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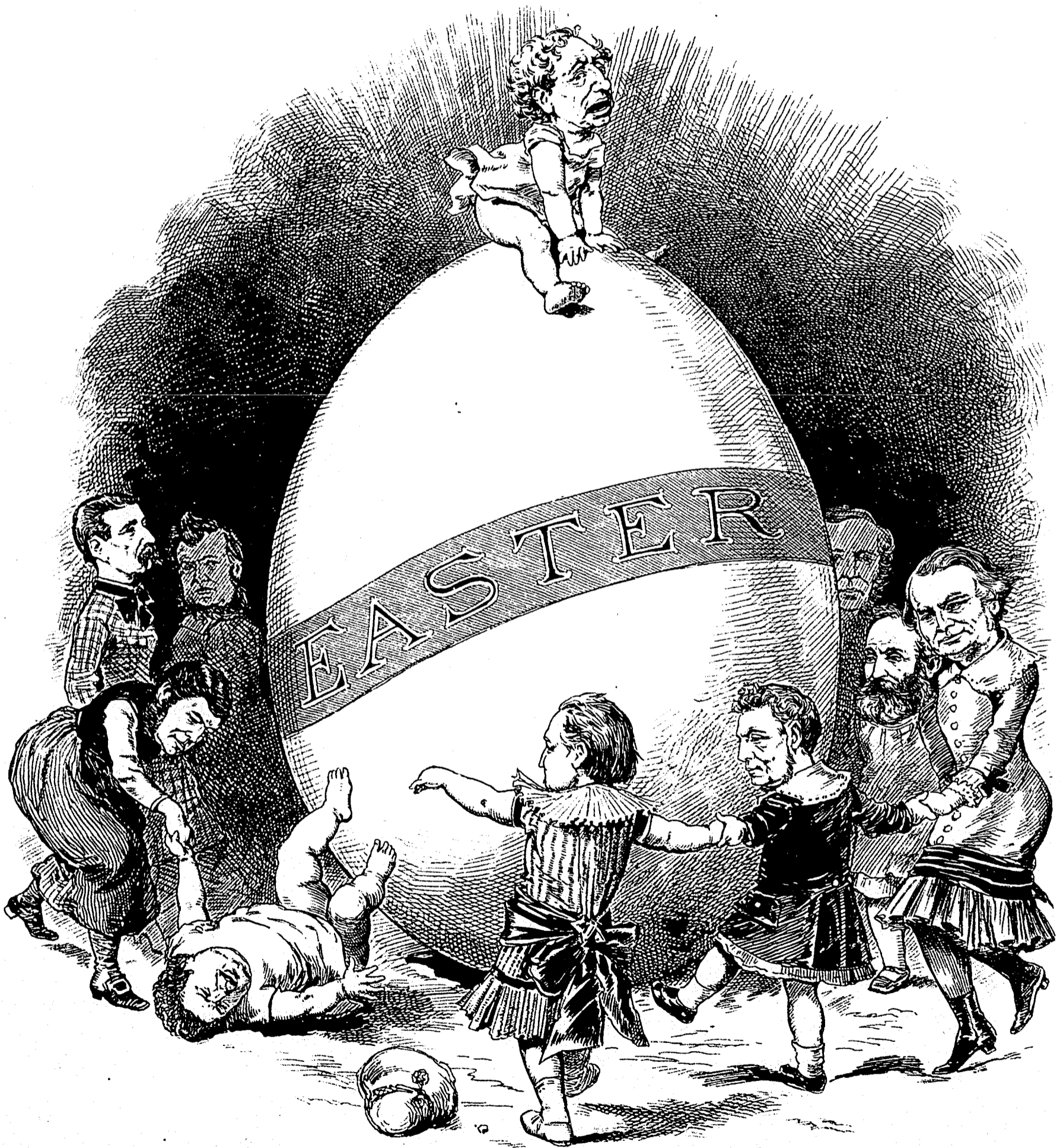
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# Illustrated News

Vol. XXIII.—No. 16.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1881.

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AN EASTER FROLIC.  
AFTER THE PICTURE BY ADRIEN LECOUVREUR.

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

THE WEEK ENDING  
April 10th, 1881.

April 10th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 58°	12°	30°	Mon.. 61°	44°	52°
Tue.. 52°	12°	30°	Tue.. 54°	42°	48°
Wed.. 31°	11°	21°	Wed.. 39°	23°	32°
Thur.. 44°	34°	34°	Thu.. 38°	29°	33°
Fri.. 46°	31°	39°	Fri.. 38°	30°	34°
Sat.. 45°	30°	37°	Sat.. 47°	25°	36°
Sun.. 53°	34°	43°	Sun.. 45°	35°	40°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 16, 1881.

THE WEEK

MR. GLADSTONE'S Land Bill is the most comprehensive attempt which has yet been made to deal with the difficulties of land tenure in Ireland. As we have before avowed, the ownership of land in Ireland has had its origin in peculiar circumstances which seem to warrant in some degree that interference with the ordinary rights of property which is usually so strongly to be deprecated. The present bill in effect destroys the absolute ownership of land. As however the ownership is not transferred from one party to another but distributed in a curious way between landlord, tenant and Government, it is difficult to see how such a divided proprietorship can fail to lead to fresh trouble at no very distant date. The chief feature noticeable seems to be the incapacity of landlord and tenant to contract for farms of less value than £200 per annum. The tenant of a holding of this value is presumably able to make his own terms and may be safely left to abide by the bargain, but smaller tenants are to have their rents fixed by the new land court. This provides for the first of the F's; the other two are conceded under about like restrictions. The sale of unexhausted improvements is permitted to all tenants whatever; and fixity of tenure may be obtained from the court for a period of fifteen years, during which the rent cannot be raised nor the tenant evicted save for non-payment of rent or breach of ordinary contracts. It may be taken that this is as far as any Government can possibly go in the matter, and if the introduction of the measure is to secure tranquillity we may be content to sacrifice individual interests, which in point of fact must suffer in any case. The present landlords are suffering for the sins of their predecessors, but that is only after all in accordance with the law of Nature.

THE POPE is said to be placed in a somewhat difficult position with reference to the slight difference, to use no stronger term, between the Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel. If it be a hard matter to decide when doctors disagree, the difference of two church magnifices should be a harder task yet to reconcile, and between them both the patient may be the one to suffer. In the autumn of last year there was much sending of missions and counter-missions to headquarters. Archbishop Croke was the first to secure the ear of the Holy Father, and backed by a liberal offering, succeeded in partially persuading him to interfere in behalf of oppressed Ireland. Thereupon comes Archbishop McCabe upon the other side to undo the work of his confrère and the result is "Dublin first and the rest nowhere." All this may give an additional force to the "elsewhere," where according to the Archbishop of Cashel his rival's recent letter is to be taken notice of. Meanwhile the Pope is said to be seriously

embarrassed by the absence of an official, albeit informal, representation of England at the Vatican. "The Archbishop of Dublin," he complains, "comes and tells me one thing; and the Archbishop of Cashel tells me the opposite." Of course an ambassador at the Papal court would be out of the question, since the temporal power of the Papacy has passed away, but similar functions to those exercised by Lord Lyons and Lord Odo Russell might in effect be discharged by such of their successors as could be trusted in sporting language to give his Holiness "the straight tip" in matters of this kind.

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS has somewhat peculiar notions as to what does and what does not constitute decent behaviour in a court of law. Moreover Mr. Justice HAWKINS though he may "come in like a lamb," is apt to "go out like a lion," and is generally a somewhat awkward person to offend. Such at least is the experience of the gentleman who recently commented upon one of his lordship's decisions. "That's a rum thing too," said he, his mouth speaking possibly out of the fullness of his heart, on hearing a successful plaintiff deprived of costs. The noble judge apparently did not see the matter in the same light and the remark cost the incautious commentator fifty dollars. This we may presume was a "rummer thing still" in his opinion, but we may hope that he wisely refrained from giving utterance to his feelings any further, and contented himself, like Mr. Leech's cabman by "thinking a doose of a deal." The London Daily News, which tells the story, reminds us of the distinguished foreigner who listened to Sir Charles Wetherall pleading a case before Lord Brougham. After sitting for awhile absorbed in following the impassioned eloquence of the advocate, he turned towards the bench to observe the effect of his oratory upon the Lord Chancellor. Thereafter there arose upon the air the audible exclamation, wrung out of the depths of his honest amazement "Mon dieu, il dort." But so far as we know, this person, who, obviously, did not understand the decencies of court behaviour, as laid down by Mr. Justice HAWKINS, escaped without the penalty which so dire an offence against the canons of judicial criticism demanded.

A CURIOUS instance of the irony of fate comes to us in the train of the Transvaal war. Three or four weeks since Major Bromhead, the defender of Rorke's drift, presented to her Majesty the colors of the 24th regiment recovered from Isandula. On the following day another gallant defender of the Drift, named Cassidy, received from the Brighton magistrates—six weeks for petty larceny! We may presume that Cassidy's ideas on the subject of property had become somewhat mixed in his recent experience amongst the Boers, and he may have looked upon the Brighton provision dealer in the light of an enemy to his country upon whose premises "foraging" was in order. Six weeks of retirement will probably render him a sadder but a wiser man, and impress him with the idea that a Boer is easier to tackle than a Brighton tradesman, while if he be of a philosophical turn he may perhaps console himself with the reflection that he is only in much the same boat as the Government under whom he served. Both tried to possess themselves of another's property (or that which the "other" so considered) and both have had to pay dearly for the attempt. Indeed in some respects Cassidy would seem the better off, since he had at least the satisfaction of making a meal off his capture, while the Government have had to give their's back again.

AMONGST our illustrations this week will be found drawings of two remarkable objects in natural history. The Wolf-fish (*Anarrichus lupus*) is occasionally met with in the fish markets of London, but so far as we know, the present is the first specimen seen in Canada. It belongs to the family of the gobies. This strange repul-

sive fish has an elongated body covered with small scales, a long dorsal fin extends down the whole of the back. There are no ventral fins, and the pectorals are comparatively small, the head short and rounded, and the markings of it together with the position of the glaring eye and the long, sharp curved front teeth give it a fierce cat-like expression. The back teeth and those of the palate are specially adapted for crushing shell-fish, being close together and tubercular or rounded. In our engraving a view of the inside of the mouth is given to show the teeth. The present specimen measures three feet three inches, but the Wolf fish attains occasionally to the length of eight feet or more. It is a native of the Northern seas, not uncommon on the shores of Greenland and Iceland, and occasionally appears on the North coast of Scotland and amongst the Orkneys. The Wolf-fish is really as ferocious as it looks, and often shews fight when imprisoned in a net, in a manner which renders its despatch exceedingly difficult. The general color is brownish gray with darker vertical bands on the back and intermediate spots, a whitish belly, and a triangular mark upon the top of the skull.

The other specimen alluded to is described in a letter from the Rev. V. CLEMENTI of Peterborough, as follows:

FELIS LYNX.—This lynx, whose spoor, very different from that of the Canadian lynx, had been noticed for the last five or six years, was trapped in the middle of March, about 12 or 13 miles from the town of Peterborough. It is small, fully seven or eight years old, and of the following dimensions: Length from ear to insertion of tail, 30 inches; height to shoulder, 20 inches; length of tail, 6½ inches. Color, reddish fawn, with indistinct blotches of brown; the inside of the legs lighter in color, with black stripes; a black stripe along the back; white spots at the back of either ear and under the chin and throat. The animal was very fat and weighed 30 lbs. It is known in the North-West as the "European Lynx."

VINCENT CLEMENTI, B.A.  
Peterboro, March 29, 1881.

CARLYLE'S REMINISCENCES.

It is a trite remark that the gossip of great men about their contemporaries, is often most interesting for the glimpses which they give us incidentally of themselves; but it is a remark which applies with such unusual point to the book before us, that it must needs be made *de novo*. Throughout CARLYLE himself is the principal personage in these recollections of his friends or acquaintances, and his estimate of them seems for the most part based upon the position which they held in his life, and their attitude towards his life work. The sketches were apparently written at odd times, and without any more definite object in view than is suggested by their title, viz., that of preserving such records of the impression made upon him by the several persons named as seemed worthy of being preserved from oblivion. That CARLYLE contemplated at least the possibility of their being given to the world we are told in his own words, yet such a possibility seems to have influenced him little in their composition. In this we are in a measure the gainers, since the very nature of such a work has redeemed it from those excrescences of style which in all their picture-queeness are at once the charm and the defect of many of his more studied productions. Charming from their originality and rugged force, but yet in many cases tending, as it seems to me, to interfere with the outcropping of the truth which underlies them. That such garniture is not necessarily an essential of CARLYLE'S style these jottings seem to prove. Original and forcible as always in his modes of expression there is here little or none of the prevalent exaggeration and redundancy of metaphor to be found in his more laboured productions.

"Reminiscences" by Thomas Carlyle, edited by J. A. Froude. 1881. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

I have said that the study of CARLYLE'S own personality is the most attractive feature of the book. It is curious in this connection to note that his weaknesses and shortcomings were not unknown to himself. Speaking of his father he says:

"The fault was that he exaggerated (which tendency I also inherit) yet only in description and for the sake of humorous effect."

which also was the manner in which his son used the dangerous weapon, often it is to be feared with less apprehension of its misuse than the father, who we are told again

"was a man of rigid, even scrupulous veracity. I have often heard him turn back when he thought his strong words even misleading and correct them into mensurative accuracy."

Probably the most interesting of the sketches to admirers of the author will be those of his father and his wife, whose figures stand out necessarily in their relation to him. A wonderfully graphic picture that of the Ecclefechan mason

"a man healthy in body and mind, fearing God, and diligently working on God's earth with contentment, hope and unwearied resolution; stern and hard of comprehension, whose children "durst not freely love him," but who yet had a genuine pride and delight in his son, and loved to listen to his descriptions of notable men and places.

Of Mrs. CARLYLE much was said in a recent article in this paper, and those who know the estimate in which her husband held her, and the perpetual sorrow with which he mourned her loss, will not be surprised that her presence is dwelt upon throughout the Reminiscences, and not alone in those pages consecrated to her memory. The notes of her early history are chiefly communicated by her friend Miss CAROLINE JEWESBURY, with comments by her husband.

But for a sketch of CARLYLE'S literary experiences, of his introduction to the *Edinburgh Review*, of his visit to London with "Sartor Resartus" in his pocket; its rejection by publisher after publisher, and final bringing out in "Fraser," we must turn to the article on "Francis Jeffrey," (if article it can be called). Wonderfully crowded is this with descriptions and reflections which elaborated would form the material for a respectable volume, but which read all the fresher and more striking in their nakedness. The graphic description of the "Outer House," of the articles sent to Jeffrey in fear and trembling, and which the great editor never acknowledged, of their final introduction and growing friendship, their visits and walks together, all this and more of the kind in a perfect plethora of jottings, none of which can lack interest even to the ordinary reader. Here again Mrs. CARLYLE is a central figure, and her husband describes the way in which Jeffrey in his courtly fashion became "her openly declared friend and quasi lover."

Of the other sketches I have only space to say a few words. The close intimacy of Irving with the family of Mrs. CARLYLE and afterwards with her husband render the pages devoted to him more detailed and more directly biographical (if I may use the expression) than the unconsidered jottings concerning the other characters which have seemingly less definite purpose. For this reason, if reviewed in full, it would require a different treatment and one of opposite tendency to the present. The appendix to the work contains a few anecdotal accounts of meetings with Wordsworth and Southey, for the former of whom CARLYLE had all the lack of appreciation (to use no stronger term) which might have been expected from the contrast between their natures.

Many animadversions have been made upon the freedom taken with the names of persons who, though dead, are not so far out of remembrance as to be indifferent through friends and relatives to unkindly criticism. For this in the first place CARLYLE cannot be blamed, from the very manner in which these jottings were originally made; and published as they are now, perhaps wisely, without mutilation or revision, they stand but as the private views of one who in such matters

was no respecter of persons. As such we should take them, that the literary offence of their publication may be the less.

ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

IS IT PLAGIARISM?

Some time ago the reviews and magazines discussed at much length some very curious coincidences of thought and expression which occurred in the writings of many of the greatest literary men. It was shown that great writers had in many instances written exactly what had been written years before by other great writers; and that frequently the words employed to convey these ideas were so nearly alike as to leave little room for doubt that either plagiarism had been rampant, or that the proverbial kinship between great minds extended not only to ideas but to words and phrases. The instances which were presented during the course of this very interesting discussion, attracted considerable attention at the time, and though many were disposed to take a charitable view of these similarities and to ascribe them entirely to chance and accident, or at least to unconscious copying; others maintained that they were evidences of the fact that not even our greatest philosophers and poets have been free from the literary crime of plagiarism. I have lately met with an instance of this kind. I will mention it and leave it to others to form their conclusions. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is a very clever and sprightly poet, and the successor of Mr. Howells in the editorial chair of the *Atlantic Monthly*. A little poem of his entitled "A Comedy," has lately been going the rounds of the press and is as follows:

"They parted with clasps of hand,  
And kisses and burning tears;  
They met in a foreign land  
After some twenty years.

Met—as acquaintances meet—  
Smilingly, tranquil eyed,  
Not even the least little beat  
Of the heart upon either side.

They chatted of this and of that,  
The notions that make up life;  
She in a Gainsborough hat—  
And he in black for his wife.

Ah! what a comedy this is,  
Neither was hurt it appears;  
She had forgotten his kisses,  
And he had forgotten her tears."

Now there is nothing particularly new in the fancy of this little poem; nothing particularly novel or striking in its story of forgotten flirtation or unremembered embraces and tears. But it does seem to me that it bears a striking resemblance to one of Swinburne's poems "An Interlude," which tells exactly the same sad tale of faithless memory of somewhat similar performances, and to which reference must be made, for Swinburne's verses are too long to quote here. Mr. Aldrich is more concise and piquant, but the story is the same. As I have said, this alone would not warrant one in assuming that there has been any plagiarism on the part of Mr. Aldrich. More curious still, however, is the fact that the *ipsissima verba* of Mr. Swinburne occur in "A Comedy." Look for instance at the last stanza of "An Interlude."

"And the best and the worst of this is,  
That neither was most to blame;  
If you've forgotten my kisses,  
And I've forgotten your name."

It may be that I am mistaken, but I cannot help thinking that either Mr. Swinburne has copied Mr. Aldrich, or Mr. Aldrich has copied Mr. Swinburne. Perhaps it is merely a coincidence; if so, it is a curious one.

R. D. M.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ADRIEN LECOUREUR'S beautiful picture of "An Easter Frolic" has served our artist as a model for his cartoon this week, which will find the Ministers enjoying themselves at home each after his own fashion, though possibly not exactly as the engraving represents them. That such a performance would be indeed an "Easter Frolic" cannot at any rate be denied, and we commend the idea to the consideration of Sir John.

THE beautiful memorial to the Emperor of Germany, which we illustrate this week, is taken from the pages of the *Leipzig Illustrated Times*, where it appeared in honour of the birthday of the Emperor William, celebrated on the 22nd of March last.

THE WAR IN PERU.—We present our readers with a series of interesting views from the seat of war in Peru. The victorious Chilians, who were represented as being eager to sack the beautiful city of Lima, and reduce it to ashes, have behaved exactly as a brave and chivalrous people would be expected to treat an unfortunate and prostrate enemy. They have, it is true, imposed hard terms upon the Peruvians, and propose to occupy their principal cities until the utmost penalty is paid; but the moment Lima surrendered, all hostilities ceased. There was no pillage, no destruction of buildings. Good order was at once established in Lima and Callao, and life and property were as secure as before the invading army took possession. It is to be hoped that the destructive war that has just ceased will lead to the establishment of a union among the South American republics under one general government. This would make a powerful nation, and instead of wasting their strength in

useless wars, the several states could unite in developing their vast natural resources and educating their people.

LOBSTER SPEARING IN CANADA.—This sport is pursued in the Indian fashion by torchlight. A dark calm night and a falling tide are the first requisites, and the crew of the canoe must consist of three—one to row; one to hold the torch so that its light will fall through the shallow water and light up the bottom to show the lobsters crouched among the seaweed; and last, but not least, the spearer, armed with a long wooden spear, which it requires considerable skill and practice to drive down, so that the two prongs will close over the lobster's back, capturing him firmly, while leaving his body uninjured. It is a sport both exciting and picturesque, as the boat creeps along under the shadow of the bank, and the torch casts a Rembrandtish light on the occupants and on the overhanging trees. The captive lobsters sometimes make very unpleasant occupants of a boat, and it requires great equanimity to feel them crawling about one's feet.

OUR illustrations of Victoria, B.C., we owe to the kindness of Mr. Nelson of the British Consulate, Panama. The photographs were taken when the volunteers were in camp last summer, and although perhaps a little unseasonable will have a personal interest, we believe, for many of our readers. Others of the same series are in hand and will appear in our columns from time to time.

MR. SWAN'S ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The largest and most complete application of Swan's electric light has been the lighting of Sir William Armstrong's mansion at Cragside, which is depicted in our illustration. The electric current is generated by one of Siemens' dynamo-electric machines, to which the motive power is supplied by a turbine of six-horse-power worked by the overflow of a lake three quarters of a mile distant from the house. The dynamo machine is placed close to the turbine, and the electricity is conducted by a double line of copper wires to the house.

Mr. Swan's lamp is exceedingly simple, as it consists of a bulb of glass about two inches in diameter, containing a thin carbon conductor supported by two platinum wires, which, where they pass out of the bulb, are hermetically sealed into its wall by fusion of the glass around the wires. The air contained in the bulb is thoroughly exhausted, and the consequence is a degree of durability in the carbon and an absence of sooty deposit on the glass.

The chief peculiarity of this lamp is the wonderfully thin and elastic filament of carbon, as thin as a hair, and almost as hard and springy as a steel wire. When the electric current traverses this filament it becomes white-hot, and emits a soft and perfectly steady light. As the bulb contains no air or other gas capable of combining with carbon, the filament does not burn away, but lasts without change for many months.

THE MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB.

The third annual meeting of this, the fourth club in point of seniority of formation on the Continent of America, was held last Friday, (1st April, 1881), at head quarters, Montreal Gymnasium on Mansfield St. The following are the officers for 1881 then elected:

Captain—Chas. J. Sidey, Consul L. A. W. for Montreal, (re-elected unanimously.) Hon. Sec.—Horace S. Tibbs, Director L. A. W. for Canada, (re-elected unanimously.) 1st Lieutenant—Albert T. Lane, Consul L. A. W. for Montreal; 2nd do—Jas. D. Millar; 3rd do—G. Maitland Smith; 4th do—Chas. A. Whitlam; 5th do—G. De Sola.

The whole active membership of the Club joined the League of American wheelmen in September last and will be largely represented at the Annual League Meeting on 31st May in Boston.

The first Annual races will be held in September, when good prizes and a fine track will draw the Best Yankee performers as well as the brethren in the West. A club picture is now in the hands of Mr. Raphael, the well known artist, in which "Dizzy" the cent dawg who is game for his forty miles any day, will occupy a prominent position.

The opening meeting will most likely be held on Good Friday. There is a good deal of ice on the country roads which wants a warm rain to wash it away.

AMUSEMENTS.

Lent has certainly not stayed the course of amusements whatever other effect it has had upon society, and this week there has been rather a plethora of good things. To begin with the music. Tuesday was the first of Mrs. Otis Rockwood's chamber concerts. I was sorry not to see a better attendance at what proved to be most enjoyable to lovers of classical music. This may I fancy be attributed in part at least, to the effect of counter attractions, and partly to the prevailing tendency to wait and hear the result of the first of a series and be guided by the report of one's friends as to future attendance. If this be the case we are sure the subsequent recitals will be well patronised as the audience was of the best class and testified heartily to their enjoyment of the programme. The D minor trio Mendelssohn was entrusted to Messrs. Reichling, Heard and Wills, and was wisely enough divided in two, as its length is apt to pall upon an ordinary audience. Mrs. Rockwood was

apparently suffering from a cold but had a decided success in spite of it; especially in her rendering of the scene and aria from "Der Freyschutz." Signor Bogdanoff is possessed of a melodious voice of unusual compass and showed to great advantage in "Sognai" and Mattei's popular "Non è ver." The programme also included a duet by Mrs. Rockwood and Signor Bogdanoff the delightful "Guarda che bianca luna," which was in my mind the gem of the evening; and closed with a double trio by some of Mrs. Rockwood's pupils.

I have had occasion before to allude to the dramatic and musical criticism of the local papers, and this concert gave an amusing instance of what it is worth in the majority of cases. The programme as printed included two numbers by Mr. Arthur Graham, who was unable to appear in consequence of a severe cold, nevertheless the *Gazette* gave him full credit for his imaginary share in the performance, a compliment for which Mr. Graham was less grateful than might have been expected. Thursday night was to have been the last concert of the Mendelssohn choir and as Litta was announced for the same night at the Queen's Hall, I was contemplating the disagreeable necessity of endeavoring to be in two places at once, when the difficulty was solved by the postponement of the former concert on account of the illness of Mr. Warren of Grace Church, New York, who was to have taken part in it. Litta was in good voice and sang the aria from the *Puritani* "Qui la voce," in her best style. She has a pure fresh voice and her method of vocalization is very good, but her singing lacks refinement, perhaps in part due to her pronunciation, which both in English and Italian is very faulty. Surely this is not ineradicable. Miss McLain who accompanied her has I think one of the most remarkable contralto voices I have ever heard, entirely spoilt by a dreadful style. It is an astonishing pity that she should not do more with such a wonderful organ than she seems likely to at present. Mr. Cleveland the tenor, has his voice well under control and in the duet with Litta in which he first appeared, promised unusually well. Perhaps the intense dislike which I have for "Alice where art thou" prejudiced me against his rendering of it, and surely, oh surely the *Chicago Tribune* must have been making fun of the poor man when it credited him with an "excellent stage presence." By the way, the press has a good deal to answer for in the matter of criticisms of this troupe. It was a little hard of the programmist (that is right is it not?) to quote that remarkable article of the *New Orleans Times* about Litta's voice being "exactly suited for floriture music," and about her "decorating" the polacca (or polonaise) "Io son Titania" "with high staccato notes and chromatic trills, etc., etc." What is floriture music? I have looked it out in the dictionary without any success. And I want to know who is responsible for the somewhat remarkable statement that "Mlle. Litta reached the zenith of dramatic and musical art and set all Europe in a blaze." No wonder the writer put it in italics, which are his not mine. If I were not afraid of shocking your cultivated readers, I would say "Draw it mild." To return to our muttons, I must say a word in praise of Miss Zeline Mantey's violin playing which was very delicate and graceful and the treat of the evening to me. Mr. John Skelton is a very clever young performer on the cornet who was however unfortunate in instituting a comparison with Levy who was so recently here.

THE concert of the Mendelssohn choir is announced for the 23th instant. During the week the Theatre Royal has been well filled to witness the representation of "Daniel Rochat" by one of Collier's combinations. The play has some fine dramatic situations, but on the whole is a little devoid of consistency of purpose, and much of the disagreement and suffering is brought about by inadequate causes, or so at least it seemed to me. The hero and heroine are engaged to be married in France, do actually go through the form of civil marriage, and are then separated by the reluctance of the husband, who is a Voltairian, to undergo the religious ceremony which the lady considers indispensable. So far so good, but when the husband does consent, the wife requires witnesses, and when he admits her claim to them too, she makes fresh trouble about unhappy futures, etc., protesting the while that she loves him better than life; the end, perhaps the most satisfactory that could be devised under the circumstances, being reached by the divorce of the parties without the consummation of their marriage. The shortcomings of the play however were redeemed by the excellent acting of Miss Carey as the heroine. She reminded me very forcibly at times of Miss Neilson, and will, I fancy, do well in a similar line of parts, though she may never be what Neilson was. Mr. Lemoyne was excellent as the unbelieving doctor, the bridegroom's friend, and Miss Ida Vernon as Mrs. Powers was quite a match for him. Mr. Ramsay, too, made a decided hit as the susceptible young gentleman, Casimir Fargis, in love with the heroine's sister. The acting on the whole was in excellent taste and the play, which in parts is a little what we are accustomed to call French, was saved from anything offensive by the entire absence of anything like salacity in the performance.

Supp's comic opera "Boccaccio" is on this week at the Theatre Royal, but I have not as yet been able to see it.

MUSCVA.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LORD Beaconsfield's condition is but little changed.

TRICKETT has challenged Boyd to a single scull race.

THE Roman Catholic College at Rimouski was burned down.

Rev. Henry Varley is to contest Northampton against Mr. Bradlaugh.

AN ancient Indian battlefield has been unearthed by recent floods in Georgia.

THE flood in the south of Spain is said to be the most serious inundation of the century.

THE striking west side car conductors in Chicago have succeeded in bringing the car company to terms.

THE British Government has notified Greece that in case of war she is not to expect any help from England.

THE Rev. Mr. Mackonochie's appeal against his sentence of deprivation has been dismissed by the Court of Appeal.

LORD Carlisle (Mr. Forster) has been appointed Lord Privy Seal in place of the Duke of Argyll.

THE marriage of the Crown Prince of Austria and the Princess Stephanie is fixed for the 10th of May.

A COLLISION took place in Ireland recently between the police and populace near Ballaghadrin. Two persons were killed and several wounded.

SOME seven thousand looms are idle in Belfast, owing to a partial strike in the linen trade against a ten per cent. reduction in wages.

OXFORD won the Varsity boat race easily, finishing four lengths ahead in 21 minutes 56 seconds. The Cambridge crew were fagged out at the end of the race, while the Dark Blues finished quite fresh.

VARIETIES.

CAVAGNARI'S PLUCK.—A Peshawur correspondent of the *Civil and Military Gazette* tells the following anecdote about the late Sir Louis Cavnari: Many, many years ago, young Cavnari was a shockingly bad rider; but, in spite of a naturally bad seat, and regardless of constant falls, he would attempt to ride any animal. One evening at mess, having been chaffed about his frequent "pips," he undertook to ride any one there a steeplechase. The challenge was accepted, and the next day the race came off. The conditions were, that whoever got first over the last jump was to be the winner. Young Cavnari, riding all legs and arms, led nearly the whole way, and on arriving at the last jump put his horse at it. The animal did not quite clear it, and came down, giving his rider a most awful cropper, on the right side, however, of the jump. Cavnari's cap flew off in one direction, his spectacles in another, and he himself was, to all appearance, badly stunned. He recovered himself, however, in a couple of seconds, and standing up, whip in hand, ashy pale, exclaimed, "I've won, anyhow."

TRIBULATIONS OF AMATEUR POETS.—Several amateur poets are in trouble. Rodney McGellan has been compelled to pay a verdict of \$300 in a breach of promise case at Barrie, Canada, the evidence of his promise being the following verse which he wrote to the plaintiff:

Long have I loved, but some strange spell  
Forbade my heart its tale to tell.  
Here, take this card, and simply feel  
The love my lips dare not reveal.

Henry Horace Dade, of San Francisco, sent an enemy a postal card on which was written an original and highly personal song, with this refrain:

Everybody, everybody knows, knows knows,  
You're the very biggest best that grows.

Dade's effort has cost him a fine of \$50. W. R. Newhouse, of Philadelphia, wrote some rhymes about the fickleness of William John and circulated them in printed slips. Here is a sample verse:

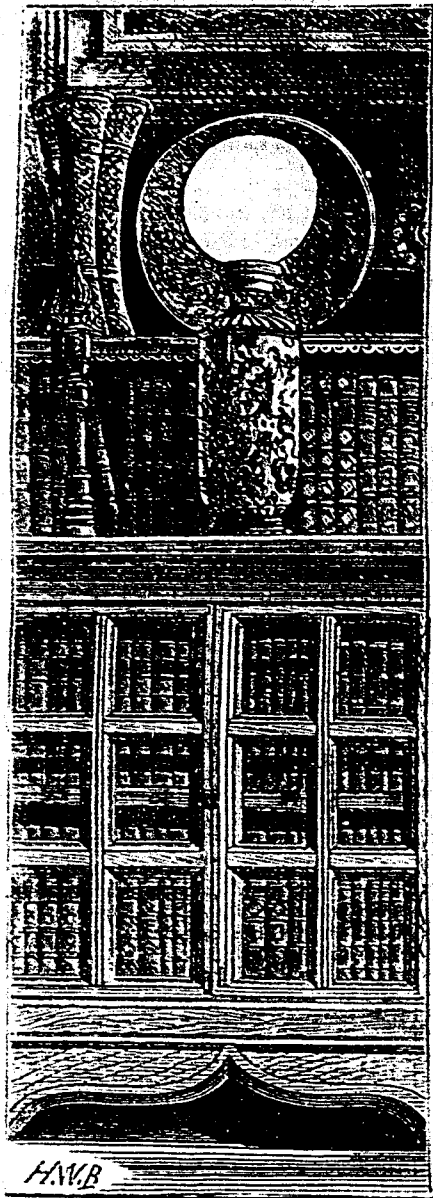
If you centre your affections on a youth like William John,  
You'll be likely to discover the foundation they are on.  
For a fascinating cruiser like this individual  
Isn't apt to be contented with a solitary gal.

A threat of lawsuit induced Newhouse to sign an apology, and collect and destroy all the copies he could find.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

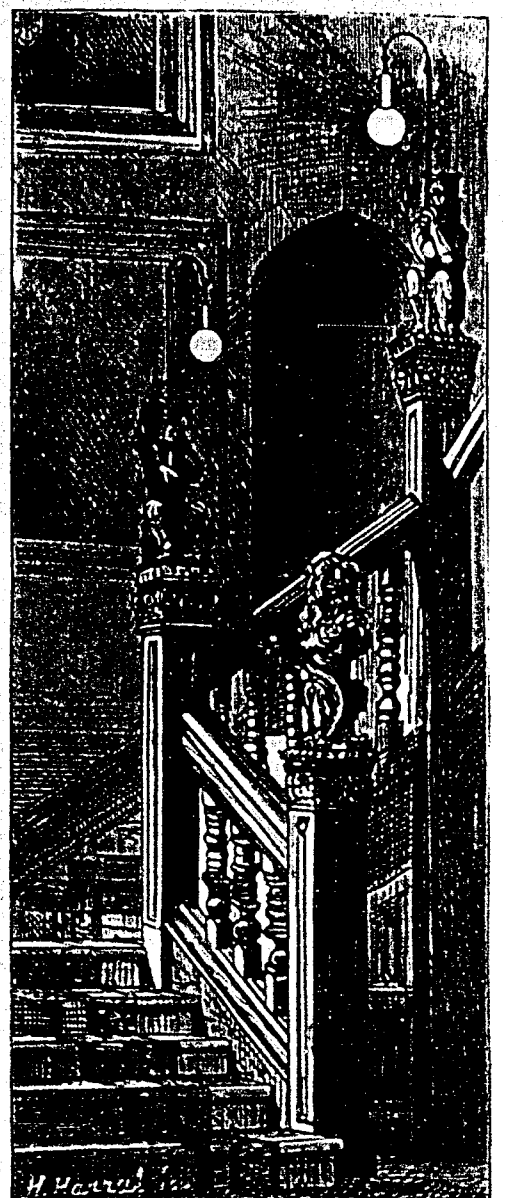


F.A.M.B.

LIBRARY.



BAY WINDOW FROM LIBRARY.



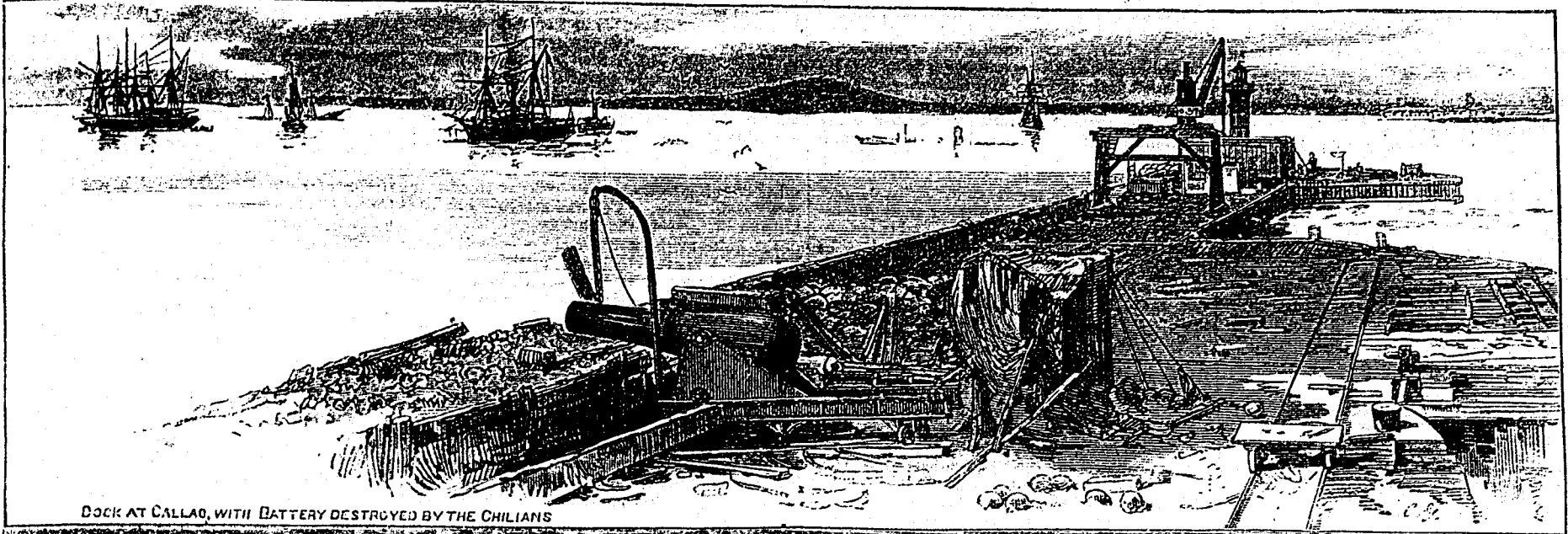
H. Harris

STAIRCASE.

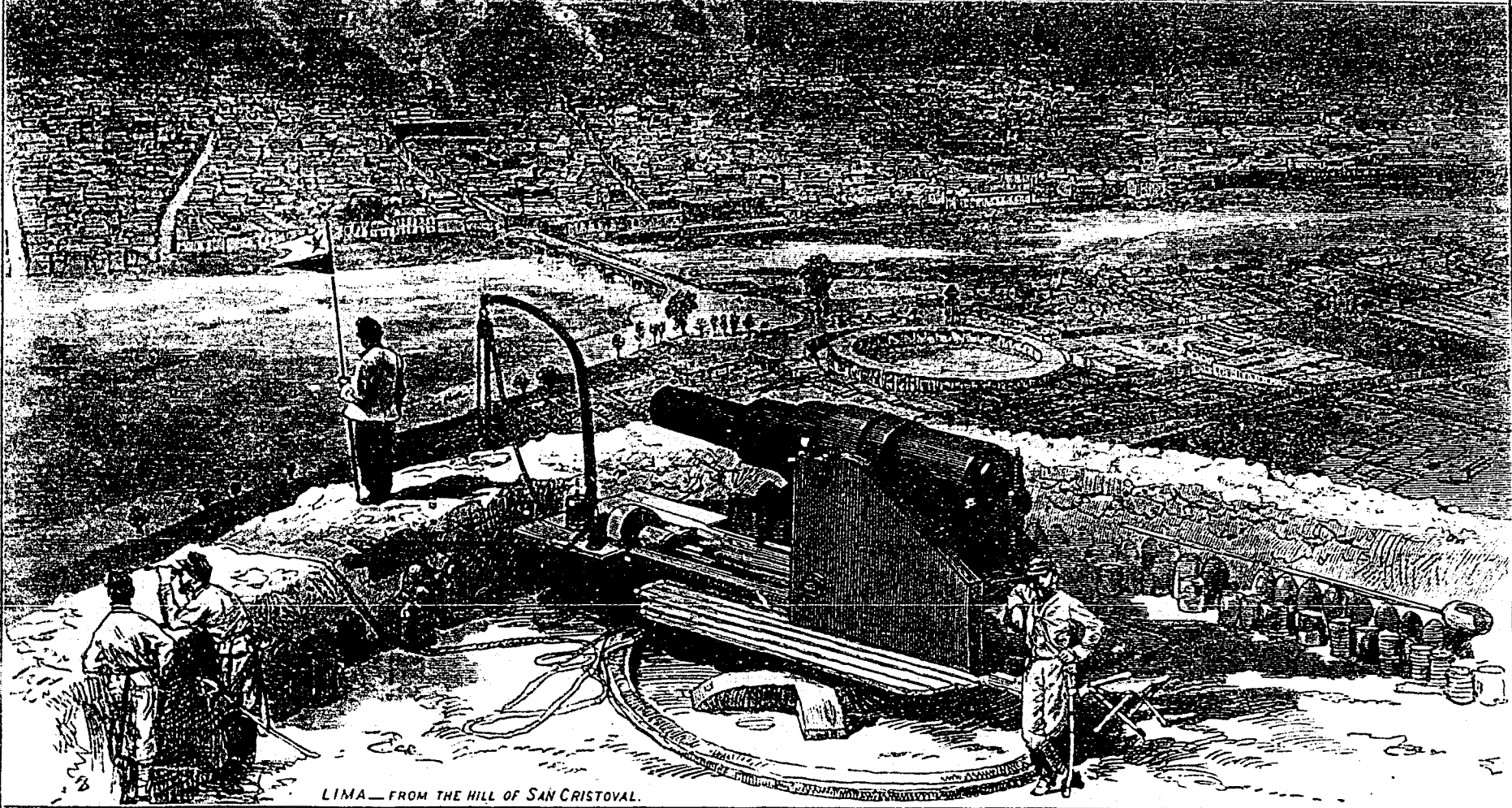
MR. SWAN'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AT CRAIGSIDE, ENGLAND.



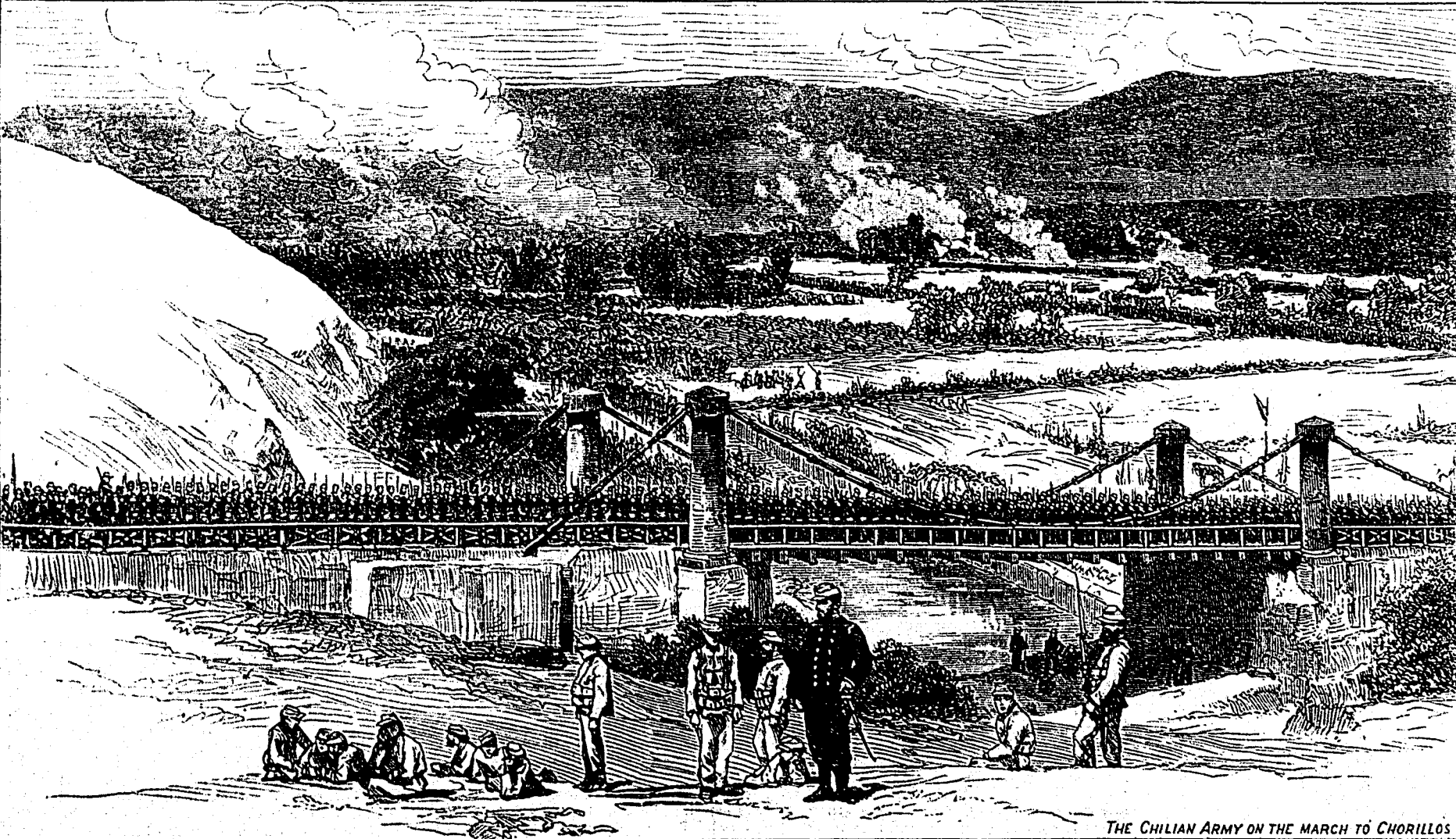
NEW YORK.—ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FISH-CULTURAL ASSOCIATION.



DOCK AT CALLAO, WITH BATTERY DESTROYED BY THE CHILIANS



LIMA—FROM THE HILL OF SAN CRISTOVAL.

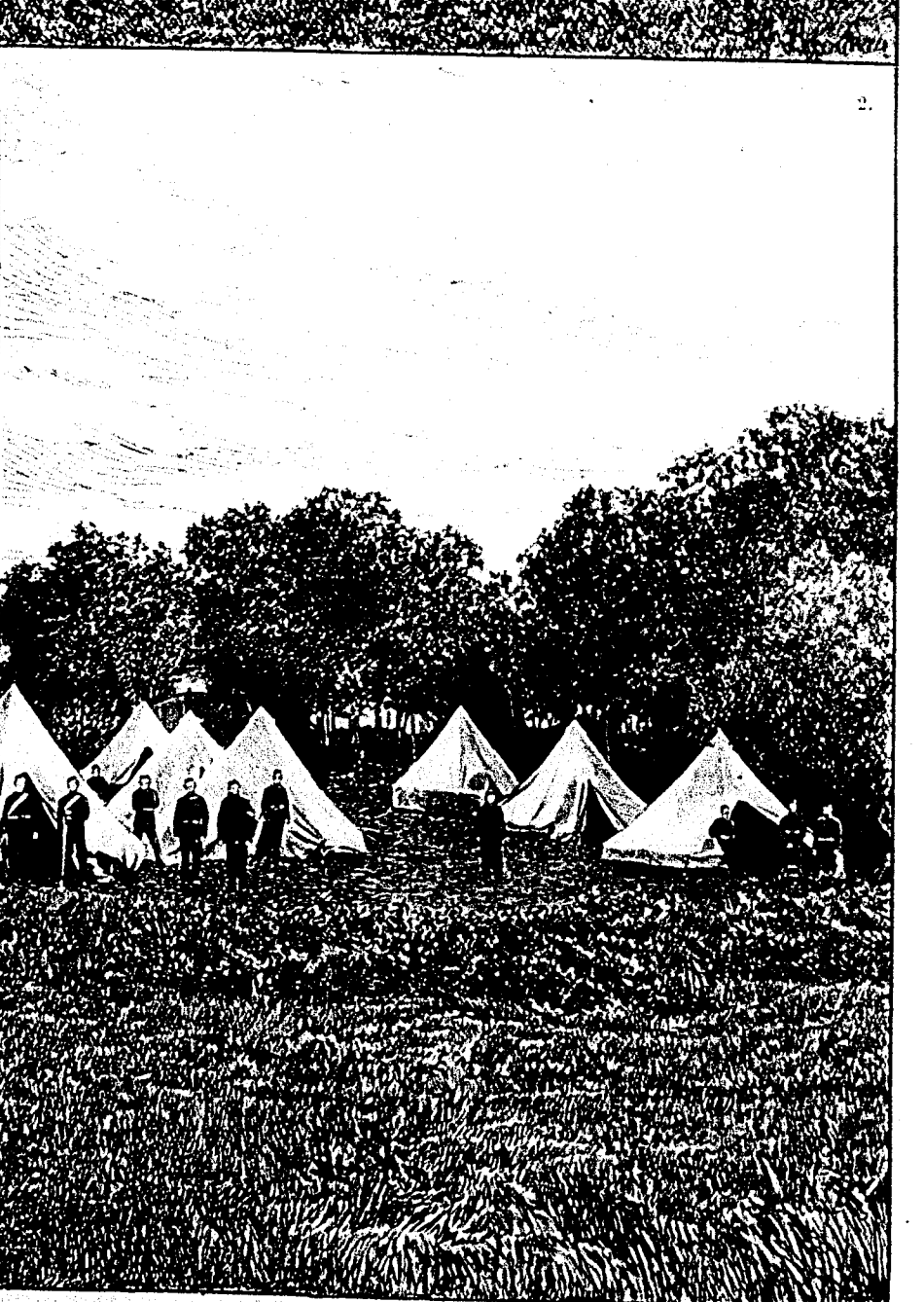
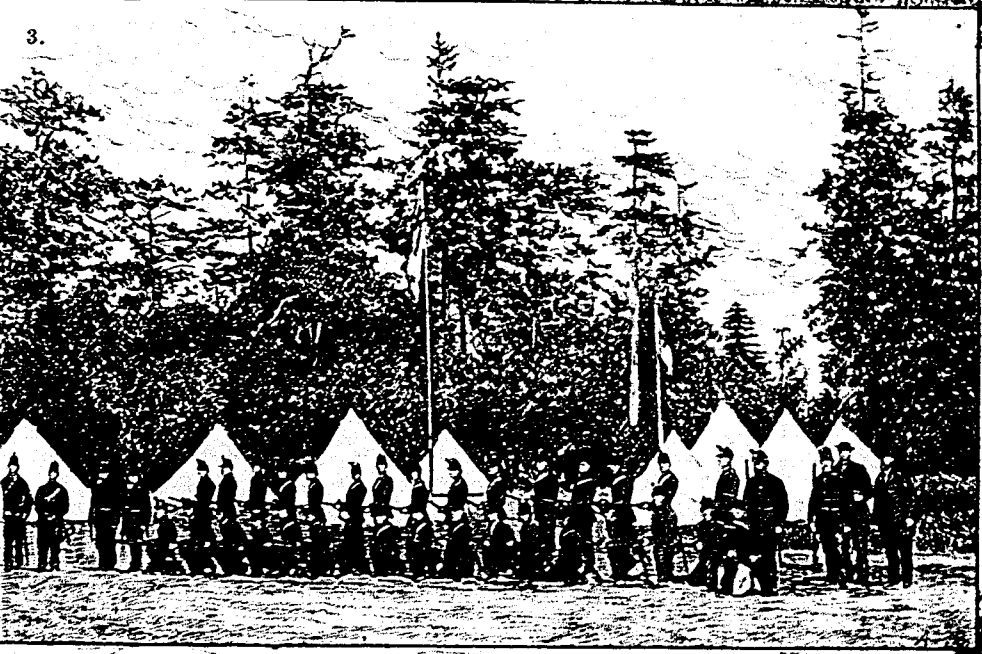
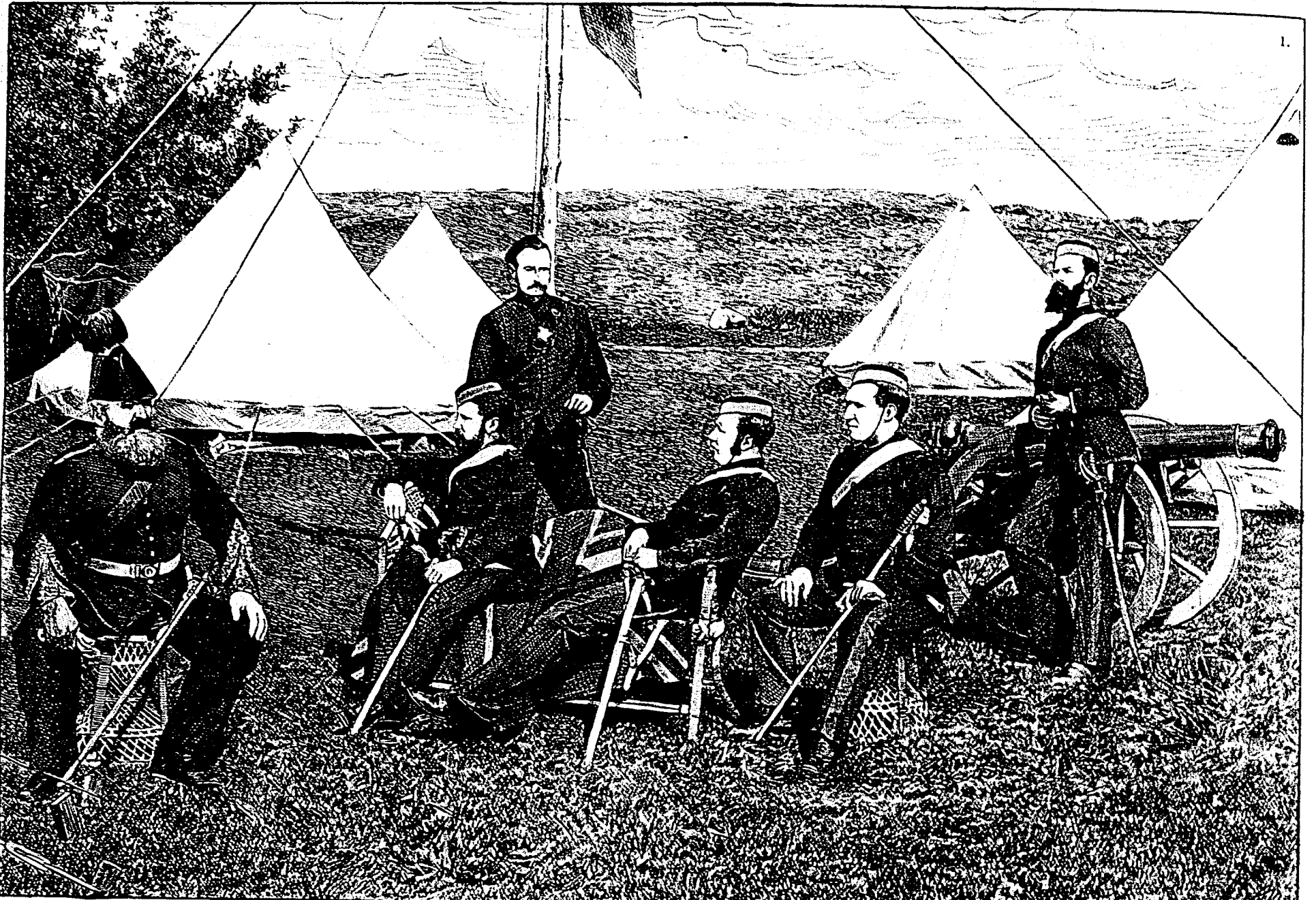


THE CHILIAN ARMY ON THE MARCH TO CHORILLOS



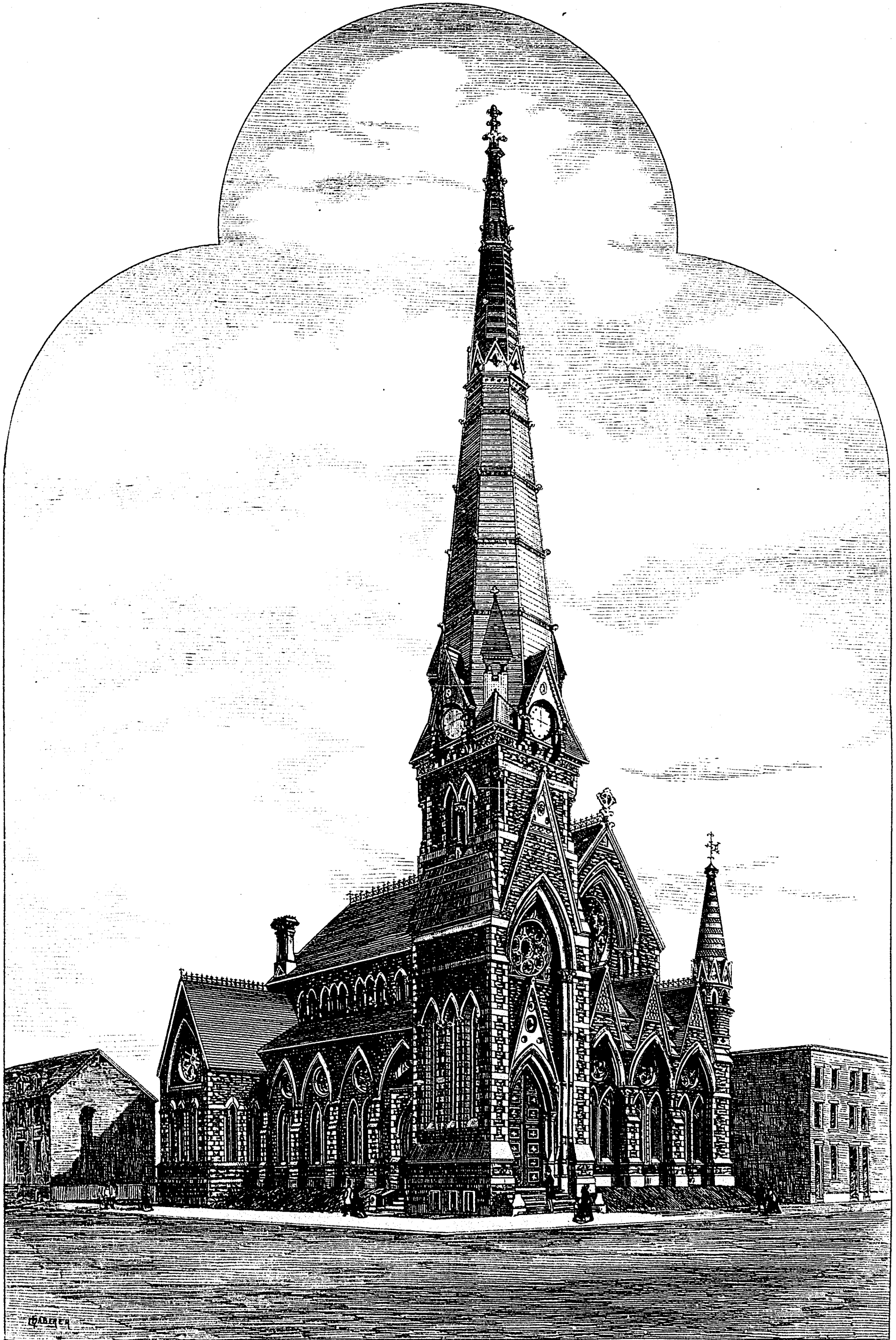






A.B.

1. OFFICERS OF VICTORIA BATTERY. 2. VICTORIA BATTERY IN CAMP. 3. VICTORIA RIFLE COMPANY.  
 SCENES IN VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—(SEE PAGE 243.)



ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, CORNER OF COLLEGE AND INSPECTOR STREETS, MONTREAL.

A PICTURE.

Two little souls, a boy and a girl. Wandering on to the foot of the hill. Bushes of green and blossoms of pearl. Laugh at themselves in the road-side rill. Crossing the lane a gorgeous jay. Bathed in the light of a flattering ray. Jauntily chatters. "Some day, some day!"

HORNSWOGGLED.

A WESTERN PLANT.

There were four of us in the party—a bank-manager from St. Paul, two Englishmen going out on the plains to hunt, and myself—and we occupied a section in a car on the train bound for Glyndon, in the Red River Valley. That was as far as the train went in those days. We had been discussing the strange things that happened occasionally out in this western world, and our conversation received the silent attention of two other people besides ourselves.

want you to go slow a bit, for I ain't much up to your business-folks' ways, and I'll tell you what I'm a-runnin' for." He pulled a long greasy-looking pocket-book from the depths of an inside pocket, and began to untie the twine that fastened it up. "This yere Chicago man has given me this yere cheque. Now I ain't much on the count myself, and I want to know if this is a square deal. He says that's the same thing as five hundred and fifty dollars in green-backs. Now I want to know if that's so, for no man ain't going to take away them steers if there's any shenanaghin about this yere cheque; you can bet your sweet life on that, squire."

not usual, of course, and there was no time to make inquiries about him, as the bank was just going to close for the day, it being Saturday; but there seemed to be no danger about doing so. He was evidently one of the granger crowd that filled the town; he had pressed me on several occasions to accompany him down to his stalls at the fair; and his story generally hung so well together that, after a little hesitation, I said I would do so.

idiot as is telling you, till he couldnt keep his blamed old tongue still, but got talking about his trading and what he'd realised. When I thinks of it I gets madder'n a hunted buffalo. Well, colonel, we travelled along together, settin' side by side in one of these here car-seats; and he brings out a small bottle of brandy—what you got at the hotels wasn't good enough for him—and nothin' wouldn't do him but I must tell him all about my life among the Tetons, for he was a-going to make a book, he was, to show up the rascality of them Indian agents.

counted out what money I had left. There was five hundred and sixty dollars rolled up there, and I asked him if four hundred and eighty would fix it up.

"Let me see," he says, 'four hundred and eighty;' and then he began to figure again. 'Yes, that is more than enough with what I have. Four hundred and seventy-five will do. I need only keep enough to pay the theatre, because in the morning I shall go to the bank at once.'

"Waal, gentleman," he continued, addressing us all collectively, including the conductor and the boy that sold the cigars, apples, books, etc., on the train, "I counted out four hundred and seventy-five to that everlasting thief; and when he had jaw'd his thanks for my timely aid, and told me to wait a quarter of an hour while he paid the freight-bill at the dépôt, he went off. Wait! I waited, I guess I did. I waited, until I felt a kind of cold sweat over me when he didn't come back; and I went down, pale and trembling as weak as a calf just born, to the office, for I thought, 'If anything goes wrong with this here business, my gal's chance is busted.' I kinder staggered up to the office, and told the clerk I was afeared something had happened to my friend. Then he asked me the particulars, and got to looking mighty cross as I told him."

"I guess you'll not see him again," said the clerk. "There's always some galoot going through the greenhorns in this hotel. Why, in thunder, they don't try the other house, I don't know."

"Here, put on your hat," said he, madder'n a Texan cow, "and come along with me."

"There was a bit of a crowd had gathered round the counter, and one of the boys wanted me to have a drink to set me up a bit, for I felt pretty bad, but I had'n't no heart to drink."

"He ain't got no time to drink now," said the clerk, as he came out of the side door. "Here, hurry up, and we'll go to the dépôt first."

"Waal, gentleman, we tried the dépôt, and found there warn't no such wheat going through; we found the chief of police and told him, and he said he'd set his crowd on the tracks, but it was a pretty slim chance; and I went back to the hotel, and hauled myself up them stairs step by step, as if I'd lost the use of my limbs, and laid down on the bed and cried like a gal whose lover's gone back on her."

"In the morning I got that clerk to send the balance of the cash, after paying the bill to my gal; for I hadn't the heart to see her and tell her, and all the while she thinking I was coming with my pocket full of dollars. When she got the news she told her man, and he behaved like a yaller dog, he did, the blamed cur. He made excuses; said he couldn't leave his situation just then, and that his mother was ill East and he had to go to see her; and finally he backed out of marrying her; and she, poor critter, took to crying and sorrowing about it and got herself ill; and then she wrote to him to come and see her, and he writ back to say as he couldn't; and then she started out to find me, and got ill on the road and got worse; and finally the poor little thing passed 'em in, and they planted her way down here on the line."

The old man's voice got a little gruff when he told us so far, and he ceased speaking for a while, during which time the train began to slow up for the station, and several of the passengers, including the long man that had sat in the next section to us, rose, and prepared to leave the car. Then the old man suddenly broke out, in a harsh but somewhat suppressed voice.

"I've never met that man since, but when I do, by the powers—see here!" he added suddenly breaking off in his speech, and showing the handle of a navy Colt revolver underneath his deerskin shirt. "I've carried this here loaded for him ever since; and when we cross trails again, I'll end that sneaking, prowling, white-livered wolf on the spot where I meet him!"

The passengers were getting out to dine at this station, and some of those from our car were already on the platform. The long man was stepping off the car, when the train-boy, who had heard all the old man's story, pulled him by the sleeve, and said something to him.

"What's that you say, sonny? Him as was setting right there?"

"Yes," said the boy. "I noticed under his eye-shade a scar reaching right back from his left eye."

The old man said no more, nor waited to hear any more, but made straight for the door of the car. The same impulse that moved one moved all four of our party; for, seizing our hand-satchels, we all sprang from our seats and followed the old frontiersman, or rather three of them did; for, seeing a quicker way, I turned and got out of the door at the other end of the car, outside of which the car platform was quite clear. By this means I reached the station platform as the old man stepped upon it. I saw him look hurriedly round, as I did myself, in search of the long passenger with the green shade over his eye; but he did not at first see him. He had left the car hardly a minute before us, but he was not in the small crowd of passengers on the platform. Perhaps he had gone into the dining-room, before the door of which the waiter was striking a gong, while the proprietor was yelling, "This way for dinner! Twenty minutes for dinner!"

The old man was moving excitedly about, looking first at one passenger and then at another, when the idea evidently struck him that the man he was seeking had gone to dinner. He had turned to go there, and was wearing the door where the waiter was still hammering the gong, when he saw, as I too saw, for I was fol-

lowing closely, the other passenger moving quickly across an open space at the back of the station, in the direction of a small board house that stood away out by itself. He looked over his shoulder just as the old Indian trader had leapt from the platform in pursuit, and on the impulse quickened his pace to a kind of run. But the old man was running hard; and the other, seeing apparently that he could not gain the shanty before being overtaken, resumed his former step, and quickly moderated that to a leisurely walk. As his pursuer neared him he stopped, and then turned round, at the same time, as I noticed, quietly slipping his right hand behind him.

"Stop!" shouted the old man. "Lift that roof off of your eye."

"My shade?" said the other. "Excuse me, I have a sore eye."

"It's his voice," said the old man to himself; then aloud: "Sore eye or not, lift!"

"What do you want with me?" asked the other man.

"Want! you wolf-souled thief. I'll show you what I want! I want my daughter's life. I want what you can't give. I want your black heart out of you! I'll show you what I want; and as he spoke he pulled the heavy revolver from beneath his leather dress."

But the other was too quick to be thus dealt with, and his hand now grasping a revolver was round in a second, and as the intention of his enemy was beyond doubt, he levelled his pistol and fired. The bullet hit the old man, but was not fatal, for he raised his pistol and fired, and then rushed on the other, who had been brought by the shot upon his knees. Two more shots rang out almost simultaneously, and the old man staggered forward and fell dead upon the corpse of the swindler.

A number of people attracted by the pistol-shots, were hurrying to the spot, and among them were the two Englishmen and the bank-manager. The latter, as he reached the bodies, stooped and lifted the shade from the eye of the dead man, and after a moment's examination replaced it and remarked,

"That's my granger, sure enough. Well, he'll do no more hornswoggling now. I'm stopping over here till to-morrow, and I'll see them decently buried."

#### LITERARY FACILITY.

Ennius, the Roman Chaucer, wrote with astonishing rapidity, and Lucilius with such ease that he boasted he could turn off 200 verses while standing on one leg. Statius also appears to have been endowed with preternatural facility. In Cicero and Livy the faculty of eloquent expression resembled an instinct, though Cicero tells us that with him at least, it was partly the result of sleepless diligence during the days of his literary apprenticeship. In one year Dryden produced four of his greatest works, "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," "The Religio Laici," and "Mac Flecknoe." He was only six months in writing "The Hind and Panther," three years in translating the whole of Virgil, and 12 mornings in composing his "Parallel between Poetry and Painting." The original draft of "Alexander's Feast" was struck off at a single sitting. Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was written in a week to defray the expense of his mother's funeral. Sir Walter Scott's rapidity is one of the marvels of literature; he wrote literally as fast as the pen could move, and when he dictated, his amanuensis could scarcely keep pace with him. The original manuscripts of the Waverley novels may still be seen; they are frequently for many pages underformed by a single blot or erasure. Beckford's "Vathek" was composed by the unbroken exertion of three whole days and two whole nights, the author supporting himself during his unnatural vigil by copious draughts of wine, and what adds to the wonder is that the work was written in French. Mrs. Brownings, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," a poem of great length in a peculiarly difficult metre, was completed in 12 hours, while the printer was waiting to put it into type. Sir Walter Scott tells us that Mickle—the translator of the "Lusiad," and the author of the beautiful ballad which suggested the romance of "Kenilworth"—frequently dispensed with manuscript altogether and "set up" his poems himself, "hot from the brain." Most of our Elizabethan dramatists were remarkable for the ease and rapidity with which they wrote. One of them, old Heywood, was the author, "part or entire," of 230 plays. It is interesting to know, as we know it on the best authority, that Shakespeare himself wielded a very facile pen. "His mind and hand," say the editors of the first folio, "went together, and what he thought uttered with that easiness that we have scarcely received from him a blot on his papers." Milton was at times distinguished by the same fluency, and when the fits of inspiration were on him, his amanuensis could scarcely keep up with the flood of verses which came welling forth. In Milton's case we may perhaps suspect that what he dictated with so much ease he had been long revolving, and that the breathless dictation was in itself an effort rather of memory than invention. "Paradise Lost" has all the appearance of being a highly elaborated work. Swift, Steele, and De Foë were all of them remarkable for their rapidity and ease, and to the same class belong Fielding and Smollet. Indeed, Steele and Fielding wrote many of their essays while the press was waiting. Johnson, like Gibbon, wrote at first with labor, but afterwards found that, with practice, a stately and highly finished style came as

naturally as ordinary expression comes to ordinary people. We learn, for example, that some of the best papers in the "Rambler" were penned as easily as a letter—that 48 octavo pages of the "Life of Savage," a singularly polished work, were completed at a sitting, and that the "Lives of the Poets" cost him no more trouble than a slipshod article costs a professional journalist. But Johnson was, we may add, indefatigable in revising. Ben Johnson tells us that he wrote "The Alchemist" in six weeks; Fenelon that "Telemaque" was produced in three months, and Brougham that his *Edinburgh Review* articles averaged a few hours.—*Temple Bar*

#### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE leaders of Russian society in Paris have decided upon observing three months' deep mourning, during which they will see no company. The ladies are to wear coarse black stuff dresses with very long square trains, and long thick veils.

As everything possible has been made in plush, it is not at all surprising that we see some lovely opera cloaks of plush in all shades, from the darkest to the lightest, and trimmed with bands of fur, or with tinselled marabout feathers.

PATIENTS at the Paris hospitals will henceforth drink their broths and tisanes in Sevres china. M. C. Lauth, director of the celebrated porcelain works, has sent to the different hospitals fourteen hundred pieces of spoilt china for the use of the sick.

PARIS has taken up the fancy for Greek costume, and makes it in pink satin fastened by Greeks clasps and embroidered with Greek frets. The thing which the French milliners call a tunic has a square opening at the front and back, and is draped by a scarf ornamented with gold embroidery, and underneath it is worn a mass of pink gauze and gold trimming, arranged as a petti-coat.

THE hair-dressers are inflicting upon ladies just now styles uglier than anything invented since the time of the Bourbons. One style is to arrange the hair in two crimped locks on the temples with a fringe on the forehead, and to place two bows of hair on the top of the head with two curls falling at the back. Another style is that called the victim, with two long curls reaching to the waist.

ONE who has studied Dumas tells us that the secret of Dumas's power, ever since his boyhood, has been confessing women. There is hardly a *grande dame*, a little actress, or a famous *cocotte* in Paris whose secret Dumas does not know. Wherever he meets a woman he confesses her. In the salons of society he insinuates himself into the souls of the duchesses and marquises; he learns their secrets, their ideal, their desires, their sufferings. You have only talk with any woman who has met Dumas, to compare the evidence of several witnesses, and you will find that he has a regular system of confession perfected by the experience of a lifetime. He is not, either, always soft and gentle with women; he is, on the contrary, often bitter, sarcastic, coarse, even; but you will not find a woman who dislikes him.

M. JULES CLARETIE gives some details about the *chic* in matters of grief which will interest posterity as much as they interest contemporaries. One would think that the simple and silent grief was the most profound; *chic* prescribes a ceremonious gravity on such occasions. Then in the middle of the salon where every widow receives her visits of condolence, figures, draped generally in violet, the chair on which the deceased was wont to sit. If the chair with its draperies were left in the study or cabinet, in its usual place, bearing the signs of grief, all would be well and good. But it is brought out into the salon and placed between two Japanese *pouffs* or two Louis XV. arm-chairs. If some visitor, unfamiliar with the signification of these violet draperies, makes as if he were about to sit on this new-looking chair, there is an exclamation like a scandalized sob.

AN allusion is made by Alphonse Daudet in the *Nabob* to the "white satin corsets" of the male guests at the Imperial fêtes at Compiègne. A gentleman, who points out this item, says:— "The writer was educated at one of the best private boarding-schools in Vienna, Austria, remaining there from the age of twelve to that of seventeen. In common with all my fellow pupils, who were sixty in number, I wore corsets during the whole of my five years' stay at the school. I was informed by my teacher that Viennese gentlemen, as a rule, wore corsets, and that the discipline was naturally enforced on all their scholars. My stays were very tightly laced my waist, during my last year at the school being but eighteen inches in circumference; yet I never experienced a day's illness, and used very much to enjoy the sensation caused by tight lacing. When I left the school I discontinued the practice, partly from the fear of being ridiculed by my friends, and partly because it seemed too effeminate a custom for a young man engaged in an active business life, but I have retained some interest in the matter, and I understand that many gentlemen wear corsets, and that the practice of tight lacing amongst them is becoming very general in Europe."

#### HUMOROUS.

It is not always by any means the early bird which catches the worm. For example:—

"Come little pet," the old bird said,  
In most endearing term,  
"You must be early out of bed  
If you would catch the worm."

The smallest of the feathered herd—  
A puny little thing—  
Out sprang the tender baby-bird,  
To grub for worms and sing.

And lo! she found an early worm—  
It was a monster, too—  
She chirped, "Oh, you may write and squirm,  
But I will gobble you!"

That birdling's chirp, the rest affirm,  
Was never after heard,  
And it's surmised it was the worm  
That caught the early bird.

THE most disinterestedly good.—Those who are good for nothing.

"My wedding trip," said the groom, as he stumbled over the bride's train.

A NEW broom may sweep clean, but it is not of much use unless it sweeps dirt.

GEORGE WASHINGTON couldn't tell a lie. Charles Lamb could, but he stammered so badly that he never attempted it.

THE young lady who was blamed for allowing her glove to be discovered in a young man's pocket stated that she had no hand in it.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. LAUDER, a Canadian, is with Litz in Germany.

MIDLE. MINNIE HAWK has departed for Holland and Germany.

OCTAVE FEUILLET is preparing a new comedy for the stage.

JOE Jefferson is on his plantation in Louisiana, where he will rest until next season.

LEO Delibes is writing a new opera in three acts, destined especially for Mlle Marie Van Zandt.

THE "Edipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles will be performed in the original Greek at Harvard University, May 17, 19 and 20.

THERE is evidence that the harp is beginning to resume its place in the drawing-room as a fashionable musical instrument.

GOUNOD's new opera, "Le Tribut de Zamora," was produced last month in Paris, the composer conducting in person.

THE latest production of the San Francisco Minstrels is entitled "Billy, the Tailor; or, All I've Eat."

MR. Frederic Boscovitz, the pianist, well known to Montrealers, has settled in Chicago, where he is now giving a series of *soirees musicales*.

Two organ-grinders in England travel with the following sign: "We are English musicians. Please encourage home talent. Don't let the Italians have it all their own way."

THE New York Musical Festival, for which elaborate preparations have been made, will be held in the first week of May at the Seventh Regiment Armory, which, it is said, has room for an audience of ten thousand people.

PATTI, before leaving San Carlo, gave a concert for the benefit of the poor of the principality of Monaco. She received 124,000 francs for singing four nights at San Carlo and three nights at Nice. A front seat in the parquet cost forty francs.

It is said that during Mr. Edwin Booth's appearance at the Lyceum Theatre with Mr. Irving next month, Otway's "Venice Preserved" will be revived, with the parts of Pierre and Jaffer altered by the two eminent tragedians, and Miss Ellen Terry as Belvidere.

MR. DION BOUCAULT announces in the *Era* that "While residing in London next summer, he proposes to form a company, mainly composed of youthful aspirants to the stage (not children of precocious merit), but those who have shown abilities susceptible of cultivation and production."

During the late debate in the English House of Commons the following interchange of pleasantries passed between Sir Wilfred Lawson and Mr. Wharton.

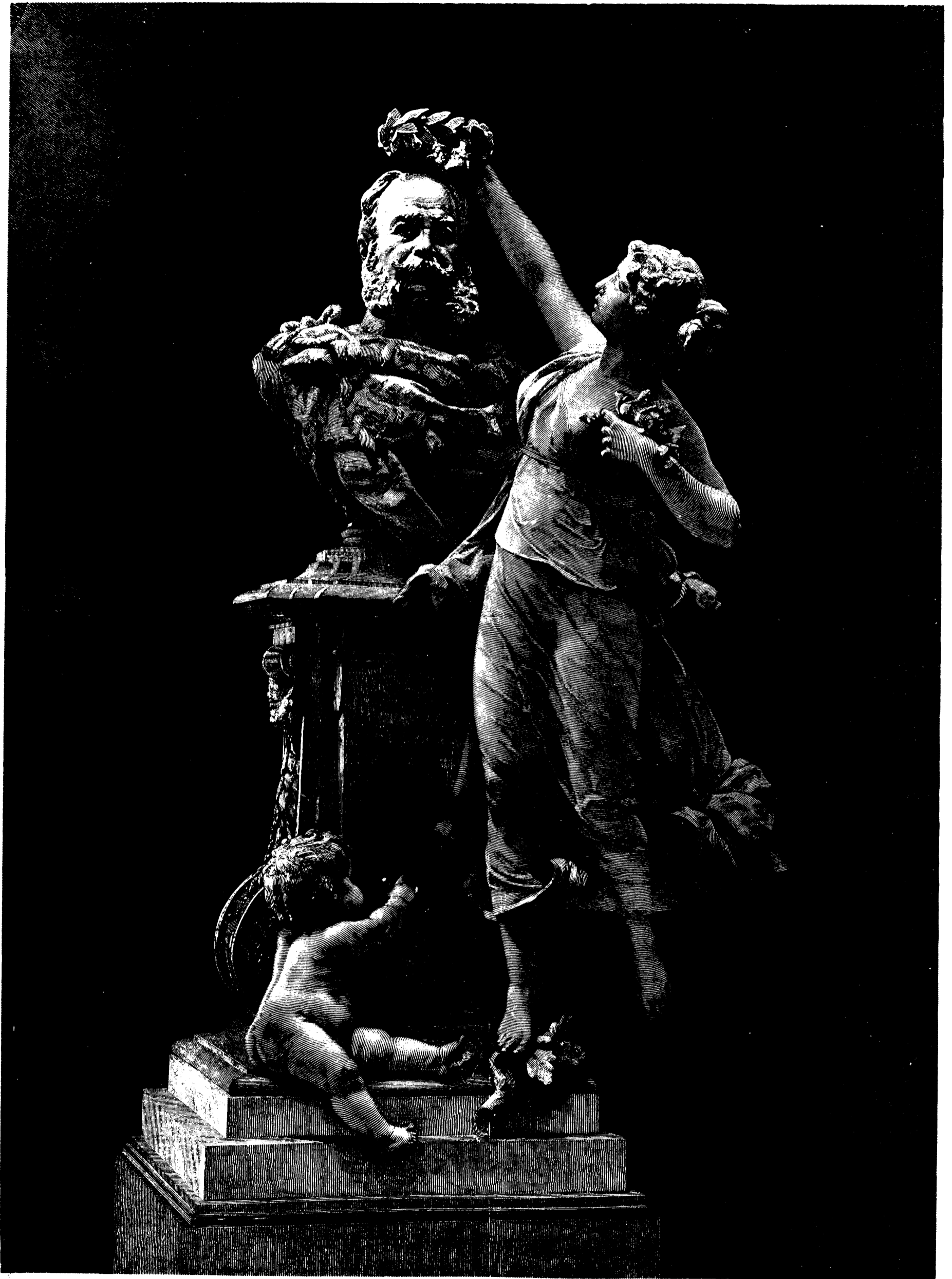
Dear Wharton: Verse is in your line;  
I send you something, then, of mine.  
What think you of it? I prithee tell.  
Yours sincerely,  
W. L.

An ancient adage warns us wisely thus:  
"If you would find the Tartar, scratch the Russ."  
Our own experience gives us straight a tip:  
"Just scratch the Speaker and you'll find the Whip."

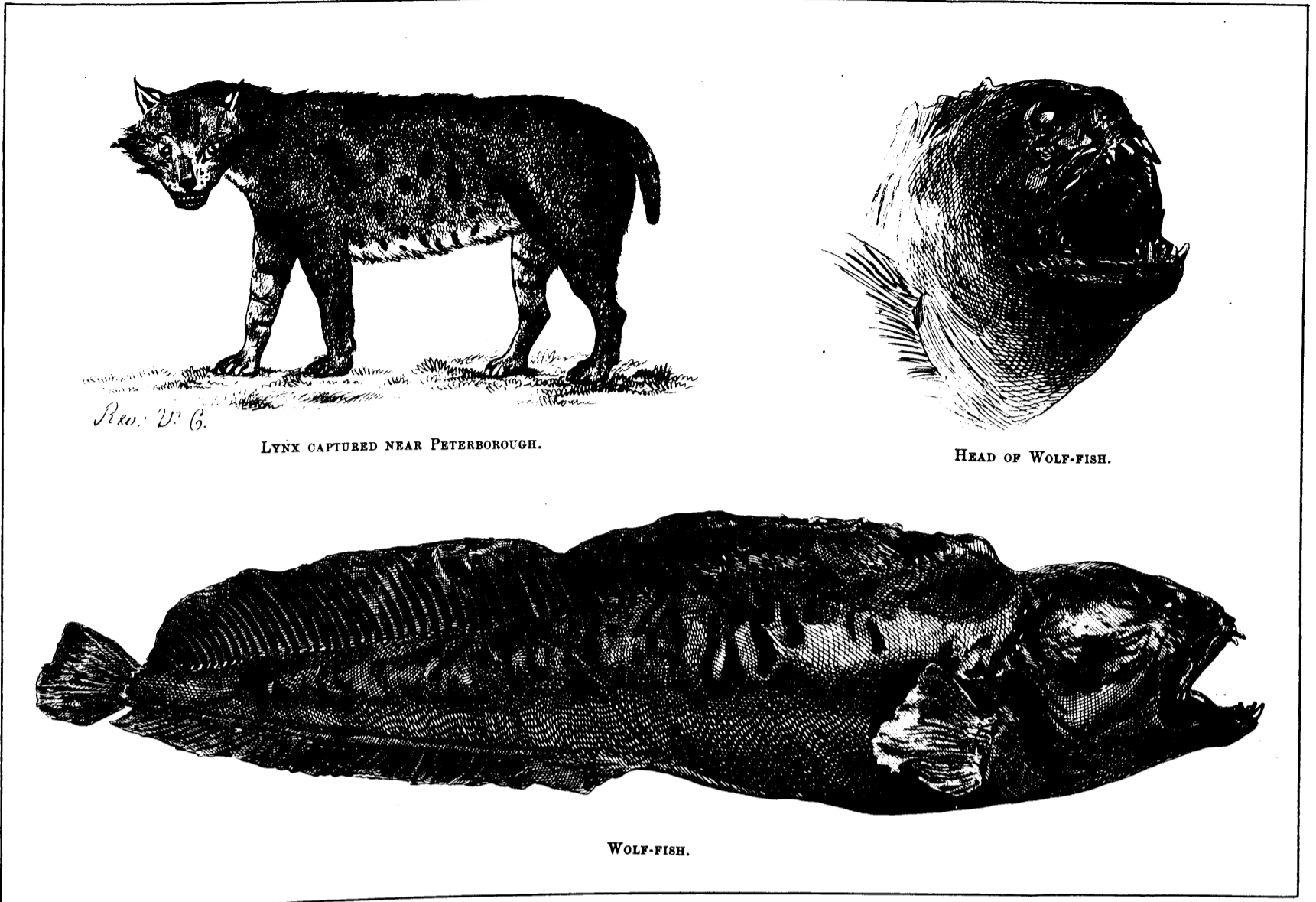
Dear Lawson: Charming in its kind;  
Worthy your all-accomplished mind,  
With this slight effort might I trouble you?  
Yours sincerely,  
C. N. W.

In regulating our debates  
The Speaker should have care  
That clearly he discriminate  
'Tis not fair play and playfair.  
—*St. James's Gazette*.

CARE for your live stock would seem an almost superfluous piece of advice to farmers, cattle raisers, horsemen and others, whose capital is largely invested in quadrupeds. Yet how often are the diseases and sanitary requirements of horses and cattle disregarded; how often are they left to the care of the ignorant and brutal, and irrationally treated when unwell? No stock yard, farm or stable can be said to be properly equipped where an efficient remedial agent is not provided. The best and most highly approved by veterinarians is Thomas' Electric Oil, which besides being a thorough remedy for lung complaints, bronchitis, rheumatism, neuralgia, sores and hurts of the human race, remedies with certainty Galls, Contraction or Cracking of the Hoof, Distemper, Scours, Curb, Corks, scratches, sore teats and other disorders and troubles of horses and cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared only by NORRIS & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.



MEMORIAL TO THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, 22ND MARCH, 1881.



SOME CURIOUS NATURAL HISTORY SPECIMENS.



LOBSTER FISHING, NEAR HALIFAX, N.S.

### JEEMS KAYE AT A GRAN' DINNER.

It's no often we go oot, and still seldomer dae we go to what ye micht ca' gran' parties; but the ither day we got an invitation frae an auld freen' wha's got weel on in Glasgow, and we of course accepted it. Being but a common man, I wis a wee nervous; but Betty said—  
 "Jeems, jist be carefu' and feel your way. Never dae anything first—ca' canny and watch weel the ither, for noo-a-days fashion's every-thing. If yer neeboor asks for mair soup, get you some, and sup it slowly tae. Keep behin' and above a' speak laigh—never raise your voice abin a whisper. And, Jeems, dinna put your elbows on the table, or pick your teeth, or put your knife in your mouth—aye work awa' wi' the fork—and when ye get a gless o' wine, tak it like medicine, and don't say 'your guid health, mem.'"

Arriving at the door we were ushered in, and wha did I see but Sandy Kerr, oor beadle's assistant—he rings the kirk-bell and keeps the fire on, and sic like—he directed Betty up stairs tae tak' aff her bonnet, and I says—"Bless me, Sindy! are ye here? and is John the beadle here?" "Oh, aye he's upstairs, ye'll see him when ye go up." "I'm gled o' that, I'll hae a crack wi' him. Man, ye've an unco heap o' bottles and glesses in there," I says, keeking in at the dining-room door; "we micht go in and get a bit taste, it's vera chilly hurling in the cabs in weather like this." So in we gaed, him and me. He wis for gettin' some wine, but I looks roon and got the decanter o' whiskey, and as I poured out a wee drap, I says—  
 "Your guid health, Sandy, and may it no be lang till ye get a beadsheep o' yer ain, I'm nae great judge o' thae kin' o' foreign drinks like champagne and zoedone, and thea things; I aye like tae stick tae what I ken best—a wee drap o' the 'auld kirk.' D'ye ken I think we'd be nane the waur o' anither yin! They say it gie's ye an appetite! We'll—"

Here the bell rang, and anither arrival coming in, Sandy had to flee, so I crept awa' up the stairs. Betty wis waitin' on the lan'-in, and we were ushered intae the drawing-room, where after shakin' hauns wi' the host and hostess, I got a card wi' the name of a leddy I wis tae tak' doon tae dinner. Somehoor or ither, through my nervousness or something, the card got mis-laid. The only thing I could dae wis tae turn back tae Betty, but as she wis claimed by anither gentleman, we had a fine rippet o'er the head o't. Peace was restored at last, and doon we marched tae dinner, I getting for a partner a wee, but vera dignified, lady wi' a fan, wha aye kept smelling at a wee bottle. Tae mak' amends for my causing the confusion o'er Betty and the card, I tried a bit joke, tae mak' myself as present as possible, so I says wi' a lauch, "Is that Islay or Campbellton, mem? There canna be muckle in't, but maybe it's no reduced!"  
 Instead o' a smile, as I expected she would gie, her face grew red, and she glared and frowned at me.

"Hoot, toot!" says I, "I'm no gaen tae mention it tae onybody, but between you and me it wis maybe faurseeing o' you tae bring't, for in thae teetotal datsy saying wherehere's nae ye may land; but I can assure you in this hoose there's plenty, for I saw't, ay, an' tasted it tae." She was so ashamed at me haeing seen the bottle that she never answered me, so I sat doon between her and an auld gentleman wi' grey whiskers and a broon wig, and seeing what I took tae be a bill of fare I lifted it and began tae read, but it wis a' in Greek or Latin, I'm no sure which. Sic names, indeed, I never saw, so I says tae the auld gentleman—I'm afraid I've got the wrang bill."

He looked around and remarked wi' a lauch, "Oh, no, its all right, the dishes taste better wi' thae names, you know." So we sat still a wee, and wha does I see but John Simpson, oor beadle, comin' in tae the room and walking aboot behin' the folk as if he coodna get a sate, so I stood up and cries:—  
 "Hey, John, come up, and I'll mak' room for ye. We're a wee crooked, but I think ye'll can squeeze in."

John made a face at me, and then gettin' helped tae a plate o' soup he cam' back carryin't afore him.

"Here, John," I says, "come awa', an' I'll mak' room for ye."

At this my freen in the broon wig whispers tae me. "Why, that's a waiter."

"Oh, no," says I, "he's a beadle—in fac' he's the beadle o' our kirk. But he's a decent man for a' that, although I wisna aware he had been invited here till a little ago."

"Never mind him," replied the auld gentleman, and as I saw a' the folks looking at me, and as Betty wis kicking me below the table, I thoct it wid be best to let John look oot for himself, and I whispers tae my partner:—  
 "Can I assist ye, mem, tae ony wine; or wid ye prefer a wee drap whisky? I aye stick tae it mase!—I feel it agrees wi' me best, its no sae heavy."

"No," she says, "I always drink claret."  
 "Ah!" I lauched, "soor a wee. Claret soor, and champagne watery, forbye being dear; port and sherry are no sae bad; but whisky is the only drink suitable for a' climates and a' seasons. In sunmer heat or winter cauld, whisky is what I micht ca' in poetic language the *nil desperandum* o' drinks. Noo I'm sure ye coodna drink claret the time o' the last hard frost? As my worthy freen Councillor Martin says, it wid actually mak' a slide—Ahem! Claret may dae awa' in India or where'er it's made, but we're ower near the North Pole here, mem. Try a wee

drap whisky, and I'll get ye anither bit o' this 'Fille de Bouf,' whatever that is." She wisna sociable, however, so I turned tae the auld gentleman, and I says: "They're very fine glesses, thae red yins; are they for the toddy?"

"Oh, these are for the claret," he replied.  
 "Aye, jist so," I remarks, "fine feathers mak' fine birds. I've been looking ower this bill, and it seems tae me a' the things are frae abroad, and I'm quite at a loss tae think what tae ask for. In the first place I dinna ken what the dishes are; and in the second place even though I kent, I coodna pronounce their names. I man-aged tae seek for mull-i-go tawny, and I got a spunefu' o't but here yin 'Chatee municipal en Espagna,' noo, in the name o' a' that's guid, what's that! I feel I could eat mair, but what am I tae eat! In the midst o' plenty I'm starv-ing! Here's anither, 'Merin de Tower de Babel à la Creme,' something like the Tower o' Babel, isn't it! That'll be yon tap-itoorie thing in the middle of the table; it looks weel. Then there's 'Macaroni au Gratin,' sich nonsense! Dear me, it's an awfu' genteel worl' noo. Weel, weel, pass me a wee bit o' the Tower of Babel will ye!"

I got a bit o't, but although it was nice, it wisna satisfying, so then I had a corner o' the "Municipal Buildings"—it was like taffie, and I had tae gie't up. Hoovever as a decanter was no far frae me, I began tae be mair at home.

Dinner was finished at last, and when the bot-tom dish had been preed, the waiters cam' roon wi' gold plates, and everybody dipped their towels in them and put them to their lips and foreheads. As I, hoovever, wis a wee hot, I rowed up my sleeves and put in my hauns, and then gied my face a rub—it was rael fine scented wa-ter. Indeed, I wondered tae see it sae plentiful.

But I needna say more. It was a grand affair tae see the table; ye wid hae thoct it was fit for a king—silver knives and forks, and the waiters better dressed than oor minister, wi' faur whiter neckties and aboot ten plates. A' that's no jist in ma liue; I'm no accustomed tae't, ye see.

The very grandeur o't took awa' my self-pos-session, but next day, after some exercise o' spirit, I returned tae my auld ways wi' a con-tented mind.—*Jeems Kaye in the Bailie.*

### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A new monthly magazine, to be called *Our Times*, will appear on the 1st of May next.

A PHOTOGRAPH has been secretly taken of the back of Mr. Gladstone's head since its recovery; the many doubts expressed as to there being a scar will be thus set at rest.

LADY Land Leaguers can perpetrate "bulls" as well as their brothers. One of them the other day declared that the triumph of their cause was as certain as that "to-morrow's sun would rise and set in the east."

MR. PARNELL will be married shortly after Lent to a rich American heiress, a very beautiful girl. Perhaps matrimony may sober him down a bit; let us hope, at any rate, that he may experience some of the effects of "home rule."

RUMOUR wishes again to shuffle the Cabinet cards, and to get Lord Derby with all haste into the Ministry. Rumour is not wholly without foundation. Lord Derby will be a Cabinet minister before the year is out.

A STATUE of the late Thomas Carlyle is to be erected on the Chelsea embankment, not far from the venerable seer's residence. It is not improbable that Mr. Boehm's design will be adopted. This represents the philosopher in a sitting position.

SHOULD it be necessary for Mr. Bradlaugh to present himself for re-election at Northampton, in the event of his return the old controversy respecting the oath will be revived. There are reports that the Government will endeavour to get over the difficulty by proposing to abolish the religious oath altogether.

BIT by bit the truth about the armistice is coming out. Mr. Gladstone has stated that Ministers did not ask for it. It comes out that Sir Evelyn Wood did not originate it, but that the suggestion for it came from President Brand. But it seems clear that the suggestion came from our Government to President Brand. This is the Jesuitical way of getting out of the mess.

THE other night the detectives on duty about the House of Commons were engaged in watching the proceedings of a newly-arrived American. They noticed that he had what appeared to be very serious conferences with sundry Irish members, who came out to him one after an- other. He was for hours quite an interesting object in the lobby. Dark, somewhat "grim-visaged," he might have passed for the coming commander of Stephen's insurrectionary forces. He was only a certain Western journalist, bent on interviewing Mr. Dillon ond other Irish members.

MR. GLADSTONE has discarded his black silk skull cap, and now looks very much as usual.

Some disappointment, mixed with a feeling al- most akin to indignation, was felt by the wags of the House (who had managed to extract a good deal of amusement out of the skull-cap) to find no trace whatever of the terrible fracture of the cranium that had convulsed the population of Greece with sorrow, and had engaged the at- tention of one celebrated surgeon and two eminent physicians! Palpable marks of a great star-shaped wound were the least that could have been expected under the circumstances; but the Premier exhibited no indications of anything of the sort, so the fair assumption is that a vast amount of human sympathy has been unneces- sarily displayed.

A PROPOSAL has been made and has received so much financial support that its reality is se- cured, to establish a musical club or re-union, to be supported exclusively by the cream of the upper ten thousand, including all the members of the Royal Family. The great success which has attended Lord Dunmore's concerts has given an impetus to the movement, and it is proposed to build at the West-end a theatre to be devo- ted exclusively to musical entertainments of the highest class. The capital is to be subscribed by the members of the club, and a capital of sixty thousand pounds will, it is believed, be sufficient to start the undertaking. This amount has already been subscribed. Captain Davies, of the First West India Regiment, is the secre- tary, and the Duke of Edinburgh and Lord Dun- more are to be the chairman and vice-chairman. All the other members of the Royal Family (Her Majesty alone excepted) have now attended Lord Dunmore's concerts at Aberdeen House.

### REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

I AM inclined to think that "Lenox Dare" (1) is the best sustained effort of Mrs. Townsend's that I have seen. The story is simple enough in outline; the picture of a young girl of gentle birth brought up amongst utterly uncongenial surroundings, and, as a natural result, misun- derstood and disliked; of her flight from home in fear of being sent to work at a factory; of her kindly reception by comparative strangers, and the development of her fresh, innocent nature into womanhood. Simple as the framework of the tale is, it gives opportunity for the working out of a thoroughly consistent ideal, for the pic- ture of a beautiful character, moulded only so far by circumstances, as every one of us must be, and preserving throughout a harmonious con- sistency and fidelity to nature which is rare to find in similar or even more ambitious works. The account of the manner in which the possi- bility of the existence of gross sin in the world first dawned upon the perfectly guileless girl, ignorant till then that such things could be, is not only intently dramatic and powerfully told, but is admirable in its absolute truth and reality. There are few of us probably who re- alize the intense pain, coupled with the sense of absolute despair, felt by the really innocent and pure at the mere fact of sin's existence. Just as ordinary folk shudder at the account of some frightful atrocity committed by savage bar- barians in some refinement of fiendish cruelty; as we feel at such a moment a crushing sense of hopeless shame and despair for a world in which such things can be; such a shock we may easily believe may accompany the revelation of gross moral iniquity to the pure and innocent soul. "Lenox Dare" is a work which should have a distinct influence for good. A pure healthy tone runs throughout it, and gives it a moral, no less than an artistic excellence, which is far to seek amongst modern novels.

A LITTLE poem, with the title of "Mother- hood" comes to us from the same publishers. (2) The anonymous authoress, whilst appealing to her critics to preserve her *incognito*, claims for her lines simply the merit of being what has been called elsewhere "a certain phase of a cer- tain mind," passing through the sorrows and joys of motherhood. Such a work, written in such a spirit, is hard to criticize. Viewed from an artistic point of view its claims to recognition are only moderate, but there is a certain reality of feeling and tenderness of expression which are of the true metal, though the hand was not skill- ed to hammer them into recognized form. The early part of the poem is the best, though some- what ambiguous at times in the matter of simile, and, as it seems to us, a little likely to offend in the application of the promises spoken to the "Mother of God," as applicable in terms to a human being. There is, however a tendency to bathos in the attempt to construct heroics on such subjects as the children's bathing and subsequent dressing. "Bring in the brimming bath" has an unpleasant suggestiveness of Bon Gaultier about its alliterative grandeur. But much is forgiven to them that love much, and read in this spirit the little poem is a touching record of an experience none the less sacred that it is common to womankind the world over.

THE CANADA LUMBERMAN has come into new hands, and we are glad to see that it is doing well the work which it proposes to itself, and for which there is ample room in the Dominion. Messrs. Toker & Co., of Peterborough, are the new proprietors of the paper.

OUR enterprising contemporary, "Quiz" to whom we are indebted for many good things, appears with the first chapters of a new novel by Mrs. Florence Duncan, whose many friends in

(1) "Lenox Dare," by Virginia B. Townsend, 1881 Boston, Lee and Shephard; Montreal, Dawson Bros.  
 (2) "Motherhood," a Poem, 1881. Boston, Lee and Shephard. Montreal, Dawson Bros.

this country will be pleased at the news. It is of course impossible to judge of a novel from the opening lines, but all Mrs. Duncan writes is worth reading, and her pleasant style is recog- nizable from the first.

### PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Our agent, Mr. O. Aymong, will visit Ottawa and all places on the Q. M. O. & O. R. to Hochel- laga during the next fortnight, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions due to this paper, and obtaining new subscribers. We trust that those who are in arrears will make a special effort to settle with him.

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### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.  
 R., Hamilton.—Letter received. Thanks. Will an- swer in a day or two.  
 E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Both Books in Problem No. 321 are white.

We find few chess amateurs who are fond of problems which require many moves for their solution, and yet when we observe that the Philadelphia Progress pub- lishes a position on the chess-board which requires ex- actly one hundred moves in order to mate the King, we feel that there must be a choice few who take pleasure in such elaborate compositions, otherwise no designer of enigmas of this nature would spend the time and labour necessary for their construction. We always look upon brilliant two movers as gems, and, as a problem-solver of our acquaintance says, "the more they puzzle us, the more they appear to shine, and the better we like them," but we must become much more skillful in solving them, and their next of kin, the three-movers, before we screw up our courage to attack a formidable position, in which White has to move and mate in a hundred moves.

We give in our Column this week the score of the con- test between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Max-Judd, as far as the particulars have reached us. The fact that each player, up to the present, has won the same num- ber of games, must aid greatly to the interest of the contest, and the result of the next game or two will be anxiously looked for by chess amateurs generally.

We are glad to notice the re-appearance of the Chess Column of the Morning Chronicle, Quebec. It was dis- continued for a short time, owing to want of space dur- ing the sitting of the Parliament at Ottawa.

In the Judd-Mackenzie match the score at present is Judd, 3; Mackenzie, 3; drawn, 0.

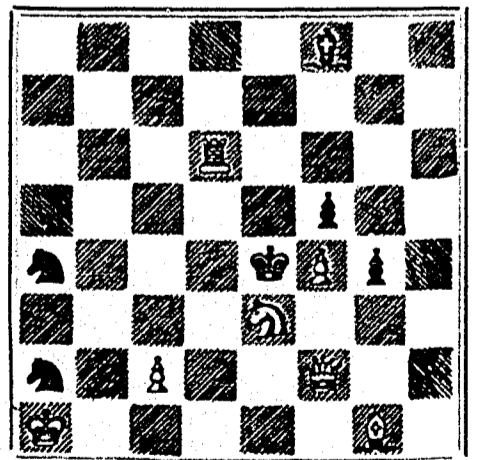
The seventh game in the match between Messrs. Judd and Mackenzie came off last night, at the rooms of the St. Louis Chess Club, in the Mercantile Library Build- ing. Mr. Judd played the Scotch gambit, but made a mistake, lost a piece, and finally the game.—*Globe-Democrat, St. Louis.*

Four games have been played in the Blackburne-Gunsberg match, and the score, bearing in mind two games conceded at starting, now stands as follows:— Gunsberg, 3; Blackburne, 2; Drawn, 1.—*Land and Water.*

#### PROBLEM No. 324.

By J. W. Abbot.

#### BLACK.



#### WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

#### GAME 451ST.

(From the *Globe-Democrat*.)

#### CHESS IN ST. LOUIS.

Fourth game in the pending match between Messrs Judd and Mackenzie.

(Irregular Opening.)

White.—(Mr. Mackenzie.) Black.—(Mr. Judd.)

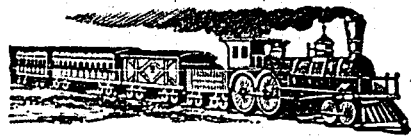
- |                    |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. P to Q 4        | 1. P to KB 4      |
| 2. B to K Kt 5 (a) | 2. P to KR 3 (b)  |
| 3. B to KR 4       | 3. Kt to KB 3 (c) |
| 4. B takes Kt      | 4. K P takes B    |
| 5. P to K 3        | 5. P to K Kt 3    |
| 6. Kt to KB 3      | 6. P to Q 4       |

- 7. Kt to KR 4
- 8. B to Q 3
- 9. P to Q B 4
- 10. P takes P
- 11. Kt to Q B 3
- 12. Castles
- 13. P takes B
- 14. Q to K 2
- 15. P to Q B 4
- 16. Q R to Q Kt
- 17. K R to Q
- 18. B to Q B 2
- 19. P to K Kt 3
- 20. Kt to Kt 2
- 21. P to Q B 3 (d)
- 22. P takes P
- 23. B to Q Kt 3
- 24. R takes B
- 25. R to Q B (e)
- 26. Q to Q Kt 2
- 27. Kt to K B 4 (f)
- 28. Kt P takes Kt
- 29. P takes P
- 30. R to Q Kt
- 31. P to Q R 4
- 32. Q to Q B 3 (g)
- 33. P takes P
- 34. K to B
- 35. K to K 2
- 36. K to Q 2
- 37. Q takes Q B P
- 38. K to B 3
- 39. K to Kt 4
- 40. K to Q B 4
- 41. Q to Q B 3
- 42. B to B 3
- 43. K takes R
- 44. K to B 4
- 45. K to B 3
- 46. K to B 4
- 47. K to B 3
- 48. P to Q Kt 6 (i)
- 49. P to Kt 7
- 50. P takes Q
- 51. K to Kt 2
- 52. K to R 3
- 53. K to Kt 3
- 54. K to R 2
- And White resigns.



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**Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.**

**Change of Time.**

COMMENCING ON  
**Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.**

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....	1.30 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa.....	11.30 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	—
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....	12.10 a.m.	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 a.m.	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 a.m.	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.	—	—
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.	—	—
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.	—	—
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.	—	—
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.	—	—
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.	—	—
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....	6.00 a.m.	—	—
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.	—	—

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**DISTRICT OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT.**

Montreal, the fourteenth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.  
Be it known, that the Provincial Loan Company, a body politic and corporate, having its principal place of business in the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, heretofore known and carrying on business under the name of the Provincial Permanent Building Society, and authorized to change their corporate title by an Act of the Quebec Legislature, 39 Vic., Cap. 62, by their petition dated the 9th of March instant, under number 861, and this day granted by the Honorable Frederick W. Torrance, one of the Judges of the Superior Court, pray for the sale of an immovable therein, described as follows, to wit: "That certain lot of land situate in the Parish and City of Montreal, known and designated as 'the principal part of lot number five hundred and six' (506) on the official plan, and in the book of reference 'of the said Parish of Montreal, and a small portion of lot number ten (No. 10) on the official plan, and in the book of reference of the St. Antoine Ward, of the said City, containing twenty-two feet six inches in width, 'by eighty feet in depth.'  
Petitioners alleging that there is now due to them under the deed of obligation and mortgage, consented by Moise Roy, of the City of Montreal, engineer, passed before Hunter, notary, on the ninth of October, one thousand eight hundred and seventy five, the sum of one hundred dollars, the capital of the said obligation, and the sum of seventy-five dollars for fines incurred, in consequence of the default to pay the instalments of the said principal sum, interest and bonus, as they became due, the whole forming the sum of two hundred and sixty-five dollars and seventy-five cents, and for which the said herein before described immovable is hypothecated to said petitioners, with interest thereon until paid and cost of these proceedings.  
Petitioners further alleging that they have made due search and used due diligence to discover the owner of said immovable, but have been unable to find such owner, and the owner or owners thereof are unknown and uncertain.  
Notice is therefore given to the actual owner or owners of said immovable, to appear before this Court, within two months from the date of the fourth publication of these presents, to be inserted once a week during four consecutive weeks, in a newspaper printed in the French language, and in another in the English language, both published in the City of Montreal, and answer the said demand: failing which, and by the judgment to be rendered in this behalf, the said herein before described immovable shall be declared to be hypothecated in favor of said petitioners for the payment of the aforesaid sum of two hundred and sixty-five dollars and seventy-five cents, with interest and costs, and ordered to be sold by the Sheriff, after the observance of the formalities required by law, in order that out of the net proceeds of the sale, the said petitioners be paid of their said claim in principal, interest and costs.  
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**NOTES—(Condensed.)**  
(a) An unusual move in this opening, but, in our opinion, by no means a bad one.  
(b) As Black can not continue with P K Kt 4, this is altogether unnecessary.  
(c) If P K Kt 4 White replies with P K 3, threatening mate and saving the Bishop.  
(d) A premature advance. Kt K B 4 would have been better play.  
(e) Here again Kt K B 4 is far more effective.  
(f) The exchange of Kt's now is by no means favourable to White.  
(g) A very bad move which Black does not fail to take immediate advantage of.  
(h) Mr. Judd now assumes offensive operations, and conducts them in excellent style.  
(i) In spite of the exposed position of White's King, we are inclined to think that, with the best play on both sides, Black can do no more than draw. When White advanced P Kt 6 he overlooked the pinning of his Queen; and though the advanced Pawn looks dangerous, it will be seen that he is only so in appearance.

**SOLUTIONS.**

**Solution of Problem No. 322.**

- 1. K to K 3
- 2. B mates

1. K takes either R

**Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 320.**

- WHITE.
- 1. B to Q 7
- 2. R mates

1. P moves

**PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 321.**

- White.
- K at K R 7
- Q at Q 5
- B at Q R 5
- Kt at Q 4
- Pawn at K B 3 and Q 6

Black.
- K at K 4
- P at Q 4

White to play and mate in two moves.

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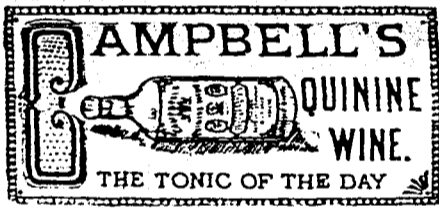
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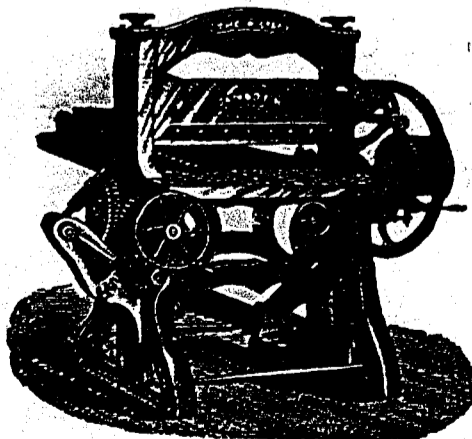


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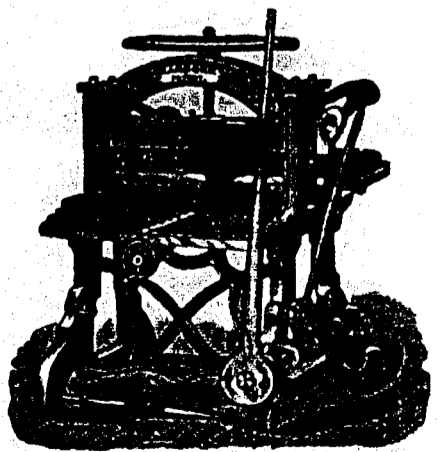
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