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Illustrated News

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THE REPUBLICAN KITE-FLYING AT CINCINNATI, OHIO; BLAINE AS HIGH AS A KITE; CONKLING UP A TREE; THE OTHERS NOWHERE.

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

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NOTICE.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, 24th June, 1876.

THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE AND PLATFORM.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, Governor of Ohio, was nominated last Friday, at Cincinnati, on the seventh ballot, for President of the United States, in the Republican interest. It is another case of "available mediocrity," the great Presidential test since the days of ANDREW JACKSON. Such prominent leaders as CONKLING, BRISTOW, MORTON and BLAINE were set aside by local and personal jealousies, and the highest gift of the people offered to a man of no national repute. It is the old story of

"Ingratitude, the vice of Republics."

Thus POLK superseded CLAY, and LINCOLN replaced SEWARD. In the present instance, however, it is questionable whether the obscure and untried HAYES is not really as much of a statesman as BLAINE, CONKLING or MORTON. Indeed, these men are not statesmen. They are mere politicians, whose record for public honesty and patriotism is more or less suspicious.

It is too early to speculate on the chances of the new candidate. We can judge of nothing until the Democratic Convention at St. Louis has made its nominations. The only clue we have to the claims of the party to public support is drawn from the platform passed at Cincinnati. Its principal "planks" may be summarized thus:—

In the first Act of Congress signed by President Grant, the National Government assumed to remove any doubts of its purpose to discharge all just obligations to public creditors, and solemnly pledged its faith to make provisions at the earliest practicable period for the redemption of the United States notes in coin. Commercial prosperity, public needs, and national credit demand that this promise be fulfilled by a continuous and steady progress to specie payment. Under the Constitution the President and heads of departments are to make nominations for office. The Senate is to advise and consent to appointments, and the House of Representatives is to accuse and prosecute faithless officers. The best interests of the public service demand that these distinctions be respected, that Senators and Representatives who may be judges and accusers should not dictate appointments to office, the invariable rule for appointments should have reference to honesty, fidelity, and capacity of appointees, giving to the party in power those places where harmony and vigor of administration require its policy to be represented, but permitting all others to be filled by persons selected

with sole reference to efficiency of the public service, and the right of citizens to share in the honor of rendering faithful service to their country. The public school system of the several States is the bulwark of the American Republic; and with a view to its security and permanence, they recommend an amendment to the Constitution of the United States forbidding the application of any public funds or property for the benefit of any school or institution under sectarian control. The revenue necessary to current expenditure and the obligations of the public debt must be largely derived from duties upon importations, which, as far as possible, should be so adjusted as to promote the interests of American labor and advance the prosperity of the whole country. It is the imperative duty of the Government to so modify existing treaties with European Governments that the same protection shall be afforded to adopted American citizens that is given to native born, and all necessary laws be passed to protect emigrants in the absence of power in the State for that purpose. It is the immediate duty of Congress to fully investigate the effect of the immigration and importation of Mongolians on the moral and material interests of the country. The Republican party recognize with approval the substantial advance recently made toward the establishment of equal rights for women by the many important amendments effected by Republican Legislatures in the laws which concern the personal and property relations of wives, mothers and widows, and by the appointment and election of women to the superintendence of education, charities, and other public trusts. The honest demands of this class of citizens for additional rights and privileges and immunities should be treated with respectful consideration. We charge the Democratic party as being the same in character and spirit as when it sympathized with treason, and with making its control of the House of Representatives the triumph and opportunity of the nation's recent foes; with reasserting and applauding in the National Capitol the sentiment of unrepentant rebellion; with sending Union soldiers to the rear; with deliberately proposing to repudiate the plighted faith of the Government; with being equally false and imbecile upon the overshadowing financial question; with thwarting the ends of justice by the partisan mismanagement and obstruction of investigation; with proving itself through the period of its ascendancy in the lower House of Congress utterly incompetent to administer the Government. We warn the country against trusting a party thus alike unworthy, recreant and incapable. The National Administration merits commendation for its honorable work in the management of domestic and foreign affairs, and President Grant deserves the continued and hearty gratitude of the American people for his patriotism and his immense services in war and in peace.

THE SOFTAS.

The latest intelligence received through our European exchanges confirms the impression which we have already published, that the Softas are really the present masters of the situation in Turkey, and that it is mainly from them that we must expect the future policy of the new Sultan and his ministers. The Softas are striving to take the place of the Janissaries, with this difference, that while the latter used to make tumults and depose or strangle the Sultans, from hatred, revenge, harem intrigues, or hopes of large bakschisch, the students of theology rise, in the name and for the benefit of the country, against the disastrous omnipotence of the Padisha, and they want to render him subject to a Syndicate, and to surround him with institutions which may restrain his extravagance and caprices, and enable the Ottoman Empire to save from complete shipwreck the last remains of its power and dignity. According to information received by the *Temps* from Constantinople, the Softas insist upon the entire realiza-

tion of the revolutionary programme which they presented to the astounded Sultan on the day of the memorable demonstration. We call it a revolutionary programme because this is the first time that the daring proposal has been made to restrict the absolute powers of the sovereign. The Softas wish the civil list to be reduced to a reasonable figure, and subjected to a control which may prevent the Sultan from increasing it at his pleasure by putting his rapacious hand into the public treasury, which is for the future to form a distinct and independent fund in fact, and not only in name. They further demanded that Abdul-Aziz should pay into the treasury, to meet the wants of the Empire, a portion of that gold which he is said to have buried in the vaults of his own palace, and to be accustomed to worship with all the jealous passion of a miser. Abdul-Aziz united in his character the closest avarice and the most unbridled prodigality, and while he would pledge his Empire to raise money to satisfy a momentary caprice, he did not scruple to leave without pay, not only the high dignitaries of the State, but even the servants of the Palace, eunuchs, butlers, and cooks, and suspend the allowances of the members of his own family, and oblige them to reduce their expenditure. . . . No one has ever been able to calculate exactly what the Sultan squandered upon palaces, villas, table, and objects of luxury; but it is known that the resources of the Empire were not sufficient for the demands of this double passion of avarice and prodigality. Now, if the Softas propose to put an end to an economic mis-government which is leading Turkey to certain ruin, they deserve praise and encouragement. In Turkey no reform is possible unless it begins with the head of the State. This is a truth recognized and proclaimed by all who have any acquaintance with the condition of Turkey, and therefore it ought not to cause surprise that the movement of the Softas, which is aimed at the root of the evil, receives the approbation of the London and Vienna press. We find that the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Neue Freie Presse* hail this movement as one which, if wisely directed, might inaugurate a new era in the Ottoman Empire. There is another important point in the programme of the Softas. They demand that the Sultan should give up the title of Caliph, that is to say, the Vicar of Mahomet, which would, it appears, be equivalent to a separation of the spiritual from the temporal power. Although theologians, and perhaps precisely because they are theologians, the Softas recognise the incompatibility of the two powers in the head of a State, and in this they give a lesson to our clerical party. In abdicating the title of Caliph, the Sultan would divest himself of his semi-divine character, and becoming an ordinary sovereign might be rendered subject to that control which the nations are wont to exercise on the other monarchs of Europe. Then a Constitution of the Empire would be thought of, and a Parliament, of which the national Council, demanded by the Softas, would be the first rough sketch. Finally, let us call attention to a circumstance which has an important significance. The Softas propose the appointment of a European as Minister of Finance. That the Turks should recognise the administrative capacity of the Christians is not surprising; but it is somewhat surprising that they should determine to use this capacity in one of those higher positions which have not hitherto been profaned by the presence of a Giaour. This a rather encouraging symptom, the more so as it comes after the sad doings at Salonica, which might have raised apprehensions that a universal outburst of Musulman fanaticism was at hand. In short, the political programme of the Softas, rudimentary as it is, would save Turkey from the fate which threatens her, if it could be realized peacefully and without a shock, and would render superfluous the undesired guardianship of the Powers. But is this possible? The early future

will tell us. Turkey is in a state of fever, and all are anxiously watching for the moment of the crisis to see whether she will be a corpse, or a patient still capable of being cured.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The Canadian Government has issued an advertisement saying that it expects to be able, on or before January, 1877, to invite tenders for the building and working the sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean. The advertisement is published in Canada and England, its object being to induce contractors who may be desirous of building, to make such examination into the character of the country along the line of the projected road as may enable them to intelligently frame their proposals. The Act of 1874, under which bids are invited, provides that contractors for the construction and working of the road shall receive lands, or the proceeds of lands, at the rate of 20,000 acres, and cash at the rate of \$10,000 for each mile of railway constructed, together with four per cent. bonds, to run twenty-five years from the completion of the work, on any further sum which may be stipulated in the contract. This announcement, however, does not indicate any purpose of the Canadian Government to immediate completion, as the terms of the advertisement would naturally lead one to infer. The present Government has determined upon the policy of building the proposed road only so fast as the resources of the country will permit, but, in the construction of such sections as are undertaken, to keep in view the feasibility of making them ultimately available for a complete road, if the great project should ever be carried through. Canadians watch the proceedings of the Government upon this subject with a careful eye. It is now the purpose of the Dominion authorities to open to immigration the prairie region, extending from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, as soon as practicable, and it is not probable that there is any real intention of extending the proposed road any great distance beyond Red River for a long time to come. There are now contracts let for grading and bridging the road for sections aggregating 288 miles of the whole distance of 414 miles between Red River and Lake Superior, of which the contracts for 77 miles are for sections extending from Red River eastward.

NEW PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT BURLINGTON.

On May 29th the interesting ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new Presbyterian Church in Burlington Ont., took place. Owing to the unpropitious state of the weather in the early part of the day the attendance of people from a distance was not so large as anticipated. On the platform we noticed Prof. Cavan, D. D., Professor of Knox College, Toronto; Revs. Messrs. Fletcher, J. C. Smith, James Little and A. Henderson, Hamilton; Rev. J. Chrystal, Lyndoch; Rev. Wm. Spencer, Pastor Church of England; Rev. Mr. Chalmers, Canadian Methodist, and Rev. Mr. Fisher, Pastor of the new church, Burlington. The ceremony commenced by singing and reading a portion of Scripture and prayer. An historical sketch of Knox Church congregation was then read and placed in a jar with copies of several newspapers. The jar and contents were then placed in the cavity of a stone in the south corner of the building. Everything being in readiness the corner stone was laid by Professor Cavan, who delivered a very interesting address. The silver trowel presented to the Professor was a very handsome and valuable one purchased at the establishment of Mr. Wilkes, Toronto; upon the trowel were the following words artistically engraved:

PRESENTED
to
PROF. CAVAN, D. D.,
PRINCIPAL KNOX COLLEGE
on the occasion of his
LAYING THE CORNER STONE
of
KNOX CHURCH AT
BURLINGTON.

Addresses were delivered by Revs. Messrs. Fletcher, Chalmers, and Spencer. The proceedings were brought to a close by singing the Doxology and pronouncing the benediction. The church will be a very handsome structure built of white brick and stone facings and will be capable of seating a large congregation.

PROF. D. McEACHRAN, M.R.C.V.S., V.S., EDINBURGH.

PRINCIPAL MONTREAL VETERINARY COLLEGE AND INSPECTOR OF STOCK FOR THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT.

Prof. D. McEachran whose portrait we give in this number was born in Campbeltown, Argyshire, Scotland, and studied at Edinburgh under the late Professor Dick. He came to Canada in November, 1862, practiced at Woodstock, Ont., and gave valuable assistance in the establishment of the Veterinary College at Toronto, for three sessions. On removing to Montreal, 1866, the Board of Agriculture for Upper Canada passed a very complimentary resolution regretting his departure, and he was entertained by a large number of friends at a public dinner in Woodstock. In 1866 he was appointed Consulting Veterinary Surgeon to the Board of Agriculture Lower Canada, which position he continues to hold under the Council of Agriculture as now constituted. During the same year he commenced to give a course of lectures on Veterinary Science in connection with the Medical Faculty of McGill University, and the success of the school is now demonstrated by the election of the Montreal Veterinary College, on Union Avenue, an institution which was much needed, and is allowed by all to be second to none on this continent. Students are attracted to it from all parts of Canada and the United States. The hospital accommodation is very complete, and the museum contains a very large collection of anatomical and other specimens. During last session a Veterinary Association was formed in connection with the College, of which Mr. McEachran is President, and by the reading of papers at their weekly meetings and discussion of subjects connected with the Science, very great progress has been made towards placing this important profession in its proper position. The great progress made in this profession in the Dominion during the last ten years is mainly due to the exertions of Mr. McEachran to elevate the science. In April last, Mr. McEachran was appointed by the Dominion Government Inspector and Superintendent of the Quarantine for Stock, with a staff of assistants, and in this capacity, he will doubtless, render valuable service in preventing the introduction of contagious diseases in cattle.

BUILDINGS IN VICTORIA, B. C.

The first is the public school, built by the Local Government, during the Walker Administration. It is now just now finished. This building is of good brick, with fine stone trimmings, the foundations are of stone and are of a very substantial character. The building contains the following apartments in each story: Large school room 18x20, two class rooms 20x20, Hat and cloak room 25x25. All the rooms are 16 feet high. Class rooms are warmed by fire places. School rooms by hot air stoves. Special provision is made for ventilation. Each large room is furnished with desks and settles for 300 children. Desks are of the most approved style, being the indispensable folding seat. The building is replete with all the modern requirements of a first class school. The cost of this building is \$25,000. Bishop Grange's Reformed Episcopal Church is a frame building of clear span construction of roof; width of building 40 feet in clear, height of walls 20 feet, height from floor to crown of circular principle of roof 36 feet; the building has seat room for 450. The warming is by Clinton's hot air stove which is a great success.

No. 3 represents a portion of Government street. No. 1 is the Bank of British Columbia; No. 2 is the Victoria Daily Standard office; No. 3 is the Victoria Boot and Shoe Manufactory. This establishment turns out home made every year from \$25,000 to \$50,000 worth of boots and shoes. It belongs to Mr. Heathorn. No. 4 is the Post Office, built by the Dominion Government; No. 5 is the Daily Colonist office.

THE LATE GEORGE SAND.

Madame La Baronne Armandine Aurore Dudevant, by *non de marier de de plume*, George Sand, was born in 1804. She traced her descent on the maternal side from Marshal Saxe and in the irregular birth and life of this hero she found excuses for her own eccentricities of conduct. Her youth was spent in the Chateau de Nohant, in the department of Berry, and there in solitude her early education was accomplished. She was an eager reader, devouring every book that came in her way. There too she learned the masculine accomplishments of fencing and shooting—accomplishments which in later life enabled her to disguise and pass for a man. She was an heiress and therefore much sought in marriage. At the early age of sixteen, she married the Baron Dudevant, but the union was dissolved by mutual consent after a few years. It was not till after this separation, that Madame Dudevant appeared before the world as an authoress; indeed, it is questionable whether her great genius was suspected even by herself. "Indiana" was the first of her marvelous works that burst upon the world as a revelation, at once establishing the fame of its author. This was followed by "Valentine," "Leila," in quick succession, and since then scarcely a year has passed without giving some product of her fertile pen, whether in the shape of romance, travels, reflections, plays, and latterly most graceful fairy tales written for the grandchildren who were her pride and pleasure. Almost her latest work was "La Soeur Jeanne," which proved that her genius was unimpaired to the last and treated of a sub-

ject that appeared from her earliest writings to have had a strange fascination to her mind. At seventy George Sand still wrote of love and passion with all the youthful enthusiasm and fervor that inspired "Cousueto" and "Indiana." To enumerate her works would be needless, so well are they known in all languages.

BYRON AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

It is said that there is still living an old man, now eighty years of age, who was a servant of Lord Byron, and who flatly contradicts all the common slanders of which we have heard too much of the profligacy of Byron and his companions at Newstead Abbey. Further and more important testimony on this subject, and in the same direction, is given in the life of the Rev. William Hawsis, Vicar of All Saints', Knightsbridge, and Prebendary of St. Paul's. Mr. Hawsis writes:—"When Byron returned with the manuscripts of the first two cantos of 'Childe Harold' in his portmanteau I paid him a visit. It was winter—dark, dreary weather, the snow upon the ground; and a straggling, gloomy, depressing, partially-inhabited place the Abbey was. Those rooms, however, which had been fitted up for residence were so comfortably appointed, glowing with crimson hangings, and cheerful with capacious fires, that one soon lost the melancholy feeling of being domiciled in the wing of an extensive ruin. Many tales are related of faded of the orgies which, in the poet's early youth, had made clamorous those ancient halls of the Byrons. I can only say that nothing in the shape of excess or riot occurred when I was there. The only visitor was Dr. Hodgson, the translator of 'Juvenal,' and afterward Provost of Eton, and nothing could be more quiet and regular than the course of our days. Byron was retouching, as the sheets passed through the press, the stanzas of 'Childe Harold'; Hodgson was at work in getting out the ensuing number of the Monthly Review, of which he was principal editor; I was reading for my degree. When we met our general talk was of poets and of poetry, of who could or could not write, but it occasionally rose into very serious discussions on religion. Byron, from his early education in Scotland, had been taught to identify the principles of Christianity with the extreme dogmas of Calvinism. His mind had thus imbibed a most miserable prejudice, which appeared to be the only obstacle to his hearty acceptance of the Gospel. Of this error we were most anxious to disabuse him. The chief weight of the argument rested with Hodgson, who was older, a good deal, than myself. The only difference between our life at Newstead Abbey and that of the quiet country families around us, was the hours we kept. It was, as I have said, winter and the days were cold, and as nothing tempted us to rise early we got up late. This flung the routine of our life backward, and we did not go early to bed."

ANECDOTE OF LORD DUFFERIN.

Not a great many people know that the popular and genial Governor-General (Lord Dufferin) had the misfortune to lose one of his eyes, since by wearing a glass substitute, an eyeglass, the useless eye appears "as good as new." This misfortune has more than once been the occasion of amusing remonstres, one of which I especially remember, and no offense could, in telling it, be supposed to be given, since his lordship has told the story himself.

While travelling through Ireland (his native land) some years ago, Lord D., when nearing his destination, made use of the traditional pointing-car. Paddy, the driver, was on that day particularly loquacious and communicative, and during the journey volunteered a great deal of information on the different subjects that presented themselves, and this flow of conversation was all the more free and easy since he had not the slightest idea of the rank of his passenger. Not to be unsocial, the future Governor-General asked Paddy what news he had of tell of the neighborhood. "As for news, yer honor," replied the unsuspecting driver, "shure I know of no news that would interest a gentleman like yourself, unless it is that one-eyed Dufferin is goin' to marry Kate Hamilton." Though his lordship inwardly enjoyed the joke, he was gracious enough to deny himself the privilege of seeing the state of consternation the talkative car-driver fell into when he found that the "one-eyed Dufferin" he had spoken so familiarly of and his passenger were one and the same person. —Harper's Magazine.

OUR PICTURES.

The illustrations of this week have separate descriptions in most instances, but several of them consist of views on the Kingston and Pembroke Railway, a full account of which appeared in our last number. The front page cartoon relates to the recent Republican nominations at Cincinnati, which are more specially referred to in an editorial article of the present issue. There is a page illustrating the game of Lacrosse played by the Canadian team in London, of which we had expected, as we had been promised, a detailed description by our special correspondent connected with the team, but by some accident or other, his letter did not arrive by the last mail. It may possibly come by the next. It is satisfactory to know, however, that three or four splendid matches were played in London, before large and distinguished assemblages, and that the tour of our friends in Ireland, Scotland and England, has been a magnificent success in every respect.

A CANADIAN HEROINE.

I have lately seen in a New York paper a short story entitled the "Heroine of the St. Lawrence." It relates that, some fifty years ago, a steamer having lost her pilot just above Lachine, during a storm, was guided through the rapids by a young lady, one of the passengers. It also says that she afterwards resided in Quebec, and that a full length portrait of her graces the gallery of fine arts in Montreal. I would be thankful for more precise information as to date and names. DRDO.

Montreal, June 12, 1876.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"MEN are born with two eyes, but one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say." This doesn't naturally follow, you know, or women would be born with only one eye.

A countryman went to see his lady-love, and wishing to be conversational, observed, "The thermometer is twenty degrees above zero this evening."—"Yes," innocently replied the maiden; "such kinds of birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."

"MY dear," said a fond husband to his wife one day, "where would you go should I fail in business?"—"When I always go when I can, love," was the answer. "Into the omnibus;" and so saying, the lovely wife hid her blushes in the creaking embrace of her husband.

The *Woman's Journal* is trying to ascertain the highest test of self-control. As far as our experience goes it is helping a pretty girl on with her shawl and folding it about her, with her mother in the same room, looking on. This is the hardest trial we know of, excepting, of course, the one the girl has to undergo.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* calculates that, letting 1,000 represent a woman's chances of marriage in the whole course of her life, 136 of those chances are lost when she is seventeen years old, 533 when she is twenty-one, 915 when she is twenty-seven, 992 when she is thirty-three, and the entire thousand when she is forty-five.

LEAH.

Swinnburne and his school have recently examined a second Shakspeare from an oblivion of about half a century. "Joseph and his Brothers" fell dead at the start, and lay slain, without sign of life, until this present introduction, which has really produced a literary sensation in certain London circles. Here is one of the best specimen passages culled from Mr. Wells' drama:

Rachel the beautiful as she was called: Despoiled our mother Leah, for that she Was tender-eyed, lean featured, and did lack The pulpy whiteness swelling the white skin To sleek proportions, beautiful and round, With wrinkled joints, so fruitful to the eye. All this is fair, and yet we know it true That death a pomane breast and snowy side A heart of guile and falsehood may be hid, As well as where the soil a deeper tint; So here with this same Rachel we find: The dim, blue-laced veins on either brow, Neath the transparent skin meandering, That with the silvery bearded fly vie; Her full dark eye, whose bright as gild-lined through The sable lashes, soft as combed-hair; Her slanting head, curved like the maiden moon, And hung with hair incumbent as a vine— And blacker than a storm, her rounded ear, Turned like a shell upon some golden shore; Her whispering foot that carried all her weight, Nor left its little pressure on the sand; Her lips as drowsy poppies, soft and red, Gathering a dew from her escaping breath; Her voice melodious, mellow, deep, and clear, Lingering like sweet music in the ear; Her neck, or so she'd like to misnamed curl; Her tapering fingers rounded to a point; The silky softness of her veined hand; Her dimpled knuckles answering to her chin, And teeth like honeycombs of the wilderness: All these did tend to a bad proof in her— For armed thus in beauty, she did steal The eye of Jacob to her proper self, Engross'd his time, and kept him by her side, Casting on Leah indifference and neglect.

We beg to call attention to the advertisement in our present issue, of the Canadian Steam Users' Insurance Association. The names of the Directorate are sufficient of themselves to recommend this important and advantageous enterprise to the confidence and patronage of interested parties. Such men as Hon. Alex. Campbell, Hon. Jno. McMurrieh, and others, would not associate themselves with any but sterling and solid companies.

LITERARY.

A CONDENSED edition of the "Noctes Ambrosiæ" will shortly be published.

Miss Christina Rossetti is investigating the analogies between the works of Spenser and Dante.

At the sale of Hans Christian Andersen's autographs, in Copenhagen, the prices realized were small.

JULIA SINCLAIR, an American girl, has taken her degree in the University of Zurich, as Doctor of Medicine.

DISRAELI is said to be writing another novel, to consist of converting a good deal of romance into reality.

PROF. MAX MULLER has left England for a year's holiday, and is now settled in his new quarters in Germany.

MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS' last novel, "Felicja," is about to appear in a German translation, and also in a popular six shilling edition in England.

MR. DUTTON COOK has in the press a volume of studies and illustrations of historic story, life, and character, to be entitled "A Book of the Play."

KING Victor Emmanuel has conferred the Grand Cordón of the Order of the Crown of Italy upon the Hellenic diplomatist, M. Rangabé, for his translation of Torquato Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" into Greek verse.

PROF. FRIEDRICH DIEZ, the founder of the philology of the Romance languages, died at Bonn, on the 20th ult. His principal work, the "Grammar of the Romance Languages," appeared from 1826 till 1842, and was followed by the "Etymological Dictionary of the Romance Languages."

AT a recent sale of autographs in Paris, a letter of Alfred de Musset brought \$40, and another \$30. A letter of Théophile Gautier, containing an unpublished song sold for \$150; unpublished poetry by the same author, \$40; a letter of George Sand against the Imperial régime, \$20; and a letter of Talma, \$20.

LORD CRAWFORD has put forth a metrical tale, in ten books, having for subject the ancient legend of the "Quest of the Golden Fleece." The work provokes direct comparison with William Morris' "Jason," a few years ago. The London critics give the noble author but slight praise for his poetry.

THE Neapolitan newspapers report that Prof. Mommsen, while consulting various ancient inscriptions in Arpinum, has just discovered the sepulchre of Caius Marius. With some difficulty he succeeded in tracing the letters C. Marius, which, together with an inscription recording the Roman general's seven consulships, are regarded as leaving no doubt as to the identity of the monument.

ANOTHER attempt is being made to translate the Talmud. Dr. Sammer, a well-known Rabbi and Talmudist, has in the press a German translation of "Baba Mezia," with a commentary in the same language. It is to be published by Benzian, of Berlin, in ten to twelve parts, large folio. The original text accompanies the translation. The volume, which has hitherto been published both in France and Germany, is the first ("Berachoth"), and no more has been issued since.

GEORGE ELIOT has netted £40,000 by *Daniel Deronda*. Forty thousand copies have been printed and sold in eight parts at 5s. each, and the royalty of the gifted author is £1 per copy. This is the largest sum that has ever been paid for copyright. Macaulay was paid a cheque of £20,000 by the Longmans for the two volumes of his History, and his biographer records his satisfaction at having beat the popularity of Scott or Bulwer. But George Eliot has now left them all behind.

ARTISTIC.

NINETY-FOUR plans have been offered for the buildings of the French Universal Exposition in 1878. Eighty are by architects living in Paris.

SIR GILBERT SCOTT'S designs for the restoration of the interior of the octagon and lantern of Ely Cathedral have been provisionally approved.

A NUMBER of French students have opened a subscription in the Quartier Latin for the erection of a statue to Michelet. They have addressed a petition to the Government to allow the memorial to be placed in one of the squares of the university quarter of the town.

THE proprietors of the *Geopline* have sent the whole of the sketches taken by their special artists, Mr. Herbert Johnson and Mr. W. C. Horsley, during the Prince of Wales's tour in India, to be included among their exhibits at the American Centennial Exhibition. Before being sent to America these drawings were inspected by the Princess of Wales, who expressed her approval of them.

HERR SCHAFER'S plaster-cast of the monument to Goethe is now exhibited in the Academy of Science, at Berlin. It represents the poet in the prime of life, draped in a classic garment, which does not hide the natural grace of the figure. Around the pedestal on which the statue stands are grouped three allegorical figures, personifying Lyric Poetry, the Drama, and Science, the three forms in which the genius of Goethe was made manifest.

AN old Sevres vase, given by Louis XVI. to Tippoo Sahib, was sold in London lately. The vase was taken at the siege of Seringapatana by Ensign Gordon, afterwards Adjutant-General of Bombay, and has come into the possession of his grand-nephew. It is unshaped, with a fluted neck, and stands about 18 inches high, while the ground is *gris-bleu*, with white and gold designs and garlands of pink roses in relief. Medallions of flowers being painted on each side. The vase is somewhat heavy in design, and is precious rather as a historical than as an art-relic. It fetched £1,459 10.

A SALE is announced of a series of nine Flemish tapestries belonging to the Hospital of Auxerre. They are said to be well preserved works of the fifteenth century, distinguished for the beauty of their design and the richness and variety of their colour. They were given to the Cathedral of Auxerre in 1592 by the bishop, Jean Ballet, but were afterwards ceded by the chapter of the cathedral to the hospital. The whole series extends to a length of more than thirty-two metres, along which the history of St. Stephen and the legend of the finding of his relics are represented, with costumes of the time of Louis XII.

HUMOROUS.

GIPSY tents may be seen near the Centennial; also tipsy gents.

THE Connecticut State Treasurer having received the sum of ten dollars from a conscience-stricken fellow, the Legislature voted an adjournment and started for Philadelphia.

Patient (to doctors after consultation): "Tell me the worst, gentlemen, am I going to die?" — We are divided on that question, sir; but there is a majority of one that you will live."

THERE is nothing half so sad in life as the spectacle of an auctioneer attempting to sell fifteen thousand dollars' worth of goods to an audience whose aggregate and tangible assets foot up thirty cents.

THE San Antonio (Texas) *Herald* says the stage drivers between that city and Kingston are to be provided with umbrellas to hold over the stage robbers in case it rains, while they are robbing the mails and relieving passengers.

IF there is anything in this world that will start a cold perspiration on the young man of to-day, it is to put on a brand new fifty dollars suit, and have some one ask him if they are store clothes or made to order."

SCIENTIFIC.

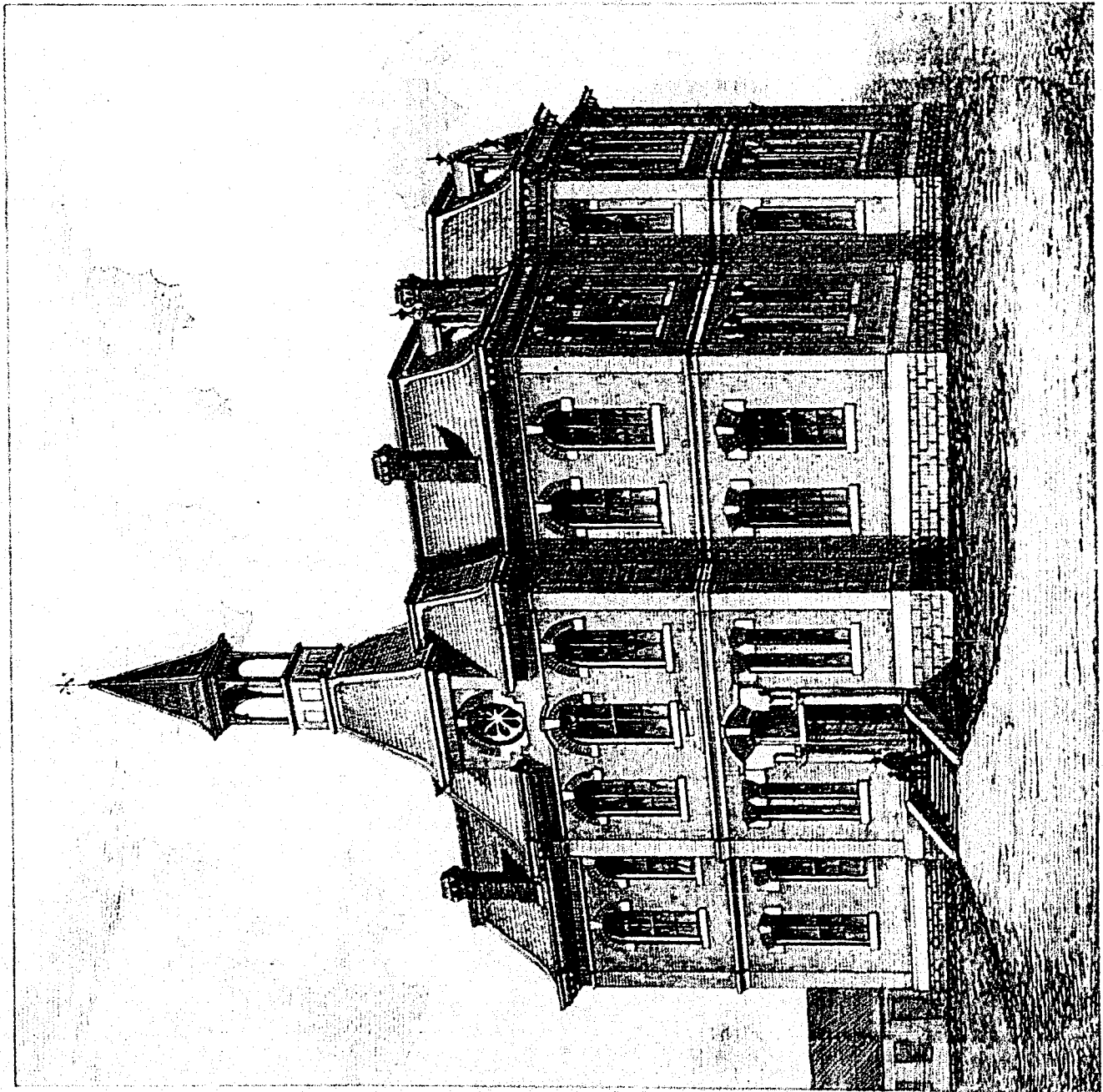
DR. SCHWEINFURTH has discovered a cavern ornamented with magnificent stalactites in the Wady Nafte, Egypt.

By means of a flame sensitive to sounds in connection with revolving strips of photographic paper it is proposed to record speeches and music by machinery.

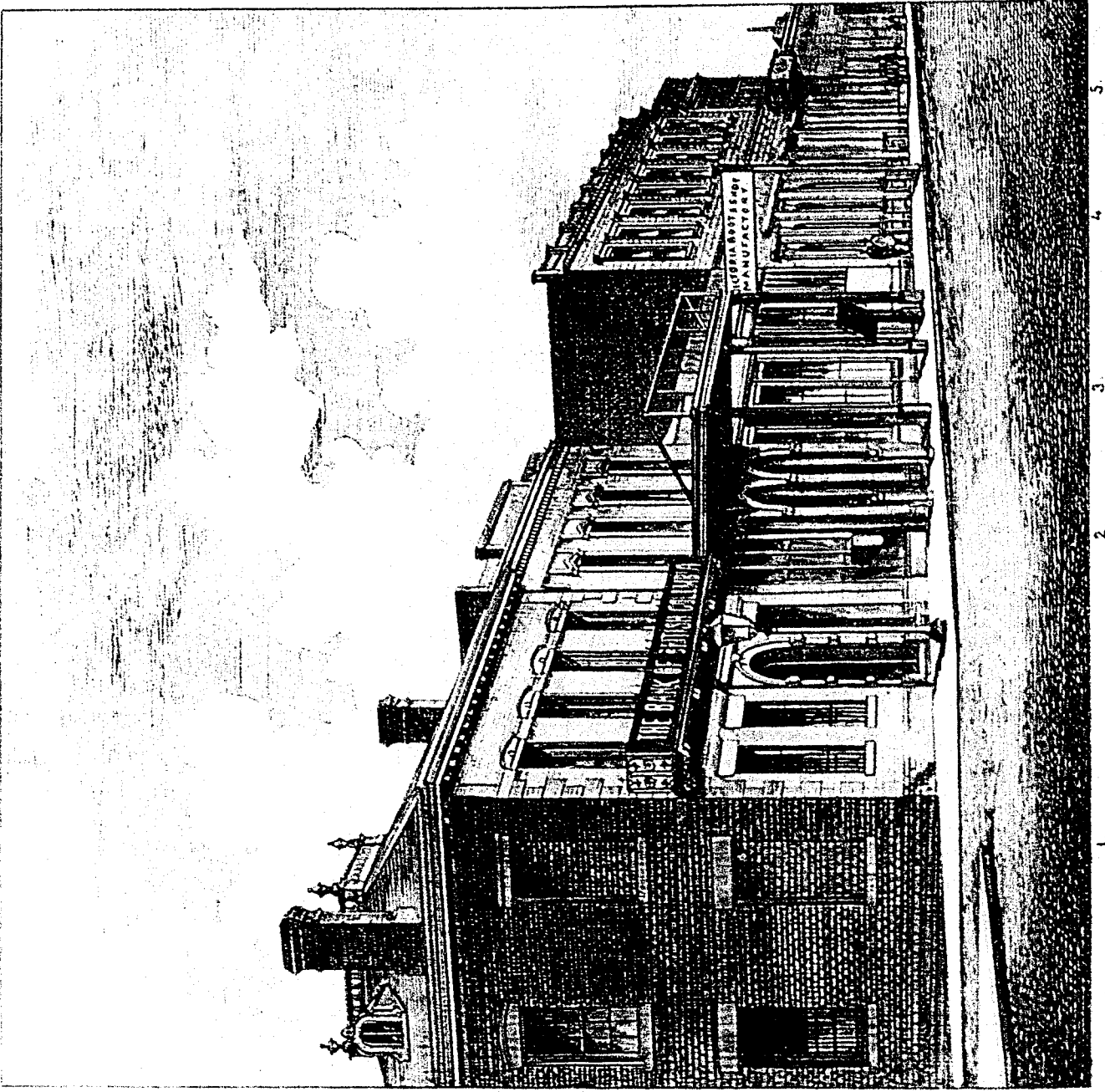
HERBERT, the great psychologist, has been honored with a monument at Oldenburg. Professor Lazarus, of Berlin, the representative of the new psychological school, delivered the inaugural address.

DR. MAUNSELY has been engaged for some time past on a revision of his work on "The Physiology and Pathology of Mind." This new edition will be divided into two parts, forming volumes of about the same size as "Body and Mind," by the author. The first part, treating of the physiology of mind, will be published almost immediately.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.



THE GOVERNMENT PUBLIC SCHOOL, VICTORIA.



VIEW IN GOVERNMENT STREET, VICTORIA

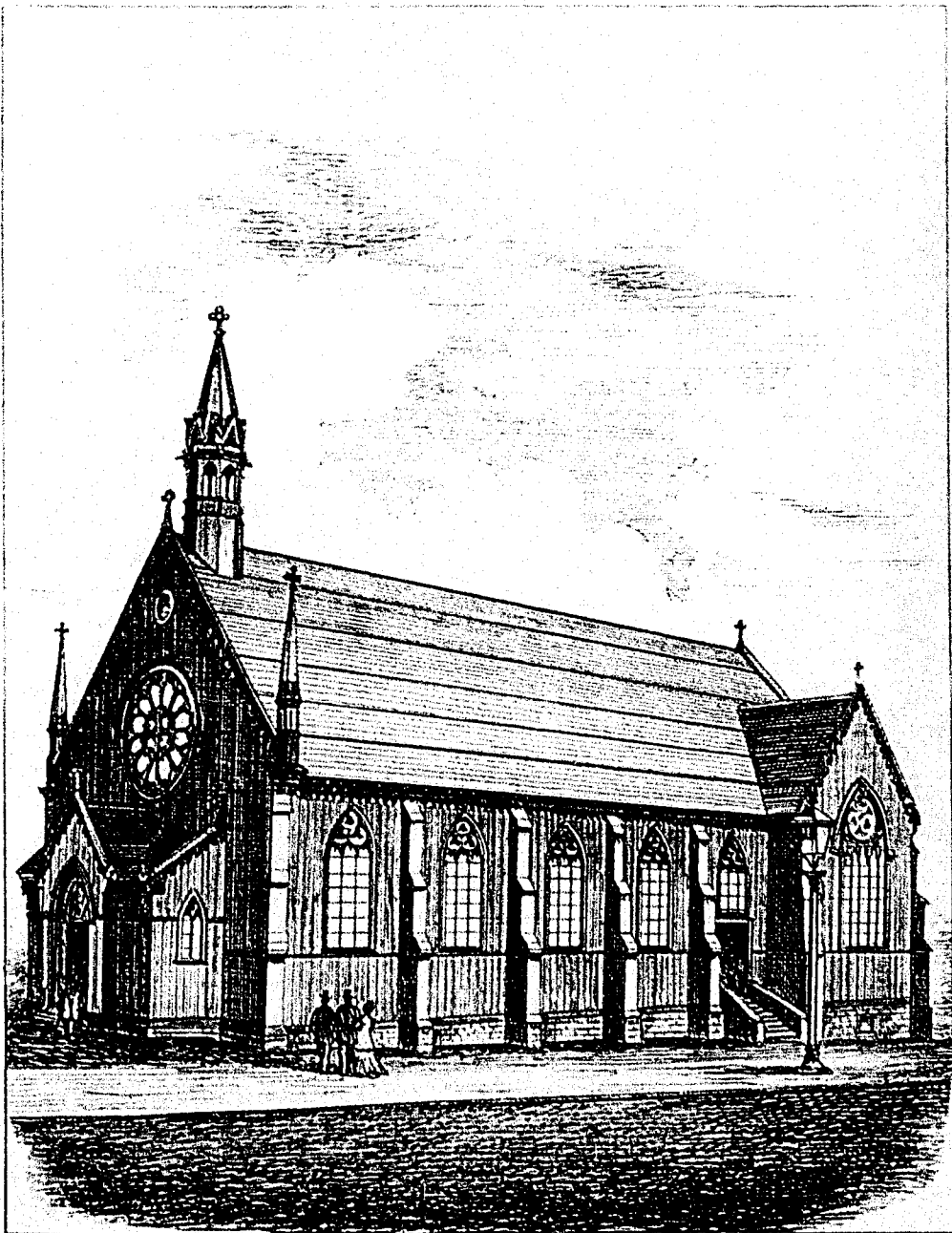
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOAH SHAKESPEARE.



D. McEACHRAN, M. R. C. S. &c.—From a Photograph by NOTMAN.



BASHKADDIN; THE WIFE OF THE NEW SULTAN OF TURKEY.



BRITISH COLUMBIA :— BISHOP CRIDGE'S REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
From a Photograph by Noah Shakespeare.



FRANCE :— FUNERAL OF THE HISTORIAN MICHELET.

TOO LATE
OR
THE BRIDAL FEAST.

There was joy in a land where a lone heart was breaking.
Brighter never were smiles at a festival board;
But one, fairest there, in seeming, partaking
Of all that was bright in the smile of her lord.

In a word, a half word,—in the change of her cheek,—
In a heave of a bosom that sank with a sigh,—
In all that concealment, contention bespeak,
Too oft, for a moment, unmasked to the eye.

Had a parent's mistrust of where happiness lies
Forbidden the young bosom its first cherished flame,
Had the poor heart been taught, to its cost, there are ties
That, abandoned and broken, still bind it the same!

Had a moment of pique, or of passion prevailed,
Had a world with its tinsel deceits led aside,
Had the heart that temptation for years had assailed,
In vain, bent at last at the altar of pride!

Though forbidden its pains, its regrets to declare,
Though in duty condemned recollection to smother,
Would that bosom have fair turned from all that was
To have dropped but one tear on the breast of another!

Ascot, E. Townships, P. Q. FRANK JOHNSON.

MOZART;
OR,
THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

It was on a fine morning, in the month of April, in the year 1762, that two children—a girl about eight years old, and the other a boy, perhaps two years younger—descended the vine-covered hill of Kosoheez, at the foot of which rushes tumultuously the beautiful and rapid waters of the Moldan, which are finally lost in the ancient forest of Bohemia.

Instead of tripping along with the careless gaiety of their age, the two children, holding each other by the hand, walked side by side, with thoughtful looks and downcast eyes; uniting the gravity of mature age with the charms and innocence of childhood.

Their attire betokened poverty; the color of the little girl's frock was faded, the clothes of the boy were much worn, and patched at the elbows and knees with different colored stuffs; but nevertheless, the neatness with which their fair hair had been combed, and their fresh-washed hands and faces, seemed to indicate the love and care of a mother.

They each held in one hand a piece of bread, which they looked at now and then, but did not touch. As soon as they reached the foot of the hill, and were about to enter the shade of the forest trees, the little boy broke the silence.

"Did you notice, sister," he said, "the manner in which mamma gave us our breakfast this morning; and how she sighed when I said, 'Nothing but bread?'"

"Yes; and she was crying!" said the little girl. "I saw her tears; and her look, which seemed to say, 'There is nothing but bread in the house, and you must be content with it.' But what are you crying for, Wolfgang?" added Frederica, while she shed tears herself.

"I cry because you cry," said Wolfgang; "and also because I have only dry bread for my breakfast!"

"Poor fellow," said Frederica, drying the eyes of her brother with a kiss; "may you never have a greater grief. But why do you not eat your bread?"

"I am not hungry," answered the boy.

"Ah, you would not want begging to eat, if there was something nice upon your bread!" said his sister.

"No, indeed," answered the boy, "I am not hungry!"

The little girl drew her brother towards her, and, parting the hair from his forehead, she said, "I would give you a kiss, and tell you what I was thinking of this morning, only I am afraid you are too little to talk to of such things!"

"Too little! and you are so big, you!" said Wolfgang, with a tone of affected pity.

"But I am bigger than you!" said the little girl.

"By an inch or two; so you need not be proud!" answered the boy.

"And I am older than you!"

"By a few months!"

"By some years, sir. But let us reckon, and not quarrel about it!" said Frederica, good-humoredly. "I was born on the 30th of January, 1754."

"And I was born the 27th January, 1756," said Wolfgang.

"That makes two years!" said the little girl.

"All but three days!" said the boy.

"Yes, all but three days!" repeated the girl.

"But let us think what we can do to help our parents."

"What are you talking about, sister!" said the boy; "what can we do?"

"That is what I am thinking of. O Heaven! what can we do?"

"Let us pray to God, sister; and then, perhaps, we shall think of something," said Wolfgang.

"You are right, brother; let us pray," answered the girl; let us kneel down under this tree; God will see us!"

"And hear us too," said Wolfgang. "Mamma says that God always hears children who pray for their parents!"

"Ah! then He will hear us favourably!" said Frederica, clasping her hands.

Wolfgang knelt down beside his sister, putting his bread on the ground, and then he said, "Sister," he then said, "shall we not pray also to our great saint, John Nepomucene, to assist us?"

"Yes, to St. John Nepomucene!" answered Frederica.

"Then do you begin, sister, and I will follow," answered the boy.

The little girl then said her prayer, and ended by asking for the intercession of the Bohemian saint, the little boy repeating the prayers after her; and both were so earnestly engaged with what they were about, that they did not perceive a man, of somewhat advanced age and of noble and distinguished appearance, who stood at some little distance from the tree beneath which they knelt.

"Our prayer is finished, brother," said the little girl.

"And granted, too," said Wolfgang, rising in his turn.

"Already!" exclaimed his sister.

"Yes, I thought of something while you were praying!" answered Wolfgang.

"Then St. John Nepomucene must have whispered it in your ear!" replied his sister.

"I do not know whether it was St. John Nepomucene or not; but this is what came into my head: You know I have a little talent for playing on the piano; but, indeed, if mamma had not so often said that we must not be vain, I should say that I do not compose badly. And you, Frederica, though you have not so much power over the instrument as I have, yet for your age you do not play so ill!"

"There's a conceited child!" said Frederica.

"Do not interrupt me, dear Frederica, or I shall forget what I thought of. Now, let us set out some fine morning, and walk, and walk a long way. Sometimes we shall come to a castle, and then, Frederica, you shall begin to sing, and somebody will come to the gate; and then the people of the castle will say, 'Oh the poor children!' and ask us to come in and rest ourselves; and then I shall go to the piano—"

"If there is one," interrupted the little girl.

"As if there was not pianos everywhere in these days!" answered the boy. "But you provoke me with your interruptions. I say then I shall go to the piano, I shall get up on the stool, and I shall play, and play, and everybody will be enchanted. They will embrace us, and give us sweetmeats and playthings, and to you they will give necklaces and ribbons; but we shall not take them, and I shall say: Pay us, if you please, that we may take the money to papa and mamma."

"Ah, you little rogue, how ambitious you are!" cried Frederica, throwing herself on her brother's neck.

"But that's not all," said Wolfgang; "let me finish that story. The king will hear us talked about, and send for us. I shall wear a beautiful coat, and you will have a beautiful dress, and we shall go to the king's palace. There they will take us into a saloon full of beautiful ladies, the like of whom was never seen, and gentlemen all in embroidery, and furniture all gilded, and a piano. Such a piano! the case all made of pure gold, with silver pedals, and keys of fine pearls, and diamonds everywhere. Then we shall play, and the Court will be delighted. And they will surround us, and caress us, and the king will ask me what I should like, and I shall say: Whatever you please, king. And then he will give me a castle, and I shall have papa and mamma to live there, and—"

A burst of laughter interrupted, in the midst of his recital, the intrepid young performer on the piano. Wolfgang frightened, looked at his sister, then, turning his eyes, he perceived the stranger, who, hidden behind a tree near to the children, had not lost a word of their conversation. Fearing that he was discovered, he approached them, saying:

"Do not be afraid, my children; I wish only to make you happy. I am sent to you by the great saint, John Nepomucene."

At these words the brother and sister exchanged a look, and then turned their eyes again upon the pretended messenger of the saint. This survey was doubtless satisfactory; for the little boy, running towards him, took hold of his hand, and with a charming simplicity, exclaimed: "Ah, so much the better; are you going to grant me my wishes?"

"No, sir; not all at once," answered the stranger; then seating himself on the spreading roots of a tree, and bidding Wolfgang stand before him, while his sister, older and more timid, kept a little aside, he said: "I shall give you whatever you wish, on condition that you answer me truly all the questions I am going to put to you; I warn you beforehand, that if you tell a lie, I shall know it!"

"Sir, you must know that I never told a lie in my life," replied Wolfgang, a little offended.

"That is what we shall see," said the stranger.

"What is your father's name?"

"Leopold Mozart."

"And what is his employment?"

"He is *maître de chapelle*; he plays on the violin and on the piano; but best on the violin."

"Is your mother alive still?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many children are there of you?"

As the little boy remained silent, his sister answered this question.

"There were seven of us, sir; but now we are only two, my brother and myself."

"And your father is poor, my dear child?" said the stranger to the little girl.

"Oh, yes; very poor, sir. See!" she said, showing the morsels of bread, which neither she nor her brother had touched, "this is all the bread there was in the house. Papa and mamma have not kept any for themselves. Every time

that mamma gives our breakfast, and says, 'Go and eat it in the fields, my dear children,' it is that we may not see that she has not any for herself."

"Poor children," said the stranger, greatly moved. "Where do your parents live?"

"Up there on the hill, sir, in that little cottage that you see the roof of from here," said Wolfgang.

"Did not that house belong to Dusseck?" asked the stranger.

"A musician, like our father—yes, sir," said the little girl.

"Poor children, repeated the stranger, drying a tear. "Tell me, when I saw you both praying, what did you ask for?"

"Me, sir?" said the little girl. "I asked that I might know the way to earn some money for my parents, so that my brother and I may not every day have to breakfast alone. Wolfgang tells me that he has thought of a way to get money, but I am afraid—"

"If what Wolfgang says is true, that you can both play so well on the piano, it is very likely you may earn money, and I may be able to help you."

"My brother is so good a musician," said the little girl, "that not only he can play at first sight any piece that is presented to him, but he composes pretty little pieces besides; papa says so."

"And what age is your brother?"

"Six years old, sir; and I am eight."

"And this child composes already?" exclaimed the stranger.

"Does that surprise you?" cried Wolfgang, laughing. "Come to our house, sir, and you shall see."

The stranger drew out his watch, reflected for a moment, and then said, in a tone half serious, half jesting, "My dear children, the great Nepomucene, that revered saint of Bohemia, orders me to tell you to go home to your parents, stay at home all day, and before night you shall have some news. Now go."

The stranger was retiring, but Wolfgang took hold of his coat.

"Just one word, sir," he said, "before you go back."

"What are you going to ask, brother?" interrupted Frederica, wishing to hinder her brother from speaking. He then whispered something in her ear, to which she replied, "No, no, Wolfgang, it would be rude; I do not want it."

"What is it, my dear child?" said the stranger.

"She wants me not to ask you if the great Nepomucene won't send mamma some dinner," answered Wolfgang, so quickly that Frederica had not time to stop him. "He can, I am sure, sir."

"Without doubt, your mother shall have it," said the stranger. "But what else do you want? Speak out, do not be afraid."

"Well, then, a new coat for papa; he has not been able to give his lessons some days past, for want of one."

"And then—"

"And then, a new gown for mamma! it would become her so well!"

"Is that all?"

"Enough, brother, enough!" said Frederica, with the delicate susceptibility of a well-bred child.

"Leave me alone, sister, I am only going to ask for something for you!"

"I do not want anything; you are asking the gentleman for too much!"

"Though I am pleased with your sister's modesty," said the stranger, "I authorize you to mention whatever you wish for."

"Well, then, what I want is a large house, and servants so that mamma shall not be fatigued with doing the work, and then—then, that is all, I think!"

"But you have asked nothing for yourself."

"Oh, there is no need, sir; give papa all what he wants, and I shall want for nothing."

"Charming and admirable child!" said the stranger. "Farewell; very soon you shall see me again."

As he uttered these words the stranger rose, and disappeared so quickly among the shades of the forest, that the children remained in surprise.

"What! do you think, Wolfgang, that he will send us some dinner?" said Frederica, as with her brother she took the road home.

"To be sure!" said Wolfgang, in a confident tone.

"As for me, I am afraid the gentleman has been making game of us," said the little girl.

"Ah, we shall see about that!" replied the little Mozart.

As soon as our two children had re-entered their home, a woman, still young and neatly attired, said sorrowfully to them—"What, have neither of you touched your bread?"

"We were not hungry, mamma," said Frederica.

"What, then, has made you lose your appetite?"

"Why, think, mamma!" said Wolfgang, "if my sister has seen a messenger from the great Nepomucene, whose history papa has so often told us!"

"Indeed! tell us how that happened, Master Wolfgang!" said a good-natured looking man, who just then entered, and whom the two children saluted by the name of "good little papa!"

"Only fancy, good little papa!" said Wolfgang; "a tall, beautiful man, with a beautiful face, who looked like a king indeed!"

"And how did you know that he was a messenger from the great Nepomucene?" inquired the *maître de chapelle*.

"Oh, he told me so!"

"And what proofs did he give you of it?"

"What proofs!—that is what we are going to see!—he will send you a coat, and a gown for mamma, and something for my sister—and a good dinner for all of us!"

M. Mozart could not help laughing at his son's simplicity.

"And do you believe all this, my dear child?" he said.

"The friend of St. John Nepomucene told me so, papa."

"Ah, he was making game of you!"

"Making game of me?—why, papa?—Oh, no. If you had seen him, you would not say that; his face is so good-natured. I can tell you, too, that instead of this poor little cottage, we are to have a palace. Oh, since I have known that, I do not like this little, dull room!"

As he uttered the last words, the little Mozart cast a look of disdain about him. In fact, the chamber served at once for kitchen and parlor. On one side was a capacious fire-place, with stoves suspended upon hooks within the wide chimney; and on the other, a piano, above which a violin was hung against the wall; in the middle was a table of some dark wood, and about it a few rush chairs.

"Ah, so we shall have a palace, shall we?" said M. Mozart, good-humoredly.

"Yes, papa; a palace and plenty of servants to wait on us. But what are you doing, mamma?" said the child to Madame Mozart, who was beginning her preparations for dinner.

"Why, you see, while you are waiting for the servants, I am getting the dinner ready!"

"The dinner, when I tell you they will send us one ready cooked, all ready cooked!"

The father and mother began to laugh, when they heard a knock at the door.

It was a covered cart, out of which came a cook, his assistant, and all the accessories of a first-rate dinner.

"We come from the person whom Master Wolfgang Mozart met at the entrance of the forest," said the cook, as he entered. Then he placed upon the table, as his assistant brought them out of the cart, various dishes ready dressed, some bottles of wines, and all the materials of an excellent dinner.

"Can you not inform me, my good friend, who was the person who sends you?" said M. Mozart to the cook.

"I cannot satisfy you, sir," said the man, respectfully.

The *maître de chapelle* insisted.

"Well, then, sir, your son knows who sent me," said the cook.

"Yes," cried Wolfgang, "and Frederica knows him, too; it was the messenger and friend of the great St. John Nepomucene!"

"For heaven's sake explain this mystery," said M. Mozart to the cook.

"Sir," replied the man, "I can tell you nothing, except that the dinner is paid for—you can eat it without hesitation. If you wish to know more, let your son place himself at the piano, and improvise a sonata, then the person will appear. Do not ask me any more questions, for I must not answer them."

The dinner being served, the cook retired with his assistant, mounted his cart, and drove away.

Little Wolfgang was the first to break silence after the departure of the cook.

"Well," he said, "did not I tell you?"

"Ah, brother!" said Frederica, "I thought that the strange gentleman was making sport of us, but now I see myself that it was not so."

"My dear children," said Master Mozart, "let us sit down to the table. The generous man who has sent us this dinner is, doubtless, a good friend who has been sent to us, even though he may not be the messenger of St. John Nepomucene. Let us drink his health—his name is unknown to us, but the remembrance of him will always remain in our hearts!"

You may suppose how merry they were over that repast; the family of Mozart had never dined so splendidly. As to the children, they had never seen such a feast; and they were still in the midst of their joy, when the clock in a neighboring convent struck two. Wolfgang bounded from his chair.

"Where are you going?" inquired his mother.

"To compose a sonata, to make the gentleman appear, who gave us the dinner."

Then he placed a little stool, upon which he stood, before the piano, for he was so little that his elbows did not reach the keys.

At first he ran up the scales, with an energy and precision extraordinary in a child so young and feeble; then he passed to the modulation of chords, and finally improvised a theme so sweet, so soft, that the *maître de chapelle* and his wife remained dumb with surprise. Then, as he abandoned himself to the exuberance of the infantine imagination his fingers flew over the keys; touched with the hand of a master, they would now utter their full sound; then gently pressed, caressed as it were, they would give forth tones so expressive, that tears stood in the eyes of Mozart and his wife.

Softened, moved beyond expression by the melting sounds which Wolfgang drew from his instrument, they all forgot not only the dinner, but the promised visit of the stranger.

"Come hither that I may embrace you, Master Wolfgang Mozart!" cried the *maître de chapelle*, with the enthusiasm of a father and an artist; "with the help of God, our Lady, and the great St. John Nepomucene, thou wilt be

one day a great performer, a great composer, a great man! But who will push thee forward in the world, poor unknown child; who will rescue thee from obscurity in which thou art plunged by my poverty? Who will protect thee?"

"I will!" exclaimed a voice from without. It was that of the stranger. On beholding him, Wolfgang ran and took hold of his hand.

"See," he exclaimed, "there is the friend of the great Nepomucene."

Scarcely, however, had the *matrre de chapelle* set his eyes on the stranger than rising with an aspect of deep respect, he bowed profoundly, as he said,

"His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria."

Some days after this adventure, Madame Mozart was shedding tears, while she prepared for the departure of her husband and son.

"We are going to the Court of the Empress Marie Theresa, that queen so great, so wise, and so virtuous; we are going there at the invitation of her august husband himself, Francis the First."

"At six years old, to begin a life of labor," said the poor mother, stifling her sighs.

"But I shall work for you, dear mamma, and that will be a life of pleasure," replied Wolfgang, throwing himself on his mother's neck.

An hour afterwards, the *matrre de chapelle* and his son were on their way to Vienna. On their arrival they were informed that the Emperor would receive them the next day. At the same time, orders were given for the arrangement of a concert, to which all the lords and ladies of the court were invited, to hear the wonderful child.

The next day the elder Mozart went out to visit his friends, and on his return he found his son capering about the chamber.

"I have said my prayers and practised," exclaimed the boy, "and now I am resting myself."

"A pretty sort of rest," replied the father, laughing.

"Every one, papa," answered the boy, "follows his own fashion."

When the evening came, Wolfgang was conducted by his father to the imperial palace. The *matrre de chapelle* was dressed in black. His son wore a court costume; a little coat of lilac cloth, with a vest of the same color, rose-colored breeches, white stockings, and shoes with buckles.

A master of ceremonies introduced them to the concert room, where nobody had yet appeared. The first thing that Wolfgang observed was a superb piano, before which he quickly stationed himself; his father went out into a balcony which overlooked the magnificent gardens of the palace. Wolfgang, alone in the vast saloon, lighted as for a royal fête, was seated before the piano, his little fingers flying with wonderful rapidity over the keys, when he heard the voice of a child near him say

"Oh how well you play! Are you the little Mozart that they have all been talking about?"

Wolfgang turned his head, and saw beside him a little girl of about seven years old very richly dressed.

"How beautiful you are!" was the reply of the Bohemian boy.

"Oh, never mind that," said the little girl.

"But tell me, are you Wolfgang Mozart?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"And who taught you to play so well on the piano?"

"My father."

"And is it not tiresome to learn? Are you not obliged to practise a great deal?"

"Yes, and sometimes that fatigues me, then I say a prayer, and ask for the help of the great St. John Nepomucene, that I may have courage and good-will, and he always gets it for me."

"And who is the great St. John Nepomucene?"

"The saint of Bohemia."

"Why is he called saint of Bohemia?"

"Because there is a statue of him on the bridge over the Moldau at Prague."

"That is no reason!" said the little girl, impatiently.

"I know his history, and can tell you all about him," said Wolfgang.

"Oh, tell me!" said the little girl. "I shall like to hear it!"

"Listen then!"—and the little Mozart proceeded to relate what he knew of the life and martyrdom of the Bohemian saint.

As Wolfgang was finishing his story, he heard a great rustling of silken robes, the sound of satin slippers, and the waving of feathers and flowers; and looking around him, he saw with astonishment that the saloon, which was empty a few minutes before, was now filled with beautiful ladies and fine gentlemen.

He rose, blushing and confused.

"Do you not remember me?" said a gentleman, approaching him.

"You are the king!" answered Wolfgang, as he looked at him.

"And this is the queen, Maria Theresa," said Francis, leading the little Mozart towards a lady, about forty-five years of age, and in all the lustre of her beauty; who received the child with the most unbounded kindness.

Little Mozart was then seated at the piano, and then, smiling at those who surrounded him, and particularly at the little girl, who still kept near him, he began to play. His execution was so perfect, his little fingers passed with such facility from a quick and difficult movement to a measure slow and melodiously accented, that the illustrious audience uttered a cry of admiration at the wonderful and precocious talent which he displayed.

"Wolfgang is so well practised on his piano, that he could play with his eyes shut!" said his father.

"Cover the piano, and you shall see!" answered Wolfgang, and then he played with the greatest accuracy under a cloth which concealed the keys. When he stopped, worn out and fatigued, his poor little forehead covered with perspiration, the Empress made him a sign to approach her.

Wolfgang got down from his chair to go to the Empress; but either from the confusion he felt amidst that brilliant assemblage, or through not being accustomed to walk upon a waxed floor his foot slipped, and he fell.

The little girl uttered a cry, and running to assist Wolfgang, she exclaimed, in a voice soft and full of tenderness, "Have you hurt yourself, my little friend?"

Wolfgang only answered, "You are more charming than all the world. Will you be my wife?"

The little girl burst out laughing. "That cannot be, poor little fellow!" she said.

"Why not?" asked Wolfgang: "we are both of the same age."

"You are only a poor artist."

"But I shall be a great man some day."

"But I am Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria."

"That does not matter: I will marry you all the same!" cried Wolfgang, to the great amusement of that imposing assembly, who were little used to such plain language.

Alas, that little girl, whom the infant Mozart so ingeniously chose for his wife, was not so happy as to marry an artist. Long afterwards, on the very day when Mozart, the great composer, was hailed with the acclamations of the people of Vienna, that little girl, become Queen of France, and wife of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, was insulted by a furious mob. Strange and mysterious destiny of human life, which God conceals from mortal eyes, and the end of which none can divine!

But to return to our little hero, who promised so early all that he afterwards became. Charmed by his precocious genius, the Empress Marie Theresa condescended to let him associate as a playfellow with the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, who was a year older than the little Mozart.

Wolfgang was not quite eight years of age when he appeared in 1767, at the court of Versailles: he played the organ in the king's chapel, and was considered to equal the greatest masters. At this epoch he composed two sonatas, one of which he dedicated to Madame Victoire, the king's daughter, and the other to the Countess de Tesse.

Mozart was but thirty-six years old when he died. It was while engaged in the composition of his famous *Requiem*, which had been ordered by some unknown person, that he felt his end approaching. "I am working for my own funeral," he said. In fact, the excitement of composing increased his fever to such a degree, that his wife, by the orders of the physicians, was obliged to withdraw him from the task. His health then somewhat improved, and he resumed his work in the hope of completing the design. Death, however, put an end to his labors. The *Agnus Dei*, which terminates that wonderful composition, was the song of the swan of the great artist: it breathes all the profound melancholy, the religious fervor that filled his heart.

A few hours before his death, he desired his attendants to bring him the *Requiem* Mass.

"Well," said he, "was I not right when I said that I was composing for myself the song of death?"

He died on the 7th of December, 1791.

EDGAR POE.

The best information we have ever read concerning this unfortunate poet is the following from Jay Charlton, correspondent of the *Dunbury News*. It deserves to be preserved. It may not be generally known, but it is a fact that Poe was born in Boston. That event occurred in 1810 while his mother was playing an engagement at the old Federal Street Theatre in that city. But Poe was Southern to the core, and held the modern Athens and all its literature in the most supreme contempt. After making a reputation with his "Gold Bug," "Raven," and "Bells," he was invited by a literary club in Boston to write a poem and deliver it at the Tremont Temple for the benefit of the club. "How much will you ask?" inquired the club's representative, who came to New York to strike a bargain.—"Fifty dollars and expenses," said Poe.—"I'm authorized to offer you \$75 and expenses, Mr. Poe," said the club man. Then Poe looked sour, stamped his feet and ran his fingers through his black, piratical-looking locks. He never was pleased at anything. He was now simply mad that he had not demanded \$100. After a moment's pause he became reconciled to the offer by abruptly demanding pay in advance, saying that he would have \$25 added for expenses, making a clean \$100 in all. This was mildly refused, the representative saying that he had not the money or the authority to so act. Poe, however, was persistent, and finally the club man handed him \$50 on account. A few weeks passed and Poe was announced, and the *literati* of the Hub was all agog to see the author of the "Raven." A letter was written to him notifying him of the day and date of his announced appearance. He made no sign. Then the representative was sent to New York to see what the trouble was. After hunting round for some time he found the

noble Edgar tight as a brick in Sandy Welch's cellar in Ann street, spouting the "Raven" and surrounded by Hank Failing, Sam Porter, Ben Glasby, Frank Rae, George Morris, Mike Walsh, and several other printers and writers.

When the club man approached Poe, he came near getting a black eye. Poe would not be interrupted, though it seemed he never would get through spouting and drinking. The agent explained his case to the company, and they assisted in helping Poe off with his Boston friend. Poe went with the agent to Boston, spouting on the boat and spouting for whiskey all the way. Before they arrived at Boston, however, the agent had got Edgar into a calm and tractable mood. I should have stated that after leaving Sandy Welch's cellar, the agent inquired of Poe where the poem was that he had written for the coming event, and that he went to his rooms in Chatham street and got some ancient-looking manuscript out of his writing-desk. After reaching Boston, Poe and his friend went to the Tremont street House. Poe wanted to go to the barber's shop to get shaved. He went. Late in the afternoon he was found by his friend at the old Stackpole House, corner of Devonshire and Milk streets, in a very dilapidated condition, and insisting on ordering drinks, without any money to pay for them. That agent thought that the time had arrived for him to take things into his own hands. He took the noble Edgar in his arms, carried him out into the back yard, put his black, curly head under the pump, and let the water run. After holding him in that position for eight or ten minutes, he started off with him, considerably sobered. There was no time for toilet arrangements, for time was up and the audience was waiting. Poe was conducted to the top of a pulpit and introduced. He made no bow to the weak applause. He glared round with his big eyes. He looked besmirched and bedraggled. After waiting in bewilderment for a minute or two, not seeming to know what he was there for, his friend crept gently up to his ear and gave him a whisper. Then Edgar went for his pockets, and after rummaging behind and before he brought forth the poem. He numbed it off in a few minutes. There were few present that understood a word he said. Then he disappeared. Next day the Boston papers said that Edgar was a drunken, crazy Bohemian from the purlieus of New York, and that his poem, for which he received \$100, was outrageous trash, and they published it to show that they were right. Poe replied through the *New York Evening Mirror* that he wrote the poem when he was only twelve years old, and that he considered it good enough for Boston brains. But the Boston press continued to abuse him, and said that he wrote the "Raven" while in a fit of delirium tremens. This made him wild, and the only revenge he could find was the most unfair abuse afterward of the genial Henry W. Longfellow in the *Broadway Journal*, a paper which had a small sale, a brief existence, and in which Poe had not ten dollars of his own money invested. I never saw a picture like Poe. He didn't look like a man. He had a light, boyish build, a small, nervous, thin face, with a sharp, hatchet nose. He always looked like woe, with his stomach up against his back bone, his hands in his trousers pocket, his body bent as if from a choice, and hopping quickly along, like a drenched rooster in a rain storm, looking for some whiskey cellar to drop into. He didn't know what a moral responsibility was, and he could tell lies faster than Lord Byron, who was hardly ever known to tell the truth. When Poe lived, "away from all temptation," in a tumble-down little house at Fordham, his wife was lying, without any nourishment, on a sick bed. Nathaniel P. Willis, who admired and appreciated the wayward genius, with the assistance of a few others made up a purse of \$60 and handed it to Poe to take home. This was on Saturday afternoon. Sunday morning Poe was found lying drunk on the sidewalk in Nassau street without a cent. He was nearly frozen. When some friends went to Fordham to give his wife a little money—not wishing to trust him with it—a few days afterward, his wife was lying on a poor bed with hardly any bedclothes, and a cat on her breast to keep her warm. She died soon after that. Then Edgar made love to a wealthy Providence widow, who admired his genius, and they were to be married. Then he went to Richmond on a visit and fell in love with another lady and engaged to marry her. Then he came to New York and soon went to Providence to see his love. He wanted to break the engagement, so he got beastly drunk, called upon the wealthy widow, went into the parlor, raised a row, took up a chair and broke the windows, knocked the pictures from the parlor wall, and raised the deuce generally until the good widow was forced to call in a policeman to eject him; but before doing so he insisted on her giving him twenty dollars to get back to New York, which she did. Then, when he became sober, he was a little ashamed of what he had done, and he called her "Annabel Lee" in his next poem. But I must come to a close.

SULTANA BASHKADDIN.

This lady, the wife of the new Sultan Abdul Murad, is, like most of the inmates of the Turkish harems, a native of Circassia, where she was born in 1854. She was purchased for Murad Effendi in 1864, when she was ten years old, for \$12,000, and has been the sole occupant of his harem since then. She has borne Murad three children, and it is a very promising trait in the new Sultan's character that he is extremely fond of his children, and takes intense interest and

pride in their education. Whether Bashkaddin, however, will remain sole mistress of his affections or will be supplied with a few dozen companions, remains to be seen. At the beginning of every Turkish Sultan's reign there are loud promises of reform, and especially of the abolition of the seraglio. But these have hitherto been empty words. Women are added by scores to the harem, and all the Turks do is to shrug their shoulders and say, "The Sultan is our absolute lord. He is above law. Whatever he does is right." Whether Murad, who seems to be a person of some culture and intelligence, will finally break away from the vicious precedents of former Sultans, the future alone can determine.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WEBER'S "Oberon" will follow "Dimitri" at the National Lyric Opera House in Paris.

Mr. GEORGE HONEY having concluded his Boston engagement is acting in New England towns.

LITZ, it is stated by the Paris musical journals, will pay his long-promised visit to London next year.

Miss Eliza Weathersby, who has been acting in burlesque at the Criterion Theatre, London, is shortly to return to this country.

MEYERBEER'S "Huguenots" has reached its six hundredth night at the Grand Opera in Paris, where his "Robert le Diable" is to be revived, with a most gorgeous mise en scene.

GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE'S travelling venture with "Brass" has ended in a financial failure, and the property of Matt. Morgan's troupe has been seized for debt in Louisville.

ANNA DICKINSON, in her new play, wears a diamond ring on each finger of her left hand and two rings on her right hand, which proves that she is a heaven-born actress.

BRET HARTE'S new comedy is to be brought out in Chicago by the Union Square Theatre Company, next month, and should it be successful will be played in New York in August.

"PAUTEL" is much admired at the Eagle Theatre, N. Y., where Mrs. Chaufrat's personation of the heroine continues to charm lovers of sympathetic acting. Mr. Tayleure's drama is announced until further notice.

MISS SARA JEWETT will accompany the Union Square Theatre Company to Chicago and assume the role of *Henriette* in the "Two Orphans." She will act in New York in August, in Bret Harte's new play.

JOHN T. RAYMOND will appear next month in San Francisco, the city where he first assumed the role of *Colonel Sellers*. Miss Marie Gordon (Mrs. Raymond) will accompany him to act *Laura Hakkin*.

SIGNOR ROSSI'S engagement with Mr. Maurice Grau still holds good in spite of statements to the contrary. Mr. Grau is understood to have no disposition to forego the introduction of the great Italian in this country.

Mr. CHARLES WYNDBHAM, the accomplished comedian, has been giving a series of plays with great success at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Wyndham is now playing "with remarkable spirit and ease," "The Great Divorce Case" at the Criterion, London.

"A Scrap of Paper" has been revived in London with very great success. In the original of this adaptation of Sardou's ingenious comedy, "Les Pattes de Mouche," Mlle. Clarence was very successful during the French comedy representations in New York.

A tablet has been erected to the memory of Bartolomeo Cristofori, the harpsichord maker of Padua, in the cloisters of Santa Croce, in Florence. At the concerts given in his honor the pianists played on a piano made by him in 1720.

THERE is now in London, on exhibition, a volume containing water-color sketches of the costumes worn by Mrs. Siddons in the years 1802 and 1803. The sketches confirm the statement in Fitzgerald's biography of the great actress, that many of her costumes were exceedingly inelegant.

Miss Ada Dvay's personation of *Anne Carver* in "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," at the recent Montague benefits, was one of the notable characterizations of the season. It possessed all the dramatic and comedy elements of the personation of Miss Carlotta Leclercq, since that actress's affectation.

THE Balfé Festival Committee have held one or two important meetings to settle the preliminaries of the festival, which promises to be of great importance. Madame Christine Nilsson, in addition to her kind offer to sing gratuitously, is taking the liveliest interest in the success of the affair. Mr. Sims Reeves also will sing; and a performance of "The Bohemian Girl," with Balfé's most recent additions, will be given.

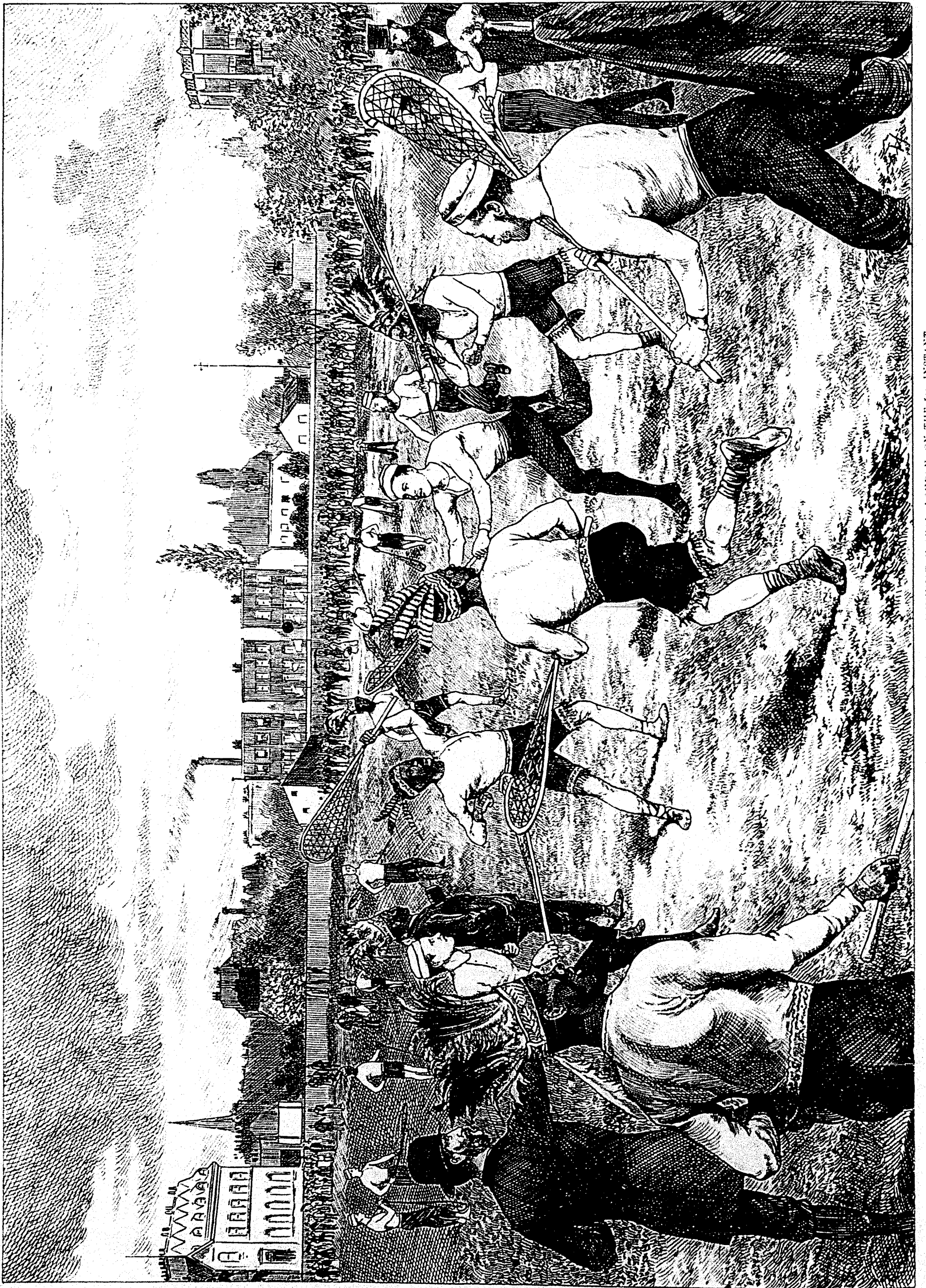
Mr. D. Conway writes from London that a very keen regret is felt there at the death of Julia Matthews, who was not only a great favorite as an actress, but also was beloved and respected as a woman. She leaves three children, who will be in good hands. There never was a more brilliant theatrical success in London than this surprising Australian achieved about eight years ago—when she was about twenty-six years of age—as the *Grand Duchess*.

MR. GEORGE RIGNOLD'S success as *Henry V.* in San Francisco has been unequivocal. The critic of the *Morning Call* says: "Of Rignold as the King we have only to say that he filled the rôle perfectly. In person he is the mouth of form—a model of manly beauty, grace, and dignity. But his voice and the reading of the few good speeches that occur in his part were to us the chief charm of the evening. His voice is a rich baritone, his utterance clear, crisp, and delightfully modulated."

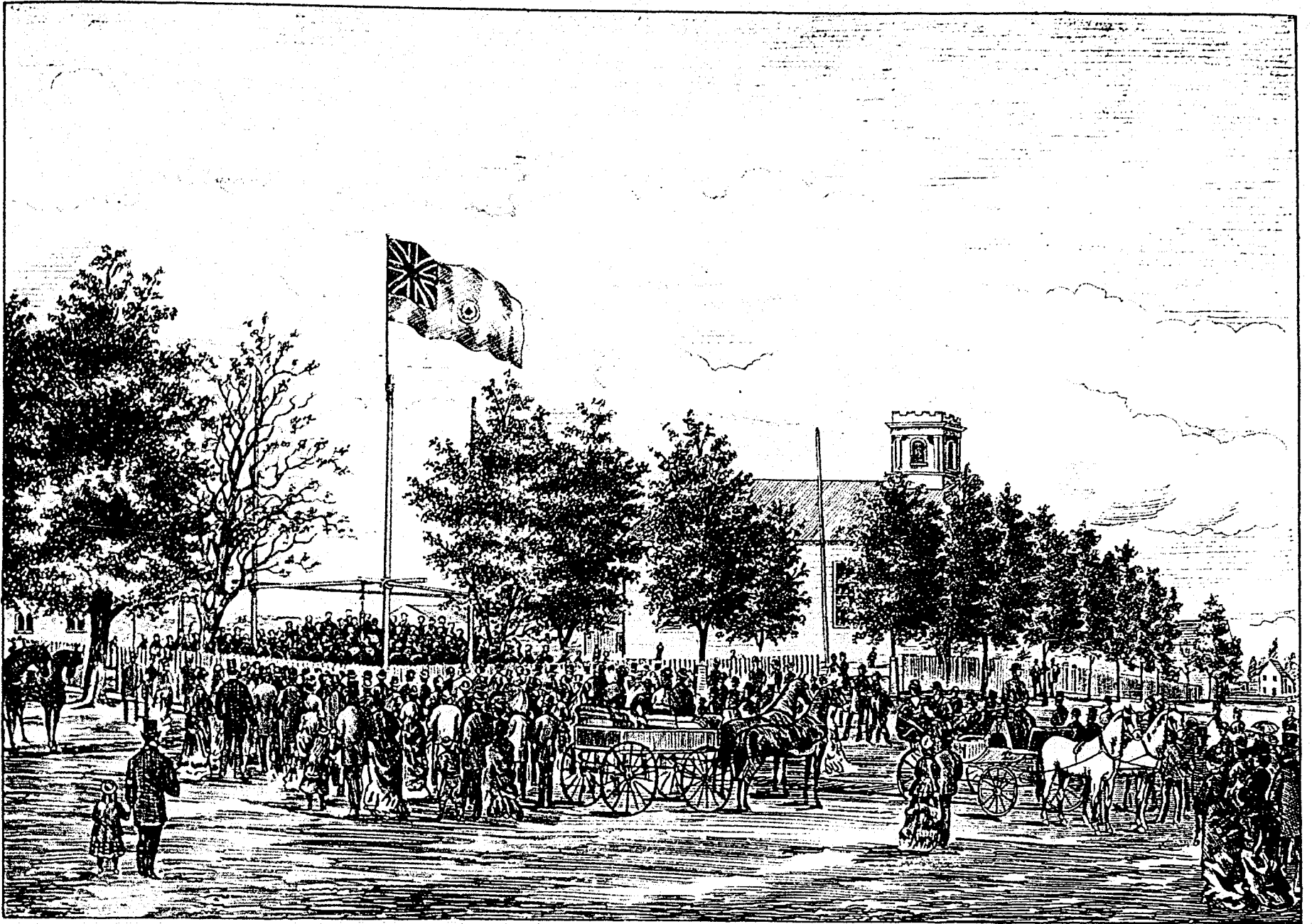
M. OFFENBACH, last week, sent a despatch to the *Figaro*, of Paris, of which the following is a translation:

Yesterday, thirtieth and last concert. Oh! immense success—numberless ovations. My orchestra has presented me with a superb ovation. On Monday I conducted first night of "La Vie Parisienne" with Aimée. Tuesday I leave for Niagara. Returning Saturday conduct "La Jolie Parfaite." The following Monday first concert in Philadelphia; then Boston and Chicago. On the 8th of July I embark for France. In admirable health. I am giving flesh. OFFENBACH.

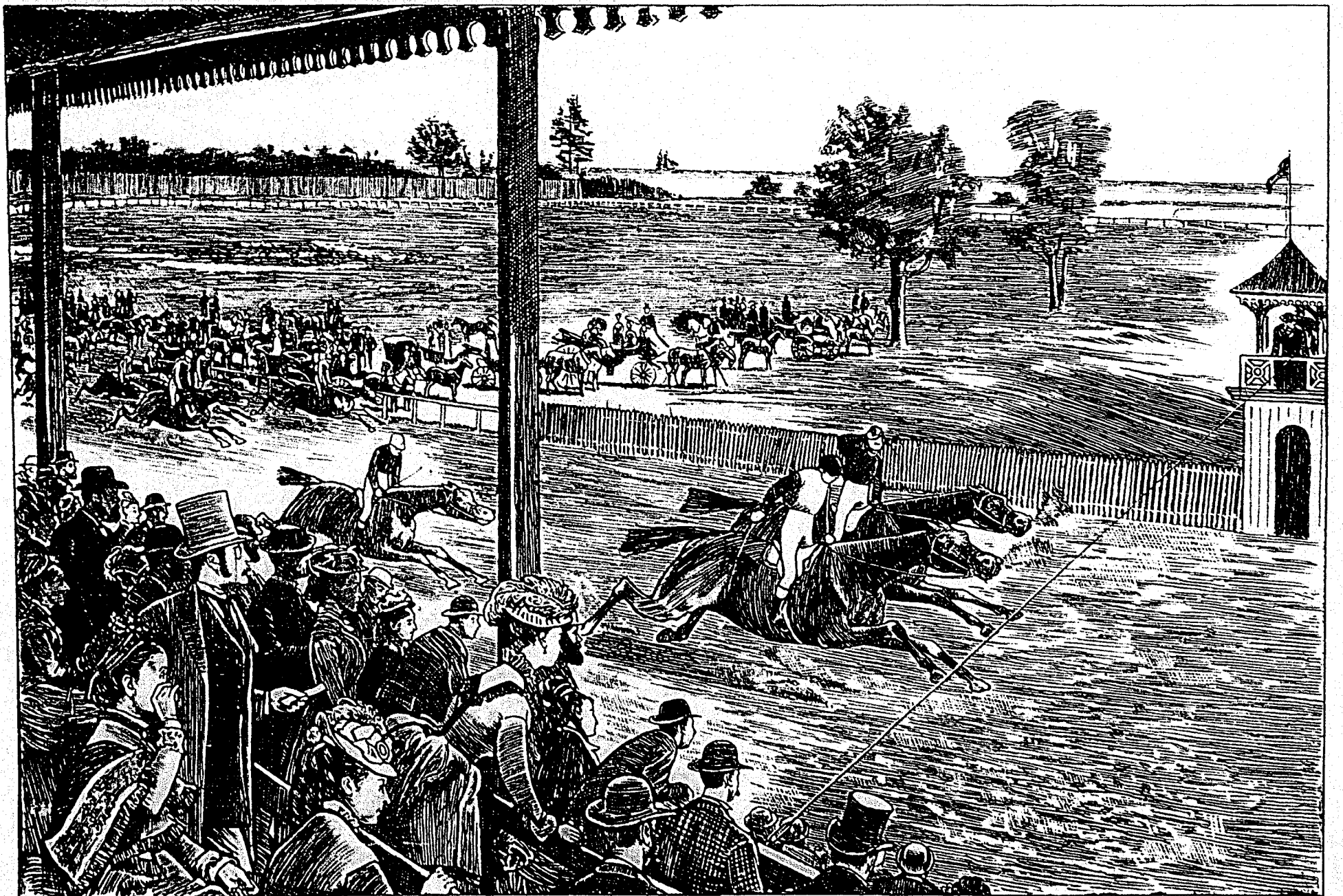
DRAMATIC relics have attracted considerable attention in Paris lately, owing to the sales of the costumes and arms of the late Frederick Lemaitre and Madame Déjazet. As might have been expected, the relics of the lady commanded far higher prices than those of the great comedian. Thus the sword of Don César de Bazan sold only for nineteen francs, while Richelieu's rapier fetched nearly 28. The famous snuff-box of Robert Maucire was bought for nine francs, while the little lady's boots sold at 22 a pair. The genu of the sale however, was the costume of Lizotte, with which character Déjazet's name will ever be associated. For this there was a sharp contest, and it was finally knocked down at 14.



THE CANADIAN LACROSSE TEAM IN ENGLAND. GAME AT KENNINGTON OVAL, LONDON, ON THE 5TH INSTANT.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY ISOLES.



HAMILTON:—LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT BURLINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. G. MACKEY.



TORONTO:—THE RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S PLATE AT WOODBINE PARK RACE COURSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY WM. CRUICKSHANK.

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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK III.

THE BURSTING OF THE TEMPEST.

III.

THE UNREMEMBERED BRAVE.—(Continued.)

Batoche continued:
"Bouchette has committed a great crime. He has been guilty of treason against his countrymen. He must perish. There are hundreds who think like me, but are afraid to strike. I am not afraid to strike. He will suffer by my hand. The only question is the mode of punishment. Murder is repugnant to my feelings. Besides, it would not be politic. The man was perhaps sincere in his devotion to Carleton, though I believe that he rather looked to the reward. But if sincere, that ought to be considered in mitigation of his sentence. Furthermore, he is a friend of M. Belmont and that too shall count in his favor. I had intended to seize him and deliver him as a prisoner of war to the Bastonnais."

Sieur Sarpy made a solemn gesture of deprecation.

"Are you serious, Batoche?" he asked.

"Serious?" said the old man with that wild strange look characteristic of his preternatural moods.

"Bouchette is safe."

"Not from me."

"He is well guarded."

"I will break through any guard."

"But you cannot enter the town."

"I can enter whenever I like."

"When inside, you will not be able to come out."

"The weasel makes an invisible hole, which is never filled up."

Zulma listened with riveted eye, set lip and distended nostril. Sieur Sarpy smiled.

"You will kidnap Bouchette?"

"I will."

"And fetch him to the American camp?"

"Yes."

"Well, what of that? Bouchette is no friend of mine. I know him only by name. How does all this concern me?"

"Precisely. That is just what I have come for."

Sieur Sarpy looked at his curious interlocutor with renewed interest, not unbled with concern.

"I have come from, and in the name of, M. Belmont. He knows of my plan and has tried to dissuade me from it. But in vain. He might warn Bouchette or betray me to the garrison, but he is too loyal to France for that. He respects my secret. This, however, does not prevent him from striving to help his friend. He said to me: 'Batoche, if you must make a prisoner of Joseph Bouchette, go first to Sieur Sarpy and ask him whether he would receive him in his house on parole. He would thus be relieved of much unnecessary suffering, at the same time that he would be out of the way of doing you further mischief.' After some hesitation, I accepted this proposal of my friend, and here I am to communicate it to you."

"I do not accept," said M. Sarpy curtly and decidedly. "I would be ashamed to have a countryman of mine a prisoner in my house. If I took part in this war, I should do so openly, but so long as I remain on neutral ground, I will not allow my premises to be violated by either party. If Bouchette deserves to suffer, let him suffer to the full."

"Then he will suffer to the full," said Batoche rising rapidly and seizing his cap.

"No, he will not," exclaimed Zulma also rising and facing the old soldier. "M. Bouchette did only his duty. He has his opinions as you and I have. He has been faithful to these opinions. He has done a brave deed. He has shed glory on his countrymen instead of disgrace. Who constituted you his judge? What right have you to punish him? M. Belmont keeps your secret? I am surprised. I will not keep it. I do not consider it a secret. Even if it were, I would violate it. Promise me that you will desist. In the name of France, in the name of honor, in the name of religion, I call upon you to abandon your project. If you do not, I will this moment leap into a sleigh, drive to Quebec, find my way within the walls, seek M. Bouchette and tell him all. What do you say?"

During this impassioned harangue, the face of Batoche was a study. First there was surprise, then amazement, then incredulity, then consternation, then perplexity, then utter collapse. It was evident that the old soldier had never encountered such an adversary before her. The animated beauty of the speaker no less than her stirring words magnetized him, and, for a few moments, he could not reply, but his native cunning gradually awoke and he said slyly:

"Very well, mademoiselle, but what would the young officer say?"

Without noticing the covert allusion, Zulma answered promptly:

"The American officers are all gentlemen. They

admire bravery and devotion wherever they see it, and they would not take an unfair advantage of any enemy. But that is neither here nor now. Answer me. Do you persevere in your intention or not?"

"Mademoiselle, Joseph Bouchette owes his liberty to you," said Batoche, and, bowing, he walked out of the room. Sieur Sarpy attempted to detain him, but without success. He went as silently and swiftly as he had come.

An author has said that a wonderful book might be written on Forgotten Heroes. Joseph Bouchette was of them. By piloting the Savior of Canada in an open boat, from Montreal to Quebec, he performed the most brilliant and momentous single service during the whole war of invasion. And yet his name is hardly known. No monument of any kind has been raised to his memory. Nay more, after the lapse of a hundred years, the material claims of the Bouchette family have been almost entirely ignored.

IV.

PRACTICAL LOVE.

When Zulma found herself alone in her room, she opened the note of Cary. She noticed that it was moist and crumpled in her hand. It had been a sore trial to wait so long before acquainting herself with its contents, but she felt, as some sort of compensation, that it had served to nerve her to the animated dialogue which she had held with Batoche.

"That paper," she said, "urged me to be brave. I knew that he who had written it would have expressed the same sentiments under the circumstances."

The note was very brief and simple. It read thus.

"Mademoiselle,—

I desired to speak to you last night a parting word, but I could not. I am gone from you, but whither, I really cannot tell. The future is a blank. May I ask this grace? Should I fall, will you cherish a slight remembrance of me? Your memory will be with me to the last. Your friendship has been the one ray of light in the darkness of this war. Should I survive, shall we not meet again?

Your devoted servant,

CARY SINGLETON."

When Zulma had read the letter once, she smoothed it out gently on her knee, threw her head back into her chair, and closed her eyes. After an interval of full five minutes, she roused herself and took up the paper again. This time the cheek was white, the eye quenched, and the broad forehead seemed visibly to droop under the weight of a gathering care.

"Five lines . . . eighty four words . . . lead pencil . . . paper torn from pocket book . . ." These were the only words she said, the effect of a mental calculation so characteristic of her sex. But swifter than words could have spoken, she went through the whole contents of the letter, replying to its every expressed point, supplying its every insinuation and supplementing the effect of it all by her own kindred thoughts and feelings.

He had desired to speak to her last night as they parted in the snow storm at the door of the lower hall. She had expected that word of farewell. It was to have been the culmination of the evening, the crystallisation of all the undefined and unexpressed sentiment which had passed between them. If he had not spoken, either through emotion, timidity, or from whatever cause, she would have done so. The presence of Pauline would have been no obstacle. The presence of her father would have been rather an incentive. But at the supreme moment, the shadow of Batoche fell upon the lighted door, like a blight of fate, the current of all their thoughts were turned elsewhere, and the exquisite opportunity was lost.

And now he was gone. Alas! It was only too true to say that neither he nor she knew what future lay in store for him. The soldier always carries his life in his hands, and the chances of death are tenfolded in his case.

When he spoke of their friendship and asked a slight remembrance, her own heart was the lexicon which gave the true interpretation to words that appeared timid on paper. Zulma was too brave a girl to hide the real meaning of her feelings from herself, nor would she have feared to confess them to any body else. Least of all, in her opinion, should Cary ignore them. In other circumstances she would have preferred the lingering indefiniteness and the gradual developments which are perhaps the sweetest of all the phases of love, but in the midst of danger, in the presence of death, there could be no hesitation, and Zulma concluded her long meditation with two practical resolves—the first, an instant answer to the note, the second, the devising of means to meet Cary again during the progress of hostilities.

When these determinations were made, her features resumed their usual serenity, her beau-

tiful head rose in its old pride of carriage, and something very like a saucy laugh fluttered over her lips.

"I am sorry I offended old Batoche," she murmured, folding the paper and hiding it in her bosom. "He would have been just my man."

She had scarcely uttered the words when her father entered and said:

"Batoche asks to see you, my dear."

(To be continued.)

A NEW TELEGRAPH SYSTEM.

During the siege of Paris the Government of National Defence received from M. Bourbouze a proposition to establish electrical communications with the provinces without the employment of wires. It was a marvellous method for evading the Prussian blockade; balloons and pigeons at once found themselves entirely distanced.

The Seine was to be utilized for the reception of currents which the enemy would not be able to intercept. Paris, thanks to her noble river, was to find herself morally deinvested. The idea had once before been spoken of, but had been relegated to the region of chimeras.

The pressure of an immense public danger, however, revived the conception; and although few believed the experiment would succeed, it was in reality perfectly successful. The Bridge of Austerlitz was put in communication with the Napoleon Bridge, and subsequently signals were exchanged between the National Bridge and St. Denis.

These experiments were considered decisive. A physicist was despatched by balloon, charged with the duty of fixing electric piles in the upper Seine, and changing the beautiful stream into a telegraphic line which no Prussians could break or disarrange.

In the mean time, however, peace was concluded, and M. Bourbouze's successes in this remarkable direction were forgotten. He however, fully impressed with the importance of his discovery, determined to work it out with that perseverance which characterizes him. The obstacles were innumerable, but none of them were insurmountable, and on the 27th of March last M. Bourbouze was in a position to give his invention the sanction of publicity. He accordingly requested the Academy of Sciences to open a sealed package which he had deposited with them on the 28th of November, 1870. M. Bertrand opened and read the document to the assembled members amid profound silence.

The communication stated that when the two extremities of the wire of a galvanometer are placed in contact, the one with a gas pipe and the other with a flow of water, the existence of an energetic current can be easily ascertained. An analogous result is obtained by putting one end of the wire in connection with any flow of water and the other with a piece of metal buried in the earth. Or one of the electrodes may be placed in a stream and the other in a pond or well with the same results. If a pile is introduced into the system, the needle indicates by a change of direction the influence of the new source of electricity. However, to render this modification evident it is indispensable to compensate telluric action. That is provided for very simply by means of a small element of cupric sulphate and a compensator. Bourbouze has completely established the reality of his discovery, for by means of an apparatus at 85 Rue Mouffetard he communicates telegraphically without wire with the Ecole de Pharmacie. Scientists have assisted at these experiments, and the operations which were carried on in their presence succeeded perfectly, and nothing was wanting either in the rapidity or the exactness of the signals. M. Henry de Parville, in his article on the subject in the *Débats*, has in no respect exaggerated this unexpected and unhoped for discovery of a new principle of telegraphy.

It not must be supposed, however, that the network of telegraphic wires spread over the land will be entirely suppressed, for while a single cell is sufficient for sending a telegraphic message over a wire a battery of not less than forty cells is required for the same distance by the system of M. Bourbouze. Still it is probable that further experiments in this direction will develop extraordinary and unlooked-for results.

QUEEN'S PLATE, TORONTO.

We give a sketch of the Queen's Plate or "Canadian Derby," the most interesting event of the Woodbine Park meeting, just closed. The Queen's Plate race was inaugurated by the Prince of Wales in 1860. Although it is only a gift of fifty sovereigns, the honour is as much coveted as the Newmarket 2,000 guineas and generally brings out a good field besides giving an assurance of something like square dealing. The crowd round the pool-seller taking their cue from the Derby, and pinning their faith on an outside horse bought up the field at a higher price than the choice. Ten horses started, three only surviving the last half mile, the rest nowhere, in the sketch "Norah B." allowing "Sunnyside," the favorite, 6 lbs in passing under the wire half a head in front, Grey Cloud following. The race was one of the finest ever witnessed in Toronto due in a great measure to the admirable arrangements of the stewards in securing order and suppressing the sale of liquor on the course. The sketch is from the stewards' stand.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S LEGACY.

BY J. H. B. J., MONTREAL.

"'Twas in the good old days when George III. was King," so loved my venerable grand dame to preface her reminiscences, and one of our most highly prized rewards, as children, was to gather round her knee and—

"When the largest lamp was lit,
"When the cheeant glowed in the embers
"And the kid turned on the spit
"With weeping and with laughter,
"Still was the story told—

"Of the brave days of old."

It was then we used to delight to hear from her lips the following page of family history—which to us was particularly interesting, as it accounted, under Providence, not only for our appearance in this world, but also for all the comforts now so liberally surrounding us.

I think I can see her now, seated in the arm-chair, her *petite* figure erect, and even at her advanced age still retaining much of its youthful rounded outline; her complexion the envy of many a youthful belle, clear and transparent as a Canadian sky, and her voice one of those whose clear, sweet ringing tones lingered pleasantly upon the ear; her silvery hair gathered in a style peculiar to the days long, long ago. Alas! the dear old lady's hands have long since been folded peacefully upon her breast, and her dear eyes closed upon us forever in this world.

Will the reader kindly exercise his imagination so far as for a short time to imagine himself in one of those out-of-the-way, though pleasant, nooks in the north riding of the county of Yorkshire.

Originally it had been but a simple farm house, but as prosperity had changed the fortunes of its owners, it had gradually assumed a more pretentious aspect outwardly, and a correspondingly comfortable aspect inwardly.

Its broad level gravelled carriage drive, its trim-cut privet hedge and smooth shaven lawn, its porch, large and old fashioned, coolest of cool retreats from summer heat, and under whose sheltering eaves the swallows each returning spring loved to build their nests; and one side of the oldest part of the house was covered with a luxuriant growth of climbing rose trees, through which peeped out the latticed windows with their diamond-shaped frames. A large bow window opened on the lawn on which a mighty elm tree, the growth of many a long year, reared aloft its head and stretched out its giant arms affording a grateful shade.

We still retained the old name of The White House, and all combined, a more delightful country gentleman's residence did not stand beneath the shadow of the Cleveland Hills. "But it was not always thus. When I came here a girl years ago, it was but a bleak cold place," so spake my grandmother; and here, perhaps, it is better that she should commence to tell her own story in her own words.

In the early part of the present century, on a glorious summer morning, I found myself along with one other person, and he a very important one in this narrative, occupying the inside of the stage coach "Highflyer." We were bowling along at the rate of fourteen miles an hour behind as good a team of four horses as ever stretched a trace.

Talk not to me of the blessings of steam and being hurled up to London, as in these later times, in the express as though shot out of a cannon, and in momentary expectation of being torn limb from limb in a so-called railway accident. Give to me the good old coaching days when the free breath of heaven fanned your cheek, and the sharp clatter of the horses' hoofs upon the level road, the jingle of harness, the guard's echoing horn, all combined to make music for us as we sped along.

To each town and hamlet on the road we seemed the daily event to which one and all looked forward, the only mild excitement, apparently in which the worthy burghers indulged, and who doubtless relapsed into their normal condition of somnolence as soon as we had gone. See how, when starting, the horse clothes are by the ostler deftly whipt off the loins of the impatient steeds, up swings the guard to his accustomed place, decked in his gay scarlet coat, and see the rubicund visaged Jehu as he gathers the reins in his accustomed grasp, and with professional eye scans the team and its appointment. "Crack goes the whip, round go the wheels," and gayly we swing round the neighbouring corner, and at a smart canter are into the open country, past hedgerows fragrant with blossoming hawthorn, and on which, in the early morning, the dewdrops glisten like innumerable diamonds; past farm-houses where the blue smoke curls lazily from the chimney as though loath to taint the sweet morning air, and where the faithful watchdog is almost caught napping, and in disgust at his apparent neglect, scurries after us indulging in much futile frantic barking; past groups of patient, meek-eyed kine standing knee deep in meadow grass, waiting the longed-for advent of the lagging milkmaid; past smock-frocked labourers, horny-handed honest sons of toil, plodding onward to their daily labour. See there the timid leveret roused from its lair, bounds o'er earth's soft flooring; the twittering sparrow hops from spray to spray, the thrush from the adjacent thicket pours out its love song to its waiting mate, while far, far aloft, lost to the eye in the azure vault of heaven, the lark bursts out in tuneful glorious melody. Here the mower whets his scythe, pausing awhile to see the snail go by.

"His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what e'er he can,
He looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

And now the fragrant hay field wafts its grateful incense to our senses as we gallop past. Soon we near a market town, where a brief halt is called for breakfast, and such a meal! Why the very landlady herself is a theme worthy to be expatiated upon for a week; her buxom figure and cheery welcome gives a zest to all she presides over.

The name of the place was Allerton, and that of the inn the Golden Lion; and good cause have I to remember both, for there it was God's will to take from me the only friend I had in the world.

Here it is needful that I should enter into an account of my career up to the time of my arrival in Allerton.

My name, as you all know, was Marie Josephine Dumaresque, and I was born in the town of St. Jean, in the department of the Loire, in *la belle France*. My father was an officer in the army of the greatest commander the world ever saw; Napoleon the Great, and it so happened that it fell to his lot to proceed in charge of a detachment of infantry escorting prisoners of war to the fortress of D—. One of these prisoners on parade was a tall, handsome, aristocratic-looking English officer; his name was Col. Cumberland; he spoke French fluently, and was in every respect an accomplished gentleman. He became on the march very intimate with my father, who had many opportunities of shewing him a kindness, the more so as the Colonel was wounded, not dangerously, but enough to render the kind offices and attentions of my father doubly acceptable.

On arrival at D—, it was found that Col. Dumaresque had been appointed Commandant of the Garrison, and as this necessitated probably a lengthened stay, I joined him from the convent of the good Sisters of the Sacred Heart, under whose care I had passed the greater part of my brief span of twelve years' existence. This had been rendered necessary by the untimely death of my mother, of whose tender care I had early been deprived. Constant association with Col. Cumberland brought about between us a respect and most sincere friendship. He was ever at my father's quarters a welcome guest, and doubtless finding time hang heavily upon his hands, spent many an hour in teaching me his native language, and I on my part soon learnt to love him second only to my own father.

Alas! those pleasant hours, what tender memories round them cling! A cloud hung over me which was too soon to burst. It is said that to each cloud is given a silver lining; it may well be so—for how often the rays of sunshine in our life are obscured by the clouds of misfortune! I must be pardoned if I hurry over the following most painful chapter in my life. The day dawned bright upon me, it was my *fit* day, and decked in my gayest attire, I was, child-like, full of glee when the first great grief of my young life stretched out its icy hand and froze the current in my veins. My father, whom I loved so well, was brought in dead!—dead! The solemn tramp tramp of the men who carried his dead body up the stairs lingered in my ears with a strange persistency for many a day.

He had been thrown from his charger and killed instantaneously.

Why tell how for a time I was inconsolable, may frantic with grief, and how at last dawned upon me the fact that my only friend, as I thought, had been torn from me. But the good God ever helps the fatherless, and He rose up for me a benefactor in Col. Cumberland, who, as he gently soothed my excited feelings and caressingly smoothed my hair, said, "Ah, my poor little, my little girl, I will be to thee a father, then to me a daughter; where I go, there shalt thou be also." Truly a life of devotion would have been but a small recompense to pay to him for all his goodness to me, and that goodness crowded, alas! into one short year.

Many were the pilgrimages we took together, hand in hand, to the last resting-place of him who had so suddenly been cut off.

Our peaceful life at last came to an end; negotiations for the exchange of prisoners, which had been long in progress, came to a satisfactory conclusion, and Colonel Cumberland, of His Britannic Majesty's service, was once more at liberty to visit his native land.

My relatives, whose relationship was but distant, were easily induced to acquiesce in my adoption by the Colonel, and my own acquiescence was gained long before it was asked. My modest preparations were soon made; one last visit together to that newly-raised mound, where the garland of immortelles which had been placed by our loving hands still was fresh, one flower reverently plucked to be carefully preserved, and carried across the sea as a memento—and we were gone.

For some time I had noticed that the Colonel suffered from a troublesome cough, the result, he said, of his wound, and about this time he seemed to grow feebler day by day. At length we arrived in London, where he had to report himself to the commander-in-chief at the Horse Guards, and apply for leave of absence on account of sickness. This was readily granted, and we started on our journey northward, our destination being this very house, which with a farm and a tract of land on the hillside in the distance, but which was at that time considered of little value, being let as a sheep farm, formed, with his pay, the modest worldly possessions of the Colonel.

The farm was rented, but in the house, called

the White House, lived, and had lived for many a year, Miss Tabitha Cumberland, a maiden lady of uncertain age, and the Colonel's only sister. Possessed of a moderate competency safely invested in the funds, she had, after having proved a failure in the matrimonial market, retired from the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and devoted herself to two objects, viz., the cultivation of her garden, and her nephew. Her ill success in the latter operation was, let us hope, compensated by the success of the former.

But now we must return to Allerton, where we had to break our journey, as we thought, only for a day. Alas! the Colonel started from here on that long journey which we must one day all take. God grant to him a happy deliverance at his journey's end! Since, as I sat a child at that bedside, many a time and oft has the reflection occurred to me how very small must all the petty troubles of this world seem to those whose fast closing eyes, when re-opened, will see stretched out before them the endless vista of Eternity. And yet with characteristic selfishness, he devoted a portion of the fast fleeting hours to my guidance for my future, and had he been a poet, would have summed up all he desired to convey in the beautiful words of Kingsley to his daughter—

"Yet ere we part one lesson I would leave you
For every day.
"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.
"Do noble things, not dream them all day long.
"And so make life and death that vast forever.
"One grand sweet song."

O glorious song! and what a useful lesson if little children sang it at our knee from day to day!

Two days after our arrival, he breathed his last, and for a week I was, pending the arrival of Miss Tabitha, under the charge of the hostess of the Golden Lion.

I confess to looking forward with considerable trepidation to the arrival on the scene of Miss Tabitha, or aunt Tab, as I soon learnt to call her. But her appearance soon put to flight all my fears. The resemblance to her brother was so marked and her greeting so full of motherly tenderness, that my heart warmed to her at once, and hers to me.

Our journey northwards was but a melancholy progress. At last we reached home, or, to use the words of aunt Tab's, Home Sweet Home.

I think no language in the world contains three words so sweet.

"Sing again those words of gladness,
Tender memories round them cling,
Dreams of long forgotten sadness,
Pass before me as you sing."

Breathes there the man whose heart warms not at those melodious words!

The soldier in the trenches, or when seated at the bivouac fire; the sailor out on the yard-arm, in a gale of wind, tossing on the stormy deep; the traveller in the swamps of Central Africa, or in the ice-bound regions of eternal snow, find each one that magic word locked in the innermost chambers of their heart, and as the thought of that one dear spot and the little ones waiting there steals across their mind, it lends a holy charm, and for the moment makes radiant with beauty the most homely features—

"Home, Sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

After we had settled down, at the White House, into our respective places and daily round of duties, it became necessary that the affairs of the late Colonel Cumberland should be examined, and if a will existed—proved.

It was generally supposed that I should prove to be his heiress. But after the most minute search and frequent communication with his regimental agent, and London bankers and lawyer, no such document could be found. I was too young to feel the full importance of the circumstance, but in justice to aunt Tab, I am bound to say that I never from her should have known the difference.

I mentioned a nephew who must now be introduced. He was the only son of another brother who had been, in some way, unfortunate, and like all other people under these circumstances, was thought of little and talked about less. This we all know is the way of the world—there is nothing successful like success, and nothing so contemptible as failure, deserved or undeserved in either case. Poor miserable human nature, how ready to brag about our rich relative Dives and to administer a furtive kick to cousin Lazarus in the gate!

The Lazarus, in this case, was luckily dead, and so no more need to be said. His son had at an early age been placed in charge of aunt Tab, and had by her, in her capacity of sponsor, been called Joah.

At the time of our arrival he was about fifteen years old, and I about two years his junior. From the first, we agreed to differ with perfect unanimity, and fact this was the only point on which we did agree.

It may here be noted that he, along with aunt Tab, became the undisputed owners of the White House, and some day, in the course of nature, he would become the sole possessor of all his uncle's property.

Years rolled on the even tenor of their way. Joah grew to be a man, and a very disagreeable one to me. Though, singular to say, a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream, and he evidently laboured to ingratiate himself into my favor, and in this endeavour was ably and effectually seconded by aunt Tab, who wasted much valuable time in endeavouring to gloss over his most palpable shortcomings, he had

in my eyes, so many personal defects that I refrain from enumerating them; these were all eclipsed by a bad disposition and a worse heart. It cannot be wondered at that when he honoured me with an offer of his hand and heart, he met with a decided refusal, and this rid us of his presence for many a day.

When next we met, it was at the funeral of good aunt Tabetha, and as he then came in full possession, with all the airs of proprietorship he tried his luck again and with equally bad success. After this, nothing remained to me but to seek some means of earning my livelihood.

Thanks to aunt Tab, I had received a very fair education, was a good musician, and a passable artist in water colours, &c., so had little difficulty in securing a situation as governess in the family of a gentleman named Frankland, and there I met your grandfather, who said and did so many foolish things that I shall leave him to give an account of them himself, and so refer you to the following extracts from your grandfather's note-book:

"A vision of loveliness has burst upon us in the shape of a governess. She is the most delightful, and yet the most tantalising of mortals.

"I had just returned from town, and had occasion to enter the library early in the morning, in search of a book, and was agreeably surprised by the vision above mentioned. She is a substantial vision, however, and not an angel as at first I thought we must be entertaining unwares. For some time, I had been standing spell bound in the centre of the room, admiring the pose of her head, her *petite* yet perfect figure, in short, a thoroughbred air about her. She meantime, her back towards me, absorbed in the book she was reading, was evidently ignorant of my presence; an involuntary movement upon my part betrayed me. Quick as lightning she turned, exposing her lovely face, which hitherto I had only seen in profile—a face which is not seen, at least with eyes like mine, more than once in a lifetime, for there I saw my fate.

"I felt I was hard hit, and for once lost my self-possession; but she, with a charming ladylike graceful manner, stepped up, saying, "Mr. George Frankland, am I not right in my supposition?" Then followed a few words in explanation of her presence at such an early hour, having come for some book of reference for her pupils, and she was gone, leaving me like a doll staring at nothing.

"Of course I heard her history from my mother, and as it seemed to me, given with some reluctance. We met daily, and the more we met the more I became enamored; and how could it be otherwise than the usual result? "With youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow," we gently, imperceptibly glided down the stream of time, and at last became absorbed in the vast ocean of love.

"O Youth and Love!! two only of the thousand precious gifts showered upon us with a lavish hand, and yet appreciated by so few, until they both have fled. Youth! when every pulse bounds within us with such joyous freedom, when the very sense of living, moving, breathing seems an unutterable joy. And Love!! when the soft eye looks love to eyes that speak again," and the tell tale blush mantles on the brow. The downcast eye veiled by silken lashes, resting on a damask cheek, reveals the old, old story, "The tale of love."

"Oh! who can tear from out my heart
One thought of that sweet time
When first my heart on love was borne
Aloft on pinions light."

"Love that since the days of Eve, has moved the world. Archimedes of old said to give him a fulcrum, and he'd move the world.
"Then give him love.

"This might have answered with Archimedes, but it did not with the governor; that stern parent failed to see the force of my arguments, and decreed a separation. Marie was to seek fresh fields and pastures new for the exercise of her vocation, and as for my humble self, I might go to Hong Kong or elsewhere, when for once, to set at naught that stupid proverb about the course of true love never running smooth, the following incident occurred.

"Every endeavour had been made to keep us—the two culprits—apart, when fortune favoured us.

"As our first meeting had been in the library, so our parting seemed likely to be in the same place.

"From pure restlessness, I had latterly risen at most unusually early hour, and often strolled into the library. On this occasion, on following my usual habit, I found Marie making a vain endeavour to reach a book placed on the topmost shelf. I spoke, and in her surprise and agitation, she slipped, and grasping the shelf, brought down the contents in confusion on the floor. I confess to having a very vague remembrance of the next—say five minutes, it might have been more—but at the termination of whatever time had elapsed, we were both busy gathering up the books, when I heard from Marie an exclamation of surprise, and saw in her hand a miniature portrait of an officer in the undress uniform of a colonel in the line. She was evidently much excited, and begged to know how the portrait had come there, seeing that it was that of her benefactor, Col. Cumberland, and the work of her father, during the Colonel's imprisonment in France, and further, that she had amongst her most cherished possessions the exact counterpart. Observing an ancient-looking volume, out of which, she said, the portrait had fallen, I examined it at once and found it to be a "Treatise on Fortification," and written on the fly-leaf, "Hugh Cumberland, Lt.-Col. H. M.

—th Foot.' Turning the leaf over casually, imagine my astonishment when the following words, written in a tremulous hand, met my eye: "Last Will and Testament of Hugh Cumberland, Esq." I omit the legal phraseology, though indeed it contained but little superfluous matter. It was duly signed and witnessed, the place, a roadside inn on the Northern Road, at which the coach had stopped to change horses, on the memorable journey with Marie, and bequeathed to her the whole of his property on the death of his sister.

"This completely changed the current of affairs, as it had become notorious that the tract of land on the Cleveland Hills, hitherto let as a simple sheep walk, had become most valuable, an almost inexhaustible vein of iron ore having been discovered, and thus our old friend Joah Cumberland had suddenly become one of the richest men on the country side.

"But now arose the question: How came the book into our possession?

"It finally appeared, on comparing notes and ascertaining the exact date of the journey in which the late Colonel Cumberland and Marie were companions and left the coach at Allerton, that we—i.e. my father, mother and self—were the next occupants of the 'Highflyer'; this was proved by reference to the way-bill, and my mother distinctly remembered that I had found the book under the cushion of the seats she had put it in her bag, intending to enquire about it at the end of the stage, but from that date to this had never thought of it again.

"The witnesses still living were all found, and in short, such a case was submitted to counsel that he had no difficulty in giving a decided opinion in favor of Miss Dumaresque's claim.

"In due course the needful legal steps were taken to establish the claim thus set up on the part of Miss Dumaresque, and the case of Dumaresque *versus* Cumberland bid fair to become a *cause célèbre* and a rich harvest to certain gentlemen of the long robe, when, to their intense disgust, the opposition was withdrawn, there being no defendant to oppose.

"Our old friend Joah had very naturally described the newly discovered will as a conspiracy to deprive him of his inheritance, and had determined to fight tooth and nail, or, as he figuratively described the process, 'to die game,' which desirable consumation he accomplished—though probably not in the manner set down in his programme.

"He had latterly become a famous hunter, a perfect Nimrod, and had, in the pursuit of his favourite amusement, contrived in the most accommodating manner to break his neck in an abortive and unprofessional attempt to successfully turn somersault in advance of his horse.

"This accident, as I said, put an end to all opposition, and soon Marie was installed at the White House as mistress.

"I now found the governor wonderfully pliant and amenable to reason; my arguments were most conclusive, and so, to put an end in a satisfactory way to all concerned, Marie and myself were duly married, and as the story books say, lived happily together many, many years."

Reader, may the same happy lot be yours, is the wish of the author.

DOMESTIC.

BLACK BEEFLES (TO DESTROY).—Sprinkle powdered borax in the places which are infested, and sprinkle their haunts with unslaked lime. A hedgehog will devour any number of them.

BREEDED BLUEFISH, or MACKEREL.—Have a clean, hot coal fire and the grid-iron perfectly clean, and oiled so the fish will not stick to it. Split the fish in the back, and lay the flesh side first to the grid-iron. Broil brown, turn carefully, and spread with butter when ready to serve.

MITES IN CANARIES.—During the time that a canary is tormented with them, cover the cage every night with a clean white cloth, and each morning you will find from twenty to forty insects on it. The bird is soon entirely cured, and we can strongly recommend the process as one which cannot possibly injure, or even frighten the bird.

EGGS BALLS.—Boil five fresh eggs quite hard, and lay them in cold water to get cold. Take the yolks out, and pound them smoothly with the beaten yolk of one fresh egg; put a little cayenne and salt; roll the mixture into very small balls, and boil them for two minutes. Half a teaspoonful of flour can be worked up with the eggs.

BAKED EGGS.—Break six or seven eggs into a buttered dish, taking care that each is whole, and does not encroach upon the others so much as to mix or disturb the yolks. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, and put a bit of butter upon each. Put into an oven and bake until the whites are well set. Serve very hot with rounds of buttered toast, or sandwiches.

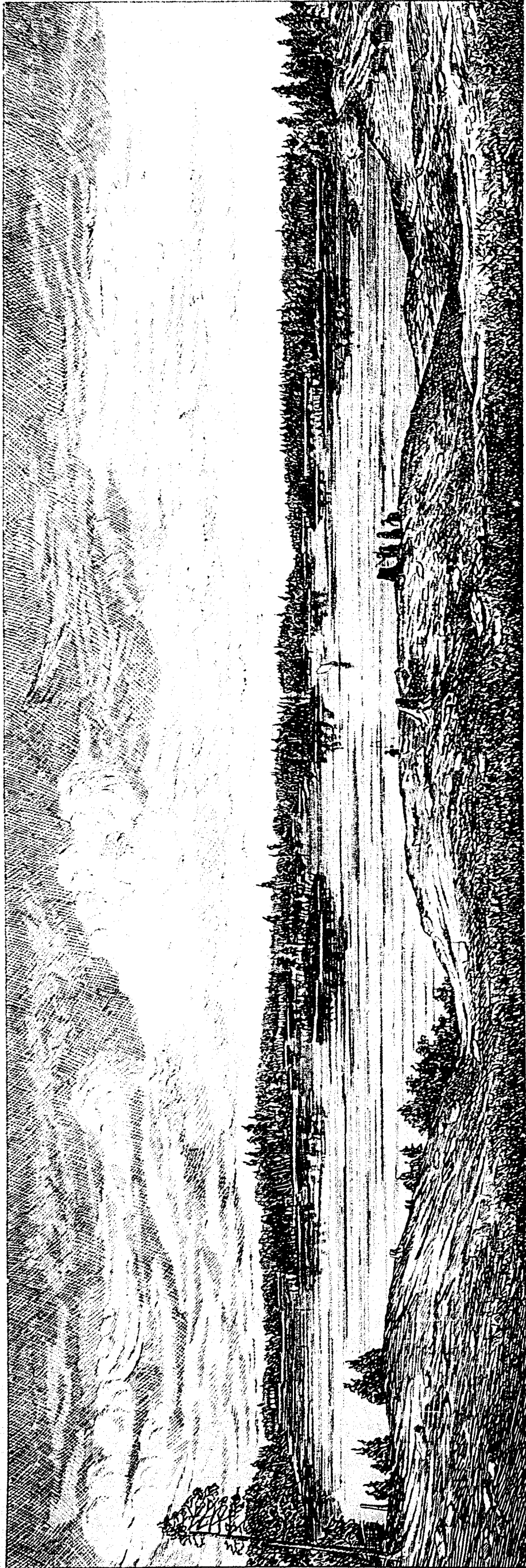
OX-TAIL SOUP.—Into three quarts of water put three ox tails, a little salt, pepper, and a few whole cloves; boil three hours slowly; strain and set away to cool. The next day remove the fat. Fry three onions in butter brown. Chop finely one carrot, one turnip, one potato, one half a cabbage. Add to the soup, and boil slowly for two hours.

ROAST LAMB.—The fore quarter which is the choicest for roasting, requires about one hour to roast. It should be well basted. Sprinkled with salt just before done, and served with mint sauce, made of finely chopped green mint, about one cup—to which is added one cup of fine brown sugar; one cup cold vinegar, and half a cup of water. Stir well, and serve from a sauce tureen cold.

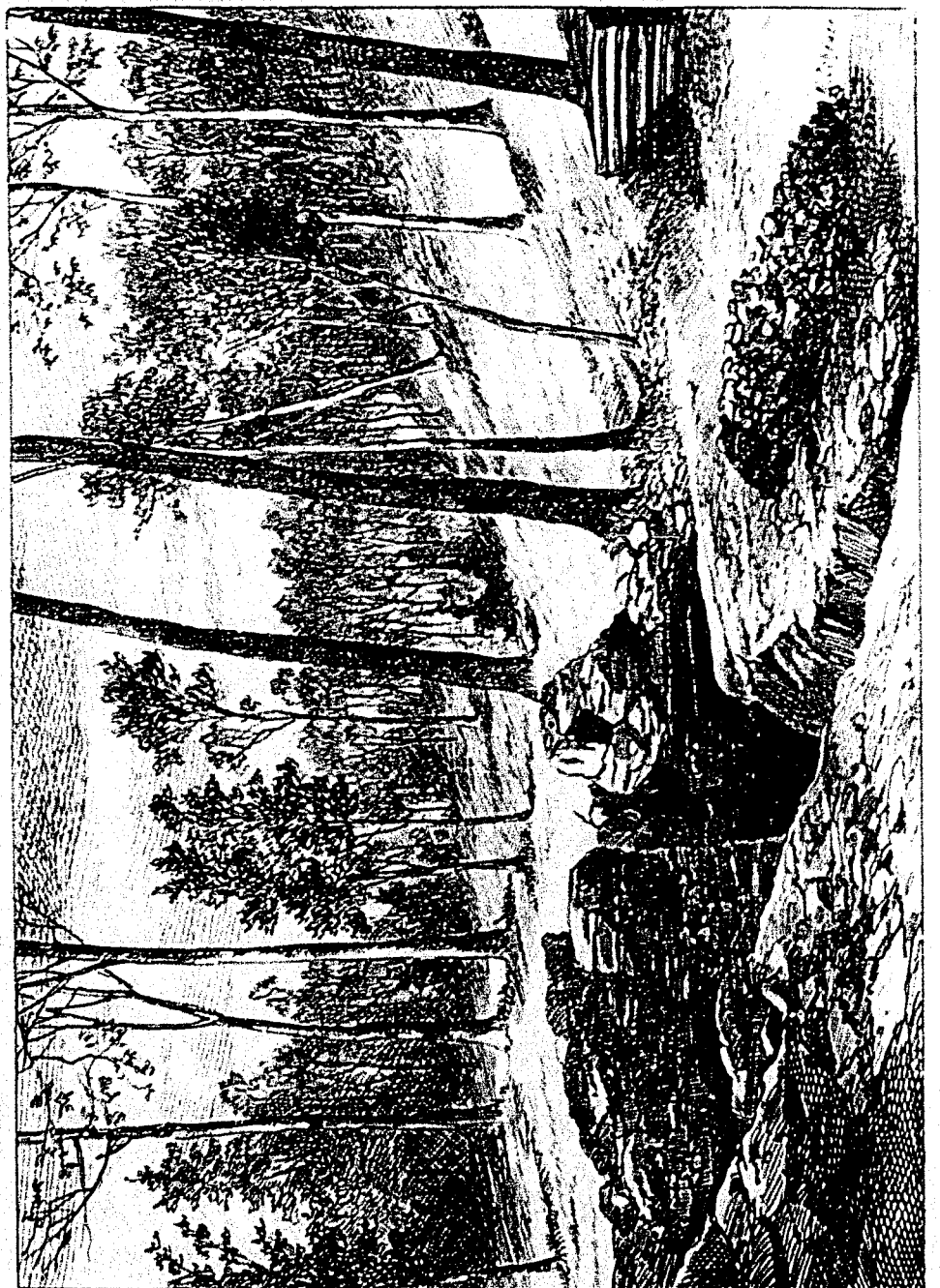
RICE CROQUETS.—Take cold boiled rice and mix with sufficient beaten eggs and fine bread crumbs to form into pear shapes with the hands, adding first a little sugar and salt. Then fry in nice hot drippings—set the forms into the fat on the larger end—let them fry brown, while the top remains nearly white. Set them in uniform order on a platter. This forms quite an ornamental, as well as very palatable dish.

BOILED TONGUE.—If dry it will take four hours to boil, after soaking over night. A pickled tongue requires from two and a half to three hours boiling, according to size. When done, skin, and garnish with slices of lemon, and carved flowers or vegetables. Meat jelly, if very transparent, cut in small pieces, makes a nice garnish for cold tongue. Or boiled red beet, cut in narrow strips, alternated with sprigs of parsley around the dish.

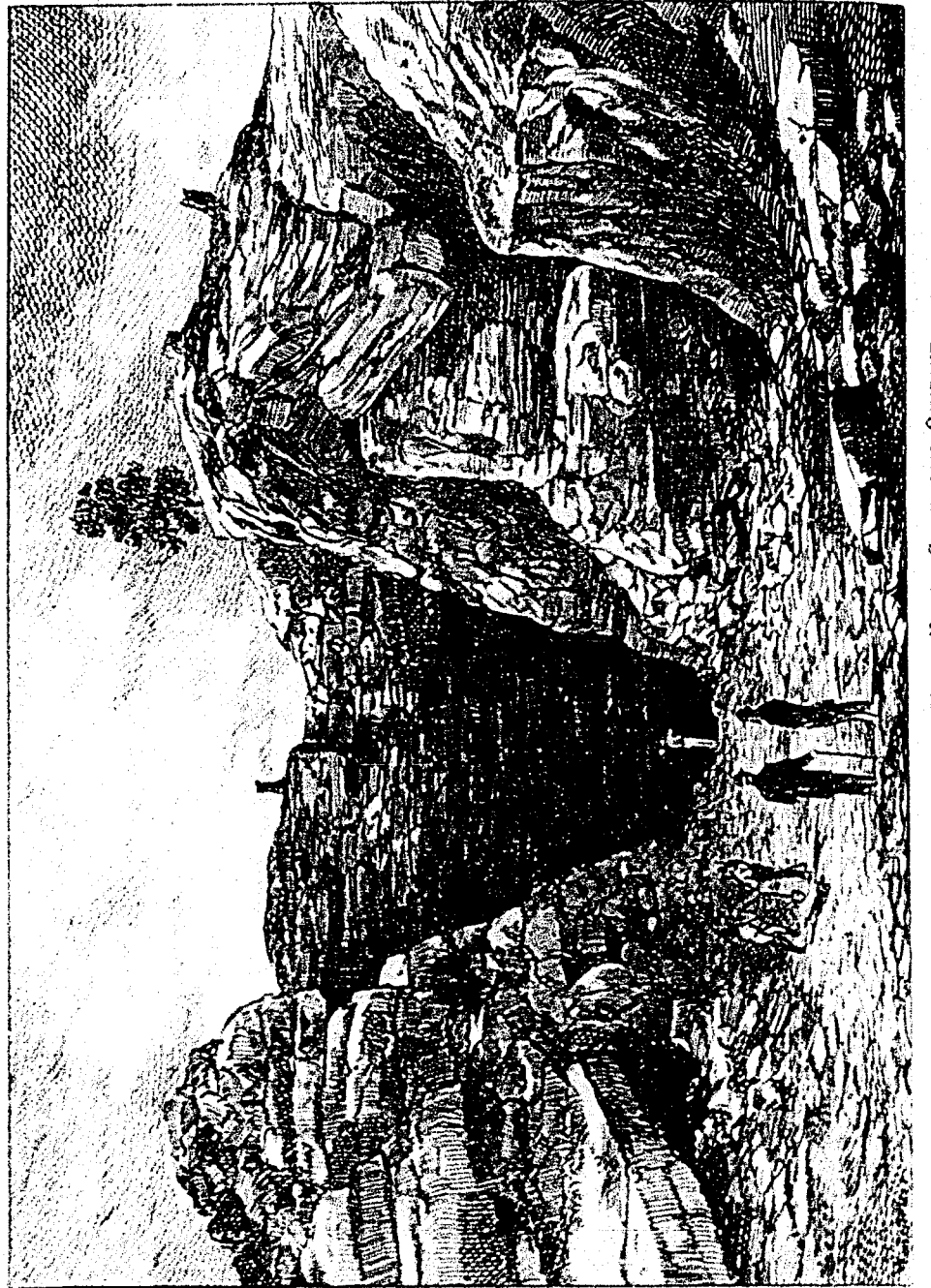
SKETCHES ON THE KINGSTON AND PEMBROKE RAILWAY.—BY ARTHUR W. MOORE.



VIEW ON EAGLE LAKE PARHAM VILLAGE LOCATION TO THE LEFT.

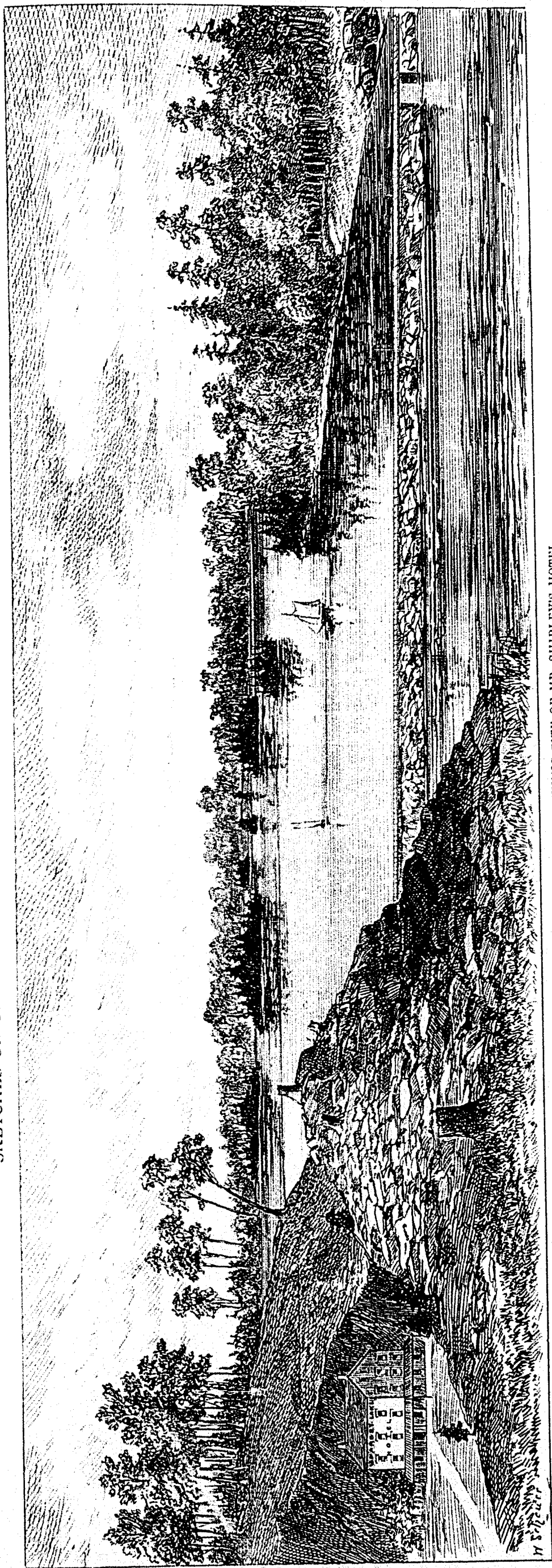


RATHBONE MINE, No. 1.

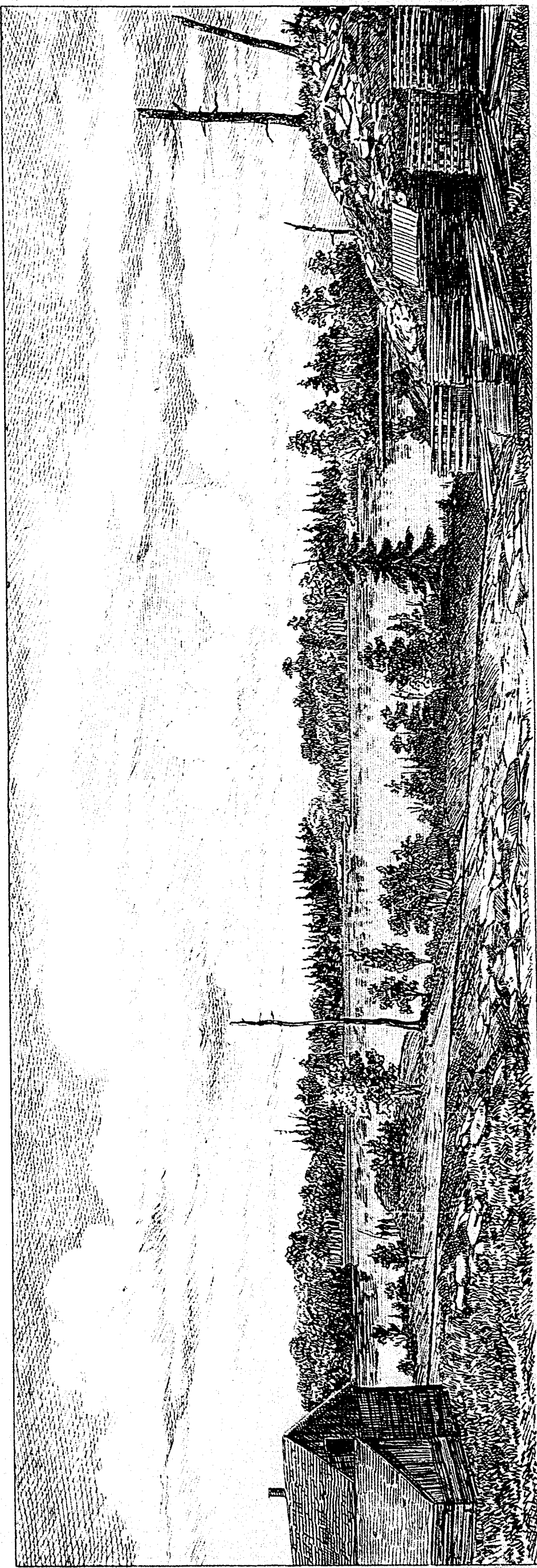


ENTRANCE TO RATHBONE MINE, No. 2, GLENDOWER COMPANY.

SKETCHES ON THE KINGSTON AND PEMBROKE RAILWAY.—BY ARTHUR W. MOORE.



VIEW ON SHARBOT LAKE, SHEWING SITE OF MR. SHIBLEY'S HOTEL.



SHARBOT LAKE.—FROM MR. GARNET'S HOUSE.

HEARTH AND HOME.

It is generally supposed that a light and buoyant temperament tends to frivolity and to fickleness. But no man is so well qualified to discharge the duties of life as one who acts through a temperament that is glowing and genial. Such a man, above all others, is able to bring to the discharge of his duty such happiness as enables him to be persistent therein.

A magazine writer recently said: "If the soul of a library be its librarian, its heart is the catalogue;" but Carlyle said a better thing in declaring that "the true university of these days is a collection of books." Put aside something, if but a halfpenny a day, for the purchase of books. Many in the country are beyond the reach and convenience of libraries, and the setting aside of a small sum daily to be invested in good books will bring advantages which will be lasting in their benefits.

No young man has a right to consider himself thoroughly independent unless he has some vocation by which, health permitting, he can always make a living. And the best and surest employments are those for which there is always a demand. Lawyers, doctors, preachers, professors, clerks—all these and their kindred are frequently a drug in the market; but how seldom is it that a good carpenter, blacksmith, machinist, waggon-maker, shoemaker, tinsmith, bookbinder, or printer has to travel far in search of remunerative employment!

FEMININE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.—For feminine self-consciousness mothers and nurses and governesses are mostly to blame. Worse educated than boys, girls are much more manipulated. From their earliest years they are taught to think of themselves and consider their actions as boys, healthily brought up, never are. They must not fling themselves about, and they must spread their little skirts gracefully when they sit down; they are cautioned to be "modest," when what the foolish instructress reviles is in its essence modesty because it is innocence. What she teaches is in its essence less modesty than self-consciousness; and girls are drilled into "elegance," which means that they are drilled out of all the gracefulness of nature, and made artificial and affected by the laws of "good breeding" and to suit Mrs. Grundy's views.

VENTILATION OF BED-ROOMS.—It is at night of all other times, and when we are asleep, that we require to have the largest and most continuous supply of the freshest and purest air. It has been calculated that three thousand cubic feet is the minimum breathing space that should be provided in any sleeping-room for two people—in other words, the room should have the dimensions of fourteen feet by sixteen feet, and should be ten feet in height. Moreover, this three thousand cubic feet of air should be constantly changed and renewed. Every bed-room therefore, all the year round, should have some communication directly or indirectly—say by the window of the room itself, or by that of an adjoining room—with the external air. The highest medical authorities assert that the air in London is never so pure as it is after ten o'clock at night. The air without is right enough; only the air within is it that that is dangerous.

HAPPINESS.—The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation, that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone, a single gem so rare, that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic, composed of many small stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly, may be of little value, but when all are grouped together, and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are so apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very odor of our chase after happiness may be the reason that she often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought nigh unto us.

AND the perfect Englishwoman, the pure splendor of the feminine ideal, with all the winning beauties of which its very highest realizations are susceptible—we can still find her. We can still watch, if fortune favors us, the union of supreme aristocracy of form and tone, of all the imposing loveliness of the most majestic type, of all the innate nobleness of attitude and motion, of all the sovereign grandeur, with the childlike naturalness which indifference to self can alone produce. We still can see the gentle but eager sweetness, the ever-urgent sentiment of dignity and duty, the utter ignorance of frivolity and sham, the keen, absorbing sentiment of art, the glittering handling of varied talk, the fond devotion of the mother and the wife, the thousand exalted qualities which make up the true woman, as woman ought to be when she stands forward as an example for society. We still can find all this; it does exist. There are assuredly women among us who possess it; there are, more truly, men who have looked upon it, and who have thanked the fates for permitting them to reverently gaze.

THE VALUE OF MAN.—No animal works harder than man, and as a working or domestic animal man may be valued. Dr. Farr has made some curious and interesting calculations as to the value of the agricultural classes. The calculations are not made to correspond to the

working years of man, but allowance is made for the infant and child, who, though not able to work, are valued prospectively; and so, again, in old age, when the labour period is passed, and, as an animal, he consumes more than he produces, his value is considered a minus quantity. The calculations are based upon the Norfolk agricultural classes, in which county the infant labour is worth at the time of birth, \$5. When he has survived the first dangers of infancy, and has advanced five years nearer the time at which he will become a productive agent, his price rises to no less than £65; and this, again, in five years more is something more than doubled. At the age of twenty-five years he has attained his maximum value, £246; and he declines afterwards steadily but slowly, down to £138 at fifty-five years of age, and £1 at the age of seventy. After this age he produces little or nothing, but still he consumes, and when he is eighty years old he is valued at minus £41.

THE GLEANER.

The cats of the Isle of Man are without tails.

Mr. Christian K. Ross, the father of the ill-fated Charlie Ross, is still determined not to relinquish the search until he receives positive evidence of his child's death.

An intelligent French gentleman, a member of the French Commission, stated to the correspondent of the St. Louis Dispatch that he had attended the four World's Fairs, and the Centennial exceeds them all, not only in size but in the immense richness and wonderful variety and practical value of its make-up.

In Algeria there is a river of genuine ink. It is formed by the union of two streams, one coming from a region of ferruginous soil, the other draining a peat swamp. The water of the former is strongly impregnated with iron, that of the latter with gallic acid. When the two waters mingle, the acid of one unites with the iron of the other, forming a true ink.

The following reply has been received to a letter from an individual at Kensworth, Bedfordshire, addressed to the "Empress Victoria," asking her Majesty's patronage for a Wesleyan bazaar:—"Sir T. M. Biddulph is desired to acknowledge Mr. —'s letter address to the 'Empress Victoria,' and to say that the title is not applicable to the Queen. The Queen is unable to subscribe to purely local objects."

FROM old times it has been the custom of Oxford students to act like a set of rowdies and cads on Commemoration Day and raise whatever disturbance pleases them, in spite of all opposition on the part of the dons. The authorities will now try the experiment of making the students and ladies sit together during the exercises, and see if this will not tone down the manners of the young gentlemen.

DOM PEDRO has "done" Boston on a jump. Saturday week he dined with Longfellow and Lowell, at Cambridge, visited the graves of Sumner and Agassiz, and ended with the Boston Theatre. Sunday morning, with his wife, he went to the cathedral and heard high mass; in the afternoon he visited the Navy Yard and State Prison, and in the evening rode through the suburbs with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Agassiz. Yesterday morning he visited the Blind Institution and the schools of the city. His coachman says he is "always on time."

The statue of American Girl, who fell dead on the track of the Elmira Driving Park while trotting a race on the 2nd of October last, was unveiled last week. The statue is a life-like and life-size bronze image of the horse. It stands in the north-west corner of the park. A granite base supports the statue bearing two inscriptions on polished panels. One reads "American Girl; record 2.16; winner of 150 heats in 2:30 or under. Monumentum aere perennius." The other reads, "American Girl, owned by Wm. Lovell of New York, foaled in 1862, dropped dead in the free for all race on this track October 2, 1875."

The Softas, of whom so much has of late been said in connection with the deposition of Sultan Abdul Aziz, are said to be like no body of men now existing outside of Mohammedan countries. In character they most nearly approach the mixed crowds of university professors and students of Europe during the middle ages. These seemed at that time to be theologians, as the Softas now seem, but theology was then the accepted basis of science and was necessarily followed by all who aspired to culture. The Softas are the cultured classes, or would be if there were such classes in Turkey, as there are not, except in comparison with a very low civilization in all the others.

The Figaro tells a strange story concerning the dethroned Sultan—to wit, that he was a connection of the Bonapartes, his grandmother having been a relation of the Empress Josephine. The mother of the Sultan Mahmoud was, in fact, Mdlle. Aimée du Luc de Livery, who belonged to one of the oldest families of Martinique, allied by several marriages with the Tascher de la Pagerie. As for Mdlle. Aimée, she was sent to France to be educated, and was returning to the West Indies when the vessel on which she had embarked was captured by a corsair. Taken to Algeria she was sold to the Dey, who made her a present to Abdul Ahmed, who was captivated by her beauty, her grace, and talent as a musician. She became favourite, then Valide on the birth of Mahmoud, father of Abdul Majid and Abdul Aziz. The adventures of Mdlle. Aimée, who, if she did not, like Mazepa, "cross the

desert to the throne" but the sea to occupy the first place in the affections of the Sultan, have formed the material for more than one novel in France.

The City of Paris will benefit in more ways than one by the Grand Exhibition to be held in 1878. A loan of 120,000,000 francs will be contracted, and, it is announced, devoted to the realization of several projects conceived during the late Empire. For instance, the Avenue de l'Opéra, starting from the Boulevard des Capucines at the same point as the Rue de la Paix, and of which a small portion only now exists, will be entirely terminated and prolonged to the Place du Théâtre-Français, as was previously intended. The complete execution of this idea, determined upon by the Municipality of Paris during the reign of Napoleon III., was only prevented by the disasters which that Government was unable to survive. The projected avenue upon which an army of workmen will ere long be engaged, must be entirely ready in time for the Grand Exhibition, and lined on each side with handsome mansions, constructed on the same model as those which lend such an imposing appearance to the other principal avenues of Paris. The advantages which will be obtained by piercing this new thoroughfare must be obvious to everyone. This is not the only improvement shortly to be executed. Those who visit the coming Exhibition will be able to note great changes for the better accomplished since the last was held in 1867.

MODERN WOMEN.

It is a sad commentary upon our boasted civilization that the women of our times have degenerated in health and physique until they are literally a race of invalids—pale, nervous, feeble and back-achy, with only here and there a few noble exceptions in the persons of the robust, buxom ladies characteristic of the sex in days gone by. By a very large experience, covering a period of years, and embracing the treatment of many thousands of cases of those ailments peculiar to Women, Dr. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., has perfected by the combination of certain vegetable extracts, a natural specific, which he does not extol as a curative, but one which admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most positive and reliable remedy for those weaknesses and complaints that afflict the women of the present day. This natural specific compound is called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The following are among those diseases in which this wonderful medicine has worked cures as if by magic and with a certainty never before attained by any medicines: Weak back, nervous and general debility, falling and other displacements of internal organs, resulting from debility and lack of strength in natural supports, internal fever, congestion, inflammation and ulceration and very many other chronic diseases incident to women, not proper to mention here, in which, as well as in the cases that have been enumerated, the Favorite Prescription effects cures—the marvel of the world. It will not do harm in any state or condition of the system, and by adopting its use the invalid lady may avoid that severest of ordeals—the consulting of a family physician. Favorite Prescription is sold by dealers in medicines generally.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. M. Quebec.—Solution of Problem No. 75 received. Correct.
Sigma, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 74, received. Correct.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Letter and game received. Many thanks. The latter shall appear as soon as possible.

H. L. Y. Mount Forest, Ont.—We have looked over your solution of Problem for Young Players No. 72, but think there must be some mistake in the No. on your part. Please, look at it again.

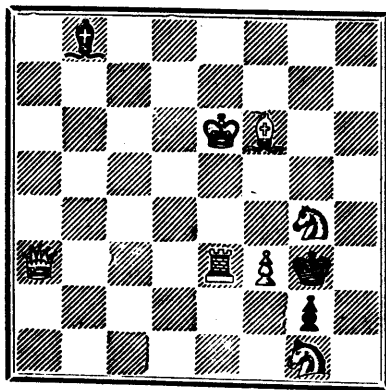
The conflicting accounts which are heard concerning the proposed International Tournament at Philadelphia render it very difficult to say much that will be considered reliable respecting it. The prizes which have been spoken of are so large, and the proceedings altogether so gigantic, that if only a small part is carried out it will eclipse everything in Chess which has heretofore engaged the attention of Chessplayers. The wonderful talent of Paul Morphy, combined with the position which he took among chessplayers in the world, has led our cousins across the line to take great interest in the game and their well-known liberality will lead them to spare no expense, when they have an object to achieve. It is not improbable, then, that the Tournament at Philadelphia may, by the attraction of very large prizes, draw together a galaxy of Chess talent such as the world has never yet seen. We may state, but our information is based on nothing official, that the Tournament is likely to begin on or about the 15th of August next. The time limit will be twelve moves in an hour, and every player will have to play two games with every other player. The prizes, it is said, will range from fifty dollars to two thousand dollars. Play is to commence at 9 a. m. and with a short intermission to continue till midnight. Without attaching much importance to unofficial statements, it is very plain that something considerable in the way of prizes must be offered to induce professional players to come across the ocean to meet antagonists, when they can find ample scope for their ability in their own country.

There is some talk of a great Telegraphic Match between New York and London, but the particulars are not yet published.

PROBLEM No. 77.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 106TH.

(From Land and Water.)

Played at the Philadelphia Chess Club on the 12th of February last, between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. H. Davidson.

(Petroff's Defence.)

- | WHITE.
(Captain Mackenzie.) | BLACK.
(Mr. H. Davidson) |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | Kt to K B 3 |
| 3. Kt takes P | P to Q 3 |
| 4. Kt to K B 3 | Kt takes P |
| 5. P to Q 4 | P to Q 4 - |
| 6. B to Q 3 | B to K 2 |
| 7. Castles | Castles |
| 8. P to Q B 4 | Kt to K B 3 |
| 9. Kt to Q B 3 | B to K Kt 5 |
| 10. B to K 3 | Kt to B 3 |
| 11. R to K sq | Kt to Q Kt 5 |
| 12. B to K B sq | P takes P |
| 13. B takes P | B takes Kt |
| 14. P takes B | Q Kt to Q 4 |
| 15. K to R sq | Kt takes P |
| 16. P takes Kt | P to Q B 3 |
| 17. P to K 4 | Q to Kt 3 |
| 18. Q to Q 2 | Q R to Q sq |
| 19. Q R to Q sq | Kt to R sq |
| 20. P to K 5 | Kt to Q 4 |
| 21. Kt to K 4 | Q to B 2 |
| 22. R to K Kt sq | Q to Q 2 |
| 23. B takes Kt | P takes B |
| 24. Q to Kt 2 | P to K Kt 3 |
| 25. Kt to Kt 3 | P to K B 3 |
| 26. P to K B 4 | P takes P |
| 27. B takes P | R to B 5 |
| 28. Kt to K 2 | R to B 4 |
| 29. Kt to B 3 | R to K 4 |
| 30. Q to B 3 | R to B 4 |
| 31. Q to K 3 | Q R to K B sq |
| 32. Q to K R 3 (a) | P to Q Kt 4 |
| 33. Kt to K 2 | Q to B 3 |
| 34. R to Q B sq | Q to Kt 3 |
| 35. R to B 2 | K R to B 2 |
| 36. Q to Q 7 | B to K 4 |
| 37. Q takes P | B to K 6 |
| 38. P to K 6 (b) | R to B 4 |
| 39. P to K 7 | R to K sq |
| 40. Q to Q 7 | Q to Kt sq |
| 41. R to Kt 3 | Q to R sq (ch) |
| 42. R to B 6 | R takes P (c) |
| 43. Q to Q 6 (d) | R to B 8 (ch) |
| 44. K to Kt 2 | R to B 7 (ch) |
| 45. K to R 3 | Q to K B sq. |

And White resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) Up to this point the game presents no special features, but here we think White might have captured the Kt's P with Rook. If Black captures the R in return, White obtains a winning advantage by 33 Q to R sixth (ch), etc.
- (b) This is not so forcible as it looks, and in the end it turns out very badly for White.
- (c) All this part of the game is well played by the Philadelphia player.
- (d) White might have prolonged the game by 43 Q to B eighth (ch), etc., but even in that case Black must eventually win.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 75.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-----------------------|------------|
| 1. B to Q 5 | 1. K moves |
| 2. Kt to K 4 | 2. Any |
| 3. Mates accordingly. | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 74.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 1. Kt to Q 5 (ch) | 1. P takes Kt |
| 2. B to Q B 3 | 2. P moves. |
| 3. B to Q 2 mate | |

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 75.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-------------|---------------------------------|
| K at K R 3 | K at K B 4 |
| Q at K Kt 8 | Q at Q R sq |
| B at Q B sq | B at K 8 |
| Kt at K 4 | Kt at Q H 2 |
| P at Q R 2 | Pawns at K R 2, K B 3 and K B 7 |

White to play and mate in three moves.

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Montreal, 27th May, 1876.

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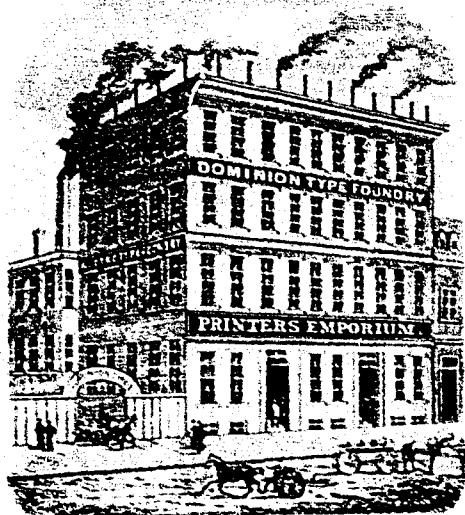
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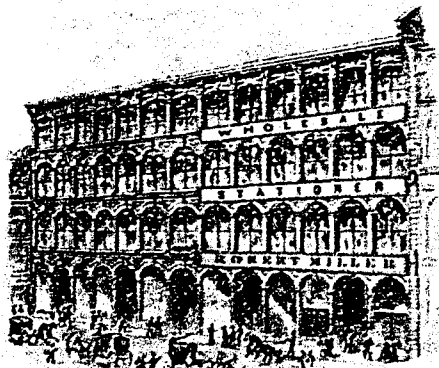
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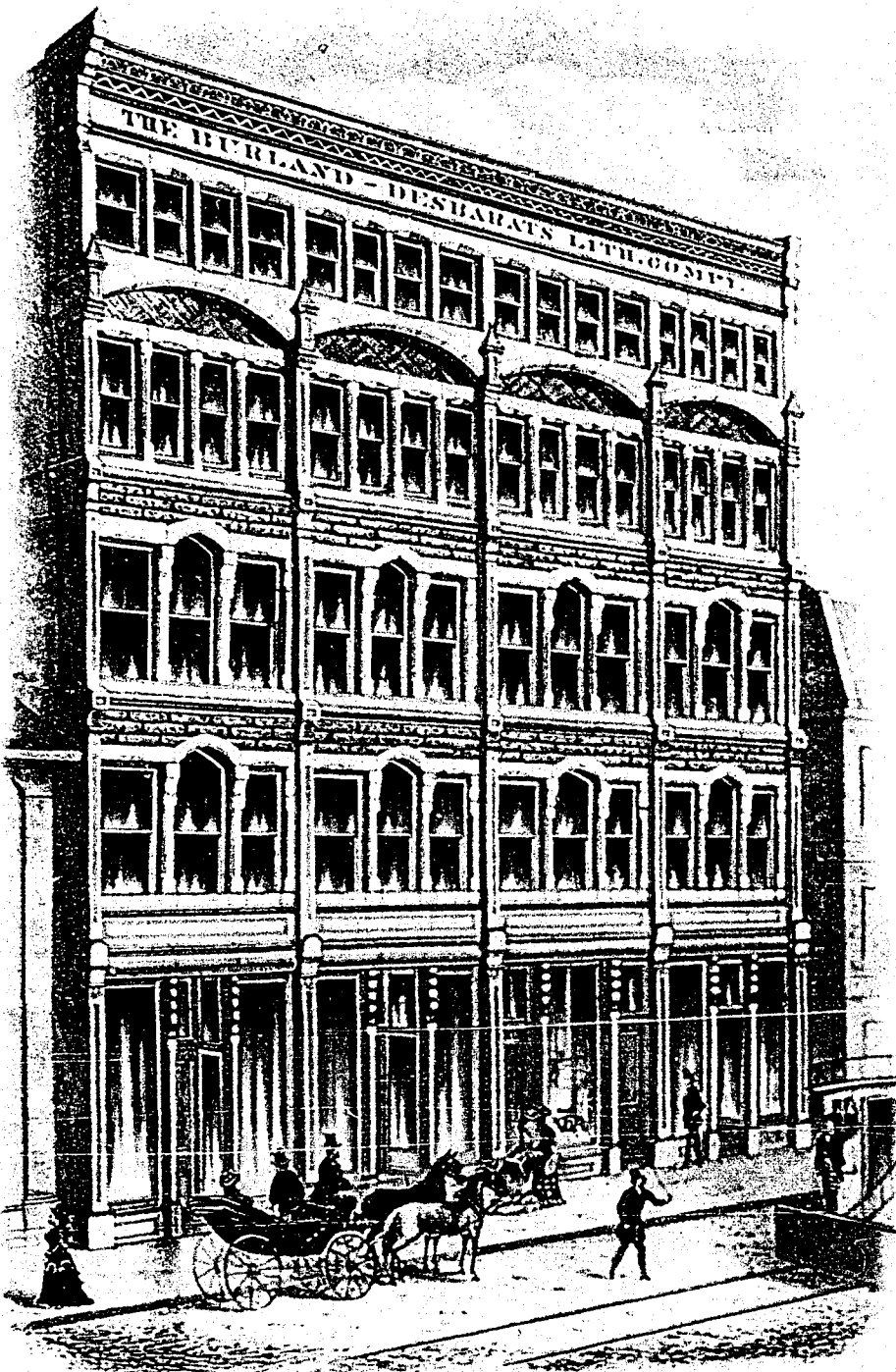
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