of ten he has lived in solitude, and because he has not been habituated to conversation, his tongue grows so rusty that, when he does venture into society, no one will wait till he is drawn out, and therefore his reserve continues to increase. Do not contemptuously turn your back upon him, but listen, and he will, in all likelihood, repay your civility with interest. The man who talks but little generally has something to say when he does speak; his ideas have been polished by the observation of years, and sink forcibly into the minds of his hearers.

CONSCIENCE AN AVENGER.—Conscience is an avenger. It stands at its post ready to vindicate the majesty of broken law: it rebukes sin with stern voice, and passes its sentence on the transgressor: it is man's best friend or his dreadful enemy. There is a torture of regret felt for evil deeds, neglected duties, corrupted minds, and wasted lives, which in depth and keenness surpasses all other suffering. It haunts a man everywhere. It is a flame kindled within his soul, which inwardly torments and consumes him. It is an eternal fact that he cannot reject the guardian care of conscience, or escape the pangs of its avenging lash. It is a gnawing worm, which secretly preys on his vitals. Though its avenging power may not be felt at once and though we may sin, and seem to prosper, and be absorbed in the engrossing excitements of the world, despite demands upon us until we think we have conquered conscience, it will come and have its debt of us, and it will claim its prerogative; it will rake over the ashes of our indifference, and rekindle the extinguished fire. In some season of thoughtfulness, in some day of disappointment and trouble, when our vanities and pride are thrown down—in some restless hour, when sleep flies from the pillow, when gain and ambition must fail to excite the heart, that outraged friend will rise up and do its office, and lift its avenging hand.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.—We cannot take up a paper without encountering some senseless witticism flung at the women who, of all others, are worthy of respect—our mothers—some other people's mothers-in-law. "When the young laugh at the old they laugh at themselves beforehand." This is particularly so in this case. For instance, how could I, with any regard to my future, throw slurs at my mother-in-law when I myself am a mother? How will it please me, after all the weary, sleepless nights, and anxious days, which every true mother bestows upon her little ones, after all the kisses, and caresses, and loving care lavished upon them, after I have subjected myself to innumerable toils and privations that they may enjoy life—how will it please me, I say, after a few more years of love, and toil, and care have fled, and my heart is as full of love for my children as ever, to be stigmatized as an obnoxious creature, whose death—speaking according to the sentiments of our witty friends—would be the signal for a general jubilee? And all this because to a stranger I shall have given up my tenderly-nurtured ones! How any man or woman who

has ever loved a dear mother, how any man who loves or even respects his wife, how any sensible woman can be guilty of such unkindness and glaring injustice, passes my understanding. We talk of the disrespect the children of the day manifest towards old people; how can it be otherwise when their eldest publicly set them so bad an example?

INSIDIOUSNESS.—One can forgive a person who tells him a lie, if it be told with a hesitating utterance, a downcast look, a trembling voice, a reluctant delivery, a quick retreat; and one must forgive him who has an open brow, a natural air, a smile on his face, a good word on his tongue, and a bad purpose in his heart; for how can we, who are all sinners, expect forgiveness, if we will not forgive each other? Yet it is a hard struggle to forgive those who betray with a kiss, and are ready to do the same thing again, not only to you but to your neighbour. For the good of society, for the peace of the community, by the obligations of the social compact, and by the duty you owe, ought you not to reprobate the crime as you pity the criminal, and to pray, for his sake, that he may be delivered from that most subtle, most dangerous, most besetting sin, because the most handy to be used, the most convenient to be shifted, and the most difficult to be detected—the sin of hypocrisy, practised under the name of friendship, and comprehending much that is wicked, and everything that is mean? Prying and meddling, and listening; artful conversation, and false reports of confidential matters, drawn out by the inquisitive impertinence of the tale-bearer himself; double-facedness, and downright lying, obtruded without apology for purposes within hail of anything like honesty, will qualify a man to be what might be called insidious. We are happy to say that we have no such friends, but we have friends who have.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

TAMBURLIK is to be the director of the Theatre Italien at Paris.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN has composed music for Shakespeare's "Henry VIII."

MADAME TITIENS has been obliged to undergo another operation, and is in a state of great exhaustion.

THE library of the late John Oxenford has just been brought to the hammer. It was very rich in dramatic literature.

MR. SIMS REEVES has studying in Italy a son who has a very fine voice, and the English tenor will visit him at Milan.

RUMOUR refers specially to the fine voice of a daughter of Mme. Jenny Lind and Herr Otto Goldschmidt; and it is expected that the young lady will adopt a professional career.

RUBINSTEIN, the gifted composer, who has lately been conducting a series of concerts for the benefit of benevolent associations for the care of the sick and wounded, has, at the request of the Grand Duchess Catherine Michaelovna, been raised by the Czar to noble rank.

BEN DE BAR, proprietor of the De Bar Opera House, St. Louis, and lessee for many years of the Theatre Royal, Montreal, had a stroke of paralysis while visiting New York lately, and although strong enough to be taken to St. Louis, his case is serious. He is the eldest theatre manager in this country, and the oldest actor in the world, except "Bedford Buckaline," of London, having been on the stage forty-six years.

IN the Adeline Patti divorce case at Paris, her petition has been denied, the Court ordering her to pay the cost. Her husband's application for divorce was granted. Neither party can marry again. The sentence states that Madame Patti does not even offer to bring forward any proofs of the facts she alleges. On the other hand, the documents placed before the tribunal, particularly correspondence addressed to Madame Patti by a third person, show that her conduct did the gravest injury to her husband.

A CONTEMPORARY says that the following criticism on Wagner's March composed for the opening of the Philadelphia Exhibition is from the pen of a lady:—"As far as I could understand, it began with a *mélée* and fight of aboriginal savages, and ended with an intensified description of American civilisation, which culminates in tall disasters and big accidents; then comes a general and indiscriminate smash of railway passengers and carriages, till at length all are promiscuously rolled into Niagara, and finally swept away by the torrent."

"ARISTARCHUS" tells, in the *Whitchall Review*, this story from Her Majesty's Theatre. Every Thursday an opportunity is given to all comers to try their voices at the newly-opened opera-house. Lately there appeared at the theatre a lady, who took up her position at the piano, and sang "Ah! che la voce" so well as to arouse the enthusiasm of the music-master, usually inflexible adamant. When the lady rose to go. "Pray, madam," said he, "give me your address, that Mr. Mapleson may communicate with you;" and he was astonished to see on the card which the vocalist placed in his hand the name of the Countess of Cardigan and Lancaster.

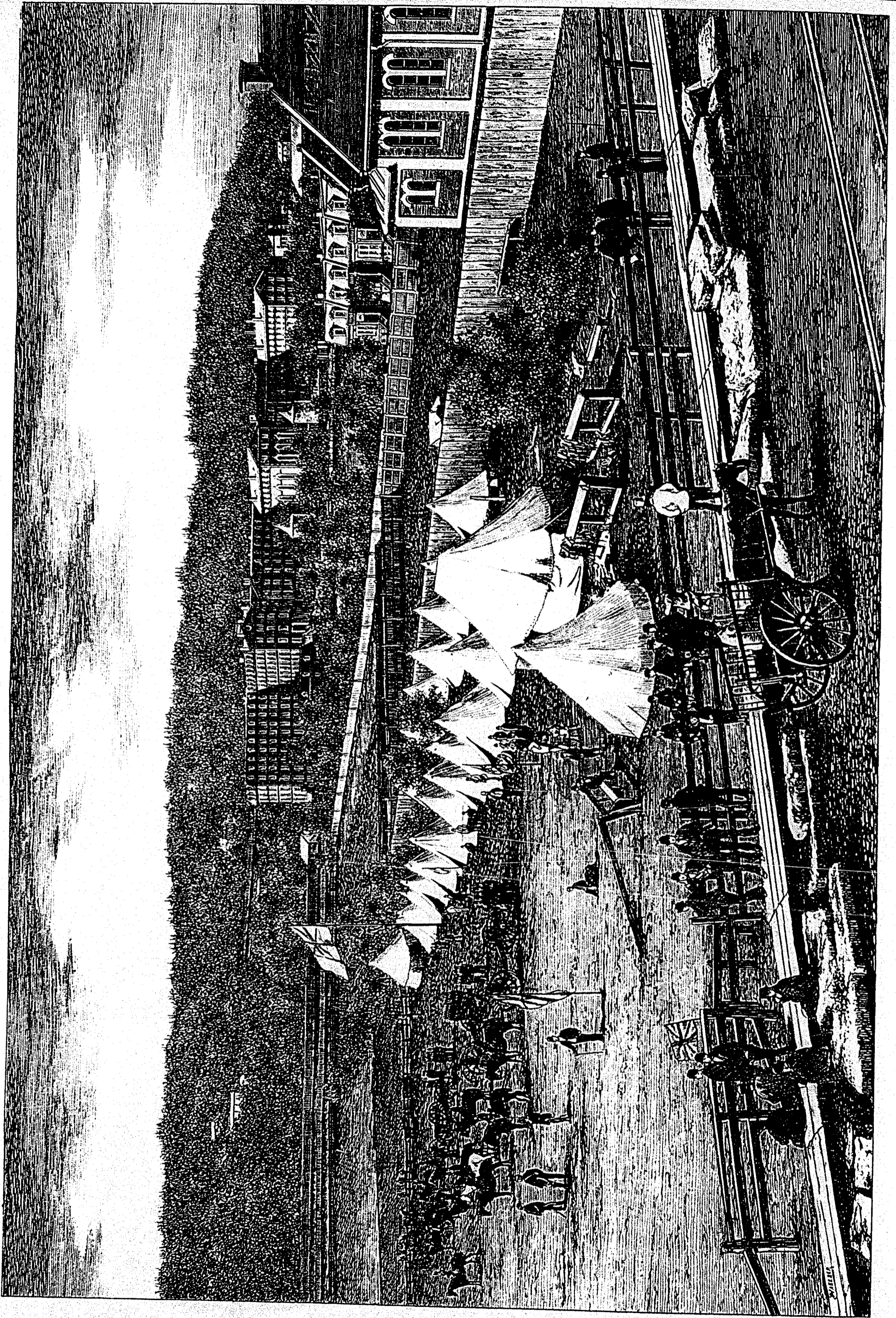
THE waves at one of the London opera-houses on a recent occasion were so unsuccessfully worked that at times they recalled a story told by Poole, the dramatist, of an occurrence at one of the theatres. The sea was made of loose painted canvas, and two sets of boys—one short and the other tall—were employed to stoop and rise alternately beneath the canvas, and thus to give the idea of waves. One night the ocean was in a singular commotion, and all the waves seemed to be in the middle of the stage; fearful noises were also heard. The frightened lessee rushed behind the scenes to seek an explanation, and was told by his stage manager, "It's all right now, sir; the eighteenpenny waves were giving the shilling waves a licking."

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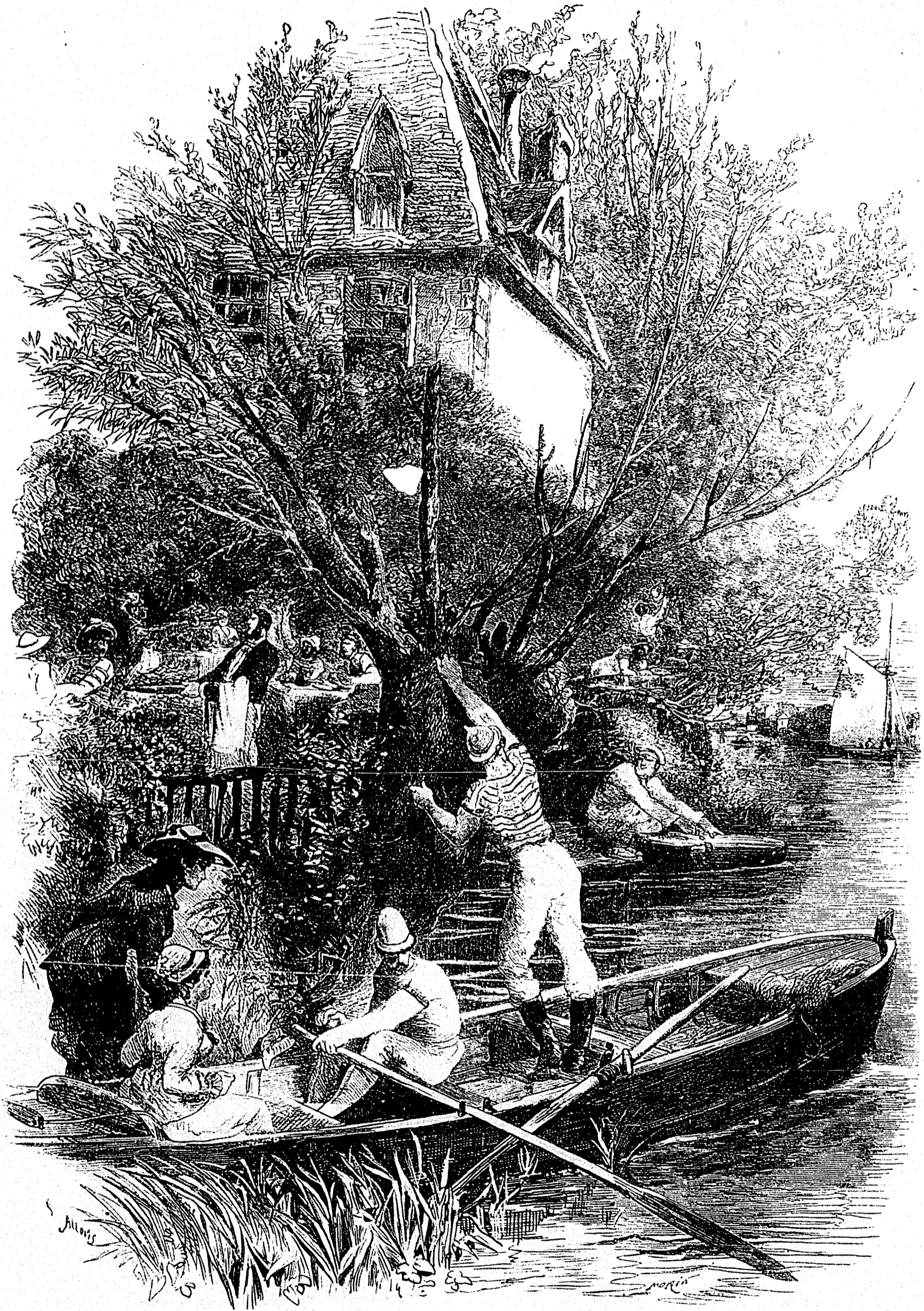
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PICNIC AT THE WATER'S EDGE.

A REVERIE.

Break forth in rapturous songs of love.
Inspiring warblers of the grove;
Exhale your sweetest fragrance flowers.
To cheer my dreary lonely hours.

Roll, Erie, on thy surging waves.
Like freedom's sons—immortal braves—
In shouts of triumph o'er their foes,
My sorrows drown—dispel my woes!

Niagara's thund'ring cataract pour
Thy floods in one stupendous roar;
And thou, resplendent, glorious bow,
In gorgeous hues displayed below!

My song inspire with thoughts sublime.
And lend thy beauty to my rhyme.
That I may soar on fancy's wing,
And of thy matchless grandeur sing.

While wand'ring on Lake Erie's shore.
As in those blissful days of yore,
I sighed to see that "lovely form
Evanishing amidst the storm."

No transient are the joys of earth
That sadness follows all our mirth.
As shadow chases sunshine bright,
'Till all our days are closed in night!

But when the sun of righteousness
Appears the dark'ning scenes to bless,
With radiant floods of light divine,
Then all is heaven and heaven is mine.

E. MCCALL.

Eagle, Ont.

THE
GOLD OF CHICKAREE.BY
SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND
CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WORTH OF A FEATHER.

The door of the red room stood open now, and the room was filled with firelight which came streaming out into the hall to usher him in. Hazel was down before the fire, sending persuasive puffs from her bellows into the very depths of the coals.

"What is left of you?" said Dane coming and taking the bellows from her hand.

"Much more than you are aware of. Have some chestnuts?—just for variety,"—and Hazel took from her pocket and poured into his hand her collection of extra specimens. Then quietly slipping from her fingers all the disguising rings she dropped them one by one into the empty pocket, until the emerald was left alone.

"Good fruit,"—said Dane viewing the big chestnuts.

"I have been saving them up for you all day. You know I could not always help taking them."

"Do you mean that people have been paying tribute to you in your own chestnuts?"

"Having nothing of their own that I would touch."

"In the meanwhile, what besides have you touched? I want to know."

"Never mind—we will have tea by and by. Dr. Maryland said you were to wait here for him—or for a message. Whichever came first, I suppose."

"I am not going to wait here for him,"—said Dane ringing the bell. "Will this bring Dingee?"

"No," said Hazel laughing; "that will bring Phœbe. Dingee acknowledges nothing but my whistle."

"Where is that?"

"Here,"—touching the little gold toy at her belt. "But you do not know how to blow it, Mr. Rollo."

Dane lifted the trinket and examined it, and then remarking that "a whistle is a whistle," put his lips to it and made the call sound loud and clear through the house.

"What do you want?" said Hazel laughing at him. "Dingee will know better than to hold me responsible for that. Tell me what you want, and I will obey orders—as usual."

"Dingee will know better than to think anybody else has blown your whistle. Dingee!"—as the boy appeared,—"go and say to Mrs. Bywank, with my compliments, that your mistress has had nothing to eat all day, except chestnuts. I think she will know what to do."

Dingee took in the situation and went off in a flourish.

"Did you see John Charteris here to-day?" Hazel said suddenly.

"I think he crossed my line of vision," said Dane carelessly.

"Well I did not ask him."

"What then?" said Rollo looking amused at her.

"I did not want you should think that I would." And Hazel, full of her own successful schemes in the mill business, smiled down upon the fire a whole sweet fund of triumph and delight, to which not only lips but eyes bore witness. Still looking amused, but with a great tenderness coming upon that, Rollo considered her.

"It is beyond the power of John Charteris to give me any uneasiness," he said. "And you are forgetting my emerald, Hazel."

"I? What? Forgetting?"

"Forgetting what it means. Hazel—what is your ideal of a wedding?"

Rollo was drawing one of Hazel's brown curls through his fingers and spoke in the coolest manner of abstract speculation. But the question came too close upon emeralds not to call up a vivid start of colour. As soon as she could, Hazel answered that "as she had none, it was impossible to tell."

"Let me state mine," said Rollo. "It may be useful to find out whether we think alike. In the first place, then, as to the scene of action.—The main thing is, to be where a large number of people can see us, and where we shall make part of an imposing picture. I can think of nothing better, in this country, than the Capitol at Washington. That would be showy, and central. I have no doubt it could be obtained for the occasion. I cannot think of any place more public or more demonstrative; can you?"

"Well?" said Hazel, stifling a laugh, for Dane's face was perfectly grave.

"We should of course in that case invite the Senate and House of Representatives, and give a cold collation to the city of Washington. With your money and mine, we could not do less."

"We' is rather superfluous."

"How so?" very innocently.

"Never mind now; go on."

"You approve, so far?" enquired Rollo, with dangerous demureness in the wise gray eyes.

"O I have nothing to do with the matter," said Hazel. "It is your imagination that has slipped its bridle, and I am simply curious to see where it will bring up."

"I don't know myself," said Rollo. "I am trying to fancy what the presents will be. Of course, since we ask the Senate and House of Representatives to the wedding, every man of them will send you a piece of plate; probably the majority of them will be teakettles. As I do not drink tea, it hardly concerns me much; but they will be very convenient for you. The arrangement of them for inspection is a matter of some difficulty;—I would suggest a pyramidal scaffolding on which they might be all disposed with very striking effect; indeed if it were done cleverly I conceive it might be possible to give the impression of a solid pyramid of teakettles; which would be imposing. The Hall of Representatives would be a good place, I should think; allowing of an effective display of the bronze statuettes which will probably accompany the teakettles. Every giver's name, of course, is to be appended to his own piece of plate; so that it can be seen at once who has given most; and then with the income tax reports in your hand, you can see who ought to have given most. I think all New York would be there. Be a good thing for the railway companies!"

Wych Hazel laughed a little bit, but she was too shy of the subject and too conscious of hot cheeks, to enter upon it very freely.

"There is one thing you have forgotten," she said. "Your 'ideal' is not complete, Mr. Rollo."

"What do you suggest?"

"An ideal woman. I am waiting for that."

"Did you think I was going to have a wedding without a bride?"

"Well—can you match the colours? You have put in the teakettles rather strong."

"I hope they'll be strong," said Dane, "if they are anything. If there is anything I don't like, it is weak ware."

Hazel was silent, looking rather intently into the fire.

"I think I have mentioned everything except the bride's dress and the wedding journey. And the first subject I feel myself incompetent to approach. In general, the main thing is that it should gratify curiosity and be somehow in advance of anything of the kind ever worn before. Is not that the great point?"

"Did you ever set Prim to talk to me about my dress?" said Hazel, facing round upon him with a wild change of subject in her own mind. Dane, with his own still before him, laughed and said no; and then asked with some curiosity why she enquired?

"I was afraid you had,—that is all."

"That is a little too much. I never set other people to do my work."

He could see a gleam of pleasure cross her face, but she only said quietly, "I am glad."

"What did Prim say to you?"

"O it was some time ago—the night we were in Norway together. Prim asked me what I was going to 'do' about dress. And to this day I do not know what she meant."

"Your wedding dress?"

"Ah be quiet!" said Hazel. "I am talking sense. Is your imagination too exhausted to bring you back to the land of reality?"

"I am speaking the most common-sense sense I possess. If Prim was not referring to your wedding dress, what did she mean?"

"That is just what I do not quite know. Prim asked that all of a sudden, and I said, I did not know what she meant by 'do'; and she said 'manage'; and I said I never managed. And then she said—at least asked—"

"What?" said Dane, a trifle imperatively.

"Whether I thought you would like to have me dress as I do,"—said Hazel in a low voice.

The gray eyes took quick account of several items in the little lady's attire, then turned away; and Dane remarked quietly that "Prim had meant no harm."

"No, not a bit. But it puzzled me,—and I looked down at my dress, just—as you did now. And Prim said, of course she did not mean what

I wore then, but that I always dressed so beautifully. And then I thought," said Hazel with the laugh in her voice, "that maybe she thought it was wrong to have one's dress hang right. And next morning I was naughty enough to pull out her loopings and do them over. Then I asked her if she felt demoralized, or something. And Prim wanted to know if I thought she meant that? and bade me look at your dress. Which I have, very often," Hazel added with a shy glance, "but I do not find that it gives me any help about my own."

Dane rewarded this speech with a look of grave deliberation, which ended with the corners of his mouth breaking into all manner of lines of fun. Hazel smiled too, partly at him, partly at herself.

"You see what always happens when I talk out," she said. "I am sure to be laughed at for my 'confidence,' as you call it. But Mr. Rollo, I did not much mind what Prim said. Not a bit, only for two little things."

"What little things, Hazel?" and there was the force of a dozen "dears" and "my loves" in the quiet intonation.

"I thought for a while that you had told her to talk to me. As you did once before."

A quick look denied all knowledge of such an occasion.

"At Greenbush—that night," said Hazel.

"That night," said Dane smiling again. "But I did not set her to talk to you then. I only sent her to do what I supposed at the moment she might do more acceptably."

"I know—" said Hazel, "but I never could take second-hand orders. That was one of the times when you made a mistake in your dealings with me."

"Well? You know I shall not make such mistakes any more. And yet, Hazel," said he growing grave, "that is too much for me to say even lightly. Perhaps I shall make mistakes. Till we have lived long enough together to know each other thoroughly, I might. What will you do then?"

She laughed a little, half raised her eyes, and let them fall. "No," she said, "you will not repeat those two or three great ones; and others do not matter."

"Two or three!" said Dane; but then he began again.—"What was the other 'little thing' that annoyed you in Prim's words the other night?"

"About as wise as the first! I never supposed you noticed my dress,—or would,—while I kept out of yellow feathers and sky blue gloves. But Prim left a sort of impression, that if ever you should, it would be to dislike it. And that troubled me a little bit at the time, and has troubled me—just a little bit ever since."

Probably Dane's first thoughts were not put into words. What he did, was to get hold of Wych Hazel's hand, and between the kisses he gave it, remarked,

"I never noticed your dress without feeling a certain delight in its perfect harmonies; and—I never saw you without noticing your dress."

"You?" Hazel said with a quick, timid intonation. And then there came a great flush of pleasure, and she looked away and was silent; thinking to herself what she herself would have called "all sorts of things."

"Don't you think," said Dane coolly, "that as we have evidently so much respectively to learn about each other, we had better begin as soon as possible?"

"Are you expecting such new developments?—But then," she said, the doubtful look waking up again, "what did Primrose mean? She meant something,—and you know what it was."

"Do I! I suppose Primrose felt that I had changed from my once views of that, as of other subjects."

"What were your 'once' views?" said Hazel. "I hardly knew that people had what you call 'views' about dress."

Rollo smiled.

"I suppose mine were what yours are now."

"Then yours never had existence."

"And your dress happens. Do you mean that?"

"No, no!—but if I had worn two or three necklaces to the woods this morning, it would have been want of sense and taste, not of views."

"Certainly. Your 'views' of dress are sense and taste. Or rather, your instinct, I should say."

"But," said Hazel,—"no, that is not what I mean. Sense and taste have to do directly with the subject,—they grow out of it, or are mixed up with it,—I wish anybody had ever taught me to talk, among other things!—I mean, they are intrinsic. And 'views' always seemed to take an outside stand irrespective of everything. I think I do not like 'views.'"

"You cannot help having them," said Dane laughing at her. "Views' are merely the simplest word for *how you see a thing*; under what light, and proportions, and relations."

Hazel shook her head.

"I never was famous for seeing things," she said. "I think I go more by instinct. What do you compliment me by supposing my views of dress to be, Mr. Rollo?"

"That is something from which you are to get, and give, the sense of beauty, in infinite variety."

"Well, leaving that statement for the present, what are yours, please?"

"That it is a usable thing, which I am to use, like everything else,—for my Master."

Hazel glanced at him, and looked away.

"Up to a certain point," she said, "our views go side by side; we both call it a power."

Dane was silent, with a certain sweet, grave silence, that evidently was not in want of thoughts. Hazel sat still too for a few minutes knotting her little fingers together. She glanced at him again before she went on.

"But further than that, I do not understand. I think, generally, I have dressed to please myself,—not often for a purpose: though I could do that, I suppose, upon occasion. That is, in my sort of way. But in *years*, Mr. Rollo,—I should get in such a labyrinth of black merino and green silk and blue velvet and white muslin, no line that ever was twisted would be long enough to guide me out."

"There's a short way out," said Rollo. "I will not let you get into a labyrinth."

"That may alter the case," said Hazel with a half laugh. "But just Prim's words, and the thought of your criticising my dress, put me in such confusion to-day that I was very near not getting dressed at all; and was ever so much ashamed of myself." The fluttering white dress by the way, had given place to one of the soft leaf-brown silks in which she delighted. Perhaps Rollo's eyes liked it too; for they took a complacent view and came back to her face with a smile.

"It is a problem, to be worked out," he said.

"In my way, to your ends?" queried Hazel.

"The difference lying in the use or disposal of the power when in hand. Is that what you mean?"

"That will do. But *sometimes* it happens, that beauty of effect must give way before more important uses."

"Why? And how?" she said looking at him.

"Do you want me to go into it?"

"Yes, of course. And get me out."

"I don't know about that. Well,—I have seen you,—to come to personalities,—I have seen you, for instance, wearing a hat and feather. I have good reason to remember it; for the play of that feather used to gratify and irritate me, both at once, beyond what was on the whole easy to bear. The hat suited the feather, and the feather became the hat; and hat and feather were precisely suited to you. Your purpose, or 'views,' in dressing, were perfectly attained. Suppose that I could shew you that the pretty brown plume represented what would keep a certain poor family from suffering through the winter months?"

If Hazel was ready to laugh at one point of this speech, she grew grave enough over the remainder; the sensitive colour stirring and deepening in her cheeks. Anything that ever came near direct personal criticism was so new to her.

"But Mr. Rollo—" she began.

"Yes," he said gently and taking her hand, "I am waiting for that. Say just what is in your mind."

"The poor family did not come forward, or they could have had what they wanted. I did not know where they were. You do not think I invest everything in feathers,—feelings and all?"

"Hazel, I am putting a case. It is a constant case certainly; but brought forward just now to illustrate a principle—nothing else. Suppose the poor family did come forward and get its supply; than I could tell you of a case of sickness, and shew you that your feather represented the professional attendance and skill which poverty could not command."

"But, but," said Hazel earnestly,—"I mean. Suppose,—I have enough for them and myself too?"

"Then I could tell you of a poor invalid to whom a few weeks in the country would be life and health; but she cannot stop work. Or I could tell you of a family just turned out of house and home because illness has made them behindhand with the rent. I could show you friendless children to one of whom your feather would give safety and food for a year. Or feeble and ailing people, to whom it would supply the delicacies they cannot get nor do without. Or poor ministers, to whom it could go in an invaluable parcel of books. Or ignorant, poor, seeking instruction, to whom it would be months of schooling. And then, I should but have given you samples, Hazel, which you might multiply by the hundred and the thousand, and still keep far within the literal fact."

She listened with a grave face, trying to follow; but it is hard for eighteen to realize at all what even fourscore takes in but dimly.

"You think I am extravagant," she said.

"That would be a very harsh word in this connection. I do not mean it. I was trying to answer you. You said, 'Suppose I have enough for them and myself too.'"

"I wonder if I am?" she said with a half laugh and part soberly.—"I wish I could stand off and look at myself. Mr. Rollo, will you give me another instance? I shall have to forgive that feather because it had the honour of 'irritating' you, and so enlists my sympathies; but what else have you seen me wear, that could do so much more than itself?"

"The red squirrel has no business to preach to the shrew mouse," said he lightly, but looking at her as if doubtful how far it were best to go.

"I am not a shrew," said Hazel with somewhat prompt decision. "Nor a mouse. Nor spun glass. So all those little preliminaries are disposed of. And I do not see why you should preach to everybody else and not to me."

Dane however had scruples. He looked at Wych Hazel, and though his grey eyes were all afire with purpose and spirit, he pursed up his lips with a low whistle and getting up from his chair took a turn or two through the large room. Finally came and stood before Wych Hazel.

"What is the cost of that dress you have on," said he. "I mean by the yard?"

"This? I have no idea. I order what I like, and pay the bills when they come. What was the use of information with which I could do nothing?" But the colour started again.

We shall have to get the bills, then, before we can go on. If you have kept them, that is."

"Do you mean," she said, looking up at him rather wistfully now, "that I am *always* what you call extravagant?"

"Never, that I know of," said he smiling at her. "To be extravagant, is to go beyond bounds; and one who has never been conscious of the bounds, cannot be justly said to have done that."

"One ought to be conscious of proper bounds," said Hazel, as if she were a good deal disappointed in herself.

"You are only just beginning to be conscious of anything," said Dane audaciously.

"Statements—I cannot think how you find time to get them all up. Well, Mr. Rollo? what next?"

"I should like to know how soon you are going to let me come home," said he, sitting down by her.

In an instant Hazel was absolutely still, even to the ends of the small fingers that lay folded in her lap, peeping out from the broad lace shadows. And, nicely timed for her, the tea bugle just then rang out, and the door of the red room opened to admit Dingee and the tea tray; with cold patridge, and salad, and delicate loaves of bread, white and brown, and wonderful cake, and a shape of Mrs. Bywank's own special quince jelly. Hazel sprang up to superintend and give directions; but when the little table was spread and wheeled up, she dismissed Dingee and went to making the tea herself.

"I often have tea here when I am alone," she said,—"I mean, when Mr. Falkirk does not come. And I thought perhaps you would like it too."

"Very much," returned Dane demurely. "So much that I am impatient for it to become a stated fact. How long do you mean to keep me at Gyda's?"

"You have such a peculiar way of putting questions," said Hazel, emulating the composure in everything but her face. "Never wording them so they can be answered. And there is no use in disturbing them ages beforehand. Shall I give you coffee, Mr. Rollo?"

"You are under a mistake. I am not going to be an age at Gyda's."

"Well—then Gyda will be disappointed."

"And you?"

"You know you always have sufficient force of character to disappoint me easily."

"Have I? Would it disappoint you very much if I proposed to be married at Christmas?"

"In that case," answered Miss Wych, "the force of character would be on my side, and the disappointment on yours."

"May I ask your views?" said Dane, with a coolness that was provoking.

"Ah, be quiet!" said Hazel in desperation, "you are perplexing all my ideas. Is it five lumps of sugar—or six—that go in when you have control of the sugar bowl?"

"The question is, just now, how many go in when you have the control?" But then he let the supper take its course for a while in commonplace peace.

"I wonder," Wych Hazel began suddenly, her thoughts flying back to the talk before tea, "I was thinking—I have thought very often, how many things you will find in me that you do not like? And how little there is you would like to find?"

A flash of eyes came to her across the table; and then Dane remarked quietly that he had thought of that a number of times. "Indeed I may say," he added, "that I am always thinking of it."

She laughed a little bit, catching his meaning, but the serious look came back.

"For instance," she said,—"all this that I spend on myself, you would—and do—spend on other people."

"I think nothing can equal my astonishment at that 'statement,' except the impossibility of answering it!"

"But I do not mean anything ridiculous," said Hazel,—"not bread and butter and partridges. At least, I don't know about the partridges—but you understand. And I do not mean that I would not give them up,—only—"

"Did I convey the impression that I wished you to give up partridges?"

"Yes—if somebody else wanted them more," said Hazel. "And I am willing enough. But then, but then!—I wish you knew," she said, rising abruptly as Dingee came in to clear the table. "I wish I could tell you."

CHAPTER XV.

CONFIDENTIAL TALK.

Dane waited till Dingee's services had been performed and the door was closed behind him again; then came beside Wych Hazel where she was standing and drew her within his arm.

"What do you wish you could tell me, Hazel?" he said, with the tenderness of eye and voice which, with him, came instead of exple-

tives of endearment. There was a faint quiver of the lips that answered,

"Things—about me, that you ought to know. And it is very hard to tell you some things, Mr. Rollo."

"It would be easier if you could call me something else," he said, bending to kiss her. "I should like to know anything about you. What are these 'things'?"

"My thoughts—and life. And I cannot tell them without saying so much—that I would not say, and, maybe, ought not. Only, when you begin to start questions, and subjects,—then—"

Hazel paused to gather her forces. "Then I think it is right you should know everything about me, first." The last word came out very low, and even the instinct of truth could hardly have carried her further just then.

"Go on, and tell me," said Dane gently. "The words are as sweet to me as a chime of bells; but, just yet, not so intelligible."

She stood very still for a minute, her head bent down. Then softly disengaged herself.

"I cannot talk to you so," she said. "Sit down, please, in this bergère, and let me sit here; and I will tell—what I can."

"Here" meant a low foot cushion near the bergère, where the young lady placed herself, but a little drawn back and turned away, where only the firelight could look in her face.

"Stop!"—said Dane, arresting this part of the arrangements. "You at my feet!"

"Yes, if I like it," said Hazel. "When you have to gainsay people in great things, you should always let them have their way in small."

She got up and crossed over to the fire, replacing a brand that had fallen down; came back to her cushion and sat there a minute with her hands folded.

"A year ago," she said, "when you drove home with me from Moscheloo,—you had no new views, Mr. Rollo. None in practice. In a sense, you and I were on the same ground."

"Well?"—said he, a little anxiously.

"Then in the winter,—I partly guessed first from Dr. Maryland's words what you told me,—in effect, yourself. And at first I liked it,—I thought I was glad."

"At first?"—echoed Rollo.

"At first," Hazel repeated. "It suited me, to have you take the highest stand you could, and Mrs. Coles stirred up enough antagonism to keep me from knowing that I was anything but glad."

"Why should you be anything but glad?" said Dane, in tones which did not reveal the surprise which was growing upon him.

"I did not know that I was—until you came. Mr. Falkirk kept up the antagonism, and I had not much time to think. But when you came—"

She hesitated a little, then went steadily on. It was so like Hazel, to do what she had to do, if it took her through fire and water!—"I had left you standing in one place," she said, "and you had moved quite away to another. And I knew—that standing there—you would never have seen me."

"That is a conclusion you have no right to," said Dane calmly.

"No matter—it is true. Your eyes would have been set for other things, and your appreciation would have been all changed and different. I knew it then, that night. You talked of things I but half understood, and your face was all shining with a light that did not fall on me. And partly it mortified me,—I was used to having at least some vantage ground; and partly it brought back the old loneliness, which had—perhaps—just a little bit gone away. Then you left me a lesson."

Dane sat where she had desired him, but leaning down towards her, listening and looking very gravely and intently. "Yes," he answered; "and you studied it."

"I tried." The words came rather faintly. "And that was where the tangle began."

"What made the tangle?"

"Because—because the lesson and you were all wrapped up together. And I could never study it without—studying you. And so—so it came,"—she drew her breath a little, holding her fingers tight,—"that before I could know much about that—I had to decide something else—definitely—first."

Certainly some things are hard to tell!

"Well, you did decide something else definitely," said Dane, with most delightful matter-of-fact gravity of manner, not seeming to recognize her difficulty at all.

"Then the tangle grew worse," said Hazel. "I used to think I was trying to be interested, or trying to understand, or trying to do, just to please you, or because you would like me better. And besides—"

"Well—it would not have been very wicked if that had been partly true."

"No," said Hazel,—"but then the work would not have been real; and I never could tell. And besides," she went on again, "you did not come, and I did not hear,—and it did not suit me to be always thinking about you—and I tried to put the whole thing out of my head."

"Did I make a mistake then?" said Rollo. "But I found I could not bear very well to meet you on the neutral ground of that year. I was waiting."

"Yes. I was not speaking of that," she said. "When you take such a tangle into society, it ties itself into twenty new knots. That is all that need be said of the summer and spring. Then I came home."

"And then I made a mistake," said Dane. "You need not tell me that."

She sighed a little, answering to another point.

"You could not know that you had started all the old questions again, and that I thought it was maybe your changed point of view—that made it so easy for you to give it up."

"But why do you recall all this now, Hazel?" asked Dane, very quietly. "I never gave you up; it was a fancied somebody that was not you."

"It came in the course of my story. I could not pass it. Only for that," she said, turning her face towards him for a moment. "Because then, in some of those days, I thought—perhaps—I had learned the lesson you set me."

"And you do not think so now?"

"I am not sure that it was true work," she answered slowly. "For in a storm one flies to shelter,—and just then my hands sought anything that could stand and would not change. But now—"

Dane was proverbially scarce a patient man after a certain line was passed. He left his chair now, stooped and took Hazel's hands and gently pulled her up from her low cushion; and then took her in his arms and held her close.

"I understand all about it," he said. "You need not try to tell me any more. My little Wych!—Look here; there are just two things to be said, one mediate, the other immediate. In the first place, no uncertainty of motives need embarrass or delay your action in a course that you know to be right. In the next place,—Hazel,—don't you see, that when we have been married a while and I am become an old story, I shall be more of a help and less of a hindrance? And I know all about you; and I don't know it a bit better after all this long exposition than I did before. And if I have changed my standpoint relatively to some things, I have never changed it respecting you, except to draw nearer. Now confess you have been a foolish child."

The soft laugh which answered him had more than shyness to make it unsteady.

"I do not suppose you want to change me for anybody else," she said. "But I do not want you to think I am anybody else."

There came just then rapid hoof-beats round the house, and in a minute more Dingee presented himself in the red room, bearing a request that Mr. Rollo would come to the side door for a moment, to see Dr. Arthur Maryland.

CHAPTER XVI.

DR. ARTHUR'S NEWS.

"The doctor was on horseback, but standing a little way off from the steps.

"Stay where you are—"

he said, speaking low however, "Dane, there is ship fever among those Swedes that have just come to the Hollow."

"The Schiffers."

"Yes. I was not certain till to-night, but I have been all day taking precautions and making arrangements, and could not get away a minute sooner. I was afraid you might miss a message; and I would not write notes there to be opened here. Now I cannot stop to talk, but if you will send me general orders every morning for men and business in the Hollow, I will see them carried out. Good-night.—My respects to her Grace."

"Stop—Arthur!" said the other as he was moving off—"I shall be there presently."

"On no account!" said Dr. Arthur wheeling round. "I am too glad that you were here today. Always depute that part of your work which somebody else can do."

"I will be there, Arthur, in an hour or two. Go on—you had better not wait for me."

Dr. Arthur sat still a minute, looking down between his horse's ears.

"Well," he said,—"perhaps it is none of my business,—but do you know what a sensitive plant you have to deal with in there? She must not have another shock like that mysterious one of a month ago. Good-night!"

With a somewhat slow step, Rollo left the hall door and went back to the red room. But his face shewed no change to disturb Wych Hazel. He came back first to the fire, and somewhat thoughtfully, quite silently, put it in order. By that time he was ready. He faced Wych Hazel, and spoke in his ordinary tone.

"I am glad to have had this day, Wych—and I am glad we have had our talk this evening: for I find we cannot have another in some time."

"You are going away?" she said, rising and coming towards him. "One of your business trips? Then this will be my time for a few days in town, to 'do about dress' a little. Do you suppose—honestly—that anybody wants my new gloves?" The question came with a laugh and a flash which yet did not hide it. But silently Dane folded his two arms about her and pressed kiss after kiss upon her brow and lips. That shewed feeling more than he meant to shew it. Yet when he spoke his tone was clear and sweet, no shadow at all in it.

"I am not going away."

She drew off as far as she could, to look at him, with sudden instinctive fear. Only her eyes put questions now.

"Yes," he said,—"there is sickness in the Hollow. And it is contagious sickness."

"O, is there?"—with a grave look which yet told more of relief than concern. "And you are going to help Dr. Arthur take care of them?"

He answered absently, looking at her, as a man might who expected to lose such an indulgence for some time to come. Her face was very thoughtful for a minute; then she looked up with almost a smile.

"Yes," she repeated,—"of course you must. Well, I am ready."

"Are you?" said he. "For what?"

"You think I do not know enough," said Hazel with some eagerness; "and I do not know much; but I can follow directions. And Bye declares she was never so taken care of in her life as once by me."

Instead of answering, at first, Dane clasped her closer in his arms and kissed her, as if in anticipation of the hunger for the sight of her which would shortly set in.

"I should like to have you take care of me," he said at length. "If I needed a little care, that is."

"Well," said Wych Hazel, "you may put it so, if you like. You will need a great deal before you have been in that Hollow two days."

"Need it. Do you think you can give it?" said he wistfully.

"Without a doubt."

"But you are not my wife, Wych—you cannot be there with me now. And if you were my wife, you could not. Do you think I would let you?"

She shrank back a little, hanging her head. This view of the case had certainly not come up.

"I thought—I suppose—anybody may come and go to see sick people," she said under her breath. "I thought, anybody might stay with them. And I think so now. I never heard of etiquette over small-pox."

"You could not 'come and go' to these people. I shall establish a strict quarantine, and probably be in it myself. You must not come even near the Hollow."

"But I need not have anything to do with you," pleaded Hazel. "I am going to serve under Dr. Arthur."

"That is just my place."

"You may keep it," said Hazel. "A woman's place is not solid and stationary like a man's. Nobody will know where I am, but some poor sick child that everyone else is too busy for."

Perhaps Dane smothered a sigh; but he only said, clear and clean-cut the words were now,—

"I cannot have you there, Hazel. You must keep your place and do your own work here. The Hollow is my business."

"And you mean to leave me outside of your business?" she questioned, with eyes incredulous even yet.

"Outside of this business. And you are not to come even near the Hollow. I know you do not like to give promises, and so I do not ask for one. This is not a request. You understand?"

"Olaf!"—It was the sweetest of pleading tones. But no more words followed,—neither word nor look.

"Ah you have adopted me at last, have you!" said he. "I have been waiting for this. And the sweetness of it will be in my ears all these days before me. The next time you speak that word in such music, Hazel, I will give you what you ask."

"Not now?" she said softly. "I may not go even to Gyda's?"

"Gyda will be with me."

The words, the utterance, were cheery, clear, and sweet; at the same time strong and absolute. And Rollo wore a look which I think a woman does not dislike to see on a face she loves, even though its decisions be against her; there was sweetness enough in it, also unmanageableness! No shadow, it must be noted. If he was going into danger, and knew it, the fact did not shadow him.

Hazel stood still, struggling with herself; fighting the disappointment and the restraint; most of all, the sorrow which came in the train of the other two. For with the passing away of her own thought of going, the thought that he must go came out clear and strong. Into that infected place, to be shut up in quarantine with no one knew what! Hazel passed her hand across her forehead as if she were pushing the shadows right and left, bidding them wait.

"I wanted to ask," she said,—and then the voice changed, and suddenly the soft touch of her fingers came to his face, stroking back some lock of hair to its accustomed place. But the look was as intent and unconscious as if she never expected to see him again in all her life. And he stood still, like a man under a spell, which he would not break by the least movement.

(To be continued.)

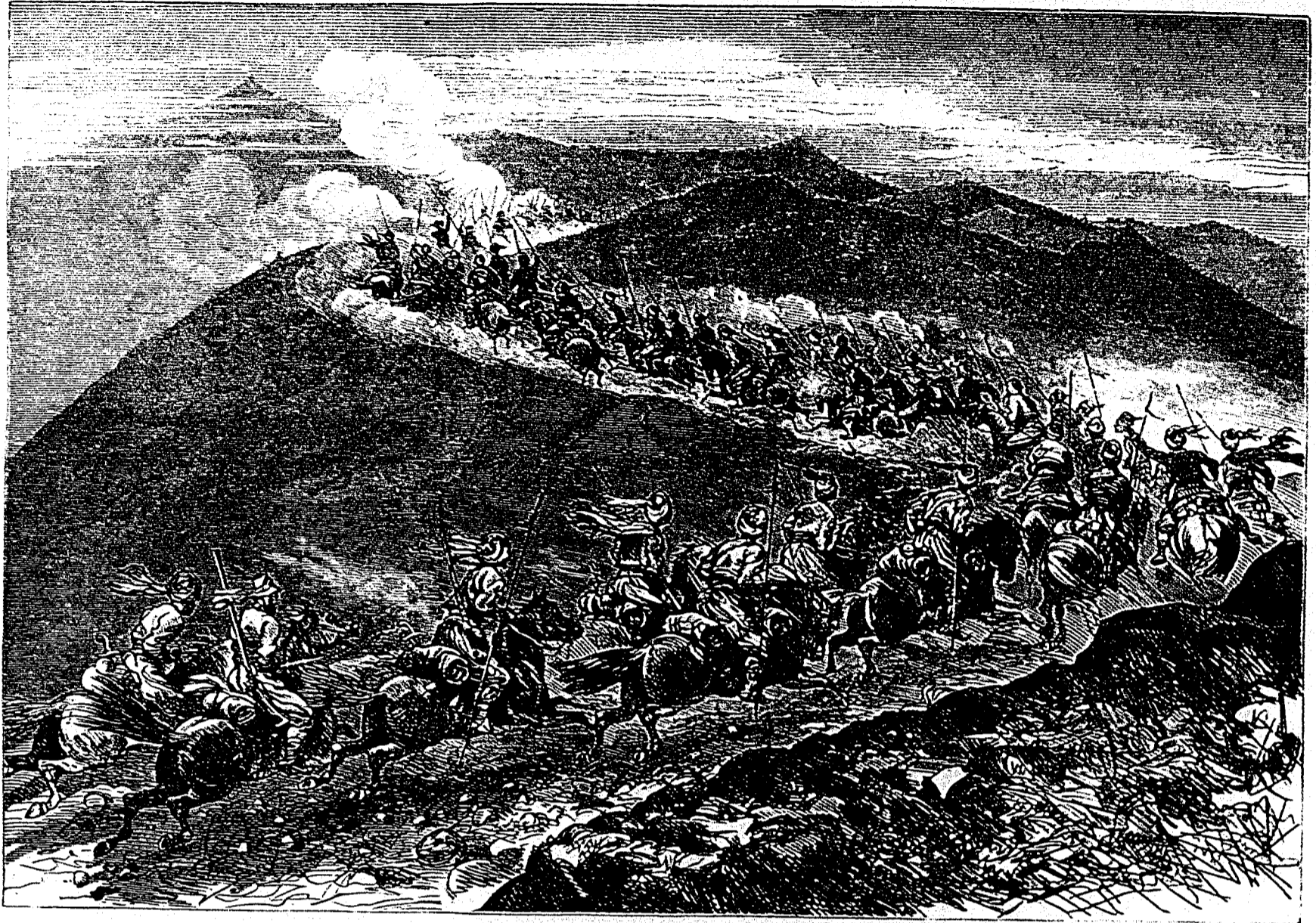
"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table.

When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.

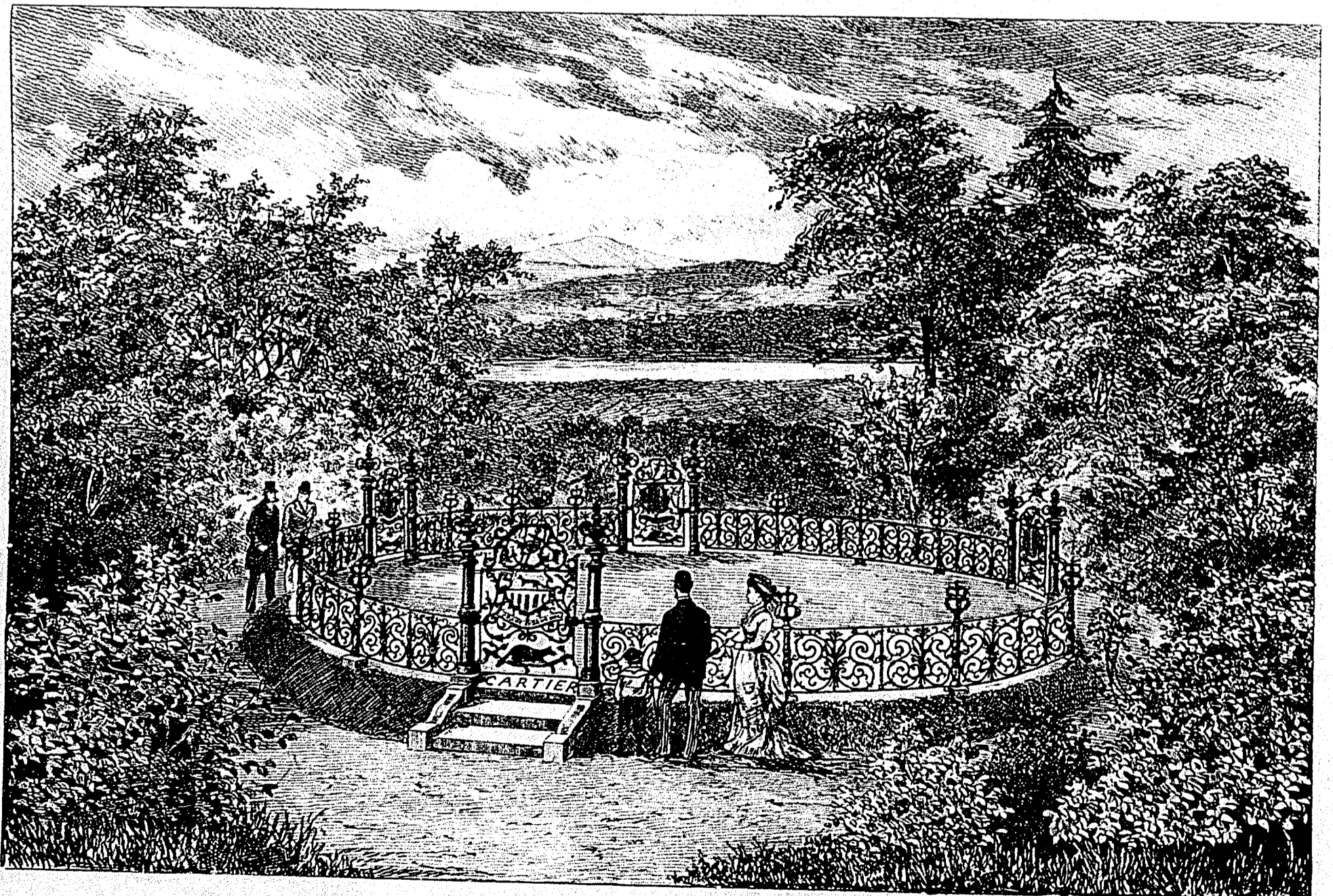
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The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions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

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THE WAR IN ASIA: TURKISH IRRREGULAR CAVALRY FOLLOWING UP THE RUSSIANS AFTER THE RETREAT FROM SEVIN.

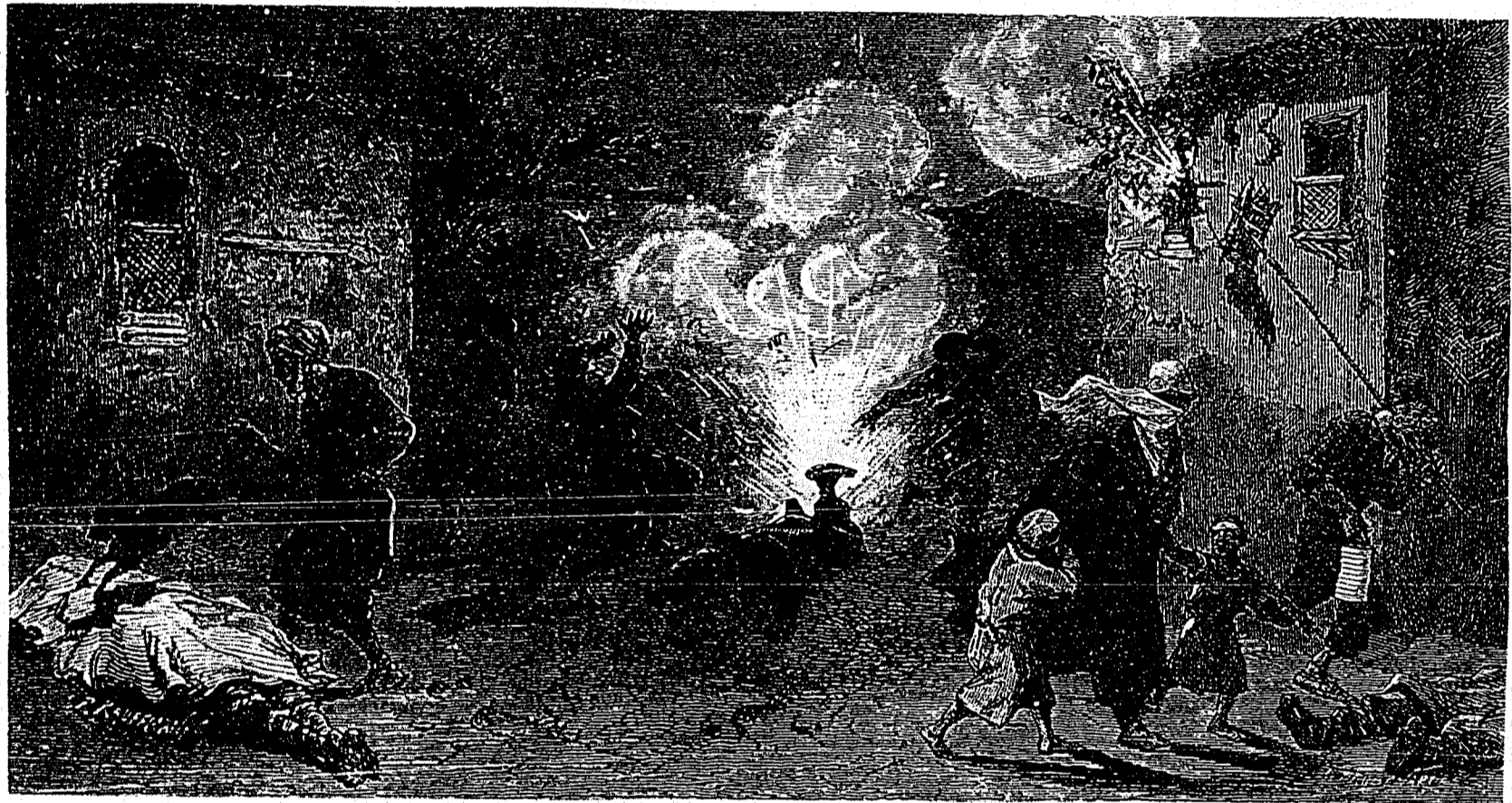


MONTREAL.—THE GROUND AND INCLOSURE OF THE CARTIER MONUMENT, COTE-DES-NEIGES CEMETERY.

THE EASTERN WAR.



THE PUBLIC CRIER ANNOUNCING THE BOMBARDMENT OF RUTSCHUK.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF RUTSCHUK.



EVENING PRAYER IN THE TURKISH CAMP.

TWIN FLOWERS.

Which of the twin shall be held as the fairest?
Easy the question and hard the reply—
Each for her dowry has gifts of the rarest—
Surely the judgment of Paris 'twould try:
Ida, whose gaze in imperial fashion
Sees but her slaves of the future in man;
Violet, who knows not the pride and the passion—
Often life's treasure and often its ban.

Fair is the landscape and cloudless the heaven,
Softly the summer winds ruffle the flowers;
If on earth fullness of peace can be given,
'Tis for a space in such exquisite hours.
Nature accords in her calm with the faces,
Yet all untouched by the shadow of pain;
Long may it be ere the shadow replaces
Light that dimm'd never shines fully again!

Yet, *ay de mi!* if the future, unfolding
All the dim years that are hid from our gaze,
Gave to the eyes—now untroubled, beholding
Nature's fair face in these radiant days—
All the full scene of life's drama hereafter,
All the wild medley of hopes and of fears,
Would not the fresh lips be hush'd in their laughter,
Would not the eyes dim with awe-stricken tears?

Who can decide if the dawn in its glory
Flushing youth's world will survive till midday?
Who knows if bitter or sweet be the story—
Cover'd with thorns or with roses the way?
But, ye fair children, whatever the morrow
Brings, this is certain, though years may have flown,
No hours, though unclouded by doubt or by sorrow,
Will be such as to-day in their peace are your own.
W. R.

SUMMER'S GOLDEN DAYS.

BY BEATRICE DUNPHY.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, for the days that are past retrieving!
Oh, for the golden days!"

We have four days of showery weather. Mr. Graham, auntie, and I have been able to go out for a drive three afternoons; but the fourth is too wet; so we spend the afternoon in watching the rain, at least Philip and I do, while auntie works.

Aunt Mary seems to have taken an odd idea into her head since that morning she fetched us in to luncheon. I verily believe she thinks Philip is making love to me, or that I am falling in love with him; for she never leaves us a moment alone, and interrupts all our conversations. If this absurd notion has really taken possession of her mind, all our free intercourse is at an end; for she would never encourage anything of this sort without directions from head quarters, or, in other words, mothers' consent. I think if she knew that nothing was farther from our minds, and that we were only friends, she might relax her vigilance; but I do not care to speak to her on the subject, and feel I would rather not enjoy any more rambles with Philip than tell any one of our compact of friendship. It is very hard, for he will leave Coolmory to-morrow; so that unless auntie ceases her vigilant watch at the party which takes place to-night, we shall not have any time together.

At going away Philip asks me to keep him some dances, and I promise to do so; but even here auntie interrupts, and says,

"Lois, dear, I don't wish you to dance more than two dances with any one, as people in the country talk about everything;" and, turning to Philip, she proceeds to say,

"I don't want my niece to lay herself open to criticism; she shall dance with you twice, Mr. Graham."

Philip bows his thanks, but looks disappointed. At the party aunt Mary introduces every one to me, and before Philip can get to me my programme is nearly full; but I have kept his two dances. The first is a quadrille. Auntie dances opposite us, and directly it is over she takes me off to introduce me to some old lady who knows my father. I don't know any of my partners, and I don't care to dance with any one; but I go through all the dances in a mechanical way, and get no pleasure out of them. I notice that Philip does not dance, and that every time I look at him he is looking at me.

At length our waltz arrives. The music seems better, and the light more brilliant, directly I feel Philip's arm around me, as we slide off into a delicious swinging step.

"This is nearly as pleasant as sitting by the river, Philip, don't you think?" I ask; but he answers,

"I would give anything I have for one-half hour with you alone, Lois, down by the river."

"It would be very nice, Philip; but we shall never go there again," I murmur; and the music makes me long to be off again.

Next time we stop is by an open window that leads to the garden; Philip puts my hand through his arm, and leads me to it; then he bends his head close to my ear, and whispers,

"Lois, come out in the garden, and decide my fate for me."

He looks at me so tenderly and eagerly that I see in that moment that his friendship for me has turned to love, and I feel that I cannot return it, and dare not answer him.

"Lois, won't you come out? Do, darling, for I must tell you that I love you, and hear that you love me."

I do not know what to say; he is my friend, and I am so fond of him that I do not wish to hurt him; yet I cannot give him the answer he wishes to hear, for I do not love him. I am trying to frame a reply when auntie comes up to us, and tells me it is time to leave. I answer hurriedly,

"Yes, auntie, I will get my cloak;" and I gave Philip a look to follow me; but aunt Mary has checkmated me here, for she hands me my wrap and then takes Philip's arm. As he puts me in the carriage he says,

"Write me an answer in time to let me come and see you to-morrow before I leave Coolmory." I nod assent, then lean back, cover my head over, and pretend to be asleep. Why could not Philip have remained my friend? Why does he want so much more than I give?

When I get to my room I take out my desk, and write a letter to Philip. I want it to be kind and friendly, but I wish him to understand that I have no love to give in return for his. First, I write a long letter, telling him he has mistaken friendship for love; but I feel I am wronging him by such a supposition, so I tear it up, and write just what I should have said to him had time allowed:

"Dear Philip,—Forgive me if I have ever led you to believe my affection for you was any other than that of friendship. I am so sorry that you love me; for I have no love to offer you in return, but shall always remain, dear Philip, your true friend,
LOIS."

It is broad daylight before I have finished this short epistle, so I do not attempt to go to bed, for I see it is six o'clock; but I change my dress, and run over to the rectory with my note, drop it into the letter-box, and get home again long before auntie is down. After breakfast she orders the carriage around, and asks me to go but for a drive with her. I see her reason; she is afraid Philip will come over, and that we shall go out for a walk. I know that he will not, so I assent readily. As we are on the way home we meet the rectory carriage returning from the station, and I know that Philip Graham has gone. I am very weary and go to bed early. Auntie wonders next day why Philip does not call, and I tell her that he has left Coolmory, and is going to India. She replies that he might have been polite enough to have called to say good-bye; and then severely censures him for his inattention. This I cannot bear, for I am very fond of Philip, and will not hear a word against him. I feel weak and hysterical, and burst out crying in a foolish way; then rush out of the house down to the river, where we had so often been together. I throw myself down on the grass, and have a good cry; then wander about to all the places where I had been so happy, and remember every word that Philip said, and everything that I had done, even to my romp in the clover-field.

Everything is the same; but the country seems to have lost its charm. The sun is just as bright, the grass just as green, the river just as rippling; but I want to go home. I am longing to see mother and the girls, and to have no time or opportunity to think of the past month. I am pining for change, for nothing seems pleasant to me at Coolmory now; but most of all I am longing to see Philip again. If I could only see him down by the river once more, only have time to tell him that my letter was a mistake, and that I love him more than life!

It is too late now, and I only looked forward to seeing Barbara and Helen, and trying to forget my summer holiday. I never thought how golden the days were, or what made them so bright to me, until Philip left; now all the glory of my life seems to have departed with him, and I feel as if the beauties of Coolmory are mocking at my misery, and I desire as much to go home as I longed a month ago to come down to aunt Mary's.

CHAPTER IV.

"And tell me how love goeth,
That was not love which went."

I have been home some months now, and everything is the same as ever. Mother is just as busy about getting us married as she was last season, only that she seems to have given me up altogether, and I am allowed to accept or refuse invitations at my own sweet will. We spent the autumn at a semi-fashionable watering-place, and made some new acquaintances—among others a Mr. Jerome Beauchamp, who is very attentive to us all. Mother has great hopes of his ultimately making one of us Mrs. Jerome Beauchamp; but I have my doubts on the subject, and look upon him as quite a confirmed old bachelor. He is an amusing, clever man, and does not bore me in the least, consequently we get on very well together.

I have never told any one about Philip Graham, nor ever asked aunt Mary for news of him. When I first came home I tried to forget him; but every day I think of him, and wonder if I shall ever again see his grave serious smile, or hear his melodious laugh.

It is nearly a year since I went down to Coolmory; and we have again glorious summer weather. The season is in full swing, and we go out a great deal. I seem to have lost all my girlish whole-heartedness, and enjoy nothing with the old joyousness; but I go out, and my thoughts are distracted while I dance and talk; but when I come home I feel weary of it all, and then think how happy I might have been with Philip if I had answered his question differently that morning a year ago.

I often wonder if he is still in India, or if he returned home at once; and also if he met any girl on his voyage there or back who has made him forget me. I feel that I should be happier if I knew these things concerning him; and then I argue with myself that he is nothing to me now; and my stock of logic is lost in the conviction that he is dearer to me than all the world.

I am in this frame of mind one morning when father sends for me, and when I reach his study I find mother awaiting with him for me. Mother is looking delighted about something, and father is looking worried. They do not keep me long

waiting before I heard their reason for sending for me, namely, that Mr. Jerome Beauchamp has done me the honour of proposing to father for my hand and youthful affections.

Father goes on to tell me that both mother and he approve of the match, and that they have given Mr. Beauchamp permission to plead his cause with me. I listen silently till father has finished speaking, then break out into a passionate refusal to see Mr. Beauchamp, much less to become his wife. Father looks quite relieved at my answer, but mother seems disappointed, and I wish it was in my power to pass Mr. Beauchamp's offer of marriage on to Barbara or Helen.

After this little episode my life seems even darker; for Mr. Beauchamp used to lend me clever books, and his conversations were always brilliant and amusing. Now my refusal of him has vexed mother, and nothing I can say or do will please her. Evidently Mr. Beauchamp will not take father's answer as a decided one, because this morning I received a letter from him, in which he begs so earnestly for my love, and promises to make life so pleasant to me, that for one moment I feel inclined to let "the dead past bury its dead," and to become his wife, if he will have me when I tell him all my love was given long ago to Philip Graham. But I remember Philip's words, and that he considers me true and worthy; so while the others go out to the Park I stay at home, to have a quiet afternoon to answer Mr. Beauchamp's letter, and to tell him that I cannot marry him.

It is a brilliant warm day, and I am writing in father's study. I am very puzzled what to say to Mr. Beauchamp, and my thoughts revert to that other letter I wrote to Philip this time a year ago. I pass my fingers through my hair with a vague idea that that will help me what to say, when I hear the study-door open and close again from the outside; then I look up to see who has entered, and can scarcely believe my eyes, for it is Philip Graham.

In that one glance I can see that Philip loves me still, and that no one has come between us. That he loves me with the same passionate longing is evident; for before either of us has time to reflect he has caught me to him, and I have thrown my arms round his neck, and can say nothing but "Philip," while he smooths my hair and murmurs,

"Lois! my little Lois!"
Then he puts me from him, while he says,
"Lois, I should never have intruded on you, but I came to see your father on business, and they told me that no one was at home."

Here I cannot help interrupting him with my exclamation of,
"O Philip, it is what I have been praying for night and day."

Then I break down, and cover my face with my hands, as I remember that he has said nothing to me that has given me any right to revert to old times.

At length I look up, and find the same fond old smile on his face as he takes my hand, and says,

"So, Lois, you do love me, though you wrote that letter, which has kept me an exile for a year?"

And my eyes answer for me; for in another moment I am in his arms again, and he is pressing his lips to mine.

"I came on here from your father's office to get him to draw up an agreement for a partnership with Mr. Drewitt; but now he will have to give me a deed of gift instead; for I shall not give you up easily this time, little Lois."

Before the others come in we have settled everything; and Philip and I are looking forward to spending many golden summer days together.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"How came you to be lost?" asked a sympathetic gentleman of a little boy he found crying in the street for his mother. "I ain't lost," he exclaimed; "but m-m-my mother is, and I ca-ca-can't find her."

Now is the time for lovers to get spongy over ice cream, she taking a few pretty dabs at his vanilla, and he borrowing a taste of her chocolate. This process inspires confidence in the day when they will be throwing beef and cabbage across the table.

ROLLING-PINS were not used in New England till 1810, and flat-irons were not in vogue till 1810; and the question how a woman expostulated with her husband before that time has become a matter of great speculation and historical research.

A FEW days ago a party were enjoying the evening breeze on board a yacht. "The wind has made my moustache taste quite salt," remarked a young man who had been for some time occupied in biting the hair that fell over his upper lip. "I know it!" innocently said a pretty American girl, making use of an ordinary Yankee phrase. And she wondered why all her friends laughed.

THE reputed scarcity of young men at the watering-places this year is confirmed by the testimony of the young men themselves. One of them says he entered the hotel at a place which shall be nameless under the fire of thirty or forty pairs of covetous female eyes. "I'm not a stinky man," he adds, "yet the unspoken sentiment of my heart at that moment was,—'Thank you, but there isn't enough of me to go round.'"

A VERY curious baby story comes to us. A mother and a daughter were confined on the

same day, each having a little son. In the bustle of the moment, both babies were placed in the same cradle, and, to the confusion of the mothers, when the youngsters were taken from the cradle, they were unable to tell which was the mother's and which was the daughter's son—a matter which, of course, must ever remain a mystery.

"You boys ought to be very kind to your little sisters. I once knew a little boy who struck his sister a blow over the eye. Although she didn't slowly pine away and die in the early summer-time, when the June roses were blowing, with words of sweet forgiveness on her pallid lips, she rose up and hit him over the head with the rolling-pin, so that he couldn't go to Sunday-school for more than a month, on account of not being able to put his best hat on!"

THE other day a country lady visited South Hetton, and seeing the churchyard gate open, ventured in and saw the sexton busy cleaning up the walks. She enquired where Mr. Howell was laid, when the sexton kindly informed her. She dropped a tear over the grave, and said "She would sit down beside him, poor fellow." There happened to be a dead thorn in the grass where she sat down, which caused her to jump up again. "Ah, Mr. Howell," she cried, "you have not forgotten your old tricks yet—just like you, Mr. Howell."

A YOUNG lady whose personal charms give her the right to be disagreeable, was present a few days since at a party, during which quarrels between husband and wife were discussed. "I think," said an unmarried elder son who was present, "that the proper thing is for the husband to have it out at once, and thus avoid quarrels for the future. I would light a cigar in the carriage after the wedding breakfast, and settle the smoking question for ever." "I would knock the cigar out of your mouth," interrupted the belle. "Do you know, I don't think you would be there," quietly remarked the elder son.

HIS FIRST OFFENCE.—"James W. Miles, you are charged with being drunk," said the Justice in the Fifty-seventh Street Court recently.

"First time, I assure you, Judge; first time."
"And with being noisy."
"First time, your Honor."
"And with quarrelling in the street."
"First quarrel, your Worship."
"And with blackening this man's eye."
"Ordinarily quiet. First time, your Reverence."

"And with using your teeth on him."
"Well now, even if I did, 'twas the first time, your Honor."
"And now you'll have three months' rest."
"First—," and the door closed behind him

"Throw physic to the dogs."—Shakespeare.

There is no science in which discoveries have been made, and against which more strenuous opposition on its introduction has been raised, than those which pertain to the human system, its ailments and remedies. Among names which may be specially mentioned are those of Harvey, Jenner, and others, whose theories at the time were the scoff and jeer of not only self-sufficient empirics, but of men considered as authorities, whose names have since passed into oblivion. When we consider the cruel martyrdom suffered by numbers of our fellow mortals, whose lives are a daily torture, and who, dragged by all sorts of nostrums, vainly look for relief, the advent of a new principle, grounded on common sense, commends itself to those who give it calm consideration. Holman's Stomach and Liver Pad is no experimental affair. Absorption being nature's true law, it is placed on the pit of the vitals. Liver and Stomach, and its efficiency is attested by a cloud of witnesses, enthusiastic in their praise of its virtues. The testimony cannot be gainsayed, it is conclusive. The names are those above any eulogy, standing high in the community in the neighbouring Republic. But we need not go from home. Short as the time has been since its introduction to Canada, there are local letters attesting the wonderful results from the application of this simple and valuable discovery. The names appear in our columns to-day.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solutions received of Problems Nos. 132, 133 and 134.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 135 received.
J. B., Montreal.—The Problem is correct.
H. A., Quebec.—Letter received, and answer will be sent by post.

THE ANDERSEN JUBILEE.

The Leipzig Chess Congress in July last, seems to have been a splendid affair, and reflected great credit on the promoters.

At the report, honors were thickly showered in the shape of handsome presents, letters and telegrams of congratulation, and diplomas of honorary membership on the great Chess player, Andersen, who richly deserves all that his admiring countrymen may do to show their appreciation of his talents.

In the Tournament that took place at the Congress, twelve competitors entered the lists. The score at the end of the fight gave L. Paulsen 9 games; Andersen 8½, and Zukertort 8½. The tie between Andersen and Zukertort led to another game between these gentlemen in which Andersen was victor. The final result, therefore, gave Paulsen first prize, Andersen second, and Zukertort third.

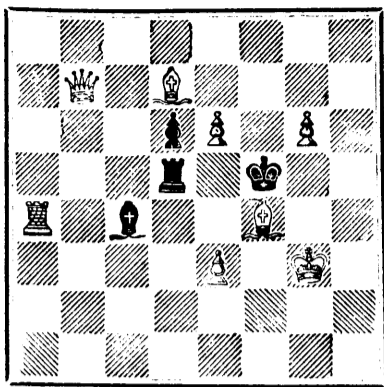
The Tournament was concluded by a consultation game with Paulsen, Dr. Goring and Herr Metzger on one side, and Andersen, Zukertort and Dr. Schmidt on the other. In this encounter Andersen and his colleagues were victorious.

We subjoin the consultation game, for which and the preceding account of the Congress we are indebted to *The Field*.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE DOMINION CHESS TOURNAMENT AT QUEBEC.

We have been requested to state that the Chess Tournament at Quebec will commence on the 28th of August, instead of the 21st, as already named.

PROBLEM No. 136. By J. P. TAYLOR. BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 196TH.

Played in consultation at Leipzig last July, during the Anderssen Jubilee.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE. L. Paulsen, Dr. Goring and Metzger. BLACK. A. Anderssen, J. H. Zukertort and Dr. Schmidt.

- 1. P to Q B 4
2. P to K 3
3. P to Q R 3
4. Kt to K B 3
5. Kt to B 3
6. P to Q 4
7. Q P takes P
8. P to Q Kt 4
9. P to B 5 (a)
10. B to Kt 2
11. Q to Kt 3
12. B to K 2
13. Castles (K R)
14. K R to Q sq
15. Q R to B sq
16. P to Q R 4
17. P to Q Kt 5 (b)
18. P takes P
19. Kt to Q 2
20. Kt to B sq
21. Kt takes Q P
22. B takes B
23. R takes Kt (d)
24. Q takes P
25. Q to Kt 3
26. Q takes B
27. B to B 3
28. P to B 6
29. P takes P
30. B to K 2
31. Q to B 2
32. Kt to Kt 3
33. P to B 7
34. B to R 6
35. B takes R (e)
36. R takes R
37. Kt to B sq
38. P to B 3
39. B to R 6
40. R to Q 2
41. P to R 3
42. B to B 4
43. R to Q 4
44. R to Q 8 (ch)
45. R to Q B 8
46. K to B 2
47. B to Q 3
48. K to Kt sq
49. P to K 4
50. K to R 2
51. R to B 2
52. R to B 7 (ch)
53. R to B 6 (ch)
54. R to K Kt 6
55. B to B 4
56. B to Q 3
57. R to Q R 6
58. R P takes P
59. R to B 4 (ch)
60. R to R 5
61. Kt to K 3
62. K takes P
63. B takes P
Resigns

NOTES (Condensed.)

- (a) In our opinion White has now the best of the game.
(b) Taking the Q P with Kt was obviously out of the question on account of B to K 3, after retaking first with Kt.
(c) An excellent move which gives Black a fine attack.
(d) The sacrifice was unavoidable. Had they moved the R to B 2, the answer would have been Kt from Q 4 to Kt 5, followed by Q to R 5, or Q takes P.
(e) The fine conceived sacrifice of the Q ought to have secured the draw, but White subsequently did not make the most of his defensive resources.
(f) This master stroke decided one of the most difficult ending games that we have ever come across with in actual play.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 134.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K Kt 4
2. Kt checks
3. Q mates
BLACK. 1. K takes either Kt (A)
2. K moves
(A) 1. P takes Kt
2. K takes Kt

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 132.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K B 4 (ch)
2. Q takes R (ch)
3. Q mates
BLACK. 1. K to Q 4
2. K to K 5

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 133.

- WHITE. K to Q Kt 7
R at K 7
B at K B 8
Kt at Q Kt 3
BLACK. K at Q Kt 5
R at Q B 5
B at K B 2
Pawns at Q B 5
White to play and mate in three moves.

NOTICE.

The Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of the British American Bank Note Company, for the election of officers and other business, will be held at the office of the Company, St. John street, Montreal, on TUESDAY, 4th SEPTEMBER, 1877, at FOUR o'clock P. M.

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Montreal, 21st August, 1877.

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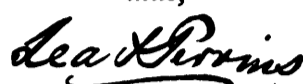


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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

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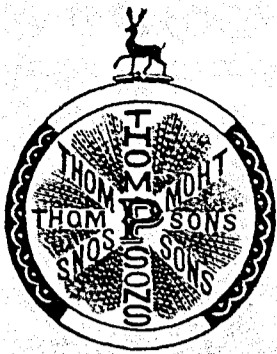
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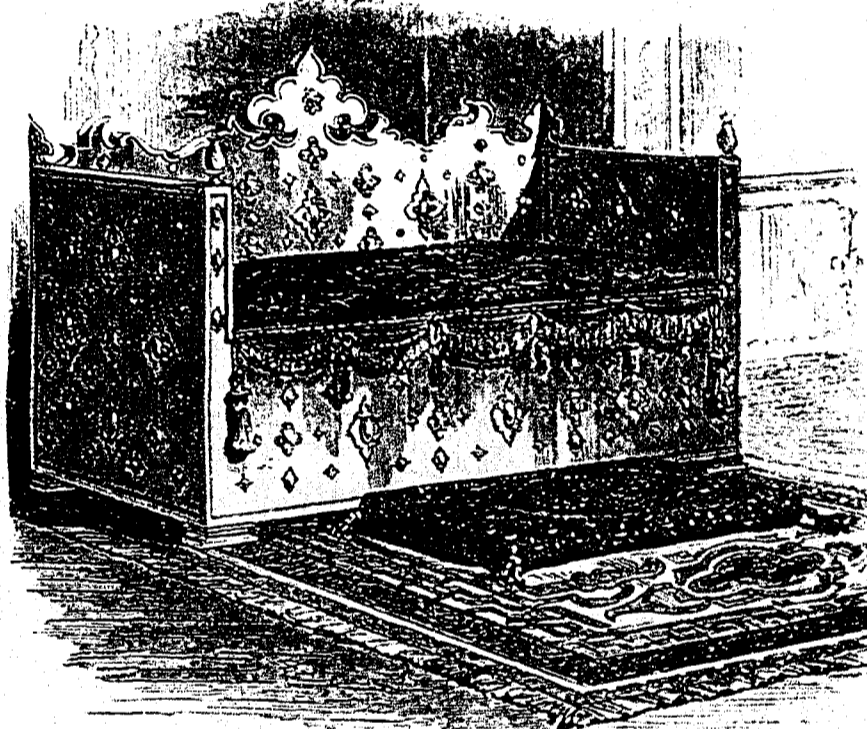
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