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VOICI LE SABRE DE MON PERE.

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

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Mr. ARTHUR W. MOORE has been appointed Agent for the "NEWS" in Kingston and vicinity.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 10th, 1877.

LABOR FOR WILLING HANDS.

The more we reflect on the causes which impel our countrymen to seek a home in the United States, the more the conviction forces itself upon us that it is almost entirely owing to the want of organized labor. Labor, pure and simple, is abundant enough in the country, considering its area and population; but what is wanting is organized labor—that is work so distributed, so graduated as to prove both honorable and remunerative. Labor of this kind may be divided into three classes: agricultural labor, skilled or mechanical labor, and professional labor.

With regard to the first, it cannot be denied that there is land enough, land of sufficiently good quality to employ all those who wish to till it. It can be made, too, a paying occupation, if the proper use is made of it. But it is equally undeniable that our Canadian peasantry have not kept pace with the progress of farming in that they adhere with obstinate tenacity to old-fashioned ways of a century ago, and that the routine which they follow is the one most calculated to fatigue their acres instead of preserving or increasing their producing qualities. In sowing time, in haying time, in harvest time, our farmers, instead of leaving everything to the rains and sunbeams of heaven, should employ the various arts of modern husbandry to push on the growth of vegetation and improve its quality. In winter time, instead of sitting idle with crossed arms and smoking by the kitchen fire, instead of promenading for weeks together from parish to parish, they should work at a thousand and one trifles of the field and the farmyard, which in the aggregate would ameliorate their possessions. Order, regularity, constant attention, improved methods of farming are the rules by which agriculture will not fail to be made a paying employment.

In the Townships and less inhabited portions of the country, we are aware that the pioneer needs help from the Government and country corporations to open up roads, to clear forests and organize settlements, but the misfortune has been until now that, while the authorities have not done all they should do, neither have the farmers done their share of their duty. There has been a degree of dilatoriness, of hesitancy on their part which has greatly retarded the civilizing work of colonization.

With regard to skilled labor, there is comparatively little of it in this country, and what there is can be fully employed here. Mechanics of all kinds can find work enough in Canada, without being obliged to go to the United States. This is so true that of all our emigrants, there is not one in a thousand who is a skilled hand. The great majority hire themselves to the Americans for any and every kind of rough work. In this department the laws of demand and supply balance exactly. The more manufactures will multiply in the Dominion, the more skilled labor will be required, but as until now our manufactures have been comparatively scarce, so have mechanics been few in number. We believe, then, that the want of skilled labor cannot be pleaded as a reason for emigration. We fervently hope that the country will awaken to the necessities of manufactures, whereby it will become self-sustaining and independent, in great measure, of other nations, and that thus, it will increase the number of mechanics and make their occupation more lucrative.

As to professional labor, there is undoubtedly a surfeit of it. All the professions, considering the size of the country, are overstocked. Farmers' sons who might be well-to-do at home, must, if they receive some education, engage in a profession, under the foolishly mistaken notion that they thereby elevate their social status. They forget that the farmer's vocation is the most independent and manly of all pursuits, that among the Romans, and even to-day, in England and the United States, the first men of the land are engaged in agriculture. Of course, if the professions are encumbered, there must be poverty in them, which is the more deplorable, as the sufferer is generally helpless, his peculiar studies having pretty much unfitted him for any other occupation. Still, no professional men emigrate to the United States, as is very natural. If a young lawyer, notary, or doctor cannot find work here, he will be still less able to do it yonder, especially if he be imperfectly acquainted with the English language.

It follows, therefore, that out of the three rounds of labor which we have enumerated, there is only the first which is said to be wanting here. It is only the farmer or agricultural class that emigrates. This simplifies the problem considerably, and renders the application of the necessary remedy much more easy.

THE EXAMPLE OF FRANCE.

We have several times felt it our duty, in view of our commercial and financial depression, to call attention to the wonderful prosperity enjoyed by France, in spite of the terrible struggles through which she has passed. Other facts having come to our knowledge, we think it well to give our readers the benefit of them.

It seems that that thrifty republic has an annual revenue of \$500,000,000, which is \$150,000,000 more than that of Great Britain. To be sure, France has a somewhat larger population, but, on the other hand, she has nothing to parallel the commerce and the foreign possessions of England. When Germany imposed upon France the enormous fine of \$1,000,000,000 at the close of the late war, it was supposed that the latter country was hopelessly crippled for at least a generation. But she has completely recovered her former spirit, and is now spending more on the reorganization of her army than it cost during the pompous days of the Em-

pire. It is estimated that the disastrous war and the foreign occupancy cost nearly \$2,000,000,000, and this illustrates the marvellous elasticity of the finances of France. It is to be remarked that the panics which have swept over Europe and America have had very little effect on France. Her people never go in debt. There is no commercial speculation in that country, and having no debts to meet there are no fears of an inability to pay, and hence no panics. It should be remembered, too, that France retains the silver unit of value, which is common to what is known as the Latin Union, comprising France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. These nations are all prosperous, while Germany, England, and America, where the gold unit prevails, are all suffering from hard times.

But there is another reason for France's prosperity: she obtains great prices for her manufactures. Luxuries always fetch more than necessities in proportion to their cost. Skill, ingenuity, and taste are extravagantly paid for. France thus lays the whole world under tribute. Her fancy goods command fancy prices. Being fertile and imaginative, she takes the raw staples of all the world, and they are transformed at her touch. She adds to their market value five times, ten times, a thousand times. This phase of French industry deserves study and imitation. As long as we are content to deal mainly in the raw products of the earth—in wheat, corn, cotton, wool, skins, minerals, so long we shall be relatively poor, because we shall receive only the wages of unskilled labor. To coinwealth we must transmute these and elaborate the useful into the luxurious. We must cultivate more and more the arts of peace and give the maximum value to the raw material. To attain that leisure that comes with wealth and that culture that comes with leisure, we must copy France.

THE PROSPECT IN THE EAST.

The Eastern Conference is said to have ended in failure. The term needs to be qualified. If it is meant that the attempts of the Powers to force the Porte into an abdication of its sovereign rights over the Danubian principalities have utterly failed, we quite agree with the verdict. But it would appear that, notwithstanding the departure of the ambassadors, the Turkish Government is decided upon giving the demands of the Conference, up to a certain point, as thorough a fulfilment as possible. Therein the cleverness of Turkish diplomacy is displayed, and it may yet turn out that MIDHAT PASHA has outwitted and out-marshalled IGNAZIEFF and all his fellow-representatives. If Turkey really carries out the reforms which she promises, and especially if she can succeed in negotiating directly with Prince MILAN, of Serbia, and Prince NICHOLAS, of Montenegro, there appears no reason why Europe should further interfere, nor why Russia should oppose any other obstacle to the final maintenance of peace. Russia, of course, will find it somewhat humiliating to recede from her rather boastful position, but she can do so with some grace, by invoking the solidarity of all Europe, as represented at the Conference. That is indeed the burden of the circular just issued by Prince GORTSCHAKOFF. He calls to mind the fact that, through Russia's initiative, an understanding between the great powers was brought about at the beginning of the Eastern crisis. This agreement was disturbed by the rejection of the Berlin memorandum, but was shortly after restored on the basis proposed by England. The Powers at the Conference unanimously submitted their demands to the Porte, which declined them. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF considers that Europe, by its united diplomatic action, has proved it is deeply interested in the maintenance of peace in the East, and that it recognizes it to be its duty as well as its right to co-operate for that end. On behalf of the general interest, the Russian Government, being guided by a desire to maintain European

accord, in the new phase of the Eastern question, has, before coming to any decision in the matter, instructed its representatives to ascertain for certain what course the governments to which they are accredited mean to pursue, in view of the refusal of the Porte to accede to their unanimous wishes.

CONSTANT EFFENDI has been instructed to proceed immediately to Cetinje, to open negotiations with Montenegro. Serbia is comparatively indifferent as regards Montenegro, because the latter's geographical position precludes effective co-operation on her part with Russia. Montenegro is therefore laying great stress upon an agreement by which the Principalities promised not to act independently of each other. The Prince has sent most positive assurances to Belgrade that he will only act in union with Serbia, as he sees that by solidarity with Serbia he will be able to extract much better terms from the Porte.

MISSUS HILL and ROBERTSON, of the Nova Scotia Government, have been in conference at St. John with Attorney-General KING, representing the New Brunswick Government, on the subject of maritime union and a common emigration policy. It is thought the Government will agree to abolish their emigration agency in England, which has been held by Hon. WILLIAM ANNAND.

A DEPUTATION from New Brunswick waited on the Government recently, to urge a continuance of the subsidy granted to New Brunswick at Confederation. The ten years for which it was granted expiring this year, it was decided not to continue the subsidy, on the ground that were it granted, Quebec and Ontario might demand better terms.

THE publication of *Les Droits de l'Homme* has been suspended for six months by the Government, and the editor sentenced to three months' imprisonment for insulting the President and Republic, and justifying the Commune. This is the eleventh prosecution of papers.

A MADRID despatch states that proceedings have been commenced between Spain and the United States for a revision of the treaty of 1795, so that citizens of either country, when in the other, can be judged only by civil Courts, even in Cuba, unless taken in armed rebellion.

THE Porte has sent a despatch to its representatives abroad giving notice of the appointment of three Christians to governorships of the provinces, and declaring the application of reforms to be proceeding unremittingly.

LACHINE CANAL IMPROVEMENTS.

This canal is eight and a half miles in length, and extends from the City of Montreal to the town of Lachine; thereby enabling vessels to avoid the St. Louis or Lachine Rapids, which are the first of the series of rapids which interrupt the navigation of the River St. Lawrence, at a distance of 986 miles from the Straits of Belle Isle.

Its situation at the head of ocean navigation, and at the junction of the Ottawa River with the St. Lawrence, makes it very important as the only outlet for the combined trade of those rivers.

The enlargement now being carried on consists in widening and deepening the prism of the canal, rebuilding the St. Gabriel and Cote St. Paul locks, the construction of five new locks, the Wellington dock or basin, and seven bridges. From the Wellington Street Bridge to Cote St. Paul lock, the width of the canal is to be two hundred feet, and thence to Lachine, one hundred and fifty feet; the present average width being one hundred and twenty feet. The inside slopes as far as the St. Gabriel lock will be lined with a vertical dock-wall, laid in hydraulic cement mortar, and above that point with heavy slope walls of dry rubble. The depth above Wellington Bridge will be thirteen feet, but the foundation of all masonry is laid at such a depth as will allow of future deepening, if required, to fifteen feet. The new locks will be built alongside the existing ones, and will be two hundred and seventy feet in length between the gates, and forty-five in width. The two lower locks are to have eighteen feet of water on the mitre sills, and the basins as far

as Wellington basin are to be nineteen feet in depth; the other three locks are to have fourteen feet on mitre sills.

The approximate cost is estimated at about six millions of dollars, and the whole should be completed, according to the terms of the contracts, on the 25th of April, 1878. John Page, Esq., is the chief engineer, and John G. Sippell, Esq., is the engineer in charge.

SECTIONS NOS. 1 AND 2 extend from the mouth of the canal up to Wellington Bridge, and include the Wellington Basin and basin No. 2. The excavation of Wellington Basin was a heavy piece of work. The earth was conveyed by cars upon a railway track to the vicinity of the Victoria Bridge. The basin, which is almost finished, is 1,250 ft. long, 225 ft. wide, with a depth of 19 feet of water. It will afford extensive accommodation for ships of large size and capacity, the new locks being 270 ft. long and 45 ft. wide, and the uniform depth of the water, from the river up to the Wellington Basin, 19 ft. The old entrance locks are only 200 ft. long, with a depth of 16 ft. of water. It is also contemplated building another large basin similar to Wellington Basin, and just below it.

The improvements on sections Nos. 1 and 2 consist of constructing new entrance locks Nos. 1 and 2, on the east side of the old ones, from which they are some little distance apart; constructing a basin, 500 ft. long and 300 ft. wide, between the new entrance locks; rebuilding the Mill street bridge, which will be a draw-bridge spanning both locks No. 2, the old and the new one, and swinging on a centre pier between the two; widening the "reach" between No. 2 lock and Wellington basins, constructing the Wellington Basin, and making all for 19 feet depth of water.

This contract was awarded to Messrs. James Worthington and A. P. McDonald, and the work is estimated to cost some \$1,200,000.

SECTION No. 3.—The contract for this section was given to Messrs. McNamee, Gaherty and Fréchet, but was by them transferred to an American firm, Messrs. Loss and McRae, who are now working it.

The improvements on this section comprise the widening and deepening of the canal, building a dockwall on the inner slope, the rebuilding of the Wellington Bridge, where the canal will be widened, on the south side, more than 100 feet; partially rebuilding the St. Gabriel lock and constructing a new one on the north-west side of it, which will have a depth of fourteen feet of water on the mitre sill, while the depth of the old lock is not changed; removing the regulating weir and race-way on the north side of the canal, and constructing new ones; rebuilding the McGee Bridge, which will swing on a centre pier between the two locks. The new Wellington Bridge will swing on a square centre pier having two arched culverts running through it to prevent impeding the water, with a rest pier of and in a line with the centre pier. The swing bridge will thus span two navigable channels, each forty-six feet wide; and outside these will be another channel, on either side, each 30 feet wide, and spanned by stationary bridges. The work on this section is estimated to cost from \$600,000 to \$700,000.

It has been proposed for the safety and convenience of the public to build two bridges instead of one, where Wellington street crosses the canal, one to be solely for the Grand Trunk Railway, and the other for vehicles and foot passengers.

SECTION No. 4 extends from McGauvran's Island up to the Grand Trunk Railway's iron bridge, including it. The improvements consist of widening and deepening the canal, building slope walls of dry masonry—which, by the way, are suited to answer the purpose of dock walls and so intended—and rebuilding Brewster's and the Grand Trunk Railway bridges. The new Brewster's, or Napoleon Road bridge will swing on a centre pier, having a culvert running through it, and leaving a channel for navigation on either side, similar to Wellington bridge. The iron railway bridge will be moved southward some fifteen feet, but will be of the same width, and with two channels for navigation, as at present. There will, however, be a stationary bridge at each end of the drawbridge.

This work is in the hands of Messrs. Whitney and Boyd, and is estimated to cost about \$350,000.

SECTION No. 5 extends from the Grand Trunk Railway bridge to within some 500 feet of the Cote St. Paul lock. The only mechanical work, besides constructing the slope walls and a by-wash, is the rebuilding of a culvert, but the rest of the job is a heavy one. The earth here is of peculiar formation, the top, to a depth of eight or ten feet, being black muck, under which is a bed of soft white clay or marl, and under it rock. The clay is so soft as to be nearly liquid, and therefore has to be removed and replaced by firm earth to afford a bottom upon which to build the canal walls. For a short distance, this marly bed is said to be sixteen feet in depth.

The contractors, Messrs. Charlebois and Mallette, state that in excavating for the wall on the north side, they took out some 15,000 cart loads of this clay, and many acres of land adjoining are covered with it, presenting a curious sight. Interest is added to this section from the fact that it is the scene of the so-called "Canal Land Ring Frauds," concerning which litigation is still pending. This land has the appearance of being utterly useless for agricultural purposes, being simply a barren, boggy swamp; and it is not supposed

that the top dressing of white clay which has just been spread upon it, will greatly increase its fertility. The following interesting extract from the report of the Chief Engineer of Public Works on the navigation of the St. Lawrence, last year, refers to this tract of land. He says:

"It was, however, soon ascertained that a great part of the land through which the new line would pass, was controlled by parties who not only attached great importance to its position themselves, but had succeeded in impressing others with greatly exaggerated notions of its value. In fact, land that a few years ago could have been bought for \$120 per acre, and which at the time the canal survey commenced was not valued at more than from three or four hundred dollars an acre, has been recently disposed of, at a credit sale, at the rate from eleven to eighteen thousand dollars per acre. These enormous prices are stated to have been 'bid' for property situated on the north side of the canal, and between the Grand Trunk Railway Swing Bridge and Cote St. Paul Road."

This section is a little over a mile long, and the improvements on it are estimated to cost \$350,000. The culvert to be re-built is for passing the waters of the River St. Pierre under the canal. The new culvert will be just above the present one, and will be much larger. It will be constructed upon the principle of an inverted siphon, and will have three arches, each six feet wide; its entire length will be 290 feet, and width 36 feet, and the bottom will be 14 feet below the bed of the canal.

SECTIONS NOS. 6 AND 7 are comprised in one contract, which was awarded to Messrs. Wm. Davis and Sons, and is approximately estimated at \$900,000. The extent of these two sections is from about thirty rods below the Cote St. Paul locks to a mile and three quarters above, and the improvements on them consist of widening and deepening the canal; partially rebuilding the old Cote St. Paul lock, without disturbing the bottom; constructing a new lock on the north west side of the present one, with a depth of fourteen feet of water on the sill; rebuilding the Cote St. Paul road bridge, which will swing on a centre pier, similarly to the Brewster's bridge (always in speaking of rebuilding bridges the masonry only is meant, for although the building of the superstructure belongs to the canal improvements, and has to be done by Government, this part of the work does not enter into the present contracts; and the same explanation is applicable to the building or rebuilding of the locks, in which the present contracts do not include the lock gates); rebuilding a waste weir or by-wash and a siphon culvert with one arch, to carry surface water under the canal, both a short distance above the locks, reconstructing the highway for a short distance below the bridge, moving it farther north. Here at the locks the wide channel of two hundred feet ends, and above the width will be one hundred and fifty feet. There is considerable rock cutting at the bottom of the canal on these sections. The widening of the canal is done altogether on the north-side on section No. 6, but on both sides on No. 7 section.

On SECTION No. 8, which is something over a mile and a third in extent, a considerable portion of the deepening will be rock cutting, on an average about four feet deep, but the upper portion of the section for one thousand feet, averages about twelve feet; and a roadway has to be built along the south side, the whole length of the section. The contract is in the hands of Messrs. O'Brien and Sullivan, and is estimated to amount to about \$400,000.

On these intervening sections, at a distance both from the suburbs of the city and from Lachine, boarding-houses are erected on the works for the accommodation of the workmen.

Although the effects and results of drink among the canal laborers have a number of times been manifest since the commencement of operations, and although informed only the other day that drinking and drunkenness were conspicuous on the works, we are happy to see that during our visits on three different days, not a single case of drunkenness or of drinking was seen along the whole line of the canal.

SECTION No. 9 is a little over a mile in extent and reaches up to within about one thousand feet of the guard-lock at Lachine. The work of widening and deepening is pretty much all rock-cutting, but slope-walls have to be built on both sides on top of the rock. The amount of the contract is estimated at \$350,000. The immense amount of rock required to be removed on this section makes the job a heavy one, so far as labor is concerned. The contractors are Messrs. Lyons Bros., and the amount of work accomplished is not small. The earth on-top, as well as the rock down to the water level, has been mostly all removed, on both sides of the canal. A curious sight is presented by the one thousand one hundred holes of three inches diameter and averaging eighteen feet in depth which have already been drilled in the rock on the sides, for blasting. It is said that this drilling, charged with dynamite, will be supposed to remove one hundred and twenty-five thousand yards of rock; but, fortunately, it will not all be blasted at one time, else the inhabitants of Lachine and vicinity might experience a little earthquake. The drilling is done by steam drills, peculiar looking machines, of which seven are used, and three steam-engines are required to operate them.

SECTION 10 commences at about seventy rods below the guard lock at Lachine, and includes the remainder of the canal proper. From

the lower end of this section, the rest of the old canal is not interfered with at all, but a new, more capacious and entirely distinct channel will be constructed, extending far out into the river. The work on section 10 comprises the opening of the new channel, which will be 150 feet wide, a short distance below the guard lock, making the width of the canal, at the junction of the old and new channels, some 320 feet; constructing a new guard lock, 45 feet wide and with 14 feet of water on the sill; constructing a new swing bridge, similar to the present one over the old canal for the highway immediately above the lock. About two-thirds of the cutting is through solid rock. The section is only 1,400 feet long. This work is in the hands of Messrs. Rogers, Kelly & Co., and its estimated cost \$275,000. Work on this section will not be subject to the inconveniences attending that on other sections, and this new channel being distinct from the old one, the work can be done either in summer or winter, and the contractors state that they will build the lock, bridge and slope walls next summer. The earth taken from the excavation has to be dumped into the river, forming an embankment outside the pier work of the new entrance. In the new guard-lock there will be a submerged gate, called a "guard gate," reserved for use in case of emergency.

SECTION 11 comprises the new entrance channel, which will extend over a mile out into the river, to above the lighthouse, quite a distance beyond the present entrance channel. To protect this channel on the outer side a continuous line of pier work, 6,200 feet in length, will be constructed, running nearly parallel to the present pier; and on the inner side, alongside the present pier, will be a single line of crib-work, and the space, six feet wide, between this and the old pier will be filled in with puddle. The outside pier consists of two lines of tight cribs filled in with stone, and the space, six feet wide, between the two, is to be filled with puddle; these cribs being built up to the level of low water, and a wall of rubble masonry being built on top of them. This, obviously, will make very secure work. The channel will be 200 feet wide, and 15 feet deep at low water. The bottom is rock, and from six to ten feet of it will require to be removed; to do this the channel will require to be unwatered, a section at a time, which can only be done after the crib work is built.

The contract for this work, which is expected to cost \$700,000, was given to Messrs. Wm. Davis & Son, who have also sections 6 and 7, and the time for the completion of it does not expire till April, 1879, a year later than the other contracts.

The reason for building a new-entrance channel instead of enlarging the old one, was that great difficulties in doing the latter in winter, when the canal would not be in use, were anticipated. To drain the new channel for the purpose of excavating the rock bottom, coffer-dams will have to be built across the channel, and the section thus enclosed pumped dry.

DIFFERENT SCHEMES AND THEIR MERITS.—By referring to the report of Mr. John Page, Chief Engineer of Public Works, on the navigation of the St. Lawrence, submitted to the Secretary of the Department last year, it is seen that several different schemes were proposed for the enlargement of the Lachine Canal, Mr. John G. Sippell, the Superintendent Engineer, having presented various schemes for enlarging portions of the old canal, and constructing a duplicate canal for the remainder of the distance, while the scheme at present being carried out is in the main that of Mr. Page. Mr. Sippell's arguments in favor of a new canal for a large portion, or nearly all the way, amounted to this: That a new canal could be built with comparative facility during the summer months without interfering with either the traffic on it or the manufactories along its banks which are dependent on the canal for water power; while the enlargement of the present canal would largely increase the cost of the work by its being forced into the winter months, extending over three or four winters, and seriously interfering with the operations of the manufacturing interests, it being represented that there were 30,000 people who derived a subsistence from the mills and factories on the canal, which of course would have to shut down in winter unless provided with steam power. Mr. Page while taking into full consideration these important and weighty arguments in favor of the new channel scheme, had still to regard the formidable objection of the enormous prices which it was likely would have to be paid for the land through which the new canal should pass, and presented the following arguments in favor of the enlargement of the old canal: "First: there would be no uncertainty connected with the bottom, or formation of the banks, nor risk of damage to adjoining property from leakage. Second: the canal could be enlarged without the department being at the mercy of property-holders, who entertain such extraordinary ideas of the value of land. Third: the principal part of the clay excavation could be advantageously done by machinery during the open season, and all the work over water-surface could be carried on at the most favorable time. Fourth: the future outlay for working expenses, maintenance and management, would doubtless be very much less for one large canal, than for two of lesser dimensions."

Although the depth of water in the canal when enlarged will be thirteen feet, it will

only allow for the navigation of vessels drawing twelve feet of water; but the new locks will all have at least fourteen feet of water on the mitre sill, and the canal may be deepened to fifteen feet so as to accommodate vessels of 14 feet draft, which is equal to the capacity of the Welland Canal and greater than the present capacity, for navigation, of the River St. Lawrence.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

A very excellent portrait of Rev. Alfred J. Bray, pastor of Zion Church, appears in the number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, dated to-day, and is worthy of comparison with the very best specimens of the engraver's art in Europe or America.—*Witness*.

The last number of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS contains an admirably executed full page portrait of the Rev. A. J. Bray, of Zion Church. There is also a biographical sketch of the rev. gentleman, which we publish this morning.—*Gazette*.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS has a capital cartoon showing George Brown splitting the Dominion Board of Trade's "protection plank" all to pieces for kindling for his *Globe* base burner.—*Kingston Whig*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AN alliterative clergyman in New Haven lately referred to theatres as "the deep damnation of the dazzling dome."

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S arrival at Belfast was the occasion of an extraordinary demonstration, several thousand of people cheering him along the entire route from the station to the Imperial Hotel.

CROIZETTE'S so-called mad lady has come to a happy termination, and in a few weeks the brilliant actress of the Français will be restored to her usual state of blooming health. It is a girl, and it is to be named Sophie.

MR. BOUVERAULT has received for playing *Comme*, in his play of the "Shanghaïen," \$157,000 for two hundred and sixteen performances at Wallack's, New York; \$22,000 for four weeks in Boston; \$27,000 for four weeks in San Francisco; \$12,000 for two weeks in Philadelphia. With the proceeds of his London engagement the total is over \$300,000.

M. SCHÖLCHER, a French Senator with a German name, recently presented the library of the Paris Conservatory with a curious collection of old music, which he has been collecting for twenty years. It contains a large number of English airs compiled about 1797, comprising all the lyric, political, satirical, and seditious songs of the time of the Georges. Nearly all the old Jacobite songs rendered famous by Scott figure in it.

THE most competent Paris critics note in Alboni, coming there with a great London reputation, a marvellous progress since she last sang in Paris. "Formerly she succeeded; now she has triumphed," is the remark of M. de La Pommeraye in the *France*. The *Estafette* says: "Her voice has gained prodigiously in volume and compass, without any loss of suppleness. Her success was almost unexampled in the annals of the Italian Theatre."

HYGIENIC.

THE use of fruit and vegetable food during winter should be encouraged.

RE-VACCINATION is urgently necessary to all who have not undergone the operation since infancy.

THE medical officers of the Privy Council rank disinfectants according to their usefulness, the order of precedence being sulphurous acid—procured from burning sulphur—chlorine, carbolic acid.

DOMESTIC.

BARLEY WATER.—Boil two tablespoonfuls of best pearl barley in a quart of water till it is "smooth;" let it stand in a jug till cold, then stir it up and strain through muslin and it is ready for use.

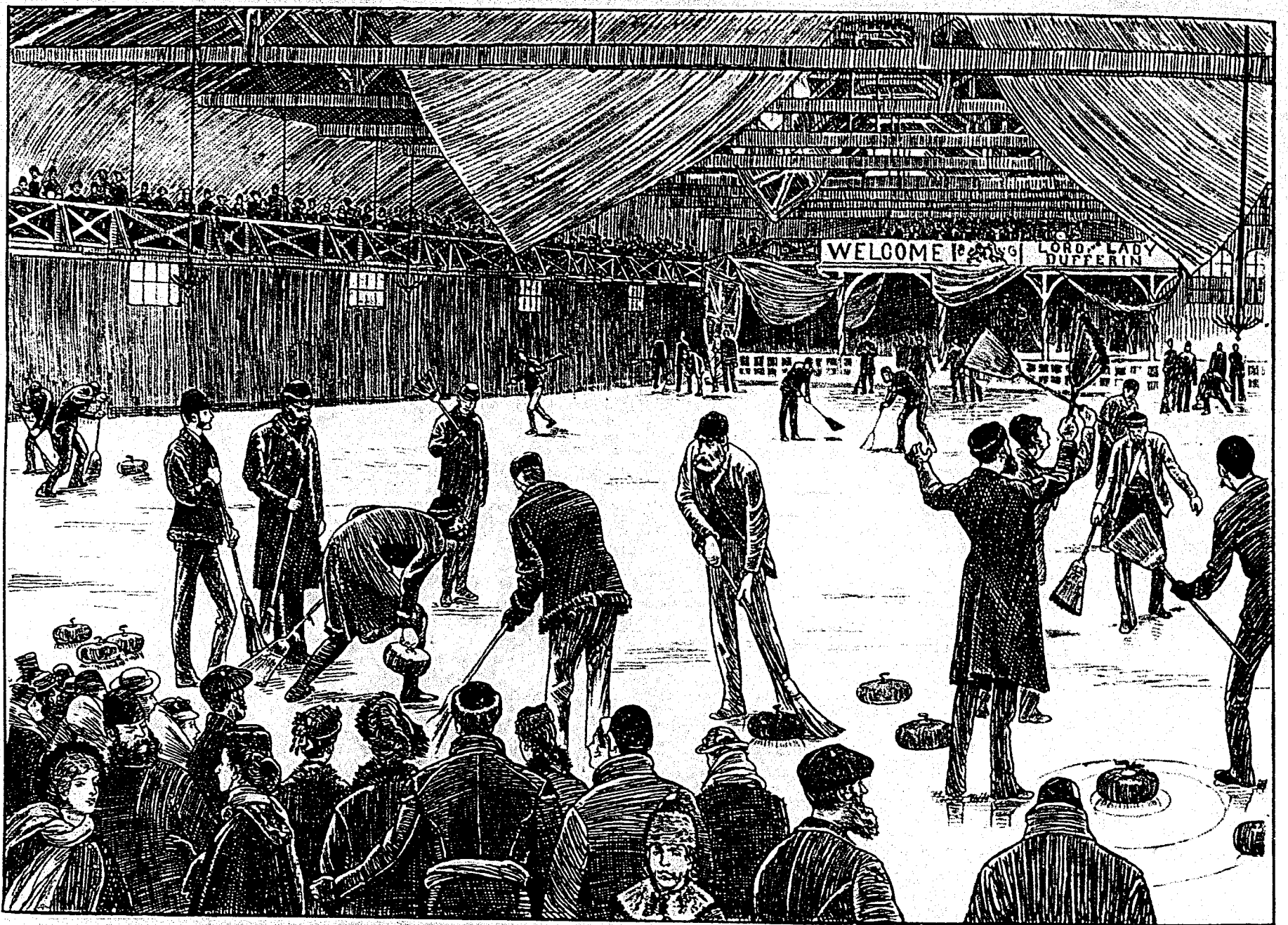
YORKSHIRE PUDDING TO SERVE WITH ROAST BEEF.—Pour one pint of boiling milk over one small loaf of bread, finely crumbed; add four beaten eggs and a little salt and flour. Pour into the dripping-pan, under the beef, and bake twenty minutes.

FISH-CAKES FOR BREAKFAST.—Half a pound of cold fish, three ounces of suet shredded fine, a small lump of butter, a teaspoonful of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, and nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of anchovy sauce. Pound all together in a mortar, mix with an egg, divide into small cakes, and fry them a light brown.

CLAM SOUP.

First catch your clams—along the ebbing edges Of saline coves you'll find the precious wedges With backs up lurking in the sandy bottom; Pull in your iron rake, and lo! you've got 'em. Take thirty large ones, put a basin under. Add water (three quarts) to the native liquor. Bring to a boil (and, by the way, the quicker It boils the better. If you do it cutely). Now add the clams, chopped up and minced minutely. Allow a longer boil of just three minutes. And while it bubbles quickly stir within its Tumultuous depths, where still the mollusks mutter. Four tablespoonfuls of flour and four of butter, A pint of milk, some pepper to your notion, And clams need salting, although born of ocean. Remove from fire (it much boiled they will sutter— You'll find that India rubber isn't tougher). After 'tis off add three fresh eggs well beaten. Stir once more, and it's ready to be eaten. Fruit of the wave! Oh, dainty and delicious! Food for the gods! Ambrosia for Apicius! Worthy to thrill the soul of sea-born Venus, Or titillate the palate of Sironus!

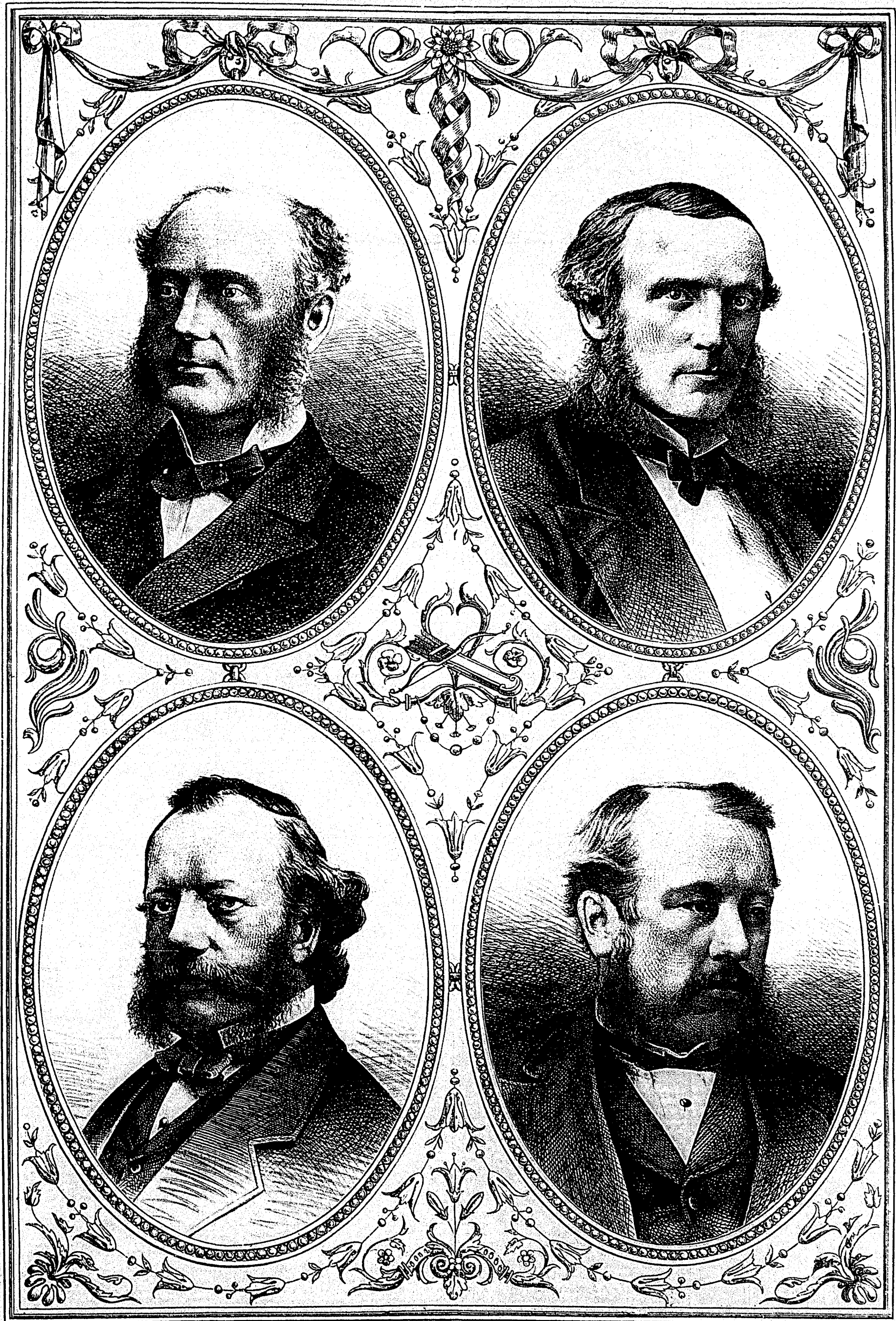
"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from 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.



TORONTO:—OPENING OF THE TORONTO CLUB RINK BY LORD DUFFERIN.



LIVING CHESSMEN:—A SCENE IN A VIENNESE COMIC OPERA.



W. H. HINGSTON, M. D., MAYOR OF MONTREAL.
J. A. GRANT, M. D., OTTAWA.

R. P. HOWARD, M. D., MONTREAL.
F. W. CAMPBELL, M. D., MONTREAL.

THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE RAPIDS OF ST. ANNE'S.—This is another characteristic bit of Canadian scenery. There are many St. Annes in Lower Canada, but this is below Quebec, in that belt of country where there are so many picturesque waterfalls and rapids.

TRIKISH UNIFORMS.—We have given, in late issues, sketches of Servian, Roumanian and Russian military uniforms. We complete the series to-day with a picture of the different corps of the Turkish army of the Danube, which will compare favorably with any of its rivals.

LIVING CHESSMEN.—In a comic opera, entitled *Secadret*, lately produced in Vienna, there is a scene where the mimic court indulges in a game of chess, the pieces of which are represented by men, women and children, attired in appropriate costumes. The musical accompaniment of the different moves is said to be very pleasing, indeed, and the situation, altogether, is quite original.

OPENING OF THE TORONTO CLUB.—Lord and Lady Dufferin recently paid a visit of several days to the Capital of Ontario, where they were received with all the distinction which their position and amiable qualities deserve. His Excellency took part in many social entertainments, and, as usual, acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all. One of these festivities is represented in our sketch. His Lordship inaugurated the Toronto Club Riuk, and he is represented as engaged in a curling match.

THE CARTOON.—On our front page will be found a comic cartoon drawn, as every one will recognize, from the droll scene of the sabre, in the "Grand Duchess." Canada presents the sword of government to Mr. Mackenzie, because she considers him fit to wear it, and enjoins upon him to use it with force and fearlessness in the discharge of all his duties, more especially against the corruption and intrigues by which all public men are surrounded. The Premier holds out his hand and accepts the responsibility. More than ever, he needs to brandish it for the good of his country. The cartoon is very appropriate at the beginning of the present session of Parliament.

TAKING A PILOT.—In ancient times a pilot was the officer in charge of a vessel, and having control of its course; but now, by general usage, the term is applied to a person not connected with a ship, who conducts it into or out of a harbor, or wherever the peculiar difficulties of navigation require an amount of local knowledge not required of the commanding officer. When a pilot boards a vessel, within pilot grounds, he assumes control of it, and is answerable for any injury that may happen to it through his fault. The early maritime laws of some countries carried this liability to such an extent that the pilot, if unable to render full satisfaction, paid for his negligence with his life. Our engraving represents a vessel lying to for the purpose of receiving on board a New York pilot, by whom it will be conducted safely through the intricacies of the Narrows to the dock where its living freight will be landed. As a rule, the New York pilots are intelligent and skilful, and accidents rarely happen to vessels under their control.

SLEIGHING ON THE "OCEAN PARKWAY."—Perhaps no gayer or more brilliant scene could be imagined than that witnessed by the visitor to Brooklyn's new boulevard, the "Ocean Parkway," on almost any day since the first snow fell. This remarkable boulevard, unlike any fashionable roadway in the United States, and resembling in its strongest features the well-known drive of The Hague, was opened to the public on Saturday, November 15th. It is six miles in length, extending in a straight line from Prospect Park at the Boulevard Gate to Coney Island. Its greatest width is 210 feet, laid out as follows: One central drive of 70 feet, two side drives of 25 feet each, two central walks of 30 feet each, and two sidewalks of 15 feet each. Along the borders of the sidewalks are six rows of shade-trees. The Parkway spreads out at the ocean terminus, forming a Concourse, which embraces about seventy acres of land. Along the half-mile stretch of sea-beach is a solid bulkhead drive, having a drive proper of 70 feet wide and a promenade of 25. The Concourse is covered with coal-tar cement three inches in thickness, while the road-beds are constructed of gravel, with the usual curbstone and gutter. During the approaching spring, steam and horse-car connections will be made with the ocean extremity from the various ferries. A large tract of beach-land will also be laid out as a public park, and it is expected that before the fashionable season opens two large hotels will have been completed, one for transient and the other for permanent guests.

THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS.—This body which met in Philadelphia from Sept. 4th to 9th, 1876, is universally admitted to have been the largest, most important, and successful gathering of its kind which has ever taken place. Presided over by the venerable Professor Gross—the greatest of living American Surgeons—and attended as it was by delegations composed of the most eminent men, not only from every portion of the Continent, but from the principal centres of medical education in Europe, as well as by members of the profession from almost every portion of the globe, it was, indeed, an assemblage such as the world has rarely seen. The plan of the Congress was a general meeting at 10 o'clock, to hear special papers, principally

illustrative of the progress of medical science in the United States since the establishment of their independence, and to receive reports from sections. This session lasted till about one o'clock, when an adjournment for an hour took place. The Congress, at two o'clock, met on Sections, of which there were nine, embracing all the leading subjects of medical science, and it was in them the most valuable work of the Congress was done. Great Britain was honored by having elected as Vice-Presidents of the Congress, Dr. Tuffnell, of Dublin, Mr. William Adams, F. R. C. S., of London, and Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, while Dr. Barnes, of London, Mr. Lister (Professor of Clinical Surgery), of Edinburgh, and Mr. Buidnell Carter, (of St. George's Hospital), London, were elected Chairmen of Sections. At this Congress, Canada was represented by over thirty of her medical men, and when we state that four office-bearers were selected from among them, we think Canada can claim having had full honor done her. Dr. Hingston, of Montreal (our worthy and deservedly popular Mayor), was elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Congress, in this capacity representing Canada. Dr. Hingston is one of Montreal's most eminent Surgeons, and is President of the Canadian Medical Association. Dr. R. Palmer Howard, of Montreal, was elected Vice-President of the Section of Medicine. This honor was well deserved, as Dr. Howard is Professor of Practice of Medicine in McGill University, and stands at the pinnacle of his profession.

Dr. James A. Grant, of Ottawa, Ont., was elected Vice-President of the Surgical Section. Dr. Grant's name is well known throughout the Province of Ontario, he having filled the office of President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario—the highest gift in the hands of the profession of that Province. He has likewise filled the high office of President of the Canadian Medical Association.

Dr. Francis W. Campbell, of Montreal, who was elected Vice-President of the Physiological Section, or Biological Section, is Professor of Physiology in the University of Bishop's College. He is a distinguished member of the profession in Montreal, and is admittedly one of the most active workers in all that appertains to its welfare. Dr. F. W. Campbell's name is familiar to the profession throughout the Dominion, as co-editor, from 1864 to 1872, of the *Canada Medical Journal*, and from 1872 up to the present, as editor of the *Canada Medical Record*. We believe that these appointments were of a character to give general satisfaction, and we have thought that the portraits of these gentlemen would be a worthy record of the very prominent position they were called upon to fill, representing, as they did, the Medical profession of the Dominion of Canada.

HEARTH AND HOME.

VIRTUE.—There is but one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointment, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement, and every conquest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her; and zealously labor after her ways, is to receive them. Those who seek her early, will find her before it is late; her reward, also, is with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence, giving safety from danger, and resource from sterility, and making subjugated passion, like the storm and wind, to fulfil his word.

DESPONDENCY.—What right has anyone endowed with an ordinary share of intellect, and blessed with a respectable share of good health, to despond? What is the cause of despondency? What is the meaning of it? The cause is a weak mind, and the meaning is sin. Providence never intended that one of His creatures should be a victim of a desire to feel and look the gloom of the thunder-cloud. Never despond, friendly reader, for one of the first entrances of vice to the heart is made through the instrumentality of despondency. Although we cannot expect all the days and hours to be gilded by sunshine, we must not for mere momentary griefs suppose that they are to be enshrouded in the mists of misery, or clouded by the opacity of sorrow and misfortune.

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 everyone, according as their rank requires and their merit demands. In other words, civility is the science of men of the world. A person of good address, who conducts herself with due circumspection, conciliates the love and esteem of society, because everyone finds herself happy in her company; but a ceremonious woman is the plague of all 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.

INFLUENCE OF AFFECTION.—There is a good deal of cant about involuntary affection in the world, and all that; but a young lady should never let such foolish notions enter her head.

She should allow the pride of conscious strength of mind to keep her above every foolish, vain, and nonsensical preference towards this precious fop, and that idle attendant on a lady's will. She should lay it up in her heart as an immutable principle, that no love can last if not based upon a right and calm estimation of good qualities; or at least, that if the object upon which it is lavished be not one whose heart and whose head are both right, misery will surely be her portion. A sudden preference for a stranger is a very doubtful kind of preference; and a lady who allows herself to be betrayed into such a silly kind of affection, without knowing a word of the man's character or his position, is guilty of an indiscretion which not only reflects unfavourably upon her good sense, but argues badly for the nature and ground-work of that affection.

VARIETIES.

ORIGIN OF BULLDOZING.—The meaning and origin of the newly-coined word bulldozer have been frequently misrepresented. Yet it is clearly traceable to the latest fashion in the way of mixed American drinks. The beverage was discovered, composed, and invented by Commodore Vanderbilt's old friend Turnbull, and consists of Jamaica rum, crushed ice, and a slice of lemon, without sugar or any other ingredient. It was so named in honor of the inventor, and meant originally a Turnbull doze, the first syllable having been in the course of time dropped for brevity's sake. The drink was first produced at Delmonico's some time since, and a committee of seven was appointed from among the oldest habitués to inquire into the nature and properties of the new compound. The committee consisted of Sam Ward, George Lawrence, Jordan L. Mott, John Giles, Hugh Hastings, Sam Henry, and Augustus Isaacs. The learned gentlemen, after several days of experiment, returned, with only one dissenting voice, a most favorable report. It appears that the bulldozer is preferable to all other mixed beverages, not only for its fine taste and invigorating nature, but also for the reason of its not giving any headache in the morning, even when used to a more than necessary extent on the previous night.

TOUTING ON THE TURF.—Lord George Bentinck was not often deceived when he took a matter in hand in earnest, and yet on one occasion he was completely sold by a tout. He was trying some horses at Goodwood Park, and he was very desirous that the trial should not be seen. He swept the horizon with the long telescope he was in the habit of carrying about him, and satisfied himself that there was no one present save an old woman, who was gathering mushrooms. While preparations were being made for the trial this old woman drew nearer and nearer, and eventually she sold her basket of mushrooms to Lord George for half a sovereign. I forget what was the name of the horse who won; but there was a great handicap in store for him. Instructions were sent to London to back him for a large stake. The following morning Lord George received a letter at breakfast from his commissioner, stating that there had been some one in the market before him, and that before a blow had been struck in the quarter the horse been backed at Tattersall's down to 10 to 1. His lordship could not account for it. First he suspected one of his jockeys, and then his trainer. While pondering over these matters, a dish of mushrooms was placed on the table. "There I have it," he exclaimed, "those mushrooms have cost me £10,000." And it was so, the old woman with the basket being no other than one of the Newmarket gentry, who for many a year boasted how he had "done" Lord George.

A MIRACLE BY PAGANINI.—The following is from a paper by Kate Field in the February *Scribner*, on "A Morning with Sir Julius Benedict." The composer says of Paganini:—"He was a wonderful fellow, and some called him the devil. He was even imprisoned and had his violin taken away from him because he was supposed to be such a dangerous character. One day, a great lady in Rome said to him, 'Signor Paganini, I understand that you can execute an air on one string of your violin.'

"Madame, you have heard the truth," replied the great virtuoso.

"Will you allow me and my friends to hear you?"

"Certainly."

"So the great lady gave a reception, at which Paganini was invited to perform his violin trick. After actually playing the prayer from Rossini's 'Moses in Egypt' on one string, Paganini was thanked by his hostess, who said, 'Now, Signor Paganini, as you do wonders on one string, can you perform on no string at all?'

"Most assuredly," answered Paganini.

"Will you, for me?"

"With pleasure."

"A day was set, the great lady invited a number of friends to assist at the miracle, and when all were assembled, Paganini failed to appear. News came soon after that he had that day left Rome. This was his performance without any string, and his retort to the social queen who had treated him as a mountebank rather than as an artist."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.—The late Charles Kingsley was once asked to write some answers to the following questions, in a book kept for the autographs of literary men. The answers are very characteristic:—

Favourite character in history? David.

Favourite kind of literature? Physical science.

Favourite author? Spencer.

Favourite male and female character in fiction (No answer.)

Favourite artist? Leonardo da Vinci.

Favourite composer? Beethoven.

Favourite dramatic performance? A pantomime.

Favourite public character? (No answer.)

Favourite kind of scenery? Wide flats or open sea.

Favourite occupation? Doing nothing.

Favourite amusement? Sleeping.

What you most dislike? Any kind of work.

Favourite topics of conversation? Whatever my companions happen to be talking about.

And those you dislike most? My own thoughts.

What you like most in women? Womanliness.

What you dislike most? Unwomanliness.

What you like most in man? Modesty.

What you dislike most? Vanity.

The character you most dislike? Myself.

Your ambition? To die.

Your hobby? Fancying I know anything.

The virtue you most admire? Truth.

The vice to which you are most lenient? All except lying.

Your favourite motto or proverb? Be strong.

LITERARY.

ANDREAS MUNCH, the Norwegian poet, has brought out at Copenhagen, a translation of Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."

TENNYSON has engaged a house in London for three months, and on the "long, unlovely street" where Arthur Hallam dwelt.

A MARRIAGE has been arranged between Mr. B. L. Farjeon, the popular author, and Miss Jefferson, the daughter of Joseph Jefferson, Esq., the eminent actor of *Rip Van Winkle* fame.

THE publication in Russia of M. Thiers' "History of the Empire" has been prohibited by the Government, although the issue of the "History of the French Revolution and Consulate," by the same author, met with no opposition on the part of the censor.

WHITTIER thinks that \$50 a year ought to be enough to clothe any woman. From the slopes of Parnassus descend the sacred dews that preserve the vernal freshness of the poet's genius in the very winter of his life. This is, indeed, fortunate, because as a purveyor of ladies' fashions he would be a total failure.

THE N. Y. correspondent of the *Halifax Herald* reports, with some reserve indeed, that Mark Twain has become insane. He shuts himself up in his house in New Haven, with a barrel of beer, smokes incessantly, and cuts up all kinds of queer capers. One Sunday not long ago, while in church, he flouted the minister and openly criticised the sermon.

THE *Chicago Tribune* is the only great daily that has its chief literary work done by a woman. Every Saturday it contains a page of literary, scientific and art criticism and information, the work of Mrs. Sara A. Hubbard. Thoroughness seems to be one of her striking characteristics; she is an assiduous student, and publishers and the public have learned to hold her judgment in the highest esteem.

OF Elizabeth Barrett Browning's early reading, she herself says in a letter just published: "When I had read the Hebrew Bible, from Genesis to Malachi, right through, and was never stopped by the Chaldee—and the Greek poets and Plato right through, from end to end—I passed as thoroughly through the flood of all possible and impossible British and foreign novels and romances, with slices of metaphysics laid thick between the sorrows of multitudinous Celestinas."

AT the close of 1876 there were published in Paris 336 newspapers, as against 254 at the end of 1875. Fifty-one are political dailies, being an increase of 15 in the year. There are 85 weeklies dealing with questions of political finance, 74 journals of travel and adventure, 74 medical and chemical, 68 fashion journals, 66 devoted to law, 54 to illustration, 52 to literature, 49 to religion, 43 to science, 31 to agriculture, 22 to the army and navy, 20 to geography and history, 20 to education, 16 to sporting, 9 to architecture, 8 to music, 7 to theatres, 4 to archaeology, 3 to photography, and 17 to miscellaneous information. There are also 14 reviews and magazines.

FOR over two centuries a Latin manuscript of lectures delivered by Martin Luther in Wittenberg in 1513, has been lying in the Royal Library in Dresden. It was written by Luther while he was yet a faithful member of the orthodox Roman Church, and it is a commentary from the monkish standpoint, with a strong tendency to allegory, upon preceding commentators on the Scriptures. The handwriting is very clear and precise, but the manuscript has, nevertheless, been very difficult to decipher, owing to its many abbreviations. A Dresden parson undertook the task of translating it into German, and two large printed volumes published under the auspices of the Royal Library and the Minister of Public Worship, are the result. A facsimile of one page of the MS., reproduced by photo-lithography, is given.

ARTISTIC.

THE Duchess of Galliera has offered the celebrated Magdalen by Canova to the Museum of the Louvre.

A REMARKABLE painting, "The Dying Saviour," has been placed on exhibition in Leipzig by the artist, Prof. Emil Piechman. A peculiar feature of the work is that near by the eyes seem closed, as required by the conditions of the scene, but at some distance they appear open and turned to heaven.

MR. FRANK DILLON is the first English artist who ever visited Japan for the sole purpose of painting the people and the country as he saw them. He has been there eighteen months, and is now returning to England with a large number of finished sketches, which are looked forward to with considerable interest.

AMONG the buildings recently exhumed at Pompeii is a drinking saloon with its tables and other appurtenances. The pictures frescoed upon the walls represent tavern scenes. Men are drinking and gambling at tables; others are seated upon wooden benches against the walls, and others are standing in conversation.

HENRI MONNIER, the Paris painter and caricaturist, is dead, at the age of 78. At the commencement of his career he illustrated the "Chansons de Bédouin" and the "Fables de La Fontaine," and popularized in France the immortal type of Joseph Prudhomme. The deceased acted intermittently, generally in pieces of his own composition.

FEBRUARY.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

Being second born mine is no favoured lot,—
Love rounds my little life with meagre cheer;
The dwarf of all my kindred Months, I fear
I do but live as one remember'd not.
I know I am not fair!—how could I be
With beetle-brow, o'er which but seldom falls
Dim sunlight, such as creeps o'er ruin'd walls
In fitful flushes of uncertainty.
Misunderstood,—misjudged, like many more,
My virtues rare lie 'neath the snowy veil.
That covers all my days and evenings pale
E'en till I vanish—thought of never more
Unless by slighted maidens, who repine
For dreams unrealized by my St. Valentine.
Montreal, Feb. 2.

THE TRAGEDY OF ST. JEROME;

OR,

HUMAN JUSTICE, AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

(Concluded.)

When this part of the investigation was closed, the prosecuting counsel addressed the jury in a few brief but pointed observations. He said in substance that he repudiated with a feeling of indignation the idea, the strange insinuation, that he exceeded the legitimate bounds of a public duty, and manifested a spirit of persecution in a case so important, so painful to the unhappy prisoners in the dock. This matter deeply interested society no doubt, and it was of the highest moment that the law should be vindicated. He had pressed the case, he admitted, with all his humble ability, and with the utmost attention to the evidence in the case, and he regretted to say, that after the most careful, and he might add, the most anxious consideration, of that testimony, according to his judgment, the accused were guilty—guilty of one of the most deliberate, cruel and unprovoked murders on record. Such was his conviction. But if the jury, however, thought otherwise, they were bound by their oath to pronounce a different decision. After commenting at some length on the evidence for the defence, and pointing out how the counsel had failed to prove what they had told the Court and jury they would establish, in order to place the innocence of their clients beyond a doubt, he declared that his part in these grave and anxious proceedings was ended. The evidence was before them, it would be commented on by a higher authority than his, and he concluded by reminding the jury of the great duty they had undertaken to perform in fulfilling the obligations of their oath; he was sure they would not forget what was due to society on the one hand, and what was owing, in a still higher degree, to the accused on the other. Finally he expressed an earnest hope that God would guide them in their deliberations.

The case now remained in the hands of the Court, and owing to the indisposition of the Chief Justice, it became the duty of the Puisne Judge to charge the jury. He did so at great length. It was a very ambitious, but at the same time an extremely clever and exhaustive performance. He told the jury that it was for them to decide whether the cause of death had been proved, or not. The evidence was not the very best, nor the strongest, yet there was sufficient to justify the Court in leaving the question to them. He then went over and analyzed all the leading facts of the case, describing minutely every circumstance and stating every incident that could throw light on the conduct of the accused, and on the death of Madame Dulong. The charge was strong against Madame Louvac and George Dulong. He maintained, and probably with justice, that Antoine must be acquitted of the charge of murder. In fact, he added, "there was no evidence whatever to connect him with the tragedy." This was going much too far; it was, in truth, a grievous mistake and one which the learned functionary afterwards regretted when the facts became better known. It was owing to this display of judicial pomposity and dogmatism that Antoine Dulong was never indicted as an accessory before the fact.

After this long charge, the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict. The court room was still crowded, and great anxiety and a sort of morbid, but natural interest prevailed, to ascertain the result of the trial.

It was 9 o'clock at night when the verdict was rendered. The jury entered the court-room, and the prisoners were ordered to the Bar. The two Dulong's looked pale, and the expression of their countenance was haggard and worn. Madame Louvac was self-possessed, and her bearing was characterized by the same calm and collected manner so remarkable during the previous days of the trial. There was, perhaps, a little more color on the cheek, and a more intense light in her large, lurid eye. The names of the jury were called, and they were asked whether they found the prisoners guilty or not guilty—1st. Antoine Dulong? They replied, "Not guilty." 2nd. George Dulong? The answer was "Guilty," and lastly Marie Anne Louvac? They declared her also "guilty." The clerk then recorded the verdict; it was read over to the jury and they signified their assent, and were then discharged. The prisoners were next ordered to stand down. Antoine showed little emotion. George grew pale, and exhibited considerable agitation. Madame Louvac remained unmoved, did not change color, but simply raised her great, dark eyes to-

wards heaven, as if indicating surprise, and appearing to ask the question, "Is it possible?" She descended from the stand in the dock, with a step which did not falter, and apparently with a heart that did not tremble. A sad and painful sensation, it might be one of astonishment, seemed to vibrate among the spectators, who soon dispersed, and the Court adjourned.

At the end of the term the two convicted prisoners received their sentence. They showed no feeling or emotion of any kind, nor did they offer any remarks or make any appeal to the Court. They were condemned to be hanged on the 25th day of June next ensuing, and were sent back to their cells in the prison.

The trial had excited a very lively interest in town and throughout the country. Many of those who were present and followed the proceedings, and, in fact, the public generally, thought the verdict of the jury was erroneous, and that the prisoners were innocent. A number of influential individuals, and among others, the Chief Justice, exerted themselves, in so far as it was proper or possible, to obtain a commutation of the sentence into one of imprisonment for life. The executive authority itself, it was said, was very much embarrassed. Time went on, and the day approached for the execution of the condemned culprits. A respite was expected daily; but it did not come. The scaffold in the meantime was being erected, and the Government having determined to let the law take its course, as it is called, on the 24th June the Sheriff received the death warrant, and the order for the infliction of the last penalty of human law and the retributive justice of earth. We return now to these doomed and wretched beings, who were so soon to suffer an ignominious death.

It would appear that Madame Louvac, after hearing the sentence of death, returned to her cell without uttering a word, but a great change was visible in the bearing of the unhappy woman. She threw herself on her knees by her bedside, and bowed down with silent and unutterable grief, she wept long and bitterly. She passed the greater part of the night in prayer, and the next morning she sent for a priest, a discreet and holy man; meek, but full of hope and faith, and well fitted to lead penitent minds to the sanctification of their souls, and to trust in the mercy of God.

Many other priests, nuns and pious persons, saw her frequently even until the day of execution. It is said, and it is not difficult to believe that it was so, that she showed a perfectly contrite and resigned spirit. George Dulong also employed the few days that remained to him on earth, in solemn and edifying preparations for death. Both the culprits seemed to have abandoned all hope in this world, and with every sign of repentance and in humble submission received the sacred consolations of religion which were offered to them. In this they seemed to labor not in vain. Every day they became more calm, and their countenances wore a chastened expression of hopefulness and repose, indicating trust in the mercy of the great Being they had so grievously offended. But they made no confession, at least none that was made public. By many who believed them innocent, hopes were still entertained that a respite would come at last, but on the evening of the 24th, it was generally known that the execution was to take place.

The 25th of June was a day of scorching, suffocating heat; the atmosphere hung heavy and motionless on the earth, and so oppressive beneath a blazing sun, that many persons dropped dead in the streets or were otherwise injured. At seven o'clock in the morning, the jailer visited the prisoners, and they were directed to prepare for execution at twelve o'clock. They both received the news with the utmost composure. Holy men were in attendance, and the hours were passed in prayer and consoling, encouraging discourse. This continued until half-past eleven, when the officers of the law entered to superintend the final preparations for death. They arose from their knees, and those ill-fated beings submitted to the last mournful ceremonies without a murmur, and without showing any fear or agitation. They were, however, both very pale. At ten minutes to twelve the procession to the scaffold commenced, with the fatal ropes round the necks of the culprits. They were dressed in black, and each accompanied by a priest. With bowed heads, they were apparently absorbed in silent prayer. They advanced with firm and steady steps to the foot of the scaffold, which was raised to a great elevation. There, for a moment, but for a moment only, Madame Louvac faltered—she shuddered—her countenance was calm, but deadly pale, almost white. With a little encouragement, however, from the priest in attendance, she regained her presence of mind perfectly. They both now ascended the steps, following the sheriff, and stood on the platform beneath the burning noon-day sun, and in the presence of 30,000 spectators, from town and country, assembled to witness the last dreadful scene in the tragedy. A slight movement was perceived among those on the platform. The sheriff advanced a step or two to the front, in his hand he held a paper, which had first been delivered to him by the priest; he made a sign to the vast assemblage of people below, and then read aloud the confession of those forlorn hearts, those erring creatures, now on the brink of eternity.

It was in substance as follows:—They acknowledged the justice of their sentence, and confessed that they had murdered Madame Du-

long with their own hands. They admitted that the murder was premeditated, and its immediate perpetration was planned at Madame Louvac's house on the day preceding the night of the murder. Means were taken to produce immediate and profound sleep, but no poison was used. They watched till their victim had fallen asleep: George was then notified by Louvac, he entered the bed-room noiselessly; Madame Dulong was lying on her back, her arms under the clothes. Madame Louvac gave a pillow to George; he stood with it in his hands, at the head of the bed, and she stood at the foot. The bed was low. George leaned forward, placed the pillow gently on the face of the deceased. Madame Louvac then seized her by the feet, through the bed-clothes and held them firmly. George threw himself on the pillow. Madame Dulong struggled a little, but while the weight of her brother-in-law pressed on the pillow she could not move. They heard her groaning and uttering the words: "Oh! my God!" Her voice grew fainter; she was silent; she struggled no more, and then all was still. "We remained in that position about a minute after this. The pillow was then removed; she drew one heavy breath and then died. We stood then, one on each side of the bed until we were sure she was dead; we were terrified at the sight, it was horrible; our victim lay before us, murdered by our hands; we arranged the body and the bed-clothes, as they were found when the people arrived. Having ascertained, as well as we could, that there were no marks of violence, nor anything which gave signs of a struggle, George rushed wildly out of the front door, and the alarm was given; one was influenced by guilty passion, the other by a large reward. Pray all of you who witness our sad fate, that God may have mercy on our souls—be warned by our example."

A murmur of horror arose and ran along the assembled thousands who heard this awful confession. The hangman, a gigantic negro, stood near; their arms were pinioned, and the condemned knelt for the last time in this world. Madame Louvac, when asked by the priest if she was prepared to die, answered, "Oh! my God—my God! I do not wish to live. I desire to die now—have mercy on me!" George Dulong merely answered that "he trusted in the mercy of God, and was ready to die." They rose, took their stand on the drop; the rope was adjusted; the cap drawn over their eyes; the hangman struck the bolt, Madame Louvac fell several feet, and instantly George Dulong followed.

The death struggle was long and painful to witness. The vast multitude groaned, uttered words and sounds of pity and dismay; then slowly dispersed,—most of them, as they returned home, joking and joyful, as if nothing uncommon had occurred.

The complexity of Antoine Dulong in the murder of his wife, and Madame Louvac's share in the death of her husband and daughter, or their entire innocence, must be to us a matter of conjecture or of inference from the facts proved. Every one will remain with his own impression in regard to these matters. We must remember that in the absence of positive proof, "Judge not, that you may not be judged" is a divine admonition. So let the veil of that charity, taught by Him to our fallen race, descend upon those mysteries, which if they involved crimes, will be punished, or forgiven by Him who is at once "the witness and the judge." What we know now of this fearful tragedy "is strange—stranger than fiction," and proves once more, and will no doubt prove in the future, that human justice has its difficulties on this globe; but that even so, it often vindicates the law, and is for us the necessary instrument which brings destruction on the transgressor.

XXX.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

ALTHOUGH a woman's age is undeniably her own, she does not own it.

THE ocean is the only power on earth that can make a woman indifferent to her personal appearance.

WOMEN, we sometimes think, more easily pardon faults in men than excellence in each other.

THE *Phrenological Journal* advises young men to be governed by the chin in picking out a wife.

"CAN you spell donkey with one letter?" asked a silly young man of a bright girl.—"Yes," she answered—"u."

If you have a good sister, love and cherish her with all your heart. If you have none, why then love and cherish the good sister of some other man with all your heart.

ONSEIVE a young father trying to appease a bawling baby, and you'll witness ingenuity enough in ten minutes to make you think that man ought to be an inventor.

SPEAKING of a former admirer's affection, the heroine of a modern novelist says, "I shall have more difficulty than I thought in warming up the old broth."

HAPPY couples in some American towns proclaim their approaching nuptials thus: "With the loving consent of their parents, W. H. and S. T. herewith announce their betrothal."

A FRENCH invitation to a wedding: "Madame X— has the honor of asking you to be

present at the marriage of her only daughter, Céline X—, with M. de Saint V—, &c, And underneath: "Pray for her!"

A GENTLEMAN seeing his wife in a very sullen mood, asked her how she did. She answered him that she was not sick nor yet very well. "Nay," quoth he, "then I may even turn thee out of doors; for I only promised to cherish thee in sickness or health."

A DRAMATIST was saying the other day that he did not expect to make his great success yet, as no one did any really important work until he was forty. The lady to whom he spoke was herself an authoress, so she said, "I hope you do not include ladies in that category." The reply was, "No, I do not include women, for ladies never are forty."

AT a Texas baby show it was a long time before any one could be found to act as a judge. Finally five brave men were found to act, on condition that the awards should not be announced till the judges had ten minutes the start. The mothers sat in a circle, babies in lap. The judges made their rounds, compared notes, handed the result to the spokesman, and ran for their lives.

A YOUNG Parisian, noted for his grace and readiness as a second in many duels, was asked by a friend to accompany him to the mayor's office to affix his signature as a witness to the matrimonial registry. He consented, but when the scene was reached forgot himself. Just as the mayor was ready for the last formalities, he broke out, "Gentlemen, cannot this affair be arranged? Is there no way of preventing the sad occurrence?"

A PAPER "out West" has the following notice:—"All notices of marriage where no bride-cake is sent will be set up in small type, and poked in an outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, the notice will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride favours are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends at the ceremony in person, and kisses the bride, it will have especial notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, or stolen."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. B. Monique st.—Answer to Riddle No. 2, and Enigma No. 1, correct. See solution of Puzzle No. 1. You were caught nicely on Numerical Charade.
F. J. B.—Answer to Riddle No. 2, correct. Caught Frank on the Charade.
N. B. Victoria st.—Answer to Conundrum No. 2. Riddle No. 2, and Enigma No. 1, all correct.

1. Why are modern ships of war like knights of old?
2. Why is a waggon the downright opposite of a honeycomb?
3. Why is a jester's pate like a period?
4. Why is a prison like tired Jack?
5. What is the difference between a Spanish lady's cloak and a female farm labourer?
6. What is the difference between a bishop and a garotter?
7. Why do English people dislike oat cake?
8. Why should a turkey be better dressed than other fowls?
9. Why should a cook be reprimanded for making *omelletesaux fines herbes*?
10. Ask a man how he is in four letters?
11. Why is one's father's nose like a well-trained child?
12. What key is the best for unlatching the tongue?
13. What lady can never make a call alone?
14. When does truth cease to be truth?
15. Why does an orator resemble a pawnbroker?
16. What measures do geologists like best?
17. Why have poultry no future state of existence?
18. Why is a horse like a sugar-plum?
19. Why does a duck put his head under the water?
20. Why is small like the letter S?
21. Why is a foxhunter like a dusty coat?
22. Why are all games of chess of equal duration?
23. Why is a naughty schoolboy like a postage stamp?
24. Why does a railway clerk cut a hole in your return ticket?
25. Why is a young lady like a bit of exchange?

CHARADES.

1. My first is a conveyance; my second is an endearing name; my whole is found in most houses.
2. My first is part of a body; my second is a knot; my whole is wrapped round my first.
3. Whole, I am a river; behold me, a whetstone; behold me again, I am single; curtail me, a preposition; curtail again, there is nothing left.

SOLUTIONS.

No. 12. CONUNDRUMS.

1. By Eve, who presented Adam with a little Cain.
2. A dry attic (Adriatic).
3. Because it once had a sole on (Solon).
4. A creek.
5. A door-jamb.
6. Because it shows its pique (peak) against all England.
7. Because its no end of a cell.
8. When they take a late and are pulled up.
9. Because they are a table of contents.
10. Because its hands move over the face.
11. Force (hours).
12. Teniers (ten years).

No. 13. PUZZLES.

1. Fakir. 2. Seamanship.

No. 14. CHARADES.

1. Rocking-chair. 2. Drum-head.

No. 15. RIDDLES.

1. Ball-in-a-sloe. 2. Cove-o-try. 3. P-pink

No. 16. ENIGMAS.

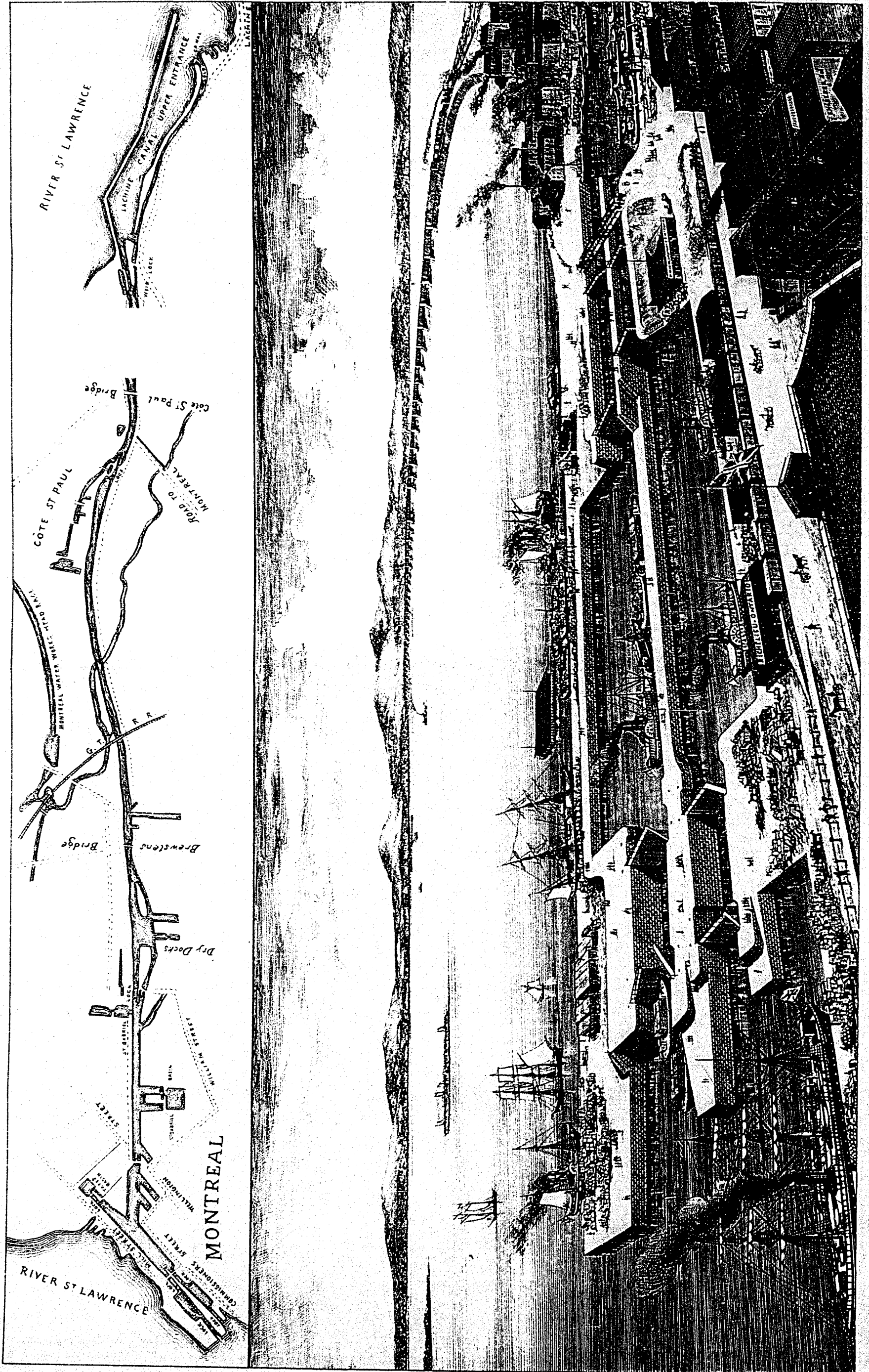
1. Ja-mai-ca. 2. Friendship.

No. 17. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

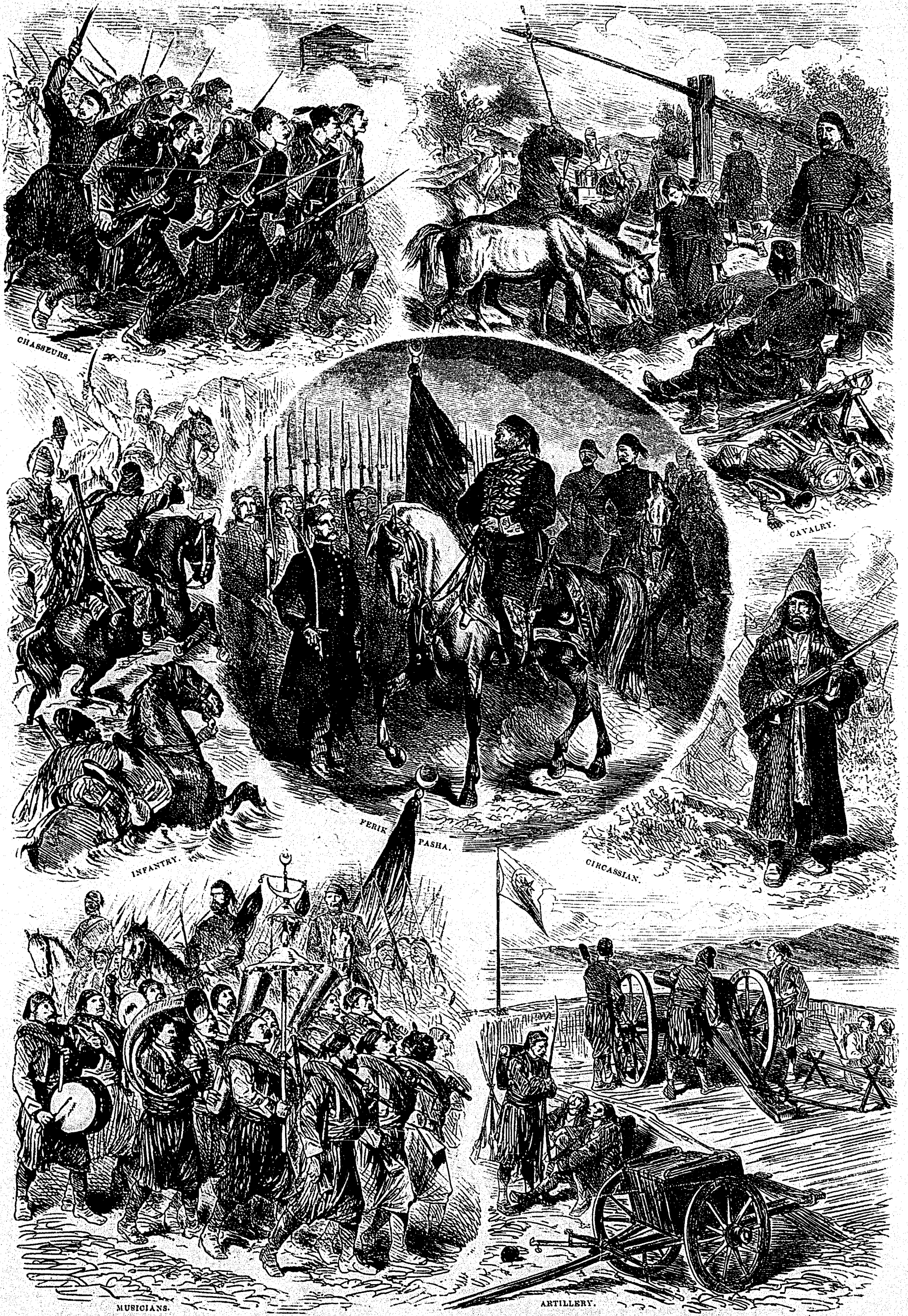
Selkirk.

No. 18. NUMERICAL CHARADE.

Gold.



MONTREAL:—LACHINE CANAL IMPROVEMENTS.



TURKEY.—UNIFORMS OF THE TURKISH ARMY OF THE DANUBE.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race where some succeed,
While others are beginning;
'Tis luck at times, at others speed,
That gives an early winning.
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor;
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbour;
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor.
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never!

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another,
But, while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother.
Whatever your station do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to beat the rest,
'Tis better late than never!

Choose well the path in which you run,
Succeed by noble daring;
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor;
But ever keep this truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never!

JOAN:

A TALE,

BY

RHODA BROUGHTON,

AUTHOR OF

"Climb up as a Flower," "Red as a Rose is she," etc.

PART I.

CHAPTER IX.

She brings her eyes quickly back again to his face, but they are mock no longer; instead, flaming and flashing. "Do you think it can make things much easier or pleasanter for me to hear," she says, indignantly, "to hear him abused? When you say such things you make me regret that I have ever broached the subject to you; how could he tell that it was the last moment? he was only seventy-two! people often than not live till eighty or ninety nowadays; he seemed no more likely to die than you do; does any one ever think that he himself will die? he knows that every one else will, but he does not believe that he will!" After a moment, in a softer, gentler voice of deepest emotion: "My one prayer and trust is," she says: "that he does not know—that he cannot see! Oh! God could not let him see! it would be too cruel! it would break his heart! he that never thought anything could be good enough for me!"

Her voice wavers and breaks. The tears crowd up into her eyes. A rather prolonged silence. Joan's wet eyes go back to the sea, and absently watch the breakers, idly puzzled to see that a big wave with an imposing volume of brown water and noise of foamy froth sometimes does not reach as far as a lesser, humbler one that follows. It is she that at length resumes the conversation. Wolferstan, in fact, is feeling snubbed, and, though not exactly bearing malice, has no intention of laying himself open to a second rebuke.

"Apart from any question of will," she says, thoughtfully, "I wonder how I manage to be left so destitute! At the time, I was too miserable to think or reason about it, but since then it has often puzzled me; my father must surely have had a younger son's portion, and, as I was his only child, it would naturally come to me, would not it? I know nothing of the law, but it seems to me that it must be so."

She looks appealingly at him for confirmation or contradiction; but where are Wolferstan's manners? Is he sulky or only inattentive? He has turned quite away from her, and makes no answer, good or bad, to her appeal. She is too preoccupied much to heed his lapse from civility and goes on:

"Of course I can quite understand, now, why he never mentioned my mother's family to me. I suppose there never was any one who knew less about his parents than I do; I do not even know when and where they first met—when they were married—how long they lived together—"

She stops abruptly, becoming suddenly aware of her auditor's want of attention. His face is still quite turned away, and he has uttered no sound, good or bad.

"You are bored by these details?" she says a moment later, after a rather hurt silence; "and no wonder indeed! I beg your pardon, but—" (with a rather desolate smile)—"here I am so poor in friends, that, like the Ancient Mariner, I button-hole any stranger I chance to meet."

She rises to her feet as she speaks, and prepares to set off homeward. He must look round now—must utter. And he does. He also rises, and turns toward her the face that for the last five minutes he has been so carefully averting. It is redder than its wont. His countenance is troubled, and in his eyes is an expression she does not understand. But even now he makes no reference to the subject of her remarks. He only says in a constrained voice:

"If you think I am bored you are mistaken." Then, a moment after: "Are you going home already? Must you?"

"Unless I wish to lose my dinner," she answers, with a smile.

"Your luncheon, I suppose you mean?"

"I mean my dinner; we dine at two—at least we oscillate between that and four."

"Good Heavens!—and is that all? Have you nothing else—nothing more to look forward to the whole of the live-long day?"

"We have tea and muffins at eight—at least between that and ten."

"Good Heavens!" (throwing back his handsome head and looking up in shocked appeal to the turquoise sky).

"I have hit the right chord now, have not I?" says Joan, with a smile of soft malice; "this is the one of my misfortunes that really touches you. You were bored before" (with gentle persistence), "though you will not own it; but now you are all interest and alert compassion. I have found the right way to your heart—to every man's heart!"

They are walking slowly homeward, side by side, over the thin and bitter grass of the sand-hills, and back into the pleasant meads by which Joan had come.

"You know you must not proportion your pity for me to what your own sufferings would be under a two-o'clock dinner," says Joan presently, with a humorous smile.

"They would be severe, I own," he answers, gravely. "I know no one, the pleasure of whose society would outweigh them: you, somehow, have a knack of making me speak the truth against my will, and I will own to you that I could not think I should enjoy dining at two o'clock, even with you."

She laughs a little; and again they walk on over half a field in silence.

"I hope," says Joan by-and-by, "that you will not go away with the impression that I am a great object of compassion. I feel as if I had been giving you the idea, and indeed it is not the true one. No one can expect to go through all his life quite smoothly; and perhaps those are best off who have their troubles while they are young—one is so strong when one is young; probably I shall have a prosperous middle age, or a serene old age, or a very easy death, to make up to me—depend upon it, it will be made up to me in some way."

"By a serene old age," cries Wolferstan, contemptuously. "God forbid! No!—take my word for it"—(looking down with a more unfeigned admiration than he has yet allowed himself in the eyes, at the profile beside him—the little sensitive fine nose—the sweet white cheek, clear and clean as privet-flowers—the curled cherry lips)—"there is something better than that ahead of you."

"Is there?" says Joan, a little doubtfully. "I should not be sorry to think that there were—but if not I can do without it—I can do without it." After a pause—"It is impossible," she says, in a more cheerful tone, "to be quite unhappy as long as one is thoroughly healthy, as long as one is honestly trying to do one's best, and as long as one has a keen sense of the ridiculous. This world's beauty" (looking fondly at all the brave show of young greenery round her), "this world's beauty is a great boon, but I think that its little ridiculousnesses are a still greater! There are very few things or situations in which I do not find something to make me laugh."

They have come to the end of the fields, have crossed the stile that leads back into the road. To arrive at Portland Villa you must turn to the right, to reach Wolferstan's home to the left.

"We will say good-by here," says Joan, gently but resolutely, holding out her hand. "If you escorted me to the house Mrs. Moberley would invite you to luncheon, and you would find it difficult to evade her importunities."

She shakes her head. "It would not amuse you, or, perhaps," with a blush, "it would amuse you too much; and it would annoy me extremely. You will say good-by now, I am sure," again making a confident proffer of her hand. This time he takes it.

"You have left me no other word to say," he answers, rather ruefully.

She has lifted to his, in friendly farewell, the two lumps of her clear, serious eyes—eyes well versed in tears, laughter, and tenderness, but unpractised in fineness; eyes ignorant of—or, if not, disdaining—the unused weapons in their armory. Wolferstan looks back into them, down, down into their modest depths, to see whether no little devil lurks even at the very bottom of them.

But no! With an awe, slightly dashed by irritation, he has to own to himself, as he had to own at their last meeting at Dering, that he might be her grandfather.

"If you really came down from London, and subjected yourself to all the privations you told me of, only to see me—I wonder, did you really?" in a parenthesis of girlish curiosity; "thank you very much for it. If not—if, as I believe, that is only a *façon de parler*, and you came down on some errand of your own, yet, still, thank you. I have thoroughly enjoyed seeing you."

He is very glad to hear it, but would have preferred that she should have been less able to tell him so.

"Do not say it in that solemn valedictory tone!" he answers, laughing lightly; "if you think that you are to be so easily quit of me, you are mistaken. I have something of the gnats about me, I warn you! You always go to the shore in the morning, do not you?"

She smiles and raises her eyebrows a little.

"Always? why, I have been here only two days."

"But you went there yesterday morning?"

"Yes."

"About eleven o'clock?"

"Yes."

"And you went to-day?"

"Yes."

"And you will go to-morrow?" in a tone more affirmative than interrogative.

"By all the laws of analogy!" she answers, breaking into a gay laugh, and so merrily takes leave.

CHAPTER X.

It is not often in April, and in the first half of April too, that one sees five consecutive days of honeyed warmth, and strong summer shining; but it is so this year. The mighty young light next morning pouring into Joan's eyes, and waking her at an unearthly hour, when even the birds speak sleepily, shows her that not yet is there any lessening of the kingly beauty of the weather. Her first taste of the morning wind at her wide-dung window tells her that there is no touch of shrewish east in it. She looks out yawningly toward her friend the sea, and, so looking, ceases to yawn and smiles instead, at some recollection apparently.

Later on, after breakfast, she is again wistfully eyeing the ocean; leaning against the gate-posts, surrounded by the dogs, who are asking as plainly as short, excited barks and pathetically-goggling eyes can ask, whether she is going out to walk, and, if so, why she has not put her hat on. She is asking herself the same question. Shall she go to the sea-shore, after all? Were Wolferstan still in London she undoubtedly would. Why, then, should she let his goings and comings influence or constrain hers? How winning the fresh fields would look! How interesting it would be to see how much the young wheat-blades have sprung since this time yesterday! and how many more marsh marigolds have lit their brave gold fire by the little swampy pool in the meadow! And the sea! There is less wind to-day. To-day there would be no white horses tossing their snow-crests; no noisy breakers riotously tumbling; only an unbounded stretch of burnished silver, panting as in some great love-ecstasy.

She half closes her eyes, and with inward vision, longingly sees the unnumbered curves, losing themselves in one another; the dreamy ripple creeping to her feet; the green mermaid's hair aloft on the tide; the warm sands; and across them Wolferstan, stepping to meet her, with his low laugh, and his welcoming eyes. At the thought of his, her own reopen rather quickly.

"And you will go there to-morrow?" She puts on her hat and sets off for a long walk—not to the sea, however—she turns her back stoically upon it; to-morrow she will return thither.

She rambles aimlessly away with no other guiding impulse than the desire to avoid Helmsley, and the determination to keep away from the ocean. She follows the dogs' noses more than any other leader. Where the rabbit-scent is strongest thither they take her. After a while she finds herself in a little still wood, alone. Only the sound of rustled leaves and a small squeaking bark of utter excitement now and then tell her that her companions are still within hail, and are in zealous pursuit of the ground-game of somebody unknown.

It would be a useless waste of voice to call them, for they certainly would not obey. So with a sigh of content she sits down on the warm, dry, leafy bed, and leans her still aching head against the smooth stem of a young beech-tree. She has taken off her hat and bared her forehead to the light handling of the baby winds. With a sense of deep, thorough peace and enjoyment, she looks about her—at the sticky horse-chestnut buds beginning to break into crumpled leaf; at the wood-anemones, pure as snow-drops but not half so cold, lifting their fine white heads and delicate green collars; at the primroses blossoming out in pale life from among the dead oak-leaves, brown and curled.

Apparently, however, solitary peace is not to be her portion for long. Not more than five or ten minutes has she been resting in dreamy tranquillity, when a step, heavier than the dogs' light scampering pater, troubles the quiet of the wood—some game-keeper, probably, justly irate at the invasion of his covers and the disturbance of his pheasant's-eggs. Well, if she is to be scolded, she may as well be scolded sitting as standing. So she neither rises nor changes her position. With cheek leaned against the beech-bark, she awaits the on-comer's advent. Nearer, nearer, the quick foot-falls come; he means to pass close beside her—he does not mean to pass by her at all—he has stopped. With a half-frightened start she looks up. After all, she might as well have gone to the sea.

"No man can be more wise than destiny." It is Wolferstan!

CHAPTER XI.

"How about the laws of analogy?" he asks, taking off his hat, and looking rather angry; "what has become of them since yesterday?"

She looks up, smiling subtly.

"They are temporarily suspended."

The sweet carnation color that surprise and half fright have sent flying up into her cheeks is kept prisoner there by pleasure. After a moment: "Did you really expect to meet me there?" she asks.

Her smile is catching. A reflection of it brightens the young man's aggrieved features.

"If I had any self-respect I should answer 'No;' but as I have not, I will confess to you that 'yes, I did!'"

"And you went there yourself?"

"Of course."

"And waited some time?"

"About two hours, I should think," replies the young man, gravely; "I built three large sand-castles, and saw two of them washed away; and I collected more cockle-shells than I ever saw together in my whole life before."

"Et puis?"

"Puis—I gave it up as a bad job—particularly as I was becoming an object of ridicule to three little boys and a nursery-maid; then I took my stand at that stile that commands the Helmsley road and your house; I thought, from the little I knew of you, that not even to avoid me could you stay mewed up in-doors all such a day as this; then I saw the Misses Moberley and their mamma set forth, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory. Then I ventured a little nearer, and watched you collect your dogs and set off. I stalked you stealthily; I knew that if I ventured to overtake you, you would turn back, re-enter the house, and give me my *congé* with as cold-blooded and inexorable a gentleness as you did yesterday."

"You are very persistent!" she says, looking at him with a slow, serious smile; "such perseverance, directed to worthier objects, might make you do great things."

"When one has come one hundred and twenty miles to see one pair of—I mean to attain one object," answers the young man, emphasizing his words by the steady fire of his look, "one is hardly content to go away without having succeeded, at least in some measure, in it."

The flush on Joan's face has hitherto amounted only to a fair, cool pink; now it strengthens to a hot, red glow of indignation; quite as beautiful to look at, but not nearly so comfortable to the wearer.

"May I beg of you not to make me any pretty speeches?" she says, hurriedly; "I cannot tell you how they humiliate me! I never was fond of them in my good days—never; but now—now I dislike them far more than ever I did!" (giving one blue flash out of her eyes at him, and then hastily looking away). "If I were an unsophisticated country girl of seventeen, I could understand your thinking that they would please me; but I am surprised at your imagining that a woman who has been three—nearly four years in the world—your own world, should be so credulous!"

"I stand reproved," answers Wolferstan, quietly: "I am aware that in society it is nearly as rude to tell persons that you like them as that you dislike them. I withdraw the obnoxious statement."

Together they have strolled slowly home through the dew-crisped meadows. Together they have watched the sun's nightly swoon—what so quickly rises again into life, cannot be called death—and praised his parting benediction to the courtier clouds.

Together they now stand in the dusty road at the gate of Portland Villa. Joan smiles soberly. "They are not come back yet," says Wolferstan, surveying with his eyes the front of the house—silent windows, and closed door; "if they were" (smiling), "I feel sure that I should see some indication of them, as I did yesterday morning."

"I did not expect them," answers Joan; "they will not be back till two or three o'clock."

"And you will be alone all evening?"

"Yes."

"And" (in a rather lowered voice), "and I shall be alone all evening!"

"Yes."

If he had contemplated proposing any plan that should entail their not being alone all evening, something, either in her face or in her "Yes," makes him change his mind.

A moment of silence. The wind is making a soft sighing bustle in the hedge, and the distant Helmsley churches chime eight.

"You will not send me a linenow and then, I suppose?" suggests Wolferstan diffidently, leaning on the gate.

"Certainly not."

"Not even if you are in any trouble?"

"I cannot imagine any trouble in which you would be able to help me," she answers, gravely; "if I were sick, I could not ask you to nurse me; if I were starving, I could not ask you bread."

"Then why call me friend?" cries the young man, hotly; "what is the use of an empty name in which there is no meaning?"

She smiles a little teasingly.

"As you say, what use is—let us drop it!"

"If," continues the young man, eagerly—"if by-and-by—not very soon—I run down again—will there be any chance—is it likely that—the laws of analogy will have resumed their sway?"

"Do you mean," she answers, smiling, yet gravely, while her look meets his, full-eyed and collected—"do you mean shall I be likely to meet you on the shore?—most assuredly not!—I know nothing more unlikely; if we meet accidentally—really accidentally—not accidentally on purpose"—(laughingly)—"I shall be delighted; I like to see you: it gives me pleasure; as I have told you till you must be tired of hearing it, you are the last connecting link between me and my good old life!"

He makes an impatient gesture with his foot,

which, had he been a child, would have called a stamp.

"I am tired of being a link," he says, petulant-ly; "I will not be a link any longer! it sounds as if I were a high-class ape! when—in how much time—shall I stand upon my own merits? in how many months—years—will you be glad to see me because I am I, and for no tedious second reasons?"

"Ah! when?" she echoes, playfully; and so, with no further good-by, quietly eludes him, and, slipping through the gate and into the house, disappears.

CHAPTER XII.

The next day is Sunday—a day to which Joan has been looking forward with some dread, as it is to witness her *début* at the Helmsley garrison church, which her cousins weekly frequent with pious regularity, winter and summer, come rain, come shine. For the first four Sundays of her stay with them she had succeeded in avoiding this ordeal: firstly, by a headache; secondly, by an ostentatiously-displayed cold; thirdly, by a wet day, and the plea of easily-spoiled crape; and, fourthly, by feigned over-fatigue from a long walk on the previous day. But this morning all these pretexts fail her. She has plainly no cold, nor would it be possible for any one with such clearly bright eyes and such delicately healthy cheeks to lay claim to a headache. It is not raining, and she took no walk yesterday.

Three miles there and three back, and for all that distance no more shade than you could cover with a penny-piece. A hot May sun brazenly stiring, and a graceless wind catching up the dust in its spiteful hands, and thrusting it down your reluctant throat and into your winking eyes.

They have reached the haven at length, and are deposited in a pew, three in a row; Joan, more in accordance with their wishes than her own, between her two cousins, a pew with a first-rate prospect. From it one can see soldiers in profile, soldiers in rear, soldiers in three-quarter.

From the moment of their establishment in the pew she is subject to an alternate nudging and loud whispering into her reluctant ears till the entrance of clergy and choir causes a slight lull in the conversation. Everybody stands up; in this position many new discoveries, as to who is in church and who is not, are made. The organ plays, the exhortation is read. By-and-by they reach the Litany. With face down sunk on her slender black-clad hands, Joan is joining with more heart-felt earnestness than ever in her life before in the congregational cry of "Good Lord deliver us!" She has a vague feeling that it is from Portland Villa, from Bell, from little sordid trials and mean afflictions that she is begging to be delivered. As she so pitifully and yearningly prays, she lifts her face, and her sad look wanders idly round the strange, unfriendly church, and over the many strange, unfriendly faces—they are so many, and not one friend among them all. Her eyes move indifferently, inattentively, from one to the other in lack-lustre survey, when suddenly they stop, and a little flash of clear bright joy darts into their dolorous blue depths.

Is not that a friend who, so far away, so almost out of sight, is leaning his sunshiny head against a stone pillar in abstract meditation or sleep? One can see nothing of him but his back—a good, vigorous flat back—and the satiny sweep of his straight, brown locks—it is Wolferstan! No sooner has she recognized him than she stoops again, and hides the cheeks that she feels have grown suddenly warmly pink, on her open prayer-book, while above the drone of the organ and the monotonous chorister voices she hears the beating of her own loud heart.

"I am too glad!" she says to herself, shrinking frightened from the unused sensation of joy—"much too glad. Why should I be! there is no reason—none!"

Anon she steals another look. He has turned his profile toward her and his roving eye is wandering over the bent heads of the kneeling worshippers in evident search. There is no doubt that it is he; that broad grey eye, bold and mirthful, the clear widow to such a goodly prosperous house, the *décapé* nostril, the *débonnaire* lips, the shorn square chin.

"There is no doubt that I am dreadfully glad," she says to herself remorsefully, "and why in Heaven's name should I be?"

So she resolutely and ruthlessly keeps her eyes hidden and averted from that pleasant sight, nor takes one other glance. That is, not till the very end; not till—at the signal of the benediction—all, both wakeful and sleepful, have sprung alertly to their feet. Then she lets her looks stray hastily once again to the distant pillar. Has he seen her? Probably not. His part of the church is drained by a distant door. He will probably depart without ever having been aware of her neighborhood.

"So much the better," she says, inwardly; but, even while so thinking, her fingers fidget uneasily with her prayer-book. Tall as she is, she raises herself furtively a little on her toes—her one chance of being discovered lies in her height and her black weeds.

At length—at length—in the wake of many red tunics, they leave the church and reach the porch, only to find it filled with a discomfited crowd. For the face of the day is changed; the brazen sun, the sickly glare, are gone—ef-

aced by one giant rain-cloud, which has swept over the sky and is angrily hurling its watery load to earth: the wind, lowered, but not yet sunk, and still spiteful as ever, is drifting the heavy drops into the faces and against the Sunday clothes of the shrinking towns-folk in the porch.

Joan's eyes are directed—not toward the hostile weather—but toward the people still issuing from the church. Alas! they have all come forth now; even the galleries and organ-loft are emptied, and he is not among them. Her prognostic is fulfilled—he has departed without ever suspecting her nearness. As she so thinks, with a private sigh, her attention and her eyes are both recalled by a hasty, breathless voice in her ear. It is Micky, who stands before her with a large umbrella in his hand.

"Miss Dering—you have no umbrella!—I saw that you had not—I have been to fetch one for you—sexton's house—sexton's wife—hold it over you—no chance of its clearing—set off at once!"

"My aunt has no umbrella either," answers Joan, coldly, shrinking back farther into the shelter of the porch.

"What does he care for that?" says Mrs. Moberley, with a good-humored chuckle. "Never mind, my dear, I am not sugar or salt either."

"But Bell—Di—the apacas!" cries Joan, looking round with hasty wistfulness, and greedily snatching at the nearest excuse.

"I am sorry that I cannot divide myself and my umbrella by three!" says Micky, jocosely, "but, as I cannot, I must repeat my offer."

"Never mind us!" says Diana stoically, winking away a very small tear, which had been called into being by the callous indifference to her fate displayed by her old friend. "He is quite right; you are of much more consequence."

"Get along with you!" says Mrs. Moberley, heartily, giving her a little friendly push, never doubting that a compunctious delicacy is the only motive for her niece's hanging back, "we must take our chance, and as to the apacas—why, your crape would buy them over and over again!"

Thus urged and encouraged by her relatives, what remains for Joan to do but to step out into the large, resolute rain under the ægis of the sexton's wife's roony umbrella? She does it as loathly as a cat would. Up the swimming church-path, through the church-gate, out into the swimming road.

Through the bleak suburbs between the scaffolding poles and the forlorn brick-heaps they are passing, when another noise mixes with that of the rain and the wind in their ears. A noise of wheels coming up behind them—some happy person who has a carriage, and presumably has not a Micky, bowling safely and dryly home from church. As the wheels come up with them their noise ceases. The happy person is apparently stopping beside them. In quick wonder, just flavored with an unlikely hope, Joan looks round in time to see Wolferstan throwing the reins to his groom, and jumping down out of his phaeton into the mud; on his figure is a wet great-coat, and on his face a rather displeased expression of pleasure.

"Miss Dering, will you allow me to take you home? at least, you will be able to keep yourself drier—may I help you in at once? that is, of course, unless" (with a slight sulky glance at Micky) "you prefer walking."

"Is it likely?" she answers, with a smile all sunshine—not mixed with sunshine and rain like his; "am I quite a fish, to be so fond of the water?" and so gives him her hand; and setting her light foot on the step springs gaily in, leaving Micky unthanked, alone, with his giant umbrella, in the mire.

How one's point of view changes! Five minutes ago, Joan was ready to maintain that there were nearer four than three miles between Helmsley and Portland Villa; now she is prepared to swear that there are not more than two, and of those two, one, through her ill-advised hasty striding, is already overpast.

"You never walked with me under an umbrella!" is Wolferstan's reproachful observation, as through the storm they merrily fly.

"It was always fine weather when I was with you," replies Joan; nor, until she has uttered it, does she see the double meaning of the answer.

"What a pace you must have walked at!" continues the young man, still chafing; "whose fault was that—yours or his?"

"Mine."

"You must have run."

"I did nearly."

"I should have overtaken you long ago," says Anthony, with an air of irritation, "only I was fool enough to wait at the church—I forgot all about that other door."

"You saw me in church, then?"

"Yes, but not till the sermon" (in an aggrieved voice).

"Ah! I saw you in the Litany" (with a soft tone of superiority).

How quickly the horse is trotting! At this rate in five minutes they will be at Portland gate. How smartly they pass through the slackening rain, while the boisterous wind sings with uncouth jollity in their ears!

"What a long time it seems I was here last!" says Wolferstan, presently, looking affectionately at the wet May gardens in the hedges—at the roadside trees—at the flat green fields.

"Exactly a month—four weeks yesterday," answers Joan. Then, seeing on his face more

complacency at the accuracy of her memory than she thinks either wholesome or desirable, she hastens to add: "I have a wonderful memory for small incidents; it is a month since you were here; three weeks since the piano-tuner; ten days since the sweeps."

The complacency disappears as she had meant it. The greatest coxcomb cannot be too much exalted by being bracketed with a piano-tuner and sweeps.

"Four weeks, instead of the one that I meant," reflectively. "Do you know why it has been four weeks instead of one?"

"Yes," she answers, sedately, "I know."

"Why?"

"Because you were better amused where you were."

He shakes his head.

"Wrong. No, but that I was very much amused too," he adds, conscientiously; "for the matter of that, I mostly am. For my part" (with a light laugh), "I should like to live forever; the longer my innings are the better I shall be pleased; but that was not the reason."

She is silent.

"Why do not you ask me what it was?" he asks in a sort of a pet—"when you see I am longing to be questioned? You might have the civility to oblige me."

"Suppose I do not care to hear?" she says with a small, fine smile.

"Then you ought to care," he answers, gaily.

They have reached the gate, through the bars of which six black *retroussé* faces are gravely regarding them. The rain has ceased, the great sun is blithely shouldering aside the sulky clouds, the gutters run less madly down the road, the stooped flowers and the lashed grasses begin to think of raising themselves again.

"See how fine it is," says Wolferstan, directing her attention to the young laugh which is beginning to break out over earth's face. "Why may not we lengthen a little our drive?"

"On the other hand, why should we?" she answers.

There is that in her voice which makes him feel that further pressing would be useless; her tone is so low that it is almost drowned by the voices of the dogs, who by this time have issued from the gate, and, thankful for anything which is likely to disperse the *canari* attendant on Sunday, are giving a hideous out-door concert round the ill-starred vehicle.

In silence Wolferstan lifts his young companion down to earth. He is following her into the house. Becoming aware of his intention, she turns and faces him.

"You are coming in?" she says, doubtfully, standing in the gateway as if to hinder his entrance.

"I think so," he answers, modestly; "am I not?"

For an instant she stands irresolute; the bluff wind making her heavy gown and her lithe-body sway a little, like a tall, pale flower, and the blood sending crimson messages up into her cheeks. Then she speaks.

"If you like, and on one condition."

"What condition?" (laughing); "that it is the last offense of the kind?"

"No, not that."

"What then?"

"You may come," she says, turning her very much-in-earnest eyes and her face swept by a great carnation flush to his, "on condition that you promise not to stay to luncheon."

He looked surprised.

"I promise."

"However much they may press you?"

"Yes."

"Not pie-crust promise—mind—a real, solemn, binding oath?"

"A real, solemn, binding oath!"

She draws a long breath of relief.

"Then you may come and welcome!"

He laughs dryly.

"You are very hospitable?"

"It is the truest hospitality!" she answers.

CHAPTER XIII.

The drawing-room is undoubtedly unchanged since before she went to church, but yet it seems to her a far tawdrier little desert than it did then; the woolly antimacassar more faded, the spar Bohemian glass more flimsily gimerack, the dust on the carpet a fathom deeper. She sits dejectedly down on the music-stool. After all though the music-stool gives one some frights, it is really more dependable than most of the other chairs. He stands on the hearth-rug racking his brains for something complimentary, and at the same time not flagrantly untruthful, to say about the apartment.

"This is your only sitting-room, then?" in a voice out of which he tries to keep the disguised surprise.

"The only one."

"You all sit in it always? Mrs. Moberley, the two Misses Moberley, and you?"

"Yes."

"If I came I should find you all here?"

"Yes."

A little pause, Wolferstan's eyes uncomfortably taking in the full meanness, threadbare-ness of the little room. Then he speaks, in a low and almost awe-struck key:

"Every day and all day for the last month, and every day and all day for the next month, and the month after that, and the month after that again—"

"Not all day," she interrupts, gently; sometimes—often—I sit in my bedroom."

"Is this to go on forever?"

"Nothing goes on forever," she answers gravely. "It is this thought that I think would keep me from being ever too glad, and that now saves me from being ever too dismal."

He has thrown himself on the little sofa, and, with head down-bent and hands thrust disconsolately through his hair, is staring blankly at the carpet.

"Sometimes," continues Joan, in her soft, sad voice, while her eyes wander idly out through the window to the grass-plot, and the hedge ablaze in new green in the stormy sunshine—"sometimes I wish that I had come here long ago, when I was a child. Sometimes one seems old at twenty; to change all one's likes and dislikes; all one's points of view and habits of thought; but then, again" (shaking her head slowly), "I think that—no, it is best as it is; I have those years always to the good; they are my honey that I live upon now in this my winter."

THE GLEANER.

THE Italian Government has forbidden Henri Rochefort to live in Italy.

IT is ordered that the words, "Victoria, Empress," be substituted for "Victoria, Queen," on the Indian coinage.

THERE were sold in Paris for New Year's Day consumption 50,000 head of poultry, 20,000 patés de foie gras, 550,000 lobsters, and 70,000 oysters.

IN Paris the weather has not been so mild as at present for nearly a century. The famous chestnut tree in the Tuilleries Garden has already green buds upon it.

A MONSTER barometer has been erected in the Paris Central Markets. It may be said to rule prices; for, when the hands point to rain, meat, fish, game, &c., are sold at an immense sacrifice, as they would not keep.

MR. EDWARD JENKINS, the member for Dundee, is in such a critical state of health that his medical advisers have given him notice that residence in the south of France for the next three months must be endured if he wishes to shake off what at present has all the appearance of an insidious and dangerous illness.

JEAN FOURNAL, the soldier who seized Louis Napoleon in 1836, during his attempt to seduce the army of Strasbourg from their allegiance, died lately. The Prince offered him promotion, money, a cross, and a pension, but Fournal replied only by keeping his bayonet pointed at his prisoner's breast until others came to secure him.

M. GIFFARD, the celebrated aeronaut, is constructing a small steamboat for service from Pont Royal, Paris, to the Exposition Grounds, a distance of three miles. The steamer is designed to realize the velocity of 43 miles per hour, and to run the course mentioned in four or five minutes. She will be 90 feet long and 10 feet wide.

IT is under contemplation to break up a very historical vessel at Sheerness, a vessel that did good service for his Majesty King James II., in helping him to escape from England to France. This vessel for many years past has been used as a Government lighter at Sheerness, and occasionally as a landing stage for the *Great Eastern* steamship. It has been patched many times. The vessel is named the *Royal Escape*.

WHEN the Marquis of Salisbury first went to Constantinople, the Turks, believing he had come to deliver them from Muscovite clutches, called him "Tehal supurgi"—the "new broom." Now that they find he echoes the sentiments of their enemies, they term him "Salt Bourou"—"only a trumpet." As for General Ignatieff, he is known as "Inad-Effendi" or the "obstinate gentleman."

SCIENTIFIC.

DR. PETERMANN has been notified that the Portuguese Government has appropriated £100,000 to aid the proposed great scientific expedition for the exploration of Central Africa. The expedition is organized and will start without delay for the Congo river.

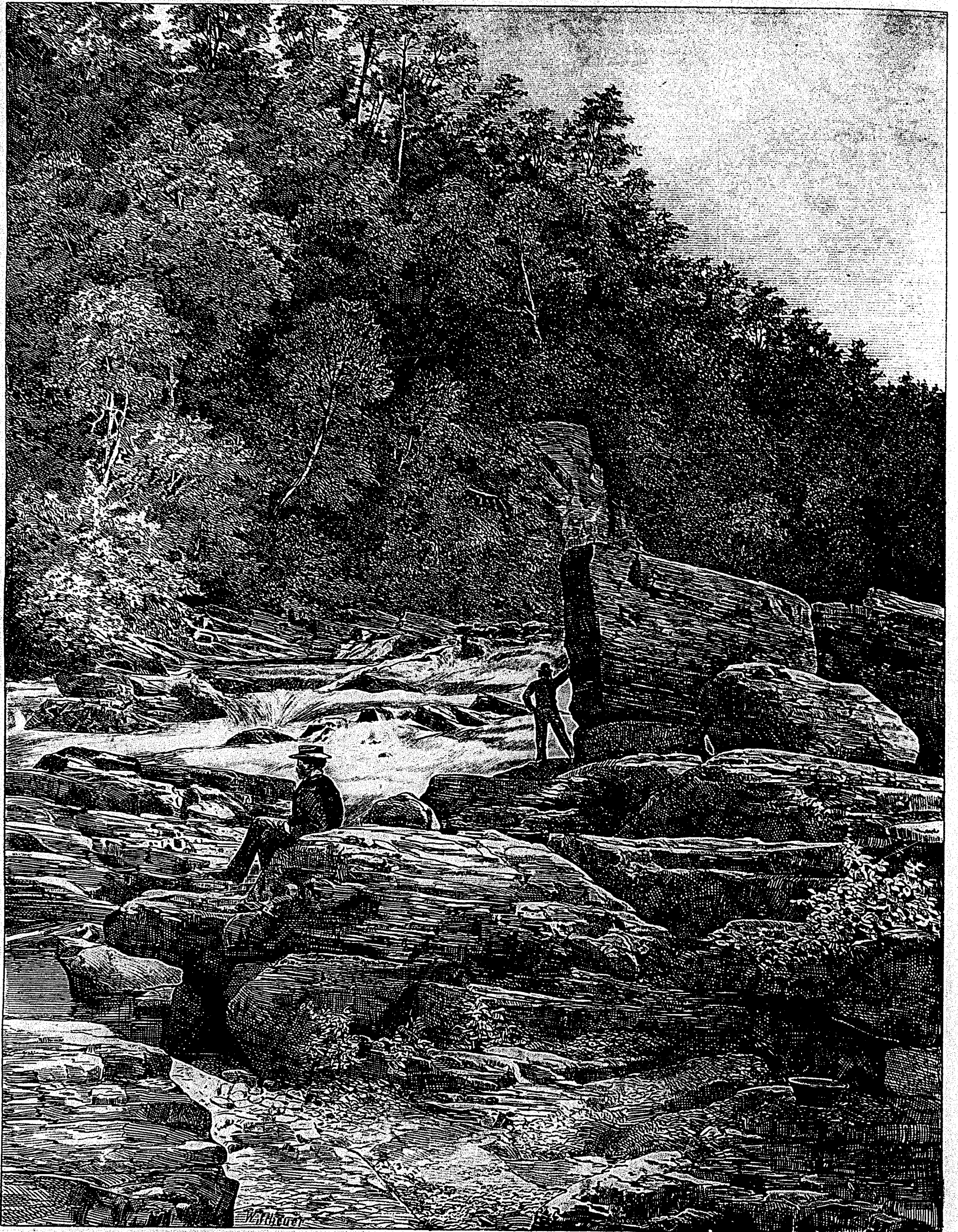
MR. MENIER has invented a new contrivance for the steering of balloons. The mechanism is placed behind the car, and by a clever arrangement of network acts upon a belt which encircles the body of the balloon, extending about four or five degrees above and below a horizontal plane through its centre—its equator, so to say. The rudder is plane, and can be used as a sail. The balloons are said to move obliquely upwards and downwards and also sideways, according to the position of the rudder.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *English Mechanic* insists that musical sounds stimulate the growth of plants. He gives an instance in point. In a barren section of Portugal he built a small conservatory, and endeavored to cultivate roses and other flowers under shelter, but in spite of his precautions and industry, they did not flourish. One day he took a harmonium into the greenhouse, and played for several hours. The practice he maintained for several months, and was surprised to see a gradual but rapid recovery of health on the part of his plants. He attributes their improvement to the influence of music, and unfolds the theory that the singing of birds is conducive to vegetable life.

FASHION NOTES.

THE new glove, *le gant Béatrice*, is warranted not to soil by squeezing.

AMONG the most *recherché* of Paris novelties is the bouquet fan, a marvel of delicate work and mechanical ingenuity, as it can become at the cunning pull of a silken string a beautiful bouquet or a tiny fan of flowers.



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PILOT BOAT OFF SANDY HOOK.

CRITICS AND SINGERS.

O but to me, ye amateurs, While on music I debate, For style and tone and feeling are Fit subjects for debate—

I have no degree in music, Though I can define a rest, I wish we had more of 'em, It would soothe the public breast—

When I see a piece of music I can always tell the key According to the sharps and flats Which on the page I see;

Bad colds, sore throats, excuses are According to the rule Of opposites which now prevail Within our modern school.

"Ah me," I hear some lady say, "Those critics are sovereign, Its only envy which they feel; They have no soul, no ear."

Of course it isn't policy To say what may be true At all times and at all places, For you'll catch it if you do.

Now, gentlemen, I have a word Or two to say to you, And if I over-shoot the mark— Which I don't intend to do—

Italian vowels and German airs Are useful in their way, But like the good old Saxon, And I mean just what I say.

"Rendition," that much hackneyed word Which off the papers used, Hath of late been badly treated And, by custom, much abused.

Conscientious merit where 'tis found Should always be extol'd, For those who are most ignorant Are those who are most bold.

So pray accept this faulty rhyme In a just and kindly way, And if the critics are severe, Take the good of what they say.

Montreal. PAUL FORD.

BURLESQUE.

A COMFORTABLE PROSPECT.—A husband and wife were having one of those arguments which occasionally interrupt the harmony of married life. He grumbled because there was not a better fire in the room, and declared that she always was just so stingy in regard to the use of fuel.

FILIAL RESPECT.—The other day one of the clerks in a Washington street store found the porter jammed among the boxes down cellar, with pen, ink, and paper before him. "Writing a letter, eh?" queried the clerk.

MARK TWAIN AND THE WONDERFUL CLOCK.

A New Haven jeweller has a remarkable watch of foreign make, which is described by Mark Twain as follows: "I have examined the wonderful watch made by M. Matile, and, indeed, it comes nearer to being a human being than any piece of mechanism I ever saw before.

IN THE CELLAR.—The Danbury News says: "Mrs. Porteous has a nail in a beam in the cellar for hanging the ham on. She drove the nail herself, with much tribulation, last fall. It was not a successfully driven nail, of course, and Mrs. Porteous had several times suggested to her husband that he make it more secure—

ROUND THE WORLD.

THE French Government has dismissed several mayors for attending masses in memory of Napoleon III. THE Austrian Budget Committee has rejected the grant of six hundred thousand florins for participation in the Paris Exposition.

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

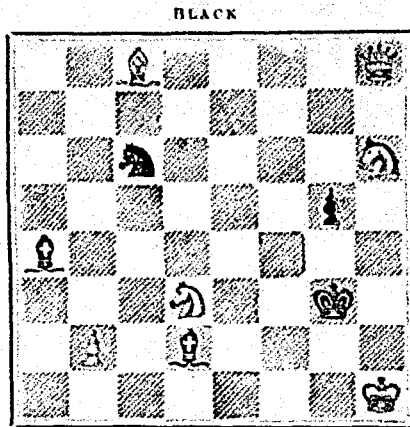
J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks. J. B., Montreal.—Letter and game received. The letter shall appear very shortly.

The chess-players of Montreal show a great inclination to make the most of the visit of Mr. Bird to Montreal, and he is just as willing to make any arrangements which his friendly opponents may suggest before he leaves the city. In consequence, a second contest took place between him and a large number of players on Saturday, the 27th inst.

Mackenzie and Marouse. The winners against him were Mosera, Hicks, Ascher and Atkinson. He drew the games with Mosera, Workman and G. Barry.

PROBLEM No. 108.

(Prize Problem) By J. HENDERSON, Montreal.



White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME 155TH.

Played in 1831 between Messrs. Anderssen and Bird. (From Bird's Chess Masterpieces.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Bird.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to K B 3. 3. B to Q K 5. 4. P to Q 4. 5. Kt takes Kt. 6. P to K 5. 7. Castles. 8. P to K Kt 3. 9. K B to K 2. 10. P takes P (en passant). 11. Q takes P. 12. Q Kt to B 3. 13. Q takes Q R P. 14. P takes Kt. 15. Q B to K 3. 16. Q to R 8 (ch). 17. Q takes P (ch). 18. P to K B 3. 19. R to K B 2. 20. B takes B. 21. P to Q B 4. 22. Q takes Q B P (ch). 23. Q B to B 5 (ch). 24. Q to Q B 7 (d). 25. K to R sq. 26. R to K Kt sq (ch). 27. R to K Kt 3. 28. B to Q 3 (ch). 29. Q to K 5. 30. Q to K B 6. 31. Q takes B P (ch). 32. Q to K B 6. 33. B to Q 4. 34. P to Q B 5. 35. P takes B. 36. P to Q B 6. 37. B to K Kt. 38. Q to Q 8. 39. P to Q B 7. 40. Q to Q 7 (ch). 41. Q to Q 6 (ch). 42. Q takes R. 43. Q to B 2 (ch). 44. Q to K B 5.

NOTES.

(a.) This premature and unground attack involves Mr. Anderssen in difficulties; the game, however, continues critical and interesting to the finish. (b.) If K to Q B 2; then B to Q Kt 6 (ch.) would be decisive. (c.) Attempting to draw the game. (d.) The best move.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 108. WHITE. 1. Q to K 7. 2. Mate. BLACK. 1. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 104. Owing to inadvertence this problem is incorrectly printed; the W R should be at K sq, and a W B at K Kt 3, instead of P at Q 3, and then the solution is in three moves by checking with B &c.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 105.

WHITE. K at K 7. B at Q R 5. Kt at K B 4. Pawns at K Kt 2. K B 2, K 3, Q 2 and Q B 2. BLACK. K at K 4. B at Q R 5. Kt at Q H 5. Pawns at K B 4, K 5, and Q B 6.

White to play, and mate with Queen's Bishop's Pawn in four moves.

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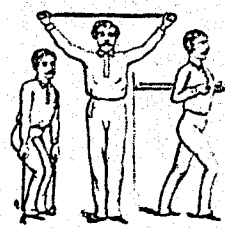
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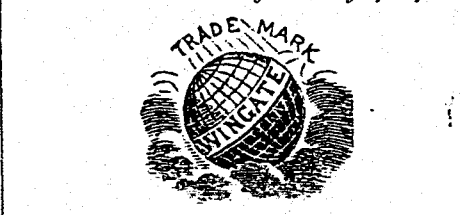
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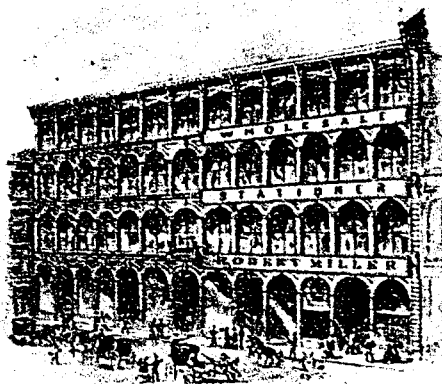
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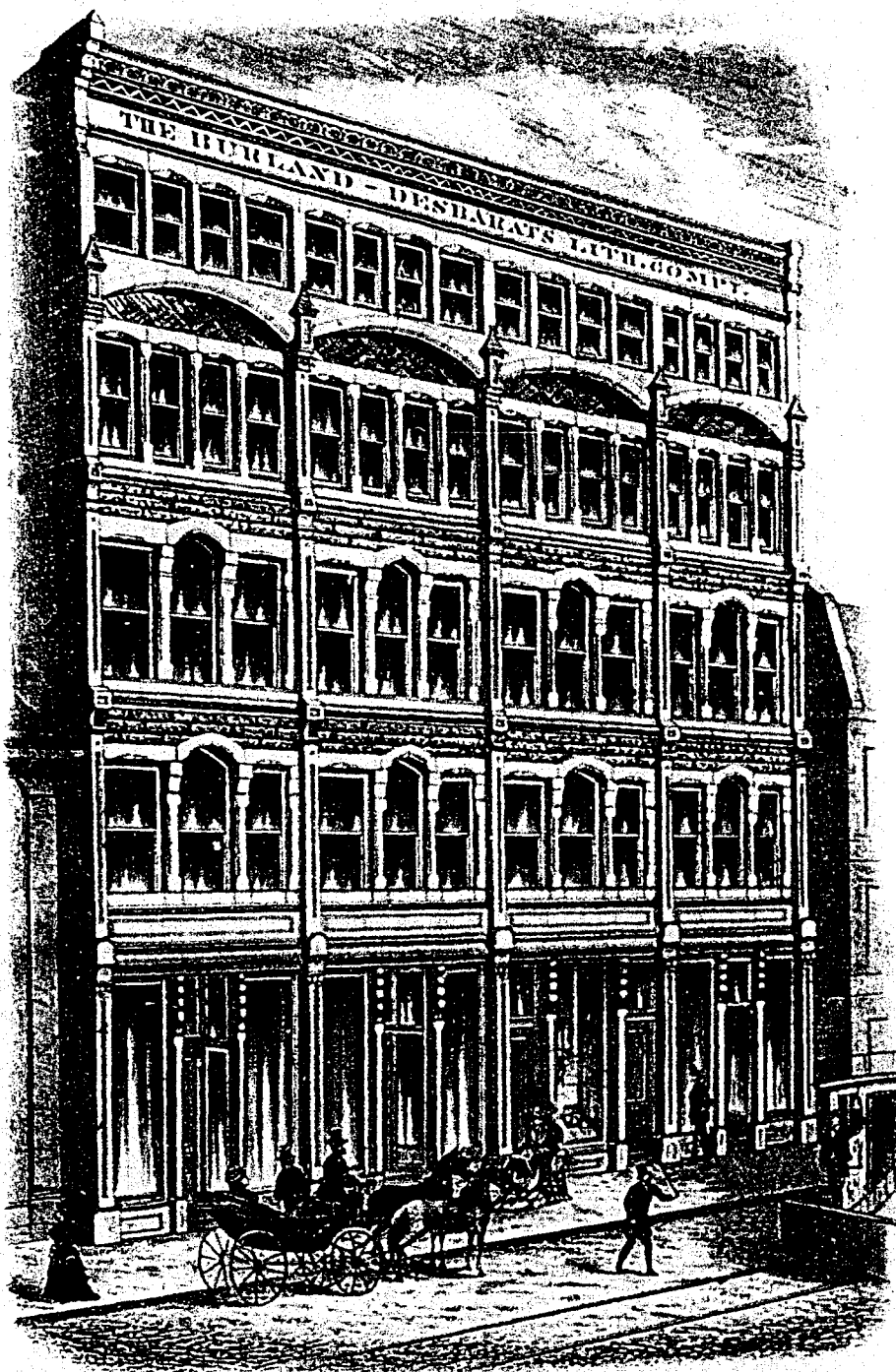


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