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Whistling News

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

NOTICES.

To prevent mistakes we may inform our readers that if they desire indexes of the two preceding volumes they will receive them on making application at this office.

In order to prevent any delay in the delivery of the NEWS, or loss of numbers, those of our subscribers who change their place of residence will kindly advise us of the fact.

TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING

April 25th, 1880.

Corresponding week, 1879.

	Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	57°	31°	44°	Mon.	51°	26°	43° 5
Tues.	60°	49°	54° 5	Tues.	60°	38°	49°
Wed.	64°	40°	52°	Wed.	57°	33°	46°
Thur.	61°	45°	53°	Thur.	63°	37°	50°
Fri.	44°	28°	36°	Fri.	56°	48°	53°
Sat.	50°	34°	42°	Sat.	57°	35°	46°
Sun.	54°	34°	44°	Sun.	56°	42°	49°

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LETTER PRESS.—The Week—From the Seat of Government—Clara Cbillington (continued)—Brelques pour Dames—An Old Maid's Confession—Varieties—History of the Week—Hearth and Home—Our Chess Column—Literary—Humorous—The Gleaser Burlesque—Quebec Geographical Society.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 1st, 1880.

THE WEEK.

We present again to-day one of the best pictures exhibited at the late Canadian Academy of Arts—"The Pioneer Mill," by H. R. WATSON, A. C. A. What adds to the value of the picture is the fact that it is one of the few in the exhibition which were bought for Her Majesty. We congratulate Mr. WATSON upon this high honour.

At the moment of going to press, the despatches inform us that the Hon. GEORGE BROWN is not so low as he was some days since, and that there are still faint chances of his recovery. We trust next week to be able to chronicle his convalescence. Mr. BROWN is not yet properly an old man and, in the natural course of things, he has still many years of public service before him. He is, in many respects, one of the few great men of the Dominion, whose loss would be seriously felt, even by those who disagree with him. His death from the effects of an assassin's pistol would render the regret still more general and profound.

The conflagration at Hull was a most disastrous catastrophe. Some three or four hundred families were suddenly left homeless and the total loss is in the neighbourhood of \$200,000, little of which is covered by insurance. The people of that locality are generally poor and unable to bear up against such a calamity, without ready and abundant assistance. That assistance, we are happy to say, has been forthcoming with the most commendable generosity. Furthermore, the Chaudière mills will commence running next Monday, thus giving employment to a great many idle hands. We publish this week a map of the burnt district, and next week we shall present a sketch of the scene of conflagration.

In confirmation of what we wrote last week on this subject, we learn from the emigration returns made by the Board of

Trade returning officers at Liverpool, that the stream of emigration from the Mersey has reached a point never before experienced, and in striking contrast to figures which have been presented during the past few years of commercial depression. During the month of March, 83 vessels left the Mersey with 13,363 passengers, an increase of 7,409 persons over the previous month, and of 8,461 over March, 1879. The returns for April show a still further increase. The intelligence from New York is to the same effect. Indeed, we are informed that the immigration this year will be the largest of the whole century. We are anxiously waiting to see how much of this will be secured by Canada.

As we foresaw last week, Mr. GLADSTONE has been called upon to form a Ministry. This could hardly be otherwise in view of the responsibilities which he assumed in conducting the late electoral campaign. The change is almost entirely his, and he must bear the burden as well as the glory which it entails. There is a long despatch received, just as we pen these lines, which bristles with sensational details of an intrigue, whereby the Queen's mind was being poisoned against her great subject. We beg leave to discredit the whole story, and to repudiate in advance the Earl of Beaconsfield's connection with it. That is not the Disraeli style of tactics. The late Prime-Minister is no stranger to misfortune, and there is, perhaps, no man in Europe who can face it with so much calm and silent dignity. The members of the Cabinet, so far as known at the last moment, are, besides Mr. GLADSTONE, who resumes the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, Lord GRANVILLE, for Foreign Affairs; Lord HARTINGTON, Secretary for India; Lord NORTHBROOK, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord SELBORNE, High Chancellor; Right Hon. Mr. CHILDERS, Secretary for War, and Right Hon. Mr. FOSTER, Chief Secretary for Ireland. The names of the full Cabinet will be given in our next.

FORMATION OF THE BRITISH MINISTRY.

Those who have had the privilege of reading "MARTIN'S Life of the Prince Consort," must have been deeply impressed by the treatment which at one period of his life that illustrious Prince received at the hands of a clique of scurrilous English politicians, the hangers-on, rather than members, of a political party. Had the life of Her Majesty's illustrious Consort been spared, she herself would probably have escaped the ordeal to which she has been subjected during the last few days. Day after day, since the announcement that the Earl of BEACONSFIELD had tendered his resignation, rumours of the most absurd description have been unceasingly circulated, and we regret to have to add, have been readily accepted as true by professing loyal subjects of the Crown. In Canada rumours have been circulated chiefly in the form of reports to leading New York journals. It is, perhaps, not to be much wondered at that the correspondents of such papers should indulge the prevailing vitiated taste for sensational reports, but it might have been hoped that the editors of Canadian journals would at least have warned their readers that Her Majesty's mode of exercising Her Royal Prerogatives during her long reign was the best guarantee that her people could have against the acts which have been imputed to her, based on rumours without even the shadow of foundation. One of the latest of these reports, dated 24th ult., is addressed to the New York Herald, and commences with the assertion that there has never been such a week of political cabal as that which was about to close. All the caballing seems to have been done by newspaper reporters and those with whom they were in league; who, long before any statesman had been charged with the task of constructing an administration, took it on themselves not

only to name the members of the new Cabinet, but to assign to them the portfolios which they would be called upon to fill. It seems not to have crossed the mind of the Herald reporter that any conversations, which may have taken place between the Queen and the statesmen whose names have been introduced into the report, would have been strictly confidential, and most assuredly would never have been divulged. The gist of the charge is an alleged personal dislike to Mr. GLADSTONE on the part of Her Majesty. For this dislike not a particle of proof has been adduced. So far as can be inferred from the facts before us, everything has been done strictly according to established practice. The proper person to send for after the resignation of Lord BEACONSFIELD, was most assuredly the Marquis of HARTINGTON, who since Mr. GLADSTONE'S voluntary abdication of the leadership of the Liberal party, has filled that position with the entire concurrence of Mr. GLADSTONE. Under the circumstances existing during, and subsequent to, the elections, and the apparent desire on the part of the victorious Liberals that Mr. GLADSTONE should resume the leadership, it is just possible that a doubt might arise in the Royal mind whether it might not be expedient to send for Mr. GLADSTONE. If such a doubt arose, the natural and proper course for the Sovereign to take would be to consult the retiring minister, and the correct advice for him to give, if consulted, would be to send for the recognized leader, who was certainly the proper person to make the Queen acquainted with the desires of the party. Whether Lord HARTINGTON was sent for by the advice of Lord BEACONSFIELD or on the Queen's own judgment, the course taken was strictly correct. What passed at the subsequent interviews cannot be known, but it is in the highest degree absurd to imagine that the Queen suggested getting rid of Mr. GLADSTONE by the offer of a peerage. In due course on the advice of Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. GLADSTONE was sent for and was charged with the formation of an administration. Those who believe that the Queen avowed a personal objection to Mr. GLADSTONE, and that Lord HARTINGTON revealed to newspaper reporters what passed between His Sovereign and himself will certainly not be found among the frequenters of well-informed circles in London. It is alleged that "two leading liberals abetted the conspiracy against Mr. GLADSTONE." We should be curious to learn the mode in which they could have done so. Their names are not given but it is to be inferred that neither Earl GRANVILLE nor Lord HARTINGTON was one. What influence could any other individual employ? The statement can have no foundation in truth. We have observed with regret the reception which has been given to the rumours imputing to Her Majesty sentiments wholly inconsistent with her conduct during her long reign, and have felt it our duty to record our conviction that they have no foundation whatever in truth.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC.

PROFESSOR BELL'S PAPER.—A public meeting of this Society was held on the evening of Thursday the 22nd April, in the Hall of the National School, D'Auteuil street, Quebec, when a numerous and appreciative audience assembled to hear the reading of a paper by Dr. ROBERT BELL, of Montreal, Assistant Director of the Geological Survey of Canada. Among those present were the resident Consuls-General of Spain, France, Belgium, Norway and Sweden, and the United States; the Honourable Messrs. Garneau, Ouimet, and Solicitor General W. W. LYNN; the President, and Honorary President of the Institut Canadien, Mr. ST. CYR, M.P.P., Professor LAFLEMMÉ of Laval University, Dr. ROY, Col. STRANGE, Mr. BELLEAU; Messrs. W. WALKER and H. S. SCOTT, and other prominent citizens of Quebec.

The chair was occupied by Dr. MILES, President of the Geographical Society for

the current year, who, with a few introductory remarks, introduced the lecturer to his audience.

Dr. BELL, who had accepted the Society's invitation to furnish a paper in promotion of its special objects, had selected as his subject "Recent Explorations Around Hudson Bay"—a subject, which, of late, has excited much interest and attention on the part of the public, in connection with the vast railroad and other projects to the execution of which the people of the Dominion are more or less pledged at the present time. To illustrate his lecture, Dr. BELL—whose reputation and past services as a geographer and experienced explorer of regions situated to the north and north-west of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario is highly appreciated at the capital, and whose reports, published annually under the auspices of the distinguished Director of the Geological Survey, Mr. SELWYN, have furnished a large proportion of the whole stock of reliable knowledge that we possess of those regions—had brought with him a set of remarkably fine, large, and well executed diagrams and charts, which were conveniently attached to the wall behind the platform. One of these was a chart which served to exhibit the geological characters of the territories upon which the geographical features mainly depend. Another chart made conspicuous to the eye the relative positions of all the northern circum-polar lands and seas, and a single glance at it uprooted the popular but erroneous notion that Hudson Bay, and its surroundings, are, in part at least, comprehended within the same terrestrial zone as those inhospitable tracts of land and water. While the northern extremity of the Bay does not protrude within the arctic circle, it is seen that the southern portion of it, called James Bay, reaches down to a parallel of latitude more southerly than that of the city of London, in England. Another large and extremely interesting chart, on which curved lines, variously coloured, were traced from points far eastward, and passing round south of James Bay, extended to the heart of the North American continent, on the west, indicated the geographical ranges and limits of the different kinds of timber, constituting the chief of the staple products and wealth of Canada. There were also on view other maps and charts, one of which, constructed on a scale of four miles to an inch, displayed the courses of a multitude of rivers flowing into the bay, from the east, south and west, and those from the last-named direction forming the natural channels for conveying into Hudson Bay, as a vast basin or general receptacle, the waters of an immense expanse of territory, extending from the Winnipeg Lake to the Rocky Mountains. Between twenty and thirty of the streams entering the bay on its eastern and western coasts were pointed out as being first class rivers of 500 miles length and upwards, and, in particular, the Nelson, was referred to as being one of the great rivers of the world. Speaking generally of the rivers and lakes awaiting exploration, but at present of unknown dimensions, the lecturer said that the former, of all kinds, were incalculably numerous, and that the latter (the lakes) of a size not inferior to Ontario and Erie, were such as the people of any country might feel proud to possess within their borders.

It would be impracticable, within the limits of a summary report, to give even a condensed account of the various interesting and novel details of Professor BELL'S instructive lecture. It is, however, to be published in full in the society's transactions for the present year. But it should be mentioned that, to complete his means of illustration, numerous photographic pictures were shown, taken under the lecturer's direction in the course of his more recent surveys, and which served, far more vividly than any verbal descriptions could possibly serve, to afford correct ideas of various scenery, &c., in the regions under consideration.

At the close of the lecture, the Hon-

W. W. LYNCH, in a few appropriate remarks, expressed his satisfaction with the information conveyed in his discourse. He was, for his own part, he said, grateful to the lecturer, and since he had entered the hall that evening he had been made acquainted with many most important and interesting facts relating to the geography of certain parts of the Dominion of Canada, of the existence of which previously he had not the least idea. He proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the lecturer. Mr. LYNCH's motion having been seconded by the Hon. Mr. OLMET, who also offered some observations expressive of his high appreciation of the paper read by Mr. BELL, an unanimous vote of thanks was passed by the meeting; after which another resolution was adopted by acclamation, electing Dr. BELL an honorary member of the Geographical Society of Quebec.

The President then announced that the next paper of the course would be furnished by His Excellency the Consul-General of Spain, the Count DE PREMIO-REAL, which would be read at a meeting to be held on the 29th April, subject: "The Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon." The meeting then adjourned.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

PACIFIC RAILWAY DEBATE AND VOTE—DEPUTATION RESPECTING HARBOUR AND CANAL DUES—PROGRESS OF MEASURES—THE SUPPLIES, &c.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, April 23rd, 1880.—I well remember listening to one of the last speeches of the late Robert Baldwin, in the Parliament at Toronto, shortly before he finally left power, when, in reply to an attack upon him by the late William Beulton, upon a question of the seat of Government, in which the point of common sense seemed to be for the moment on the side of Mr. Beulton, he said, "It is not what we wish; it is not what is desirable; it is not even that which, for the moment, might seem to be the best for the interests of the country, but it is what we must do, in order to keep good faith. It is to this we are bound by the very highest obligations." These words were very seriously said, and they made an impression on my mind which has never been forgotten. I recall them now, because they rise in judgment upon the present conduct of the party of which Mr. Baldwin may be said to have been the founder. I think there has never been a more sad exhibition of useless humiliation than that which has happened to the party, nominally under the leadership of Mr. Mackenzie, but plainly, in as far as this matter is concerned, under that of Mr. Blake. I gave you, in my last week's letter, the points on which the Pacific Railway debate turned, and especially the ground taken by Mr. Blake. We had, early this week, the division on his resolution. It was rejected by the decisive vote of 131 to 49. The House divided on clear party lines, with the exception that Mr. Skinner, a member of Liberal persuasion, voted on the side of the Government. I did not believe that the men who constitute the Liberal ranks of this House, would have turned round so directly and so squarely upon their previous votes and professions during the last Parliament; but I am bound to say they stood up to their work like men, and swallowed every drop of the cup presented to them by Mr. Blake. The immense majority of the Government is quite sufficient for all practical purposes of administration in carrying out the Pacific Railway policy. The evil done is the handle that will be everywhere made by the very active agents employed in the sale of U.S. lands, of the statements made by the Opposition in our Parliament to hinder settlement in our North-West, and the effect may be to check it for awhile, but not for long. It is remarked in the lobbies here that the Toronto Globe has been quite silent on this escapade of its party. I think it was meant by Mr. Blake to be a defiance of the Globe's authority.

Mr. Mackenzie made his speech on Monday, and many listened with singular interest to the words which came from his lips. It was known that his side of the House was going to make a party demonstration, and, therefore, Mr. Mackenzie had to fall into line. Everybody in the House knew that he could not support Mr. Blake's resolution without going back on his whole record, and men naturally asked, why this sacrifice? His own speeches, even up to the last session of Parliament; his Ministerial acts, his Orders-in-Council, and his agreements with the Imperial Government, were all brought up against him with telling effect at a later period of the debate, all establishing that he had not only pledged himself, but pledged the good faith of the Government and Parliament of this Dominion to go on with the construction of the Pacific Railway within the limits of British Columbia. No answer was made to this terrible raking up of the record, simply because none could be made; and it would have been infinitely better for the honour of our public men and of our Parliament if Mr. Mackenzie had stood upon such principles as those I have cited from Mr. Baldwin, the founder of his party, and said, "It is not now what we consider expedient or desirable, but what we are bound, by the public faith, solemnly pledged, to perform."

Mr. Mackenzie made a somewhat ungracious attack upon Mr. Fleming, with respect to his estimates, and especially for building that portion of the road, now under contract, west of Lake Superior. He was perfectly aware that Mr. Fleming admits that there were some great mistakes in the estimates of that portion of the road, but for which, he contends, he was not responsible. There was, however, a very grave mistake of administration when Mr. Mackenzie was the Minister of Public Works—and that was, the letting out of a contract to be paid for by schedule, on literally nothing more than mere guess work.

Mr. Mackenzie, in his speech, also made the very grave mistake of following Mr. Blake in minimizing the great value of British Columbia to the Dominion, saying that, "Had British Columbia remained out of the Union, it would have been a disaster which could have been borne." That was not a nice expression. Besides, it would have been a disaster not to have been borne, in the view of the near future of this Dominion.

It is further a fact, which it is fair to keep in mind, that the Government do not immediately propose to spend thirty millions of capital in British Columbia, as was unfairly represented in this debate, but, as I showed in a previous letter, they only intend to spend about two millions a year for two years, and after that a less sum, for building 125 miles of railway, which will open up large areas of British Columbia to agricultural settlement, and influx of population, which are now totally inaccessible. It will follow, further, that this opening up, and means of producing food in those areas, will afford ways and opportunity for the development of prodigious mineral wealth, a wealth, I believe, of itself sufficient to build the railway. Afterwards, as time progresses and the population increases, and wealth is developed, the further connecting portions to make the line continuous would be built. This march, moreover, in spite of all drawbacks, will be very rapid.

Mr. Mackenzie admitted that there were large areas of very fertile land in our North-West, but he found that there was also a large extent of poor land, and, after that, good land again. But can it be possible he is not aware that this is a state of things which prevails in all countries, and to a large extent in the Western United States, the rapid progress of which has been one of the modern wonders?

Mr. DeCosmos made an elaborate speech, setting forth the resources of British Columbia, which was not very happy in its delivery or method, but exceedingly valuable in its substance. Mr. Plumb devoted himself to the exposing of Mr. Mackenzie's weakness, and of his speech I may make the same remark as of that of Mr. DeCosmos.

Mr. Charlton followed Mr. Plumb, and made one of the set speeches on the Opposition side. His part was apparently to establish the extreme inexpediency of the proposed expenditure in British Columbia, which he did not scruple to set down as an immediate burden of thirty millions. I have already shown the inaccuracy of this. For the rest, his arguments seemed to be like that of the "ruin and decay" one of the old annexation manifestoes, which once before brought a party to grief, and we shall probably have again a repetition of that little episode of most melancholy predictions, followed and belied by most magnificent progress. It is a poor policy to belittle one's own resources for any purposes of party, and, poorer still, at the cost of good faith.

Mr. Thomas White moved the adjournment, and had the floor on Tuesday. He made an elaborate speech, which was remarkable for the readiness and memory of events which he is known to possess. He brought up an array of unanswered and unanswered facts, which established conclusively that both Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake were responsible for the policy which they now condemned; and he sneeringly said, in remarking on a speech that Mr. Mackenzie made, no later than last session, that, if a resolution had then been proposed in the sense of the identical policy now condemned, we should have had the spectacle of the whole of these gentlemen voting for it, who have now wheeled round since the advent of Mr. Blake to the House. People who remember our old debates might ask whether these are the self-same gentlemen as those who used to call the French-Canadians "montons," for following their leaders.

Mr. Wm. McDougall made a very able speech on the Ministerial side, on Tuesday. His ground was to establish that the Ministerial position was the only one that could be taken in view of the obligations of logic and good faith. Mr. McDougall always speaks well, and sharply defines the points he desires to establish. There was a little question as to the side he would take, as party allegiance is a thing sitting very lightly on his shoulders, he being, as it were, a sort of free lance, looking keenly for the sunshine of the winning side. This debate closed the real contest of the session, and to my mind, the only comment that can be made is, it is a pity that it ever took place.

On Wednesday, deputations waited on the Government, and were received by the Ministers of Railways and Public Works, having for object

to obtain a reduction or remission of the tolls and dues at Montreal and elsewhere, with a view to attract to our waters a portion of the trade now going to New York. The Ministers made to the deputation as fair a promise as they were able, to give the subject favourable consideration; but I think it is exceedingly doubtful if anything of this kind can be done. I do not see how it can without the consent of Parliament, and many of the Ontario members talk against it.

Mr. Colby's Petroleum Inspection Bill was before the House on Wednesday, but there was no final decision respecting it. I think the tests he proposes are distasteful to the Maritime Provinces, but they are favourable to our petroleum interests.

On Thursday, a resolution was passed to vote \$7,000 in aid of the sufferers by the disastrous fire which swept away the greater part of Hull on Wednesday afternoon. There was no opposition, and this is one of those exceptional things Parliament is justified in doing in the face of great and exceptional disasters. The bill to grant \$600 a year to the widow of Hon. John Young, was also read a second time without opposition. The bill to extend the working of the Stamp Act to British Columbia was introduced, and also that for the relief of the Quebec Harbour Commissioners. A number of items of supply were passed. On that for the Pacific Railway, Sir Charles Tupper stated that the Government would push the road on with the utmost possible rapidity, and the contractors were bound to have the rails laid over the whole line, from Lake Superior to Red River, by 1st July, 1881. On the item of subsidy to a line of steamers to the West Indies and Brazil, Sir John Macdonald stated that the arrangement was that the Brazilian and Canadian Governments each give \$50,000; the steamers to make monthly trips, touching at St. Thomas, Bahia, and probably one other port. Items for fisheries, light-houses, &c., were also passed.

On Friday we again had the supplies. There was some debate respecting the North-West Indians. The question, how to deal with them, is not free from difficulty. Sir Charles Tupper showed on the Intercolonial item that there had been a great saving effected.

GOVERNORS OF CANADA.

Sir George Murray, an English general and statesman, died in London, at the age of 74, on the 28th of July, 1846. The following is an extract from the obituary notice in the Annual Register for that year:—

"He was nominated a Knight of the Bath, Sept. 11, 1813, before the enlargement of that order. After serving for a short time as Adjutant-General in Ireland, he was appointed to the Government of the Canadas, and thither he proceeded without delay. A short period had only elapsed, when the Secretary of State announced to him that Napoleon had landed at Cannes, Sir George had the choice of either remaining in Canada or of returning to Europe. He preferred rejoicing his old companions in arms," etc. It is also recorded in the Annual Register for 1774, that Major-Gen. James Johnston was named Governor of Quebec in the place of the Hon. Lieut.-Gen. James Murray, on the 26th Nov., 1774; and in Haydn's Book of Dignities, Johnston's name is on the list of Governors of Canada.

Were these two appointments actually made? The question is submitted to students of Canadian history.

CORVIA.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

AN Edinburgh correspondent states: "In the middle of this national contest, and in the heart of Midlothian, Mr. Gladstone has found time during the last few days to go pottering about among old china, and book shops."

The Dean of Westminster, whose Liberal proclivities are well known, stated that, for the sake of Mr. Gladstone himself, for the sake of his party, and for the sake of his country, it was to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone would be defeated in Midlothian by a large majority.

"HANG me," exclaimed an enthusiastic Radical, as he came out of a polling-booth—having voted for young Herbert Gladstone—and found the sun shining brilliantly, "Hang me if things haven't taken a better turn already! What asses we must have been to have kept these Tories in so long!"

Mr. GOSCHEN, M.P., speaking in Mid-Kent, said that if he was asked to follow Mr. Parnell, he should do as soldiers do when asked to join in a treasonable enterprise. He would throw down his Parliamentary mandate as an honourable soldier would break his sword. Ireland knew that Home Rule would not be granted by any party.

AMONG the humours of the Southwark election, the palm must be awarded to a large brown and white retriever dog, who, acting the part of a board-man, might have been seen perambulating the Old Kent road, decorated with a blue tie, and a card dependent from his neck with the legend—

"What have the Tories done for the likes of me!
Raised my tax by 2s. 6d."

It was remarked as a repartee by the Con-

vatives, that the Liberals had at last rightly gone to the dogs.

It is pleasing to notice the cordial way in which the honourable candidates for the Wigton burghs and Wigtonshire fraternized. They walked up the street together from the County Buildings, and, on the suggestion of Sir Herbert Maxwell, they went to Mr. M'Naught's photographic studio and had their likenesses taken in a group. It being considered a good artistic arrangement that two of them should sit, they "tossed" for who should have the honour, when it fell to the lot of the two Conservatives. We understand that Sir Herbert courteously offered his seat to Lord Dalrymple.

A FARMER, who was asked for his vote, was a fine specimen of mingled bucolic independence and thickheadedness, renowned, too, for his brusqueness, and he said bluntly, "I'd vote for you, only folks tell me you're such a fool." "Fool, am I?" retorted the candidate; "then, my good sir, I'm the very man to represent you." Down came the farmer's heavy hand upon the candidate's shoulder, as he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh, "Come, I'm gormed if that aren't a good un! You're not such a fool as I thowt; and you shall have my vote, here's my hand upon it."

By a strange coincidence the following text supplied the subject of the sermons at several places of worship in Northampton on a recent Sunday, either at the morning or the evening service: "And Samuel said to Saul, 'Thou hast done foolishly; thou hast not kept the commandment of the Lord thy God, which he commanded thee; for now would the Lord have established thy kingdom upon Israel forever, but now thy kingdom shall not continue: the Lord hath sought Him a man after His own heart, and the Lord hath commanded him to be captain over His people, because thou hast not kept that which the Lord commanded thee.'"

SAID a pitman the other day to a noble lord on a canvassing expedition: "Aa like thoo, thoo knaas, but mind az not gan to vote for tha. Thoo's a real canny fella an' aa like tha far better'n tha uther un, an' if thoe'd only been a Librel he migh iv gan to tha owldun for ony vote a mine he'd a hitten. But thoo's a Con-servative an' thoo knaas whaat bad wages wor hevvin just noo. Dirvent be vexed, but wull getta put somebody in thit'll see thit wi' get maar money." This is about the measure of the idea that has given the Radicals the majority against the Government.

It was observable in many parts of London that, even after the ballot-boxes had been sealed and borne off in cabs, guarded by police-men, the streets were paraded by numerous "sandwich men," whose placards earnestly invited the electors to "vote early" for the respective candidates. These men apparently took no notice of the progress of the contest, or of the fact that the election was a thing of the past. They had been sandwiched, and committed to the street to silently enjoin upon the electors the duty of "voting early," and they continued their weary tramp, apparently with no thought other than of giving their employers a fair day's work for a fair day's wage.

The Conservatives of North Lancashire found a difficulty in securing an acceptable candidate. At the last moment they fixed on Major-General Fielden. The following is a specimen of his oratory: "I do not want to go to Parliament. At half-past four o'clock on Thursday afternoon last I had not the slightest conception of being asked to go for North Lancashire. I would rather not go. I love living in the country. I do not care to live in London. I have a wife and children. I do not care for the amusements and excitements of the world and London. I was told it was advisable to go; and, therefore, if you send me I will go. I don't want you to take me. But I will go if you will send me."

HUMOROUS.

No Arkansas man will lose a minute fooling with a gem puzzle, when he can go and see a bull dog fight a badger. Arkansas folks know the value of time.

It was a Chicago woman who first invented the idea of placing a canary bird stuffed with sawdust in a place where a cat would have to work two hours to get at it.

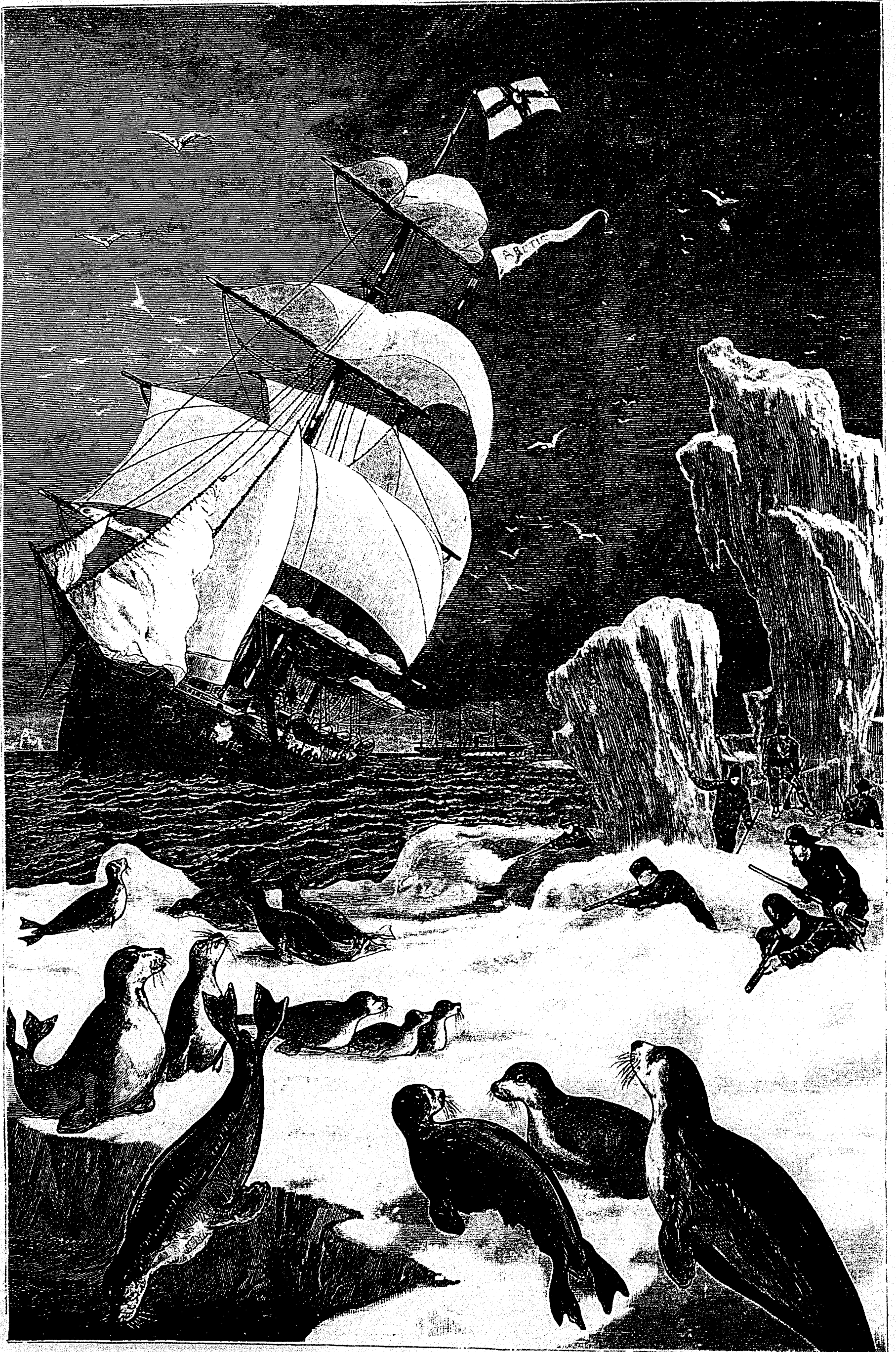
ALL the doctors of Syracuse unite in denying the story that one of them lately sewed up a man's mouth instead of a gash on the cheek. It was his ear they worked at.

A PRETTY good first of April joke was that of a Toronto alderman who wandered about the streets bearing the placard on his broad back inscribed: "Widened at the expense of the corporation."

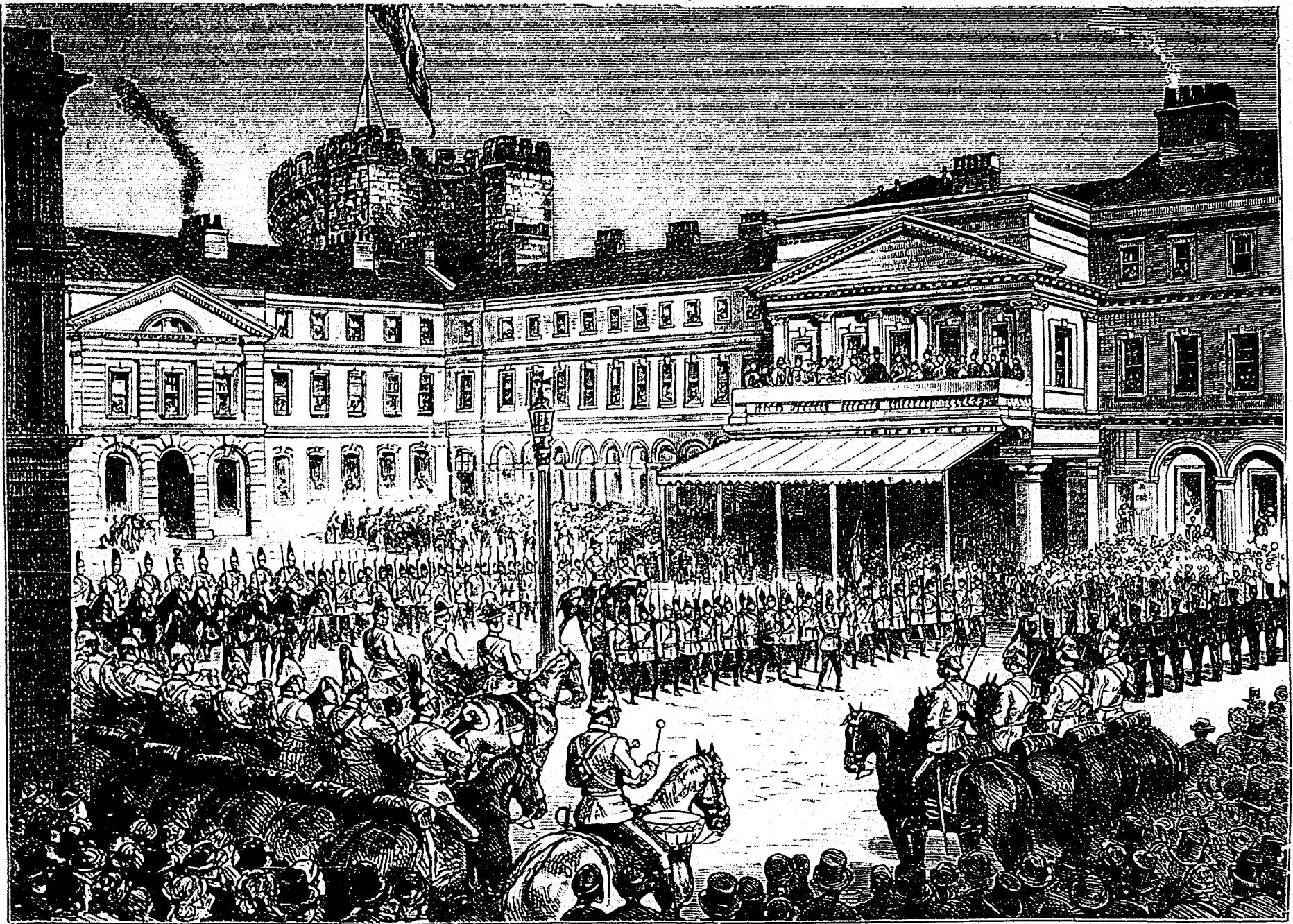
AN old miser, who was notorious for self-denial, was asked one day why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser; "I have tried various means for getting fatter, but without success." "Have you tried victuals?" inquired a friend.

"I DON'T want a lead-pencil, I tell you," said a lawyer, annoyed in his office by the importunities of a buxom woman who would not go away. "Excuse me, sir," she answered, "but you have made a mistake. I am a beggar. I have not yet come to peddling pencils."

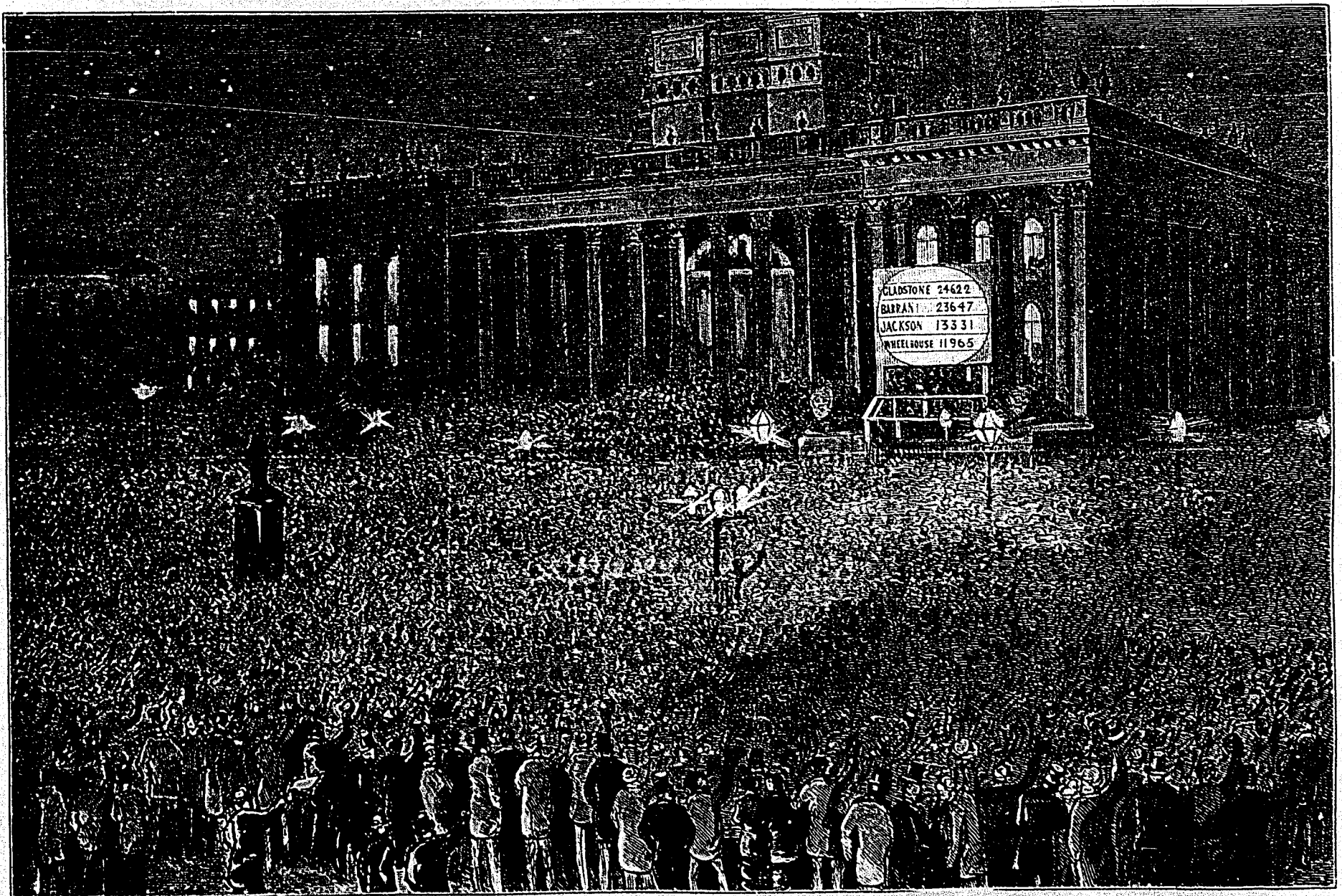
A MASSACHUSETTS dog recognized his master's voice through the telephone. The man was in the stable, three-quarters of a mile from the office where the dog was. The people in the office put the dog in a chair and applied the telephone cup to his ear. Then the dog's master said, "Come Jim, come to the stable," and that dog dashed off and was at the stable in five minutes.



THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN IRELAND.—TROOPING THE COLOURS IN PRESENCE OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT, DUBLIN CASTLE.



THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.—RESULT OF THE POLLING AT LEEDS.

THE RIVER.

All is changing in the valley,
Save with you, familiar stream;
You have still the morning music,
You have still the sylvan dream.

Year by year the woods diminish,
And the hillsides grow more bare,
Landmarks fade and new roads circle,
Orchards die that once were fair.

Pastures, with the burnt logs tumbled
Thick by many a crooked pass,
Where the berry bushes reddened,
Now are smooth and clothed in grass.

Brown barns nestled in the meadows,
To the moss have gone below,
And the old house by the well-sweep
Fell, they tell me, long ago.

And new mansions bright and stately,
Flowerly yards and hedges green,
Towering barns with bays capacious
By the roadside now are seen.

All is changing in the valley,
Save with you, familiar stream,
You have still the morning music,
You have still the sylvan dream.

For the willow and the alder
Bend above your tireless tide,
And the great elm waves its branches,
Far aloft in knightly pride.

And the brook's sunny tresses
O'er you in the wind are swung,
And the cherry tree's white blossoms
On your breast are lightly flung.

When the moving mist of morning
O'er your face is closely spread,
Clearly sings your kinsman, robin,
In your elm tree overhead.

In their firm and ancient places
Are your boulders, when the sun
Tracks the lengthened days of summer,
And your currents lowly run.

And your darkened waters ripple
By the hemlock's shady glade,
Where the moist air holds the whispers
That primeval seasons made.

All is changing in the valley,
Save with you, familiar stream;
You have still the morning music,
You have still the sylvan dream.

Knowlton, Q. C. L. CLEVELAND.

AN OLD MAID'S CONFESSION.

By "ISIDORE."

Author of "Voices from the Hearth," "An Emigrant's Story," "An Old Miser's Story," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

A DISCOVERY.

In the meantime, there was many a whispered conference between Mrs. Dufresne and Frank, and he was often so absorbed amongst his books, that he paid us less attention than usual. We had grown so accustomed to his society, that we missed it. Wondering at his frequent absence, and endeavouring to account for it, one day the subject of my thoughts suddenly accosted me. It was an early summer's morning, and, as usual, I was seated under the weird and gnarled old oak tree, whose wide-spreading branches formed an umbrageous shelter. The luxury of its beautiful shade gladdened me. I could mark "the lazy-pacing clouds" through the interlacing boughs. I felt sweet currents of warm air sweep over me. I heard the happy twitterings of the birds nestling near me, and my busy fingers, over woman's soothing occupation—needlework—seemed to keep time and tune to my thoughts.

"So here you are!" said Frank, looking intently into my face, and seating himself on the seat. "I have been looking for you everywhere."

"Indeed," I answered, as unconcernedly as possible.

"I have something very particular to say to you, Miss Agnes," continued Frank, and again he fixed his bright, searching gaze on me. "In the first place, I am going to leave you all."

Not knowing the full purport of these words, "I am going to leave you all," a feeling of sadness and dismay seized me, which somehow stopped the answer I was about to give him.

"Don't look so concerned," said Frank, drawing closer to me. "It is only for a time; I shall soon return."

This answer relieved me. He did not then intend to leave the shores of England, and it was only a temporary absence. "I did not think you were going away so soon," I said. "Is the business urgent?"

"In one sense, it is," answered Frank. "Let me tell you all about it." And then, as he quietly placed his hand in mine, I instinctively felt that he had requited the love which I had secretly treasured for him, and that already he was about to confide his plans to my keeping. Folding this bright assurance around my heart, I listened to him with that full joy which even now after the lapse of so many years throws a halo over these pages. "You must know, Agnes, that I consider myself a very fortunate fellow; my desultory reading has had this effect upon me—it has kindled high aspirations for my future. Now the majority of young men who are similarly affected by books, seldom possess the means to carry out their high aspirations. Fortune has enabled me to do so. An old relation of my mother's has unexpect-

edly left us well off. I have taken a fancy to the profession of a barrister, and I am now off to London to make arrangements for my studies; but I shall come down here again before finally entering on them. Do you think I shall succeed, and 'win my spurs'?"

"I am sure you will, Frank," I replied. "You have all the elements of success in your nature."

"I hope so," he said; "but the race is not always to the swift. Anyway, I mean to try with might and main, and if I fail, it will be from no lack of trying to succeed."

I felt certain of his success, and I rejoiced that he did not intend to fritter away the best days of his existence in aims without purpose, or plans without reason. Dear as he had become to me, I shared his hopes, and felt triumphant already, as I imagined the fame he would win in the career he had chosen for himself. I said, "We shall miss you, Frank. You are right in taking this step," I continued; "a life without an energetic pursuit is not a manly life, and the best wishes of your dear friends will accompany you to incite you—that is, if you need an incentive."

"I need them all," he said, "and I need yours especially, Agnes," and he pressed my hand warmly. I am certain I returned this pressure, I am positive I clasped his hand with the fervour, the trust, the love which I felt for him; and when he left me to the solitude of my happy thoughts, although he had not said that to me which I should have liked him to have said, still, his manner and behaviour had quite convinced me that I had not loved him in vain. Gazing now, as I write, into the depths of that mysterious past, I can recall no sweeter moments of existence than the hour after this interview with my lover.

All that day, whenever I was alone, I nursed the brightest hopes for his sake. The aspirations that he felt for himself had become woven in my own being. All the plans of his future had somehow become my own plans. Kingsley says that "men must work and women must weep," which evidently must mean action for the sterner, and suffering for the gentler sex. "Laborare est orare" is the Latin proverb. The conflict with life's hard duties, the struggle to obtain the mastery over endeavour, must be accounted the privilege of mankind, whilst to us belong the silent waiting, the tearful prayers for those dear to us, who are striving to reach the goal for our sakes. And so already my thoughts, for my lover's future had grown into earnest aspirations, commingled with the anxious doubts and fears—always their concomitants in a woman's nature. Already I lived more for him than for myself, and I think that I was the better and happier for it all.

Next day he left us. The hours before the one of his departure seemed to pass quicker than usual. Time always hurries when we wish it to amble. The inevitable moment came at last; we were all assembled in the drawing-room, and he was about to bid us good-bye. He kissed his mother, shook hands with my grandmother and Flora, and then came over to where I was sitting. I dared not look him in the face, as I was afraid my eyes might betray my sadness. He grasped my hand warmly, and gently pressed it to his lips. In another minute he was gone. We all watched his lithe form bound into the vehicle that was to take him to the railway station, and as the rattle of the carriage-wheels faded in the distance, a dim sense of loneliness took possession of me. For the first time in my life an unwonted dullness, not easily defined, crept over me. I did not try to shake it off; I could not have done so if I had tried; and so I yielded to the vague impression which beset me, allowing it to overcome me, feeling that this sadness, piercing me like a pain, was still touched with some ineffable, far-off sweetness which was the glad consciousness that I was beloved by him whose very departure made this happiness so keenly palpable. And yet, when he had gone, this feeling was almost mastered by the misery occasioned by the blank he left in our household. I could not accustom myself to the change. Absence is the great test of real affection. We never know how dear anybody is till he is missed; his worth becomes then re-estimated. Remembrance re-casts all his virtues and excellencies. The void caused by his departure is only filled up by regret. The chair the absent one sat in, the music he admired, the poem he loved, the walk he favoured, all suddenly become impressively dear to us—because they were his associations. Everything is hallowed with the sadness caused by his absence. We live over again the happy days, but regret tinges all our thoughts. And so, when Frank left us, it was as if some one had sharply wrested some sweetness out of my life. The void around seemed centred within myself. The joy of knowing he loved me increased this void, and for a while depressed me, until a new care arose to awaken thought in another direction.

CHAPTER VI.

A REVELATION.

There are certain characters in this Protean human world whose presence exercises genial thoughts, and whose absence, therefore, creates more than a void in the household.

Frank was one of these characters. Perhaps my own feelings for him have over-estimated his influence.

The being who is throned in our hearts is there by virtue of his being "king of men" to

us, since he is crowned with the glory of a woman's unselfish love!

"What is the matter with Flora?" said my grandmother to me, later in the day. "Is she ill? I don't know what ails the child of late."

My grandmother's question at once banished my thoughts from the selfish groove where they had been wandering lately, and filled them with a vague anxiety about my sister. "Do you think so, grandmother?" I answered. "She is certainly not so gay as usual, but I don't think she is ill."

"There has been too much fuss here lately—too much excitement for the child. She wants more repose. Look to her, Agnes." My conscience reproached me. Had my devotion to Flora waned of late? Had a new love so engrossed my thoughts as to shut out my solicitude for my sister from them? Had that inherent selfishness which, I presume, is strongly rooted in all natures, fastened itself into mine? In my loyalty to him had I been disloyal to her?

I obeyed my grandmother, and sought Flora. I found her in the bedroom. She did not hear the approach of my steps. She was seated by the window; her face wore a dreamy, abstracted expression; there was a wan, listless look about her eyes, and her work lay untouched by her side. "Flora, dear, what is the matter?" I asked.

My words disturbed her reverie, and for some reason, which to me was unexplainable, brought a painful flush to her cheeks. "Nothing is the matter. Why, what should be the matter?" said Flora, parrying my question with another.

"Where have you been hiding yourself? What makes you so dull? You can't be well, my darling!" I spoke these words, and then hastened near her, and in my old, familiar, sisterly way, clasped my arm around her waist.

"Only a little headache and a little weariness," retorted my sister, averting her eyes from mine, as if she feared I would gaze too searchingly into her face. "Don't question me; leave me to myself, Agnes," and as she said this, there was actually a petulance in the tones of her voice. These words added to my anxiety, for my light-hearted sister seldom spoke harshly.

Fearing that even my society might tend to increase her nervous ailment, I was about to obey her wish and leave her, when she called me back.

"Don't go, Agnes," she said. "I am so stupid. Stop and talk to me."

I seized hold of the first topic that occurred to me, a topic of universal interest to all our sex—namely, dress. Our kind-hearted grandmother had surprised us with a piece of fashionable material, and we forthwith discussed in what style we should have it made. I need not tell my fair readers that our earnest discussion, beyond beguiling an hour, led to no permanent decision upon this momentous question. And yet somehow I seemed to have all the talk to myself. Even the delightful topic of a new dress failed to arouse Flora from the lethargic oppression that seemed to beset her, and so I ventured upon another one.

"Did you see Dr. Ponder, my dear, when he was here lately?"

"No, I did not," answered Flora. "He did not come to see me. I don't want him. Mrs. Dufresne is the invalid that engages his attention. Is she really very ill?"

"She fancies she is, which is the same thing. I wonder Dr. Ponder don't get bored with her interminable recitals," I said.

"He does get bored," replied Flora; "his looks betray his sense of boredom. But I think, for all that, he likes coming here, and I know why. You have something to do with his coming here so often—what do you say to that?"

"What an idea! What have I to do with his visits? He is deeply concerned about Mrs. Dufresne. Hers is a curious case, that requires exceptional treatment and numerous visits to understand." I had actually interested my sister at last. The topic of the Doctor and our guest had really proved of greater interest than the topic of dress, and so I began to grow hopeful. "Poor Mrs. Dufresne," I continued, "how she must miss her son."

"Do you think so?" replied Flora. "I wonder if Mrs. Dufresne is really ill, because if she is not Dr. Ponder ought to tell her so."

Getting tired of this irrepressible doctor, I commenced to converse upon a pleasanter theme—Frank's absence. "Does not the house seem dull without Frank? We have never been so lively before in our lives, and he was the occasion of it all."

My darling, evidently not heeding my words, still harped upon the irrepressible Doctor and Mrs. Dufresne.

"I wonder what sort of medicine he administers? because if she really is not ill the physic would do her harm, and no doctor would be so cruel as to do this."

"Never mind Doctor Ponder," I answered. "How quiet everything is without Frank. Don't you miss him as much as we all do?" My arm was clasped round my darling, and, as I spoke these last words, it may have been my fancy, but I am sure she trembled, and her face suddenly blanched. "You don't speak, my love; what is the matter?" And in my fond solicitude I pressed her more closely and warmly.

Then she could not contain herself any longer. "Frank—Frank—" she stammered. "I—" and bursting at last into an uncontrollable sob, she wept in my arms. Now I understood her dread when I mentioned Frank's name, and why she kept harping on the Doctor. Then the truth at once flashed upon my mind.

My sister loved my Frank. Unconsciously she had become my rival. Unknowingly to him and to me she had set his image up in her heart to worship it. How can I now trace on paper what I felt, when as my sister rushed into my arms, this truth, in all its sad significance, burst upon me! At first, this knowledge seemed to pierce me like a sudden agonising physical pain; then, as the misery of the surprise wasted itself away, all thought, all feeling, merged into one undying resolution, fiercer and stronger than my love. Still with my darling in my arms, still hearing her sobs, which were the heart-cries of that which she had tried to keep secret, and recognising in them her appeal to my sympathy, during those dreadful moments for both of us, thank God! only one strong, unalterable purpose mastered every other thought—never, never to my dying day would I betray what had now been revealed to me. I must renounce my own love forever for the sake of the trembling darling weeping in my arms. I pacified her as only a woman can pacify; I begged her to be of good cheer; I bade her hope.

I do not like to dwell, even in these records, on a scene which at the time was fraught with unspeakable suffering to me, and yet I even wonder myself now, when time has softened the harrowing thoughts which the scene evoked, how I can indite my impressions so calmly and placidly. But I have nothing to reproach myself with, and so I can still think reverently of those so closely interested with my life's history, so that these memories which cluster thickly in my brain may be tinged with pain, but never with any regret.

CHAPTER VII.

A DECLARATION.

A few days afterwards I received an interesting letter from Frank, full of London gossip, and which stated that he had completed his arrangements to commence his studies, and that he intended to pay us another visit before bidding us farewell, perhaps for some time.

Somehow I did not look forward to his coming with the old, pleasurable expectation. But a short while before his letter would have thrilled me with a keen longing to have welcomed him, and now circumstances that often mock human hopes made me almost dread to meet him. The last time I was in his company I longed for words that were never uttered, and now I prayed that their utterance might never reach my ears.

When he appeared amongst us, to my fancy a new light of manly purpose to will and to do seemed to radiate his smiling face; the sounds of his voice were tuned to gladdening hopefulness; and though he freely talked to us all, he always directly appealed to me for my opinion whenever he spoke.

No doubt your critical acumen, O reader, would have discovered numerous flaws and blemishes in Frank's nature; I loved him, and so he was my adorable hero.

Now, whenever his face beamed its thoughts on mine, or his hopeful glances followed my own, whenever his light-hearted step, or his merry-toned laugh broke on my quietude, the shadow of my sister's love came between him and me, and compelled me to avoid him. Did he notice the change in my demeanour towards him?

Not at first, as he was too busy in making himself generally agreeable; but afterwards he did so, and his surprise on this point betrayed itself one afternoon.

I had taken my work, and had seated myself with Flora, under the old oak tree, when he quietly approached us. My sister, muttering some excuse about having left her thimble upstairs, suddenly left us. I was about to ask her not to move, thus postponing the inevitable understanding between my lover and myself. But on second thoughts, I resolved not to do so. The hard and relentless task of disappointing the one I loved had to be performed. Why should I flinch from my cruel duty! Sooner or later the words consigning him to wretchedness would have to be spoken. It was but a question of time, and it was only right that I should not temporise with his feelings. And what a pleasant afternoon it was! The dreamy shadows of the summer's day slanting themselves before us; the faint whispers of a soft breeze surging through the tremulous branches over our heads, like sweet lullabys of far-off children's voices; while now and again the happy silence was broken by the birds' twittering notes and musical pipings. Even during the few brief moments before he spoke, the gladness of that summer's afternoon impressed me as no other afternoon has ever done, or ever will do.

"Agnes," he said, "what makes you so *distraite*? and I fancy you have avoided me lately, though perhaps it is only fancy."

"Did you not know," I answered, "that it is our sex's privilege to be capricious at times? you should not observe me so closely."

"Can I help it, and don't you know I cannot help it?" and saying this, his searching, bright eyes pierced mine.

At any other time, woman-like, I would have professed not to have understood his meaning; I would have sought to prolong an interview, which might have been fraught with "linked sweetness, long drawn out." On this memorable afternoon I only wished to hear what he had to tell, and then to resolutely summon all my courage, and do my duty. Casting my eyes away from his, so that their shining light of love might not, after all, quell holier feelings

by compelling me to yield passively to their influence, I merely answered, "I don't know what you mean."

"Don't know what I mean!" he replied. "Have I then been blind? Have you not inspired me with hopefulness, so that I could look forward to this meeting with you, when my dearest hopes should receive their fulfilment? Speak to me, Agnes"—and his voice was filled with earnest and almost tremulous vehemence; "assure me that you will be mine"—and he strenuously grasped my hand and attempted to fold me to his heart.

I dragged away my hand by force from his; I turned from him to hide my emotion. I suppressed the sobs that would have choked me. I prayed to God for strength to face the bitter ordeal. "Frank, Frank, it can never, never be," I stammered; "don't ask me why, I beseech you."

"Don't say 'never,'" he said, piteously; "say 'may not be yet.'" Surely you will not utterly cast off the love which I felt for you the first moment I beheld you, and which has so bound itself in my being that I cannot live without you. Agnes, Agnes, you do not mean what you say?" His voice was imploring, and the rapture of his words fell on my soul, to scorch my feelings to ashes.

But a little while ago these words would have made my heart leap with thrilling joy, and today they only made me shudder. I had heard my own words, "Never, never be," which seemed the death-knell of my own hopes. What could I say to his piteous pleading? How could I answer him, but with tears in my eyes. "Do not press me, Frank, I shall always feel for you more than a sister's affection—"

"But not love!" and he wildly interrupted me.

I would not allow him to exclaim these words. "Oh, Frank, Frank! don't speak so," I answered, "my feelings for your sake are deeper than even what you can imagine. I shall always cherish an undying remembrance of you; but I can never marry you."

Just then my sister returned and interrupted his answer; I was glad she came to put an end to the interview. Frank, however, naturally looked annoyed and distressed. Flora, her face pale with its subdued sadness, never heeded either of us. We all then tried to be agreeable to one another. But you cannot stir the depths of the sea without disturbing its surface, and so we could not busy our minds with the trifles of an ordinary conversation. By-and-by it was a positive relief to us when Mrs. Dufresne, armed with various wraps and shawls, slowly, and after a deal of hesitancy, glided near us. The disturbing influence of Frank's fidgety mother gave me an opportunity of leaving them all, for I longed for the repose of loneliness, and so I shut myself in my bedroom, and—yes, let me own it—I allowed my pent-up feelings to find an outlet, I allowed my tears to flow. It was weak and foolish to give way, I own, but all the resolution, unwavering in its tenacity, all the self-sacrifice, unending in its completeness, cannot change a woman's nature, or rob her of the luxury of a good cry.

I had crossed the dreadful Rubicon; I had faced the terrible ordeal; and now my lot was renunciation, and I had to steel my soul to bear and to clasp the cold future with fortitude. Thank God! I never faltered by the way. There is often more infirmity of purpose in men's acts than in women's duties. It may be sometimes grand to resolve, but it is nobler to submit. The holier light of my love for my darling sister would make passion's flame grow dim beside it, and in the end crown my life like an aureola.

(To be continued.)

ALGIERS.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

The following condensed extracts from a narrative written in French are furnished the Canadian Illustrated News to accompany the Algerian pictures published in former numbers.

On the 13th October (1878) I took the fine S. S. Saïd, of the Messageries Maritimes, bound for Algiers from Marseilles, and in 36 hours arrived at my destination. There are three lines of (mail) steamers running between Marseilles and Algiers. The fare is 80 francs on the best boats. The distance between Marseilles and Algiers is 850 kilomètres or about 600 miles. (It takes 4 kilomètres to make a lieue, league, or 3 miles.)

Algeria, a French colony, is bound on the North by the Mediterranean, on the west by the empire of Morocco, on the east by Tunis, and on the south by the great Desert of Sahara. The extreme length is 500 miles from east to west; the breadth 200 miles from North to South. The Atlas range of mountains divides the arable land of the sea-board from the desert. Algeria, before the Christian era, was conquered and successively occupied by many masters. The period of the Roman occupation was from 47 B. C. to 438—the Vandal, 438 to 534—the Grecian, 534 to 670—the Arabian, 670 to 1518—the Turkish, 1518 to 1830, when, on the 14th June 37,000 men commanded by General de Bourmont, landed at Sidi-Ferruch, fought the first battle at Staoueli, close by, and on 5th July following occupied Algiers, the former great nest of buccaneers who, for a long time, made Christian Europe their tributary, in one sense. At one time, Algeria contained no less than 30,000 Christian captives, who were subjected to slavery when not redeemed by heavy

ransoms. The Berbers, or Kabyles, or Mazidh, are said to have been the aboriginal inhabitants. They are a fine race of men, devoting themselves principally to agricultural pursuits in the interior mountainous district. Of all the Mahomedans in the country the Kabyle women are the only ones who go unveiled. It is claimed by some that the Kabyles have somewhat of an admixture of French blood in their veins, dating back to the time of Peter the Hermit, or the Crusades, when the Christian enthusiasm prevailed and led so many from Europe to attack the Saracens in Jerusalem—committing there all kinds of horrible excesses, as the following will show.—To disappoint the cupidity of the Christians, &c., the Saracens would swallow their precious stones, and the first becoming aware of it would rip open the stomach and bowels of their fallen foes—even before death—tearing away with their teeth as well as fingers in so doing. At a great feast after the taking of Jerusalem one of the guests enquired of the legate of the Pope, who presided: if it were a sin to eat the Saracens? The answer was:—"Why no. It is simply continuing the war with the teeth!" Be it as it may, it is, nevertheless, a fact that the Kabyles were occasionally found, at the time of the French occupation, with French names, such as Bourbon and others. The other inhabitants are Arabs, Moors, Turks, Kouloughs, Jews and negroes. Algeria is divided into three provinces or departments: of Algiers, Oran and Constantine, Algiers being the capital. A Governor-General entrusted with excessive power in a military and civil way, governs the country by décrets, decrees. Four deputies are sent to Parliament at Paris, but their rôle seems as yet but a nominal one. The colonists en masse complain much of the system which has, they think, outlived its time of necessity formerly called for by the unsettled state of things; their grievances will no doubt be attended to now that a liberal government and policy rule France. The drawback of Algeria consists in severe droughts, which compel many agriculturists to have recourse to the tedious and expensive process of irrigation. A government project is, however, on foot to establish an interior sea or annex it to the Mediterranean, having its inlet in the neighboring country of Tunis, by removing the bars of sand accumulated there during many centuries. It has been proved by scientific explorations that a great portion of the desert of Sahara was in by-gone times a sea; an ancient ship was found by Captain Roudaire, the principal engineer engaged on the survey, deeply buried in the sand of the chotts or scbkhas (Arabic) which signifies shore. Besides that indication immense surface layers of pure salt are met with along the oasis, which serve to substantiate the foregoing hypothesis. The main obstruction or bar, called the isthmus of Gabès, in Tunis—only 16 kilomètres in width being removed—at a cost variously estimated at 100, 150 and 200 million of francs—would make of the desert, a Baltic of the Mediterranean, change altogether the nature of the climate of Tunis and Algeria and open up a facile and productive highway into the interior of Africa, laying out a shorter passage to Timbuctou. While I was in Algeria the famous M. de Lesseps was giving his attention to the immense project and running over the ground with other government commissioners to make a final report.

The population of Algeria, according to official report, alluding to the year 1876, was 2,816,575, without counting the army of 51,051, of which: French, 155,727; Jews, 33,287; Spanish, 92,510; Italians, 25,759; Anglo-Maltese, 14,220; Germans, 5,722; other nationalities, 17,524; Mahomedans, 2,462,936. The business is represented by an importation of 192,358,426; exportation, 166,530,581 francs. There are about 500 kilomètres of railway already established, with government security at 6%, running mainly between Algiers and Oran (456 kilom.) and from Philippeville to Constantine (87 kilom.) There are a good many valuable mines of iron, copper, lead and bismuth, principally owned and worked by English companies. Fine wheat and other cereals are raised. The vine is also now very extensively cultivated; last year's crop was so large that punchcoons ran short to hold its juice and much wine was, therefore, lost. The other products are, tobacco, cotton, olives, sugarcane, vegetables of all kinds, fruits (European and tropical) roses, geraniums, and alfa, a textile fibre, which is almost exclusively exported to England and woven into fine fabrics of curtains, table-cloths, coloured, &c. The mulberry tree is likewise one of the principal products. In the category of animals, the horse, dromedary and camel—the first able to run for three days, without food or drink, and the second, the running one, performing as much as 300 miles a day—figure well in the tableau. Asses and mules are numerous and the merino sheep is indigenous. Lions, panthers, leopards, antelopes, gazelles, jackals, hyenas, monkeys, ostriches are plentiful in the interior. The streams of Algeria are not navigable nor numerous. The climate, cold in the mountainous district in winter, hot on the sea shore, averages 60° Fah.; the light everywhere is gorgeous, resplendent and lends a curious charm to every object.

(To be continued.)

WHEN Paris hotel-keepers can't learn an American traveller's profession they record him as "the eminent historian."

A SKATING FETE IN PARIS.

SOUVENIR OF THE EMPIRE.

Long before the hour announced for the opening of the fête, crowds were wending their way towards the Bois de Boulogne, while from the windows of the carriages, which filled the Avenue de l'Impératrice, a glance could be had now and then of some fair one, whose pretty anxious face denoted impatience to get on, for fear some pleasure, some fun, might be lost.

On entering the Bois the road leading to the Skater's Club house was marked out by innumerable colored lights, which threw a brilliant reflection around. At the gates of the enclosure circling the lake, the crowd was dense, and an entrance could not be obtained without much difficulty. At last, however, the invited guests were fortunate enough to squeeze through, and were soon looking upon a scene dazzling and most fairy-like in appearance.

The lake—on which the fête was held—was illuminated with electric lights, while around the banks and in among the trees were countless rows of different colored Venetian lanterns. Soon the whole surface of the ice was covered with skaters, and the timid were glad enough to withdraw from their midst to gaze upon the scene at a convenient distance. Here and there some handsomely dressed lady might be noticed gliding along, leaning on the arm of a gay cavalier, or else moving gracefully by his side. More than one pleased spectator was heard to exclaim: "What beautiful women!" "What handsome men!" The lady skaters were mostly Russians, Germans and Americans. The French ladies seemed averse to trusting themselves on the ice, but a great many did venture in chairs on runners, pushed over the glittering surface surrounded by a body-guard of devoted admirers. Thus were noticed fair and titled ones, guided and escorted by the rank and wealth of Europe. Pretty pictures they made, too, as each passed along in their light sledges, with merry tinkling bells and lighted by tiny lanterns' bright reflections in many hues.

The costumes worn by the ladies were the richest and most elaborate that fashion could design, and silks, satins and velvets were tastefully trimmed with expensive borderings of fur; while costly sable jackets or cloaks completed the attire, with just the "love of a bonnet" to crown all. These costumes were generally short enough to express a laudable desire on the part of the wearer, to show as much, as to us proper, of a pretty foot encased in a neat bottine. Slender waists and sylph-like forms glided over and around the silver lake, where Venus seemed to have descended and varied her beauty in countless ways. Happy the mortal considered himself, could he but get a smile from one of those enchantresses. All the beau monde were present, comprising charming representatives from all nations, and right merrily did they seem to enjoy themselves. Majesty, in the persons of the Emperor and his lovely Empress, had promised to honor the fête, but sickness prevented the Empress and deterred the Emperor from coming alone.

At midnight the fireworks were let off, producing a grand spectacle. As the rockets burst in the air the heavens were lit up with sparkling fire, and the night being unusually dark, the display was seen to the best advantage. In fact, the spectators on leaving shortly afterwards, could not but have been delighted with all they had seen, and the privileged ones favored with invitations from the "Cercle des Patineurs," will not easily forget the brilliant fête gotten up in their honor.

R. C. B.

GLEANER.

EMIGRATION is taking place on a large scale from Sweden.

MR. MILLAIS is painting a portrait of Mr. John Bright.

THE Wimbledon rifle meeting this year commences on 12th July.

THE Viceroy of India has been created an Earl, with the title of Earl of Lytton.

THE Rev. Canon Ryle has been appointed Bishop of the new diocese of Liverpool.

LORD MORLEY is spoken of as Lord Lytton's possible successor in the Vice-royalty of India.

THE Geneva Municipality has voted 50,000 lire for the erection of a statue of Victor Emmanuel in that town.

THE most carefully prepared statistics show that there are not less than three hundred thousand drunkards in the United States.

IN France "April fools" are called "April fish," because in April the sun leaves the zodiacal sign of "the fish."

MR. JOSEPH ARCH, the leader of the English farm labourers, has failed at Wilton, his Tory opponent defeating him by a majority of 421 votes.

MR. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, of Boston, has presented to President Hayes the desk upon which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence.

THE Queen's Own, of Toronto, has organized a glee company to march at the head of the regiment and sing while the band is not playing.

THE Rev. T. D. Phillips, of Ottawa, goes to England shortly as a member of the Canadian team of cricketers, who are to play there this summer.

THE price of beef has advanced very materially in Nova Scotia within the past few weeks, largely owing to the large export of cattle to Great Britain.

It is reported that the Bank of British North America and the Merchants' Bank of Canada will shortly open branches in Chicago.

ABOUT 20,000 gallons of beer were very appropriately and usefully employed in extinguishing a fire in a German brewery in Monte Video a short time ago.

UNLIKE many other great engineering works, the actual cost of constructing the St. Gothard tunnel has proved to be no less than 11 million francs under the estimate.

LONG BRANCH real estate agents report that they are unable to supply the demand for cottages, and it is believed that the hotel accommodation will be found inadequate next summer.

IN the early days of Polish Christianity a person convicted of having eaten meat during Lent had to undergo the somewhat appropriate but altogether cruel punishment of having his teeth drawn.

GERMANY leads in the number of her periodical publications, having 3,778; England has 2,507; France, 2,600; Italy, 1,226; Austria, 1,200; Russia, 500; Asia, 387; Africa, 50; Australia, 100. The total number in America is 9,129.

The excavations of Athens have been resumed, and have already resulted in the discovery of some further important relics, including a nude marble torso of heroic size, belonging to the Roman period; and a very ancient head of Hera, of life-size, and in terra-cotta.

THE Princess Vicovaro Cenci, daughter of Lorillard Spencer, of New York, has, according to late advices from Rome, been appointed Lady of Honour to Queen Margherita, and she is the first American woman, it is said, who has enjoyed distinction at the Italian Court.

LITERARY.

"HUGH HERRON, CH. CH." is the title of a new Oxford novel.

"JEZEBEL'S DAUGHTER," Wilkie Collins' new novel, is in the press.

THE Athenæum calls Alexandre Dumas "a moral and intellectual curiosity."

PROFESSOR C. VON PILOTY's new historical picture, "The Arrival of the Grandists upon the Scaffold," is being exhibited in the clock room of the Academy of Arts, at Berlin.

M. MICHEL DUMAS has been elected a corresponding member of the French Academy of Fine Arts, in the section of painting, in the place of the deceased M. Swerts.

A PETITION has been circulated among the Parisian artists for signature, praying that the Luxembourg collections be kept intact until a suitable building is found to house them in.

AN oaken chest, containing upward of a thousand original documents, some of which date back to the thirteenth century, has been found at the almshouse at Wells, England.

"THE complete works of Rembrandt," with a description and notes by Charles Blanc, has three hundred and fifty-six plates, reproducing in fac-simile the whole of his etchings.

SWINBURNE's new volume of poems will shortly be published. The entire collection is new. The longest of these poems has "Sappho" for its subject. Those who have seen the manuscript of this poem describe it as one of the strongest efforts of Mr. Swinburne's muse. The poet, who is suffering from ill-health, is now in the south of France.

THE young people of the Parisian schools are preparing a grand fête in honour of the memory of their favourite poet, Alfred de Musset. Théodore de Banville is composing a piece of verse for the occasion. The pupils of Taibot have already commenced to repeat: "A quoi revêt les jeunes filles."

THERE are several Turkish youths studying in Paris at present. At a recent examination a professor, wanting to make matters easy for one of the young fellows, asked, "Can you mention any of the Greek authors?" No answer. "For instance, you must know something about Homer?" "Oh, yes!" answered the student. "Omar Pasha—everybody knows about him."

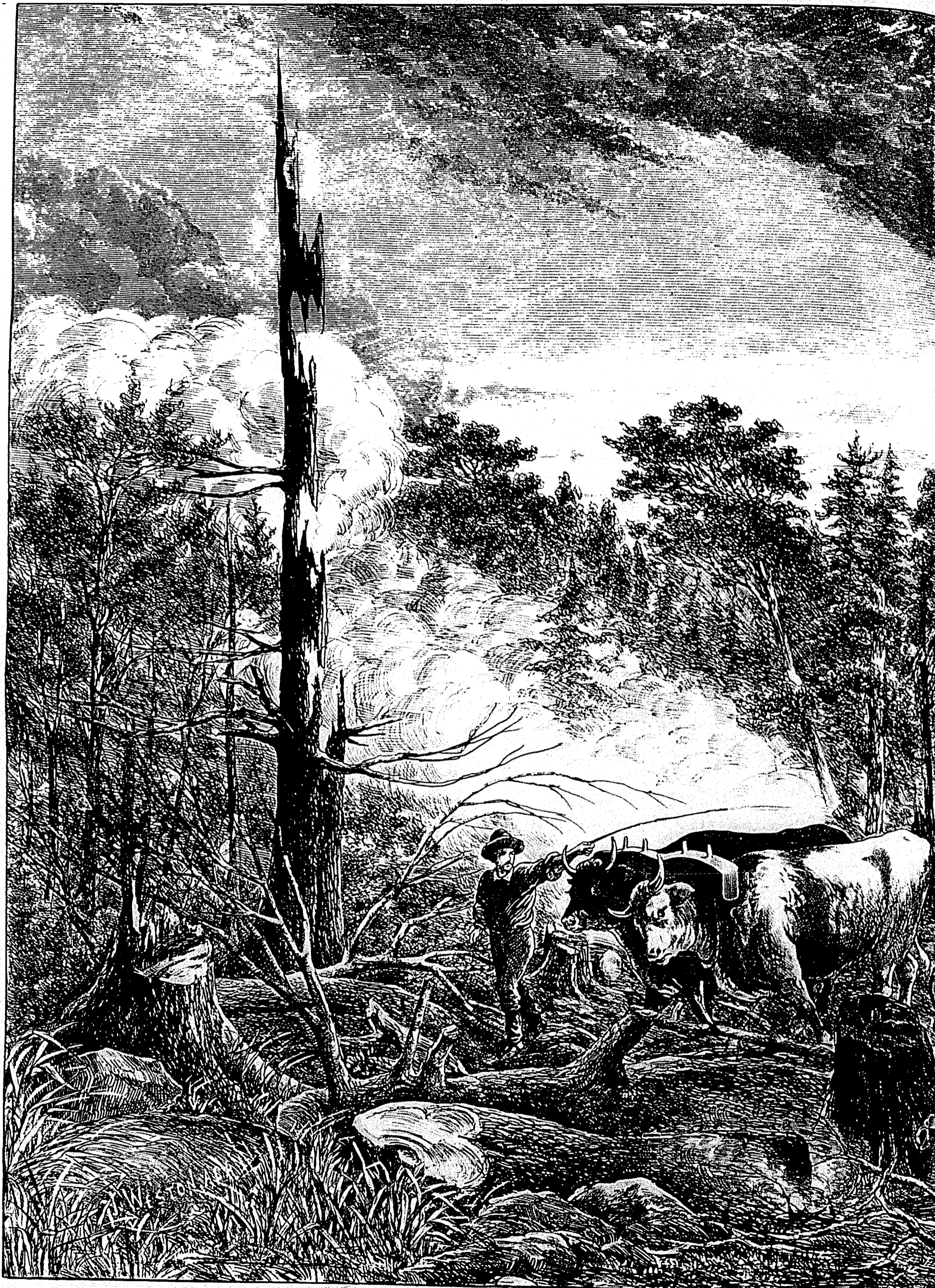
THE first volume of Kossuth's Memoirs, to appear simultaneously in English, German, and Magyar, will show, it is said, that Napoleon III., on summoning him to Paris in 1859, offered him naturalization and a Senatorship. While refusing these Kossuth agreed to use his influence in favour of France and Sardinia in the impending war, whereby he offended Mazzini, Victor Hugo, and the French Republicans.

MANAGER BERTRAND, of Paris, sometimes allows an aspiring young dramatist to read him a new play, and during the ordeal asks if the reader is cold. The young dramatist assenting, Manager Bertrand rings for the servant. "Madelaine," he says, "put three manuscripts on the fire," and the reading is usually discontinued.

THE Voltair publishes a very curious series of articles on the non-authorized religious congregations, in which it endeavours to connect the growth during late years of these bodies with the decline of population in France. Its arguments is that men and women among the French peasantry are attracted towards monastic vows by the immunity from worldly cares afforded to the inmates of religious houses. Hence celibacy is encouraged, and matrimony discouraged.

AN English lady, a proficient French scholar, waited on Alexandre Dumas on the appearance of his work on divorce, proposing to bring out a translation of it in England. To her surprise she met with anything but a courteous reception and a trenchant refusal of her offer. Alexandre Dumas frankly told her he disliked both England and the English, and had no desire to attract either applause or criticism *outré Manche*.

It is well known that Victor Hugo and Emile Augier are warm friends although holding such widely differing opinions. One day, in a conversation on potatoes, Victor Hugo said laughingly to his friend: "Confess now that you are a frightful reactionnaire, and that if ever you came into power you would be capable of demanding my head." "It is true," said Augier, "only I would take it for myself."



LOGGING BEE I

FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES



N MUSKOKA.

WESTON, A.C.A.

"Hi, hi!" came from above, and the other sailor soon made his appearance.

Being told the plan of Lisette, the old man-of-war man replied, "It'll do." The hope of in some manner being revenged on Sir Harry Chillington filled his mind, and he repeated with apparent pleasure, "it'll do; but had'n't we better have that young 'un from Dover?"

"A good thought," replied Uncle Jacob, and in less than an hour the blue postchaise was rattling along the road, and in it were seated Jacob Winter and Dick Backstay.

The dawn of the day had begun to peep above the eastern horizon as the blue hack drew nigh to the town of Dover; but just previous to entering the limits they passed a miserable wretch, looking as though he were driven to desperation by the force of circumstances. "Stop!" shouted Uncle Jacob to the driver, as he saw the wretched man pass, and instantly the chaise was brought to a stand. With that impetuosity of temper which made his doings eccentric, he leaped from the carriage and stood calling after the miserable being; but the unhappy man was too absorbed to regard his call, and pursued his way without heeding the noise.

"Run after him and bring him here!" shouted the old man to the driver.

Obedient to the command of the man who always paid well for any service rendered him, the driver quickly pursued the wanderer. On reaching him he still maintained his abstractedness of manner, and placing his hand on his shoulder, the poor creature started and trembled as though he would fall to the ground.

"Begging your pardon," said the driver, "but there's a gentleman as wants to speak with you."

"I know of no gentlemen now, nor am known of any."

"That may be, but if you'll go back, I'll lay you a wager that you'll be paid for the wear of your shoe-leather."

"What does the man require of me?"

"I'm blest if I know, and perhaps he doesn't know himself; but it'll be nothin' out of your pocket to go back, and like me you don't appear as if you could afford to lose much."

"What is the name of the gentleman?"

"Jacob Winter."

"I don't know him."

"Perhaps not, and it might be a good job if you did, but you had better speak to him."

Permitting himself to be prevailed on, the stranger returned in his company to the chaise. As he reached the place Uncle Jacob looked earnestly at him as though trying to read the depth of his soul. The appearance of that man was a sad spectacle; dressed in a long faded brown coat which reached to his heels, and was buttoned up close to his chin; with boots through which the morning dew was finding its way from toe to heel without impediment; with a hat napless and battered, which must have been in wear for thirty years, he looked the picture of poverty; while his pale face, bloodless lips and thin hands, told that he was nearly starved. The sight of this wretched being aroused the humanity of Jacob Winter, and taking him aside he said,

"Man, you are in trouble."

"I don't know you," replied the stranger.

"That may be, and I don't often know myself, but you are in trouble, and tell me what you were going to do."

As the wretched man looked into his face and saw his countenance beaming with benevolence, the tears gushed from his eyes and he sobbed aloud. Standing with his face buried in his hands, it was sometime before the strong convulsions which shook his attenuated frame would permit him to speak, and when capable of doing so he replied,

"Sir, I am a stranger to you, and why should you interest yourself in my affairs? I am the victim of misfortune. I have nothing with which to reproach myself; I have neither been drunken nor extravagant, nor have I neglected my business. I closely studied my profession, nor am I ashamed of my skill; but I started in life without patronage, without friends. I hoped by the sheer force of talent and industry to make my way in the world, but, however, this may succeed in a trade, it is not always so successful in a profession. I failed in the first step I took, and not being able to secure a patronage during the first year of effort, I became judged, not according to my skill, but by my want of success. From this public opinion set me down, and driven by circumstances I was compelled to take up my abode in a back street for cheapness. This, in a profession demanding appearances, was against me; still I have struggled for twenty years to succeed and to maintain my family. I have braved the trials of life as a man, but fortune still frowns upon me and blasts my expectations. Sickness at last has entered my home, the result of poverty, and my wife and some of my children lie prostrate from exhaustion. These call on me to relieve them and I cannot do it. For years my wife has borne our condition in patience, and has cheered me by her hopeful nature in the hour of my greatest sorrow, but this morning, in a fit of delirium arising from want, she reproached me. Her words cut me to the heart, and became the last drop which was required to fill to the brim my cup of trouble. I can endure life no longer, and, sir, but that you have stopped me I had now been lying a mangled corpse at the foot of the cliff. And why did you prevent it?"

There was the calmness of despair in the recital of his sorrows, which stirred the soul of Uncle Jacob. The tears of unfeigned sympathy stood in his eyes, and in the impulsiveness of

his nature he grasped the hand of the stranger, and he exclaimed,

"Poor man, you must, you shall succeed! In the moment of your greatest distress Providence has sent me to your aid. Hasten to the carriage and let me take you home; while mutually we will offer thanks for your salvation."

Gently forcing the man toward the vehicle, into which he prevailed on him to enter, and as it rolled on he looked into his pale face in the triumph of humanity. "Drive to Five Post Lane," was the order given, and in a short time the apothecary was restored to his family with sufficient to supply his present needs, and with strict orders to be at Sapphire Cottage before three o'clock that same afternoon.

Jacob Winter had come down to see Fred Holman, and having found him, they returned in company. The plan of Lisette for defeating the plot of Lord Lushington became matured under their united energies, and the old captain placed himself as leader in reducing it to practice.

(To be continued.)

IMAGINATION.

Imagination is the presence of a healthy mind and the only effusion of a diseased one, but each shows the inherent power of the mind in its primary creation. The former is less marked, because the latter exhibits hallucinations only, and few who carry the boast of indifference consider to what extent it contributes to form a character which they themselves will admire.

Imagination is often applied to the abstract out of which no permanent truth can come; but in reality most truths not self-evident are indebted to imagination, for intuition is imagination followed by the approval of slight examining reason and acts as a beacon light to other powers.

All things of which we have any knowledge as oracles to ourselves may be experienced in imagination—the only difference being in the impression which is forced upon us through lasting time. But imagination or vision will often produce feelings slightly varied from those experienced in the fulfilment, else a man might go into convulsions for the fate of posterity.

In the man, imagination may be considered a *tabula rasa* on which the future will be written in its exact fulfilment. The possible world which it opens before us may also be a real one, and here lies the dangerous part of imagination that it "spreads in the eye of heaven its many-coloured wings," and leaves behind the faculties which are admonished by moral laws, which laws force every present act and future prospect to partake also of the experience of the past. These imagination outstrips in her flight, and whatsoever discrimination is exercised between good and evil will be an inborn sense that appreciates purity in all its forms. Imagination only can connect our feelings most widely opposed, and joy and sorrow come ushered in alternately by a prolonged stretch of the opposite. We can recall everything lost by partial oblivion, and see things as they have been, and draw an ideal from the future, and these shall prove unfeigned truths in their exactness.

No man lives for a moment alone, neither does he live in little space, by which imagination proves the regulator of time, for otherwise a day were a thousand years, and a thousand years could not be accounted for except as imagination fills the space. By imagination everything lovely is with us and made more lovely, as also from it sorrow borrows all that detracts from despair.

"What is love? 'Tis not hereafter." (We speak for the moment.) No, but imagination is, and by it we still retain our side and live the days of old in their strange connection with the present. Again, imagination if not the highest faculty of man, is the one which mostly helps to establish others, which acting under its direction complete works that we might otherwise seek in vain. So perfect is the relation existing between them that one cannot be heightened but the other will be still more elevated.

One glance of imagination has often revealed truth to a man, and formed purposes which he was not able to carry out, yet he held them in his heart of hearts. All other powers at times may fail through weakness, but imagination sleeps not, and with the first dawn of strength it calls the soul to itself, while the completion of works shall prove imagination's nobler part begun.

M. AUSTIN.

HEARTH AND HOME.

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where men cower, and grows stronger where men faint, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.

FINDING how short-lived is everything terrestrial, should we on that account be sad and desponding? On the contrary, we should learn to make the most of the passing hour. We should also acquire the habit of adapting ourselves to the fluctuating conditions in which we are placed, and of compelling even untoward circumstances to minister to our enjoyment.

It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty, to live within his means—not

up to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, and should never be taken into account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured when it can be by the practice of economy and self-denial to only a tolerable extent. It should be secured, not so much for others, as to secure to us the consciousness of independence, and the constant satisfaction which is received from its acquirement and possession.

"PLUCK."—With the aid or under the influence of "pluck," using that term in a modern sense and in relation to the daily heroism of life in the midst of difficulties, it is possible not only to surmount what appears to be insuperable obstructions, but to defy and repel the enemies of climate, adverse circumstances, and even disease. Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of a sufferer. It is not alone in bearing the pain of operations or the misery of confinement in a sick-room that this self-help becomes of vital moment, but in the monotonous tracking of a weary path and the vigorous discharge of ordinary duty.

INDUSTRY.—If proficiency encourages industry, so also does industry produce proficiency. They act and react upon each other. The execution of any work is of itself a part of our education; it qualifies us for the next thing in hand; while doing nothing incapacitates us for any sort of exertion in the future. All our faculties will rust if not used, and will become sharper by each exertion. But the exertion must be made intelligently; we must know where to plant our forces, and how to manage them; we must accustom ourselves to use the best methods, and to do all we undertake in the best way. Then success and industry will go hand in hand, and the pain of useless labour will be entirely replaced by the pleasure of conscious power.

THE TRUE CURE.—There are two ways of dealing with the evils in the world which we justly deplore and wish to abolish; one is to attack and try to break them down forcibly, the other to dissolve or exalt them by the active presence of good. The former of these methods appears so much the more direct and obvious that it generally gains the first place in our attention. We see a wrong, and our impulse is to crush it; we see injustice, and we long to exterminate it; we observe an unrighteous institution, and we desire to overthrow it. The slower and less direct method of overcoming evil with good; of substituting a better way for that which is bad; of devoting the same energy to building up that we would have given to the work of tearing down, obtains a gradual hold over us only with time and experience.

BURLESQUE.

JOE PARSONS' ADVENTURE.—Joe Parsons was a Baltimore boy, and a little rough, but withal a good-hearted fellow and a brave soldier. He got badly wounded at Antietam, and thus laconically described the occurrence and what followed to some people who visited the hospital:

"What is your name?"
"Joe Parsons."
"What is the matter?"
"Blind as a bat, sir; both eyes shot out."
"At what battle?"
"Antietam."
"How did it happen?"

"I was hit and knocked down, and had to lie all night on the battle-field. The fight was renewed next day, and I was under fire. I could stand the pain, but could not see. I wanted to see or get out of the fire. I waited and listened, and presently heard a man groan near me.

"Hello!" says I.
"Hello yourself," says he.
"Who be you?" says I.
"Well, I'm a Reb," says he.
"What's the matter?" says I.
"My leg's smashed," says he.
"Can you walk?" says I.
"No," says he.
"Can you see?" says I.
"Yes," says he.
"Well," says I, "you're a rebel, but I'll do you a little favour."

"What's that?" says he.
"My eyes are shot out," says I, "and if you'll show me the way I'll carry you out," says I.

"All right," says he.
"Crawl over here," says I; and he did.
"Now, old Butternut," says I, "get on my back;" and he did.
"Go ahead," says he.
"Pint the way," says I, "for I can't see a blessed thing."

"Straight ahead," says he.
"The balls were flyin' all round, and I trotted off and was soon out of range."

"Bully for you," says he, "but you're shook my legs almost off."

"Take a drink," says he, holding up his canteen, and I took a nip.
"Now let us go on again," says he, "kind o' slowly," and I took him up, and he did the navigation, and I did the walkin'.

After I had carried him nearly a mile, and was almost dead, he said: "Here we are; let me down." Just then a voice said: "Hello, Billy; where did you get that Yank?"

"Where are we?" says I.
"In the rebel camp, of course," says he; and hang my buttons if that rebel hadn't ridden me a mile straight into the rebel camp. Next

day McClellan's army advanced and took us both in, and then we shook hands and made it up; but it was a mean trick of him, don't you think so?"

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, April 19.—Callao has been blockaded by a Chilean fleet.—It is feared that the *Atalanta* is lost with all on board.—Colombia is exercised over the presence of U. S. men-of-war, and has asked for an explanation.—The officers and men of a post at Chaman, on the Quetta road, have been massacred by Pathans.—A French traveller is about to explore the Niger and Benue rivers, the latter being also known as the Chadda.—Owing to adverse criticism, Sarah Bernhardt has left the Théâtre Français, and refuses to play on its boards.

TUESDAY, April 20.—Another horror is reported from that lawless place, Lucan, an attempt having been made to fire the dwelling of a jurymen.—Turkish army and navy contractors decline to supply any further provisions until they are paid what is due to them, about £1,000,000.—De Lesseps thinks that the cutting of the Panama Canal will be an easier task than the cutting of the Suez Canal. If needs be, he will accomplish his enterprise without the United States.

WEDNESDAY, April 21.—The north-western corner of Madison Square Garden caved in last night, fatally injuring several persons.—A terrible fire occurred at Hull, opposite Ottawa, yesterday.—Communication has been restored with Candahar.—Despatches from Cabul report the recapture of Ghuznee by the Hazarees.—Drought in Jamaica has created much distress. Numbers of cattle have died from an epidemic, caused by the scarcity of water.

THURSDAY, April 22.—The British Government has refused to recognize the claims for indemnity preferred by American fishermen in connection with the Fortune Bay, Nfld., trouble.—The strike on the Mont-Cecis Railway tunnel was caused by the men's wages being paid in Italian paper money, which manner of payment has now been prohibited.—While marching towards Ghuznee, General Stewart was surprised by a large body of Afghans, when a sharp fight occurred, resulting in the complete defeat of the enemy with a loss of one thousand killed.—General Stewart occupied Ghuznee a few days later.—Quite a disturbance took place in Sligo County about a difference of opinion between a process server and a tenant. A large assemblage of the latter's sympathizers successfully resisted the process server, who was backed by a detachment of armed constabulary, and prevented the service of the writ.

FRIDAY, April 23.—The Queen sent for Mr. Gladstone yesterday.—The Spanish Cortes have passed the Cuban budget.—The King of Siam is to visit Europe and the United States.—The Duchess of Marlborough is to receive the Order of Victoria and Albert.—The cession of Albanian territory to Austria.—A Melbourne, Australia, company which has gone largely into the business of exporting frozen meats to England, expects to be able to ship 2,600 tons weekly.

SATURDAY, April 24.—H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh will proceed to Galway to superintend the distribution of relief.—The Bremen steamer *Strasbourg*, which reached Baltimore yesterday morning, brought 1,914 emigrants.—The banquet to the officers of the U. S. ship *Constellation* takes place in Queens-town on Thursday next. Their reception in Queens-town has amounted to an ovation.—An event, interesting in anticipation of the occurrence, which will, if all goes well, actually take place a few months hence.—Calcutta despatches say General Jenkins met a portion of the Afghan army defeated at Ghuznee, at Charisiah, and repulsed them after a stubborn fight. General Stewart also had a sharp fight with a large body near Ghuznee.—Mr. Gladstone has summoned Lords Northbrooke, Selborne, Wolverton, Halifax, Breadalbane, and the Right Hon. Mr. Childers, and it is rumoured they have all accepted office.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE New York *Herald* has raised more than \$300,000 for the Irish relief fund, and a woman in that city couldn't go to church last Sunday because her bonnet was six weeks old. We little dream, while assisting others, of the suffering at our own doors.

A CLERGYMAN in a sermon on "Courtship" says: "Flirtations are frequent, and prolonged even in the glare of the lights and before the gaze of the throng." Well, what of it? If the glare were shut off and no throng present, there would be more occasion for gossip, but then some parsons will talk, you know.

WOMEN can keep secrets. A Worcester girl on a friend's solemnly promising not to tell, told that she was going to have four new dresses costing sixty dollars each. The friend religiously kept her promise not to tell, and the first mentioned young lady doesn't speak to her now.

ROWLAND, aged three (noticing a scar on the hand of paterfamilias, from a percussion cap): "How did you hurt your hand, papa?" Papa: "I was shooting yesterday." Rowland: "And did the target bite your finger?"

THE latest puzzle is this:

Hard Eggs
Boiled Man.

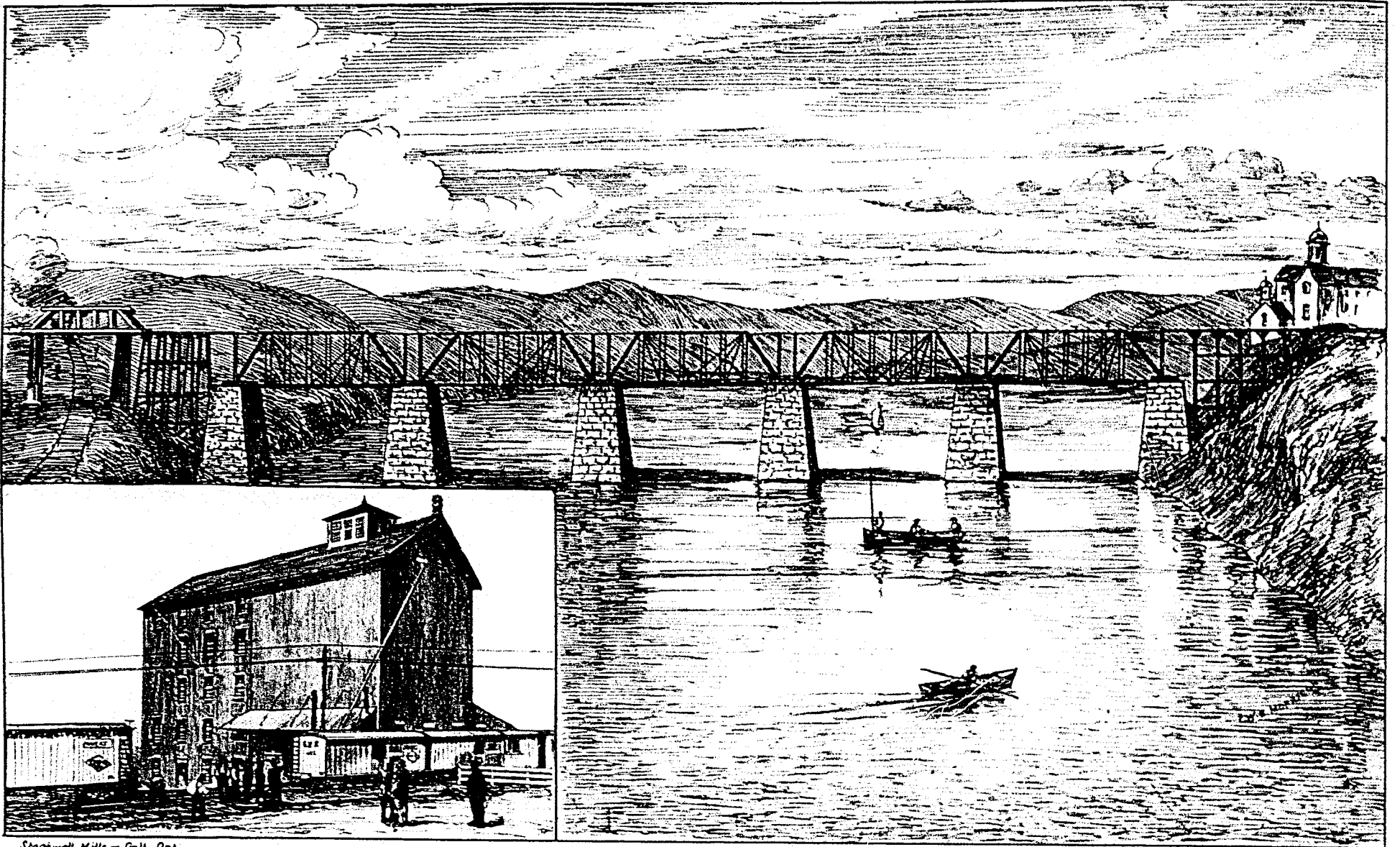
The trick is to get the eggs inside the man without breaking the shells.

THE Oil City *Derrick* says: A man will complain of his wife's extravagance, and yet treat a crowd to a dollar's worth of cigars without a murmur.

Wives of great men all remind us
We may make our wives sublime
By the purchase of spring bonnets,
If we purchase them in time.

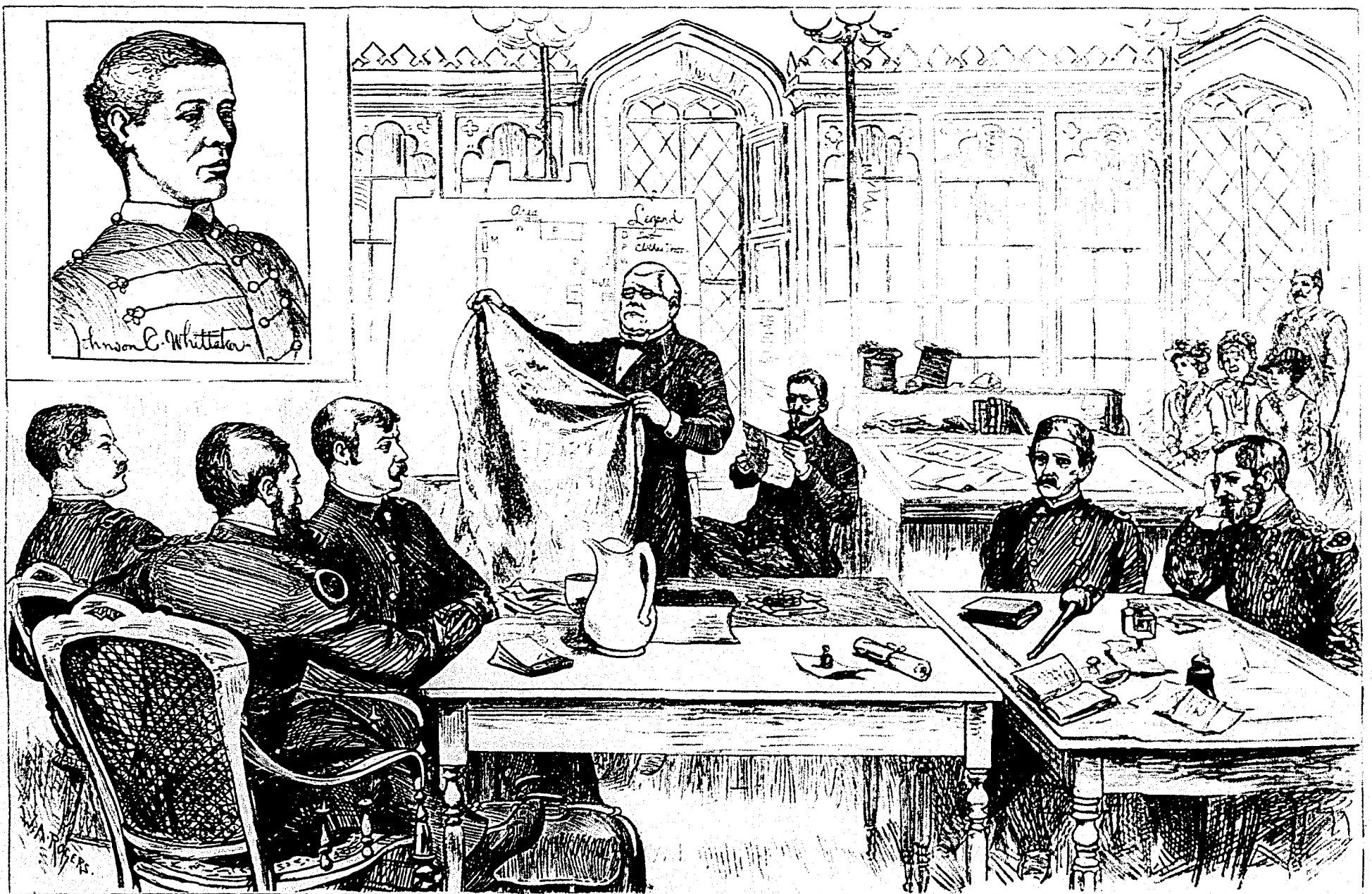
Bogus and Counterfeit.

There is no genuine Hop Bitters made or sold in Canada, except by Hop Bitters Mfg Co., of Toronto, Ont., nor can there be, for the sole and exclusive right to use the name Hop Bitters is secured to said Company by the laws of Canada, by two registered trade marks, and it is a heavy penalty for any one to use the name Hop Bitters or make or sell anything pretending to be like it. Druggists and consumers should remember this and shun all spurious, injurious stuff made by others or elsewhere. Hop Bitters is the purest and best medicine made.

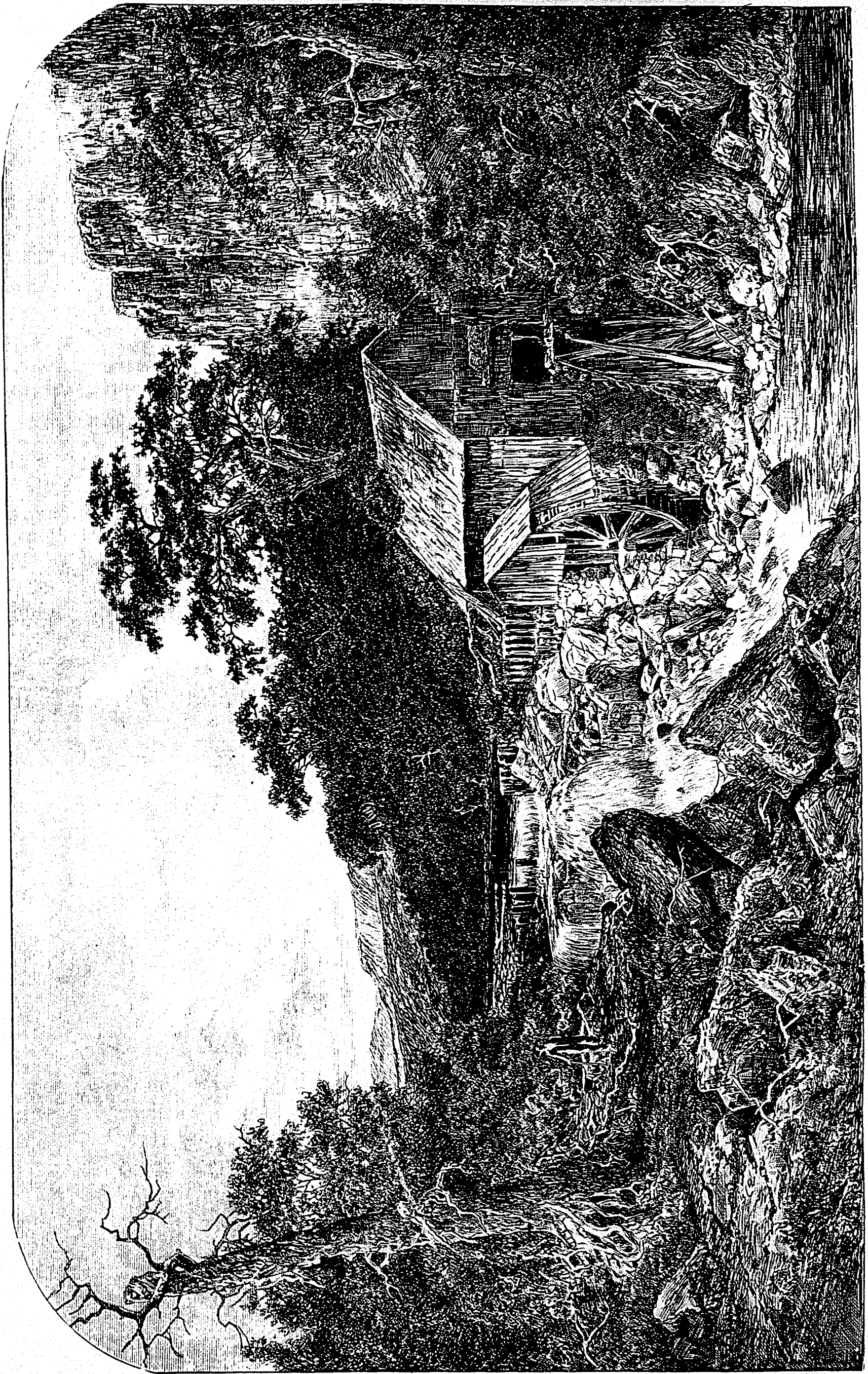


Storwell Mills - Galt Ont.

THE C.V.R. BRIDGE OVER THE GRAND RIVER, GALT, ONT.—FROM A SKETCH BY G. W. B. MORRISON.



INQUIRY INTO THE WHITTAKER OUTRAGE AT THE WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.



THE PIONEER MILL.—FROM A PAINTING BY H. R. WATSON, A.C.A., AT THE LATE EXHIBITION OF THE CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

REFLECTIONS AT SUNSET.

Slow the summer sun was sinking o'er Laurentian's purple height,
Swift the mountain stream was leaping 'neath the ray of fading light.

Bright affections fill the recess of each true and noble breast,
Shedding forth a glowing lustre, like the day-god in the West.

Hope, a star is ever beaming o'er the youthful and the brave,
Leading onward human creatures from the cradle to the grave.

Life is but a day of sorrow, though its choicest beauties blend,
All its splendours, all its lurings, towards the coming evening tend.

Fleeting phantom, bright illusion, gleaming ever o'er our way,
Fiery pillar in the night time, cloud of splendour in the day.

Deep and deeper fall the shadows on the mountains and the hills,
Day and night are blending slowly in the twilight cold and gray.

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Laval University, Quebec, 29th March, 1880.

J. K. F.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

WHAT THE PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT.

No. 11.

Having introduced the stranger around among the multitudinous places of religious resort, and accompanied him to a church social, we will now leave him, for a time, to his own thoughts, as religious people usually do with strangers.

"O! that youth and summer-time would last forever."

We have to smile as we gradually discover

* The word night does not mean, here, the opposite of day, but applies in the scientific acceptance of the term—as the night of a candle—that dark purple portion engirdled and constantly consumed by the flame.

that this bevy of delightful girls have actually complied with Oliver W. Holmes' suggestion:

"From little matters let us pass to loss, And lightly touch the mysteries of dress."

Now the babel of sounds become intelligible, and, although the technical terms are conundrums to us, still, we have a fair understanding of the drift of the conversation.

Notwithstanding so many evidences of the love of chess in both Provinces, Ontario and Quebec, it seems apparent that they cannot be united in a common Association, and this leads us to ask the question, "How about the next meeting of the Dominion Chess Association at Ottawa?"

Mr. W. R. Bland, of Duffield, near Derby, Eng., has in the press a Chess Club Directory, containing the addresses of 170 clubs in England and Wales, with the names and addresses of Secretaries, places and hours of meeting, &c.

W. F. McM.

(To be continued.)

A Good Housewife.

The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See other column.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 272.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 270. Correct.

The late meeting of the Ontario Chess Association has been a successful affair, and shows that the chess-players of the sister Province are in earnest in maintaining an independent society, which shall look after the interest of their favourite game in their own surroundings.

Notwithstanding so many evidences of the love of chess in both Provinces, Ontario and Quebec, it seems apparent that they cannot be united in a common Association, and this leads us to ask the question, "How about the next meeting of the Dominion Chess Association at Ottawa?"

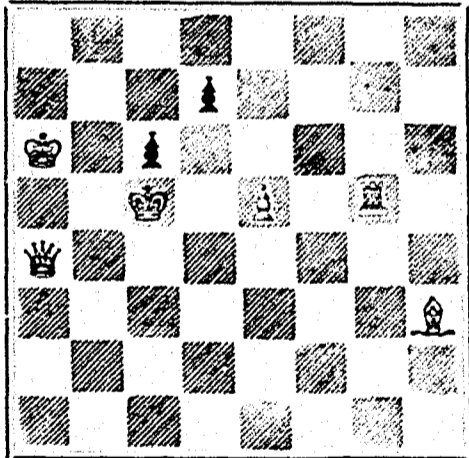
A meeting of the members of the Montreal Chess Club was held at the club room, on Saturday last, April 24th. Dr. Howe, the President, in the chair, when the Secretary read a letter which he had received from the Secretary of the Quebec club, containing a challenge for a match of chess between the two clubs by telegraph.

A match between the Edoon Club and the Ladies College Chess Club, both of London, Eng., took place recently, in which the members of the latter were victorious by a score of 103 games to 45.

Mr. W. R. Bland, of Duffield, near Derby, Eng., has in the press a Chess Club Directory, containing the addresses of 170 clubs in England and Wales, with the names and addresses of Secretaries, places and hours of meeting, &c.

PROBLEM No. 274

By C. M. Baxter, Dundee BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 49TH.

One of eight blindfold simultaneous games played by Mr. Blackburne in London, Eng., in 1875. (Evans' Gambit.)

- White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. B to B 4, 4. P to Q Kt 4, 5. P to B 3, 6. Castles, 7. P to Q 4, 8. Q to R 4, 9. P to Q 5, 10. B takes P, 11. Q takes P, 12. Q takes Kt, 13. R to K sq, 14. B to Kt 5, 15. Q to R 4, 16. Q to Kt 3, 17. Q takes B, 18. Q to R Q 2, 19. B takes Kt, 20. Kt to R 4, 21. Kt to B sq, 22. B to K B sq, 23. Q to Q sq, 24. Kt to B 5, 25. Kt to B sq, 26. Q to Kt 4, 27. Kt takes R, 28. Q to Kt 2 (ch), 29. Kt to Kt 7, 30. Q takes P (ch)

NOTES.

(a) Winning the exchange.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 272.

- 1. B to K B 7, 2. Mate accordingly

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 270.

- WHITE. 1. B to Q B 7 (ch), 2. Kt to K 6, 3. B or Kt mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 271

- White. 1. K at Q B 3, R at K Kt 2, Kt at Q B 6, Pawns at Q 4 and Q Kt 3

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of FOUR PER CENT.

upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, on and after

Tuesday, the first day of June, next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st MAY next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank.

On Monday, the seventh day of June next.

The Chair to be taken at ONE o'clock.

CHR. F. SMITHERS, General Manager.

Montreal, 29th April, 1880.

JOHN MCARTHUR & SON, OIL, LEAD, PAINT, COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS

IMPORTERS OF

English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass.

PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES, CHEMICALS, DYE STUFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.

310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST.,

AND

255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST.

MONTREAL.

26-17 52 3/4

REFRIGERATORS.

All well tried and approved patterns, the

"NORTH STAR," "PALACE," "ARCTIC," "GROVER," "POLAR," and

Kimball's Patent Wood-lined.

25 sizes to choose from. Prices from \$7 upwards. A

G. W. REED'S.

Manufacturer and Dealer in Refrigerators, &c. State Metal and Gravel Roofing, and Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Boiling Materials.

783 and 785 Craig Street West.

THE

Canadian Spectator,

A high-class Weekly Journal,

EDITED BY THE

Reverend A. J. BRAY.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

OFFICES: 162 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

THE MILTON LEAGUE.

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

PUBLICATIONS:

- BRAY, REV. A. J. The Churches of Christ, London, etc., \$1.00
BROWN, REV. J. BALDWIN. The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love, 50
DALE, REV. R. W. Protestantism: Its Ultimate Principle, 60
The Ten Commandments, 60
DAWSON, GEO. M.A. Prayers, and a Discourse on Prayer, 50
MCLEOD, NORMAN, D.D. Scotch Pabbies, 15
TIPPLE, REV. S. A. Echoes of Spoken Words, 50

"Here is a new way of literature, and of the deep and wide sea of religious thought, but sparkling and right and gratefully refreshing."—Literary World.

50 Gold, Chrome, Marble, Snowflake, Wreath, Scroll, Motto, &c. Cards, with name on all, 10c. Agent's complete outfit, 60 samples, 10c. Heavy Gold plated Ring for club of 10 names. (Globe Card Co., Northford, Ct.)

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S NEW YORK.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Tanks and Pumping Machinery.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon on SATURDAY, the 15th MAY next, for furnishing and erecting in place at the several watering stations along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway under construction, Frost-proof Tanks with Pumps and Pumping Power of either wind or steam, as may be found most suitable to the locality.

Drawings can be seen and Specifications and other particulars obtained at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th APRIL.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 1st April, 1880.



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO MACHINIST-CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of June, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Welland Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfillment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

D. MORRICE & CO., ICE DEALERS, 24 Victoria Square.

Prices Reduced for 1880. Prompt Delivery and Pure Ice.

20 new Gold and Silver Chromos 10c. with name. Silver or stamps taken. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N.Y.

THE DUCHESS CORSET. Awarded Extra Prize, Grand Dominion Exhibition.

Is specially designed for Stout Ladies, to meet the requirements of fashion. Is not only elegant in form, but very comfortable to wear. Once worn, will wear no other.

Saten Jean, \$2.50; Coutil, \$3.50 and upwards. Sent by post to any part of the Dominion on receipt of price and address.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for an act to incorporate "The Montreal Steam Heating Company."

Montreal, 7th April, 1880.

MR. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 41 PARK ROW (Times Building), NEW YORK, is authorized to contract for advertisements in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS at our BEST RATES.



WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to Bridge-Builders.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY, the 15th day of JUNE, next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 31st DAY OF MAY, next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge, for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfillment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



LACHINE CANAL.

Notice to Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of Gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Lachine Canal.

Plans, Specifications, and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfillment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

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By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

- 20 Locomotive Engines. 16 First-class cars (a proportion being sleepers). 20 Second-class Cars, do. 3 Express and Baggage Cars. 3 Postal and Smoking Cars. 240 Box Freight Cars. 100 Flat Cars. 2 Wing Ploughs. 2 Snow Ploughs. 2 Flangers. 40 Hand Cars.

The whole to be manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Port William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next. Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE



MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengtheners of the Human Stomach."

CAUTION.

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Iron Bridge Superstructure.

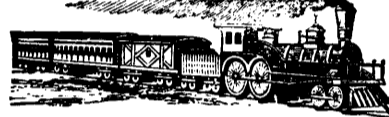
TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received up to noon of SATURDAY, the 15th MAY, next, for furnishing and erecting Iron Superstructures over the Eastern and Western outlets of the Lake of the Woods.

Specifications and other particulars will be furnished on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th April.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 1st April, 1880.

20 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards or 20 Floral Motto with name 10c. Nassau Card Co. Nassau, N.Y.

40 ELEGANT CARDS, all Chromo, Motto and glass; name in gold and jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY, EASTERN DIVISION.

COMMENCING ON Monday, Feb. 2nd, 1880.

Trains will run on this Division as follows:

Table with columns for MAIL and MIXED, listing departure and arrival times for various routes like Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec, and Aylmer.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later. General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square. STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, Ticket Agents. Offices, 202 St. James Street, and 158 Notre Dame Street.

J. T. PRINCE, General Passenger Agent. Montreal, March 16th, 1880.

ROBERT MILLER, BOOKBINDER AND WHOLESALE STATIONER, 15 Victoria Square, Montreal.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS. Advertising Agents, 186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O., Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application. Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a necessity in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.



SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 17-19-21-23 College Street.

The Scientific Canadian MECHANICS' MAGAZINE AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD, A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics. THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION. PUBLISHED BY THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal. G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

F. N. BOXER, ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER, Editor

TERMS: One copy, one year, including postage, \$2.00. One copy, six months, including postage, 1.10. Subscriptions to be paid in ADVANCE.

The following are our advertising rates:—For one monthly insertion, 10 cts. per line; for three months, 9 cts. per line; for six months, 8 cts. per line; for one year, 7 cts. per line; one page of Illustration, including one column description, \$30; half-page of Illustration, including half column description, \$20; quarter-page of Illustration, including quarter column description, \$10.

10 per cent. off on cash payments. INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates. REMITTING MONEY.—All remittances of money should be in the form of postal-orders. When these are not available, send money by registered letters, checks or drafts, payable to our order. We can only undertake to become responsible for money when sent in either of the above ways.

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

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY. Western Division. Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY. SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO OTTAWA.



On and after MONDAY, JANUARY, 12th, Trains will leave HOCHELAGA DEPOT as follows:—

Table with columns for A.M. and P.M., listing departure and arrival times for Express Trains for Hull, Aylmer, and St. Jerome.

Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later. STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, Ticket Agents. Offices, 202 St. James and 158 Notre Dame Streets.

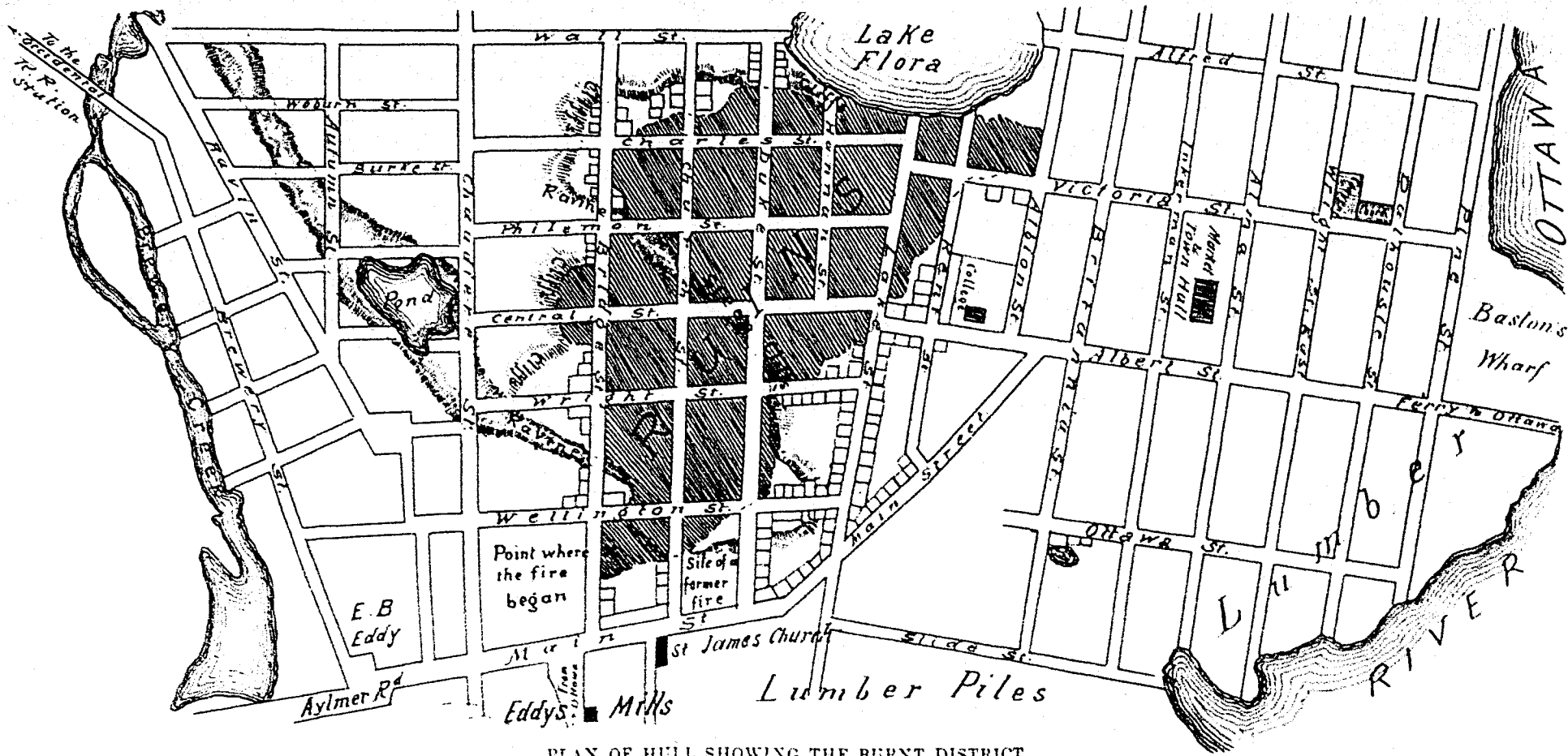
C. A. SCOTT, Gen'l Superintendent Western Division. C. A. STARK, Gen'l Freight and Passenger Agent.

MAGNIFICENT PALACE CARS ON ALL PASSENGER TRAINS.

General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square.

FOR ADVERTISING IN THE Canadian Illustrated News MAY BE MADE AT OUR LOWEST RATES WITH MR. E. DUNCAN SNIFFIN, ASTOR HOUSE OFFICES, NEW YORK.

25 all Gold and Silver, Motto and Floral Cards 10c. Stevens Card Co., Northford, Ct.



PLAN OF HULL SHOWING THE BURNT DISTRICT.

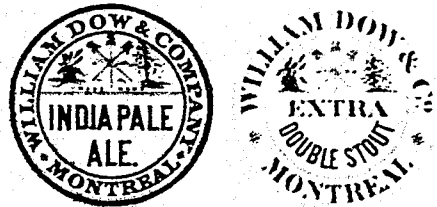
CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.
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