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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1879.

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ON THE FENCE.

OFFICER MACDONALD:—"No more jumping over the fence, Jonathan. You must go around by the gate and pay your toll."

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 29, 1879.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Any one who studies the signs of the times and observes the drift of opinion as well as the march of events in the Dominion, must come to the conclusion that we are about entering upon a new era. As we have had occasion to say several times previously, the elections of the 17th September were not the triumph of a party, but the expression of an overwhelming popular demand for a change in our commercial and fiscal policy. The writers or the speakers who fail to recognize this fact, must necessarily misinterpret the true condition of the popular mind as it stands to-day. If the Conservatives imagine that they have been restored to power simply for the purpose of carrying on the Administration of the country and distributing offices to their friends, they are very much mistaken. The gentlemen who are at present in power were put there for a well-defined purpose, and it is to their credit to say that they seem aware of the fact and ready to bear the responsibility which it entails. The last twelve years of the history of Canada are remarkable for two salient and overshadowing events—the Confederation of the Provinces in 1867, and the National Policy of 1879. The former defined and established our political institutions; the latter is intended to lay down our commercial future. On the merits of the Protective Tariff we are not required to write to-day, having given our ideas respecting it in the last issue of this journal; but what we mean to call attention to is the new direction which it opens out to the country. Of personal politics we have had a surfeit, albeit certain gentlemen persist in dragging them before the present Parliament; of local politics there has been more than enough and the tendency is to lessen them; of general politics there remains just enough to carry on the Administration of the country. What we want now is a Commercial Policy. We are called upon to cultivate and improve our material resources. These are great so far as known; but the indications are that they will be immense when we shall become fully acquainted with them. For the next ten years, we apprehend that we shall need very little politics outside of necessary routine, and have opportunity to devote ourselves to the development of our four great commercial interests—the field, the mine, the forest and the sea fisheries. These are our quadrilateral, mightier than the four famed fortresses of North-East Italy or the equally renowned citadels of Eastern Bulgaria which the Russians were powerless to batter down. They are the four corner stones of our wealth and well-being. These will give employment to thousands of willing hands; cause a vigorous circulation of money; stimulate a healthy immigration and procure the greatest amount of good for the greatest number of people. Politically we are now virtually independent; in a few

years it is to be hoped that we shall achieve a commercial and industrial autonomy. The Mother Country has not begrudged the former, but rather facilitated it; she does not and will not impede the other, as is already evidenced by the official replies given to Lord CAMPBELL and Mr. BRIGHT. Neither have we cause to anticipate antagonism from our American neighbours. They were the first to congratulate us on the Confederation of our Provinces, which was a blow to all tendencies of annexation, and we believe they will readily acquiesce in our further efforts for commercial self-sufficiency, inasmuch as these are only an imitation of the course which they themselves pursued when they made a gigantic attempt to rise out of the slough into which the costs and ruins of the civil war had plunged them. We are not ISHMAELS raising our hands against the world, whose favour and co-operation we, on the contrary, most earnestly court, but Canada is a young country, possessing one-half of this immense continent, which it desires to cultivate and expand as much as possible. There is no fear of a false enthusiasm in this respect. Canada for Canadians is a proper and necessary programme, and if we are only true to ourselves, it will be carried out to a successful issue. To this end all classes of the country are expected to contribute, irrespective of the petty trammels of personal or provincial partisan claims.

NELSON AT QUEBEC.

Any incident, however trivial, connected with either the public career or the private life of the immortal hero of Trafalgar, must be of profound interest to Englishmen. By cumulation, any event of his history which has relation to Canada, must be doubly pleasant to Anglo-Canadians. Indeed, it is remarkable that Canada, above any of the British Colonies, has ever testified her admiration of the great Captain, as witness his column in Jacques Cartier Square, Montreal, erected by public subscription shortly after his death and which remains to this day one of the finest monuments ever raised to his honour. It is generally known that NELSON visited Quebec in 1782, as Captain of the *Albemarle*, and several anecdotes have been preserved of his relations there, notably an *affaire de cour* with one of the belles of the Ancient Capital. Until very lately the favoured lady was supposed to be a Miss PRENTICE, a niece of the wife of MILES PRENTICE, formerly a sergeant of WOLFE's army who kept a small hostelry or house of entertainment, on the premises known as "The Chien d'Or," situated opposite the Government quarters on Mountain Hill, which were on the present site of the Provincial Parliamentary Buildings, previously the residence of the Bishop of Quebec under the French regime. In the March number of the *Rose-Bud Magazine*, however, Dr. HENRY H. MILES, Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction for the Province of Quebec, after having had access to a mass of reliable papers, professes to have found the true name of NELSON's Canadian love. On careful reading of the facts as set forth by this very competent antiquarian and historian, we are inclined to the opinion that he has happened on the solution of a very interesting problem and hence we are led to summarize his statements. Dr. MILES informs us that Miss MARY SIMPSON, daughter of JAMES SIMPSON, a cousin of JAMES THOMPSON, well known as the last Canadian survivor of WOLFE's expedition, and who died at the ripe age of 98, was a girl of marvellous beauty, and about sixteen years of age at the time of NELSON's visit to Quebec in September, 1782. They met under the hospitable roof of NELSON's mercantile friend, ALEXANDER DAVISON, and probably, before his departure, at the house of her father. Whether or not NELSON's attentions were favoured by her parents nowhere appears on record, but it is certain that he made a deep impression on her heart. The

following circumstance, however, prevented any further results. When the *Albemarle*, on the 14th October, was ready for sea, NELSON had gone to the river to the place where the men-of-war usually anchored; but next morning as Mr. DAVISON was walking on the beach, he saw NELSON coming back in his boat. On reaching the landing-place, the former anxiously demanded the cause of his friend's return. "Walk up to your house," replied NELSON, "and you shall be made acquainted with the cause." He then said: "I find it utterly impossible to leave this place without again waiting on her whose society has so much added to its charms and laying myself and my fortunes at her feet." Mr. DAVISON earnestly remonstrated with him on the consequences of so rash a step. "Your utter ruin," said he, "situated as you are at present, must inevitably follow." "Then let it follow," exclaimed NELSON, "for I am resolved to do it." The account goes on to say that a severe altercation ensued, but that DAVISON'S firmness at length prevailed over NELSON, who, though with no very good grace, relinquished his purpose and suffered himself to be led back to his boat. Thus NELSON sailed from Quebec, leaving his love behind him.

As a further clue to this lady's identity, Dr. MILES finds from ancient records that she was afterwards married and resided in London, and this is held to apply to the case of Miss SIMPSON, whereas it in nowise applies to Miss PRENTICE. At the time of NELSON'S visit, Sir FREDERICK HALDIMAND was Governor of Quebec. His secretary and aide-de-camp, Major MATTHEWS, was also a suitor for the girl's hand. After NELSON'S departure, this officer pressed her to marry him. But she refused. Having been sought by a Post-captain of the Royal Navy, she could not, she said, think of accepting any one belonging to the army whose rank was lower than that of Colonel. We confess that we see little in this incident, beyond the fact that Miss SIMPSON was a rather ambitious beauty. Later on, however, she accepted MATTHEWS, who had, in the meantime, become a Colonel and Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and, of course, went to live in England. Many years afterward, January 9, 1806, when writing of NELSON'S public funeral, this Mrs. MATTHEWS says the sight of such a scene "would be too much for my feelings, who mourns his immortal character not only as an irreparable national loss, but as a friend of my early life."

There are other points in Dr. MILES' paper of great interest to Canadians, and especially to Quebecers; but our space will not allow of further notice, and we must refer the reader to the magazine itself. We may mention, however, as a *postscript*, that at the instance of the THOMPSON family, of Quebec, who have placed in the Doctor's hands a great many diaries, letters, and other papers, covering more than the second half of the last century, there is being prepared for the press a biographical sketch of JAMES THOMPSON, whose name is associated not only with the Conquest of 1759, but with that of the American siege of Quebec in 1775-76, where he was the first to find the body of MONTGOMERY under the snow at Pres-de-ville, procured his military burial, and treasured his sword, now one of the chief relics of Quebec antiquities. One word more in conclusion. We always thought that the present site of the Chien d'Or was the original site, whereas Dr. MILES places it in 1782 opposite the present Parliamentary Buildings, on Mountain Hill. Is our topographical knowledge of that locality at fault, as we suspect it is, or were there two Chiens d'Or?

PRIMITIVE CONSCIENCE.

It is a remarkable circumstance that, amid the many absorbing material questions of the day which should naturally occupy men's minds, there has probably never been a time when spiritual topics were more boldly and profoundly treated. We have had of late startling doctrines on

the Origin of Evil, the Existence of Hell, and Free Will, to say nothing of attacks, in a new light, on such cherished dogmas as the Inspiration of the Bible and the Sources of Revealed Religion. To all these one more has just been added by a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* for March. The author, Mr. WARRING WILKINSON, comes out strongly against the belief that there is such a thing as a Primitive Conscience—that is, an innate and intuitive faculty of distinguishing right from wrong. Many of his arguments are ingenious and original, but the one that is absolutely startling is that which denies a primitive conscience to deaf mutes. That we are not misstating, or even exaggerating, we quote the following passage, to which we beg to call very particular attention:

Every article of the religious code in which we have been educated, and which we revere, has been or is violated without remorse among the peoples who sit in darkness, but who are supposed to have that intuitive faculty which makes the pagan a law unto himself. The vice of to-day is the virtue of yesterday; a disgrace in England is a dignity in Ashantee. The crowning glory and triumph of Christian grace is the shame of the red man's creed. Crimes against life, crimes against liberty, crimes against personal rights, crimes against chastity, crimes against nature, have all been sanctioned and justified by this infallible judge. The bitterest wars have been religious wars, where the contending hosts were stimulated and led on by conscience. The fiercest persecutions have been religious persecutions, where conscience stretched the rack and tightened the thumb-screws. The blood of the martyrs stains the skirts of every sect: Catholics have persecuted Protestants, Protestants have persecuted Catholics, and both have set their heel upon the Jew. Blood for blood is Hebrew as well as Indian law. The sin of stealing among the Spartans was in being caught at it. The severe Cato thought it right to yield his wife to his friend. Socrates sanctioned the prostitution of Aspasia by his daily intercourse and friendship. Gallraith says that among the Sioux, theft, arson, rape and murder are regarded as means of distinction. In Tahiti, while idolatry prevailed, the common animal instinct of maternal affection seemed lacking, so much so that Mr. Ellis, long resident there, says he never met a Tahitian mother who had not imbrued her hands in the blood of her offspring. It is not necessary to show that these crimes were ever considered right. It suffices that they were committed without remorse, without a feeling of wrongdoing. They are not instances of perverted conscience, but of no conscience, and the concurrent testimony of travellers is that the lower races have no moral sense. Mr. Dove says that the Tasmanians "are entirely without moral views" or impressions. Gov. Eyre says the Australians have no moral sense of what is just and equitable in the abstract, their only test of propriety being whether they are numerically or physically strong enough to brave the vengeance of those whom they may have provoked or injured. "Conscience," says Burton, "does not exist in Eastern Africa, and 'repentance' means regret for missed opportunities of mortal crime." Mr. Campbell observes that the Soors, an aboriginal tribe of India, are without moral sense.

After laying down these statements, the author continues:

Abbé Sicard says of the deaf mute: "As to morals, he does not suspect their existence. The moral world has no being for him, and virtues and vices are without reality." "The deaf and dumb," says Herr Eschke, of Berlin, an eminent teacher, "live only for themselves. They acknowledge no social bond; they have no notion of virtue. Whatever they may do, we can impute their conduct to them neither for good nor for evil." Herr Cesar, of Leipzig, corroborates this testimony. "The deaf and dumb," says he, "comprehend neither law nor duty, neither justice nor injustice, neither good nor evil; virtue and vice are to them as if they were not."

We wonder whether there is any truth in this, and should like to have thereon the views of some of our local specialists. Dr. PALMER, of the Brockville Asylum, and Mr. WIDD, of the Montreal Deaf-Mute Institution, might throw some light upon this extremely curious and interesting question.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CLASSIC COSTUMES.—These are views of the new Grecian costumes now attempted to be introduced in England by Mrs. Pfeiffer, and of which we have already spoken to our readers.

THE WORTHINGTON CUP.—A number of sketches of this most important snowshoe event of the year are presented in the present issue, and a full account is given under a separate head in another column.

THE ZULU WAR.—We give several sketches connected with this hitherto disastrous campaign, the first representing an important cap-

ture near the scene of the late massacre, and the other showing different types of these ferocious warriors.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—Our combination picture shows several of the most important features of this celebration, as it took place most successfully in this city. We are introduced to an exterior view of St. Patrick's Church, an interior view during the panegyric of Ireland's patron, and several incidents of the procession in the streets.

THE CARTOON.—This sketch pleasantly represents one phase of the new Canadian Tariff. Not in any aggressive, retaliatory, or otherwise hostile spirit, but in pure self-defence, our American friends will henceforth be required to pay important duties on their importations to Canada. The spirit and details of this portion of the tariff were explained by us in full last week.

INTERNATIONAL WALKING MATCH.—This great feat of endurance took place at Gilmore's Garden last week—a walk of 500 miles in 6 days. The winner was an Englishman named Rowell, who accomplished that distance, and received \$20,000 for his pains. The second was Emis, who made 475 miles, and won \$12,000. The third was Harriman, who walked 450 miles and got \$8,000. O'Leary dropped out on the third day, and received \$1,000.

A DREARY SCENE.—Terribly appropriate to the season. Could winter ever appear in more doleful guise? Over the snow they trudge, all alone, without relatives or friends—not even a faithful dog—bearing between them the little coffin of their only boy. Had the child been younger the father might have borne it on his shoulder, but as it is, the poor mother has to help him. What more dismal than that a mother should bear to the grave with her own hands the child whom she had nursed on her bosom with so much love and hope.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

OTTAWA, March 22, 1879.—I gave you last week the chief incidents of the debate, and the crushing division of the House of Commons against His Honour Lieut.-Governor Letellier. It is impossible, almost, to convey the intensity of the feeling exhibited by the great majority of the French speaking members in demanding that this vote shall be followed by the removal of His Honour. And, if either the Government, as a Government, or His Excellency the Governor-General, have any difficulty in the matter, this vote, at least in one sense, will not remove it. But it is not easy to see how such a vote, under our constitutional system, can be got over. There are many rumours; but the Government have not as yet given any sign of their intentions.

I may mention an after incident of this debate which tends to show the nature of the feeling. Mr. Huntington was attacked by a French paper with exceeding bitterness—reference being made to his copper mine speculations, &c.—and he brought the matter up in the House as a question of privilege. The main point of his objection, however, was to deny that he had stated that the anger of the French majority against Mr. Letellier arose from the fact that he had a Protestant Premier. His explanation was not well received, and it is plain that some former utterances by Mr. Huntington of the nature alleged had not been forgotten. More might be said on this point, but it refers to a kind of difference which had better be allowed to die out.

I mentioned in a former letter that the important subject of the Insolvent Law was, on a motion of the Minister of Justice, referred to a Committee of Inquiry. All the bills and motions before the House were sent to this committee. The Minister of Justice, as the proposer of the resolution, was naturally called upon to be the chairman; but he, in the most considerate way, proposed that Mr. Colby should have that honour. Mr. Colby, as you know, has bestowed great labour on this question. At one of the sittings during this week, the Minister of Justice said that really the first point which the committee had to decide, was whether there should or should not be an Insolvent Law. The committee on this issue voted 10 to 8 in favour of a law. This being decided, the endeavour will be to frame one which shall not permit the abuses which have been practised under the present Act.

Mr. Tilley's Tariff has, of course, continued to be the main question of the week. It has been the subject of very long debates, and the town is full of deputations. It is, of course, to be expected that a proposal to deal with interests so vast as are involved in a complete revision of the Tariff, very largely increasing it and changing it from a simple instrument to collect revenue into a very elaborate scheme of Canadian protective policy, must give rise to many and widely divergent opinions, urged with warmth in proportion to the extent to which interests are touched. The resolutions laid before the House have cost Mr. Tilley great labour; but he said well that it would have been better if more months had been at his disposal in which to perfect so large a work. It is a fact, remarked by everybody to his credit, that he listens with kindness and patience to all representations made; and in this his conduct is in marked

contrast with that of his predecessor, which was a cause of the unpopularity of Mr. Mackenzie's Government.

Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Cartwright, Mr. Charlton and others, have spoken with great earnestness and determination against a protective tariff. They have declared it to be a very grossly retrograde step, and one inimical to the best interests of Canada. Mr. Mackenzie, in fact, in substance said that he never expected to live to see the humiliation of such a proposal being accepted by a majority of the House of Commons. He had not even believed the Finance Minister would bring it down. He scouted the idea that raising taxes was a mode in which people could be made either richer or happier. Of course, it may be well for the Opposition leaders who went to the country on the issue of Free Trade or Protection, to lodge these protests against those principles of trade policy which have deprived them of power; and also to set before the country the doctrines which they consider should be the right rule of political faith. But for all practical purposes, in the present state of affairs, it is almost impossible to conceive anything more idle than arguments of this nature, and you may well believe that they were listened to with some impatience by a majority which is simply crushing and equally firmly set in its views, backed, also, by what it has reason to believe is the will of the people. These protests made, it would be well if the Opposition were to aid the Government in making the Tariff as perfect as possible.

I stated in my last letter that the Tariff had been framed so as to touch as lightly as possible upon importations from Great Britain, and to check those importations from the United States which have been yearly much increasing in volume for some years past. Elaborate efforts have been made to show that the Tariff is especially inimical to Great Britain; but that is an error, and, moreover, a perfectly futile attempt. The Tariff is intended to cause the manufacture in Canada of the bulk of those articles now imported from the United States, and that is what it will do. For instance, as respects cottons, the new Tariff makes classifications of cotton goods with combined specific and *ad valorem* duties, and others with a simple duty of 30 per cent., this being the basis on which the mixed duties have been calculated, and these duties touch the classes of goods which are largely imported from the United States and very little from England. They are mainly factory cottons, drills, ducks, denims, cottonades, seamless bags, batting, wadding, warp yarns and heavy cotton goods generally, the precise class of articles which we are making at home with success, and in which the competition is not with England, but with the United States. Sewing thread, on spools, which comes from England, is placed at 20 per cent., and at only 12½ per cent. in bales; while all cotton goods, not specified, are taxed 20 per cent., and these are found to comprise our main imports from England. Stoves and other finished iron castings are subjected to an increase of 7½ per cent. over the old tariff. These come principally from the States, while other iron castings are only increased 2½ per cent. I could go on, showing you a large number of items on which the same remark might be made. But, in support of this argument, it is not necessary. It would be, in fact, folly to suppose that the Government could have made the gross mistake of specially favouring the United States, in the face of their offensively hostile tariff, at the expense of Great Britain, in the face of its almost chivalrous liberality. I notice that some of the American leading papers see clearly the fact, and they have no reproach to make to the Canadian Government in view of their legislation, but some of them do pointedly blame Mr. Tilley for mentioning such a principle of policy.

The proposed duty on books, viz., 6 cents per pound, is meeting with a good deal of opposition, on the ground that it is calculated to encourage mere trashy books which weigh very lightly, and to make a very serious tax indeed on books containing valuable information. For instance, it is calculated that on one of the Cyclopædias the tax would be very high. I think, however, that the principle on which the Tariff is based is perfectly sound; that is, to put a simple specific tax on the paper and materials brought in, leaving the value of the product of intellect contained in the book out of all question, and free from all taxation. This carries out one of the main objects of the Tariff. The proposed tax may not be very favourable to books with very heavy bindings; and, if these come in in numbers, there will probably be an inducement to bring them in in sheets, to which Canadian bookbinders would likely not object. And this was probably had in view in the recommendations made to the Government on this head. The Tariff, as it stands, with some slight modifications, may possibly very greatly affect the volume of a mass of printing of fancy kinds which now comes from the United States, to the very great advantage of the craft in Canada, and that is a consummation which most people will welcome.

Mr. Mackenzie showed that the tax on wheat, as proposed, was relatively greater than that on flour, and the millers appear to have agreed in this view. It could not, of course, be Mr. Tilley's object that this should be, and it is understood that there is to be a readjustment on this point, as probably there may be on many others. We shall soon get plenty of wheat from Manitoba, and a little difference in favour of that, in view of the principles of this tariff, is certainly a National Policy desirable to be carried out.

There is only one point: Will the bonding system hamper the transit trade? If so, we shall have spent very foolishly our millions for enlarging our canals. But if it can be made sufficiently simple and easy not to make any clogging or friction, then, I think, in as far as the Canadian consumer is concerned, there is little to say. It will, of course, be the duty of the Government to see that the bonding arrangements are made as perfect and easy as possible.

There was an acrimonious discussion in the House, lasting over two days, brought on by a motion of Mr. Huntington respecting the dismissal of Mr. Cardinal, an Inland Revenue officer in Montreal. It was for the most part simple recrimination. The Government justified this case on the merits. The fact is, there have been very few dismissals. One of the funny points of the debate was that several members complained they could not obtain dismissals which they desired.

Hon. J. H. Pope's Animal's Contagious Diseases Act has been introduced, and is being well received. It provides compensation for the compulsory slaughter of diseased animals, and it imposes a fine of \$200 in cases of concealment of contagious disease. It further makes a series of well-considered regulations.

There is a bill providing for the reduction of the capital of the Jacques Cartier Bank, and making some other provisions respecting that institution.

The Pacific Railway contract, section B, was signed on Thursday by Messrs. Grant, Fraser, Pitblak, Alex. Manning, John Shields and J. J. Macdonald. The amount of the contract is \$4,130,000. It is understood that the contractors leave at once for Winnipeg to prosecute their work.

The members of the Paris Exhibition in town on Wednesday waited on the Princess, and received from her a complimentary letter from the Prince of Wales, with a copy of his portrait.

I am sorry to say that Mr. Masson, the Minister of Militia, has been so unwell that it has been necessary for him to go home for a time.

On Tuesday the Royal Standard was again raised in honour of the birthday of the Princess. We have not yet got used to this splendid flag marking the presence of a member of the Royal house among us. Owing to some blunder, a salute was not fired, and this was felt by everybody to be a matter of regret. The Royal Standard was also again displayed yesterday in honour of the tenth anniversary of the marriage of the Princess.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

The nickname bestowed on the Prince Imperial by the Royalists is "Zulu I."

MADAME Rossini's bequest for an asylum for French and Italian musicians at Passy amounts to 2,395,000fr.

THE French Government has asked the Chamber to authorize it to spend 400,000fr. in cleaning up the furniture of the Elysée, and renewing part of it. Of this sum 287,000fr. will be spent in table linen, glass, knives, forks, spoons, and china. Since 1873 the wear and tear of the State chattels in the Palace of the Executive has been very great.

AN improvement of an important character will take place in the transmission of messages in Paris on and after Thursday, May 1. A kind of telegraphic card is to be adopted, which will be sent by pneumatic tube for half a franc. There is to be no limit to the number of words, and at each post-office in the city a box will be provided for their reception.

A Catholic church, which has a rather curious history attached to it, and which is situated in the Rue de Rennes, is now being demolished to make way for a more handsome building. The history to which we allude is that during the Commune this was the only church in Paris which remained open, thanks to the courage of a Belgian priest, who, protected by his nationality, continued to administer his religious services to his flock unmolested by the "black sheep" with which he was surrounded.

THERE may be seen in the window of M. Lamarche, the well-known jeweller, whose establishment is situated on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, a beautiful parasol, which was finished too late to be shown at the late Exhibition. This *objet d'art* has a blue silk ground covered with the richest lace. The handle and stick are black, studded with splendid brilliants, and the elastic ring which serves for keeping the parasol closed is composed entirely of brilliants. The price, we were told, is 25,000 francs, or just 21,000.

THE French Government have decided to establish a night asylum for persons of the female sex, who, being without domicile or means of support, will thus be amply provided for. This measure was very necessary, for some recent statistics go to show that there are at the present time in Paris over 113,300 persons without the necessary means of existence. Never before have such a number of indigents been in the capital, and, to remedy this, it is said that a law will shortly be passed interdicting the sojourn in Paris of all persons in a destitute condition.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

AT St. Paul's Cathedral the Chapter have introduced a novelty which promises to be a success; it is a quarter-of-an-hour sermon preached in the nave during luncheon time. Luncheon and sermon combined are likely to prove a success in E.C.

THE *Financier* says that there is the full amount of gold in the Bank of England against every note, and a balance to spare. The extraordinary position has never been paralleled, and speaks eloquently of the stagnation of business.

A DISTINGUISHED legal luminary in the Liberal party has got up a subscription to present Frances Countess Waldegrave with her portrait, in recognition of the social services rendered by her to the Liberal party. Millais has undertaken to paint it.

THE most recent London novelty is a shop where boots are soled and heeled for half-a-crown while you wait, and ladies can meet with the same assistance for eightpence. There is always a large crowd in front of the place, and inside the window are two men with a novel kind of iron apparatus, made in the form of a foot, upon which the soleting and heeling of pedal coverings are performed.

SOMETHING akin to despair reigns among the recruiting sergeants. These worthies dissent altogether from the proximate extinction of the Queen's shilling, as proposed by Colonel Stanley's Bill. They vow that the new system will frighten recruits, not attract them. The shilling was, and is, essential to the recruiting sergeant; without it, enlistment will be no longer successful. In short, the sergeants are in quite a mutinous state of feeling.

ANOTHER rival to Lord's, the Oval, and Prince's Cricket Grounds is announced for the approaching season. It will be situated on the confines of South Kensington, but so far within the Pimlico district as to justify the name of the "Randelagh." It is under the management of Mr. Reginald Herbert, who has engaged Peirie and Alfred Shaw as the "professionals" to be attached permanently to the ground, and meet the requirements of members who use it for practice.

IT appears that a Londoner of the journalistic world emulated the folly of the Parisian workman who, to show his contempt for the lottery, lit his pipe with a ticket which afterwards won a grand prize. The clever Londoner talking about the thing in equally contemptuous terms adorned the moral he drew by an illustration: lighting his cigar with his ticket he threw the remnant into the fire. He had previously been persuaded, however, to take a note of the number—just to show that he was right! That number turned up one of the 900 big prizes. His agonies were rendered all the keener by the mock lamentations of his good-natured friends.

HUMOROUS.

FABER, the pencil man, is dead, but no man left more marks behind him.

THE Arab who invented alcohol died nine hundred years ago, but his spirit still lives.

THE Pintes believe that a physician ought to be killed as soon as five of his patients have died.

A PREACHER once closed his discourse with the words: "I add no more." "Because ye cannot," exclaimed an old woman from her pew.

WE personally know of three devoted \$5 bills which have been celebrating Lent for quite a long while.

"MY dear," said Mrs. Snodgrass, shuddering, "how do these awful men succeed in entering dead people's vaults?" "With skeleton keys, I presume," unfeelingly replied Mr. S.

A SOMERVILLE Sunday-school teacher had some remarks the other day about "the fire that never shall be quenched." "What, never," asked the class in chorus. But he didn't tremble.

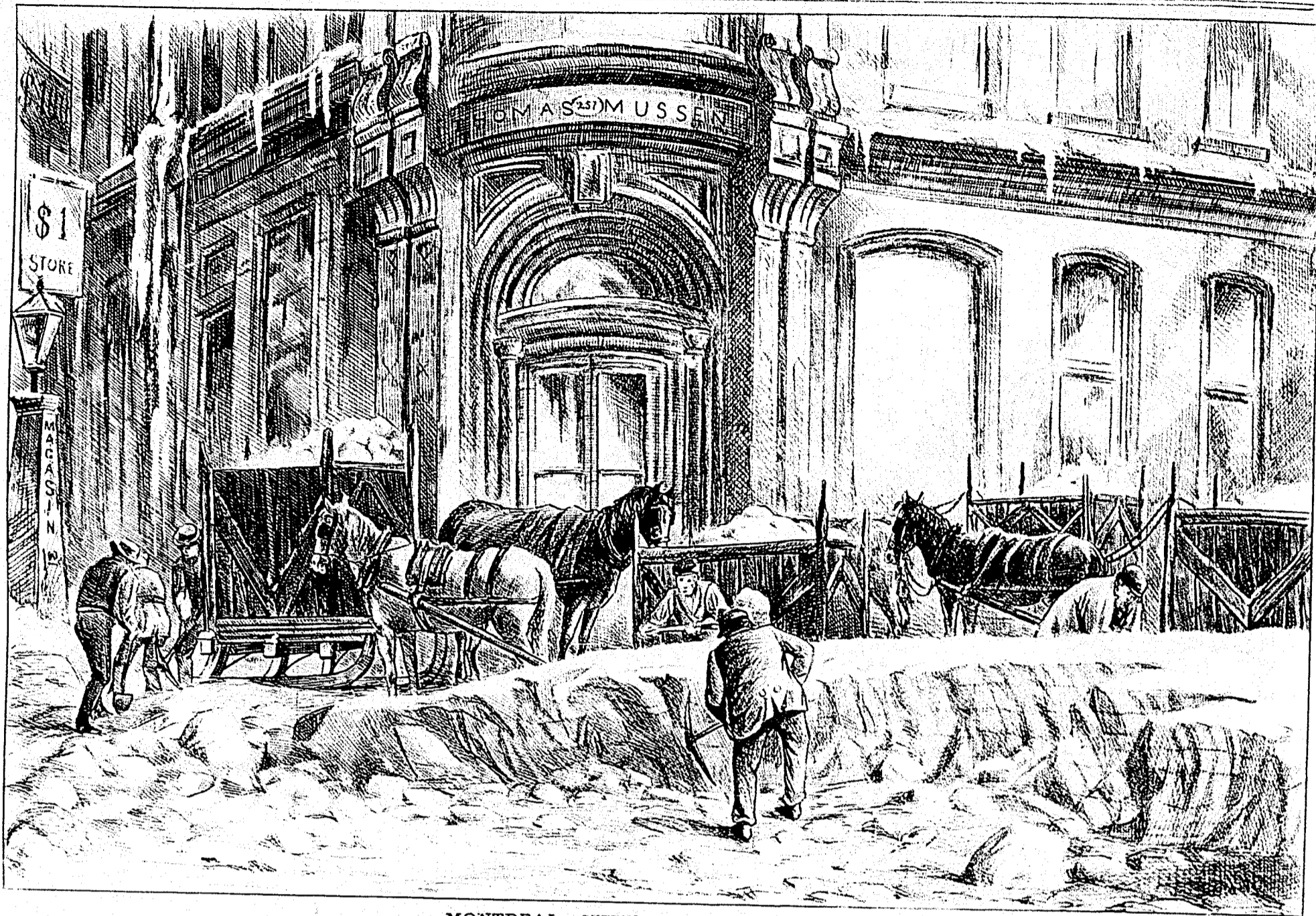
OWING to the hard times there is a good deal of suffering in Oil City. A poor man there offered to pawn a dozen eggs, a pound of sugar, a quart of molasses and a half peck of potatoes for a glass of whiskey.

THE Shah of Persia has written a new book, and every newspaper critic in that land will say it is the most able and interesting work ever issued from the press. They would rather tell a lie than have their heads chopped off.

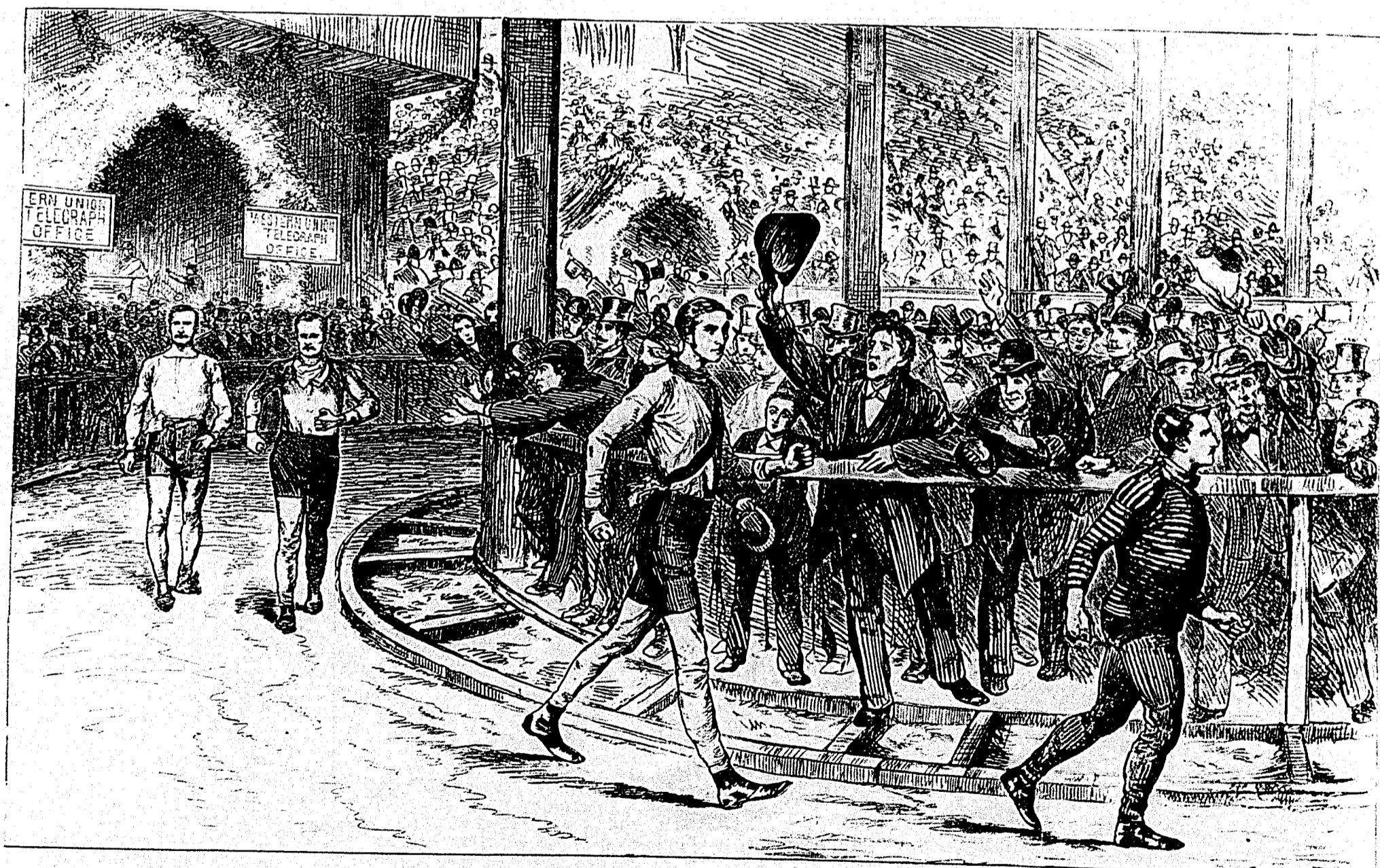
AN Illinois weather prophet predicts that "March will have a full average of storms and precipitations." And we believe him. And we also believe that next August will have some warm days, and the number of thunder storms will depend upon the number of Sunday-school picnics.

SPRIGGINS sat down at the table last night, and, with solemn visage, propounded the following conundrum: "Why is a large fork like a very small one?" After the brains of his fellow-boarders had been puzzled over the question for some time, he immediately explained. "Because it is tiny!" He received notice from his landlady at once.

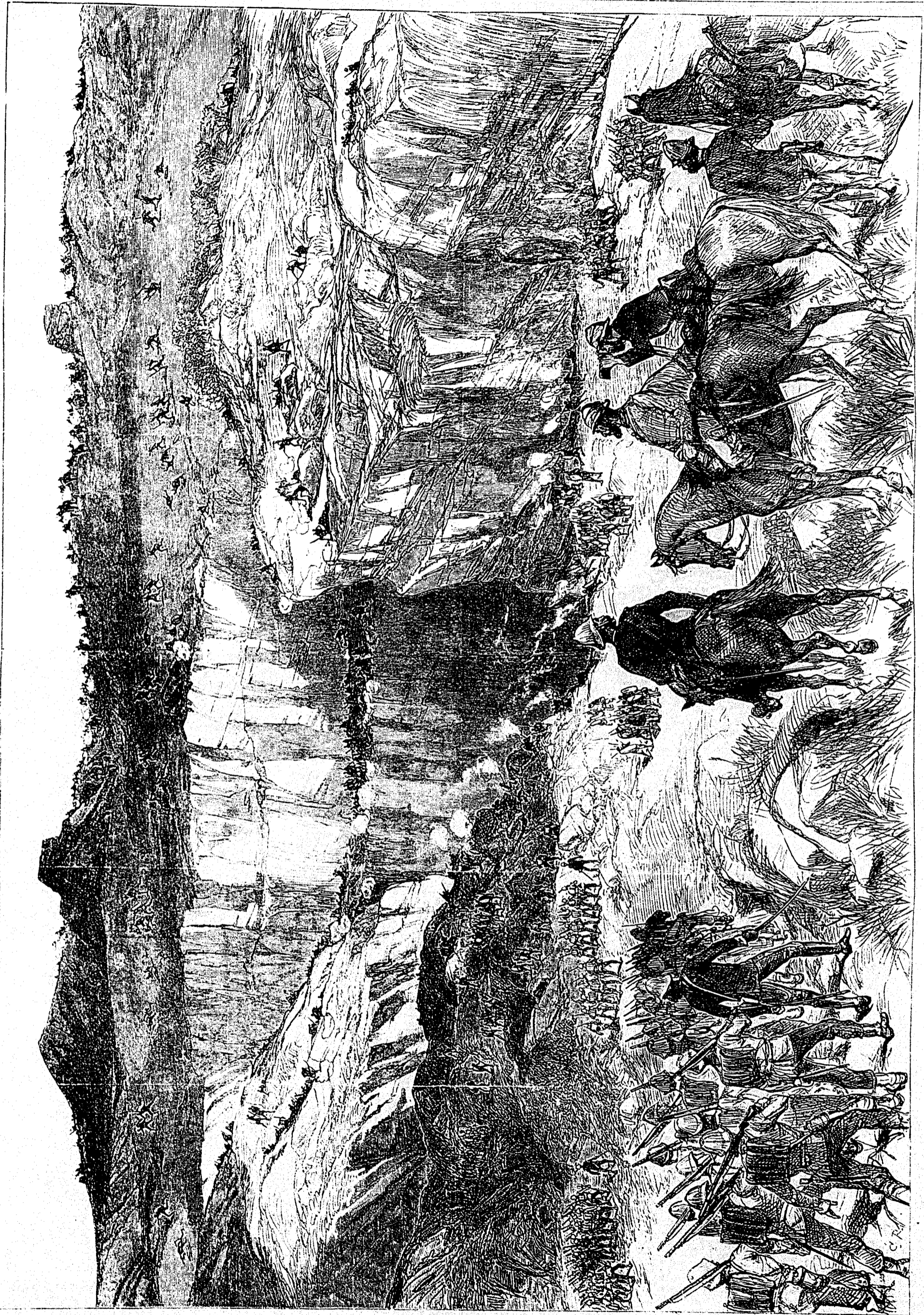
JEALOUSY is the worst of all evils, yet the one that is the least pitied by those who cause it. The only perfect Fitting Shirt made in Canada is made by TREBLE, of Hamilton. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement. Six A Number One Shirts for \$12.



MONTREAL.—CUTTING SNOW ON THE STREETS.



NEW YORK.—GRAND INTERNATIONAL WALKING MATCH AT GILMORE GARDEN.



THE ZULU WAR.—CAPTURE OF SERAYO'S STRONGHOLD, JANUARY 12.

LOCOMOTION IN OLDEN TIMES.

In these days of rapid transit, both on land and water, when every facility for comfort, convenience and despatch is afforded to the traveler, it may be curious and interesting to revert to former modes of locomotion; and in the following brief sketch, we will take, for instance, that which prevailed in this part of Canada, in the early part of the present century.

I.

SUMMER TRAVEL.

Reader, just let us take a trip from Quebec to Montreal. It is mid-summer time, and we have the choice of proceeding by land or water conveyance. The craft then plying on the river St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal, consisted of schooners and sloops, each with roughly fitted-up cabins, commanded by a French Canadian, with a crew of from four to six men of the same nationality. If the wind is fair, we may possibly reach Montreal in the course of two or three days; should it, however, prove contrary, or calm weather, we may be a week or ten days on the passage,—rather a tedious voyage,—so, as our time will not admit of such delay, we will go to the livery stables and book our names for the stage coach, which leaves at six o'clock in the morning. After our night's repose, the sonorous notes of a tin horn sound in our ears, and the rattling wheels come to a stop at the door of our residence. The luggage is safely strapped on the back of the stage, and we are comfortably ensconced in the coach. Crack goes the driver's whip, and off start four fine bay horses at a rapid pace, till we reach St. Augustin, fifteen miles from Quebec, where we change horses; and entering a neat, comfortable inn, sit down to a cleanly-laid table, and partake of a hearty breakfast of meat, eggs, coarse sweet bread, toast, butter, and tea. Having done ample justice to our repast, we are summoned to our places in the coach, and off we go again with four fine fresh steeds. The road is very even, and kept in excellent order; almost equal to our present turnpike roads. The country through which we pass is laid out in narrow strips of land for farms, which are cultivated after the rude fashion of the *habitant* of that period. The newly-mown hay sends forth its pleasant fragrance,—the men and women are busily engaged in gathering the stock for the season; patches of wheat, oats, peas, &c., promise a bountiful supply; while the little garden, adorned with flowers around the house, yields the necessary vegetable food. The grotesque attire of the *habitant*,—the men clothed with their home-spun *stoffe du pays* and *bonnet rouge*,—the women in their blue-striped petticoats, and the half-dressed urchins, form a curious group, as they cease their labour to pay a respectful obeisance to the passers-by,—the novel scene forms a pleasant reminiscence; but on, on we go, arriving next at Point-aux-Trembles, where another change of horses takes place; and fifteen miles further on brings us to Deschambault, where we are provided with a substantial dinner, served by the host and hostess in the polite and respectful manner which forms such a conspicuous and interesting characteristic of these worthy people.

The next stopping places, each fifteen miles distance, are St. Anns, Cap Santé, Champlain, and Three Rivers, where we remain for the night at a hotel far-famed in those days for its comfort, convenience and sumptuous fare, and the portly, hospitable landlady who presided over its affairs. The town of Three Rivers is situated ninety miles distant, half-way between Montreal and Quebec, on the confluence of the St. Maurice and St. Lawrence, and at that time was quite a flourishing place, being the depot for the sale of the products of the Eastern Townships; but the course of this traffic has been directed in other directions. It is, however, destined to become a rising town when the St. Maurice district is full opened up by means of railroads, &c. But to return to our travels.

Called from our slumbers to partake of a hearty breakfast, fine fresh fish forming one of the most attractive dishes, we are again seated in our coach, and with four noble steeds we continue our journey to Montreal, changing horses ever fifteen miles, at Point du Lac, Maskinongé, L'Assomption, Berthier and Lavaltrie. From the latter place four grey horses brought our coach into Montreal, which was driven up to the hotel in fine dashing style.

II.

WINTER TRAVEL.

The ground is now covered with its white mantle of snow, and we take another trip to Montreal. Our names are again looked at the same place as mentioned before, and at early dawn we proceed in a cariole to the stage office, where we embark in a capacious vehicle, roofed over on top, the sides fitted up with strong cloth curtains, and furnished inside with a good supply of Buffalo robes; two strong built Canadian horses, placed tandem, form our team. The driver, closely muffled up in a huge Buffalo-skin coat, shouts out "*Marche douc*," and on we skim over the road to the tune of the merry sleigh bells. This peculiar mode of travelling is necessitated by the narrowness of the road which admits of only one vehicle. This proves very inconvenient and uncomfortable when encountering sleighs, as is frequently the case on the route, especially on a *fête* day, when

strings of carioles with *habitants* are on their way to and from the parish churches. The same process of changing horses and sometimes drivers, occurs as previously stated. The incidents of the journey are somewhat monotonous; and now and then those famous bumps phenomenally known as *cahots*, formed by the peculiar construction of the carioles, would disturb our equilibrium, tossing us about like a ship in a heavy sea; and after a violent snow-storm the huge drifts prove a formidable obstacle to our course, sometimes causing a delay of five or six days between the two cities. The cold, keen, sharp wind will penetrate notwithstanding the closely curtained vehicle, and the warmly-heated stove is eagerly sought at the various stopping places, where we meet again with that kind and polite attention from the brawny *habitant* lasses in laying off our cumbersome winter traps on our arrival, and readjusting them on our departure.

What a change has come over the scene since our summer trip! "The harvest is past and the summer is gone," and the out-door work of the *habitant* is now cutting and drawing fuel from the woods, feeding and taking care of the cattle. The flail is pounding out the grain on barn floor, the *bonne femme* and daughters are busy at the loom, spinning wheel, or knitting stockings, the aged *grand-père* is quietly sitting smoking his pipe in the corner, an object of great veneration and respect, a creditable characteristic of the *habitant* being the affectionate regard paid to their aged parents. Again we reach the welcome half-way house at Three Rivers, where a good substantial supper and clean warm bed awaits us, with a cheerful greeting of our worthy hostess. At break of day we hastily partake of a cup of fragrant coffee, don our robes for the continuation of our journey, and at evening enter the streets of Montreal, then dimly illuminated with the "light of other days." Thus, gentle reader, we travelled in olden time; just compare it with locomotion nowadays—"tout cela est changé."

Quebec.

G. S. P.

HEARTH AND HOME.

HYPOCRISY AND TACT.—Many people are so ignorant of all the proprieties of life that they have no other idea of tact than as a species of hypocrisy, and never fail, on opportunity, to characterize it as such. But to the mind capable of the least discrimination the two are as wide apart as are the poles. For hypocrisy is the dumb show of lying, but tact is rather a method employed to avoid lying. Hypocrisy says, "There is no pit here," and skips gaily across; but tact, saying nothing at all about the pit, cries, "Ah, how pleasant it is in the other direction! Let us go that way." Hypocrisy never hesitates to lie; tact never allows occasion for one.

DEFINITENESS OF AIM.—Half the intellectual failures of the present day come from a lack of definite aim and an unflinching devotion to some special pursuit. When so many interesting fields of inquiry are open, it requires a Roman fortitude of mind to purposely give up all save one or two. But this is precisely what a man must do if he means to make his power tell in the world. To concentrate is to master something eventually, while to diffuse one's time and energy is to acquire a great mass of imperfect knowledge, and to hold superficially a multitude of disconnected facts. There is not a part of the human body, or a branch of any science, upon which one could not spend a lifetime of work and yet leave much untouched.

THE UNATTAINABLE.—As long as there is the slightest probability that you can have a thing which it is proper for you to have, "want" it as much as you like—wish for it, dream of it, strive for it; but, when it is out of reach, make up your mind that it would be undesirable. Forget it, if you find that possible—and much more is possible in that way than one would suppose—and you are all right. There are so many things one can have in this world; but to the foolish man the unattainable is always most precious, whether it be the position that never can be his, the fortune which it is impossible for him to accumulate, or the honour to which he dares not aspire.

WORK AND TRAINING.—It is not the amount of work accomplished that exhausts the strength and leads to a break-down; it is the effort made, and the worry of making it, that overtax the energy of control and the strength of action. Perhaps one of the most prolific causes of collapse in recent times has been the lack of training. This is not sufficiently recognized. In the old days of "apprenticeship" and slowly built-up qualifications for work, youths were especially trained for their business in life, and the difficulties of the career came upon them gradually. Now one-half of the labourers in any department of industry have entered it in some sudden way, and industry has become a general *mêlée*, in which those who can by effort accomplish the greater results are counted successful. The effortless, though not always the least capable, are vanquished.

TURKISH PROVERBS.—Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fish know it not, the Lord will. Who fears God need not fear man. If a man would live in peace, he should be blind, deaf and dumb. A small stone often makes a great noise. A foolish friend is at times a greater annoyance than a wise enemy. If thy foe be as small as a quail, fancy him as large as an elephant. A friend is worth more than a kins-

man. If my beard is burnt, others try to light their pipes at it. The dogs bark, but the caravan passes. You'll not sweeten your mouth by saying "Honey." They who know most are oftenest cheated. More is learned from conversation than from books. He rides seldom who never rides any but a borrowed horse. The fish that escapes appears greater than it is. Trust not to the whiteness of his turban; he bought the soap on credit.

TO THE MARRIED.—Married life is not all made up of sunshine and peace. Shadows will sometimes darken the domestic horizon; the sun will often hide behind a cloud which apparently has no silver lining. But do not fret over it. Make up your mind to start anew. Begin a white new leaf in your book of experience, and try to forget the blots and erases on the last one. Above all things, preserve sacredly the privacies of your house, heart, and married life. No good is gained by imparting to relative or friend the sorrows and disappointments you endure; and sooner or later you are sure to regret making such a confidence. There are few who can be trusted with the secrets of your daily life; there are few who will not whisper the story of your marital difficulties to some "dear confidential friend," and soon your private affairs are freely discussed by all your acquaintances, and commented upon without stint, furnishing food for gossip over many a tea-table. Build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace.

THE HEART.—A popular error, of countless ages of duration, has assigned to the heart functions which it has not and cannot have; and the language of nearly all nations has consecrated this delusion. In the heart it places the passions and feelings of the mind; and a "hard heart," a "bad heart," a "kind heart," expressed in brief terms the amount of the error which ascribed to a hollow, muscular organ, insensible under ordinary circumstances, the great, and noble, and tender passions which ornament or dishonour humanity. But although such delusions have been long exploded—with the scientific world—enough of interest still attaches to this organ to render it worthy of all attention. Its mysterious, unceasing rhythmic action, hitherto unexplained; the strength and peculiar character of its muscular fibres; its supply of nerves and of nervous power from a source which seems to remove it from the control of the mind or will; and the unknown way by which, notwithstanding, it betrays the secret feelings of the soul, becoming the tell-tale of that of which it can know nothing; the necessity which connects its motion with life; all these are points which give to its anatomy an interest second only to the brain itself.

GROWING OLD.—The dead are the only people that never grow old. Your little brother or sister that died long ago remains, in death and remembrance, the same young thing, for ever. It is fourteen years this evening since the writer's sister left this world. She was fifteen years old then—she is fifteen years old yet. I have grown old, since then, by fourteen years, but she has never changed as they advanced; and if I am spared to fourscore, I never shall think of her other than the youthful creature she faded. The other day I listened as a poor woman told the death of her first-born child. He was two years old. She had a small washing green, across which was stretched a rope that came in the middle close to the ground. The boy was leaning on the rope, swinging backwards and forwards, and shouting with delight. The mother went into the cottage and lost sight of him for a minute; and when she returned, the little man was lying across the rope, dead! It had got under his chin; he had not sense to push it away, and he was suffocated. The mother told me, and I believe truly, that she had never been the same person since then; she thought of her child as an infant of two years yet. Had her child lived he would have been twenty years old now; he died, and he is only two; he is two yet—will never be more than two. The little rosy face of that morning, and the little half-articulate voice, would have been faintly remembered by the mother had they gradually died away into boyhood and manhood; but that stereotyped them, and they remained unchanged.

VARIETIES.

RIFE OLD AGE.—Living to a ripe old age is not yet one of the "lost arts." The illustrious Pius IX. was spared to see his 86th year. Count de Waldeck, who died three years ago, was past 100. The Emperor of Germany is 82. Marshal MacMahon is 72. The late M. Thiers was over 80, and the historian Guizot had reached 87. Lord Brougham was 89, Lord Palmerston 81, and Earl Russell 86. William Cullen Bryant was past 83. Richard H. Dana, who introduced Bryant to the public, is still living in Boston at the age of 91. Mr. Longfellow is 71, and Whittier has passed 75. Charles O'Connor is 73. Cardinal M'Closkey is 68, and Pope Leo XIII. is the same. Mr. Gladstone is 74. Carlyle is 83, and still bright. Emerson is 75, and Victor Hugo 76. Chief Justice Taney was 87. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, lived to see 91. John Adams reached 92, and Thomas Jefferson 83. Martin Van Buren was almost 80. Stephen Girard died at 81, and John Jacob Astor at 85. Andrew Jackson was 74, James Buchanan 77, John Tyler 74, and Millard Fillmore the same. Caleb Cushing and George Bancroft are each 78. Young men, don't be

discouraged. Take good care of yourselves, keep out of debt, go home early at night, and you may all go into the seventies.

ENGLISH IMPERIALISM.—The Imperialism which in truth disquiets those whose ideal of policy is England's minding her own business is an old, not a new, habit of mind with Englishmen—a native, not a borrowed, principle. It is rooted in the conviction that England has inherited other interests and obligations besides those of her domestic prosperity, her accumulated wealth, and her profitable commerce. To guard the multifarious and complex interests of our Indians dominions, our colonies, and our dependencies all over the world, seems to the majority of the English people a duty that they owe to those who went before them, and to those who will come after them. To turn aside deliberately from watching the enterprises of a great and aggressive power does not appear to them to be "minding England's own business," in any large and generous sense, but rather an indolent and cowardly rejection of national responsibilities. The time is not opportune for drawing back. To recede from the position which the country has occupied would be to incur enormous risks, and to impair an inheritance that is not ours to fling away. Now, more than at any time since the close of the Revolutionary War, is it manifest that all the empires of the earth are on their trial. If England is unable to hold her own, the ruin of her retreat cannot be measured. A nation on which have devolved the cares of a world-wide empire dars not be deaf to the warning of Goethe:—

Du musst steigen oder sinken;
Du musst herrschen und gewinnen.
Oder dienen und verlieren.
Leiden oder triumphieren,
Ambos oder Hammer sein!

ARTISTIC ECCENTRICITIES.—In traversing the grand galleries of paintings in Europe one is constantly annoyed by the astounding anachronism and ignorance of manners and customs in the times anterior to their own which most of the artists exhibit. Take the following as illustrations:—Tintoretto, an Italian painter, in a picture of the Children of Israel gathering manna, has taken the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns. Cigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of the infant Savior; and, as aged men in these days wear spectacles, has shown his sagacity by placing them on Simeon's nose. In a picture by Verrio of Christ healing the sick the lookers-on are represented as standing with periwigs on their heads. To match, or rather, to exceed this ludicrous representation, Durer has painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flounces. The same painter, in his scene of Peter denying Christ, represents a Roman soldier very comfortably smoking a pipe of tobacco. A Dutch painter, in a picture of the wise men worshipping the Holy Child, has drawn one of them in a large white surplice and in boots and spurs, and he is in the act of presenting to the child a model of a Dutch man-of-war. In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up his son, instead of the patriarch "stretching forth his hand and taking the knife," as the Scripture informs us, he is represented using a more effectual instrument—he is holding to Isaac's head a *blunderbuss*. Berlin represents in a picture the Virgin and Child listening to a violin; and in another picture he has drawn King David playing the harp at the marriage of Christ with St. Catharine. A French artist has drawn, with true French taste, the Lord's Supper, with the table ornamented with tumblers, filled with cigar lighters; and, as if to crown the list of these absurd and ludicrous anachronisms, the Garden of Eden has been drawn with Adam and Eve in all their primeval simplicity and virtue, while near them, in full costume, is seen a hunter with a gun, shooting ducks.

LITERARY.

LETTERS from Byron, Moore, Rogers, Montgomery, and others celebrated in literature at the beginning of the century, will be found in the two-volume "Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson, B.D., written by his son, and published by Macmillan. There are letters from Mrs. Leigh, full of her "daring brother," Byron.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER, while staying with Mr. Alfred Tennyson in the Isle of Wight, has executed a very remarkable portrait of the poet in black chalk, from which he intends painting a portrait in water-colours to be exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery next May. He will also make an etching from his drawing, which is affirmed to be "a striking likeness, full of character and vigour."

The Manuscript Department of the British Museum has acquired a large collection of papers relating to John Wilkes. They comprise many unpublished documents, among which the most interesting are a fragment of autobiography and a commonplace book. The most important particulars in these papers will be incorporated in a new work on Wilkes, which Mr. W. Fraser Rae, the author of "Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox: the Opposition under George III." is now preparing.

The last number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains an account and full extracts from Robert Burns' Edinburgh Commonplace Book, the original MS. of which is in the possession of the publisher. It was used by Dr. Currie in the preparation of his edition of Burns' Life and Works in 1803, and again by Alexander Smith in preparing the "Golden Treasury" and "Globe" editions. But important letters and interesting variations in poems will now be made public for the first time.

It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunken Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement, to TRABLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY—UNITED IRISHMEN—HAMILTON'S GLORIOUS EXAMPLE—THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY—NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

Irishmen and Irishwomen, in all parts of Canada, may turn their eyes towards Hamilton and behold their fellow-countrymen actually dwelling together in unity. If the harp that once through Tara's halls could only be turned up in this city, what sweet and tender melodies would float out in the peaceful air!

In the evening a dramatic entertainment took place in St. Patrick's Hall and a large audience was delighted with the "Irish Agent."

The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society gave a concert and lecture in the Mechanics' Hall to a very fair audience. The Philharmonic Society opened the programme with one of Haydn's symphonies, and later on the same Society rendered the overture "Sophonisba" by Paer.

On the evening of the following day the first annual dinner of the St. Patrick's Society of United Irishmen took place at the Mansion House. The hall was tastefully decorated with the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes and the flag of Canada.

The President referred to the success of the inauguration of this Society of Irishmen of all creeds. They all loved their native land, and had many pleasant memories of it, and he trusted that on all future celebrations they might meet and say to their fellow Irishmen, "Aye my lads, we're brothers on St. Patrick's Day."

Speeches were made by Hon. F. Leland, Adam Brown, Esq., Mr. J. R. Martin, Mr. Geo. Barton, Mr. D. McCulloch, Mr. Howells, Mr. E. Martin, Q.C., Alex. Bruce, Abt. Cartthers, Dr. Ryall, ex-Ald. C. Foster, D. E. Sheppard, R. J. Duggan, J. H. Hogan, John Ronan, Dr. Filgiano, Col. Patton, D. McCullough of the Spectator, Wm. Carey, also of the Spectator, Abt. Kavanagh, P. Ronan, J. C. Mahoney, E. Abercrombie, C. L. Thomas, Wm. Griffiths, J. E. Martin of Cayuga, Geo. R. Barton of Dundas, Geo. Ross, A. L. Reeves, jun., Geo. Lee, A. Patton, &c., &c.

It is, indeed, strange to find Irishmen of all creeds thus fraternizing around the festive board to do honour to Ireland's Patron Saint. How much more commendable is it to thus meet and enjoy a "feast of reason and a flow of soul" than to parade around in bitter antagonism, flinging bricks and mud, and finally wind up by pounding one and other into jelly.

It will thus be seen that St. Patrick's Day was duly celebrated in Hamilton. The proceedings were so varied and continuous as to admit of every body taking part, and doubtless every Irishman and woman felt their hearts swell with pride as the incidents brushed up their memories of the "Old Sod." The har-

moniousness and good-natured pleasantry which characterized the whole celebration could not fail to make them feel more contented with their Canadian home.

W. F. McMAHON. Hamilton, March 29th, 1879.

BRELOQUES POUR LAMES.

"Woes cluster; they love a train," remarks the sage, which the same it may be said of women; but of the two give us the women.

A HAPPY mother of male twins enthusiastically refers to her treasures as her "sweet boy and boy."

AN East Earl (Ind.) young woman has spoken to no one but her mother and two sisters in sixteen years. She is keeping a vow she made when a child, because her father whipped her.

DR. COY'S little boy, aged six, thinks God must have a good deal of confidence in his father or he wouldn't intrust him with so many babies to distribute.

"MOTHER is all the time telling me not to bolt my food," said the small boy, "and now she has gone and bolted up the cupboard that has got all the company victuals."

"There are too many women in the world; sixty thousand more women than men in Massachusetts," growled the husband. "That is the 'survival of the fittest,' my dear," replied the wife.

THE girl who "hates oysters" at home is always at a church festival, with her appetite in readiness, and an earnest desire to tackle anything for the good of the cause and the young man who parts his hair in the middle.

A YOUNG girl, being in a Sherburn store, and seeing a man exchange two one-pound rolls of butter for tobacco, innocently inquired, "where the pay of the poor woman who made the butter came in?"

It is an odd thing that a young man's mother cannot get him to bring up a hod of coal, when a young woman not half as old, who lives across the street, can persuade him by a single glance of the eye to clean off the sidewalk with alacrity and a broken shovel.

AND when you find it necessary to refuse a matrimonial proposal, do not tell of it. In the first place, your own honour and delicacy should keep you silent, and in the second place, your rejected suitor will never admit that he was rejected in this world.

FAT cook (with conscious blushes, to the lady who wants to engage her): "As to there bein' no followers allowed, mum, you might recollect, as you've been single yourself; and a girl as is rather showy in figger can't well help 'em comin' about."

WHEN a Hartford woman patted her friend's seven-year-old youngster on the head and said, "I should like to have such a little boy as you are," he looked up into her face and replied: "Well, I guess you can. I don't believe God's lost the pattern of me."

MISS LILLIE MATTHEWS, of Paris, Ky., in her attendance upon the Christian Sunday-school, has exhibited a punctuality worthy of imitation. For four years she has not missed a Sunday, nor failed to bring her mite for the contribution box.

SOMEbody has said that love is blind. This is curious. We have noticed that when the love business wears off a young married couple that they struggle desperately for the largest piece of beefsteak placed at the other end of the table.

A BASHFUL young man could defer the momentous question no longer, so he stammered: "Martha, I—I—do—you—must have—are you aware that the good book says—er—says that it is not good that man should be alone?" "Then hadn't you better run home to your mother?" Martha coolly suggested.

THE Pioneer says that a good joke is told on one of Niobrara's enterprising young men. He was visiting at a place where there was a young widow with two bright boys. One of the little scamps went to the door and called to the other: "Come in and see our new papa."

A LITTLE girl was asked by her mother, on her return from church, how she liked the preacher. "Didn't like him at all," was the reply. "Why?" asked her mother. "Cause he preached till he made me sleepy, and then hollered so loud he wouldn't let me go to sleep."

IN 1695, in the township of Eastham, Mass., a regulation was made that every unmarried man should kill six blackbirds and three crows a year as long as he remained single. If he neglected this order, and wished to marry, he was not allowed to do so till he had shot his full number of birds.

"O husband!" said Mrs. Ophelia McMunn, as she gazed at her willful and passionate son, "Where that boy got his temper I never could see;

"I'm certain he never could take it from me." "No doubt, my dear wife, your assertion is true; I never have missed any temper from you."

A GENTLEMAN, who has just had a family tomb constructed, takes his wife to the cemetery, and she recoils with horror on beholding cut in the stone: "To the memory of my beloved wife—eternal regrets." "But I am not dead," she cries. "I know it, darling, but I wished to please you by showing you what my affection would lead me to say when you die."

"Now, John, do you always, when you are down town engaged in the hurry and worry of business—do you always think of your darling at home?" said the affectionate young wife as she reached up on tiptoe for the parting morning kiss.

"Yes, my dear, always." "What, always?" "Well—h-a-r-d-l-y always." This is printed just to show that there can be a variation from that standard Pinafore refrain.

BURLESQUE.

HOW SHE DESCRIBED IT.—He was a bald-headed bachelor, whose heart for the first time had been moved by the tender passion.

"Then you confess," he said in a tremulous voice to the object of his regards, "that you like me a little—that you admire certain qualities of my head?"

"Yes," shyly responded the young lady. "And may I ask," he continued in a voice of emotion, "what those qualities are?"

"I can hardly explain," said the young lady, bashfully, "but I think it is because your head is so mellifluous—I can't express it more clearly."

"And you can never know how I appreciate your high opinion," exclaimed the happy bachelor, as he pressed her hand.

He didn't know just what "mellifluous" meant, but he was sure it was the synonym for something grand and ennobling, and when he bade her good-night he rushed eagerly home, excitedly took down the dictionary and feverishly turned to the endeared word. His blood changed to ice as he read— "Smooth, soft, mellow."

WOMEN CROSSING THE STREET.—How women cross the street has been made a subject of observation and study by Dr. E. M. Hale of Chicago. He says: "A lady starts to cross the street; when she gets one-third or half-way over she sees a team approaching; the driver, in nearly every instance watches her movements, and seeks to drive in behind her. If she keeps on her way, all is well. If she only stands still she is perfectly safe. But here comes in the strange and fatal idiosyncrasy of her sex. Just as the driver thinks he can safely drive behind her, she stops, starts back a few steps, and, unless the driver is prompt and draws his horse back on his haunches, the woman is under his feet or knocked down. Then come the hue and cry that the driver is to blame. How can he help it? All teams cannot be driven on a walk and do the business of a great city. I have asked many of the policemen who guard the crossings at the intersections, and they all testify to this universal habit in ladies. 'They all do it,' said one of them to me, 'and I have all I can do to keep them from backing under horses' feet.' If your reporter will ask a thousand men who drive actively through our streets, they will all confirm my assertions. I write this in all kindness and sympathy, and would seriously call the attention of the women to the great risk they run by a blind and thoughtless adherence to this instinctive habit."

Cross directly over, ladies. No gentleman will permit you to be run over.

A PAINFUL MISTAKE.—Only that our duty compels to tell the news we should keep still about the matter. It seems that Tuesday forenoon Bill Capton got the idea that there were prospects of snow. To satisfy his mind on the subject he stepped out in front of the store to make observations, and striking an attitude of wild but graceful abandon, he was soon lost in contemplation of the sky. While he stood thus, like a statue of Apollo, a farmer from Marine walked into the store, and called on Lon for twenty-five cents' worth of five cent cigars. "We don't sell cigars," said Lon. "What?" "We don't sell cigars." "Never?" "No, never." "Never?" "Well, hardly ever." "Jupiter!" exclaimed the farmer, "this is the first tobacco store I ever saw where they did not sell cigars."

"This ain't no tobacco store," protested Lon indignantly. "It is a cigar store," insisted the farmer. "I will take my affidavit on a stack of Bibles, that this is a stove store," yelled Lon.

"Well," said the puzzled farmer, pointing through the window to the imposing figure of the stately Bill, "this is the first time I ever saw the image of an Indian stuck up for a sign in front of a stove store."

The funeral of the farmer will occur at Marine, on Sunday. Friends and relatives are invited to attend.

A NEW ORDER.—The other day, after a strapping young man had sold a load of corn and potatoes on the market and had taken his team to a hotel barn to "feed," it became known to the men around the barn that he was very desirous of joining some secret society in town. When questioned he admitted that such was the case, and the boys at once offered to initiate him into a new order, called "The Cavaliers of Caveo."

He was told that it was twice as secret as Freemasonry, much nicer than Oddfellowship, and the cost was only two dollars. In case he had the toothache he could draw five dollars per week from the relief fund, and he was entitled to receive ten dollars for every headache, and twenty-five dollars for a sore throat.

The young man thought he had struck a big thing, and after eating a hearty dinner he was taken into a storeroom above the barn to be initiated. The boys poured cold water down his back, put flour on his hair, swore him to kill his mother, if commanded, and rushed him around for an hour without a single complaint from his lips. When they had finished he enquired: "Now I'm one of the Cavaliers of Caveo, am I?"

"You are," they answered. "Nothing more to learn, is there?" "Nothing."

"Well, then, I'm going to lick the whole crowd!" continued the candidate, and he went at it, and before he got through he had his two dollars initiation fee back, and three more to boot, and had knocked everybody down two or three times apiece.

He didn't seem greatly disturbed in mind as he drove out of the barn. On the contrary, his hat was slanted over, he had a fresh five-cent cigar in his teeth, and he mildly said to one of the barn-boys:—

"Say, boy, if you hear of any cavaliers asking for a Caveo about my size, tell 'em I'll be in on the full of the moon to take the Royal Skyfogle degrees."

MR. BLIFFIN'S FIRST BABY.—The first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into this "breathing world," as the late W. Shakspeare has it, he took command in our house. Everything was subservient to him. He regulated the temperature, he regulated the servants, he regulated me. For the first six months of that precious baby's existence, he had me up, on an average, six times a night.

"Mr. Bliffins," said my wife, "bring a light, do; the baby looks strangely; I am afraid it will have a fit."

Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist, like the little bear that he was.

"Mr. Bliffins," says my wife, "I think I feel a draft of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because baby might get ill."

Nothing was the matter with the window, as I very well knew.

"Mr. Bliffins," said my wife, just as I was going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have placed it, shines directly in baby's eyes. Strange that you have no more consideration."

I arranged the light and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping to sleep my wife said, "Mr. Bliffins, did you think to buy that broom to-day for the baby?"

"My dear," said I, "will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?"

She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scapegoat. I forgave her, and without saying a word to her I addressed myself to sleep.

"Mr. Bliffins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must not snore so; you will wake the baby."

"Just so—just so," said I, half asleep, thinking I was Solon Shingle.

"Mr. Bliffins," said my wife, "will you get up and hand me that warm gruel from the nurse-lamp for baby? The dear child! If it wasn't for his mother I don't know what he would do. How can you sleep so, Mr. Bliffins?"

"I suspect, my dear," said I, "that it is because I am tired."

"Oh, it's very well for you men to talk about being tired," said my wife. "I don't know what you would say if you had to toil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby."

I tried to soothe her by telling her she had no patience, and got up for the posset.

Having aided in answering the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed again, with the hope of sleeping.

"Oh, dear!" said that inestimable woman, in great apparent anguish: "how can a man, who has arrived at the honour of a live baby of his own, sleep when he don't know that the dear creature will live until morning?"

I remained silent, and, after a while, deeming that Mrs. Bliffins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose.

How long I slept I don't know, but I was awakened by a furious jab in the forehead with some sharp instrument.

I started up, and Mrs. Bliffins was sitting up in bed, adjusting the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-somnolence, mistaken my head for a nocturnal pincushion.

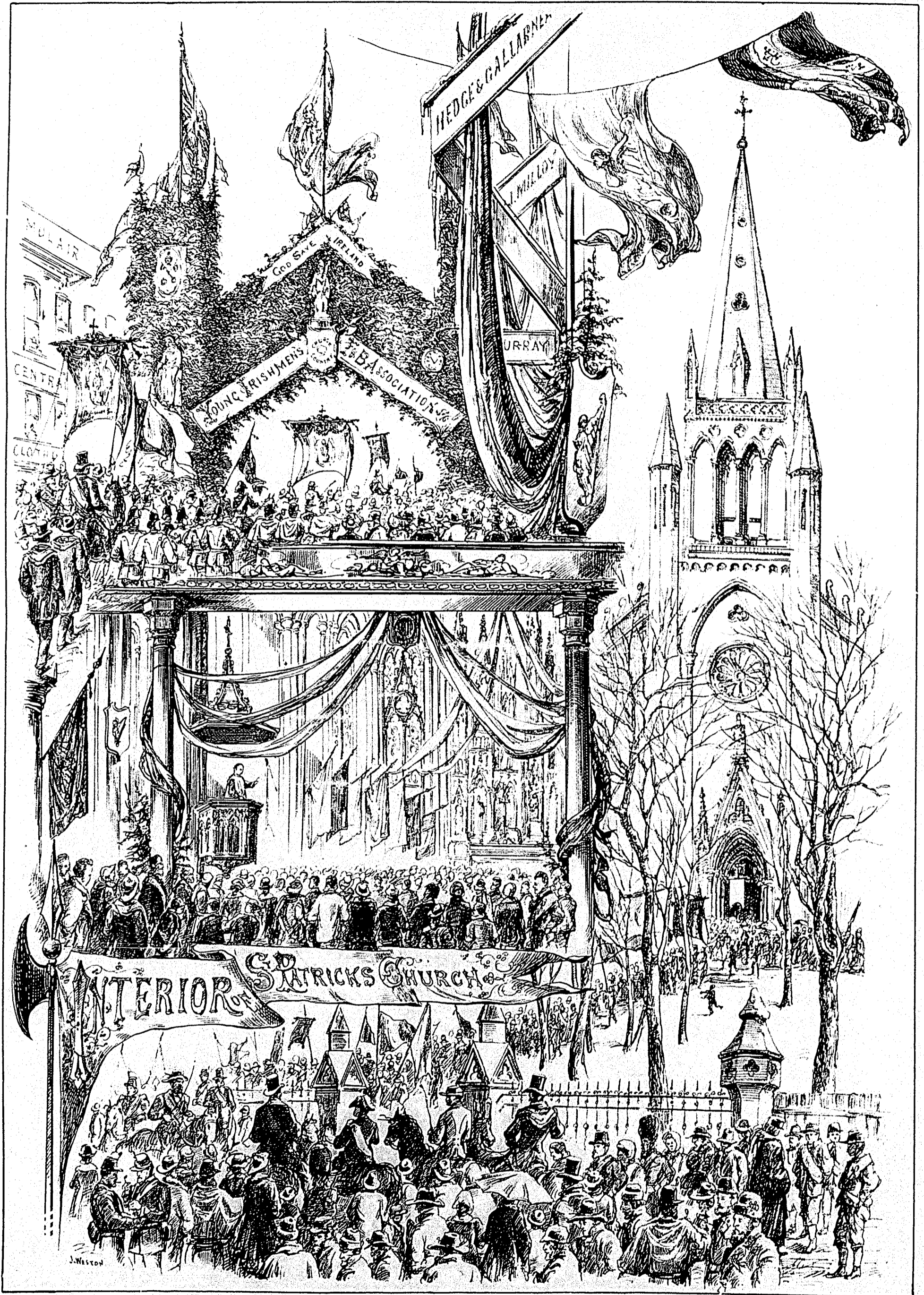
I protested against such treatment in somewhat round terms, pointing to several perforations in my forehead. She told me I should willingly suffer such trifling ills for the baby. I insisted upon it that I did not think my duty as a parent to the immortal required the surrender of my forehead as a pincushion.

This was one of the many nights passed in this way.

The truth was, that baby was what every man's first baby is—an autocrat, absolute and unlimited.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

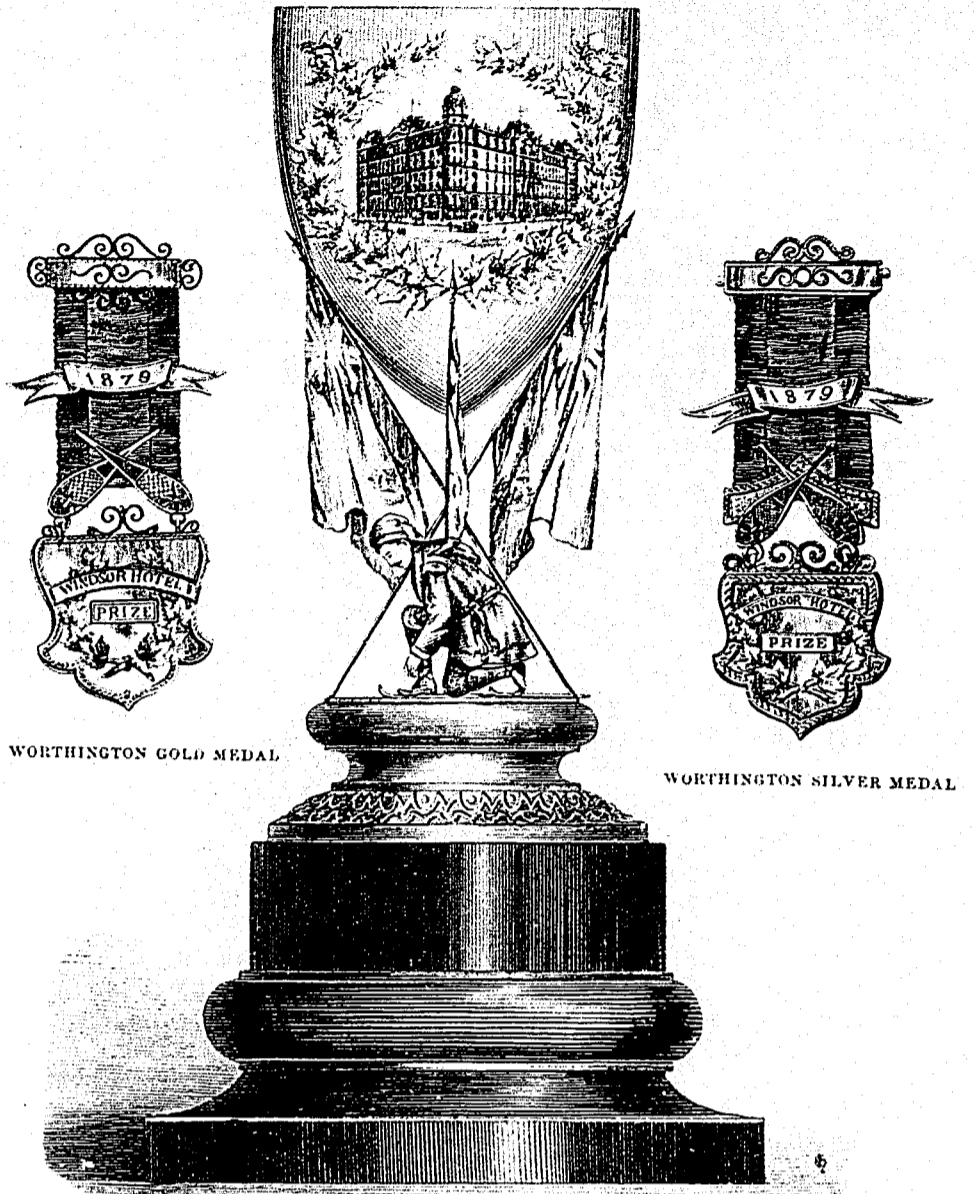
The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.



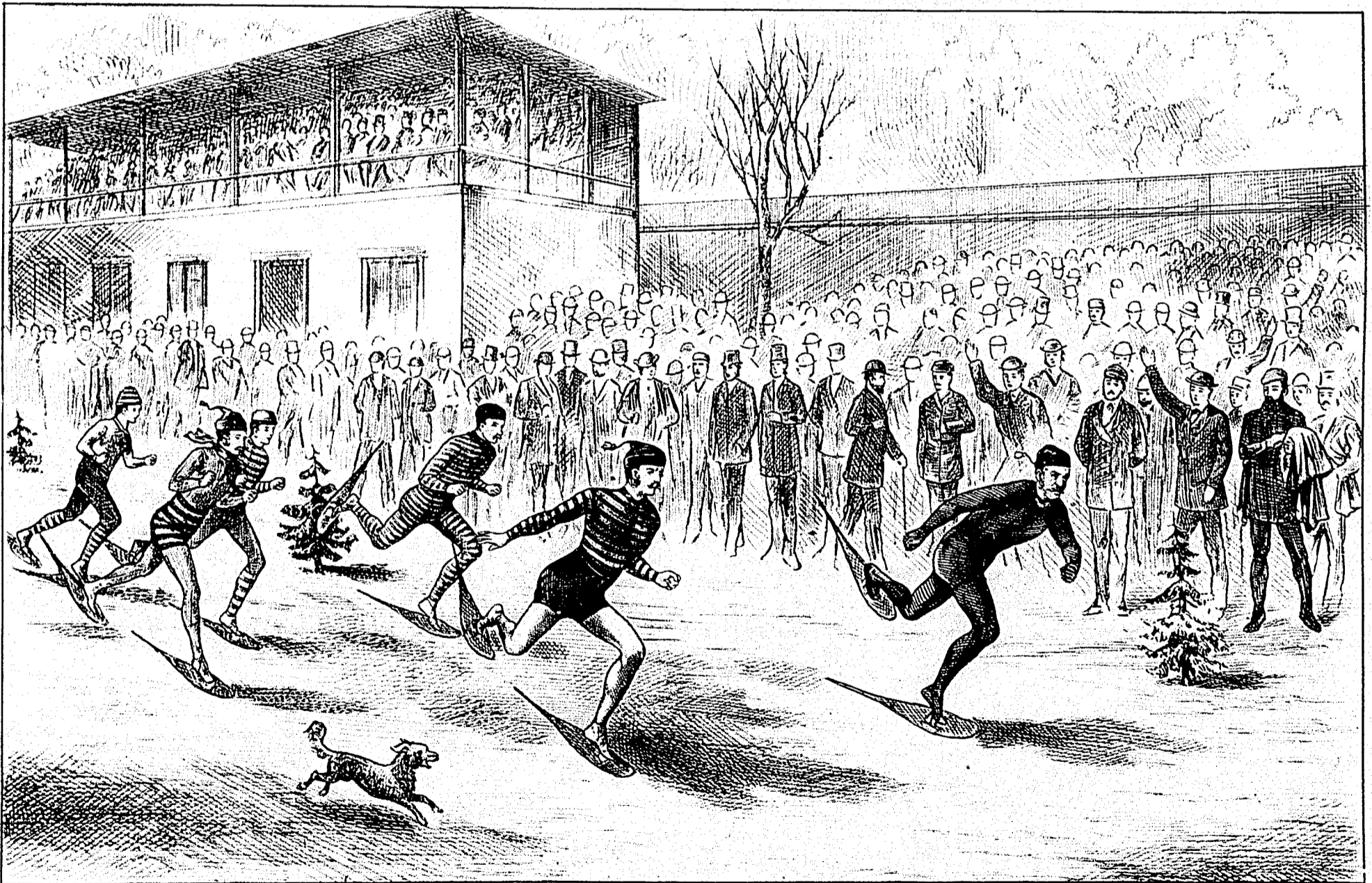
MONTREAL.—CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.



MR. CHARLES LAMOTHE, ST. GEORGE'S S. S. CLUB, WINNER OF THE WORTHINGTON CUP.



THE WORTHINGTON CUP OPEN TO ALL THE SNOW-SHOE CLUBS OF THE DOMINION.



MONTREAL.—ONE MILE RACE FOR THE WORTHINGTON CUP.

SNOWED UNDER.

Of a thousand things that the Year snowed under—
The busy old year that has gone away—
How many will bloom in the Spring, I wonder,
Brought to life by the sun of May?
Will the rose-tree branches, so wholly hidden
That never a rose-tree seems to be,
At the sweet Spring's call come forth as bidden,
And bud in beauty and bloom for me?

Will the fair green Earth, whose throbbing bosom
Is hid like a maid's in her gown at night,
Wake out of her sleep and with blade and blossom
Gem her carments to please my sight?
Over the knoll in the valley wonder,
The loveliest buttercups bloomed and grew,
When the snow has gone that drifted them under,
Will they shoot up sunward and bloom anew?

When wild winds blew and sleet-storm pelted
I lost a jewel of priceless worth;
If I walk that way when snows have melted,
Will the gem gleam up from the bare brown earth?
I laid a love that was dead or dying
For the Year to bury and hide from sight;
But out of a trance will it waken, crying,
And push to my heart like a leaf to the light?

Under the snow lie things so cherished—
Hopes, ambitions, and dreams of men,
Faces that vanished, and trusts that perished—
Never to sparkle or live again.
The old Year greedily grasped his plunder,
And covered it over and hurried away.
Of the thousand things that he hid, I wonder
How many will rise at the call of May?
O how young Year, with your hands held under
Your mantle of ermine, tell me, pray!

BENEATH THE WAVE.

Owing to the miscarriage of one of the advance sheets, we have to postpone the sequel of this interesting story for one or two numbers. The tale is now verging to a close.

MY COMEDY.

I.

Dramatic writing has no special charms for me. In the plight I had been in, a struggle of some painful years, if, reversing a great English dramatist's career, I had thought that a trowel would have led to speedier results than a pen, I should have at once adopted the mechanical calling.

I had battled for actual existence, winning my bread crust by crust. At last I was fortunate in securing the publication of some stories. It happened that an English playwright had clapper-clawed an anonymous story of mine, and had put it in action on the London stage. I owed this person no grudge, but was rather grateful for the accident. I wrote, telling him he was perfectly welcome to my crude material. In a courteous reply, in which some remuneration was offered me, the author suggested "that perhaps in dramatic composition there might be an opening for me." In the letter were enclosed a few words of introduction to the manager of a New York theatre. I at once accepted the situation. Very deliberately I set to work to write my first play, and, although my poor mother almost starved during the time necessary for its production, at last my drama was completed. Strangely enough, by sheer luck, my first work found a theatre. Whether from want of merit, dramatic construction, or because it was at the end of the season, my play was withdrawn after a few weeks' performance. If not the success I had wished, at least it was no failure.

Knitting my brows with a feeling rather akin to anger, I made another venture, and wrote a second piece. This new effort was fortunate even beyond its deserts, yet I can not say I felt the elation I was longing for. Such applause as I received I only considered as the interest on a capital spent during some years of toil and privation. At least, my pride was no longer wounded. I had finally emerged from that most painful of all situations—that of writing jargon, who waits hungrily for such lumps of literary garbage as may be thrown him. Thanks to rather an old head on young shoulders, such unmeaning or unsubstantial compliments as I received I took exactly for what they were worth. All I believed was that, having found a vocation, my work was now really to begin. Without being sordid, I was grateful for the money I had earned. Thank God, it gave me the opportunity to surround a mother with some few of the comforts which my former extreme poverty had deprived her of.

A third piece of mine had been accepted by a leading manager. Having completed my task under less stress, perhaps with a certain degree of spontaneity, for the first time I felt surer of success. Still, the school of misfortune had left its impress on me. With most men an improved physical condition rapidly effaces former mental sufferings. If I was not exactly morbid, and did not recur to those troubles which had been, nevertheless a certain elasticity of spirits was foreign to my name. Without being morose, I was not genial.

That pleasing *bonhomie*, that graceful ease, that hail-fellow-well-met manner some of my contemporaries possessed, which undoubtedly surmounted many a difficulty, I did not have. People on the stage did not know me as Dick, for Dick would not riot nor hobnob with the best of them. Even had Mr. Launcelot, the

manager, slapped me on the back, I should have been quick to resent the liberty.

Mr. Richard Carter was not a favourite in the green-room. As that channel into which was to be filtered all the rapid nonsense, the private bickerings, the senseless jealousies of stage people, I was the most undesirable of confidants. Intent solely on the business I was engaged in, when my rehearsals came, and it was necessary to impart instruction, I gave it, possibly, in a pedagogic way. Why should I not have done so? If I had not taught a night school some few years before, I should have starved, and possibly the insistent manners of the schoolmaster still remained.

My relationship, then, with professional people was of a restricted kind. A certain glitter of very thin metal, a resonance that was jarring, a tension too prone to snapping, an over-gushing from a very scanty emotional source, a facial contortion simply indicative of muscular suppleness, which I deemed all these people had, made them distasteful to me. I suppose I should have waited until the comedians had emerged from the house in order to appreciate some natural differences. But in their homes I knew none of them. Having little time to waste, such invitations I might have been honoured with, as to dinners at certain artistic club with the men, or to gay reunions with the women, I had politely declined. "Carter is a bear," I had heard it intimated, and Richard Carter had very carelessly accepted the ursine characteristics.

Mr. Launcelot, the manager, had said to me more than once words to this effect: "My dear boy" (Mr. Launcelot would have been familiar with a grandee of Spain after an introduction of five minutes), "you don't advertise yourself. Now, I wouldn't have you eccentric. It really doesn't pay talent nowadays to wear hair hanging around one's shoulders, nor to sport a dress-coat lined with cherry-coloured satin; but really you don't show enough."

"My brilliancy does not shine, then, through my bushel basket? Is that what you are driving at?" I asked.

"A certain amount of intimacy with the people behind the curtain is a necessity. You don't—indeed you don't—seem to be enough with us. Now, please don't allow your pride to run away with you. Please don't get it into your noddle that any of our ladies want to make love to you. I am rather inclined to think they enjoy sometimes a quiet laugh at your expense. Don't you pose just a trifle? I would not for the world be officious in proffering my advice, but, on my word, you are the most unsociable human being I ever met with. I can't say you are modest, for, by George! you hector me at times, and have a most obstinate way of asserting your right. You aren't tricky, or anything that way, and are a serious man, and I believe good to tie to—only, can't you unbend at times? A theatre is not the Supreme Court of the United States, nor are actors undertakers. Where you are wanting in sympathy. You are a lump of ice—a log of wood."

"Permit me, Mr. Launcelot," I replied. "I appreciate a great deal the kindness on your part—"

"Well, that's more than you ever said before, dear boy."

"But, Mr. Launcelot, this house of yours is nothing more to me than an hotel. Among your numerous people I am only your butcher. I try and bring you a good piece of beef, freshly slaughtered, with alternate streaks of fat and lean. Your actors and actresses are the cooks, who baste the meats and apply the sauces."

"I keep an ordinary, then, do I?" inquired Mr. Launcelot, rather testily.

"Exactly, and you dispense your feasts to a hungry public. You pay your purveyor liberally enough. But why should the cooks want to be on familiar terms with the butcher?"

"It is an exceedingly coarse way you have of putting things, Mr. Carter."

"I am sorry you think it so, Mr. Launcelot. The simile is a Greek one, some thousands of years old; but I did not mean to be discourteous."

"I hate all classic nonsense; but, as you will, Mr. Carter."

I was sitting, then, rather moodily in the corner *fauveuil* of the orchestra during a third rehearsal. It happened to be a convenient position, because there was an entrance from the *couloir* of the house to the stage, and Mr. Launcelot could come easily to me. The manager's comments in regard to my play under rehearsal were peculiar:

"That's a send-off! When she works off that first act in a dove-coloured shot-silk with black lace flounces—cost two hundred and fifty (catch Claudia Aubrey going for any of those duds one finds in Sixth Avenue, though Mrs. Launcelot is glad enough to buy there)—and has a train five feet long, with the nicest little nigger you ever saw to hold it up, and Claudia shows that handsome arm of hers—no enamel there—and that—and of hers waves an ostrich-tipped fan, the jewels just dripping from her fingers, she will electrify the house!" Then the manager lowered his head and bolted through the hole in the passage.

"Don't you think," inquired Mr. Launcelot, anxiously, when he returned with a piece of brocade in his hand, "it would be better if our ladies showed their feet a trifle more? Clocks on stockings, dear boy, were made to be seen. What a delicious pair of high-heeled shoes Miss Aubrey has for the part! Now, couldn't she loop up her dress a trifle more? All the rest of

the women want to do it, but she won't, and if you veto short costumes there is certain to be a row. You just bother with a woman's make-up, and you're gone! Propitiation is the thing, dear boy—prop-i-ti-a-tion. Pray, now, don't give Claudia any chance to get miffed with you. In fact, she knows her business so well that she won't allow it. My wife and Claudia are great friends. You may, of course, in your position as author, backed up by me, bully the men to a certain extent, but be at least politic with our leading lady. Oh, I say, this is the colour of the furniture, and it lights up with a perfect blaze. The whole rig brand-new—stuff costs seven dollars and sixty-five cents a yard."

Now a man in shirt-sleeves appeared through the gloom of the dark passage.

"Yes, I sent for you, Mr. Balders. Buy twenty yards of crash and cover me up all that new furniture, or the damask will be ruined. Women smear things so with their cosmetics. I don't care who it is, I won't have anybody flop down on my chairs until they are in use on the stage. If necessary, have bits of wood studded with nails—jagged ones—and put them on top of all of them, like those on carriages, to prevent the boys getting up behind. Miss Aubrey is late, and you are in a fidget! The call was for two o'clock, Mr. Carter, and it's 'most a quarter after. Ah, here we are at last! Oh, I say, Perkins, that branch of that tree in the forest-set got swinging last night in the most ridiculous way. Hop up and fasten it with a bit of light stuff and some nails. We don't want our brains knocked out—we none of us have too much to spare. Ah, now we are going to have it! There, that opening seems to go along pretty smoothly, don't it?"

"Only tolerably for a third rehearsal," I replied, rather indifferently.

"There you go, freezing again! Now comes one of the happiest points in the play."

"Which, allow me to remark, I deem to be the weakest. It is just that portion which I do not like."

"What, the snuff-box scene? There is a deal of point in it. Believe me, experience, my dear boy, has shown me that a snuff-box or a warming-pan always delights a house. I have seen a pinch of snuff save a poor piece and carry it through triumphantly. Once out in California, when I started in the business, I ran a small concern in Sacramento; I had a regular miner's supper in the piece. The play was awful stuff, but the scent of the frying onions brought out biggest yelling you ever heard, and the onions were ecored every night."

"So much the worse for the public taste. Now to return to the piece. In compliance with your wishes, what was but a simple incident in the original conception you have allowed your people to amplify quite unnecessarily. If this scene fails, the fault is yours. Mind, beyond a certain point I will allow of no such liberties of my text."

"I never made a mistake in my life, Mr. Carter, and the scene will do. Now watch Jenkins—the best man for the part in the universe."

"Come, Mr. Launcelot, you really do not mean to say that you have collected under one canvas all the wonders of the world! Keep your puffs for the programme. I might like Jenkins better if he did not put in so many gags."

"But it is a trivial rôle, only a few lengths here and there, and he wants to prop it up. Dear boy, we have Jenkins entirely for his gags. He is the cleverest gagger at this present moment on the stage. Four snuff-boxes, and all out at the same time! Good! An idea for you. How would it do to make an incident, for some future piece, out of snuff-boxes? Have poison in one of 'em, and then the heroine comes in, and just in time saves her lover by dashing the poisoned box to the ground—eh?"

"It would be simply disgusting, Mr. Launcelot."

"I don't know. But what is the matter? That's an ugly look you have put on."

"Would you expect," I replied, "that a duke, or a marquis, would take snuff out of such trumpery wooden boxes—no better than one sees on the bar of a lager-beer cellar?"

"Seize your idea at once. Want 'em rich? They ain't wood, but horn.—I say, Mr. Balders, clap me some gold-leaf on those boxes, and get—get me a paste shoe-buckle (there are lots of them knocking about in the old property-box), and putty me an odd shoe-buckle on the duke's box.—Are you satisfied? Nothing like keeping up the unities."

The "unities" was a word Mr. Launcelot had picked up somewhere, but with the faintest conception of its appropriateness. Whenever Mr. Launcelot collared The Unities, he invariably wiped his forehead with a musky handkerchief. The Unities annoyed me less than another pet word of the manager's—"an anachronism." When Mr. Launcelot lugged in that he always invoked a pantomimic benediction, casting his eyes in a supplicating way toward the chandelier.

I had little fault to find with Miss Claudia Aubrey. The lady's dramatic instincts were of undoubted excellence. Still, I thought, as far as this rehearsal went, that Miss Aubrey had remaining on her mind the reminiscence of a rôle she had lately created and which she had played during a whole season. Her diction had less of a former mannerism than her action. Possibly with the lady, as with myself as an audience, the physical impression was more lasting.

My acquaintance with Miss Aubrey had only dated from a first rehearsal, which event had taken place a week before. Then our conversation, after a formal introduction from Mr. Launcelot, had been limited exclusively to the business of the piece. I was pleased by what seemed to be a natural and straightforward manner. I had fancied, though, after closely watching the lady's expression, furtively scanning the pure outlines of her handsome face, that a certain fixity of the lips indicated no small force of will. I dreaded a latent obstinacy, and feared that Miss Aubrey might be disinclined to accept any suggestion on my part.

"My impressions of the part, Mr. Carter," the lady had said in rather a nonchalant way, "are quite vague and confused. I have scarcely studied it—in fact, merely glanced at it. I have no doubt but what you say is quite right and proper; only, of course, when I settle down to the work I shall want elbow-room—latitude, in fact. I am led to believe that Mr. Carter is quite difficult to satisfy—you may rest assured, sir, that I am equally hard to please, not only in regard to my own task, but as to the work of others." Then a pretty gloved hand was waved toward me. I had bowed gravely and was dismissed.

During the first and second rehearsals, which simply indicated the situations, matters, as they always do, went haltingly. There happened to be a line which Miss Aubrey objected to, offering something else in which the alliteration was manifest. Interrogated directly by the lady as to the propriety of the change, I politely declined altering the line, and without much insistence gained my point.

At this third rehearsal, which I am describing, Miss Aubrey was letter-perfect, and the improvement on all sides was manifest, though the lights and shades in the picture were still indistinct. Presently the call boy handed me a note. It contained the following words, written in a clear, bold hand: "Miss Aubrey's respects to Mr. Carter. Miss A. does not like the opening of the second act. As the Duchess, Miss A. comes in too soon. Would Mr. Carter kindly reconsider it? There should be further preparation before the Duchess's introduction. Mr. Carter has forgotten, possibly, that an elaborate toilet has to be prepared. That alone should appeal to his gallantry."

I read the note over twice—the first time, I must acknowledge, without much regard to the sense, but simply critical as to the spelling. There was not a slip nor a word underlined. My reply, written on the same sheet of paper, was as follows: "Mr. Carter feels obliged to Miss Aubrey for her polite suggestion, but sees no necessity for a change. The second act can be rung up five or ten minutes in order to allow for any exigencies of costume."

In a second back came that bit of paper, now somewhat crumpled, with only two words, "You must!" Worse than the coarseness of the two syllables, they were underscored. My reply might have been, "I won't!" but, restraining myself, I wrote: "When Victor Hugo wrote 'Hernani' for Mademoiselle Mars, this great actress declared her unwillingness to recite a certain line, and insisted that the author should change it. Like a good, kind-hearted woman she accepted the inevitable, and, in her rendering of what was an objectionable phrase to her, made it the most famous passage of the drama. Very respectfully, Richard Carter."

In another second back came the piece of paper with this on it: "I am neither good nor kind-hearted. You are not Victor Hugo!"

I was out of patience—utterly so—and my impulse was to reply in the childish tit-for-tat style; but, commanding myself, I wrote: "But Miss Aubrey may become Mademoiselle Mars."

The unpleasant correspondence ended here for the nonce. It was Miss Aubrey's *entrée* again on the stage, I noticed, as she swept on the stage, her black silk dress rustling as it went, that she held a wretched bit of paper in her gloved hand. Quite carefully, ostentatiously I fancied, the lady tore the scrap into minute bits and scattered the fragments of our correspondence like a snow-storm on the stage.

Seated in my *fauveuil* reconsidering all these indications on the part of the lady, I felt some annoyance in regard to the fate of my play. A whim on the part of Miss Aubrey might damn my hopes. As the rehearsal went on, however, I was pleased to notice that the lady warmed up with the part. At the conclusion of one of the acts, a short soliloquy falling to her share, she was so happy that a salvo of applause greeted her from her comrades on the stage.

"Can't you, my dear boy, just bring those palms of yours together in the loveliest way?" asked Mr. Launcelot, who was now again by my side. "A kind word accomplishes miracles. Get down from your high horse—Capital, Miss Aubrey! Capital! a brilliant effect. Mr. Carter is delighted! It will be a big thing—a monstrous big thing! We must fetch it this time! Prop-i-ti-ate, dear boy!"

Miss Aubrey smiled for a moment—playing with the rich trimming of her dress—then, as she came forward, said, not unpleasantly:

"A *claque* of two, or rather of one, can't be called very effective. However, I trust to carry it through. Now, what next?" and she glanced at the manuscript copy in her hand, and said to the prompter: "Now, Mr. Jonas, I fancy I am fairly up to the close of the act—quite letter-perfect. Only there is one bit of business here that isn't quite clear. Well, here goes. Ah! one moment.—Miss Mortimer, when you come on, don't now, please, don't burst in on me. I can't stand that kind of thing.—If not a liberty—"

begging the author's pardon, for Mr. Carter has a singular aversion to even the most moderate suggestions—I should suppose Mr. Carter intended that Clare—that's Mortimer—should be a kind of stealthy innocence—goodness creeping in like a cat. Now I personate a whirlwind. Where I go, doors bang and hinges creak. The Duchess is a tigress, Clare is a kid.—Do I catch your meaning, Mr. Carter, or am I making a mess of it—putting my foot in it, as usual?"

I fancied that Miss Aubrey's mock humility concealed the least bit of irony. "As the Duchess of Beaulieu is the type of a passionate, revengeful woman, your conception, up to a certain point, is quite just. Still, innocence need never be cringing. I should conceive that innocence in time acquired a force of its own, and gathered strength as it grew."

"Gad! Miss Claudia," said the gagger, Jenkins; "oh! come, now, spare us a lecture on metaphysics, do, and let us get through." "Sir," replied the lady, turning on him sharply, "if it suits me to understand the part perfectly, I trust you will allow me to acquire such information as may more fully interpret the author's meaning. I have not your faculty of inspiration, Mr. Jenkins!"

"Good," I remarked to Mr. Launcelot; "your clown had it pat that time."

"I don't know, my dear boy," replied the manager. "Claudia has a quick tongue. I know her best—rather a decided kind of person at times. Rather afraid she has made Jenkins a scapegoat for the moment. It may be anybody's turn next. Watch out. Propitiate, dear boy. Now for it—she has full swing. Listen to her! There is pathos for you, and as good an effect as I ever saw. When she will jot me in a sob or so, like plums in her pudding (no woman ever did as Claudia Aubrey can—no hiccough about it), there won't be a dry eye in the house."

I was fain to confess that Miss Aubrey had pleased me. Only now and then, ever so slightly, was there a faint resemblance to that former heroine which the lady had created.

Miss Aubrey was through for the time being, and had retired to a chair in the wings, nearly opposite to me. It was Mr. Launcelot in person who brought me another note. It read as follows: "Miss Aubrey's respects to a very taciturn author, and pray what is the matter now?"

Had my impressive face shown any trace of annoyance? Since this epistolary method was the one to be adopted, I was forced to resume it. I wrote: "Mr. Carter's respects to Miss Aubrey. Mr. Carter fears that there is the very slightest reminiscence of Miss Aubrey's former powerful creation of Julia in the present Duchess. An author should be, must be, jealous of an inspiration not his own. Miss Aubrey's former Julia was an American woman of common birth; the character she is now playing is that of a Duchess of the realm, who is the rival of a Queen of France. The taciturn author, since it pleases the lady to call him so, would beg for a trifle less *adulation*, and a shade more dignity."

I could not see the lady as she read this. All I noticed was that a subtle muff fell on the floor of the stage, and rolled along as if started with no small propelling force. There came no reply. Now it was the leading lady's *entrée* on the stage. I watched Miss Aubrey's face, but it was a blank. Then the climax in an act was reached, and with so true an effect that I expressed my satisfaction. I had hoped at least for a smile from the lady, but it did not come. Now there was an insignificant passage or two, where Miss Aubrey referred to the Duke, her husband, as "the Duke of Beaulieu."

Now, the French *le-u* is not so easily pronounced. Miss Aubrey made a good name sound absurdly. I could not stand *Bouloou*. As I had with infinite pains and annoyance drilled a subordinate into sounding the shibboleth, this mispronunciation on the lady's part was a blemish I would not allow. I think I was excessively polite about it—at least I tried to be—when, during a short pause, I rose and said:

"Pray permit me, Miss Aubrey, to pronounce that unfortunate name phonetically. It is not *Bouloou*, though the first syllable is near enough to pass criticism. Please drop the *u* in *Bou*, and make it *Bo* short. As to the final syllable, it is a compound of our English *le* and *u*—a dissonance in fact. Would you kindly say, then, *le-u*, with a slight emphasis on the *le*!"

Miss Aubrey's eyes shone on me like meteors. They were dark-blue eyes shaded with the blackest of lashes. I noticed that the lady's face crimsoned. Not that gradual suffusion which quietly flows upward, but the tumultuous impact of blood which fairly surges, draining the lips, and tingeing the ears red hot. Undoubtedly I had offended the lady mortally. I almost fancied I heard two sets of very white teeth close with a snap, then a pearl-coloured glove was stripped to shreds.

Rising from her chair in a dead silence, the lady said:

"Mr. Carter, my French may be New York French for you, yet I can say *Sic te*—!" Then she paused.

"Propitiate," whispered Mr. Launcelot to me. "Come, now, Mr. Carter, Miss Aubrey can not pronounce it. Would it not be easier for us to change it? Don't, my dear boy, board Miss Aubrey—it won't do, you know."

As the Duchess, Jenkins suggested. A couple of women on the stage openly made observations, by no means complimentary, in regard to what they were good enough to term "my blocking the ordinary business, and teaching them like children."

I had full command of my temper, though I

smarted internally over the rudeness. Somehow a sense of the ludicrous very fortunately got the better of me, and I could not help but smile.

"You must know, Miss Aubrey, that simulated passion rarely approaches true natural inspiration. Now, if you will be kind enough to remember the last act—when your lover discards you—perhaps that movement of a moment ago would be of the greatest avail to you. I am sure that I, for one, would be quite willing to find you in gloves nightly. A capital point—very happy indeed!"

"Sir!" said Miss Aubrey. "Permit me" (I had resumed a graver manner). "Such advice as I may have had to impart has been in regard to the most trivial points. Your talent, Miss Aubrey, wanted no prompting for the broader, stronger parts of my work."

"Propitiate, dear boy. Tell her you will drop that Duchess of Bully, and make it a name any American Christian can pronounce," urged Mr. Launcelot.

"But, Miss Aubrey"—I was losing my temper now—"I must insist on the perfectly simple pronunciation of this name." I rose here, and, moving toward the stage, said low enough, I hoped, to be heard only by her: "To reason with you in regard to the impropriety of what was certainly a rudeness on your part I hardly deem worth my while. It would, I am afraid, be both loss of time and perhaps patience. You certainly are not amenable to those same rules of conduct which might govern others of your sex. Proper resentment arising from offended dignity I might respect. I honestly think you incapable of such finer feelings. Your impulses are as feverish as your words are heedless." My blood was up; I could have withered the woman with my scorn.

"You are insulting," was the reply, given in a whisper.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I resumed, "as to the pronunciation of this word, I have before had the honour of giving it to you. Trivial as it may seem, my insistence in regard to it will only be the greater. So perfectly indifferent am I, however, after all, as to the whole business, that I am determined, unless attention is given to it—at least by those who have sufficient judgment to comprehend how ludicrous and slovenly are such mistakes—that I shall have not the least hesitation in withdrawing the piece."

Mr. Launcelot looked aghast for a moment, and prevented my leaving the house.

"Come, my friends," he said, "the unities"—here the gagman grinned as the manager wiped his forehead—"must be preserved. Anachronisms must no longer exist, certainly not in a house I have the honour of conducting. Ladies and gentlemen will please pay attention to Mr. Carter's advice. Just consider the success of this piece—your success, my success! It is a sure thing, and you would be a parcel of donkeys to muddle it. I don't know but that a course of French might benefit all our manners. But no more nonsense. Don't behave like a lot of spoiled children, and let us get through. There is hardly time now for the carpenters to fix up the stage for to-night's performance."

There was the faintest semblance of dissent. I had taken a newspaper and was reading it when the work of rehearsing commenced anew. Miss Aubrey, with the utmost nonchalance, went through her part. When the lady came to the name which gave her trouble she either evaded it or called it the "Duke of Um-um." There was an occasional laugh here and there when she did it, in which I joined in the most natural way. When this occurred it did not seem to please her. At the conclusion, Miss Aubrey repeated her last scene half off the stage, and then disappeared without bidding any one good-by.

Mr. Launcelot looked gloomy as he left the house.

"It is a mess—confound it!" he said. "I don't think Claudia Aubrey would play us false. What was that you said to her—eh? You lose your temper too quickly. Why didn't you go and see her? She has been in town for three weeks. Not calling on her was a rudeness. You may be sure she can't abide you. It's a disagreeable thing for an author to be at daggers drawn with people who may make or mar him; and Claudia Aubrey, just as likely, will snub you on every occasion."

"Upon my word, Mr. Launcelot, Miss Aubrey's disposition toward me is a matter of the utmost indifference. I even can't compliment you on the half support I received from your hands. Good-day."

II.

I went homeward feeling uncomfortably. It had not been the first of these ridiculous squabbles which theatrical business had inflicted on me. I had hoped that I had become indifferent to them. I had mostly had my way at last, and in this present instance I had decided that I would not budge an inch. Still I had some fault to find with myself. Since Miss Aubrey had sent me occasional written objections, why had I not carried out the epistolary method? "Perhaps," I thought, "it was this woman's way of doing it, and I had hurt her pride." Maybe I was inclined to be dictatorial and exacting! Was there anything of a tergiversant about the lady? No, she was not a tergiversant, only imperious, and that was a distinction. How superb she looked in her anger! "People," I argued, "express their anger so differently. I am afraid I have a way of sneering which is passably insulting. Propitiate! That's moral cowardice, but

still somehow I wish I had not quarreled with those deep-blue eyes. I could stand sharp, black, piercing eyes, which like ferrets worn into you, but—" I ceased here arguing with myself.

From the close, stifling atmosphere of the theatre to the pure, bracing air of the streets was indeed a relief. Would I go home and look over that second act, and arrange a new entrance for the Duchess? It might only take two or three hours' work. There was a struggle for a moment, and I was undecided. I remembered, then, that a new book on costumes had been published, which I wanted to purchase. I was just passing the publisher's in Broadway. I went in, secured my book, and was leaving the shop, when I noticed a quiet coupé on the street and a lady in the act of entering the vehicle. I could not have mistaken the ample folds of that lustrous black silk. I found myself even familiar with the peculiar ivy-leaf embroidery. Two hands, one ungloved, were on the door of the coupé in the act of closing it. It was Miss Aubrey. She might have driven away right then, but fortunately (why I was glad I hardly knew) an over-voluntinous underskirt had been caught somewhere in a hinge. It was this accident I seized upon. I thought it might be proper—no, not exactly to apologize, I had nothing to apologize for; only simply to express some slight and quite formal regret at my having unwittingly been the cause of a disagreeable scene.

"Miss Aubrey," I said, with some diffidence, "might I release your dress? and, pardon me, could I—"

"Mr. Carter!" replied a somewhat surprised voice.

It was a superb face. The brisk cold had coloured the cheeks with a healthy glow. It was—I felt glad of that, too—an unpainted face. As to expression, it was rather proud and haughty. That was when the deep-blue eyes were opened wide. Just now those eyes were in repose, and their lights only glistened with an inquisitive look, half childlike, half malicious. Those pretty hands, however, still clutched the door of the coupé.

"Can I not make my peace with you, proud Duchess?" I asked, with a smile.

"Pray, Mr. Carter, drop the shop. Does that shock you? The expression is not elegant, but I mean it. I wanted, though, to forget all about it. I am in a fume, and not over it yet. Of all the people I hate with varying degrees of intensity, in a kind of mathematical progression, first comes Mr. Richard Carter, next Launcelot, and lastly myself. We shall never get along, Mr. Carter—never, never—I know we won't."

"And pray why not?"

"Why not? Because I hate to be schooled, in the way you like to school, and, what is more, I don't intend to be. You are not the first play-wright I have had to deal with. Almost all of you assume too much. You crave for your works over-refinements and vaporish ideals which no human being could render. You impose a whole lot of conventionalities which restrain art."

"I am not prepared on this occasion to discuss with Miss Claudia Aubrey—at least on the sidewalk—the sacred rights of authors," I replied, rather coolly.

"Well, then, what are you here for?" inquired Miss Aubrey, hotly; and now the great eyes were expanded for a moment. The two little hands still held fast to the door. The ungloved hand had a single jewelled ring on a taper finger. It was a dimpled hand, and the cold had reddened it.

"What am I here for? I am sure I hardly know. It is decidedly a false situation. Your dress was caught; I might have presumed to assist any lady in the same situation."

"Perhaps so," was the sententious reply.

"Could I not, in order to efface somewhat of an abrupt manner which I have—could I not make the poorest of offerings?" I inquired.

"Propitiate, like Mr. Launcelot? I hate the word. Pray how?"

"Those charming hands of yours are not fully gloved, and the air is keen."

"Oh, my hands! I tore up one glove. What of it? I often do it. It is cheaper than smashing china vases, and crockery is not always handy. I have other gloves. See here!" One of her hands was unloosed then. "This pocket in my coupé is full of old gloves of all shades and colours."

"Might I offer you a pair of gloves?"

"I don't know. They don't sell decent gloves about this part of Broadway."

"Would you kindly inform me where they do sell what they call decent gloves?"

"Such ignorance on Mr. Carter's part in regard to gloves does not tell well for his *savoir-faire*. Was that pronounced rightly, Mr. Carter—ah-hm!"

"Admirably—the purest Parisian. But it seems to me that Miss Aubrey reverts to what she designates as the shop."

"I did not intend to."

"Will Miss Aubrey kindly indicate the locality of her glove-shop?"

"Oh, I don't know. Please don't stand there with your head uncovered. The wind is chilly. Pray don't redden in the face that way either. Keep your temper, and don't get a cold in your head."

"The gloves, Miss Aubrey."

"Why, you are as insistent as Othello with the handkerchief. I'll wager you do not know what size I wear, Mr. Carter?"

"I should say six—outside." It was a guess on my part.

"A shade small. My hands spread when I

used to stitch books and made fifty cents a day at it. A lucky guess. Yes, sixes. Have you a sister, Mr. Carter?"

"No, Miss Aubrey."

"No women about you?"

"Yes, thank God!"

"What expansiveness! Who?"

"A mother."

"A mother! Who may be waiting for you now?"

"It might be. I accept the dismissal," I said, curtly, feeling hurt.

"No, I didn't mean that. But aren't you dawdling away your precious time? Is it not near your dinner-hour?"

"My good old mother has all kinds of excuses for my tardiness. She always spoiled me."

"That is the reason why you insist on having everything your own way, I suppose. Exemplary young man who dines with his mother, and does not luxuriate at his club?"

"Please don't laugh at me, Miss Aubrey. There is a dear old mahogany table—a kind of relic—that once was surrounded by happy faces. There are only two people now left to sit at it: but, thank God! those two do not glare at one another. There are certain dishes I have a childish liking for, and these a good mother prepares for me with her own dear hands. After a day of annoyance, there is a sweet calm about that hour spent with my mother which effaces many a sting. Silly domestic traits these, Miss Aubrey, which can not interest you."

"But they do—they do, Mr. Carter; I like to hear about them."

(To be continued.)

THE WORTHINGTON CUP.

The 15th of March was a day long to be remembered by snowshoers. Some time previous, Mr. Worthington, the proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, had promised a cup, valued at \$50, to be competed for in a one-mile open steeplechase by all snowshoe clubs of the Dominion. However, on the day appointed, none but members of Montreal clubs put in an appearance. The cup must be won twice before it remains in the possession of the winner. Should this year's winner not be able to retain possession of it next year, he will be entitled to a medal attesting that he has held it for one year. On the day of the race, the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds were crowded with spectators. Seven competitors entered for the race, which was ultimately won by Mr. Charles Lamothe, of the St. George's Club, in 6 min. 17 sec., followed by George R. Starke and Robt. Summerhayes. In the present issue we give our readers a view of the course, together with the portrait of the winner and the illustration of the cup and the medals, which were designed and executed by Messrs. J. R. Harper & Co., who are second to none for this kind of workmanship.

Mr. Charles Lamothe, the winner of the Worthington Cup, is 25 years of age, having been born in Montreal on the 29th May, 1854. He comes from what may be called a racing stock, for his maternal uncle, Mr. Thos. Coffin, his grandfather, Mr. Jos. M. Lamothe, and his paternal uncle, Mr. Frs. Arthur and George Lamothe, were all great pedestrians. Mr. Chas. Lamothe has been as successful in running shoes and on skates as on snowshoes. We subjoin an extract from his lengthy record:—

15th March, 1872—First race won; 2 miles; city championship cup, presented by Mayor F. Cassidy, Q.C.; M.S.S.C. races.

Canada S.S.C. medal, steeplechase, 10th February, 1873.

2nd March, 1874—Open steeplechase; Cup, presented by Hon. Henry Starnes. Time, 12.35.

21st February—1 mile; M.S.S.C. Cup. Time, 6.5.

4th July—1 mile foot race; silver medal. Time, 5.15.

24th October—1 mile foot race; cup.

6th March, 1875—1 mile race; gold medal. Time, 6.13.

13th March—Military races at Dexter Park; 2 miles; time, 14.47; won by 200 yards. On this occasion Lamothe did not get the medal, which was withheld from him by a quibble. It was pretended that he was not an officer of the Hochelagas because he had not been gazetted; yet he was a member of the corps, and was drawing his pay.

1876—Gold medal, M.S.S.C. steeplechase; gold medal, Emerald S.S.C.; 1 mile. Time, 6.15.

Gold medal, M.S.S.C.; 1 mile. Time, 6.20.

Gold medal, V.S.C. hurdle race.

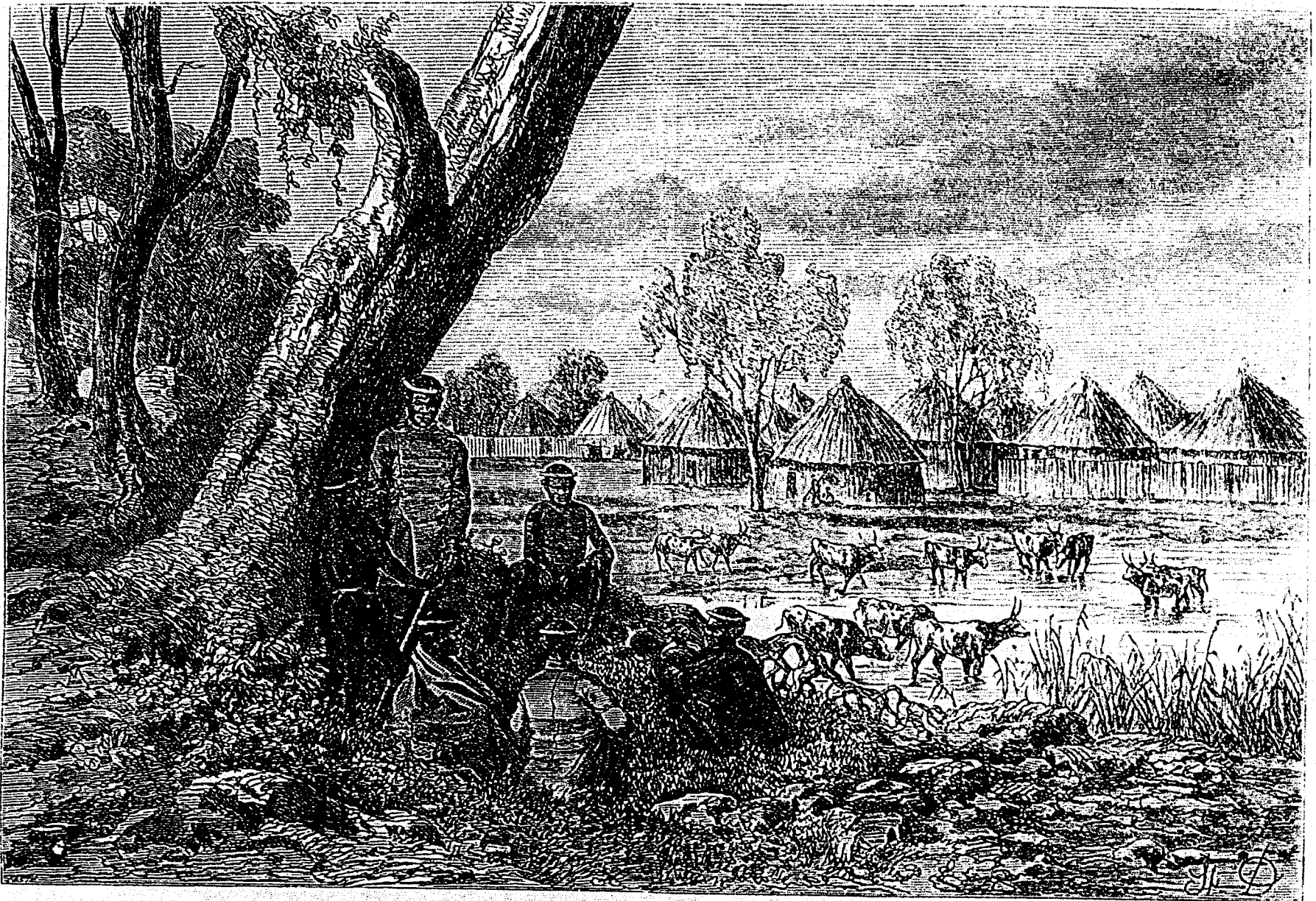
1877—Two races, Victoria Skating Club.

1879—St. George's S.S.C. steeplechase; Cup. Time, 19 min. 7 sec. E.S.S.C.; 1 mile; 6.20; half-mile, 2.52.

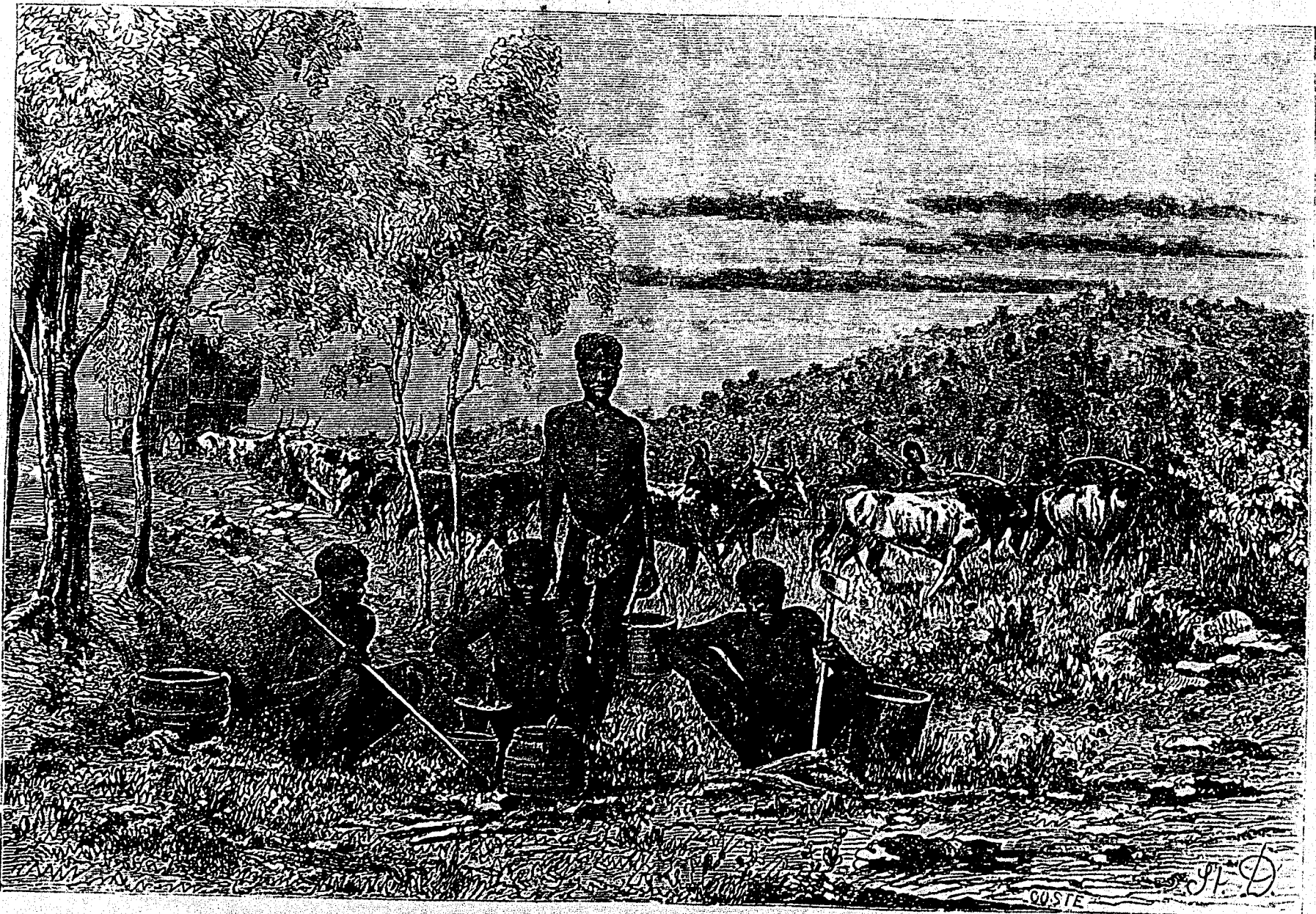
On the same day that the Worthington Cup was run for, Mr. Charles Courcel won the 100 yards' race, two *enfants de so* thus carrying off two out of four of the day's events. It is to be hoped that the success they met with will encourage others of their nationality to come and try and wrest laurels from the English clubs next season.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City.



A VILLAGE OF THE RING KOP TRIBE.



A HALT OF KAFFIR ZULUS.

THE ZULU WAR.



A DREARY SCENE.—By J. W. WATSON.

DENMORE FENNO.

There is a portrait of Denmore Fenno, painted when he was in his twenty-fifth year. This portrait now hangs in the private gallery of Carl Werner, his life-long friend, in Vienna. This portrait has been pronounced a life-like resemblance of Mr. Fenno at that time. Apart from its extreme beauty, its expression rivets the attention of every beholder. It is the face of a man who does not notice the common things about him, but who questions earnestly, in the silence of his soul, the meaning of the riddle we call life—who seeks to unveil the secrets of the infinite. About the sensitive mouth there is a pensive sadness that approaches melancholy without touching it, and persons who have seen this portrait will find that it has accompanied them while reading these extracts from his journal, like the mournful undertone in a rapid musical movement, or the distant roar of the sea heard through all the sounds of a midsummer's day.

An entry in Mr. Fenno's journal about the time that he graduated at Yale, reads as follows:—

"Well, I have succeeded, if to be allowed to proclaim the valedictory is an indication of success. But what is success? To acquire distinction in public, and fail of obtaining happiness? If this is success, then I have succeeded. How eagerly I once looked forward to this day! Why can I not accept such favours as fortune offers, and be thankful? Why can I not cease to desire what she withholds?"

"I came here a year ago, determined to drown regret in hard study. Despondency and remorse are like the canker-worm and mildew: they eat into a man's life and spoil it. I crushed them resolutely before they had time to destroy me. Life has surely something pleasant to offer to every man, whether he be merry or sad. There are flowers to be plucked, music that waits for a listener, poetry to be euged in rhyme, and songs to be sung. I will not be false to every earnest instinct in my nature, because a woman could not be true to me."

Under a later date he writes:

"I went to a ball last night, and danced with Miss Ellery. I made her acquaintance last winter, and studied her awhile in order to discover, if possible, the secret of her attraction for Elmer. I confess myself baffled. She is undeniably handsome, graceful, a trifle haughty, and cold. Beauty is a law in itself. Men instinctively honour beauty, and how much more deeply when to it is added wealth and social position! She is neither witty nor very wise. She appears to lack the little charms and fascinations that many plainer women employ to secure attention. She is not a flirt, and yet she is a belle; half the men in her set walk, talk, and drive with her. I should as soon think of making love to a marble statue of propriety. Elmer may have her, if he can win her; perhaps he can find fire enough in her heart to warm the little he has left of his own, after a hundred flirtations."

"There is but one woman—there never was but one—in all the world for me, and I have lost her. I am going home in a few days, and we shall meet again. I have avoided her for a year: I can do so no longer without turning away from many old friends."

"July 2.—Well, I can imagine what Satan's sensations must have been when he found himself where he could think, after being thrown from heaven, and realized that his downfall was the result of his own folly."

"I saw my little love last night, and discovered too late that I have thrown away my life's happiness. I write in language cold enough, but the night has been like brain fever to me. The love that I have been stamping out, as men fight fire, has flamed up again with the old heat and strength. I can never extinguish it, I fear. We met as common acquaintances meet. I believe I betrayed some emotion, but if she felt any she concealed it perfectly; she has always possessed unlimited self-control. An hour later I enquired of a friend why the man she had promised to marry was not present."

"The answer came in a surprised tone: 'I am not certain that she is engaged; at least, no such engagement has been made public.' 'A mistake, probably,' I said to my friend; but to myself I said, 'I will know the truth at once.' Heaven help me if I have been the victim of a plot!"

"A little later, when I had contrived to see her alone, I showed her the note that I had always believed to be in her handwriting, forbidding me ever to write to her, or speak to her again. Most women would have fainted, but she did not. She stood for a moment as rigid as a marble statue, and as colourless, and the hand I held in mine was as cold. I was alarmed, and would have called assistance, but her womanly delicacy brought the colour to her cheeks."

"Don't go, Denmore; I shall be better soon. This note—it is a forgery. Some one has stolen my paper and imitated my writing."

"I made an effort to speak, but no words came. I would have taken her hand again, but she drew back."

"Why did you not show me this paper before, a year ago? Do you know what you have done? The explanation of your long silence comes too late."

"Forgive me, and listen."

"I have no right to listen."

"I understood her emotion then. Neither spoke for a few moments. Shame and despair kept me silent. She was the first to speak."

"Denmore, that you could have believed me capable of writing such a note as this seems im-

possible to me! Whether it was wrong or not for me to listen to you, you have a right to offer such excuses as you can find for yourself."

"Her voice was very gentle, although the words seemed harsh to me until I remembered that she too must have suffered as well as myself. All this might have been avoided if I had only trusted her as I ought to have done—as I promised to do. I said to her—

"My own experience tells me what you have endured, but have I sinned past forgiveness?"

"I can forgive you; but can I trust you? That you could give me up without a struggle argues little for your strength of purpose. How can I tell that you will not repeat the offence?"

"She looked steadily into my face while she was speaking, and I shrank from her gaze. The belief that she had lost confidence in me prevented me from pleading my own cause with her, and I believe at that moment she thought that I did not care to take up the broken threads of our lives and try to unite them again. When I did not reply, she continued—

"If you had wished to destroy all my affection for you, you could not have taken a more effectual method than the one you employed. You wanted my whole heart. I gave you my love without stint or measure. I gave it because I liked to do it—because I was certain of measure for measure. I could not understand your silence. I believed you to be incapable of jealousy; and, Denmore, in your heart I believed that you were true to me; that you had not ceased to love me. But I thought that your father had discovered our attachment, and that he had persuaded you not to see me, or write to me again. I know how easily you are influenced by those you love. How much do you suppose my life was worth to me when I believed that?"

"Her eyes were clear and bright, but there were tears in her voice. 'Tell me,' I found voice at last to say, 'that my coldness and desertion has not destroyed all your love for me; that you have not cast me off forever, and put another in my place.' 'I have promised to marry another, but he has not taken your place. He came to me when a cloud had suddenly risen between me and my happiness. Soon it deepened and shut out everything that made my life worth possessing. Perhaps, when struggling up from a great blow, I was ready to catch at any support. But, in truth, I find it very hard, even now, to say why I have accepted another man's affection. The belief that a great deal of love on one side only was better than none at all anywhere may have had a value for me. One thing is only too certain, Denmore; I dare not break my promise to him, given, as it was, only a few weeks ago.'"

"I had no strength to combat her decision. She had a sad, perplexed face, and I read, plainly stamped upon it, this fact—that she was suffering what all must endure who snatch at fortune from mere weariness, rather than wait until events resolve themselves into the harmony that may perhaps result sooner or later."

"After a moment's pause she added, as if speaking to herself, for she did not look at me—

"Will this last, that I cling to now? Will anything last?"

"My little love," I said, trying to gain her attention, for she seemed lost in thought, and only half aware of my presence, 'you have not lost my love, as you seem to think. What has come to me, that I can find no words to-night? This new blow has petrified me, I believe. Come away now. I will see you again in a day or two, if you will allow me, and perhaps—'

"No, Denmore, it is too late."

"July 6.—I have made one more effort, but she has recovered her usual self-control, and no words of mine can shake her resolution. I watched her closely as her thoughts ran back through the vista of days, each one of which was lighted by the love that I know—heaven help me!—was life itself to her. She is right; it is too late. I wonder how, with a merciful and loving Father above us, we have ever drifted so far apart as this!"

Two years later we find Mr. Fenno in Germany, a student in the University at Bonn. He afterward went to Berlin. Of his life during the two years that he lived in Germany little is known, and his journal reveals but little. His chief amusement, apart from study, which was always a pleasure to him, seems to have been found in music, of which he was passionately fond. Verdi was his favourite; this composer's stormy music found an echo in his turbulent nature. Said a friend to him one day—

"How do you contrive, with your fiery temperament, to show always a serene exterior?"

"My friend," he replied, "smooth sailing, with me, comes only from keeping a firm hand on the tiller."

A short time after his return home in the summer of 1856, he writes:

"This girl, Harry Irving's sister, attracted me from the first. She is exquisitely fair, with an innocent expression on her face like that of a child. She has blue eyes, and hair of the same golden brown as that of my lost love's. Except in the colour of her hair, there is no resemblance in either mind or person. She is not very intellectual, but she is graceful and refined. Her nature is not deep; so much the better for me, if I can win her. She will be satisfied with the little that I shall be able to give her. I begin to understand why men sometimes marry women possessing the very qualities they once despised. I might find rest here if my heart will only hold. Here is the difficulty. I like her society, but when I am away from her, try as I will, I can only feel a pleasant friendship for her. I begin

to think there is not enough fuel in my nature to start another fire. It is an exhausted volcano. I will never marry a woman that I cannot feel some sort of affection for, stronger than friendship."

"June 11.—I wandered in her garden with Eva yesterday. The heat was intense, and there were indications of a thunder-storm in the atmosphere. I remembered another day that had ended in a tempest."

"I will cut some roses for you," I said, turning toward some lovely pink moss buds."

"I like these climbing white ones better," she remarked."

"I recollected another who liked white roses. Was fate conspiring against me to rob me of this girl?"

"I will cut some for you," I said."

"They grew at the top of a high trellis, and I stooped to arrange a step-ladder. In some way, perhaps accidentally, but I believe intentionally, her fingers swept the hair on my forehead. The light touch thrilled every nerve in my overstrung brain into jangling discord. I started violently, exclaiming, involuntarily: 'I cannot do it! I will never make another effort—never, never while I live!'"

"The girl looked at me with surprise not unminged with irritation."

"You can certainly reach them with the ladder! Well, I will cut them for myself," she added, petulantly, like a spoiled child."

"How could I tell her the truth—that I had forgotten her existence for a moment! Her touch on my head had extinguished every spark of affection that I had ever felt for her, and fanned into flame the old smothered fire."

"Wait a little while, Eva," I said, 'and I will cut as many as you like. Let us walk now.' And I turned toward the river, and walked on in silence until we reached the bridge. Here I paused and said: 'I am going away in a few days, and shall not return for a long time.'"

"It was a sudden resolution, but I did not tell her so."

"Going away? Where will you go?"

"Well, I may accept the professorship that has been offered me in New York, that I have told you about. I may go further—to Prussia, perhaps. I like the life I led there."

"I looked keenly into her face, but, except that she showed a slight regret at the loss of a friend, I could discover no emotion."

"We shall be very sorry. I shall have no one to sing with me; no one ever plays and sings as you do."

"You will find some one; vacant places are easily filled."

"I thought, bitterly, how soon another had been put in my place, years ago."

"I had never given this girl the slightest reason to suppose that she could ever be anything more than a friend; I waited to be certain of myself."

"An hour later, I was on my way to the city. A thunder shower had flooded the streets, and a soft wind was blowing under the summer moon when I rang the bell at the door of my little love. She opened it herself, flushing slightly as she discovered who was her visitor. We had not met but once for four years. She was slightly changed; a little thinner, paler, more womanly; but her old sweet self spoke in the quiet tones of her voice as she gave me a cordial welcome in her old careless manner. She told me that she was alone—that the other members of the family were at church. The book she had been reading—Longfellow's 'Kavanagh'—lay open on the table."

"Well, Denmore," she said, 'you told me the last time we met that when you had found peace and rest, then you would come to me and accept my friendship. Am I to congratulate you?'"

"She spoke in a steady tone, but I was aware that she possessed the power to veil any emotion that she might feel to a degree that I would have given years of a lifetime to possess. Her quiet tone acted upon my sensitive nerves like a charm, as it had always done. Her mere presence had the effect of an opiate."

"I will tell you what I have come to say, and then you shall decide whether I am a fit subject for congratulation." I told her my mental experience since we parted years before. 'Happiness seldom comes to the man who seeks it—never at his bidding,' I said, in conclusion."

"I believe it is true," she said in reply."

"We may, perhaps, find it in the effort to do our duty to God and our fellow-creatures."

"You say 'perhaps'; have you found it in that way?"

"She looked up suddenly, and there was something more than pity in her eyes. It swept away all my resolution, all the barriers I had been building so untiringly for years. I took her in my arms as in the old days, and asked questions that I had no right to ask."

"Tell me if you love the man you promised to marry when my desertion made his affection of value to you? Tell me that you love him better than you love me, and I will believe you and go away. I will never cross your path again in all the long years to come."

"The hot blood mounted to her very temples, and she made an effort to free herself from my embrace; but I would not let her go. I had been her willing slave in years gone by. I was her master to-night. I know now that it had been better for us both if I had always been. Her rule had been so gentle, that I had not felt the silken chains. She turned to me as in the old time; and her voice was very gentle as she said—

"It is useless for me to try to deceive you,

Dentie; I knew that years ago. But you are mistaken if you think I feel only friendship for my lover. He came to me when I was starving in the desert, and he gave me as true and earnest a love as any man has ever offered to woman. That I could not return it measure for measure is surely no fault of his. He knows nothing of my old-time love for you, and whether concealment is best or not, I shall never tell him now. He has been unfortunate, and his business is ruined. He is struggling up from a heavy blow, and his health, always delicate, has been undermined by losses, worry, false friends, and insinuations against his honesty. I know him to be a just man—the soul of honour. He has gone away to attempt to regain his usual health and spirits. How can I add another, and I believe, a heavier blow, to those he has already received? Do you believe that our Father in heaven would bless our own lives if I should do this thing? I believe that a certain and speedy retribution follows a ruptured engagement. If a promise is not binding, what shall we say of a marriage vow? What is that but a promise?"

"I was softened by her words, and the tone of conviction in which they were uttered."

"You are right—as you always have been. If I had trusted you as I ought to have done, I know you would never have cast me off. I must go away. I will keep you so far out of my reach that I shall never have it in my power again to do what I have done to-night. There is no other way. Good-bye, my darling! And unclasping my arms, I let her go forever. The dream was over."

"BERLIN, Sept. 2.—I have buried the old life forever. Many a man has won fame and fortune without a woman's affection. Some one has written, truthfully perhaps, that 'Love is but the embellishment of our earlier years—a song piped between the acts in the drama of life, on a shifting stage.' I have handled fire, and it has scorched my soul. I will have no more of it."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Many thanks for several valuable communications.

M. J. M. Quebec.—Letter received. Many thanks. Will answer by post.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 216.

G. A. K. Ottawa.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 216. Shall be glad to hear from you again.

R. F. M. Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 214. Correct.

H. and J. McGill, Cote des Neiges.—Correct solutions received of Problem for Young Players, No. 214.

E. H. Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 213.

We are very glad to insert in our Column the following extract from an English paper. As was remarked by one of our correspondents, who read the paragraph, every member of the Montreal Chess Club will most heartily give his assent to that part of it which refers to our former visitor, Mr. Bird. It was generally remarked during his stay in Montreal that his genial manner set every one at ease who had the privilege of playing a game of chess with him.

(From the *Croydon (Eng.) Guardian*, Feb. 22, 1879.)

On Thursday last, Mr. Bird, who was one of the competitors in the Paris Tourney, paid a visit to the Croydon Chess Club, and, with his usual good nature, played the members simultaneously, winning nearly all the games; Mr. Brown, being a cautious player, won the only game against his powerful antagonist.

Leading men in all callings are too apt to allow their better feelings to be warped in estimating the abilities of others, and chess masters are no exception to this rule, but Mr. Bird is happy in being able to avoid giving offence to anyone.

We have been informed by an obliging correspondent that a meeting of the members of the Quebec Chess Club took place in that city, on the 15th inst., and that the following officers were elected for the term ending 15th January next:—Honorary President, Mr. T. E. Fletcher; President, Mr. T. LeDroit; Vice-Presidents, Mr. C. P. Champion and Mr. J. Green; Secretary, Treasurer, Mr. D. C. Mackellie. Committee: Messrs. E. Pope, F. H. Andrews, R. Blackiston, M. J. Murphy, and E. B. Holt.

MEPHISTO.

(From *Land and Water*.)

On Saturday last we visited "Mephisto," the now celebrated mechanical chessplayer, who has removed from the Aquarium and taken up his abode in the Strand, where he holds *seances* daily. During our visit Mephisto played two games, beating his opponents on each occasion, and it was very interesting to watch his movements, which are most perfect, while the sardonic smile with which he greets his adversary when taking a piece is not easily forgotten. As he is not yet endowed with the power of speech, he is compelled to give check by touching his opponent's King, and when check-mate is pronounced he quietly removes the king from the board, and thus shows that the game is over. It is impossible for the most Lilliputian Tom Thumb to get inside the figure, which we examined thoroughly, and visitors can do the same for themselves. Those who have not seen this marvellous piece of mechanism would do well to attend one of Mephisto's *seances*, and play a game of chess with his satanic majesty, who, if we except his cloven foot and wicked smile, appears most quiet and courteous in manner.

(From *Hartford, Conn., Times*.)

New York is going to have a game of chess with living figures sometime next month. Captain McKenzie and Mr. Eugene Delmar are to manoeuvre the forces.

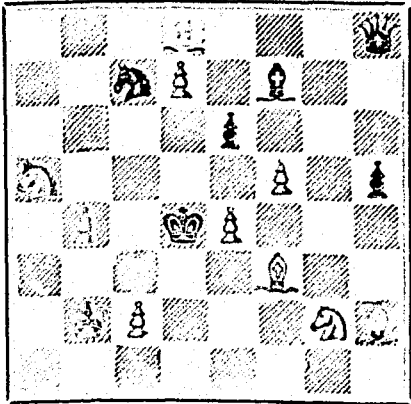
We are sorry to see it stated in the news from the other side of the Atlantic that Anderssen, the great chessplayer, is dead. If such should prove to be the case, it will be a great loss to the lovers of the game, and the termination of one of the most brilliant chess careers on record.

One of the members of the Toronto Chess Club sends us the following: "March 17th. "We are now playing Hamilton a (telegraphic) consultation match, five boards. Play commenced last Thursday, and will be resumed on Wednesday evening, only one game having been finished, which resulted in favour of the Hamiltonians."

PROBLEM No. 217.

By J. G. Slater.

BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 348TH.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

The following very pretty and very interesting game was lately played at Simpson's Divan, London, between Mr. Mason, of New York, and one of the most brilliant London amateurs.

WHITE - (Mr. M.) BLACK - (Mr. B.)

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

And wins.

NOTES.

- (a) This defence has lately been popularized by Mr. Wood, who considers it superior to the classic defence, P to K K 4, inasmuch as it enables Black to frustrate the French attack, the first move of which is P to K K 3.
(b) A pleasing deviation from the hitherto path, leaving the K R 5 sq to be occupied by k b.
(c) This seems to give a safer game than the move recommended by some authorities - K to B 4.
(d) Well played.
(e) This game abounds with fine and vigorous strokes on both sides.
(f) The Report of Chess almost reveals his identity by this move.
(g) White is evidently not to be dazzled by brilliancy, nor intimidated by hard blows.
(h) Of course, capturing the Kt would have entailed the immediate loss of the game.
(i) Weak.
(j) This sacrifice exposed the K to much worry, but we believe it was as sound as it was pretty.
(k) A fatal blunder, but not to be wondered at, seeing that this admirably contested game, extending beyond sixty moves, was rattled off in about twenty minutes. - London Sporting and Dramatic News.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 216.

- WHITE. 1. B to B 5 1. R takes B (a)
2. R to K 4 (ch) 2. K takes R
3. K to B 3 mate
BLACK. 1. B to K 7 (ch) 2. K moves
2. R to R 7 mate

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 214.

- WHITE. 1. K to K 2 1. R to K sq
2. R takes R 2. Any move.
3. R mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 215.

- WHITE. K at K sq K at K 5
Q at K 8 Pawns at K 4
R at K 2 and K 6
Kt at K B 4
Kt at Q 4
BLACK. White to play and mate in three moves.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned will be received at this office until SATURDAY, THE 19TH APRIL NEXT, inclusively, for the construction and fitting up of a heating apparatus at the Departmental Buildings, in course of construction, at Quebec.

The plans and specification of the work may be seen at this office, every day after the 26th instant, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.

The Tenders must be endorsed, "Tender for a Heating Apparatus."

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any of the Tenders.

(By order)

ERNEST GAGNON,

Secretary.

Department of Agriculture and Public Works, Quebec, 14th March, 1879.

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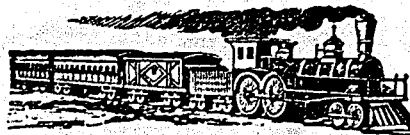
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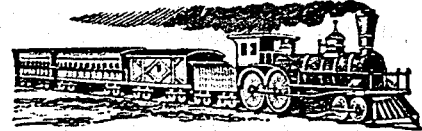
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EXPRESS..... 12.45 p.m..... 7.30 p.m.

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DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.

QUEBEC, 23rd January, 1879.

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All persons are hereby strictly forbidden, unless they may have previously obtained a special authorization to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands or from his Agents, to settle, squat, clear or chop on Lots in Unsurveyed Territory, or on Surveyed Lands not yet open for sale, or to cut down any merchantable trees which may be found thereon, comprised within the limits of this Province, and forming portions of the locations granted in virtue of licenses for the cutting of timber thereon; said timber being the exclusive property of the holders of said licenses, who have the exclusive right to enter actions against any person or persons who may be found violating this order.

F. LANGELIER,

Commissioner of C. L.

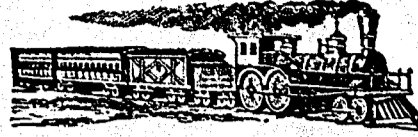
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Contractors will be shown soundings, positions of the Abutments and Piers of the Bridge, and of the line generally, on application at the Government Engineer's Office, 16 St. James Street, Montreal, at any time after this date, but detailed plans and specifications can only be seen on and after THURSDAY, the 20th MARCH, at the same place.

No tender will be received unless made upon the printed form attached to the specification, nor unless accompanied with a certified cheque for one thousand dollars, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rate and on the terms stated in his tender.

The Government does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

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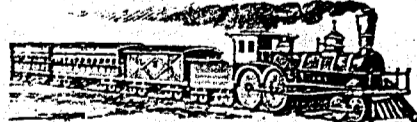
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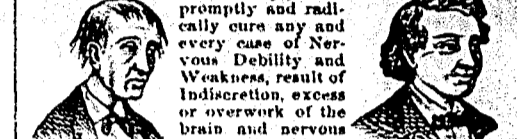


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Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

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