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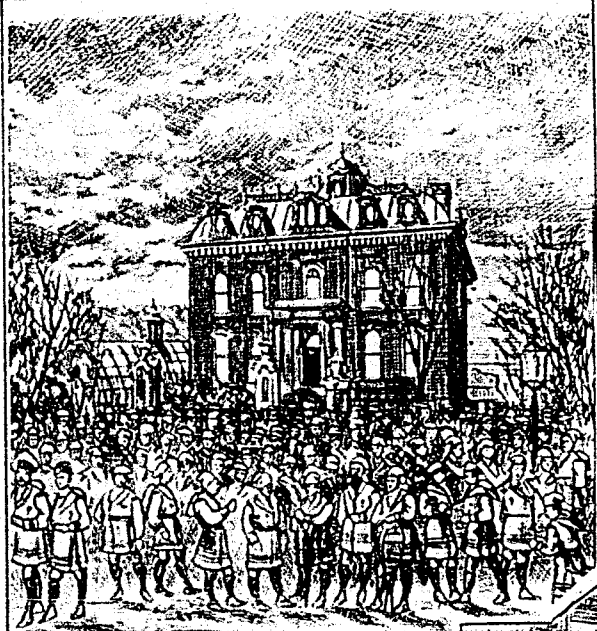
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Whistler's News

Vol. XVII.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1878.

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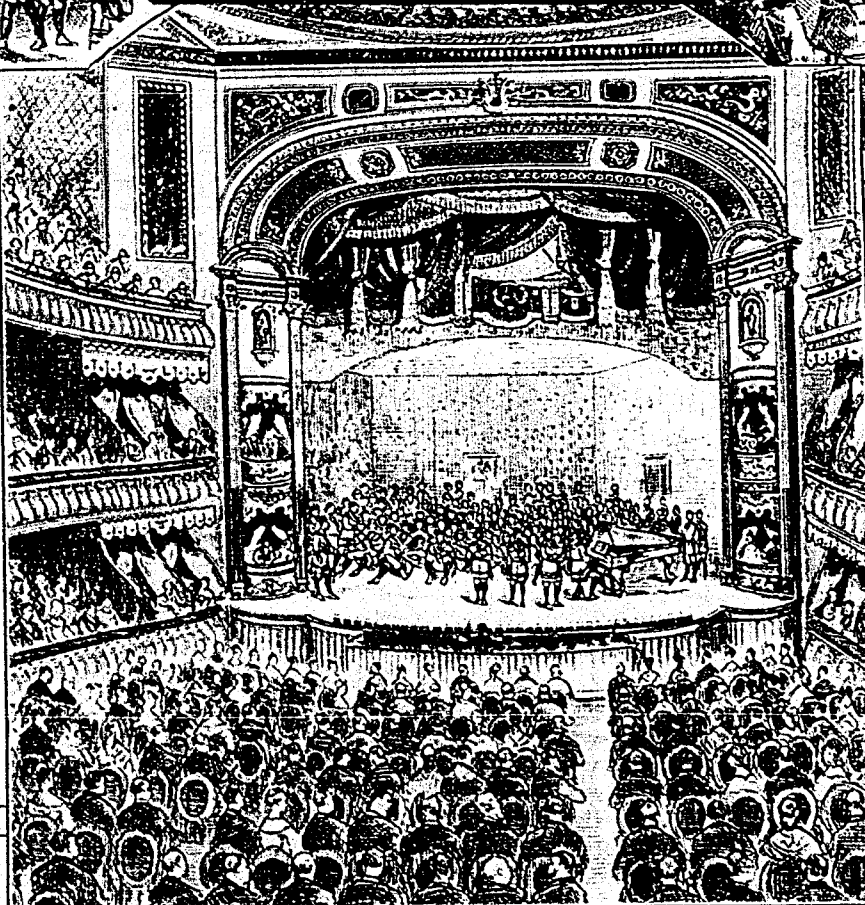
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TOWARD THE PINES.



COAT OF ARMS M.S.S.C.



CLUB ROOM BEHIND MOUNTAIN, MESSRS. CAMPBELL, YOUNG & SORGE SINGING "YE SHEPHERDS TELL ME."



GOV.-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD.



VIOLIN SOLO, MR. C. REICHLING.



THE RETURN, SNOW STORM.

GRAND CONCERT OF THE MONTREAL SNOW-SHOE CLUB, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. R. R. STEVENSON.

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

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City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

MORRISBURG ILLUSTRATED.

In our next number we shall present the first of two large double-page illustrations of Morrisburg, Ont. It will consist of views of prominent public and private buildings, with such scraps as will tend to give an artistic finish to the scene. This new enterprise of ours is beginning to excite attention throughout the country, and we are in receipt of flattering commendations. And we are certain that the more it is known, the more it will be appreciated. It will be the first time that Canada, its history, resources, industries, geography, &c., will have been set before the people of the country. Not only persons resident in the several localities described, but others should make it a point to collect these illustrated articles to preserve them for future reference. Nowhere else will they ever find such a mine of useful and entertaining information. The letter-press is equal to the pictorial execution. Our Special Correspondent, Mr. George Tolley, well known for years as the editor of the *Montreal Star*, is devoting his whole time, energy and ability to the work, and he has an eye especially for bits of curious antiquity connected with each place which he visits. For instance, this week, owing to the lengthy matter connected with Morrisburg, we have detached, as introductory to next week's illustrations, his account of "Uncle Carlo's" adventures in the romantic days of invasion and rebellion. We bespeak for Mr. Tolley the consideration of our friends wherever he goes. Orders for the first of this *Morrisburg Illustrated* Number should be sent in early, as back sets are often difficult to supply.

ST. JOHN, N.B.

The present number contains the fourth of the series of portraits of the principal men and notabilities of St. John, N.B. We beg to call the attention of all our friends in the Maritime Provinces to this series.

NOTICE.

The indexes of the two volumes XV. and XVI. are now ready, and those of our subscribers who may desire them especially for binding, as we recommend them to do, will be at once supplied on dropping word by messenger or postal card.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 9th, 1878.

STAMBOUL.

PERHAPS the best way of learning geography is when a great war attracts our attention to a special country. We have, in the present Eastern war, given full description of the principal places involved. To-day events bring us directly to the great city of Constantinople, and furnish us the occasion of opening a page of history. Constantinople is situated on a series of gentle hills at the east of a triangular promontory having the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus on the south and east, and the Golden Horn, an inlet of the latter, on the south. It is thus surrounded by water on all sides, excepting the west, and has a sea front altogether of about eight miles in extent. Taking the form of the ground on which it stands, the city is also triangular in shape, its apex projecting into the Bosphorus, and its base, a lofty double wall, of four miles in length, stretching across the promontory, from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn. Each of the sides may be about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and within these limits the whole of the city proper is included. On the opposite side of the Golden Horn, and also occupying the extremity of a promontory, sometimes called the Peninsula of Pera, are situated the extensive suburbs, Galata, Pera, and Tophana. Constantinople was formerly walled on all sides; but those along the

Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora are in a ruinous state, and in many places have altogether disappeared. At present the entrance is by 28 gates. The appearance of the city from without is extremely picturesque and imposing, with its mosques, cupolas, and minarets, interspersed with lofty cypresses, and its port crowded with shipping; but within it consists mostly of a labyrinth of crooked, ill-paved, and dirty lanes, and a crowd of low-built and small houses, formed of wood or roughly-hewn stone. Its drainage is favoured by its uneven and sloping site and a great number of public fountains, which amply supply the city with water brought from artificial tanks constructed at some distance. This capital, including its suburbs, contains 14 royal and 332 other mosques, 49 Mohammedan colleges, 183 hospitals, 36 Christian churches, several synagogues, 130 public baths, and 180 khans or inns, besides numerous bazars, coffee-houses, and caravanseras.

On the extreme north-east point of the promontory on which the city stands, called Point Serai, is situated the Seraglio, or palace of the sultan, having the Bosphorus in front and the Golden Horn on the left, and commanding a magnificent view of the opposite shore, including the beautiful town of Scutari and its cypress covered hills. The Seraglio, with its gardens and groves, includes an area of about three miles in circumference, and is washed by the sea for two-thirds of its extent. Having been enlarged and altered at various periods, according to the taste or caprice of the princes and sultans, it now consists of a conglomeration of buildings, clustering together without order or design. Its apartments, however, are spacious and richly furnished. At the principal entrance is a large and lofty gate, called Bab Humayun, the high door or Sublime Porte, from which has been derived the well-known diplomatic phrase, all political business being transacted, as supposed, under this portal. Within the precincts of the palace is the celebrated Divan, and the Harem, with the "Garden of Delight," in which are numerous gorgeous pavilions and pavilions; the latter as bright with painting and gilding as the flowers which blossom on every side, while clusters of roses bloom in baskets of gilded wicker-work, and fountains murmur under the deep shadow of overhanging boughs. Near by is a battery of heavy cannon. The site of ancient Byzantium is supposed to have been included within the present limits of the Seraglio.

Immediately without the Seraglio is the principal mosque of St. Sophia, originally a Christian cathedral, built by the Emperor Justinian, between 531 and 538, at a cost equivalent to at least £1,000,000 sterling. This edifice is in the form of a Greek cross, 269 ft. in length, by 143 in breadth (in its interior), and surmounted by a flattened dome, 180 feet above the ground, besides several minor cupolas, and 4 minarets added to it by the Turks. In its interior are numerous large columns, a floor of variegated marble, and some magnificent bronze gates; but most of the ancient Byzantine paintings and decorations have been hidden by Turkish inscriptions, and the general effect of the building is destroyed by the presence of a multitude of lamps, globes, and other insignificant ornaments depending from the dome. Near St. Sophia is the mosque of Aclamet, a fine structure with a beautiful marble pavement, and 6 minarets—a number possessed by no other mosque in the Mohammedan world. This mosque stands on the Atmeidan, or "hor-cours," the ancient Hippodrome of historic celebrity, a space of 300 yards in length by 150 in breadth, and on which are the granite Theban obelisk set up by Theodosius, the broken pyramid of Constantine Porphyrogenitus shorn of its bronze plates, and the identical twisted brass column which originally supported the tripod in the temple of Delphi. The other principal mosques are those of Solyman the Magnificent, a masterpiece of Saracenic architecture, of Mohammed II., Bajazet (Bayazet) II., Selim

II., Mustapha III., and Othman and Eyub, with the Valide mosque, built by the mother of Mohammed IV., and containing pillars from the ruins of Troy. Most of these establishments have attached to them one or more colleges or charitable institutions: that of Mohammed II. is surrounded by 8 endowed academies, a diet-house for the poor, hospital, caravanseras, and baths all surmounted by lead-covered cupolas. There are government naval and military and medical colleges, as well as numerous inferior schools; but the system of education throughout the whole is on a low scale, and very inefficiently conducted. The bazars are extensive and well supplied, but have no architectural beauty. The numerous cemeteries in and around the city are among its greatest ornaments. Many new barracks, schools, and hospitals have been established in different parts of the metropolis by the late and present sultans. The principal antiquities are the "burnt column," originally erected by Constantine the Great, a part of the column of Arcadius, the pillar of Marcian, vestiges of the Benevolence Palace, built by Theodosius II., the aqueduct of Valens, various subterranean cisterns, the principal of which, called by the Turks the "thousand and one columns," is a vault, 240 feet in length by 200 feet in width, and supported by 424 pillars. About the south-west angle of the city is the citadel of the "seven towers," (*Heptapylon*) a fortress erected about A.D. 1000, and now used as a state prison.

The city proper comprises separate quarters for the Jews, Armenians, and Greeks; that of the last, the "Fonar," extends along the shore of the port, or the "Golden Horn." This fine harbour, which has usurped the name of the promontory on which Byzantium was built, extends between the city and its suburbs, Pera, Galata, &c., for about $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from south-east to north-west, breadth varying from 1 to 4 furlongs. It is deep enough to float ships of the largest size, can receive 1200 of the line, and is always full of mercantile and other vessels, with a vast number of light boats, which here form the principal vehicles of transport. A bridge of boats across it, constructed in 1837, connects the Fonar with Pera; besides which suburb, those of Cassim, Pasha, Tophana, Galata, and Tershanna, with the Imperial arsenals and dockyard, are on its north shore. The foreign commerce of Constantinople, though extensive, is not so large as might have been expected. The imports consist of corn, iron, timber, tallow, and furs from the Black Sea and Russia; cotton stuffs, yarn, woollens, silks, metallic goods, watches, jewellery, furniture, dyes, and drugs from Western Europe; corn and coffee from Alexandria; sugar from the East and West Indies; and wax, copper, gums, drugs, porcelain, overland from China, &c. Scutari is the place of rendezvous for caravans from Persia, Armenia, &c., and is the seat of the principal corn warehouses, and manufactures of Turkish silk and cotton goods. The other manufactures are morocco leather, saddlery, shoes, watchmaking, pipe-bowls, mouth-pieces, and pipe-tubes; and expressly for the manufacture of the last, large numbers of cherry-trees are raised near the city. Constantinople is the see of Greek, Armenian, and Catholic-Armenian patriarchs.

The social condition and every-day life of Constantinople presents some curious phases. The streets are generally dull and deserted, all bustle and animation being confined to the bazars. Many of the houses have no windows at all toward the street, but only a long, narrow, dingy door; and where there are any, they are latticed and closed. Till 1844-45, there were no lamps or lights of any kind in the streets, neither were the latter named, nor the houses numbered; all this, however, is now remedied. Towards evening the coffee-houses are much thronged; but at sunset the Turks retire to their homes, and do not go abroad till next morning. A great number of dogs are permitted to range the streets, which act as scavengers;

they have no private owners, but belong to the community. Each ward has its own particular dogs, and should an individual trespass upon a neighbouring territory, he is immediately driven off by the dogs that occupy it. The climate is variable, and the temperature, especially in winter and spring, is subject to great vicissitudes; snow and hard frost alternate with mild weather. The mean temperature of the year is 56° F.; winter, 48° F.; summer, 71° F. The annual quantity of rain which falls is moderate. Constantinople is but indifferently supplied with public means of conveyance, the chief one being caïques or wherries, the number of which plying on the waters has been estimated at 80,000. They are extremely light, elegantly constructed, and move with great rapidity. There are, besides the caïques, a class of large and heavy boats that ply regularly between the city and the opposite shores. Omnibuses have been recently introduced; besides plying on the thoroughfares, they run also to Adrianople.

Constantinople was originally founded by Byzus, A.D. 656, and rebuilt by Constantine, A.D. 328, who gave it his name. No city in the world has been subjected to such numerous and celebrated sieges, and no other has undergone so many vicissitudes of fortune. Yet it has only been taken twice, namely, in 1204 by the crusaders, who retained it till 1261, and by the Turks under Mohammed II., May 29, 1453—an event which completed the extinction of the Roman Empire in the East. Population, including the suburbs, 750,000, comprised of Turks, Arabians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Europeans.

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

It is some satisfaction to be able to announce to our readers that, on the 31st January, the preliminaries of peace between Russia and Turkey were signed at Adrianople. The protocol said to have been received by the Porte from its plenipotentiary, Suleiman Pasha, is as follows:

- I. The creation of Bulgaria into a Principality.
- II. War indemnity, or territory in compensation.
- III. Independence of Rumania, Servia and Montenegro, with increase of territory for each.
- IV. Reforms in Bosnia and the Herzegovina.
- V. An ulterior understanding between the Sultan and Czar regarding the Danubians.
- VI. Evacuation of the Danubian fortresses and Erzeroum.

It must be remembered, however, that these conditions are only preliminary, and by no means to be regarded as final. Austria has insisted upon an European conference, which all the other Powers have supported, and which Russia has been forced to submit to. At that Conference several of the Powers which have been quiescent throughout the war, now appear determined to raise their voice. If Cambray can be taken as an authority, France declares that any engagements made at Adrianople modifying the treaty of 1856 must be considered null and void. The Russian conditions, except the demand for indemnity, involve a flagrant violation of that treaty, and French interests, it is held, in the East have hardly changed since 1856. On the other hand, we learn that the proposal of an Italian alliance with Powers opposed to Russian aggrandizement, but at the same time guaranteeing the freedom of the Christian nationalities, is most favourably entertained at Rome. The Pope and Cardinal Simeoni, Pontifical Secretary of State, are agreed as to the necessity of encouraging an alliance of Italy with England, France, and Austria. In Vienna there is a very despondent feeling, as it is evident that Germany is favouring Russia. This we have held all along. No wonder, therefore, that Austria is about to present a note refusing to sanction any conditions of peace which would imperil the existence of Turkey. Neither is Rumania satisfied. Prince Nicolas has ad-

dressed a note to the Powers, claiming the right as a belligerent to participate in the Conference. This action is probably taken because Russia has formally acquainted Roumania of her intention to annex Bessarabia, giving the Dobrujscha in exchange. Meantime, without provocation, and in spite of the armistice, Greece is attempting to renew complications by pouring troops over the frontier into Thessaly. Next week we hope to be able to give our readers more satisfactory information concerning a stable peace.

There is one point connected with the Eastern war which has been overlooked. It is the defence of Constantinople. An English correspondent, writing from Bucharest, states that he has talked with all the military attachés with the Russian army and with many Russian officers on this subject, and it is the universally expressed opinion that the Turks, without any assistance from England, can alone, and unaided, defend Constantinople against any force the Russians can bring. It is pretty certain the Russians would never have taken Plevna if Osman Pasha had not been cut off from reinforcements and supplies. Now, as long as the Turks have the command of the sea positions in front of Constantinople, the formidable Kujuk Chekmejes cannot be cut off, or surrounded, or starved out. Thus far they can go certainly, but it is equally certain they can go no farther. There is every reason to believe that the Russian military chiefs have abandoned all idea of an attack upon Constantinople. If the Turks refuse to make peace with the Russians at Adrianople, the latter would prefer simply an attitude of armed observation until the former yielded and came to terms. This waiting game the Russians could stand longer than the Turks, because they would have the whole of Bulgaria, from the Danube to Salonica, from which to draw supplies. As this state of suspense would be detrimental to the interests of the whole of Europe, the Powers would probably bring their influence to bear to compel the Turks to make peace.

We are informed that when the collapse of the Southern Confederacy occurred, there remained in the hands of the agents of the Confederate States in England a considerable amount of money, representing the unexpended balances arising chiefly from cotton imports from the Southern States. This money was lodged in the Bank of England, and for years has been the subject of discussion between the United States Government and our Minister. The United States claimed to be the legal successor and executor of the Confederacy, and have urged the transfer of the sum in the Bank of England to the Washington Exchequer. The reply of the English Government from the time of the first application has been that the position of the United States as owner of the assets of the Confederacy lying in the Bank of England will be recognized and the money handed over, provided the Washington Government would assume whatever liabilities could be proved by British subjects against the Confederacy. Since President Hayes entered upon office the question has been re-opened, and the attitude of the British Government remaining the same, the matter was referred finally to the legal advisers of Mr. Hayes' Cabinet. The result is that Assistant-Secretary French has reported against the advisability of pressing the claims of the United States, and the English Government has been informed that the question is now permanently dropped.

The pressure on our space is again so great this week that we are forced, although very reluctantly, to hold over a mass of original matter.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CONCERT OF THE MONTREAL SNOW SHOE CLUB.—A full and authentic account of this event will be found under a separate heading in another column. A paper on Snow Shoeing by Mufti is held over, but will appear next week.

He will pay his special compliments to the Tuques Bleus, without forgetting some of the other clubs. Look out for this paper next week.

VIEWS OF THE TROAD.—In connection with the question of the Dardanelles, these will be found interesting. Our illustrations of the present aspect of two of the places usually pointed out to curious visitors in that district, one called by the name of Dardanus, the other, a mound of earth and rubbish, imagined to be the Tomb of Achilles, may serve to exemplify the general character of traditional topography in the Troad. Dr. Schliemann, however, in a lecture which he lately delivered upon this subject, attempted to show the grounds for a more precise identification. He began by referring to the unanimous opinion of the ancients, including Thucydides and Aristotle, that the Trojan War was historical, and their agreement that Homer's Ilium stood on the site of its Hellenic namesake, which Lysimachus girdled with a great wall nearly five English miles round. Further, that this is marked by the mound now called Hissarlik was owned on all hands. The Hellenic Ilians, proud of being the successors of Priam's people, showed the ruins of Hector's palace, and of the old Trojan Prytanæum; but since antiquity had neither archaeologists, nor critics, they never used the spade in their researches, or they would have found that, except on Hissarlik, which served Troy as an acropolis, the heaped up rubbish incrustated but thinly the virgin soil. On this mound, however, which is a solitary calcareous rock, the debris of houses and whole cities piled one upon another is enormous, being from 50ft. to 53ft. deep. The mound, moreover, has bulged eastward from 200 ft. to 20ft., northward 130ft., and about 200 ft. to W. and S., through the throwing down of the rubbish from its steep slopes.

THE BURNS' FESTIVAL.—Our pictorial representation of this notable and pleasant event supplements the full descriptions which appeared in the daily papers. The celebration of the Burns' festival was, in every sense, a gratifying success, which shed great credit on the spirit of the Caledonian Society and the energy of its officers. The room represents the members sitting at the banquet, in the hall of the City Club. There are medallions containing the portraits of our popular fellow-citizen, Mr. Alexander McGibbon, President of the Caledonian Society, and of Mr. D. Macmaster, advocate, who was one of the orators of the evening, along with Rev. A. J. Bray and Prof. Murray, of McGill University. The theme of Mr. Macmaster was "Canada, our Home," and among other points of praise which we may accord to the discourse is that it has contributed to set him right with the public, and correct any misapprehension which might have arisen out of his connection with the late attempt to found a Canadian National Society. There is also a view of Burns' monument at Edinburgh.

THE DRAMA OF PLEVNA.—We have already published full particulars of the historic defense and the tragic fate of Plevna, and hence need not repeat it. But we give the present double-page illustration of the surrender, in order that our readers may see all its phases at a glance. This page is worth preserving, because it is authentic, being from the pencil of a French artist, who was the sole member of his profession that actually saw and followed out the whole drama.

MESSRS. CHISHOLM AND GREGORY.—The memoir of the best of these prominent citizens of St. John, N.B., will be found in an other part of the present issue. We regret that we have been unable to procure the notes which we asked for the biography of Mr. Gregory.

THE FIRST DANCE.—This quaint picture speaks for itself. Puss is sure to tread in the footsteps of her mother and grandmother, and as to grandpa, is he not himself teaching her the harmless frivolity by playing on the fiddle for her special behoof?

AFTER THE FIRST BALL.—Isn't he catching it, the poor old coxster! High heels, satin uppers, list soles, all gone after the first ball. Now, whose fault was it, really? That of the Crispin who wrought not well, or of the girl who danced too much at this first ball?

H. W. CHISHOLM,

U. S. VICE-CONSUL AT ST. JOHN, N.B.

A pleasing international event took place at St. John, on January 17th, in the presentation of a valuable gold chronometer and chain, by the Queen Insurance Company of London and Liverpool, to Capt. H. W. Chisholm, the United States Vice-Consul of St. John, and agent of the International Steamship Company. At the time of the great fire of the 20th June last, several thousand people, including the majority of the business men of St. John, were cut off by the fire from their residences and driven down to the wharves, most of them finally taking shelter on the new pier and the wharves of the International Steamship Company at Reed's Point. From this place of refuge many were carried away in small boats, and more than a thousand were taken off by the International steamer *New York*, on board of which, owing to the generous thoughtfulness of Capt. Chisholm and Capt. Winchester, they were provided with food and sleeping accommodations. Still, a vast multitude was left on the wharves, which were constantly threatened of destruction by the fire, all the other wharves in the city in the line of the

fire, except Reed's Point wharf and the new pier, having already been burnt. To save these wharves and the steamboat warehouses upon them was the task which Capt. Chisholm essayed to accomplish, and he succeeded. But the struggle was a desperate one; the wharves and the warehouses were of wood, and there was but a narrow interval between them and the buildings already on fire. One end of the International Warehouse was but forty feet from a building which was destroyed, and this warehouse was of wood with a shingle roof. Nothing but the most heroic efforts on the part of Capt. Chisholm and those who aided him could have saved this building and the wharf on which it stood. Their clothes were burned, their flesh scorched, and some of these heroes wear to this day the marks of their fierce conflict with the flames. Much depended on the success of their efforts; had they failed, many, perhaps hundreds, of lives would have been sacrificed, for those on the wharves would either have been burnt or drowned in the harbour.

When the agent of the Queen Insurance Company, Mr. Dresser, came to St. John, he heard the story of Capt. Chisholm's heroic and successful efforts to save life and property, and represented them to his company, who were the insurers of the International Warehouse. They felt that some acknowledgment was due to him, and sent him a letter of thanks, and likewise instructed their agent in St. John to present Capt. Chisholm with the best gold chronometer that he could procure in the United States.

The presentation of this magnificent specimen of American art and skill took place lately in the City Council Chamber, upward of two hundred of the leading men of St. John being present, including judges, barristers, and the principal merchants. The chair was taken by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, the Hon. S. L. Tilley, and a complimentary address to Capt. Chisholm read by Mr. C. E. L. Jarvis, the agent of the Company, who, at the close, requested Mr. John Boyd to make the presentation. Mr. Boyd's speech, in conveying this fine gem of valour and worth to Capt. Chisholm, was one of the happiest efforts of his well-known eloquence, and we only regret that want of space prevents us from reproducing it.

VARIETIES.

A FARMER'S LIFE.—There is no doubt that health is more general, and the average of life is longer, in rural districts where due attention is paid to the laws of physiology, than is found elsewhere; owing, probably, to simpler habits of living, comparative freedom from anxiety incidental to trade, and the diversity of exercise, that gives more uniform action to the muscles. And as for rational enjoyment, a farmer with a grateful heart, a generous soul, a neighbourly spirit, and a will to use life as his Creator intended, may have all that can be realized on earth. And then, how suggestive of better thoughts, of filial reverence, of holy aspirations, is his occupation! At every step and in all the wide universe around, he beholds the traces of a benignant Providence, the manifestations of a merciful Father.

ANTIQUITY OF NURSERY RHYMES.—Many of these productions have a very curious history, if it could only be traced. Some of them probably owe their origin to names distinguished in our literature, as Oliver Goldsmith, for instance, is believed in his earlier days to have written such compositions. Dr. E. F. Rimbault gives us the following particulars as to some well-known favourites: "Sing a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music-book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dates from 1633. "London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomable antiquity. "Girls and Boys come out to play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II.; as is also "Lucy Locket Lost her Pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?" is of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket" is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is supposed to allude.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF CHRISTENDOM.—There are at the present moment thirty-six reigning sovereigns in Christendom from the Queen of England, to whom 237,000,000 of human beings owe allegiance, to the Prince of Monaco, whom 5,742 subjects acknowledge as their liege lord. Of these princes ten are nominally Roman Catholic, namely, the emperors of Austria and Brazil, the Kings of Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Bavaria, Saxony, the Prince of Liechtenstein and Monaco. Of the remaining twenty-six, two belong to the Greek Church, though the Czar and the King of the Hellenes belong to different branches of it. The other twenty-four are Protestants, sixteen being called Lutherans, four (including the German Emperor) belonging to the "Evangelical" confession, three to the "reformed" church, and one being the "supreme head on earth" of the Church of England, but the vast majority of Queen Victoria's subjects (139,000,000) are neither Protestants nor Catholics, but Hindoos, while the Mohammedans, 40,000,000 in number, are themselves more numerous than the Protestants of all denominations in the empire.

A STORY TOLD BY MARK LEMON.—"This is a better supper than old — used to give the

actors at — in my early days," he said, one evening at a friend's house. "It was an actors' hostelry, and once a week they had a tripe supper; the host, a humourous fellow in his way at all times, presiding. Some of the actors got tired of this plain fare, and they suggested a change in the *menu*. 'By all means,' said the host, and at the following meeting the actors and a few friends were present, myself among the number. Ushered into the dining-room, there were great demonstrations of preparation. The host sat in state on a raised seat at the further end of the table; by his side stood a servant holding a herald's trumpet. The table was thick with covered dishes. When we were all seated, the herald blew a flourish, and the host, in a loud voice, said, 'Remove the covers; let the repast begin.' There were meats of all kinds, birds, chickens, game, tarts, fruits—everything we could think of; but they were the contents of a child's toy-box—wooden meats, wooden birds, painted grapes, painted apples. A cry of disgust, mingled with shouts of laughter, greeted this satire upon the actors' desire for luxuries. At the first burst of surprise, old —, in his loudest voice, cried, 'Jem, bring in the tripe.' The wooden viands seemed to have whetted the general appetite, and we had a very jovial evening. It being the host's fancy to play the part of a king, at a certain hour, when the club broke up, the time of departure was proclaimed by the entrance of a page, who bore on a velvet cushion a very large key, which he presented on his knees. 'Her Majesty, my queen,' then said the host, addressing the actors, 'has graciously sent me the castle key. Farewell!' And so the club broke up."

CANVAS "TROUSERS."—One day in London a French tailor who had but just arrived in the smoky capital waited upon Count d'Orsay to implore him to give him his countenance and patronage, well knowing that if d'Orsay ordered merely a waistcoat of him his fortune would be made. The Count remained for some minutes silent, while the poor Frenchman begged him to have pity upon a fellow-countryman; but at length, raising his eyes, he said, pointing to a bag the fellow held in his hand, "What have you there, *monsieur*?" "A coat, M. le Comte, which I am bringing home to my only customer. If M. le Comte would only allow me to show it him—" "Bah!" replied d'Orsay. "I don't want to know what you have in the bag, but I want to know about the bag itself. Have you much of the stuff of which that bag is made?" "Much of the stuff!" *Mon Dieu*, M. le Comte, I can have as much of it as I like: it is a very common quality of canvas, and used only for making bags." "Well," said the great Alfred, with the smile of a man who sees his way to an Austerlitz, "make me a pair of trousers of that stuff, and bring them to me here to-morrow punctually at four." "But, M. le Comte—" "J'ai dit," said the dandy, waving his hand: "now go, and remember to be punctual." On the following day at four the coarse canvas trousers were at the Count's lodgings, and at five he lounged into Crookford's with this extraordinary covering encasing his perfect legs. The first person he met on the staircase was Lord Chesterfield. "Gad, D'Orsay," exclaimed that excitable nobleman, stooping down and catching hold of the young Frenchman by the knee, without any ceremony, "that's wonderful stuff! Never saw it before! Gad, it looks well! It's something you've invented, I suppose, and one can't get it?" "Oh, yes, you can," laughed D'Orsay. "It's not difficult to get, and very cheap. I don't know that it's very pretty to look at, but the stuff hangs well, and does admirably for riding." "For riding? By Jove, I should think so! The very thing!" exclaimed Lord Chesterfield. "If it's no secret, will you give me the address of the tailor?" The Count, who passed his life in doing acts of kindness, gave the address, made the fortune of his poor compatriot, and set all London wearing canvas trousers on horse-back that season.

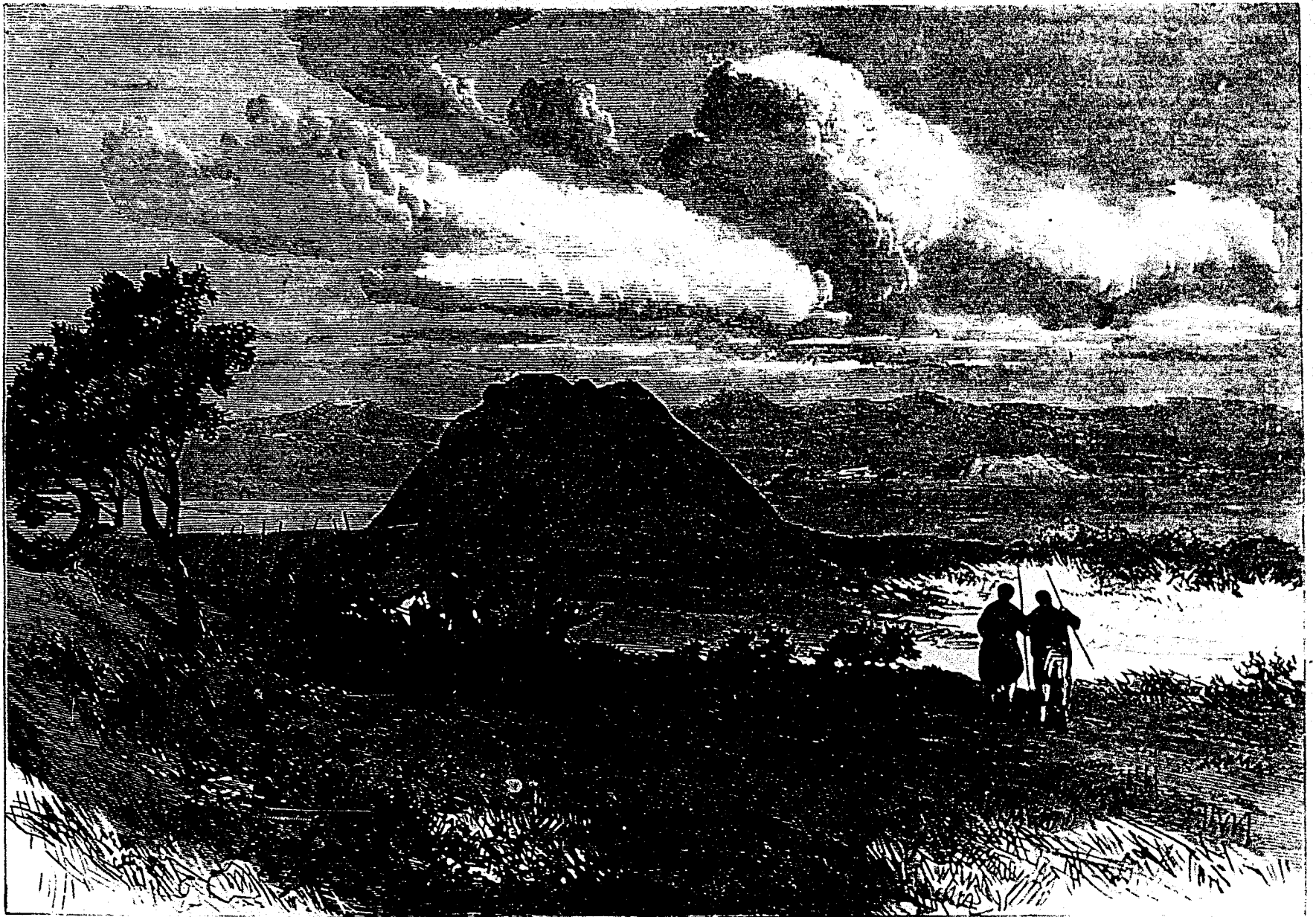
A LAWYER ANSWERED.—Police Justice King does not very frequently indulge in an exhibition of humor; but he does sometimes. The other day a case was on hearing before him under the statute rendering it criminal to sell chattel mortgaged property. When the people rested, the defendant's attorney moved that the prisoner be discharged, and Judge K. granted the motion, whereupon the lawyer representing the people, arose and suggested that he desired to be heard. "Very well," replied the judge, "I will call the prisoner back."

"Haven't you discharged him?" asked the lawyer. "Certainly," said the Judge. "Then what is the use of calling him back?" said the attorney, thinking he had the judge. "Oh," said Judge K., "to give you an opportunity to talk." He wasn't called back.

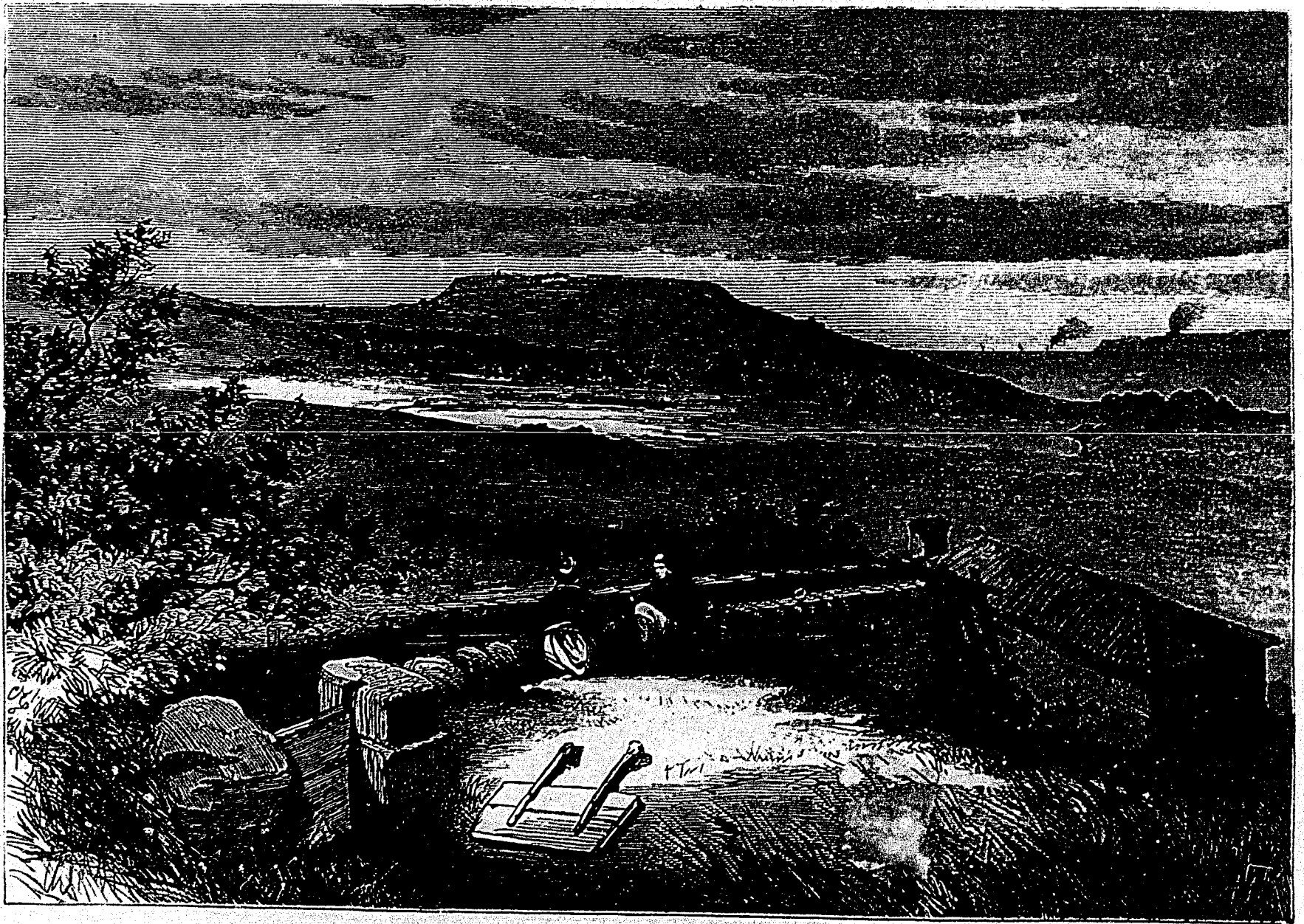
NOTICE TO LADIES.

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.

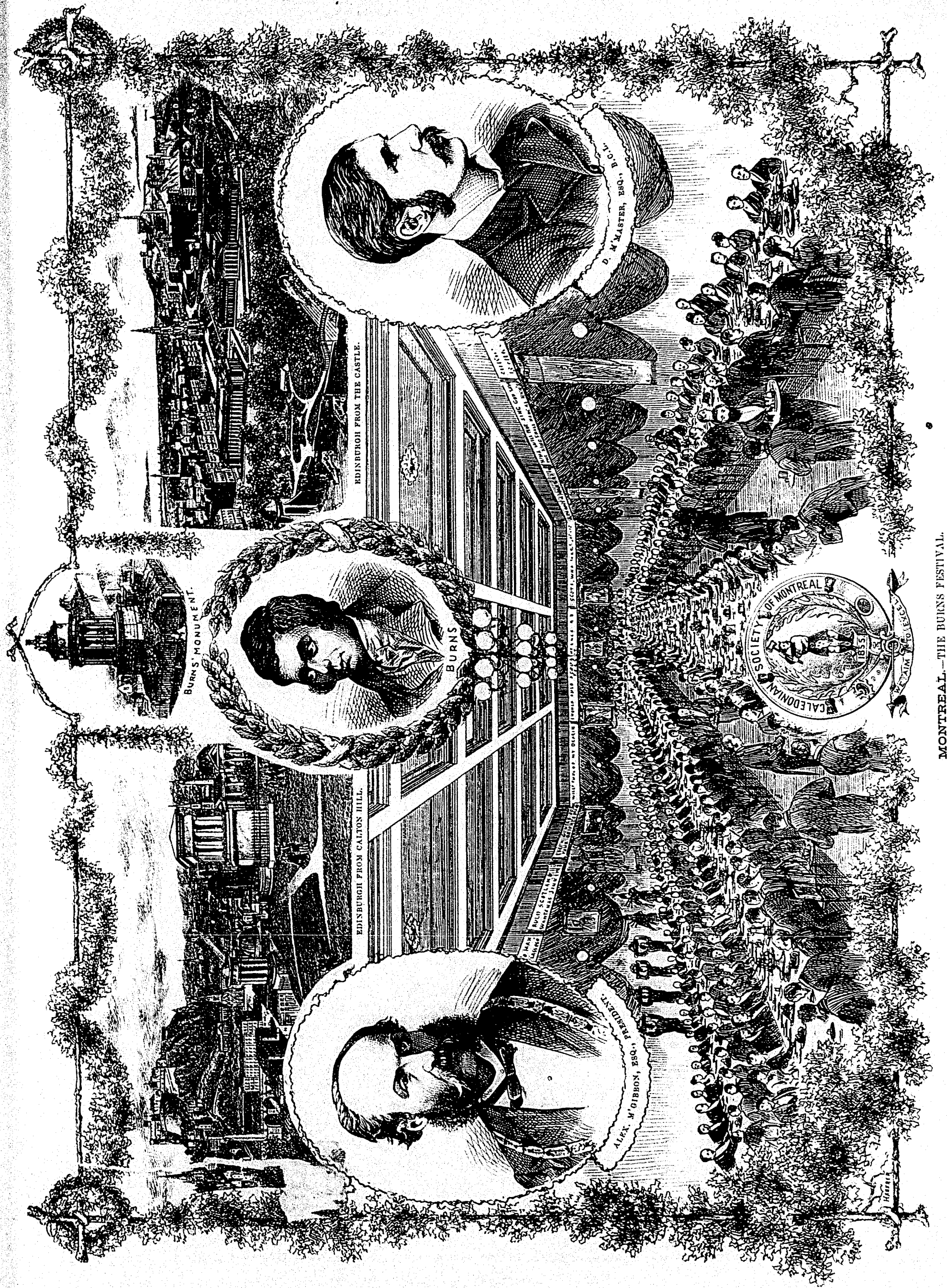
J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.



SCENES IN THE TROAD.—THE TOMB OF ACHILLES.



SCENES IN THE TROAD.—THE ANCIENT DARDANUS ON THE DARDANELLES.



MONTREAL.—THE BURNS FESTIVAL.

THE SEEKING OF THE WATERFALL.

They left their home of summer ease Beneath the lowland sheltering trees. To seek, by ways unknown to all, The promise of the waterfall.

THE GREAT CONCERT OF THE MONTREAL SNOW-SHOE CLUB.

On Friday, the 25th inst., a grand concert was given by the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club, popularly known as the "Tuque Bleue."

WAGNER'S YOUTHFUL DAYS.

His peculiarities as a boy—early struggles and final success. It was Saturday night last. The curtain had just fallen upon the last act of "Lohengrin,"

very quietly—almost to himself.) "I often sat by Richard Wagner when he was writing the score." Here was a chance that does not often come of talking to a man who had been the friend of the great German composer.

blow accidentally, and at once went off into hysterics. The end of the matter was that the manager stepped to the front of the stage and informed the audience there that, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, &c., the production of the opera would be postponed until a further occasion.

EASTERN WAR.—Gortschakoff has notified Russia's assent to the European Conference being held at Vienna, immediately after the armistice is signed.

PERSONAL. Mr. Blake re-elected for Halifax. Mr. Anglin has inside track for Speaker-ship. Lord Dufferin enjoying himself in the United States.

SONG.

(From Victor Hugo.)

If you have really nought to say,
Why come so often in my way!
Or why those smiles upon me shed,
Smiles that would turn a monarch's head!
If you have really nought to say,
Why come so often in my way!

If you would have me understand
No secret, wherefore press my hand!
I know that, as you hither stray,
Sweet dreams about your fancy play;
Why, therefore, clasp my hand, unless
Some riddle you would have me guess!

If you would really have me go,
Far from your sight, why tempt me so!
Filled with no rapture and no despair,
I tremble, when I see you there;
Then, pray, these, cease to tempt me so,
If you would really have me go!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT MORRISBURG.

A VETERAN OF 1812—SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD—PICKING OFF A REBEL—SPOON BAIT.

Judging from the number of old folks one meets, and hears about, Morrisburg must be a healthy place. There are quite a number of "old inhabitants" jogging quietly on to the "nineties." Those who have known them twenty years or so, say they have not changed any, and it is really hard to assign a reason why they should. Among the young-old boys Mr. Carlo D. Castle, or "Uncle Carlo," as the villagers love to call him, is a representative man. He is a good type of "the fine old English gentleman," and though in his eighty-second year, he is hale and hearty and as active as a kitten—so to speak. He entered the Incorporated Militia when sixteen years old, and took part in the war of 1812 and the suppression of the rebellion of 1837. He was first stationed at Prescott and remembers well seeing the American boats passing down the river, tied one behind the other so as to present as small a mark as possible to the gunners of the fort. The bulk of the American army, as will be remembered, left their boats above Prescott and marched down on their own side of the river, taking to their flotilla again when out of reach of the British guns. Uncle Carlo says the guns in the fort were too high for good work, and only one or two of the boats were struck.

In connection with the battle of Lundy's Lane, 25th July, 1814, Uncle Carlo relates that Lt. Colonel Robinson was shot through the head and yet lived. The bullet entered near the left eye and in its course almost grazed the brain. The gallant Colonel was not long in hospital, and came out apparently none the worse for the wound, but when he rejoined his regiment he found that he could not bear the report of firearms—the sound almost sending him crazy. The Government thereupon gave him a comfortable position in one of the West India Islands.

Uncle Carlo was at the battle of the Windmill, November 13th, 1837, and relates how, to use his own expression, he shot a rebel as coolly as he would a squirrel. The rebels had been driven from the stone fences and were hiding behind the houses clustered about the Windmill. The regulars and militia were waiting for the order to charge—for it had been resolved to carry the position at the bayonet's point. Strict orders had been issued that not a shot should be fired. Uncle Carlo, then a sergeant, was at the extreme left of the advancing line. Meanwhile the rebels kept up a galling fire, and not far from where our hero was stationed a fine-looking fellow, armed with a rifle resplendent with inland silver, was busy picking off the British officers. The sharp-shooter would stand out boldly in the open, aim, fire and retire to lead as deliberately as a marksman at a prize meeting. Uncle Carlo watched him some little time and remarked to his lieutenant, standing near by, what a shame it was that they should have to remain still while the fellow pursued his murderous work. The lieutenant admitted the force of the argument, but reminded the sergeant of the order prohibiting firing. The next time the rebel appeared Uncle Carlo's wrath overcame his sense of duty and turning to the officers he said, "I know well that a soldier's first obligation is obedience to orders, but I am willing that my military career shall finish here rather than that fellow shall continue to slay our officers." Asking one of the privates for the loan of his musket, the plucky sergeant rested the piece on the fence and fired. The bullet struck the house a short distance from the rebel's body. Declaring that the musket didn't carry straight, Uncle Carlo borrowed another and again levelled, resting the piece on the fence as before and, as he says, aims as coolly as he would have done at a squirrel. Crack! went the musket, and this time the bullet found its billet, the rebel was seen to jump several feet and fall flat on his back, shot through the heart. "I dream of him often," said the old soldier as he related the story, "but I never have felt a pang of regret for what I did." When the commanding officer heard the shot he rode down the line and asked who had dared to disobey orders. Uncle Carlo stepped forward and saluted. "You know that orders had been given that there was to be no firing, did you not?" said the officer. "Yes sir," replied the sergeant, "but I could not hear to see yonder rebel picking off our gallant officers, so I resolved that cost what it might I would shoot him and so I have." "You did right, my

man," said the officer, adding: "and if I had been in your place I should have done the same."

Uncle Carlo retired with the rank of lieutenant, and can boast of having commanded representatives of three generations of one family. After his military career he was appointed a lock master, first on the Beauharnois Canal and latterly at Morrisburg. The latter position he retained until quite recently. During the past twenty-seven years he has been an active worker in the temperance cause, and as a local preacher in the Wesleyan Church he has earned considerable popularity. He is an ardent disciple of Isaac Walton. Taking advantage of the wonderfully mild weather, he on the 12th and 14th of last month, got his trim skiff out over the shore ice and, inviting the writer to accompany him, went over the fishing grounds in the bays of the adjacent islands, where at such a date there is usually ice two feet thick. Success did not attend the remarkable venture, but the week previous the venerable angler landed some splendid maskinonge.

Uncle Carlo claims to be the inventor of the spoon bait. He says that once when out fishing he accidentally dropped a ten cent piece overboard. As it went wobbling, a fine bass rushed forward and swallowed it, evidently mistaking it for the gleaming side of a minnow. Uncle Carlo lost no time in experimenting and at last his fertile brain evolved the "spoon" now universally used by those who war against the finny tribe.

HEARTH AND HOME.

DESS.—It is quite as foolish to deary dress as it is to make dress the first object in life. A proper attention to it is not only necessary but praiseworthy. A person, male or female, seeking employment, who is modestly, neatly, and becomingly attired, will be more likely to secure a situation than one who repels by slovenliness and carelessness of dress. Nor does this necessarily involve an expensive outlay. Combs, soap, water, and towels are very rarely beyond reach even of the poorest. Nor is a neatly mended or threadbare garment, carefully put on, of necessity inconsistent with good appearance. A person may spend thousands upon dress and yet always look untidy; while another, who counts every shilling as it goes, may look much better even in his well-worn suit.

REAL FRIENDSHIP.—Some true heart has given expression to its generous nature in the following beautiful sentiment:—Never desert a friend when enemies gather around him. When sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try a true friend. They who turn from a scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, studies your interest and happiness, be sure and sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love is not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They deny its worth who never loved a friend, or laboured to make a friend happy.

LIFE'S CHANGES.—How many to-night, through the length and breadth of our crowded city, are vainly clinging to the life which is fast ebbing away; and how many more soul-sick of deceit, and treachery, and injustice, finding no resting place for a weary over-tired heart, shrinking from a hopeless future—stung with sorrowful memories of the past—would gladly change places with them, and sleep their last sleep. He who made the heart, alone knoweth its bitterness when thus turned back upon itself. He only knoweth, who counteth our tears, how it is with such an experience not to turn, distrustful, away from our kind. He only knoweth how dark even the bright heaven may be, when such clouds roll between.

FROM HOME.—Travelling has its delights if you are fortunate enough to secure a pleasant fellow traveller. You may imagine that you have found that ideal in your wife. Not at all. If it be the honeymoon, the happy couple are still almost strangers, and a close intimacy must subsist to keep the peace between travelling companions. If long married, *matrifamilia* drags where she goes an ever-lengthening chain, or she counts the hours to her return to the little ones she has left behind. And in no case could the weaker sex be expected to exhibit those traits of endurance and cheerful submission to hardship which must be present among travellers worthy really of the name. Nor is perpetual harmony certain always in a simple *été-a-tête*. Change of companionship is necessary to prevent dire boredom.

ORIGIN IN QUARRELS.—The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of a tougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn in their journey through life, and make their travelling unksome and unpleasant.

KISSING.—It is because there is so much hypocrisy in promiscuous kissing that we object

strongly to the senseless custom. It is well enough for a man to kiss his wife, a lover his mistress, a mother her children, and a brother his sister; but it is another thing for a person to kiss anybody and everybody. It is a question whether all public kissing is not objectionable; it is certain that very little can be advanced in favour of public promiscuous kissing. Except in some cases, there is nothing enjoyable in a kiss, and it is certainly not a very beautiful thing to look at. It should, therefore, be only necessary to prove that it has ceased to be a reliable symbol of affection in order to persuade the great majority of sensible persons to do their best to bring general kissing into disfavour.

REPUTATION.—Reputation is but a synonym of popularity—dependent on suffrage, to be increased or diminished at the will of the voters. It is the creature, so to speak, of its particular age, or rather a particular state of society; consequently, dying with that which sustained it. Hence we can scarcely go over a page of history that we do not see in churchyard, tread upon some buried reputation. But fame cannot be voted down, having its immediate foundation in the essential. It is the eternal shadow of excellence from which it can never be separated; nor is it ever made visible but in the light of an intellect kindred with that of its author. It is that light which projects the shadow which is seen of the multitude, to be wondered at and venerated, even while so little comprehended as to be often confounded with the substance—the substance being admitted from the shadow, as a matter of faith. It is the economy of Providence to provide such lights: like rising and setting stars they follow each other through successive ages; and thus the monumental form of genius stands forever relieved against its own imperishable shadow.

LOWLINESS.—The world needs men more than anything else. Rubies are not to be mentioned by the side of men that are stable, men that are thoroughly honest and reliable, men that are right, men that are competent in their sphere. Such men are more precious than the gold of Ophir. There are lots of things lying loose all through human society which are called men, but which are poor stuff. They are over-swollen. They falsely estimate themselves. They are without moral judgment, or their moral judgment rests on a false basis. They do not judge themselves by the higher law of manhood, or by the divine standard. They are not content to stand at a point where they are really fitted to stand and execute the duties of life. So multitudes of men rise and are smitten down again. Only here and there do we see men beginning low, progressing with moderation, maintaining what they gain, rising to the very end, and at last having the verdict of men that they were more than they ought themselves to be. Universal just judgment and generosity tend to put men higher who put themselves low, and to put down the man who thinks himself to be greater than he really is.

GOOD LISTENERS.—It is all very well to complain of the dearth of good listeners, and to say the man who listens well is as desirable a companion as the man who talks well. But it is not easy to be a good listener, for it requires certain high moral qualities. A man to listen well must be unselfish, he must be willing both to give and take. He must have power of self-control, for he must be ready to give his mind for a moment into another man's custody. He must have a certain amount of deference and humility, which the man who accompanies your words with a running commentary of protest or contradiction does not possess. The person who lets his eye wander while you are talking to him, shows that he is deficient in the first elements of good breeding, courtesy. Even in this, its simple form, few people would learn the art of attention. They, themselves, want to talk—not that they have anything to say, but because they love the music of their own words. We rarely meet with anyone who ever thinks of ruling the tongue. But still, although talking goes on in the world without intermission, conversation, in its proper sense, is fast dying out. Our talking, like our writing, is serious and dull, and is unrelieved by wit and brilliancy. There is no greater nuisance than when a company at dinner is forced to listen to two liberty lions, who try to be clever and smart. No doubt it is pleasing to them, and to them only, but it is not conversation, because all present do not share in it.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"How's your husband this evening, Mrs. Quaggs?"—"No improvement, doctor, one way or the other."

A BOSTON teacher, who in a fit of vexation called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language, explained by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing arithmetic.

A DELAWARE man, arrested for murder, proved that on that night, and at the hour of the murder, he was at home whipping his wife, and this fact saved him. A word to the wise is, and so forth.

"Doctor," said a lady, who vowed herself tired of housekeeping, "I want my husband to take me to Florida this winter. Now, what is the matter with me, that renders it necessary for me to go?"

BISHOP CLARK, of Rhode Island, always will

have his joke, and it's always worth having, too. He once went to see one of his parishioners, a lady with a prodigious family, which had recently been increased. As he rose to leave, the lady stopped him with "But you haven't seen my last baby."—"No," he quickly replied, "and I never expect to." Then he fled.

A YOUNG lady who had some idea of marrying a young parson, asked advice of the venerable widow of a clergyman. The old lady said, "If you ever marry a minister, marry one who, in an emergency, has enough of grace of God in his heart to go from the pulpit to the kitchen and pare the potatoes for dinner without growling." A woman who draws such a matrimonial and ministerial prize as this, ought to be willing to go into the pulpit and take her turn at preaching, when an emergency compels.

AN extremely significant custom is observed by a race of girls which we call barbarians. When lovers present themselves they put a live coal into the hand of each, and the one who holds it longest wins a wife. There is a great deal of honesty in this practice which is to be commended. They make it hot for a man before marriage instead of after. Our customs are entirely different, for the young girls now-a-days put a smile in your hand first and the live coal afterwards. This is called domestic bliss.

LITERARY.

VICTOR HUGO never wears an overcoat, and goes out in all weather without one.

MISS BLANCHE HOWARD, author of "One Summer" is said to be thirty-one years old, and a remarkably beautiful girl.

A LONDON correspondent says that Tennyson and Longfellow are the only poets for whose works there is a real demand in England.

HACKLANDER, "the Dickens of Germany," received from a single publisher during the twenty-six years ensuing 1851 the large sum of \$90,000.

MR. GRANT, the chief correspondent of the London Times, as well as Messrs. MacGahan and Millet, the special correspondents of the Daily News, are all Americans.

SIR WALTER SCOTT told Leslie he had known a labouring man who was with Burns when the ploughshare turned up the mouse. His first impulse was to kill it, but checking himself as his eye followed the little creature, he said, "I'll make that mouse immortal."

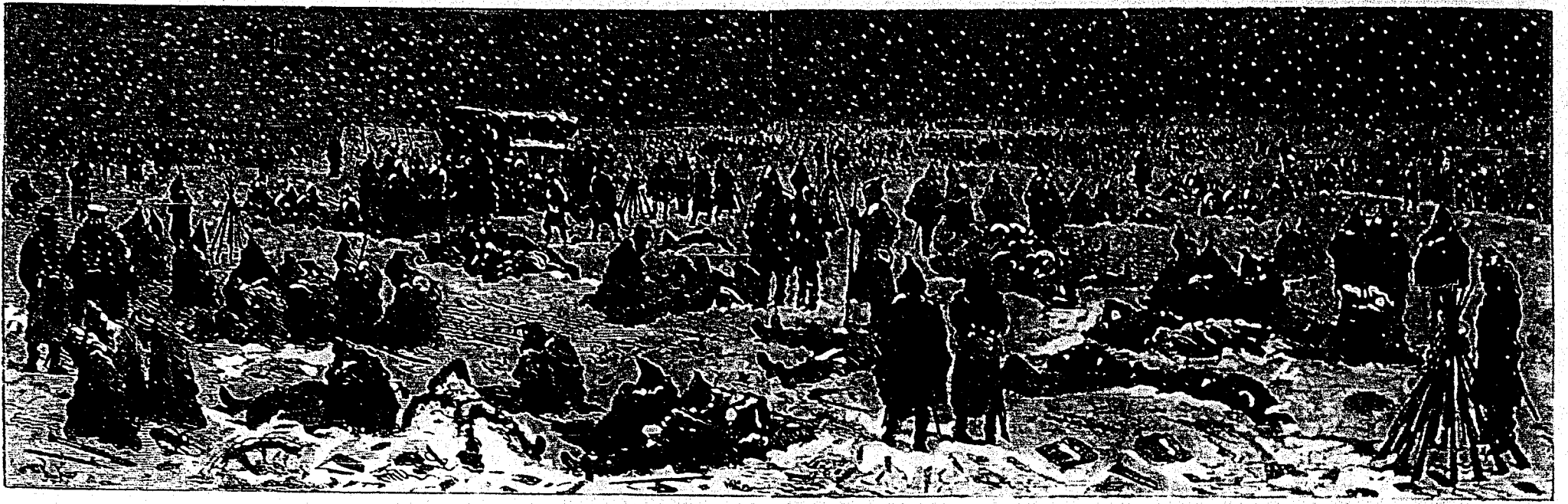
At a recent examination of a bankrupt it was observed that he kept a great number of banking accounts. "I see," said the learned judge, "that you have had six or seven bankers, what could you want so many for?"—"To overdraw them, sir," was the frank and candid reply.

GAIL HAMILTON is described as a plump, square-built, determined-looking lady, with brown hair, freckled complexion, retainer's nose, and eyes of a crooked, not to say mischievous, archness. She is highly in her manner toward ephemeral female journalists, and in general likes to talk with men better than with women.

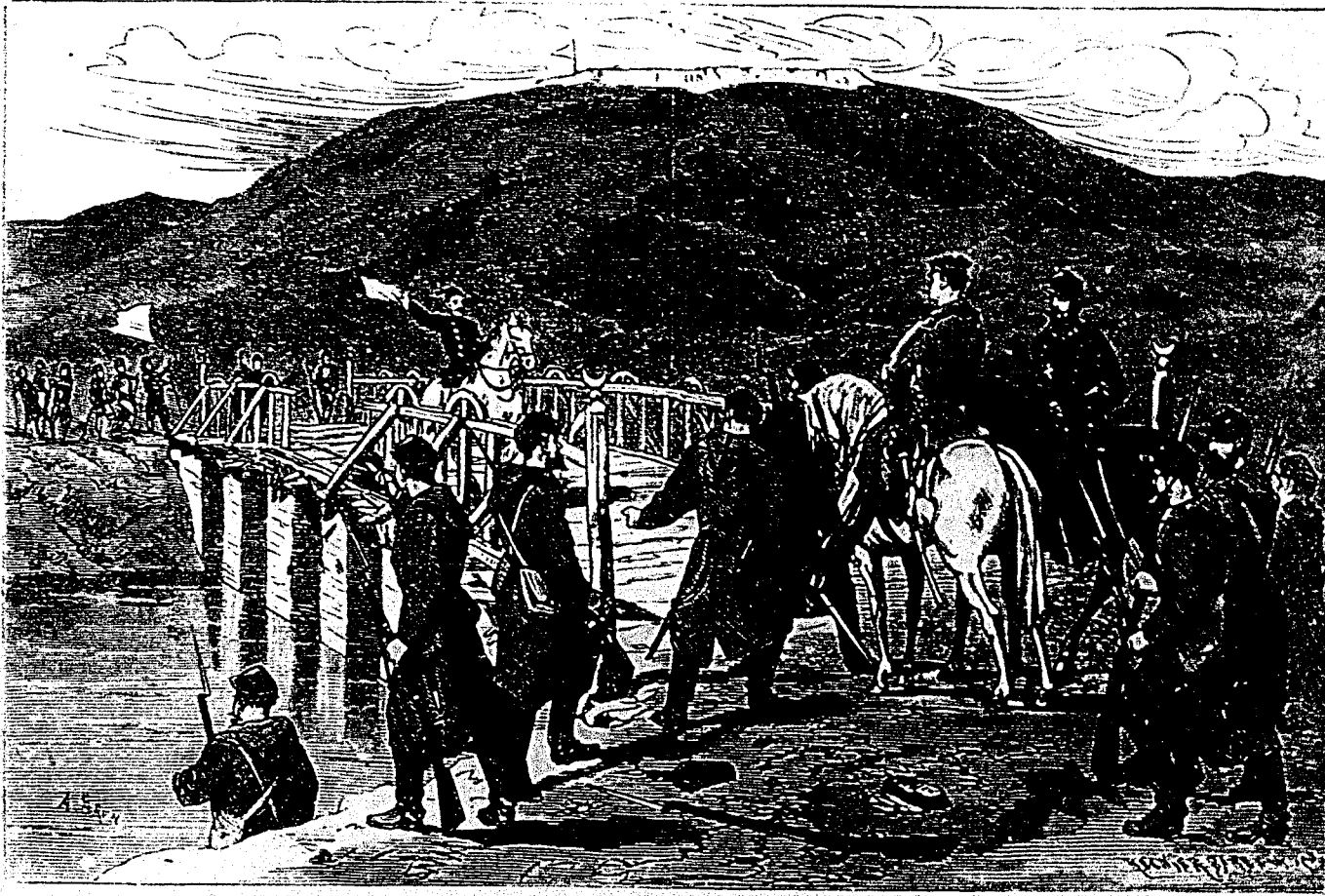
HENRY MORLEY, in a recent lecture on English novelists, vindicated Charles Dickens's "Black House" from the objection that its purpose was to expose the abuses of the Court of Chancery. That, he contended, was not the essential purpose of the novelist, though a Chancery suit was at the root of the story—but that was simply taken to illustrate the truth that we must live our own lives and work out our own problems, and however tempting the invitation to look for something outside ourselves, that we must resist the temptation, be ourselves, and do our duty. That, therefore, was the cardinal truth of "Black House."

Come now and let us reason together.

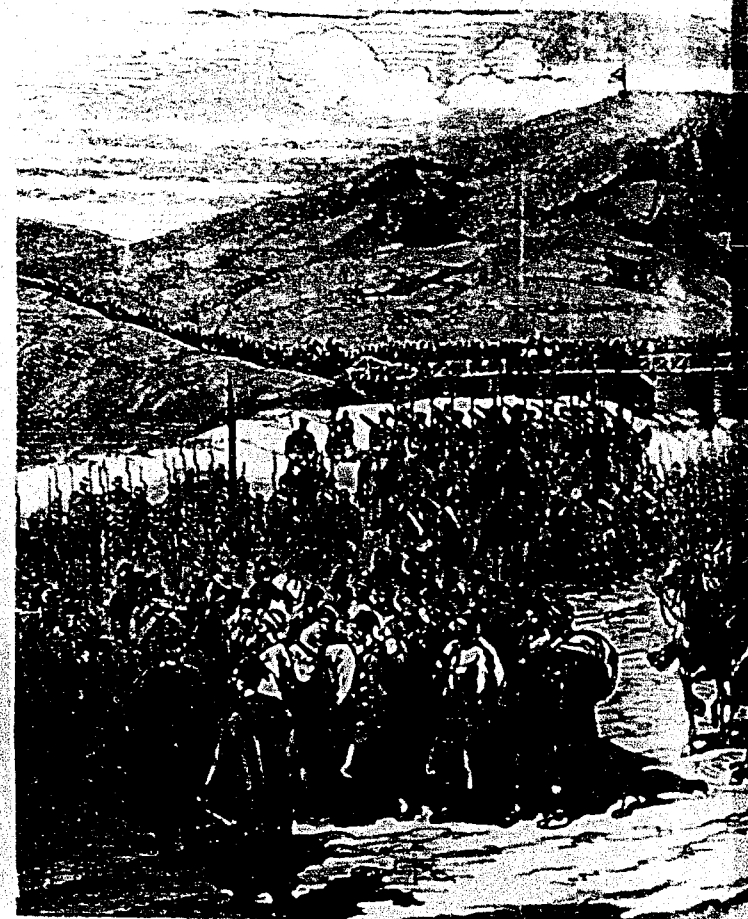
Why do people so frequently say to Dr. Pierce, "I suppose your Golden Medical Discovery cures everything?" Because it has been the practice of knavish charlatans to manufacture worthless nostrums and attempt to dupe the ignorant and credulous by recommending them to cure every form of disease. To such an extent has this been practiced that it is no wonder that many have acquired prejudices against all advertised remedies. But Dr. Pierce does not advertise his standard preparations as "cure-alls," does not claim that they will perform miracles, but simply publishes the fact that they have been developed as specifics for certain forms of disease for which he recommends them, after having tested their efficacy in many hundred cases with the most gratifying success. It is a fact known to every well informed physician that many single remedies possess several different properties. Quinine, for instance, has a tonic quality, which suggests its use in case of debility; an anti-periodic, by which it is efficacious in ague; and a febrifuge property, which renders it efficacious in cases of fever. The result of its administration will also vary with the quantity given and the circumstance under which it is employed. So, likewise, the Golden Medical Discovery possesses both pectoral and alterative, or blood-cleansing properties of the highest order. By reason of these two prominent properties it cures two classes of diseases. First, those of the respiratory organs, as throat, bronchial, and lung affections, chronic coughs and asthma, and second, disease of the blood and glandular system, in which affectional all skillful physicians employ alteratives, as in cases of blotches, eruptions, ulcers, swellings, tumors, abscesses, and in torpor of the liver or "biliousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, suggested in cases of pulmonary consumption, yet you need not take it expecting it will cure you if your lungs are half consumed, nor because it is recommended as a blood medicine would its proprietor advise you to take it expecting it to cure cancer. It will not perform miracles, but it will cure many grave forms of disease.



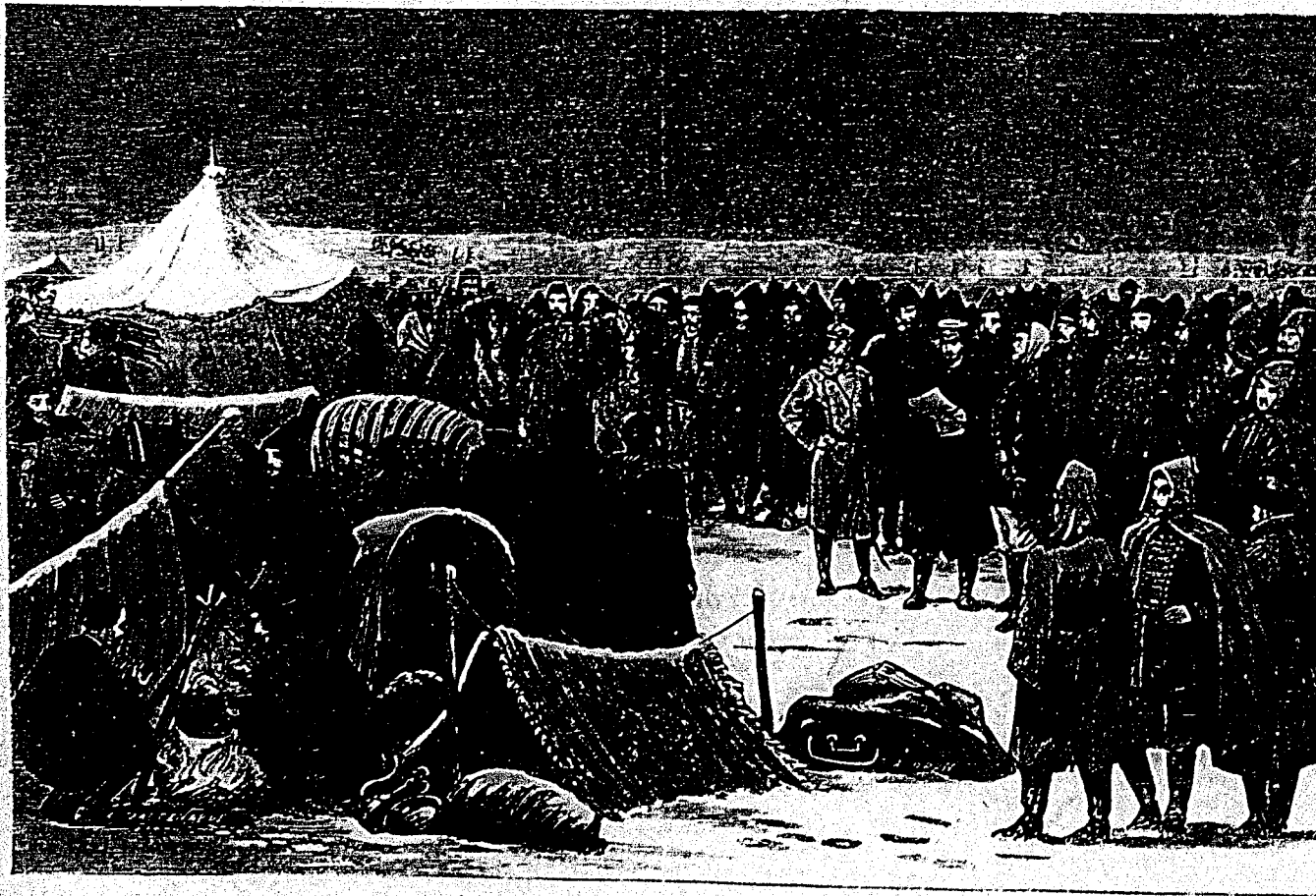
TURKISH PRISONERS BEYOND THE VID IN THE SNOW.



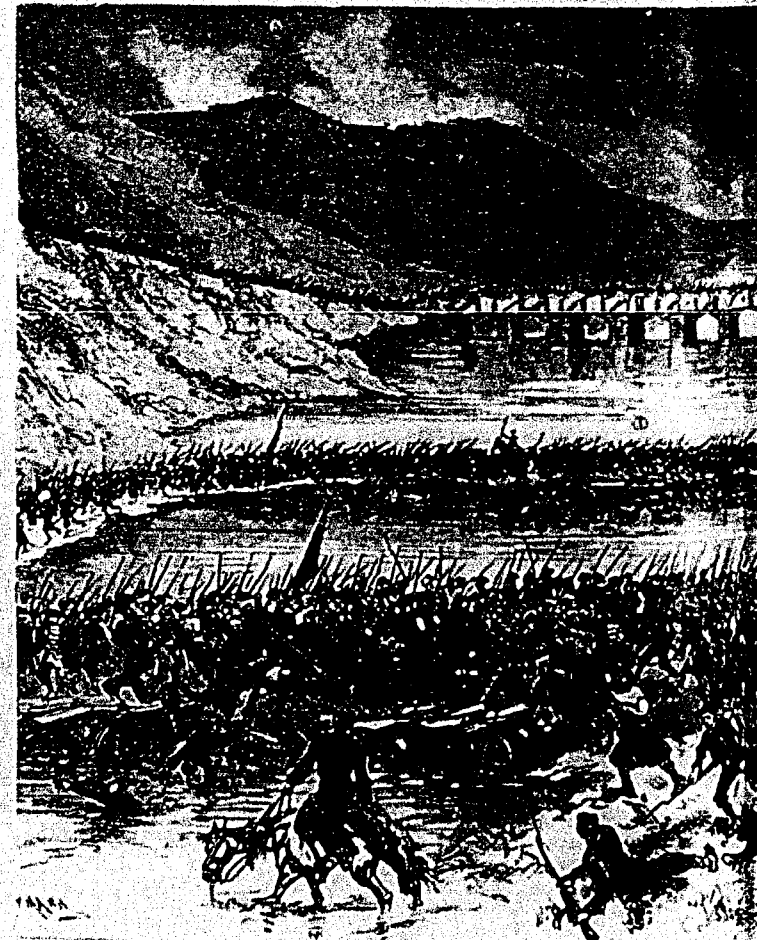
THE FLAG OF TRUCE ON THE VID BRIDGE.



THE TURKS PASSING THE

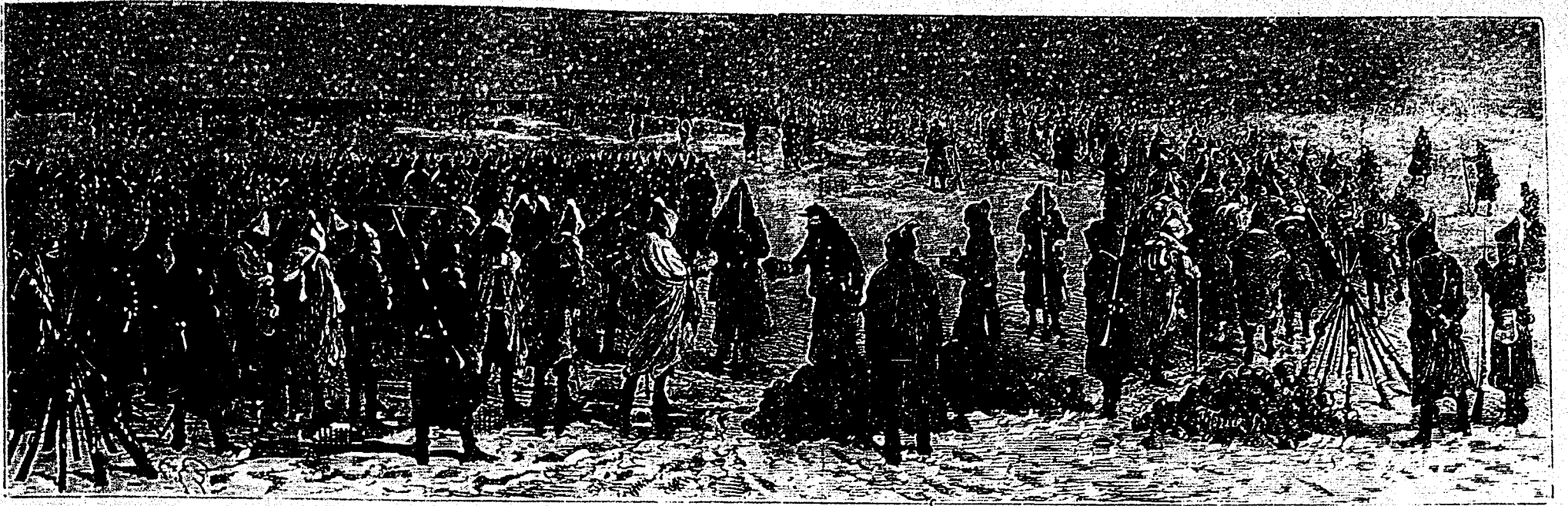


CALLING THE ROLL OF TURKISH PRISONERS.



THE TURKS DRIVING

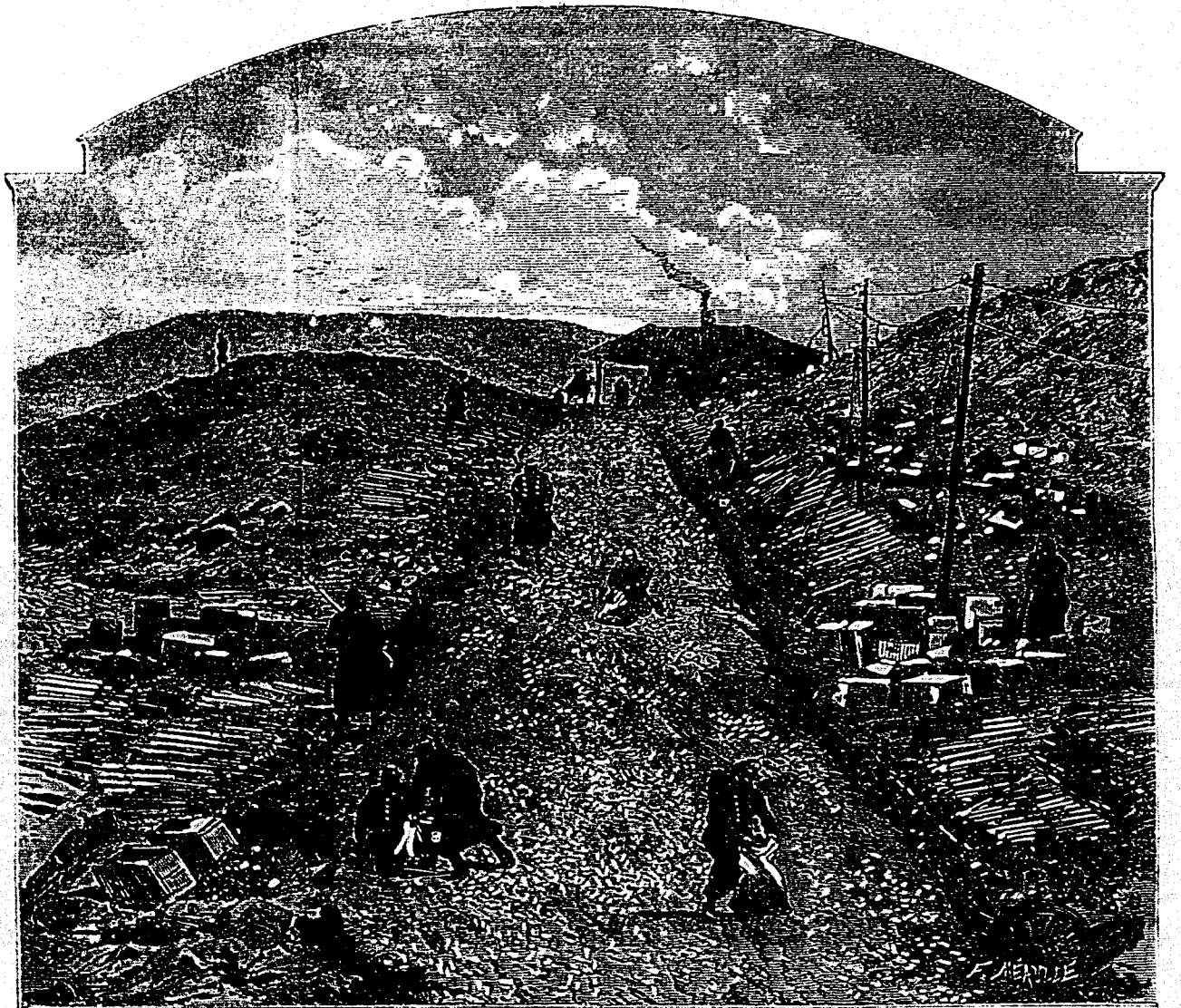
THE DRAMA



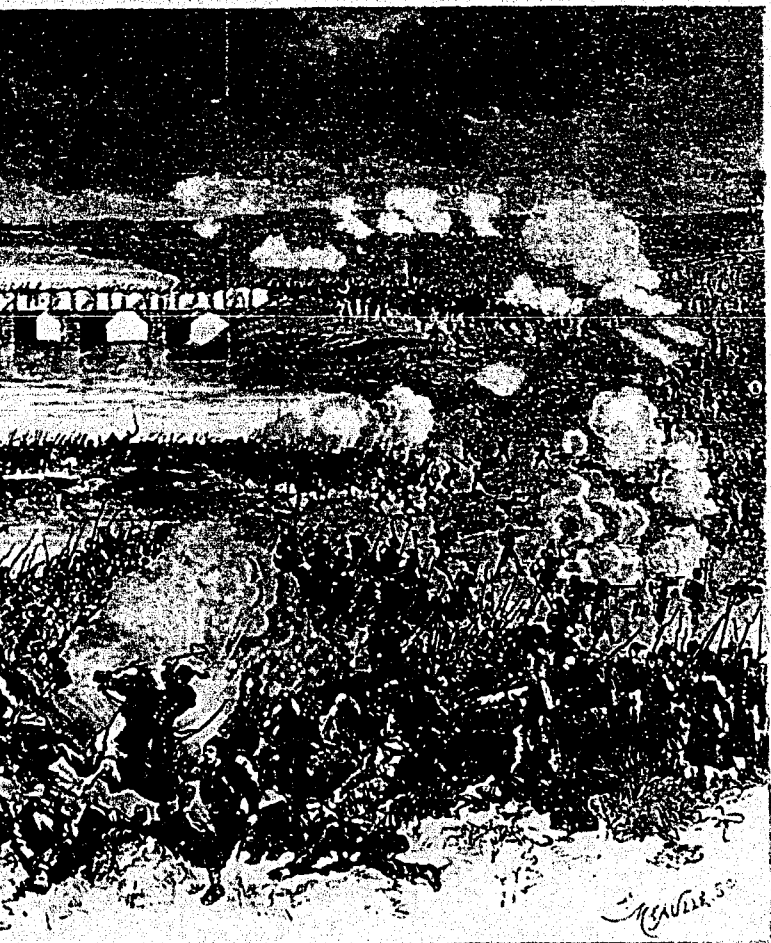
DISTRIBUTION OF BREAD TO TURKISH PRISONERS.



VID AFTER THE SURRENDER.



TURKS LAYING DOWN THEIR ARMS ON THE SOFIA ROAD. HOUSE WHERE OSMAN PASHA LAY AFTER BEING WOUNDED.



BEYOND THE VID.



THE 77 STEEL CANNON TAKEN FROM THE TURKS.

OF PLEVNA.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED FOR THE DOMINION.]

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY."

"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

"You understand," I said, "the duel is to be a *outrance*. I shall kill you, unless you kill me first."

"Where are we to fight, madman?" he asked. "I told him of a place I knew of, a meadow surrounded with trees, beneath the town wall. He knew it, too, and nodded."

"You are younger," I said. "You have that advantage; on the other hand you have a bad cause, and I a good one. You will fight your best, but you have to fight two not one—Roman Pulaski as well as Wassielewski. One is dead, and it is hard to fight a dead man." He laughed; he was no coward, that man. No, no; I never said that the Muscovites are cowards; but it is not well to laugh at dead men. The dead arm may still strike. He was no coward; he was brave, like all his countrymen. But he laughed at the dead; he said he was ready to fight a dozen dead Poles. "But as for you, mad old patriot and fool, I will not fight you. Stand out of my path." "Do you wish to fight in the street?" I asked him. "Here is your knife; here is mine. For fight you shall." I suppose he saw that it was no use to refuse, for he took the knife and cursed me. He could curse very well, that man. I said nothing, because the Loni had delivered him into my hand, and it is not good to begin a fight with cursing. So I walked beside him, feeling the point of my knife—at his left hand because the Muscovite spies are treacherous, and he might have tried to stab me had I been on the other side. One has to be careful with such men as that."

"I think, Wassielewski," said Leonard, "that you had better sit down, and rest. This talk is too much for you."

The old man was swaying backwards and forwards, flinging about his arms, acting the scene, imitating his enemy's voice and gestures, so that one could picture the big, ponderous-looking spy staring in the Pole's face in his insolent, cynical, and contemptuous way. But his voice grew shaky, and his lips were parched. Leonard poured out a glass of spirits and water, which he drank greedily.

"Aha!" he cried. "I forgot that I was thirsty. Now I can go on."

"Laddy," said Leonard, "don't stare at him with that scared face. Courage, dear boy. Wait till we come to the end. Keep your imagination quiet, now above all times. If you are ready, Wassielewski, to go on—"

"Yes, I am ready. Oh! yes. Quite ready."

"It is a beautiful moonlight night. Almost like a moonlight night in Poland. I thought of the night marches we used to have in 1833, singing as we went through the woods—those were the times for the Poles, when we met the enemy in the morning and cut him off before he was awake. And then I thought of the moonlight nights—ah! how many years ago—fifty years and more, when Napoleon promised to free Poland, and all of us flocked to his army and the merry days when we danced all night long with the Polish girls, long before the Muscovite forbade them to wear their own dress, and stopped their dancing altogether. The more I thought of these things, the more happy I felt to be walking side by side with the spy. Because I knew, oh! yes, I knew very well indeed, that I was going to kill him."

"And as I was back in Poland I thought of other things. It is a good thing that one can think so quickly. I was with the rebels again. I had in my hands the very gun which the Lady Claudia gave me. I was creeping in the underwood towards a Russian outpost; I was sentinel all night in the insurgents' camp; I was fighting behind a barricade; I was following Roman Pulaski in a charge; I was running after the carts in which the children were being carried away; I was crying over the dead body of Claudia with little Ladislas in my arms—I saw it all—all my past life, as well as I see you, Ladislas, and you, Leonard Copleston, before me at this minute. It was a sign to me that I was to gain some signal and great honour. And no honour could be so great to me as the killing of that spy. Because I knew very well indeed that I was certain to kill him."

"Then a strange thing happened. I saw that on the other side of the spy, marching silently, was your dead father, Roman Pulaski. His face was stern and hard, not like the happy face he wore when he married his wife, when he tossed his child, and when he set off to fight the Russians, but stern and hard. He meant that justice should be done. There was the memory of his long march to Siberia in his look, and the years of misery in the mine. He was worn and haggard, and his hair was grey, though his step was firm. Roman Pulaski was going to fight for me. It seemed unfair for the man between us, but it was justice."

"At my right was Lady Claudia. She took no notice of the spy who was going to be killed, not the least notice, because he was beneath her contempt. But she whispered in my ears gracious words, 'Faithful Wassielewski; brave old servant; this one battle over, and your work is done. Courage and patience. You shall see me again before long, when this man is killed.'

"We marched in silence we four, with four steps of two, side by side along the deserted streets. No one met us, the patrols were all gone back to their barracks, and no policeman passed us. It would have astonished a policeman to see four persons walking together, and two of them dead. When we got to the place where we were to fight—you know it well, Ladislas—it is where you and the young lady walk sometimes, and sit among the flowers—we got over the gate side by side, and walked across the grass."

Good Heavens! The man, then, was lying dead among the buttercups in our own meadow under Celia's Arbour, the place where we had talked, played, and sauntered so many, many times so many years.

"He said nothing, but kept his eyes on me—he did not seem to take any notice of Roman Pulaski—while he drew off his hat and cloak. It is a full moon, and the meadow was as light almost as day. He chose his own position, where the moonshine fell full upon my face, so that it might blind my eyes. Fool! As if it mattered while Roman Pulaski was by my side. I laughed at his madness, and took the place he left for me. The Lady Claudia remained behind. It was not for her to watch the fight. She stood beneath the trees, where I saw her white robes fluttering in the breeze. You cannot expect a saint in Heaven to look at the punishment of a spy."

"Foot to foot, and in each right hand a knife. He fought well, he sprang upon me like a lion, he struck at me here, there, everywhere, but he struck in vain, because all his blows were warded off. He was a brave man, but he fought against the dead. And all the time he cursed and swore at me for a madman, a mad old Pole, a mad old lunatic, everything that was mad. But I never answered, watching his knife, and waiting my chance. And close behind me stood Roman Pulaski, tall and strong as in life, but his face was hard and stern."

"And then the chance came, and he fell. My knife was plunged to the handle in his heart. I had no scratch upon me, no hurt or wound of any kind. And when he fell I thought of Lady Claudia's words, 'Only this one battle left, and your work is done.' I am past seventy years of age. I fear I shall kill no more spies."

I looked at him as he lay on the grass. There was a pool of blood, the knife was in his heart, and he was quite dead. And then I came away.

"Before us strode Roman Pulaski, and presently he joined the Lady Claudia. She waved her hand to me, and they both went out of sight hand in hand."

"Then I thought I would come here and tell you, Ladislas, that your enemy is dead. He can do you no more harm and Poland no more harm. The Czar has one spy less."

He ended his story, which he told throughout with a quiet and suppressed vehemence, and with the exultation of one who has done a noble and a brilliant deed. Much brooding and a solitary life had driven him mad. He could see no cause for regret or repentance, he had slain his enemy in fair fight, he was the instrument of Providential retribution, he obeyed the behests of his dead mistress, and he had no doubt whatever that the phantoms of his disordered brain were real visitants from the realms of the upper world.

Real visitants! They were real to me while I listened with trembling lips to his story. I felt the great horror which, as they tell, falls always upon those who see, or think that they see, the spirits of the dead. It was as if in the room with Wassielewski were those sacred Shades whom I longed but dreaded to look upon. And for the moment the horror of the murder, the image of the dead man lying on his back in the long grass, were lost in the eagerness of that desire that they would show themselves to me as they showed themselves to their old servant, and speak to me as they spoke to him. They never came, they never spoke, no voice or whisper from the grave has come to me, nor will come. And yet I doubt not that some time I shall see them both in earthly beauty glorified and with earthly love transformed into heavenly love.

"That will be best. She said my work was done. In Poland I shall find a grave near her's. I know where she lies beside the road, because I buried her. I will seek out the spot and die there, too. My work is done."

Leonard listened gravely. He had not interrupted him, except to ask for the knife. Now he looked at me with a pitying despair on his face. He could do nothing. The poor old man would be tried for murder. And he was quite mad.

Meantime Wassielewski sat down and rested. The exaltation was dying out in his brain, and he looked wearied.

And as we asked each other in despairing looks, Leonard and I, what to do next, we were startled by a step outside.

"Good Heavens!" I cried. "What is that?" Wassielewski had left the door open. The steps came into the hall; then we heard the street door closed gently. And then our own door

opened slowly, and a muffled voice, hoarse and thick, whispered through the opening.

"All friends here!"

(To be continued.)

MY AUNT PENELOPE.

We had been married not quite two years, Jerome and I; and I think we had contrived to be about as happy as married couples generally are.

Jerome wasn't rich, but he had a good salary in his uncle's shipping office, and I had learned the lesson of economy, and contrived to get along nicely with only one girl. To be sure, Aunt Penelope helped us; but, after all, Aunt Penelope, though she was a good soul, and meant well, was more in the way than otherwise.

We had gone to housekeeping on a second floor in Camden. It was a very nice place, although Aunt Penelope declared from the first that a second floor wasn't genteel.

"It is more genteel than running in debt for a whole house that you can't afford," said Jerome; and so I didn't care, although some of my school friends, who had married rising young lawyers and doctors, left off visiting me. And you may be sure I didn't miss them much after baby came, like a little blue-eyed sunbeam, to fill my heart and hands with those delicious cares that are so sweet to a mother's soul.

Aunt Penelope was always thinking of plans. "My friend, Mrs. Outerbridge, owns the sweetest country place up the river," said Aunt Penelope to me one day in a confidential and patronizing tone.

"My friend, Mrs. Outerbridge, is going to France, and has requested me most politely to reside at Outerbridge cottage during her absence, and look after things a little. And when I mentioned that I was devoted to my niece and her baby, she was kind enough to say that it would make no difference if you came there, too—for five months, from the 1st of May to the 1st of October. And what a splendid thing it would be for the baby to have five months in the country."

My eyes glittered at the prospect. The first tooth had already begun to gleam like a pearl in his rosy gum, and I dreaded the hot, sultry air of summer for little Bertie's sake.

"Yes," said I, doubtfully. "But Jerome?" "It's only twenty-five minutes by train," said Aunt Penelope. "He can come out every evening."

The more Aunt Penelope and I discussed this subject, the more feasible and delightful it appeared to us. We could revel in country milk, velvet-mown lawns, and fresh butter. Baby's perambulator could roll over gravelled walks; Jerome could hear the nightingale sing of a summer twilight, and watch the moon, reflected in the streams; and Aunt Penelope and I could be for the nonce fine ladies, at the head of a great establishment, for all the Outerbridge servants were to remain on until the return of their mistress. Veritably it seemed a delightful idea!

When Jerome came home I could hardly wait to give him his first cup of tea before I unfolded the story of Outerbridge Cottage, on the Hudson. Aunt Penelope, sitting graciously by, feeling like the fairy godmother who had done it all with one wish of her enchanted wand.

"Well?" quoth I, restlessly, when I had finished the recital.

"Well?" said Jerome, who by this time had the baby on his lap, and was tickling its plump ribs.

"Of course we'll go!" "Of course we won't!" said this impracticable husband of mine.

"Jerome!" "Amy!" "But why not?"

"In the first place, because I've no idea of your turning house-keeper for any old woman who wants to enjoy herself in France and foist off her household cares on somebody else. In the second place, I like to make my own arrangements, instead of having them made for me."

At this Aunt Penelope bridled a little and tossed her head.

I looked, with eyes full of tears, at my husband.

"Jerome," cried I, "now you are unreasonable. It would be such a fine thing for baby."

"I don't see but that baby is doing well enough," retorted Jerome. "I do not approve of your plans, Amy. Let Aunt Penelope accept the position if she pleases. I am able to furnish a home for my own wife."

"A home! Yes," cried out I, indignantly, "in a flat, without as much back-yard as one could bleach a table-cloth in!"

"You have contrived to exist in it for two years," said Jerome, with what seemed to me the most heartless indifference.

I began to cry. Aunt Penelope rose up with a great rustling of black silk and lilac satin cap ribbons.

"I shall certainly accept my friend Mrs. Outerbridge's kind offer," said she, with dignity. "Of course, Amy, you will do as you please. And I am going up stairs now to pack up. Mrs. Outerbridge is anxious for me to come as soon as possible. And, of course, Amy, you will remember that I shall always be glad to receive you and your family as my guests, at Outerbridge Cottage."

I looked imploringly at Jerome.

"May we go, dear? I am so heart-hungry

for apple-blossoms, and green grass, and butter-cups!" pleaded I.

"Of course, if you wish it." "And you will come, too?" But Jerome shook his head.

"My evenings, for the present, must be spent in town," said he. "I have some extra work to do for Uncle Joseph, which won't bear postponing. If you go, Amy, you must go alone."

Aunt Pen was loud in her denunciation of husbands in general, and of Jerome in particular, when I came up to her room.

"I could have told you how it would be before you were ever married to him," said Aunt Pen, shaking her head; "but—"

"You shall not talk so, Aunt Pen!" flashed I. "I dare say Jerome is right; only—only—"

And then I vindicated my cause right royally by bursting into a new flood of tears.

Aunt Penelope went away the next day, and lonesome enough it seemed. It was a blowy April morning, with a blue sky, dappled with clouds, and faint sweet scents of growing things in the air. Oh, how sick I was of the flat, of pavements and brick walls, and all the items which go to make up a city! Baby was more fretful than usual, and I easily persuaded myself that he was pining.

"Oh, Jerome!" cried I passionately, when at last my husband came home, with a tired look, and a roll of papers under his arm. "Have we always got to live so?"

"Live how, my darling?"

"Cooped up like rats in a trap, away from all the beautiful sights and sounds of the world! Shut up in a mere lodging-house! Can't we live in a house that has at least a little flower-border and a grapevine in its rear?"

"I hope we can afford to some time, my dear," said Jerome, gravely.

And then he drew out his inkstand, opened his roll of figures, and went to work.

The April days beamed on, all bright skies, soft winds, and kaleidoscopic glimpses of sun-showers; and I became almost heart-sick for the country.

"If Jerome cared for me as he used to care," I told myself, with feverish impatience, "he would at least make some effort to find a home where I could be happier than in this human hive, where a few pot-plants in the window are all I have to remind me of the green world outside."

Stung by these reflections, and still further incited by a letter from Aunt Penelope, full of descriptions of lambs, daisies, and little streamlets, I one day packed up my valise.

"Hallo," said Jerome, when he came home, "where are you going?"

"To Aunt Penelope's, for a week's visit. I need it and so does Bertie."

"And leave me?"

I looked keenly at Jerome. He, too, was paler and thinner than his usual wont. Nights of work and days of counting-house toil were beginning to tell upon him.

"No, no!" I cried, throwing my arms around him; "I won't leave you, dearest. Not if I never see the country again."

"That's my own little girl!" said Jerome, stroking back my hair with a loving touch.

"Wait a week, deary, and I'll take you myself for a little trip."

So I waited.

The day week came, to my infinite delight. I dressed baby in a long white frock, with blue ribbon sash and shoulder-knots, and put on my own dainty little spring hat, trimmed with primroses, and away we rolled in a comfortable open carriage—Jerome, Bertie, and I—until we came to the prettiest bird's nest of a cottage in the world, just a little distance out of the town, where vines garlanded the porch, and a little lawn extended down to a crystal-clear brook. Tulips and daffodils made the borders gay, and a lilac-tree, by the gate, was just bursting into bloom.

"I should like a home like this," said I, gazing abstractedly out at its exquisite spring beauty.

"Should you?" said Jerome, laughing, as he drew up the horses in front of the gate. "I'm glad to hear that, because it is your home."

"My—home?"

I stared at him as if he were half-crazy.

"Yes, little patient, homesick wife. I haven't forgotten your likings and longings all this time. Your home?"

"But—is it paid for?"

"Yes; every shilling. Uncle Joseph has helped me, and that night work was well paid. A good garden, Amy, and a nice place to keep fowls! So you like it, eh?"

My face answered him.

We moved out the following week, and kept our May Day among the flowers and birds. And little Bertie grows like a weed in the sweet scents and green grass; and Aunt Penelope has taken back all she said about Jerome, and has all sorts of trouble with the Outerbridge servants; and I am the happiest little wife in all the world!

"PUBLIC HEALTH MAGAZINE,"

Edited by GEO. A. BAYNES, M.D., &c., &c.

Says:—We have used Phoscozone in suitable cases with marked advantage, and were so pleased with the results that we now prescribe it constantly, having perfect confidence in its action. AS A TONIC during convalescence we know of nothing equal to it, and felt it a duty to recommend its use to our conferees and the public generally. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.

THE WINDSOR HOTEL.

SOME OF ITS PECULIAR FEATURES—PERFECTION OF DETAIL—THE COUNTRYMAN'S VISIT—THE ELEVATOR AND GRAND DINING HALL.

My DEAR TOM,—The principal object of attraction and conversation at present is the Windsor Hotel, of which no doubt you have heard ere this.

Don't be afraid, I am not going to burden you with a description of it, for this has been done by all the city papers, copies of which I have sent you. Suffice it to say, nothing has been over-said about the Windsor. It is really a magnificent building. Situated at the corner of Dorchester and Peel streets, facing Dominion square, it towers six and seven stories high, and would look even larger were there any other buildings beside it to permit of comparison. It occupies two—nearly three, sides of a square, and its proportions carry their own conviction, without requiring any one to call attention to the fact.

The furniture and furnishings inside are of the most costly nature, and quite in keeping with the almost extravagant dimensions of the structure.

Determined to see the hotel for myself, I made my way to it, and entered by one of three large doors forming the main entrance on Peel street. Every one has his own impressions. Naturally timid and retiring, as you know I am, a few lines in my own peculiar way describing to you some of the features of the hotel, which may or may not have escaped the notice of the scribes of the every day journals, will perhaps interest you.

On entering the immense flag-stone hall, I had a vague sensation of being lost in a sort of desolate magnificence, but quickly recovered myself on noticing several others similarly situated. I was struck by a knot of gentlemen near the main entrance, who looked unutterably full of business and importance. Some were walking up and down arm-in-arm; others rocked themselves from heel to toe, throwing out their coat tails now and again with their hands, but all seeming to be full of some mysterious satisfaction.

"Who are these gentlemen?" I asked a coloured bell-boy.

"Dem, sah! dem am de Syndicate." I had it at once. They were the gentlemen who had put up the hotel, and they were bursting with the fact, and their every movement seemed to say, "This is the Windsor, the largest, most gigantic, most terrific enterprise ever indulged in in this part of the world, and we are the men who put it up."

I looked at them with curiosity, for, next to the extraordinary hotel, are surely the men who are responsible for its existence. This peculiar "Windsor" air of importance was not confined to these gentlemen, but seemed characteristic of all the surroundings. As you looked at the massive columns, they seemed to say, "Yes, I am part and parcel of the Windsor." If you attempted to seat yourself in a chair, it seemed to say, "Take care, I am part of the Windsor furniture." Glancing at the clock, it seemed to say, "This is the Windsor Hotel time, mind you." The livery on the porter at the door appeared to say, "This true, I am a little shoddy-looking, but I am the Windsor, you know." Even the familiar twelve signs of the zodiac in the large dome seemed to say, "Excuse us, you may have seen us in Ayer's Patent Medicine Almanac, but we are in the Windsor now." I was prepared to see an audacious boy wearing a paper cap, with a glue-pot in one hand and a brush in the other, who whistled as he walked across the hall, annihilated on the spot.

Wending my way to the centre of the office I accosted one of four or five gentlemen who were behind, and remarked:

"This is a great day, sir, in our municipal history, a very great day, sir."

"If you mean this is rather a nice hotel, I guess it is," said the gentleman addressed.

"I suppose, sir," I again remarked, "that, as one of the proprietors, you feel proud in seeing so gigantic an undertaking consummated."

"I ain't a proprietor," said the gentleman, "I am paid for doing my work, and I guess I can do it."

"Paid to be in this lively abode," I gasped, and the very thought struck me dumb.

Again I ventured to remark to another of the gentlemen: "You seem very comfortable, here, sir, very comfortable."

"Yes," he remarked, "it's pretty fair, I guess."

"There are four or five of you, I believe?"

"Yes, there's seven of us in the office."

"Indeed," I murmured, "you don't say it takes seven to be as civil to a guest as one in another hotel?"

"What's that?" quickly remarked the gentleman.

"I mean to say," I replied, "that any one of you is as civil in this hotel as seven in another."

"Oh," he smilingly nodded, "have you seen the bar?"

"No," I said, and we walked away together.

Once together he explained to me that I was evidently not posted in the ways of gigantic hotels. The polite way of getting a drink at the proprietor's expense on the opening of such a house, is to walk up to the office counter, enter your name in the book, ask, in a loud voice, if the proprietor is in, and if the clerk knows his business it's all O.K. "Look at all the kind friends who have suddenly discovered of what importance it is to have a hotel of this kind in Montreal, and who have entered their names in

our book," he said, turning over a page or two of the Register Book.

"I presume," I remarked, "the press have given your enterprise very great attention?"

"Indeed they have," he said. "It was rumoured that we had set apart a room for newspaper men, and one night the whole staff from one paper and two from another were here to occupy it. I had to tell them that there was only one bed in the room, and that an editor or somebody who had written up a description of the house for the Coteau Landing *War Hatchell* was in it at the time, and it was engaged for next night by the representative of the *Louguenil Thunderbolt*.

While engaged in this agreeable conversation, a tall, lank countryman, carrying a well-filled carpet-bag, sheepishly approached the clerk and asked:

"Is this place the Windsor, sir?"

"It is," replied the clerk.

"Then, I want to take the bridal chamber."

The clerk asked if he knew for what purpose the bridal chamber was allotted, and hinted that it was not for single men.

"I know that," said the countryman, "it's not for myself; but you see my mother-in-law is going to get married, and she always has had the best in our place, and she'll want the same when she comes here, you bet!"

On being informed that the suite of rooms had been reserved for the Governor-General and the Countess, the countryman, with the interests of his mother-in-law at heart, slowly wended his way.

"Did you ever see such cheek?" said the clerk.

"Rather, did you ever see such a model son-in-law? That, sir, is a model man. Would that we had a few more such in the country."

On invitation, I went with the gentlemanly clerk to the elevator, and was quickly landed on the flat above. "Elevators," he said, "are a wonderful institution; by their aid a gentleman can stand two more bottles at the bar and be enabled to reach his room on the third or fourth flat without difficulty. Stairs are a thing of the past."

Making a mental note of this we proceeded on until we came to the grand dining-room.

"This is our *piece de resistance*," said he.

"What do you think of it?"

"Most beautiful! most beautiful! but why so many painted scenes?" I asked.

"That is another of our modern hotel dodges. There will be many who will not be able to gaze on these scenes without some fond reminiscences of the past being recalled, which will effectually destroy the appetite. I know one hotel which, by a judicious arrangement of landscapes, saved 25 per cent of its bill of fare. It's great on widows, particularly if there is a single gentleman, well off, sitting at the same table. You see even in the smallest details the hotel is perfect."

"I see, I see," I exclaimed. "Your picture-gallery puts me in mind of the fact that, on the boats in Scotland, from Oban to Staffa, they always serve dinner when the steamer gets into rough water. Very few can take anything."

"That's it, that's it," he winked, mysteriously. SANDY.

THE GLEANER.

The finest forms of vases are modelled after fruits.

VICTOR EMMANUEL is to have statues erected to his memory in several Italian cities.

Four sisters in Pawlet, Vt., were married in one day, recently, and all went off together for their wedding trip.

RAILROAD men say that the prospect of a brisk opening of spring business is better now than for many years.

It is not generally known that the weight of sovereigns when they leave the Mint does not vary two-tenths of a grain.

A MAN in Ohio is having a house hewn out of a solid rock, the material cut away so as to leave the walls, roof and floor all of the one piece.

ROBERT RATCLIFFE, now eighty-three, was a young English sailor on board the "Northumberland," which took Napoleon to St. Helena.

STATISTICS show that the number of suicides in all civilized countries is yearly on the increase. The wear and tear of life is also increasing.

THERE are estimated to be about 350 match girls, 700 bootblacks, 100 sweepers, and 250 flower girls daily and nightly busy in New York streets.

GERMANY military critics say that Germany could easily invade England with 300,000 troops without serious opposition from the English fleet.

LORD BEACONFIELD, though of Jewish descent, is a Christian in religion, having been baptized while in his seventh year and never lapsed into Judaism.

PROFESSOR HALL, the American discoverer of the satellites of Mars, has been awarded the Lalande prize in astronomy by the Academy of Sciences at Paris.

QUEEN PIA, of Portugal, daughter of the late Victor Emanuel, is blonde, beautiful and of dignified carriage, having a resemblance to Marie Antoinette.

M. THIER's papers have been partially examined. They contain a colossal correspond-

ence, which cannot fail to prove of interest as well as historical value.

KING HUMBERT, it is said, is no lover of France. His only son and heir, now eight years old, has been taught English and German, but doesn't know a word of French.

IT is stated that the German expedition at Olympia has had the good fortune to discover the long sought for Phillippeion, erected by King Philip after the battle of Chæroneæ.

THE Emperor of China, it is rumoured, has been solicited to change his dynastic title, in consequence of numerous national calamities, and thereby appease the wrath of the gods.

A PARIS jeweller shows a coronet of brilliants worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars, said to have been ordered by the Marquis of Lorne as a present for the Princess Louise.

AMONG the articles annually auctioned off by the Deal Letter Office are false hair, glass eyes, store teeth, dress goods, laces, gloves, handkerchiefs, veils, jewelry, and sheet music in great quantities.

IN Hancock county, Illinois, corn is rotting in the fields, heating in the cribs, and slow at twenty-five cents per bushel, after being hauled through the mud. Hay is below the cost of production, and the price of hogs declining.

MRS. SWISSHELM says that trousers, besides being uncomfortable, are ugly and mendacious, and that they make the male leg appear as if it were of cylindrical form, and as thick at the ankle as above the knee, thus perverting the truth of anatomy.

THE tallest man in the United States is probably Henry Thurston, a native of Missouri, now residing in Titus county, Texas, and formerly a Confederate soldier, who stands seven feet and six inches in his bare feet. Barnum offered him a large sum to join his exhibition, but he declined.

THE expression "so-long," used sometimes in the sense of good-bye in the Southern States, was borrowed from the negroes. It is a corruption of the Turkish word "salaam" which, with the spread of Mohammedanism, travelled to the west coast of Africa, whence slave cargoes were procured.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales show in many ways most kind hearts. They have provided for Sandringham and the other villages adjoining excellent school-rooms and teachers, and on holidays they give the children treats and serviceable gifts, the Princess and her little ones distributing the latter with their own hands.

THE *Washington Post* says: "An *ou dit* from the British Mediterranean fleet is that, to check talk which is distasteful to him, the Duke of Edinburgh has had a legend written out large and stuck up in the Captain's cabin of the "Sultan." Please to remember that the Emperor of Russia is my father-in-law."

THE Crown Prince of Germany and his wife have not, considering their station, a very large annual income. It is only about \$75,000. They have, however, two residences, rent free, and the right to give a certain number of dinners every year at the charge of the Emperor. His Majesty is said to have an annual income of about \$4,300,000.

THE presents sent by the President of the French Republic to the King of Spain upon the occasion of his marriage, have been forwarded to Madrid. They consist of two Sévres vases, very large, and most exquisitely decorated; also a *coupe*, in Sévres porcelain, remarkable as a work of art. There are Gobelins tapestries to ornament the *oratoire* of the Queen, most delicate in texture and colouring.

MESSRS. Alsopp & Sons pump 600,000 gallons daily from thirty three-inch wells, and Messrs. Bass & Co., 500,000 gallons from twenty-five tube wells at Burton on Trent. Thus two breweries consume enough water to supply a town of 40,000 inhabitants. Although some of these Burton wells are within a stone's throw of the Trent, the quality, level, and temperature of the water differ from those of the river water.

PROTECTION vs. FREE TRADE.

SOME PHASES OF THE QUESTION AS PRESENTED BY READING A DISCUSSION AT THE DOMINION BOARD OF TRADE.

PROTECTIONIST.—Give us protection for our manufactures, or we perish!

FREE TRADER.—Not so. Fill your waste country with farmers and make food to fill the empty mouths of nations. Keep your farmers' sons at home to till the soil. Send your idle gentlemen also to cultivate the ground.

FARMERS' SONS.—Indeed! We won't stay at home and do dirty work. The old man has been fool enough to make plenty of money by the sweat of his brow, and we are going to be gentlemen. Come down to the old homestead on Tuesday next, sister's got a new Steinway grand from New York, and we are going to have a hop.

YOUNG CANADA IN THE CITY.—What! go and dig and soil my hands and clothes. Not much. Posterity has done nothing for me that I should slave for it. I am going to be a Pullman car conductor with a nice uniform, a warm car, soft seat and "knock down \$20 a trip." That's me.

PROTECTIONIST.—Look, my Free Trader, at the Sugar Refinery interests, for instance. See the refinery in Halifax shut down. Bring on your cargoes of sugars and take away return cargoes of flour to the West Indians. MAKE THE COUNTRY.

PEOPLE OF CANADA.—You are very kind. We are not going to live on sugar to oblige your argument. Go to Halifax.

WEST INDIANS.—And we are not going to cram ourselves with flour at every meal to accommodate your circumstances. A. G.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BERLIN theatres are compelled by law to give a certain percentage of dead-head tickets to the military. The ten theatres of that city distribute not far from 300 tickets daily in this way.

IT is said of Jefferson, the actor, that his most vital personal trait is a love of truth. Once upon a time he was heard to exclaim: "The blessed truth! I tell my child n. For God's sake, tell the truth!—the greatest armour a man ever put on."

A GENTLEMAN gave a letter of introduction to a student of music, about to visit Leipsic, who wished to put himself under the instructions of Professor X., a famous teacher in that city. Upon the student's return home the gentleman asked, "How do you like the professor?"—"Oh, wonderfully! He gave me fine lessons; but he is a very singular man. He kept praying all the time he was teaching me."—"Praying! Why, what do you mean?"—"Well, while I was playing, he clasped his hands, lifted his eyes to the ceiling, and kept saying, 'Great Heaven, what sin have I committed to deserve this punishment?'"

FASHION NOTES.

PALE gray, drab, and putty-coloured gloves are worn with any dress.

THERE is less matching gloves with dresses than was formerly the fashion.

IT is not unusual to wear linen cuffs with a ruffle around the neck.

CRAVAT bows are more worn than neck-ties that pass around the neck.

WEAR light gloves when dressed for "calling, evening companies, and the opera."

DRESS your hair in chataleine hoops, with puffs on top of the head and waves in front.

USE basket cloth or else camel's hair for a Dolman, and trim with fringe instead of lace.

POINT Russe embroidery, though very effective, is made with very simple stitches.

MOSS-GREEN and blue bonnets are handsome for the street, and should have a mossy bourette suit to match.

TWO or three Cartick capes just large enough to cover the shoulders are all that are seen on cloth saques.

A BRIDE can wear orange blossoms with any wedding dress, no matter how dark, but these blossoms are not worn after the wedding.

PALE-TINTED silk stockings and sash to match a ribbon to tie the hair, and white silk or kid slippers, will complete a handsome toilette.

Low slippers are made of the material, or at least of the colour, of the evening dress, and are worn with silk stockings of the same shade.

THERE is no change in the shape of infants' cloaks; they still have two large capes, and are made of cashmere embroidered and scarcely wadded.

HUMOROUS.

WEATHER like the present is what gives the nose to understand that it was not created for purely ornamental purposes.

IN a bookseller's catalogue, lately appeared the following article: "Memoirs of Charles the First—with a head capitally executed."

"It seems to me that our milk has been *halk a bit*," said the witty son of what the milkmen call "a four-quart family," the other morning.

PLEASURE is manifested in different ways, but we believe nobody ever heard a man sing when he has dropped a sentle of fishes on the back stairs.

"YOUR room is better than your company"—as the examiner of the bankrupt insurance incorporation said to his president as he glanced at the elegant offices.

WHEN a boy does something funny, and you laugh at it, he will invariably keep doing it twenty or thirty times more, till you have to knock him down with something.

A MAN died last week, leaving considerable property, one-half of which he left to three needy and deserving young lawyers, to enable them to get the other half.

SAID a friend to a bookseller: "The book trade is affected, I suppose, by the general depression. What kind of books feel it most?"—"Pocket-books," was the laconic reply.

A WIT, on being asked what are the most common monosyllables in the English language, answered, "I don't know; but the most common money symbols are I O U."

"Is that a friend of yours?" asked a gentleman, pointing to a party who was sulking rapidly down the street. "Can't tell you till next Saturday," returned the individual addressed. "I've just lent him a sovereign."

DON'T put me on the river bank, among the fragrant flowers; nor where the grass is watered by the early summer showers. But put me in the kitchen range, and open wide the damper, and then my vaporous remains can up the chimney scamp.

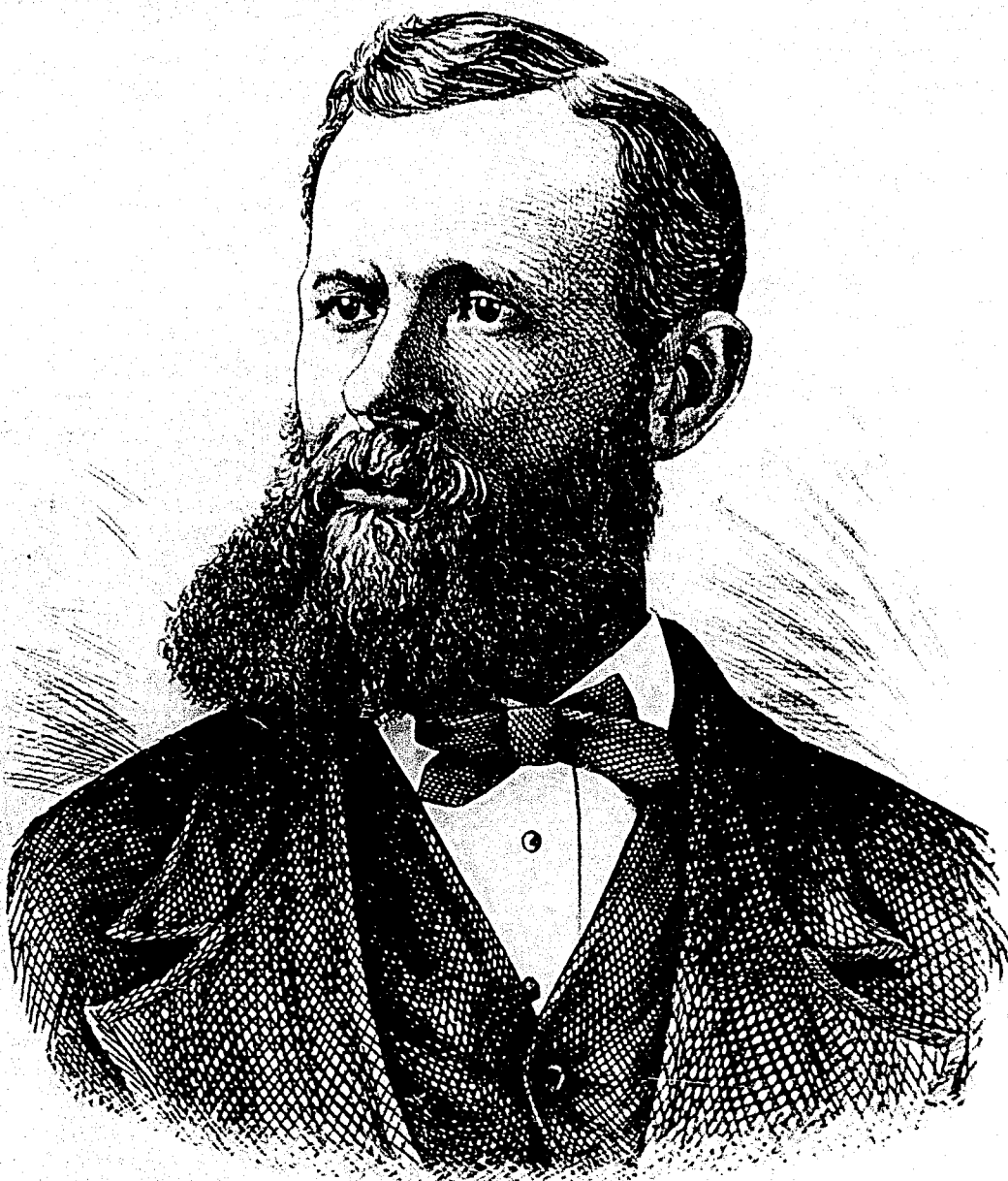
TIMES are pinching, but the sleeve-button continues to hold its own as to size, and it takes more stuff to make a dress than it did when women wore hoops nine feet in diameter, and the day-labourer had a whole pie in his dinner bucket.

"MUSING on the infinite, eh?" said the facetious chap to a melancholy-looking individual who was walking along the roadside, with bowed head and serious countenance. "Well, yes; same thing—same thing, thinking of my debts."

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 237.—H. W. CHISHOLM, ESQ., U. S. VICE CONSUL, ST. JOHN, N.B.



No. 238.—JAMES HANNAY, ESQ.



WEARY PASSENGERS SETTLING FOR THE NIGHT.



THE FIRST DANCE.

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's matchless speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course;
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life,
Roushan, the Robber, loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erizoum and Trebizond
Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men-at-arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day,
Now through regions all unknown
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot
Reyhan, the Arab of Orfah,
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
"La il Allah! Allah-la!"

Gently Roushan Beg creased
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
Carry me this danger through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine!
O thou soul of Kurroglou!"

Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright, O life of mine,
Leap and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the surge o'er sill and sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss,
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled the pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head;
Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look,
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath!
Thus the phantom horseman passed;
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath,
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him "Allah-hu!"
Cried he: "in all Koordistan
Breathes there not so brave a man
As this robber Kurroglou!"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[This is the latest poem of Mr. Longfellow, published in the January *Atlantic*, and conclusively showing that his lyrical spirit and descriptive fire are by no means on the wane.

Ed. C. I. NEWS.]

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

The House adjourned at half-past five this morning, is the statement that is in everybody's mouth, and why it sat to that hour is a matter of speculation. There was not the slightest effort at obstructing, every member who spoke did his best and interested his hearers, so that when at 5 o'clock the members were called in, not a single seat in the House was vacant, the first time such a circumstance has occurred since this Parliament was elected; indeed I am informed not only the first time since Confederation, but the first time such a circumstance ever occurred.

Now of course it will be news to no one to state that the debate which occupied the attention of the members to so late an hour was upon the railway resolutions brought down by the Hon. Attorney-General Angers on Wednesday last, and which have caused considerable stir throughout the Province since their provisions have been made public, so much so that the Quebec papers do not hesitate to call upon the people to rise up and violently expel the present Government, though how it is to be done by violence is more than any of them enter into. Let us see what these "terrible" resolutions contain and why the House is asked to make them law. I shall not enter into a history of the North Shore and Northern Colonization Roads from their inception till the present day, as many hon. members did last night and this morning *ad nauseam*, but merely state that the Quebec Government, having taken over the two roads, were bound to complete them at any cost. The whole credit of the Province was at stake. In order to finish them the Government effected a loan in England, which, together with the subsidies granted by the various municipalities

along the line of the railway, was quite sufficient for the purpose. The Government has succeeded in completing ready for use nearly three-fourths of the entire road, and although several demands have been made yet the municipalities have persistently refused to pay over the balance of their subsidies. This was one serious question that had to be dealt with. The other was a revival of the old jealousy that has been so long existing between Quebec and Montreal. Quebec required that the line should not pass through Montreal on its western course, but connect with that city by a branch at St. Therese. Montreal insisted upon the line going through the city, or in other words that the terminus of the two roads should be there. Some Montrealers insisted the line should go in to that city by way of Bout de l'Isle and, with the usual disinterestedness of so-called patriots, invested heavily in real estate along the supposed line of route, and now finding that the Government have changed the route so as to come by way of Terrebonne, these speculative patriots are crying aloud that Montreal is ruined and that the Government have broken faith, &c., &c., and have cried to such effect that up to the present time they have succeeded in staving off off the payment of the balance of Montreal's grant. "Desperate diseases require desperate remedies," so it is evident the Government believed. It would never do to allow it to go forth to the outside world and especially to the English money market that the municipalities of the Province of Quebec had granted subsidies, and that when due had refused to pay them. It was also necessary to settle once and for all the vexed point between Quebec and Montreal. So the Government have adopted vigorous means to compel the payment *bon gré mal gré* of that which should have been paid long ago, and to settle the difficulty between the rival cities, resolutions for that purpose providing,—1st. That the line should run from Quebec to Terrebonne, from Terrebonne direct to Montreal, and from Montreal to Ottawa. 2nd. As doubt had been raised regarding the validity of the by-laws by which Montreal and Quebec had promised to pay their million dollar grants, these by-laws are declared valid, legal and binding. 3rd to 13th declare when the grants are payable, if any of the municipalities still refuse, the chief of that municipality shall be authorized to sign the bonds, and if he refuses, the Government shall appoint a syndic who shall sign them. They also provide for the payment of interest on the debentures being compelled summarily. The last three resolutions refer to the abolition of the Railway Commissioners, and over these there was no discussion whatever. All were united in opinion that the sooner they were abolished the better. Such is the effect of these resolutions, and let it not be forgotten that if the municipalities would only pay up their proportions when due, they need not fear them, and I was authoritatively informed this morning before the conclusion of the debate that the resolutions were especially meant for Montreal and Quebec, and that the effect of them had been that before the end of the week he believed a satisfactory settlement between the Government and those two cities would be arrived at. If that be so, the resolutions will have attained their required object. Now as to the debate on them. On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Angers brought them down, and on the motion to go into committee on them he made a masterly logical address of nearly three hours, laying the whole facts of the case before the House. In the evening Mr. Joly replied in usually polished manner, and was followed by Mr. Tarte and several others till nearly midnight, when the debate was adjourned. One of the speakers in the course of that evening's debate was Mr. Sidney Bellingham. He came in late and was dressed in full evening costume. I have heretofore had occasion to remark on this gentleman's palpable bitterness (politically I mean) towards those on the Treasury Benches, and what glaring blunders he has hitherto fallen into when indulging his weakness, but that night he fairly eclipsed himself. He attacked the Attorney-General and then the Treasurer, who he charged with nepotism, and suddenly found out it was the Provincial Secretary he meant. He has been "coaching" for the budget speech, and I suppose has attacked the worthy Treasurer so often during his rehearsals, that unwittingly he made the mistake. He made statements concerning the voting in Montreal upon the million dollar By-law, which have since been totally denied and proved to be untrue.

On Wednesday afternoon the debate was resumed by Mr. Duhamel from Ottawa, who was followed by Mr. Alleyn, the newly elected of Quebec West, whose maiden speech was devoted to explaining why he differed from his colleagues (who sit and vote on the opposite side) in voting for the resolutions. Mr. Alleyn has had long experience in public speaking, and proved himself in every way as good a speaker on the floor of the House as he is in court. Shortly after six o'clock Mr. Taillon of Montreal East took the floor, which (with the interval for dinner) he kept till after nine o'clock after dinner. The galleries were crowded. The articles in a little one cent sheet called the *Telegraph* had excited a belief that there would be an early vote taken, or perhaps there might be a disturbance, so the galleries remained crowded till after midnight, when speech after speech, and explanation after explanation, from member after member, representing the interested municipalities still continuing, and there being no sign of the great guns on either side intending to rise, those in the galleries slowly at first, but swiftly when Mr. Wurtele commenced

speaking in English (a language that always thins the galleries) left, till but a baker's dozen or so remained till the termination. One o'clock came and still the private members spoke on, as seriously as though it were mid-day. Half-past one and the House was enlivened by a short sharp and decisive "spat" between Hon. Mr. Garneau, Mr. Joly, and Hon. Mr. Chapleau. This over, Mr. Chapleau rose and in one of the most eloquent speeches ever given in this House, lasting for nearly two hours, he proved argument after argument, till all wavering members being thoroughly convinced of the righteousness of these resolutions, joined heartily in the cheers that accompanied the Hon. Minister's address throughout its delivery. Three o'clock came and past, and Mr. Chapleau still had the floor. Members were seen passing in and out of the chamber. The Restaurant was in full operation. Hunger must be appeased especially when talking is such a provoker of appetite, so that when shortly before half-past three Mr. Bachand, member for St. Hyacinthe, rose to reply to Mr. Chapleau, there was little over a bare quorum present, and those in the galleries, roused up by the force of Mr. Chapleau's eloquent speech, settled themselves down for a good nap and were to be seen in a few minutes stretched out on the benches wooing Morpheus in a series of extraordinary attitudes common to worshippers of that fickle but refreshing heathen deity.

Mr. Bachand is a man of highly intellectual appearance, short in stature, spare in build, with a refined face that bears signs of much study and considerable thought. He smiles most kindly, is of rather nervous temperament, his complexion is pale and his hair and whiskers black as a raven's feathers. As a lawyer his ability is unquestioned, and as a debater he has proved himself to be far ahead of any one on the opposition Benches. He speaks firmly, clearly, and decisively with pleasantly modulated tone of voice that can be easily heard all over the House, and is generally listened to with much interest by a full House, so that the sudden exodus of the House was not that they did not love Bachand a little, but that they loved their inner man more. Many of them, however, have regretted their absence, as Mr. Bachand delivered this morning the most logical and carefully worded speech he has ever made in this House, and that opinion I have received from members on both sides of the House. Shortly before four o'clock Mr. Mathieu rose and spoke till after the hour, when he was followed by Hon. Mr. Laframboise and Messrs. Lynch and Watts, who filled up the time till 4-50 a. m., when Mr. Angers, after a short wait, replied to the arguments against his resolutions, which, however, were neither numerous nor weighty, being disposed of in less than fifteen minutes. At five minutes past five the usual uproar preceding a vote having passed, the members were called in, the last to enter being Mr. LeCavalier, the Conservative whip, to whom the credit is due of "whipping in" every member of the House, a circumstance to which I have previously called attention. As the vote proceeded, the faces of the opposition became longer and longer, and those of the ministerial side brighter and brighter, till when the totals were announced,—Yeas 41, Nays 23; majority for the Government, 18—the applause was deafening. After a few routine proceedings the House adjourned at 5-20, and the tired out members went home to bed.

I cannot help comparing last night's work with that of a somewhat similar night four sessions ago, the principal difference being that whereas last night the debate was seriously maintained and the later the hour the better the speeches became, on the previous occasion, the talk was against time, one speaker, Mr. Marchand, remaining on his legs for over three hours.

It was during that three hours speech of Mr. Marchand that an amusing incident occurred. Mr. Blanchet, who was then Speaker, retired for a few minutes while Mr. Marchand was consulting some blue books, and called Mr. Houde of Maskinonge to occupy the chair. Now Mr. Blanchet was a young man of handsome and neat appearance, while Mr. Houde is an old man somewhat resembling Sir Hugh Allan in face and figure, and was clad in grey Canadian homespun tweed, with a red cardigan vest buttoned across his chest. Mr. Marchand (who had been speaking for over two hours) on raising his head to continue, observed the change that had taken place, and ever ready as he is said, "Mr. Speaker, I had no idea I had been speaking so long. When I commenced you were a young man with black hair and upright stature, now I see your locks are grey, your beard white, and you stoop with age." This of course brought down the House, and no one joined more heartily in the laugh than the jolly old member for Maskinonge, who is himself no mean wit, and never rises but keeps the House in the best of humour.

Last night a somewhat similar affair happened, but with this difference, whereas the former was simply amusing, that of last night was rather questionable. Mr. Speaker Beaubien retired while Mr. Marchand was speaking in reply to Mr. Taillon and was criticising remarks made by the member for Montreal East, when the latter gentleman, to the surprise of all, was called to fill the Speaker's place, thus closing his mouth till the return of that gentleman, and he had no sooner resumed his seat when Mr. Taillon took occasion to contradict the assertions of Mr. Marchand. The calling on Mr. Taillon was "unfortunate," to say the least of it.

It never rains but it pours. Notwithstanding the lateness of the sitting on Wednesday night and Thursday morning, the Budget speech was delivered on Thursday evening. The after-

noon sitting was finished at 4 o'clock, when the Speaker rising gravely stated, "I declare it to be 4 o'clock, and the House took recess. At 8 o'clock the House re-assembled and the Hon. Treasurer Church delivered his Budget speech, which lasted two hours and fifty minutes." I shall not weary your readers with even a synopsis of it, but I must compliment the Treasurer on the care and labour he must have bestowed in order to produce such a financial statement, that it leaves nothing to be desired. Had any other member in the House undertaken the delivery of that speech it would have lasted over four hours, as Mr. Church speaks nearly twice as fast as any one I ever heard. The most important points are that there is a deficit of about \$175,000 and that two new taxes have been imposed to cover it. Over one there must be weeping and gnashing of teeth in St. Francois Xavier street, as it imposes a tax of ten cents per hundred dollars on every transfer of stock of an incorporated body or Joint Stock Company, the other of 25 cents upon each hundred dollars of the nominal value or amount of all contracts or agreements entered into for any purpose whatever, with the exception of those mentioned above, when the thing to be done or promised is of any appreciable value, including such transactions as deeds of sale, transfers of any kind, obligations, &c.; exemptions being made in favour of Bank Bills, Promissory Notes, but not the protests thereof, Bills of Lading, Warehouse Receipts, Customs and Excise Bonds, Charter parties, receipts and releases, certified copies and extracts from the Registrars of Civil Status, policies of Insurance and Assurance Receipts, Wills, donations between parents and children, and also all other contracts excepting those having reference to transfers of stock where the value of the matter or thing contracted about is less than \$200.

Among the notable arrivals in town this week is Sir Francis Hincks. Of course his arriving on the morning of the day on which the Budget Speech was delivered it was expected so thorough a master of finance as Sir Francis would have been present on such an occasion, but to the surprise of all he did not appear, but remained in his room at the hotel the whole evening.

The absence of one member from his seat in the House during the delivery of the speech was remarked by all, especially after the very marked manner in which he has been attacking the Treasurer on the financial condition of the Province. I refer to Mr. Bellingham, member for Argenteuil, whose absence was the more marked as the Treasurer referred especially to some remarks made by the hon. member some days since anent the financial condition of the Australian colonies as compared with that of this Province. It remains to be seen how he will criticise a speech he has never heard.

During the last week the Report of the Railway Commissioners has been distributed to the members, but as its contents have been either published or commented on in nearly every newspaper in the Dominion, I will simply state that the progress of the work seems to be most satisfactory, and that, all going on well, the whole line from Quebec to Ottawa, via Montreal, will be completed and in full working order before the end of the year at a total cost of about ten millions of dollars.

The Quebec *Morning Chronicle* has been publishing for the last few days a carefully prepared criticism of the pictures, works of art, and curiosities exhibited in Morin College, of which I wrote you in my last letter. It is evidently the work of one who understands the subjects he writes about, and has had no small effect in increasing the benefit of that exhibition as it has been crowded daily, the price of admission having been reduced to ten cents in order to place it within the reach of the poorest.

The back is now broken of the serious work of the session, and for the future night sessions will be the rule.

The Private Bills Committee has commenced its sittings, so from now we may expect the arrival of deputations and delegations, and the lobbies will be crowded with people interested in the passing of public and private measures. Let it be hoped that the disgraceful scenes of the last Parliament will find no place during the present session.

KRIS KRINGLE.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

MAPLE sugar in London, Ont.

ENGLISH mails are to close on Thursday instead of Friday, throughout the Dominion.

THERE are fifteen tenderers for leasing the North Shore Railway.

AN amalgamation of the Protestant Societies of Montreal is spoken of.

THE Nova Scotia Legislature will meet for business on the 21st inst.

THE Orange incorporation question has come up in the Ontario Legislature.

WINNIPEG talks of a street railway, and a pontoon bridge over the river to St. Boniface.

FOR full particulars about Quebec Legislature see Kris Kringle's letter in another column.

TENDERS will at once be called for the construction of the new docks at Levis.

THE memorial to the Quebec Government praying for the raising of the jury standard in that Province is being signed by men of all positions, parties, creeds and nationalities.

IT is rumoured in Toronto that the Dominion Government is bringing a suit against the Bank of Montreal to recover the Secret Service money paid on Sir John Macdonald's order after his retirement from office.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 157 received. Also, letter and valuable contents. Much obliged.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 157 received. Correct.

A. C. Wolfville, N.S.—We answer "No" to your query; but we would like to have the position on a diagram in order the better to understand what is meant.

E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No 156 received.

We are anxious to call the attention of the Chess-players of the Dominion to the following letter. We trust that all those who may be desirous of entering the Tourneys will send their names to the writer as soon as possible. Our correspondent, J. W. Shaw, Esq., is a devoted Chess-player, well acquainted with all the regulations needed for such an enterprise, and calculated in every respect to manage all the details connected with Chess matches of every description. We shall be very glad if the Editors of other Chess Columns in the Dominion will call attention to the subject.

26 Windsor Street, Montreal, Feb. 1st, 1878.

To the Chess Editor CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

DEAR SIR.—Observing the success which is attending the prosecution at the present time of Chess Correspondence Tourneys, both local, general, and international, in England and the United States, I feel induced to propose an undertaking of a similar nature in this Dominion.

We have, I am persuaded, a large number of first-class players in the Dominion who would gladly avail themselves of the advantages afforded by this novel and agreeable method of Chess play.

Chess by Correspondence, in my opinion, represents the highest form of the game—in its play department. It is as I read the other day: "like travel in good company most enjoyable; players who confine themselves to Club or parlor Chess are 'home-bred' compared with those who have sent their thoughts through scores of mail bags.

Its recommendations are manifold: ensuring freedom from slips and oversights—a common fault when playing over the board—opportunity to follow out a special line of attack to the best advantage—enabling one to anticipate the best possible replies of his antagonist—affording facility for the application of the best skill of which the player is capable—and guaranteeing, in the quiet retirement of the closet, a perfect freedom from interruption, a "sylvan bonum" to the Chess student. What player is there who has not had his calculations upset, and his equanimity disturbed, by the aggravating request from the other side of the board, "Come, now give us something?" From annoyances like this a game by correspondence affords a perfect immunity.

Another reason impels me to propose a Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney. It is impossible not to notice the slight estimation in which Canadian Chess is held by the community in England. Australia and other distant dependencies are given great prominence in the columns of the leading English Chess Journals, while Canada is passed over with seeming indifference.

If our leading players will only "take hold," we can show our brethren in the mother country that we are not behind them in our devotion to the game, in enterprise in furthering its objects, or in the manifestation of skill in Chess play of a degree sufficient to command their respect. Let us both exert and assert ourselves!

Stimulated by these feelings, I therefore, propose a Chess Correspondence Tourney, to be engaged in by, say, twenty-one players, strictly residents in the Dominion. An entrance fee not exceeding in amount five dollars might be asked, giving sufficient value to the Prize list to act as an incentive for the exercise of the players' best skill—the playing of, say, four games simultaneously would not be too great a tax on one's leisure, with a proper interval of time, say, seventy-two hours, between the receipt and posting of the moves.

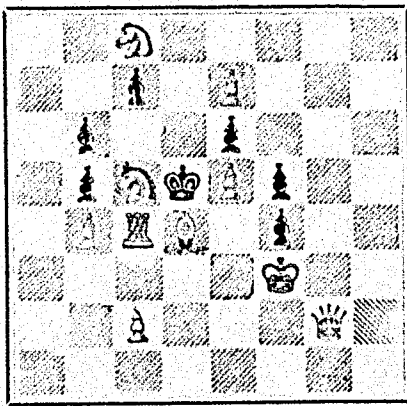
I enclose, subject to your approval, a list of Rules and Regulations for the governance of such a contest. Respectfully offering my services as Conductor of the Tourney, a post to which I will gladly give my time in the interests of Canadian Chess, I shall be most happy to receive applications for entrance to the proposed Tourney from my brother Chessists in the Dominion. Feeling assured that you fully sympathize with the object proposed, any assistance which you may be pleased to give through the instrumentality of your Column, will tend largely to promote the success of a Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours respectfully, J. W. SHAW.

We have just been informed that some of Mr. Bird's friends on this Continent have heard of his side arrival in England, and that he is busily engaged with a publishing house in London in hurrying toward the appearance of his new work, Chess Openings, so that the patience of his subscribers may only be taxed for a few days longer.

PROBLEM No. 157. By W. ATKINSON, Montreal.



WHITE White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 2591H. (From the Chess Player's Chronicle.) Played at the Leipzig Congress.

(Scotch Gambit.) (WHITE—Herr Metzger.) (BLACK—Dr. Zukertort.) 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to KB3 2. Kt to QB3 3. P to Q 4 3. P takes P 4. P to B 3 4. P takes P 5. B to Q B 4 5. Kt to B 3 6. Kt to Kt 5 (a) 6. Kt to K 4 7. B to Kt 3 7. P to Q 4 8. K P takes P 8. B to Q Kt 5 9. Castles 9. Castles 10. Q Kt takes P (b) 10. P to K R 3 11. K Kt to K 4 11. Kt takes Kt 12. Kt takes Kt 12. Q to R 5 13. Q to Q 4 13. B to Q 3 14. P to K B 4 14. Kt to Kt 5 15. P to K R 3 15. Kt to B 3 16. Kt takes Kt ch (c) 16. P takes Kt 17. B to B 2 (d) 17. B takes R P (e) 18. Q to Q 3 (f) 18. B to Q B 4 (ch) 19. B to K 3 19. B to K B 4 20. Q to Q 2 20. B takes B (ch) 21. Q takes B 21. B takes B

And Black wins

NOTES.

(Chiefly from the Schachzeitung, condensed.)

(a) 6 Castles is a better move, and we have seen it played by Dr. Zukertort in this position.

(b) White, the Schachzeitung remarks, has recovered his Pawns, but has no longer any advantage of position. We should be surprised if this opening (a sort of engrafting of the Danish upon the Scotch Gambit), had any other result.

(c) Kt takes B is preferable. White probably did not expect the recapture with the Pawn. His Q P is now weak.

(d) Here White should have persistently challenged the exchange of Queens.

(e) By this fine move Black rapidly and decisively assumes the offensive.

(f) A miscalculation which costs a piece. White's only chance was to accept the sacrifice.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 156.

WHITE. BLACK. 1. Kt takes P 1. Any move 2. Mates accordingly.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 157.

WHITE. BLACK. 1. R to Kt sq (ch) 1. K to R 5 2. R to B 4 (ch) 2. K to R 6 3. R to Kt 3 (ch) 3. K takes P 4. R to R 4 mate.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 157.

WHITE. BLACK. K at Kt 7 K at K 3 R at Q 4 Kt at K B 7 B at K B 8 Kt at Q R 2 B at Kt 2 Pawns at Q B 5 and Q Pawn at K B 4 K 4

White to play and mate in three moves.

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He thought awhile, and then said: "'S'pose that train's generally on time?" "Yes, sir."

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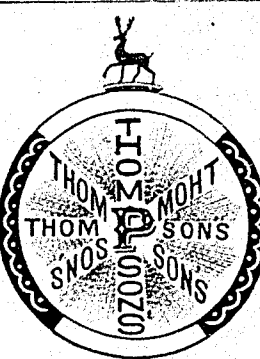
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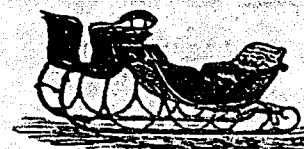
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