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Wholesale News

Vol. VIII.—No. 9.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1873.

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ITALIAN TYPES.—PASCUCIA.

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

SS. "Alexandria," (Anchor), Halifax, from Glasgow, about Aug. 31.
SS. "Prussia," (Allan), Quebec, from Liverpool, about Aug. 31.
SS. "Preston," (Dominion), Quebec, from Liverpool, about Sept. 2.
SS. "Canadian," (Allan), Quebec, from Liverpool, about Sept. 3.
SS. "Scotland," (Temperley), Quebec, from London, about Sept. 3.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY, Aug. 31.— <i>Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
MONDAY, Sept. 1.— <i>Montreal: McGill Normal School Reopens. Sherbrooke, Que.: Annual Meeting Shareholders St. Francis and Megantic RR.</i>
TUESDAY, " 2.— <i>Quebec: SS. "Manitoba," for Glasgow. Toronto: Ontario Rifle Association Meeting.</i>
WEDNESDAY, " 3.— <i>Montreal: Upper Canada College Reopens. London, Ont.: Hellmuth Ladies' College Reopens.</i>
THURSDAY, " 4.— <i>Montreal: Meeting Provisional Directors Canada Agricultural Insurance Co. Quebec: SS. "Ambassador" for London. Toronto: International Regatta. Second Day.</i>
FRIDAY, " 5.— <i>Montreal: French National Fete in Honour of the Liberation of French Territory.</i>
SATURDAY, " 6.— <i>Lennoxville, Que.: Bishop's College School Reopens. Quebec: SS. "Scandinavian" for Liverpool. Toronto: International Regatta. Third Day.</i>

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1873.

ANOTHER step forward has been taken in the history of the Pacific Railroad "Scandal." On Saturday last the *Gazette* announced the appointment of Judges Day, Pollette, and Gowan to form a Royal Commission, with power to examine under oath, for the purpose of enquiring into the charges made by Mr. Huntington. The appointment has certainly not given universal satisfaction, for the outcry of the Opposition journals is almost as loud and as bitter as it was during the few days following the prorogation of Parliament on the 13th inst. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. The *Globe* says that the appointees "are all Conservatives of an extreme type, and of such character and position as to render an expectation of a full enquiry, independent of Ministerial influence, an absurdity." On the other hand the organ of the Hon. Mr. Cannon has indirectly admitted that the majority of the Commissioners are good men and true. On the strength of the report that the Commission would consist of Judges Draper, Day, and Pollette, the *Journal de Quebec* fell foul of the first-named gentleman, but admitted that it had nothing to say against the two last. With regard to the *Globe's* appreciation of the personnel of the Commission, it is, to say the best, unfair to affirm that the mere fact of the three Judges belonging to the Conservative party is sufficient guarantee that they will prove false to their duty. And were one inclined to go upon the axiom that it takes a rogue to catch a rogue, one might form some very unpleasant deductions from the suspicions and hints in which the *Globe* writer indulges. The Commissioners held two or three preliminary sittings last week and then adjourned until the 4th prox. We trust this adjournment is not a fore-taste of what we have to expect. There has already been delay enough in sifting the charges against the Government, and any further postponement would be most injudicious. At the time of the prorogation it was understood that the House would meet again after ten weeks. Three weeks of the ten will have passed by the time the Commissioners meet, and little or nothing done. We see, by the way, that it is stated that Mr. Huntington will not appear before the Commission, or if he does appear will refuse to give evidence. Some of the Opposition journals on the strength of this statement are beginning to foreshadow his martyrdom, "Mr. Huntington," we are told, "can refuse to answer at the risk of imprisonment." This is hardly the way to advance the inquiry for which the whole country is clamouring. Indeed if the Ministry be guilty, as he so confidently asserts, there is hardly a move that would suit them better. There would be no need of imprisonment. The onus of attempting to prevent enquiry would lie with the accuser, and there would be an end of the matter.

This past two or three weeks have been unusually fruitful in railroad accidents. On all sides of us—fortunately not among us—we hear of terrible disasters, causing immense damage to life and limb. Sad to say, nearly all, if not all, of these calamities may be directly traced to carelessness of the

most criminal kind. Disobedience, and not unfrequently drunkenness, on the part of a conductor has, in the majority of cases, caused the loss of many valuable lives. The question has been raised whether the present system of trusting the conduct of trains entirely to conductors is safe or wise. Perhaps it is not. But again the argument that the conductor, upon whom so much depends, is liable to over-indulgence in drink, is just as applicable to the person who would superintend the conductor's movements. The true solution of the difficulty is to insist upon total abstinence on the part of those who occupy responsible positions on railroads and steamers—and in fact everywhere where, by the carelessness or inattention of employes, human life may be placed in jeopardy. We observe that a step in this direction has already been taken by some of the leading officials on the Western division of the Grand Trunk. The prime mover in the matter is Mr. Spicer, the local superintendent, who has addressed a circular to agents and conductors on the line inviting co-operation. It is, however, somewhat remarkable that in the preamble to this circular Mr. Spicer does not mention loss of life as one of the possible contingencies on drunkenness and dereliction of duty. He says:—"The 'dismissals' that are recorded every few days in our Office Circulars, in consequence of intemperance, show unmistakably that there are men in the Company's service who either cannot or will not control their propensity for drinking intoxicating liquors; and such men do not only bring disgrace, suffering, and ruin upon themselves and their families, but so long as they remain in the service they reflect discredit upon and endanger the safety of their fellow employes, and cause damage to property and loss to the Company, by a loose and reckless performance of their duty—even when only slightly under the influence of drink. We know that a man who only occasionally, at uncertain periods, drinks to excess, speedily becomes demoralized and unreliable, and so far as his connection with the working of a railway is concerned, in whatever capacity he may be employed, he is not to be trusted out of sight of his superior officer, and there must be a feeling of want of confidence, which proves extremely unsatisfactory in every respect." The manner in which the interests of the company are made to take the first place appears, at first sight, somewhat remarkable; but it must be borne in mind that the company's interests centre in those of their passengers. Mr. Spicer's movement is one of the deepest importance, and we extend to it our heartiest sympathies. It cannot but be productive of the greatest results, by which we may be certain the company will be no loser.

Those who read the newspapers may obtain any amount of painful sensation, but an incident has just occurred near Ottawa that was as deeply impressive, in a moral sense, as it was painful. We learn from the journals that the Rev. T. Johnson, having exchanged duties with the clergyman of the Leslie mission on the Upper Ottawa, was driving on the afternoon of Sunday week in a two-wheeled conveyance from Leslie, where he had held a morning service, to Thorne, where he was to have held a service in the evening. While driving down a steep hill into a valley his horse appears to have taken fright and run away. Owing to the speed at which it was going down hill, the vehicle jolted as it passed over a large stone and Mr. Johnson was thrown out, striking his head against a pointed stone with such violence that death immediately supervened. Near by him, when discovered, was a manuscript sermon which he had apparently been reading as he went along, and which, strange to say, had a special reference to his own case. The text was: "I was glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the end that ye may believe." The general tenor of the discourse may be gathered from the following paragraph: "To most men, death is a theme of sadness, if not of terror. We shrink from it, and yet how constantly and vividly it is kept in our view. Every day we are reminded that we are mortal!" Other passages, we are told, follow showing that the lamented gentleman's thoughts must have been bent towards that dark valley which he was so soon to traverse. In this sad recital while drinking in those impressions which chiefly concern our souls and their destiny, and trying to gain such benefit from the painful calamity as it seems so especially calculated to bring to us, we shall nevertheless, we believe, not be wandering out of the record if we reserve for a future occasion a few remarks upon the warnings the present, and several other like cases have presented, from a material point of view, and in the light of the protection of precious lives.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

HOW TO MAKE A WIFE AMIABLE.

The other day my wife called me "an ass." By ginger, it set me reflecting!
"An ass," am I? Well, perhaps I am; at least, I have not the materials to successfully combat the statement: but surely, I thought, you, madam, are not the party to say so. How does the matter stand? When I first met you at a picnic at Thornleigh, and after we had been introduced and began to walk round in the groves and by the springs, talking away—oh, how pleasantly!—all the day, and when night came, at length, and I offered you my arm, and we strolled about in the soft moonlight—pray tell us, did you think I was an "ass" then?
Then you knew I went down to Glenpond and made a long visit, and we met every day, and were together nearly every

evening, either walking, driving, playing croquet, whist or backgammon; and sometimes we occupied a portion of a sofa, and were seated in close proximity and played with each other's hands, and spoke words in a very romantic tone—words of great affection—tell us, madam, did my amiable qualities suggest themselves to you then? Perhaps they did, and you were as unfortunate as the lady in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," who is represented as falling in love with a man with a calf's head; but then you took a queer way of showing your belief. You used to play with my whiskers, lay your head on my waistcoat, and play the affectionate generally. Queer way for a sensible woman like you to treat an "ass," wasn't it?

And then those letters, "Oh, if you could only write like me—I was so clever; said such beautiful things, and you did so enjoy my letters, and thought my poetry so fine."—Strange that an "ass" could do all this, isn't it?

Let it be remembered that Clara and I have only been married about eighteen months, and have only one fond pledge, &c. I am not prepared to state, at a moment's notice, how many times she affirmed, with the most blissful assurance, during the term of our protracted courtship, "that our love was beyond the power of time to affect," but I dare say it must amount to a good three-score and ten; and yet, before we have passed our second year together in the holy bonds of wedlock, she deliberately states that I am an "ass!" I wouldn't have minded it, if she had said it in fun, but it was far otherwise; she seemed to mean what she said; and when I turned sorrowfully away and sought my pipe to ease my troubled breast, I declare I began to think she was about right; I must be an ass or I never would have believed that her love would have survived the first gust of wind.

The question immediately occurred to me, what is to be done? I cannot get out of it now, that's clear. Nothing short of death itself is a more fixed fact than matrimony; I cannot afford to give up all hopes of a loving wife and domestic happiness. What, then, am I to do?

Then I began to reflect. I found no occasion to reproach myself in anything. I had lavished upon her every kindness and affection. Instead of setting myself up as lord and master, as Scripture and the common law gives a man the warrant to do, I had rather been her slave, I had endeavoured to anticipate her every wish, and devote my best thoughts and efforts to her happiness; and yet under this treatment she has grown worse and worse, more haughty, more overbearing, less considerate, and more tyrannical, until, at last, she had come to call me an "ass." I began to look around me, to discover, if possible, if there were anything in treatment. My next neighbour, Brown's wife was the most amiable woman I knew for miles around, and yet—and yet—oh, I have the secret; I am on the right track now.

Brown is a first-class ruffian of a fellow. Talk of lavishing affection on his wife—why he has never said a kind word to her since the first week of their married life. He never even looks pleasant after he gets inside of his home. But, worse than this, he drinks. He has his regular drunken fits, in which he comes home and quarrel with everybody, abuses everybody, knocks things about the house, smashes the dishes, and breaks the furniture. In these fiendish attacks, he threatens to kill his children, and frightens his wife nearly out of her senses by the most terrible execrations and the most horrible menaces. His business is going to destruction; he provides no help of any kind for his wife, and she has to work like a slave to attend to her large family, and keep them decent and send them to school. For this, she never gets a kind word or a pleasant look. And yet I would give five thousand dollars to-morrow to have as amiable, pleasant and devoted wife as Mrs. Sylvanus Brown—and I don't care two pins if my wife sees this—I'll tell her the same to her face, if she ever again presume to level at my head the opprobrious epithet, "ass."

Now, while poor Mrs. Brown has been undergoing all these hardships and trials, Mrs. Phipps has been having a most jolly time. She has had two servants, and within the past few months a nurse; she has had a horse and carriage at her disposal, and the only thing I ever found her guilty of performing in the way of housework, was the folding up of her own night-dress. I am fond of music and got her a \$500 piano, which she plays, if she likes, and won't play, if I particularly wish it. I stay at home nearly every evening, save when she wishes to go out, when, without a word, I am at her service. Such is the life of Mrs. Joel Phipps, and such is the great civilization and enlightenment of the nineteenth century!

Now, then, I have mastered my idea; I have made my resolve and shall put it into speedy execution. I am going to try on Brown for a spell, and see how she likes that. "Two always thus with gentle woman, in joy and prosperity, haughty, supercilious and unloving; in woe and adversity, meek, gentle and affectionate."

"Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But when comes sorrow's fiery dart,
A ministering angel then thou art

I am thoroughly convinced that a little wholesome persecution is what Mrs. Phipps requires; and, at least, she shall have the benefit of the experiment. I have been a total abstainer now for several years, but last night I stole into a bar-room and tried a little raw brandy and got down a glass without a very wry face. It has got to be done, and it is needless to make a fuss about it. Naturally I am a little soft-hearted; but I will choke off sentiment—this is a commodity that don't flourish well under such conditions as these. As I write this last page, Mrs. Phipps has just come into my study with "little Joey," and wants him to "ask papa why he sits up so late with his old writing." My first impulse was to take the little fellow in my arms, and slip my arm round Clara's waist, but I knew it wouldn't do, so I simply observed that I was "particularly busy, and did not wish to be disturbed," and I made this remark in a somewhat husky voice. Mrs. P. looked a little surprised, but I paid no attention to her whatever.

I intend to become mysterious, to do all sorts of unaccountable things, to keep all my acts and the motives dark, so that poor dear Clara will begin to fancy that I am becoming insane. That will be a capital card. I hate liquors, but I suppose I must get a little intoxicated once in a while to be perfectly consistent; at least, she shall smell my breath.

I recommend this system of treatment to other husbands whose wives are afflicted with a similar malady. I am convinced that it will be found more effectual than pills or hypophosphites. But if any fear to undertake it till they know more of its consequences, I may intimate that I will keep the readers of the *News* posted as to the progress of my experiment.

JOEL PHIPPS.

Notes and Queries.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)
A TRIP IN THE "ORIOLE."

(Concluded.)

GRANDE GRÈVE.

"Toy" IN SHAKESPEARE.—The following reply to a friend of mine who asked my opinion on the passage in "Hamlet,"

"Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss,"

may be acceptable to students of Shakespeare:—
In all my editions of Shakespeare (8 in number,) the text in each, is "toy seems prologue" &c. There is not a word of comment upon the phrase by any of the editors—not even by Collier, who has given more emendations than any other. Upon reflection, you will, I think, find the word explicit enough if you carefully study the context. She, Ophelia, evidently wants to deliver some message, or in other words, is anxious to have some converse with the Queen. The Queen, knowing her own guilt, conscience-stricken with her "sick soul," "heart-sick," "sick at heart," is afraid that Ophelia may say something or other in her "unshaped speech" that may compromise the Queen; therefore any tale or toy of her utterance may be feared as a prologue to some great amiss—an introduction to, or forerunner of some great evil—it may be the divulging of the Queen's guilt, to which Hamlet, in a scene or two previously alludes, and which makes her exclaim:

"O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct."

Now Shakespeare uses the word *toy* in the sense of tale. Vide "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act V, Sc. 1.

I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys or tales.

Again *toy* is sometimes used in the sense of Joy, but the Queen could hardly say, "In my wicked sorrowful condition, each recreation, or pastime, or sport, or joy, seems but a prologue to some other grief or 'great amiss.'"

If you refer to a good etymological dictionary you will find *toy* is from the Hebrew *Tob*, which signifieth to be in a good humour; to be cheerful, joyful.

Toy may be construed into wantonness, lasciviousness—amorous dalliance. In Macbeth we find

There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys; and renown and grace is dead, &c.

Now here *toys* is used as an antithesis to serious. There's nothing serious in men's natures, they are all become frivolous and wanton; they care not for honour and renown, nor will they to "greatness dedicate themselves," hence when they fall "into the sea, the yellow leaf," they must not expect "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."
Milton in Book IX., Paradise Lost, line 1304, uses *toy* in the sense of *amorous dalliance*.

"So said he, and forbear not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbrow'd
He led her nothing loath: flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play."

Again in Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3, we find:

"When light-winged toys
Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dullness
My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!"

As much as to say—when I allow the sensuousness of love, or "love's disport," to make me forget my duty to the senate in the war which I am about to undertake "against the Ottomites," I'll change my general's baton for a woman's distaff."

Toy may mean a whim, a freak, a trick, or thought.
In Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3, Laertes says to Ophelia:—

"For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more."

Again, in the same play, Act 1, Sc. 4:—where Horatio tries to persuade Hamlet from following the Ghost on the platform, before the Castle of Elsinore;

"The very place puts toys of desperation
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath."

Toy may mean pleasure, amusement. In Love's Labour Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, we have,

To see great Hercules whipping a gig
And profound Solomon tuning a jig;
And Nestor play at push-pin with boys,
And critic Timon laughing at idle toys.

Now *idle* may mean shallow, or foolish, or unseemingly, or worthless, or rank or gross, for we find in Shakespeare the terms *idle head*, *idle talk*, *idle merriment*, *idle pleasures*, *idle weeds* are fast, *idle weeds* that grow in our sustaining corn, *idle brains*. Therefore, the critical, cynical and misanthropical Timon may be said to laugh at gross and foolish pleasures, worthless amusements. *Toy* may also mean a bauble:

In Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 3, Petruchio alluding to the cap brought home for Katherine, says:

"Why, 'tis a cockle, on a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;"

and in the same play, Act V, the last scene, he says,

Katherine, that cap or yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

I have, perhaps, written enough to show you in what different senses Shakespeare employs the word *toy*. He never omits enough to give you some clue to the meaning of the passage each *toy* seems prologue to some great amiss; if not "cudgel thy face with beating," but exercise your mind on the following in Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2:

"Lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes."

THOS. D. KING.

It is now high time that we left this valley of seclusion and dropt sermonizing. Half an hour's sharp walking brought us in sight of Grande Grève, with the appearance of which we were much struck, and a few minutes more brought us to the beach, where we called at the residence of the worthy mayor, Mr. William Hyman, who was unfortunately from home. In his absence we were courteously received by the representative of the firm of William Fruing & Co., of Jersey, who kindly gave us any information we required. The next morning, Tuesday, boats were placed at our disposal, or rather at the disposal of those "Orioles" who felt inclined to "go a-fishing." At break of day eight of them started, and after about four hours' toiling, which were not spent fruitlessly, even though they did not succeed in hooking a multitude of fishes, yet they obtained abundantly more than were required for the yacht's consumption. The superfluous was sold for about one half cent per pound in part payment for the hire of the boats, so that codfish is cheap at Grande Grève; it is a pity, we thought, that there's not some means of getting a plentiful supply on a Friday in Montreal or Toronto; even without oysters, fine fresh cod is not bad fasting—better than frogs, *fricassée de grenouilles*, which Sterne somewhere says is very good fish for a Good Friday.

GASPÉ BASIN.

In the afternoon we weighed anchor and arrived at Gaspé Basin about 6 p.m., firing our gun as we entered the inner harbour, the report of which brought a number of people upon the wharf, who, probably from our rig, rakish look, and the blue ensign of the T. E. Y. C. flying at the main, took us for a government cutter. The first to welcome us was the harbour master, Mr. Jos. Eden; we then went to the Custom House and paid our respects to the collector, Mr. Belleau, by whom we were cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained, and whose genial society, heightened as it was by that of Madame and Mdlles. Belleau, made us forget that the shades of evening were closing darkly around us. Adieu! good night; it was like tearing ourselves from felicity. A long sigh, then to the yacht again—to sleep, perchance to dream. There being no night-watch, and everything quiet, we all slept soundly, and found when we woke the sun many degrees above the horizon and shining brightly. After breakfast the majority went lobster fishing—ignoble sport compared with angling with a fly for trout in the Bergeronne or for salmon in the Marguerite. It could hardly be said to be as exciting as snigling for eels, because the lobsters are very abundant, and can be distinctly seen among the sea-weed at the bottom of the basin, the water being exceedingly clear; so that it is merely drawing these crustaceous shell-fish out with a small boat-hook. The only thing that commended the sport was its novelty. Others went for a drive along the road skirting the banks of the river that empties itself into the basin. The river scenery is very beautiful, and the farms to the right of the road are well cultivated, and the cottages have small gardens in their fronts, delighting the eye, thus forming a striking contrast to the farms and cottages between Fox River and Cape Rosier. By the time we returned to the yacht we were honoured with the company of a large party which the commodore had invited to luncheon; the steward and purser were found equal to the occasion. The merry twinkling eyes of the ladies demanded something more sparkling than limpid water, and their vivacity something more palatable than ordinary ship's fare; we had an impromptu symposium. In the evening we accepted the kind invitation of the Harbour Master, and went to his house before sunset in order to enjoy the surpassingly beautiful view of the basin which presents itself from the verandah. As the stars made their appearance, troupes of the fair belles of Gaspé,—some with a blue tenderness of the eye, long fair hair, rosy cheeks, blooming with health—began to arrive, until eventually the house was filled. Then came music, song, and the dance, which were not ended until the iron tongue of midnight had told twelve. One of the charms of the entertainment was its informality; there was no preëminent genius, each vied with the other to make the night joyous. The town of Gaspé may be recommended for three things: the picturesqueness of its scenery, the hospitality of its people, and the beauty of its demoiselles, qualities which will ever be impressed upon the "Orioles." One thing is, however, requisite to render this delightful harbour nearly perfect, and that is a good, commodious, comfortable and well-conducted hotel. The present one is poor in accommodation, and has none of the attractions or necessities requisite for a watering-place or a summer resort for those seeking health of mind and body, or to recruit worn thoughts and wearied spirits, or to throw off the long coil of busy care. With a good hotel, there is no more desirable spot on the lower St. Lawrence than Gaspé Basin; it may be called the paradise of the Gulf.

STARTING FOR HOME.

We bade adieu to it on Thursday morning with a tolerably stiff breeze, but upon rounding the bay we found a head-wind; it was blowing very hard, and accompanied with a heavy sea, so that we had to put back to Little Gaspé, a small protestant district about a mile from Grande Grève, where we anchored, and were soon joined by three schooners who had put in for shelter, one of them containing a valuable cargo of the mysteries of the deep, and having on board a party of savants, chiefest among whom was Mr. Whiteaves, the well-known curator of the Montreal Natural History Society, a keen naturalist who is not content with picking up the wonders of the shore, but is actively engaged in the deep-sea dredging of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. At this little anchorage we remained wind-bound until Saturday. During the night of Friday we had a thunder storm, the reverberation of the thunder claps from the neighbouring mountains being something awfully grand. While wind-bound we were not spell-bound, the wonders of the shore being nothing but pebbles, with here and there dislocations of the limestone rocks, with dykes and with veins of calcareous spar, and lead. Close to our anchorage were what appeared to us some unproductive lead quarries, also a diminutive trout stream, which afforded the fishermen of our party a few hours' amusement. The trout were not much larger than smelts, but they were of good

flavour and in sufficiency to make a good addition to our lunch. Others went raspberry picking, and thus provided us, with the aid of some cream obtained from a cottager, an after-dinner dessert. We added nothing to our collection of fauna, flora, fuci, or algae; there was not much fertility on the shores of our little water-world—

Here were no coral bowers,
And grots of madrepores,
And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye
As e'er was mossy bed,
Whereon the wood-nymphs lie
With languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.

We were getting languid with two days comparative inaction, and were rejoiced to weigh anchor again on Saturday morning. Unfortunately there was scarcely any wind, and by the time we got again off Cape Rosier the wind had died away and there was a calm accompanied by a long rolling sea which made the night very uncomfortable.

OUR SECOND SUNDAY.

Sunday morning still calm. At 11 a.m. we had the morning service, the simplicity of which was enjoyable. We had no surplised choirs; "no," as Ruskin calls it, "dramatic Christianity of the organ and aisle, no chanting hymns through traceried windows for back-ground effect and articulating the 'Dio' through variation on variation of mimicked prayer;" but, we trust we had our hearts and minds in accord with the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England, when we said, "The Lord's name be praised," "And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations."

During the afternoon, to relieve the monotony of the calm, many whales came up to look at us, monstrous fellows, "out of whose nostrils goeth smoke as out of a seething pot or caldron." They were not, like trout, to be drawn out with a hook, and we certainly felt no inclination "to play with them as birds," of which we saw but few, and these, for the most part, sea-gulls and sea-swallows, occasionally a few wild duck, and loons or northern divers (*colymbis glacialis*); the latter seem to have a sort of diving-bell apparatus enabling them to get a supply of air at great depths, and to remain under water for a considerable time. At 3 p.m. a gentle breeze and fair wind sprung up, and away went the "Oriole," "walking the waters like a thing of life;" the waves bounded beneath us as a stud that knows his rider, our course being for west point of Anticosti. The sun shone brightly, there was an intensely blue sky, with patches of light fleecy clouds (cirrus) in the zenith; we had, all of us, the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope in our hearts, which lightened the little clouds of disappointment we experienced from all the head-winds and calms on our voyage. The sunset was magnificent, gilding the whole western sky with rich alchemy. With the setting sun came also a calm, and looking northerly, the direction of our course, we were reminded of Byron's description of the ocean in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage:

Boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dead, fathomless, alone.

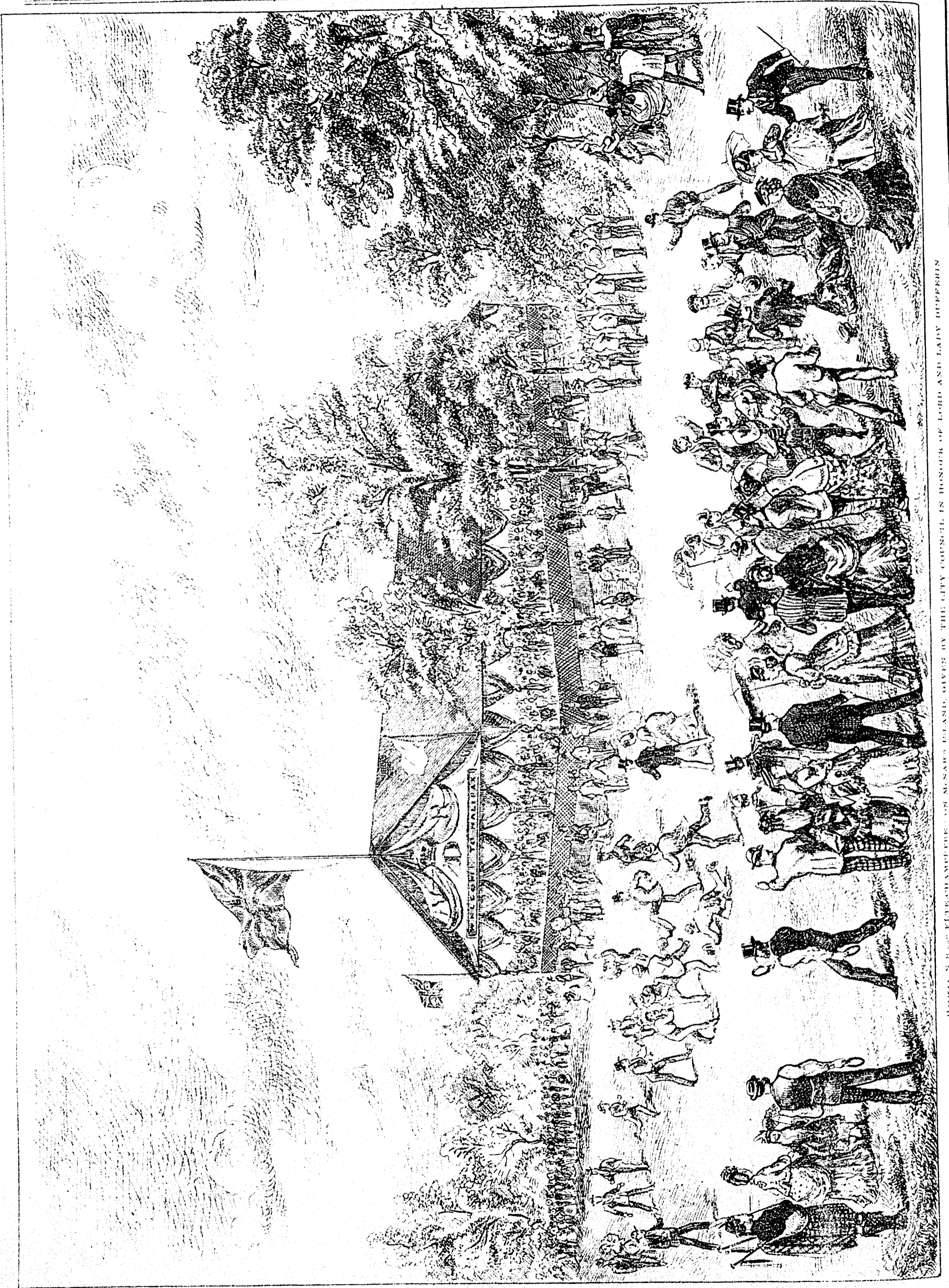
Anon came out the stars of Orionis, Ursa Majoris, Canis Minoris, Bootis, and the Pleiades, that have watched since first the world had birth; the twilight melted away as they appeared garnishing the heavens. Anon the brightness of the stars melted away with the brilliancy of the aurora, looking like a long silver drapery floating in the atmosphere, folding and reopening in a thousand ways.

CALM AND FOG.

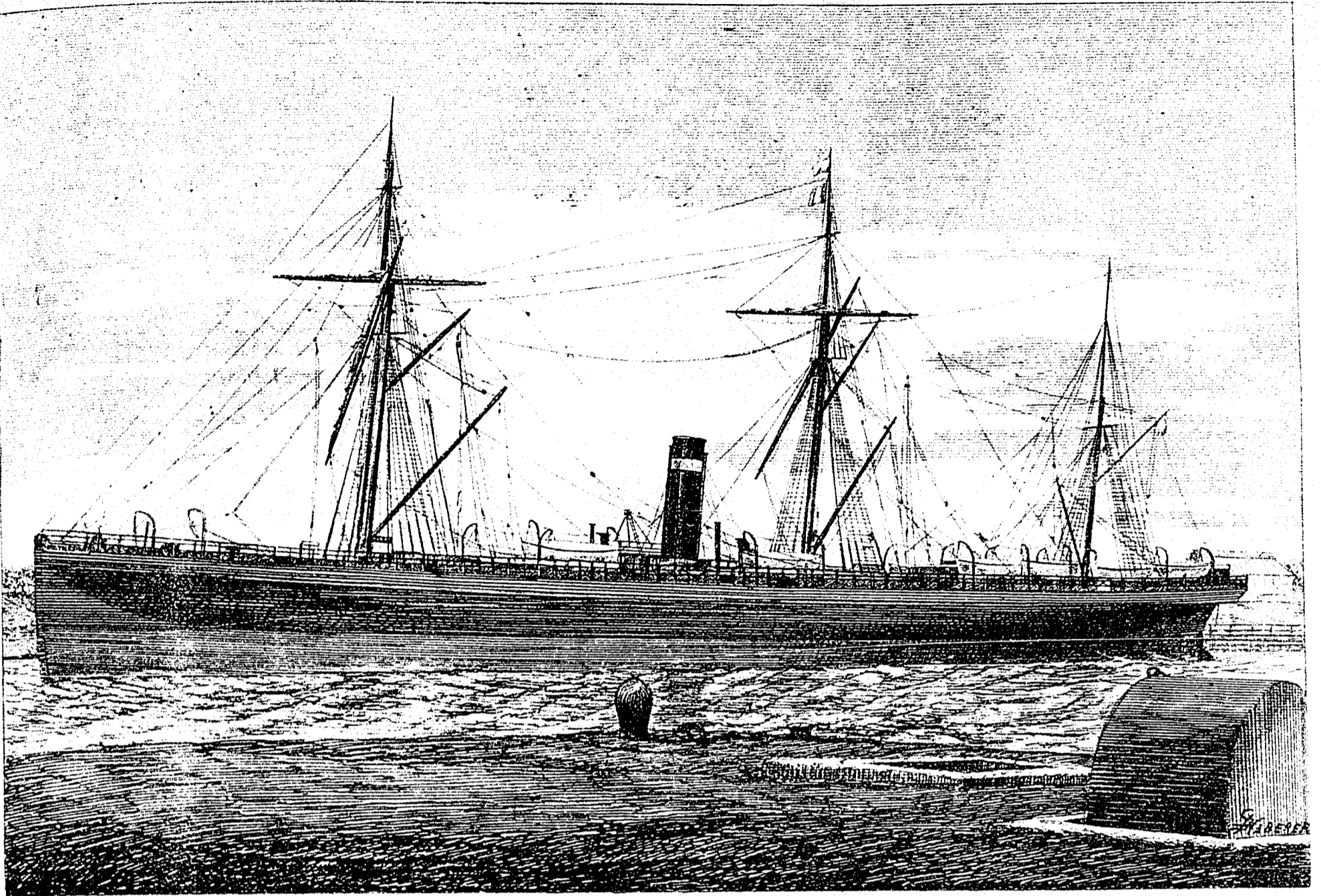
Early morning we found ourselves becalmed off Anticosti, nearly abreast of Ellis Bay, and in company with one of the Lake clipper ships, bound inwards, trading between Liverpool and Montreal, but about a mile astern of her. The wind was very light, and we did not part company with her until night, when it came on to rain and afterwards sprung up a dense fog, making the night-watch wretchedly disagreeable. Our classic friend to whom we alluded in the opening of our narrative would probably in imagination have been Thetis (Iliad, Book iv. p. 359) rising out of the sea to console Achilles, and, like the Argonauts, would have, had he been on board, prayed to Apollo for some guiding light to have taken us past the Manicouagan shoals, near to which we were fast approaching. The fog was as thick as the dark cloud which Jupiter threw over the valley of Tempé to conceal his amour with Jo. Had we been fortunate enough to have had a copy of Ossian, the poet who is most conversant with mists, we might have whited away the time more preciously than we did listening to the screeching fog horns answering one another, "piercing the night's dull ear," and only relieved by the screams of the fog whistle at the Manicouagan light-house. About half-past one p.m. the next day the fog cleared or lifted, and brought us a strong head-wind which soon enabled us to weather the "lake ship," and a schooner with whom we had been in close company all the night. When nearing Father Point we had some curious effects of mirage, bringing the coast line apparently nearer and giving us images of the sails of vessels which were below the horizon, and these images very much distorted. These constant atmospheric changes and phenomena were to the writer highly interesting, and helped to make up one of the greatest charms of the voyage. They enchain the attention of many of our company, and those who had an intelligence capable of their deep appreciation will doubtless in future feel a greater interest in the science of meteorology than they hitherto have done. All yachtsmen as well as sailors are, or ought to be, interested in that science, which enables the scientist to prognosticate coming storms. Many on board the "Oriole" contemplated, with no child-like feelings, the sublime scenery of the sky, with its ever-changing clouds, its glorious sun-rises and sun-sets, its thunders and lightnings, its auroral displays, its rainbows, with which the great architect has clothed the orb of heaven. They may have thought with Crashaw, one of the good old seventeenth century poets—

The self-remembering soul sweetly recovers
Her spirit with the stars; not basely hovers
Below—but meditates th' immortal way,
Home to the source of light and day.

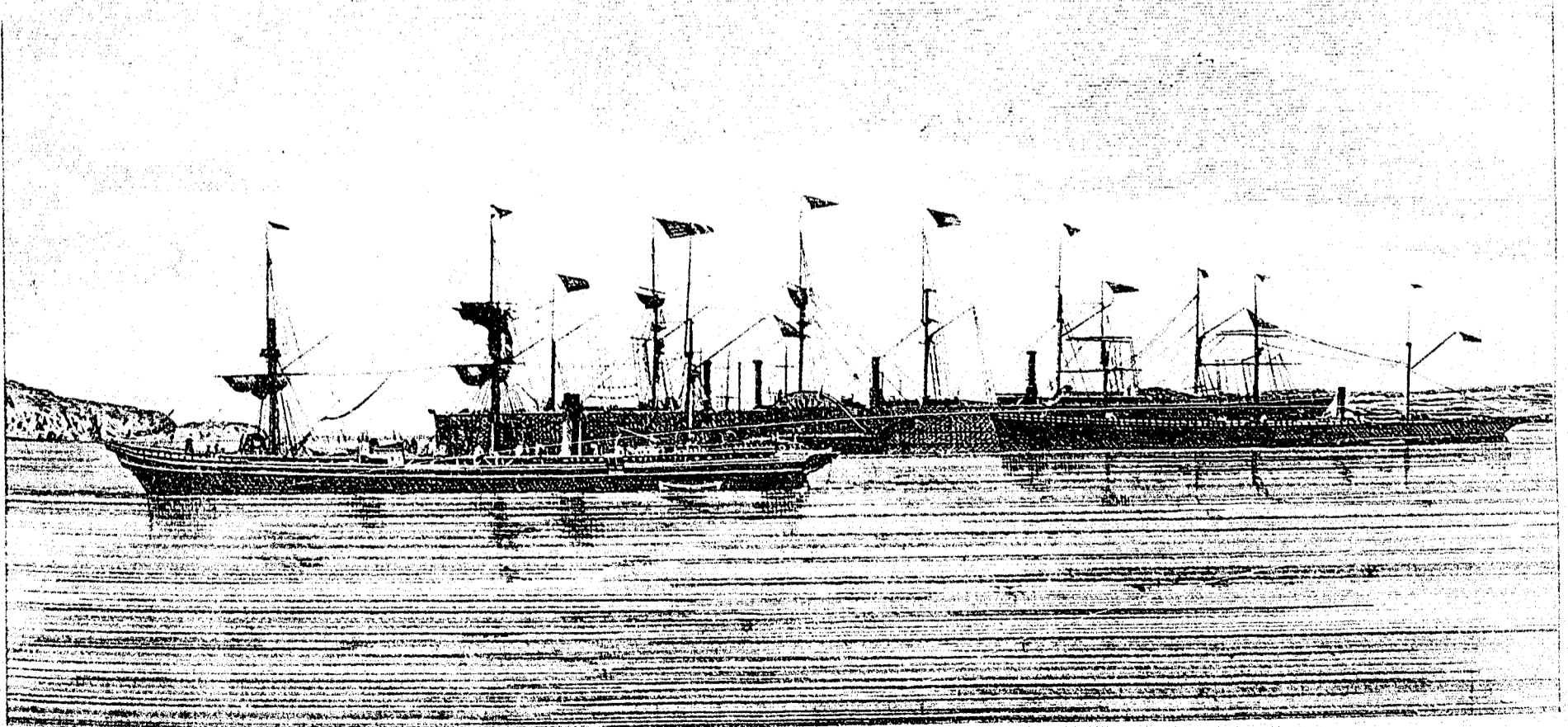
At night-fall we passed Rimouski with a fair wind, and the "Oriole" saucily passed every vessel during the night and held on her way until we passed the Grand Bergeronne, a good trout stream well known to all the frequenters of the Saguenay. By this time the sun had risen, "gilding the top of the hills with gold" and w. his rising he brought a dead calm; the



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THE SS. "POLYNESIAN," OF THE ALLAN LINE.



SS. "EDINBURGH."

"GREAT EASTERN."

SS. "HIBERNIAN."

NEWFOUNDLAND.—THE CABLE FLEET OFF HEART'S CONTENT.

tide was at the full flood so that there was nothing for it but to drift with the ebb backwards or tow the yacht into the anchorage ground about two miles east of the entrance to the Saguenay. All hands to the gig and make fast a tow rope. Two hours and a half hard pulling—half hourly reliefs—brought us to safe anchorage. Then a wash and a hearty luncheon, and after these refreshers we started for Tadoussac, putting on board the steamer "Union" one of our co-voyagers whom we were sorry to part with for he was such "a jolly good fellow, and so said all of us"; and should these rambling disjointed lines ever cross the optics of Captain Mountain, of the "Union," let him take this notice of his extreme courtesy as a hearty and unanimous vote of thanks from the "Orioles" for stopping his vessel when under way at the mouth of the Saguenay, thus enabling him to pursue his way to Toronto, whither especial business compelled him to be before the yacht could possibly have got to Quebec.

TADOUSSAC.

We were now fully in front of Tadoussac Bay, in shape like a deep crescent with lofty shores of rock on either side, and at its concave a beautiful sandy beach with a lofty shore studded with houses, right and left of the little Roman Catholic church—one of the oldest in Canada. Conspicuous among these houses are two—the new marine residence of His Excellency the Governor General, Lord Dufferin, and the hotel, under the able management of Mr. James Fennel, to whom we take this opportunity of tendering our hearty thanks for his attention to our wants while we remained at Tadoussac. At the hotel about 6 p. m., we all of us sat down to a good dinner washed down with some excellent Bass' bitter beer and claret which we most thoroughly enjoyed, the more so from our having had nothing for four days but salt pork and "hard-tack." After dinner we sauntered down to the Indian quarters and learnt from the squaws the mysteries of basket making in which they are great adepts; thence we walked across the tongue of land which separates the bay from the little harbour of L'Anse a l'Eau to secure staterooms in the steamer St. Lawrence for Ha! Ha! Bay, whence five of our party purposed going—four of them for the first time.

THE SAGUENAY.

It need hardly be said that the four were startled with the wild and picturesque scenery of this most remarkable river, with its almost fathomless depths, its bold granitic hills of stupendous grandeur culminating in those two famed promontories capes Eternity and Trinity standing out at the entrance of a small bay like two mighty portals, or sentinels to guard the banks of the river which falls into the bay, inhabited originally, perhaps by the Titans or the Gods; the place seems too awful for the residence of ordinary mortals. Language cannot describe the emotions of awe and wonder and almost fear which affect the beholder as he gazes upon this display of the Almighty Creator's power. One is reminded of a rhapsody of Samuel Taylor Coleridge when after gazing upon the view presented to him from the top of Wind-cliff, says:—"It seemed like Omnipotence! God methought had built him there a temple! Blest hour—a luxury to be." Beautiful, grand, majestic, and sublime as the river Saguenay is, some people are not affected by its granitic hills, towering like Alps upon Alps; some never experience their sense of littleness that made a person once exclaim when looking over the vast expanse of the Mediterranean from Mount Carmel, "I never before felt my utter insignificance. I am only like a tiny dew-drop in a bucket of water, then what must I be in the presence of such infinity." Some we say are not affected when gazing up at the triple peak of Cape Trinity, the highest of which is 1600 feet above the water level of the river and beetles over at as great an angle as the leaning tower of Pisa. The writer remembers a few years since pointing out Cape Trinity to a couple of couples of genuine "down-easters" whom he thinks must have been doing the "Honeysuckle Tour," as they lolled about the sofas of the cabin on board the steamer "Magnet" reading "Aurora Floyd" or "Romola" and the "Woman's Kingdom," and he never will forget the elder of the two spoony bridegrooms saying, as he strained his neck to look up at the summit of the Cape—"Wal! I guess stranger it's pritty tall." The writer collapsed and secretly vowed that he would never again disturb connubial bliss even if he saw Eve herself revisiting the glimpses of the moon, making night beautiful and causing all the stars of heaven to hide their diminished heads at her approach.

A SECOND FOG.

But to return to the "Oriole." Our Saguenay party crossed over to Rivière du Loup by the steamer, and those left at Tadoussac, after rambling through every nook and corner of it, started for the yacht which was still at anchor in the place we left her the previous day. The night was very foggy, and in the morning we found we had a barque for a companion anchored about half a quarter mile from us; the fog was then too thick off the land to start for Rivière du Loup, and again there was no wind and the tide was ebbing. What can we do? Visit the barque, suggested the pilot, "I think I know her by her rig, and if I am not mistaken it is a French barque that I piloted last year; if so you will find the "Capitaine" a very genial person." All right, pilot, launch the gig and let us go—we did, and found the predictions of the pilot verified. The name of the barque was the St. Louis, of Toulon, the Captain's name was Dion, and a finer specimen of a French sailor, perhaps, has not been seen on the St. Lawrence since Jacques Cartier landed at the mouth of the Saguenay. Welcome scarcely realizes the salutation. We were ushered into the cabin, the only ornament in it being a picture of the sainted King going barefooted to the cathedral of Notre Dame to implore the help of heaven on his mission to the last crusade he shared in. Out came from a private locker some fragrant Bordeaux and some choice Havanas, which we enjoyed; and by way of a parting glass a bottle of champagne was opened of as good a quality, perhaps, as was drunk by the courtiers of Louis XIV. at his nuptials with Maria Theresa. The Captain returned with us to the yacht and lunched and before the meal was finished a light breeze sprung up, the fog lifted a little, the anchor was again weighed and after a hasty adieu to the Captain the "Oriole" was, before he reached his ship, a mile on her way to Rivière du Loup, where we arrived about 7 p. m. Upon enquiry we found our Saguenay party at Cacouna. We telegraphed for advice—reply, Stop till tomorrow morning, when expect a party on board to luncheon.

CACOUNA.

Knowing that Cacouna is a favourite resort with young widows, the most interesting portion of the fair sex, if she does not happen to be *your own*, the party on board were left

in surmise whether the ladies who would form the morrow's party would be in delicate half mourning—lavender slightly trimmed with black, or black heavily trimmed with lavender. About noon arrived upon the wharf two omnibus loads, containing some of the prettiest girls ever seen in the lower St. Lawrence. There was not the weeds of mourning upon one of them, they were all decked in colours as bright as those to be seen on a summer's afternoon in the Champs Elysées at Paris. The gig was soon lowered and after about six trips to and fro all were on board the "Oriole," where they were most heartily welcomed and hospitably entertained. The cabin was never more joyous—it was a "felix hora"; our classical friend would have quoted from Catullus, and said:—"Quis datur a divi felici optatus hora?" What indeed can the Gods give more than a happy hour spent in charming society unless they give a second, which in this instance they did—happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again. All our guests safe on shore, we one and all accompanied them to the hotel where we spent the evening, leaving early in the morning for the yacht which two days after arrived safely in Quebec, and thus ended one of the most pleasurable trips it had ever been the lot of the writer to make. Had any one of the readers of this rambling narrative been on board during the round trip from Quebec to Rivière du Loup via Gaspé, Anticosti, the Saguenay and back, they would have given three cheers for the "Oriole," three more for the pilot, Thomas Simard, and three times three for the Commodore, who, with his crew, may God bless.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE LORE OF THE CALENDAR.

AUGUST 24—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

St. Bartholomew, one of the twelve apostles, is said to have suffered martyrdom at Armenia by being flayed alive. A knife is his emblem, as may be seen on many of the old clog almanacs.

This day is also celebrated for the massacre of the Huguenots (1572), the black turpitude and wickedness of which has been a theme of reproach to the chief actors ever since. Again, the day was celebrated in 1662 by the expulsion of the clergy who would not accept the king's supremacy; many hundreds perished in prison, and many were hunted from house to house, from chapel to chapel, by informers whose only motive was to obtain a portion of the fines levied for infringement of numerous statutes. The murders of 1572 and the persecutions of 1662 may be traced to the same spirit—a want of toleration. History repeating herself, and showing that burning zeal and choleric temperaments always overpower the better judgments of men; they are the warts and wens that destroy the face of true religion, and of all those churchmen who are more resolute in the enforcement of uniformity in services and ceremonies than of the text, "These things I command you, that ye love one another."

Miscellaneous.

"Considerably Mixed."

A lawyer of Liverpool, England, is in a mental snarl by the facts of a divorce case which is in his hands. His client, a Swede, married an Englishwoman in Germany, and went to reside in England. The woman has recently absconded with a Russian, and is now living with him in Italy, while the husband is in an exceeding hurry for a divorce in order that he may marry a French lady and settle in America. The mixture of nations is crazing that solicitor.

Mount Sinai a Volcano.

Dr. Charles T. Beke publishes an elaborate treatise, in which he argues that Mount Sinai was a volcano, and places it on the east of the Ghor, or continuation of the valley of Jordan, and at the head of the Gulf of Akaba. Here, Dr. Beke holds, there is a volcanic region corresponding in position to that in which the Holy Mount is declared by Scripture to have been situated; and he further states that there are proofs of an eruption of this mount about the time of the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, the volcano of Mount Sinai not becoming extinct till the time of the prophet Elijah, about six centuries later.

Pen Daubs.

The strongest expression is generally the briefest and best. Take the old ballads of any people, and few adjectives will be found. The singer says, "He laughed; she wept." Perhaps the poet of a more advanced age might say, "He laughed in scorn; she turned away and shed tears of disappointment." But now-a-days the ambitious young writer must produce something like this: "A hard fiendish laugh, scornful and pitiless, forced its passage from his throat, through the lips that curled in mockery at her appeal; she covered her despairing face, and a gust and whirlwind of sorrowing agony burst forth in her irresistible tears."

"We're a' Camerons Here."

One stormy night last winter a poor weather-beaten traveller who had stood the pelting of the pitiless storm through the course of a severe winter day, arrived at a small town in the North Highlands, and being benumbed with cold, and almost frozen to the saddle, he made for the only house where he could see light, and called for assistance. Not finding himself attended to he roared out at the top of his voice, "Will no good Christian come and help me off my horse?" Awakened by the noise, a sturdy old Celt opened the door and asked if it was "Chisholm's he wanted." "No," said the impatient inspector of spigots, "I want some good Christian to help me off my horse." "Ah, sir," said Donald, "we don't know them peoples, we're a' Camerons here."

From London to New York in Seven Days.

The *American Railroad Journal* states that a plan has been submitted to the Canadian Government by which it is proposed to shorten the time of travel between London and New York to seven days and three hours. The purport of the plan is to push the railway system of this continent to St. John's, Newfoundland, from which place to Valencia Bay, Ireland, is only 1,600 miles, which it is contended could be made by ocean racers in 100 hours, and from thence to London in sixteen hours. On this side it is proposed to fill the gap by a branch from the main lines from New York to Montreal and Quebec to a point known as Shippegan, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Here passengers and mails would take a steamer to St. George's Harbour opposite, on the Gulf coast of Newfoundland, where cars would flash them across the 250 miles, whence the ocean steamers would immediately sail.

A Rival "Hub."

Boston will have to look to herself. A rival to her claim of being the centre of the Universe has arisen in the other hemisphere. In the *Court Journal* we read that a magnificent Sèvres vase which ornamented the bedroom of Nassr-ed-Din at the Palais Bourbon has been packed up to be sent off to Teheran. The beautiful object in question was executed by M.M. Poyard and de Caranza, and copied from antique Persian enamels. On it is an inscription of four lines, from the poet Feranzy, of which the following is a translation in French:—

"Plus grande que la mer profonde
A nos yeux est ta gloire, O roi;
L'Iran c'est le centre du monde;
Le centre de l'Iran, c'est toi."

Very fine phrensy, indeed, Monsieur Feranzy.

Authors' Contrasts.

The *Saturday Review* points out the contrasts between the public character and the private being of most authors thus: "The lively novelist is a taciturn, morose kind of person, ever ready to start topics of a grave and depressing nature. The poet whose songs are full of that delicious melancholy that makes them so divinely sad is a rubicund, rosy-gilled gentleman, brisk, middle-aged, comfortable, particular as to his wines, and prone to personal gossip and feeble humour. The lady novelist who sails very near the wind, and on whom the critics are severe by principle, is as quiet as a Quakeress in her conversation, and as demure as a nun in her bearing. The sour female essayist, who finds everything wrong and nothing in its place, has a face like the full moon, and looks as if she fed on cream and butter." It is conjectured that the lady who sat for the last etching was Miss Frances Power Cobbe.

A Spiritual Failure.

It is reported by a California paper that Mark Twain called on a writing medium, with Joe Goodman and Frank Mayo "to see what the confounded thing amounted to, anyway." Mark had a brother and a friend named Brown blown up by a steamboat explosion, and when the medium invited him to question the spirit of his dead brother, to respond through the medium, Mark asked him to detail the circumstances of Brown's death. Discovering that he had an audience of skeptics, the medium desired to avoid details, and when his hand had made the usual amount of quivering and waltzing, he interrupted the hieroglyphics to say: "I cannot recall the circumstances of Brown's death." "Well, Henry," said Mark, "in life we looked upon you as the flower of the flock, but I am sorry to say that death seems to have turned you into a supernatural idiot! Not recall the circumstances, and you were both blown up together!"

Inking Out Cholera.

Whether moderate doses of ink may be considered a specific for cholera morbus, or even for cholera, may demand longer trial before a satisfactory decision is reached; but the following incident is worthy the consideration of those who are subject to sudden attacks of illness and are uncertain what remedy to use. A short time ago a Louisville gentleman, who had retired to rest after a light supper of soft crabs and cucumbers, awoke in the night with certain pains which excited his fears of an attack of cholera. No time was to be lost in warding off the fell destroyer. He sprang from his spring mattress, and seizing a bottle of camphor, took a swallow, and then vigorously rubbed the afflicted portion of his person with the restorative, continuing the application after he had returned to bed. He experienced prompt relief, but, as his fright left him, it occurred to him that his camphor had lost its customary odour. Again he rose, and this time turned on the gas. A single glance at his night-shirt told the tale. Instead of camphor, he had used a bottle of superior writing fluid.

Ready Wit.

There is a good story told of H. J. Byron, the English dramatist, which serves to illustrate the readiness of his wit. He was invited on one occasion to the house of F. C. Burnand, also a playwright, to participate in some charades to be given for the entertainment of a large number of fashionable people. Byron was announced as third on the programme, but when the first performance was over it was discovered he had as yet made no preparation for his part of the show. Therefore Burnand went to him and said, "Come, Byron, hurry and arrange something; we will be ready for you in a few minutes." Byron started out of the room to "look something up." He proceeded to the nursery where he found a child's rocking-horse made of pine wood, or, as the English call it, *deal*. This he ordered to be taken down-stairs, and placed on the stage immediately behind the curtain, as the second piece was already over. When the curtain was rung up he was standing beside the horse in an attitude that would have done credit to a circus master. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, pointing to the horse, "this represents one of the islands in the Greek archipelago, *Del-os*." Then the curtain came down and the audience "convulsed." But this was not all, the curtain went up again, and Byron stepping forward said, "Ladies and gentlemen, another island in the Greek archipelago, *Sam-os*."

A Velocipede Ride for Life.

The inhabitants of the Boulevard Pereire, Paris, were witnesses, a day or two ago, of a chase of the most exciting character. A distinguished velocipede rider appears every day on this boulevard, and performs remarkable feats in that line of horsemanship. He had just bestridden his bicycle, when cries of "Out of the way! kill him; kill him!" resounded through the streets. The foot-passengers darted into the houses, closing the doors after them with a crash, and the velocipedist was left alone on the road, along which rushed an enormous dog, with staring coat, enflamed eyes, and jaws bathed in foam. The mastiff, which was evidently mad, perceiving the bicycle and its unlucky rider instantly bounded after it; and a cloud of dust soon concealed the details of the chase. The velocipedist whirled his machine round and round, taking as many turns as a hare, but the horrible brute followed him closely. At length, in despair, he darted forward at full speed, when suddenly a cry of alarm burst from the spectators at the windows. The bicycle had broken down and the rider had been thrown senseless to the ground, whilst the dog, gathering up his remaining strength, sprang towards him. But by this time the police had headed the animal, and one of them cut off its fore-paws with one stroke of the sword, just as the furious beast was about to throw himself upon his victim, who soon awoke from his swoon to find himself safe and sound.

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Ye Ballad of Lyttel John A.

Our Illustrations.

Fytte Ye Fyrtste.

I.

Lisbe and lysten ye gentles all That of myrthes loveth to hoar, And I will syng of a gallant knyghte Nighb John A— Premieoro.

II.

Oh, merrye it is in the fros foreste Amonge the lovys greene, To hunt the deer bothe easte and weste Wyth bowes and arrowes keene.

III.

But wearye it is in the Commons house Where men talke loud and longe, And Grits abuse ye Mynistres With wordes hot and stronge.

IV.

Syr John he satte in ye Commons house All wearys with ye rout, And he almoste wished ye Grits were in And ye Mynistres were out.

V.

And he syghed and sayd, Oh, woe is me That ever they brought me here, I had rather keepe a beere saloone Than be a Premieoro.

VI.

For oh, 'tis harde to list each night To Mackenzie's speeches longe, But worse to sitte and be abused By Blake and Dorion.

VII.

But thanke ye Lords, he gladly cryed, Ye session is nearly paste, And gif I wayte but another weeke I'll have some peace at laste.

VIII.

Then uppe And rose Seth Huntingtone, A stalwart carle was hee, Of coppers mines he had fulle store, And brass enough for thre.

IX.

And longe and lon lye did he crye And to the members calle, Ye mynistres are arrant rogues And John A. worst of alle.

X.

For they have sold ye publick landes The which I holde a synne, And bartered them for Yankee golde The elections for to wyne.

XI.

Oh, then Syr John starte uppe in wrathe, Ye lye, ye lye, quoth hee, There's notte a manne in all the realme Can prove such synne in mee.

XII.

It is no lye, quoth Huntingtone, And I the house will move That a committee they doe grant So I the charge may prove.

XIII.

Syr John he turned hym rounde about, My merry mon, quoth hee, Speake uppe and saye ye if you beleve Seth Huntingtone or mee.

XIV.

Hys merrye mon they alle did vote, By one, by two, by thre, And showed that they beleved, Syr John By a greato majorite.

XV.

Oh, then, Syr John rose uppe and sayd, My honestye to prove, I will myselfe the committee give For which you fyrste did move.

XVI.

But to beleve your simple wordis, I own that I am lothe, Soe I am faine that you should give Your evidence on oathe.

XVII.

Ye Mynistres did shout and cheere As loudlye as they maye, This is a Fytte of ye Premieoro And another is for to saye.

(To be continued.)

PASCUCCIA.

We give in this number the first of a series of beautiful etchings after the originals of Ch. Bellay, Rome. The subjects speak for themselves, they are essentially Italian. The present one would do admirably as a study for that Veronese with whom Mercutio conjures Romeo, Rosaline, with her bright eyes, her high forehead, and scarlet lip. Her very eyes seem to discourse. Or, again, the portrait may do for the merry laughing Nerissa, fair Portia's waiting maid.

THE SS. "POLYNESIAN"

This noble vessel, one of the finest of the Allan fleet, has recently distinguished herself by an admirable run from Liverpool. She left that port on Thursday the 7th inst., and arrived off Father Point at one in the morning of Sunday the 17th inst., and at Quebec at three the same afternoon. The "Polynesian" made her trial trip a little under a twelve-month ago, and on her arrival attracted great attention both in Quebec and Montreal.

THE CABLE FLEET OFF HEART'S CONTENT

is a further illustration of a subject treated of in the last number of the News.

A SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

A landscape is generally taken without figures. Oftentimes an artist while sketching some lovely dell or forest glen would be sighing for some animate object, a group of cattle, or a flock of sheep, a milk-maid or a shepherd to give effect to the middle distance, or to animate the foreground. Rarely would it happen to him to be disturbed in his work by such a damsel as the one peering over the fence in the present picture, and we can forgive him for his abandonment and relaxation from work, and would not, even for the sake of seeing the canvas on his easel, disturb his tête-à-tête.

A biography of

THE LATE JUDGE BLACK

is given on the same page as the portrait.

We produce in this issue a view of

THE VIENNA RAILWAY STATION,

the last place visited by the majority of visitors to the Exhibition, which this year has more than usually filled the Austrian capital.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT HALIFAX.

The anxiety of all classes of the residents of Halifax to give the Governor-General a right hearty welcome to "Old Chubueto," brought about at the outset of his visit to that city some little differences of opinion among the governing bodies. The Executive Council and "Sweldom" generally went in for a grand ball; the Civic authorities and the people demanded a demonstration in the shape of a highly democratic picnic, when the Governor-General would have a chance of observing the manners and customs of the real pillars of the State. Both parties stuck to their colours, which resulted in a ball given by the Government, and a picnic by the Mayor and Corporation. The latter, the subject of our illustration, took place on McNab's Island, on Saturday the 9th inst. A more suitable locality for an outdoor festival could scarcely be selected. The island lies near the mouth of Halifax harbour about three miles from the town. It was formerly very extensively farmed by one McNab, from whom it is named, who was the sole lord of that sea-girt islet. On a piece of beautifully wooded highland about half a mile from the shore is situated the Pic-Nic Ground, on which has recently been erected an extensive pavillion for the use of dancers and the retailment of refreshments. The entertainments on the present occasion consisted of a luncheon at 12 a.m. and dinner at 4.50 p.m.; dancing in the pavillion with music by the R.F. band, string corps, (regulars); a concert outside by the splendid band of the Royal Irish Fusiliers; football and other amusements. His Excellency and Lady Dufferin arrived on the grounds at 3 p.m., and after a sociable dance or two repaired to the table d'hôte with hundreds of hungry and very thirsty picnickers. A very fine "spread" with plenty of excellent champagne, repaired their wasted energies. After the feast came the usual toasts. The Earl made one of his characteristic and very telling speeches. The Mayor was very happy in his remarks, and Col. Laurie for the Military was most patriotic in his speech, and did his own loyal heart credit as well as the citizen soldiers of Nova Scotia, among whom no more popular leader could be found. Admiral Fanshawe in plain sailor fashion did up the blue jackets. Other speeches were made by the heads of departments; the whole company rising at about 6 p.m. His Excellency then departed followed by the élite of those present. The whole affair was most enjoyable. The committee did all they could to render the gathering extremely pleasant. We may add that the hearty manner in which the Vice-Regal party were greeted by the many hundreds who had assembled on McNab's Island to honour Lord and Lady Dufferin cannot fail to impress Their Excellencies that the city of Halifax still remains one of the most loyal corners of Her Majesty's wide domain.

A COMBAT BETWEEN LIONS.

The original of this picture—which we copy from the Illustrated London News—was exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition by Mr. Haywood Hardy. It bore no title, Mr. Hardy using only by way of title or motto the lines from Homer's "Iliad"—

Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns, And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.

These lines will suggest some duration and some vicissitudes in this terrific contest between two full-grown males of one of the strongest and fiercest species of the feline tribe; whereas a painter's representation is limited to a single moment, unless, indeed, he adopt the mediæval license of rendering a number of successive incidents in one and the same composition. Surely, however, a combat of such fell determination between two such blood-thirsty antagonists cannot long endure; surely this must be the final bout between the savage creatures; even feline tenacity of life cannot hold out much longer; and this leonine embrace must prove the last death struggle. One king

of beasts—he with the blackish mane and fringe to his tawny coat, like his lately deceased majesty the "old lion of the Zoo"—seems to have decidedly the best of it. His face is being frightfully mauled, but he has his fangs deep in his enemy's throat, and we feel that the vultures that hover and swoop in the mid-distance will not be disappointed of their prey. How is it that the representation of a fight between wild beasts always seem to excite keen sympathy and speculative interest from childhood upwards? Is it that the latent combative instincts of our own once savage nature are thereby excited—as by the old sports of the Coliseum arena, the bull-fighting in the Spanish ring, the tiger-hunting in India, and milder sports nearer home? The scene of this tremendous encounter at nightfall is, we presume, the African Desert, on the border of the jungle, where grow only rank grass and a few starry asphodels. The cause of the quarrel is not far to seek—a female was at the bottom of it, as of many combats between bipeds, and this is a duel à outrance between jealous rival pretenders to female favour. Mark how the lioness slinks about the devoted combatants, how she seems to snuff the bloody tussle with keen relish, ready to submit at once to the victor! A word of warm praise is due, in conclusion, to the painter for the knowledge of animal character, the vigour and mastery of execution displayed in this picture, and that on a scale seldom attempted by contemporary artists. It is unquestionably one of the most admirable works by a young painter exhibited in recent years, and holds its own even beside our recollection of similar subjects by Rabens, Sayders, and other great animal painters.

Music and the Drama.

Rosa d'Erlina was singing last week in Toronto.

Miss Bradon is writing a new drama which will be produced during the autumn at the Princess's Theatre, London. It will be written in blank verse.

Mdme. Adeline Patti has been presented with a portrait bust by a number of her fellow artists and admirers.

M. Faure takes the part of Charles VII. in M. Mermet's new opera "Jeanne d'Arc" which is about to be produced at the Paris Grand Opera.

Nilsson has been offered five thousand francs per night if she will sing in opera, the anxiety to hear her again is so great. Bigger promised her 30,000 francs for five presentations at the Italiens, and so besieged has she been that the lady with whom she boards declares the staircase will not last three months. True to her promise to the composer Balfe, Nilsson refuses all offers, to devote herself to the study of "The Taisman," the composer having gained from her an assurance that she would play the rôle of Elith.

Miss Neilson, on the occasion of her only appearance in London, concluded her speech, as usual, with her favourite line from Juliet, "Stay but a little; I will come again."

Gounod is to allow none of his other operas to be sung in England, until he is paid a reasonable sum per night for "Faust," in which, through an error of his publishers, he practically has no copyright.

The Black Crook has been having a great run at London, Ont.

Mark Smith and Ben de Bar are to play the two Demios, in the "Comedy of Errors," when the latter opens his theatre in St. Louis.

Another new theatre has been added to the long list of London playhouses. Mr. J. B. Howe has opened the "New Albert" Theatre in Whitechapel with "The Lady of Lyons," the manager himself taking the part of Claude Melmont. Mr. Howe anticipates as in preparation a new historical play, founded upon Lord Lytton's romance "The Last of the Barons."

Mr. T. C. King took two farewell benefits at the London Princess's on the 4th, in the morning and evening previous to his departure for this country. The pieces performed were "Pauline," "Richard," and "The Deal Boatman." In the latter Mr. George Belmore (who is also coming) played the principal character.

At latest advices from London—the 28th inst.—only six of the West-end theatres were open—the Adelphi, the Olympic, the Gaiety, the Vaudeville, the Strand, and the Opera Comique, where the season has been prolonged by the success of "Kiss-Kiss." The programme has, however, been changed by the substitution of "Milk White," with Mr. Grove as the hero of the piece, for "The Wonderful Duck." On the 13th inst., Mr. James Gaver commenced his management of the Princess's Theatre with a splendid version of Lord Byron's "Manfred," with new effects. At the Alhambra, Mr. Barnum's version of "La Belle Héloïse" is in preparation. The Prince of Wales's company have migrated from Tottenham-courthouse to the Strand in the Strand, where they are performing Mr. Robertson's comedies to East-end audiences. "Caste" is the first piece selected.

The subscription raised in England for Signor Mario has now reached £1,000, and it is proposed to purchase a freehold villa for presentation to the one-great tenor.

Mdme. Nilsson and M. Capoul were to have left Paris for New York on the 20th inst.

The "Hamlet" of M. Ambrose Thomas, in its German adaptation, has met with success at the Imperial Opera House of Vienna, owing to the singing of Mdme. di Marska as Ophelia, and the dramatic ability of the baritone, Herr Beck, as Hamlet.

Mr. Carl and Madame Pareja-Rosa, who have had much experience in operatic tours through the United States, will commence next month a prolonged visit to the English provinces, with operas in English, taking in turn, Manchester, Liverpool, Bradford, Sheffield, Birmingham, Nottingham, Bristol, Brighton, Dublin, &c. This travelling troupe will comprise seventy persons—band, chorus, and principals.

The Nunnery troupe have met with great success in Halifax.

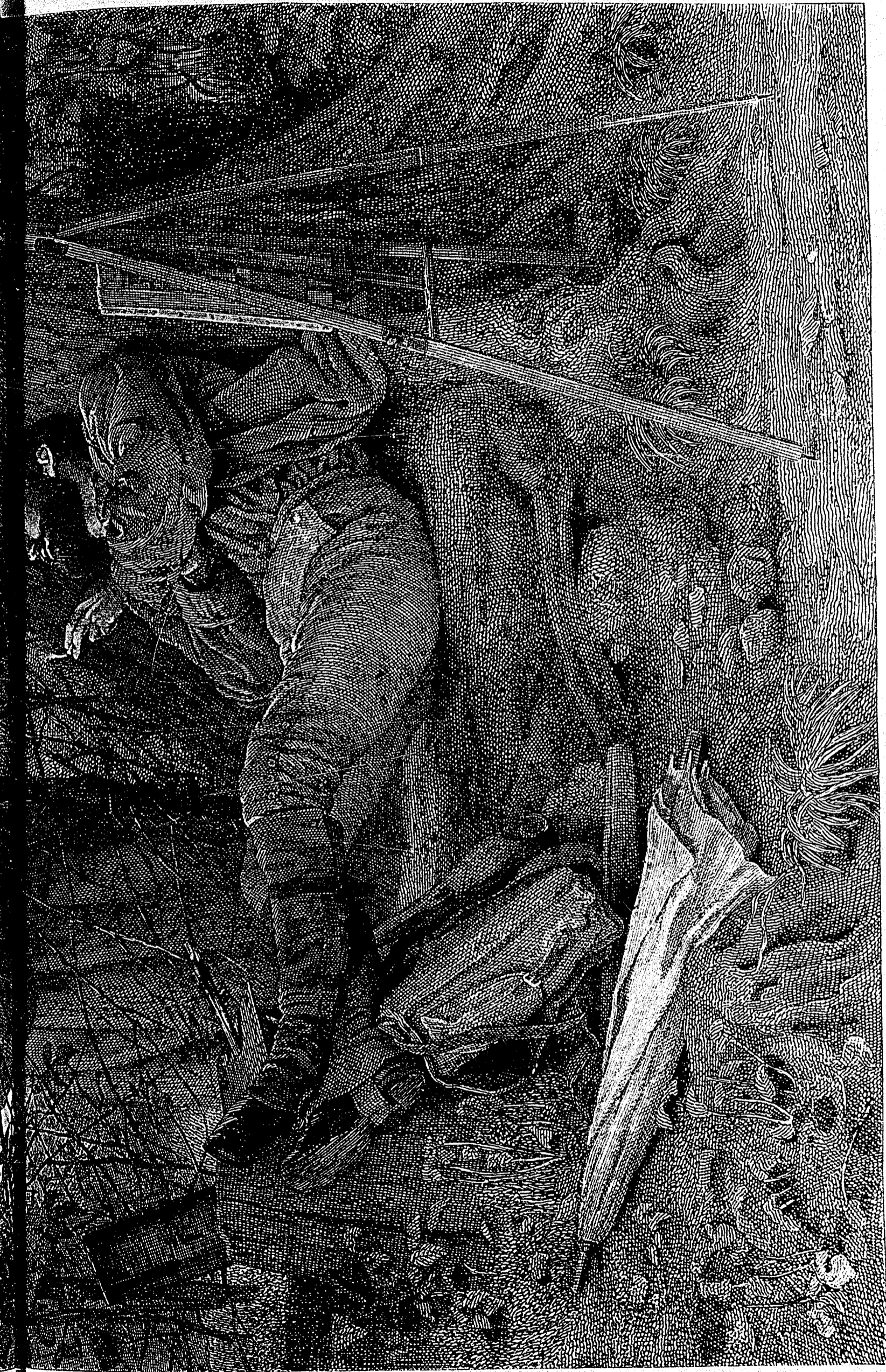
In Montreal Miss Ada Gray has been creating a great sensation in "The New Magdalen."

The work of reconstructing the Column Vendôme at Paris has been commenced, though as yet only the masonry has begun. As a matter of economy, it is intended to utilize the stone-work of the old column, at least such portions as are solid, and about two-thirds of the materials can be used. But a large proportion of this material must be repaired and rejoined, and the reparation is most difficult. The completed column will be surmounted by the old statue of the Emperor in gray redin-jote and jackboots, with the arms crossed in the legendary attitude. The statue is considerably injured, but not irreparably.

Mr. Jos. H. Hackings has published a directory of Cinchona, which will supply a long felt want.

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid Cures Rheumatism





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, AUGUST 30, 1873.

A SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

DESOLATION.

(Translated from Théophile Gautier.)

In the forest, bleak and lonely,
Nothing by the winds is stirred
But one withered leaflet only,
And beside it pipes a bird.

Everything is dead or dying
In my heart, save love alone;
There it sings—but Autumn's sighing
Drowns the music of each tone.

Winter comes—the leaflet falleth,
Love, too, dies amid the gloom;
Little Bird! when spring-time calleth,
Come and sing above my tomb!

GEO. MURRAY.

MONTREAL.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

The Mystery of Lola Montague.

BY NED P. MAH.

I.

As Regent Street is to London, as Great Saint James is to Montreal, as King is to Toronto, so is Ostergade to Copenhagen.

Ostergade is always from the earliest dawn till the small hours of the morning resonant with the footsteps of passengers; only, as the hours progress, the footsteps and the passengers change. Early in the day is heard the blythe, nimble, light tread of the glove-maker or the seamstress, the heavier footfall of the artisan, the hurried step of the man of business; but when the sun is some hours past the meridian then Ostergade attains the zenith of its glory. Then the listless swell, eyeglassed and bouqueted, saunters on observant and observed; then the dainty beauties charmingly gloved and wonderfully shod, shop, and smile, and return the salutation of low-saluting beaux; then the dandy, resident or stranger, makes his diurnal promenade. And after nightfall and when the flood of theatre goers has passed and repassed then the footfalls change again. Then is heard the quick step of the cantatrice from Fredrickshaus, the ballet girl from Tivoli or the Theatre Royal—the weary tread of "sups" or minor actors—the less hurried footfall of homeward hieing men about-town, and the rolling gait of the roysterer; to say nothing of the heavy tramp of the watchman, benign individual, who gives you every information you may need from the address of a pretty girl to that of the obliging publican who will moisten with wine the parched palate at half-past four in the morning, and who, having literally the key of the street, will open for you the door of your abode if you have lost your latch key; and it is on this self-same pavé of the Ostergade that my story opens.

Emerging one night, cigar in mouth, from that gorgeously decorated and well appointed cellar which every one who ever sought a restaurant in Copenhagen must surely know—that fairy-cave where the fattest of natives and the whitest of Rhine wines, and the rubiest of clarets, and the goldenest of sherries, and the driest of champagnes are to be had for prices fabulously cheap—Carl Henriksen and Hugh Falconer regained the upper air, having supped at the expense of the latter for no other reason than that a tale from the pen of the Englishman, his faulty Danish duly corrected by the good-natured Dane, had that day appeared in the *feuilleton* of the *Folæter-Avis*, and the young author overjoyed at thus appearing for the first time in print knew no better way of expressing his gratitude for his friend's assistance.

Arm in arm they took their westward course. It was a dark, close night in early May; the air was very still, and summer lightnings flashed at frequent intervals.

Presently a quick, light step approached them, and as they neared a gas lamp a slight female figure simply but neatly attired, with a face of surpassing beauty framed by a coquettish scarlet hood passed with a timid swiftness.

"By Jupiter!" cried romantic Hugh as he halted suddenly and loosened his arm from that of his friend, the more conveniently to gaze at the retreating figure, "Carl, I have seen my fate."

"Nonsense," returned matter-of-fact Carl who thought his friend had drunk too much champagne, "some pretty servant girl running for the doctor. Come along!"

Hugh came along accordingly, but he was very silent all the way home.

II.

Ten years ago there was, as everybody knows who was in the Danish capital at that time, one solitary hansom cab in Copenhagen. Who the enterprising builder was who perpetrated this vile parody on the neat, light, swift vehicles that glance along the London streets has never transpired, for his effort was not a success; and, at the time of which we write, the structure, heavy and clumsy though it was, was threatened with abrupt dissolution from the rugged stone-ways of the city thoroughfares.

A week after the incidents related in our last chapter, our two friends were lounging across Amagerstov when this unique vehicle wore in sight.

"Gad there! that shabby old hansom again," cried Hugh, "suppose we charter it and go and hear some singing in Fredriksberg Allée."

"Agreed," said Carl, and as no better idea presented itself they went, commencing with the nigger troupe at the top of the Allée they worked their way downwards.

Nothing arrested their attention particularly, however, until they reached the large concert hall near the foot of the Allée.

Here was a better troupe than ordinary; the costumes were fresher, the girls prettier, the voices more musical, and here the programme told them a Miss Montague, a new importation from Britain, would charm the audience with her English songs.

Curiously scanning the group upon the platform to see who Miss Montague might be, Hugh became aware of the presence of a very pretty girl dressed in black silk with a scarlet scarf, a girl with an oval face, regular features, white teeth and splendid hair.

It was the apparition of the Ostergade. It was his fate.

And then she sang—so touchingly and sweetly—some of

the old old songs he had heard so long, long ago in the old days at home—and his conquest was complete. When she sang he was in an ecstasy, when she sat silent he was happy if only he might gaze.

It was past midnight when the concert broke up, and the minstrels descended from the sacred region of the platform to mingle with the common clay below, and to moisten their parched throats with champagne at its expense.

Miss Montague alone, declining every offer, retired and soon emerged shawled and hooded from the private entrance, and took her way quietly, and with the same timid swiftness which before characterised her gait,—citywards.

Hugh, who with Carl, was lighting his cigar in the porch, marked her egress.

"Carl," said Hugh, "I must make that girl's acquaintance and I don't think it an easy thing to do. Carl, if you love me, help me!"

"How?"

"Let us try the old trick. I will go on in the cab to the further end of Ostergade; I will walk back to meet you; you follow the girl and when you see me coming, in some lonely spot try to kiss her. I will be the *Deus ex machina*. Understand?"

"All right, old man. Drive ahead!"

Carl followed Lola Montague at a respectful distance till she neared Ostergade when he quickened his pace, and presently, seeing Hugh's cigar gleaming like a fire-fly from a dark archway—suddenly doffed his hat and half embracing her lithe figure said: "Soa, little fröken, you go quite alone these evenings without escort, eh?"

He had scarcely got to the end of this, for him, immense attempt at English, during which Lola had drawn herself up to her full height, said: "Sir!" and stood at bay—before he suddenly collapsed beneath a blow from Hugh's stalwart arm— which he declared afterwards was delivered as though it was all in earnest—"This is the last time I play ruffian at your behest," he growled, as he arose and shook himself.

"Fear nothing, lady," said Hugh, "permit me to see you home in safety."

She consented, and thanked him for his courage, at which Hugh felt extremely sheepish. When they reached the rickety hansom which still stood awaiting its fare, Hugh proposed a ride but Lola preferred to walk; she lived close by in King Street, she said.

"You must not think me either ungrateful or inhospitable," said Lola, when they had reached her door or rather the door of the "Conditiori" over which she had apartments, "if I do not ask you in or even say that I shall be happy to see you when you will call. The fact is that I am living alone with my sister who is very sick, and no visitors, not even ladies, can be admitted till she is out of danger."

"Will you not, at least, accept my escort to and from the Allée, nightly?"

"Willingly, if it is not exacting too great an exercise of your good nature; but only on one condition, to which, as you are evidently a gentleman, you will doubtless agree—that you will be content to leave me at the private door in the Allée and at my private door here, without seeking to explore further the mystery which enshrouds me."

"I would never seek to explore it, unless in order that I might serve you, in which case I trust you will yourself not be so cruel as to deprive me of that pleasure."

"I shall see how far you can be trusted, first," she said, with the first *soupeon* of coquetry he had seen in her; "but now good night and thanks," she said, holding out her hand.

"*Au revoir!* to-morrow at six," he cried, "I shall count the hours."

III.

For nearly two months Hugh was constant to his tryst, when the evenings were fine. On wet ones the rickety hansom was sent in his stead.

Those walks to and from the Allée, and the conversations by the way, filled some of the happiest hours Hugh had passed in his life. Lola, as long as he kept clear of any curiosity concerning herself or her affairs—subjects which she made him understand must be strictly tabooed between them—conversed with ease and fluency on almost any topic, and showed a depth of discernment and a clearness of judgment and a broadness of view which Falconer had never before found, which he had altogether ceased to expect in a woman. She had a quaint forcible way of expressing her original ideas which greatly charmed him, and when her face was lit with enthusiasm, and her eyes sparkled with earnest feeling, her beauty was grand.

One evening Hugh was seated in the Concert Hall when a young Englishman, who occupied a chair on his right, had some difficulty in making the waiter understand an order which he wished to give.

Hugh offered his services as interpreter.

This led to further civilities.

"These songs sound very pretty, some of them," said the stranger: "the comic ones are doubtless very amusing also, if one could understand the allusions."

"Yes, a few are witty, though most are trash."

"Who is that pretty girl in the black silk with the madonna braids? She surely is not a Dane?"

"No, she is an English woman."

"She is very beautiful."

"And I can assure you her mind is no less beautiful than her face."

"Ah! indeed, then you know her?"

"I know that she is a young lady of good education and refined mind. More than that I know nothing, as she lives in the strictest retirement with a sister who is very ill, so ill, indeed, that her sickness precludes the possibility of receiving visitors."

"Ah! and the lady has no brothers?"

"None, at least in the city. I have heard no particulars of her family at home."

"Precisely; two ladies alone." His eyes were constantly wandering during this conversation between Lola's face and an open pocket-book in his hand. "The precaution is doubtless a wise one."

The conversation fell upon other topics for a while. Presently Lola rose and sang "Then you'll Remember Me," with all the feeling she usually made the words express.

"Very sweet, very touching," commented the stranger. "And you say she has a sister dangerously ill? Poor thing! Are you sure that she has adequate medical attendance?"

"I assure you I am totally uninformed on that point, and

also as to the nature of the disease. Miss Montague is extremely reserved, even to her friends, upon her private affairs."

Hugh's new acquaintance had during this time been busied in writing something upon a blank card, which he now handed with a bow to Hugh, saying:

"I am not without some reputation in the medical world at home. If you are acquainted with the young lady you might say that I should be most happy to offer my services *gratis*, should she think it desirable to take further advice in her sister's case."

Hugh bowed his acknowledgments, and looked at the card. It read—

HORATIUS SEVERBONES, M.D.
M.R.C.S., etc., etc.

Lola, who to Hugh's observant eye appeared pale and ill-at-ease to-night, rose earlier than was her custom and left the room. Hugh, excusing himself on the plea of an appointment to his new friend, who was airing his Danish in compliment to a pretty minstrel who, plate in hand, was solicitous of "skillingers," popped out and met her at the stage door.

He felt her tremble as she laid her hand upon his arm.

"Your friend," she said, "he is not here?"

"No," said Hugh, "he is enjoying himself inside."

"Good," she said, "he must not follow us. Put me into the rickety hansom or some other carriage with a trusty driver, and go back, if you love me, and keep him amused for the next two hours."

"But, Lola," Hugh said—for her 'if you love me,' gave him courage—"he is a doctor, and—"

"I know he is," hissed Lola. "I adjure you, do as I bid you."

The rickety hansom was there, for the evening looked stormy and the driver had come out on speculation. Hugh put Lola in, took leave of her tenderly, for he felt that some crisis in her life, some great danger, was at hand, and returned to the doctor.

He shouted a considerable quantity of champagne, and kept the stranger so effectually amused that it was five o'clock in the morning before they started for home.

IV.

Hugh Falconer rose about noon next day and pronounced himself decidedly "seedy." The first thing he saw was a little note in Lola's hand upon his table.

"Forgive," he read, "my *brusquerie* of last night. I shall be glad to see your medical friend and hear his opinion of darling Zilla's case, if he can make it convenient between 3 and four to-day.

"Yours, gratefully,

"Lola"

Doctor Severbones, though suffering from a severe headache, professed himself able, after a soda and brandy, to make it convenient, nay, declared that he was extremely desirous, to comply with Lola's request.

About half-past three the two visitors presented themselves at her lodgings.

They were admitted to a tastefully furnished, light, airy room, with a beautifully painted ceiling and groups of statuary, and water-colour sketches on the walls.

Twin sisters of great beauty, yet of beauty different in style, for one was the beauty of health, the other the more touching beauty of disease, were in the room, one stretched upon a couch, the other giving them a graceful welcome.

Only a slightly more decided manner, a slightly more assured address, told that it was Zilla who was receiving them. Lola was the invalid upon the couch.

Fortunately, only Hugh's quick ear and practised eye recognized the fraud.

The doctor, with the air of a physician whose time was too valuable to lose, since on him depended a multitude of lives and deaths, approached the patient, over whose face a deathly pallor spread. She trembled visibly, her handsome teeth chattered even a little, as he stooped to feel her pulse. Why did he examine so critically the beautifully moulded wrist? Was it the little gold bracelet that so attracted his attention? Why did he move round to the opposite side and as critically examine the other fore arm? He asked a few simple questions, wrote a prescription, assured the patient a speedy recovery, and shaking hands cordially with the hostess, not without a critical glance at her wrists, which were decked with the choicest of little lace cuffs, took his leave.

The door of the apartment had scarcely closed when Dr. Severbones opened it again to add some direction about the prescription. Hugh, glancing over his shoulder, saw that the arms of the sister on the couch were around the other, who had rushed to her and tenderly embraced her.

"Affectionate girls, charming sisters," said the doctor, as they went down stairs. "What say you, when I have cured the sick one shall I run away with one and you with the other, eh?" and he poked Hugh jocosely in the ribs.

Hugh, preoccupied with his own thoughts, answered with some common-place praise of the beauty of the twins.

V.

Hugh Falconer was wretched. Lola was unwell and threatened by some danger, of which this *soi-disant* doctor was the cause, and he was powerless to assist her.

He took the doctor round to Carl Henriksen's rooms, got him immersed in a game of chess with Carl, and hurried off to keep his tryst with Lola in case she should be well enough to sing to-night as usual.

She did not meet him as usual at the outer door. He opened it and went in. Zilla called softly to him from the top of the stairs. He went up. Lola, still a little shaky, pale and nervous, was seated, dressed to go out, upon a chair. He could see that, for the first time, she was painted.

"Thank you," she said to Hugh, "for your presence of mind to-day. We both saw that you penetrated the fraud."

Hugh made a motion of deprecation.

"You see," proceeded Lola, "it is necessary that I should personate by times the sick sister at home and the songstress at the Concert Hall. This precious doctor of yours has a secret which belongs to one of us. Our safety depends upon his never seeing Zilla alone when I am out."

She spoke with a certain amount of bravado, as though doubtful of how Hugh might receive this speech.

"If I can serve you," said Hugh, "be assured of my devotion."

"In spite of the secret?" asked Lola.
"In spite of ten thousand secrets!" replied Hugh.
"Now put me in a carriage," said Lola, "and keep your eye on the doctor."

He put her in a carriage, and he went back to Carl's rooms to fulfil the second part of the injunction.

Neither Carl nor the doctor were there.

He sought them everywhere: at the doctor's, at his own rooms, at Lola's, which he found all locked up as usual when she was out. He stamped, he raged, he bit his nails. Finally he jumped into a street car and rode out to Fredericksberg Allée.

"Idiot, why did you let him give you the slip?"
"Why he's so drunk he can't stand
"Nonsense! That's his feint. Let us go home as quick as we can."

They jumped into the rickety cab and galloped to Stor Kougen's Gate. The door was open. They rushed up stairs, upon which the splintered banisters were lying.

"Too late! too late!" wailed Lola. "My brother had committed forgery, and your precious doctor was a detective," and she sank swooning on the ground.

But how had he gained admittance? Nothing simpler: the night watchman had opened the door for him.

Art and Literature.

A testimonial is about to be given, by several noblemen and gentlemen to Dr. Chas. Mackay.

A proposal that Americans should have a special memorial to Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon has met with much favour, and the memorial is to take the form of a painted window, the subjects being scriptural illustrations of the "Seven Ages of Man."

Lippincott & Co. announce another edition of Bulwer's works. It will be called the Lord Lytton edition.

The Germans are translating and publishing Bret Harte's works, one edition at Leipzig, and the other in the Weser-Zeitung.

English journals announce that "The Utrecht Psalter" is about to be printed in fac-simile by photography, at an estimated cost of four pounds twelve shillings a copy.

According to the Sour, an English publishing firm has offered £1000 for the exclusive right of giving to the public the "Impressions of Travel," which are to be written by the Shah and printed in the Telegraph Gazette.

Mr. Longfellow has a volume of poems in press nearly ready for publication. Most of them have never been published. He spends the summer at his beautiful cottage at Nahant, and Senator Sumner is his guest.

A number of American and other literary men have enlisted their interest in an International Review, which will depend for its success on its comprehensive plan, solid merit, and adaptation of style, and subject to the times. Among the gentlemen who have promised contributions we may mention Charles Francis Adams, Sr., Dr. McCosh, Horace Bushnell, Noah Porter, Professor A. P. Peabody, and Professor Edward A. Park, in this country; and Dean Stanbury, J. A. Froude, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Thomas Hughes, M.P., Professor Max Müller, Edward D. Freeman, the historian, Edward Laboulaye, and Dr. Piersens, Ernest Naville, Dr. Dollinger, and Professor Lorner, of Berlin, in Europe. It will evidently be a liberal-conservative magazine, and furnish a common platform for the leading scholars and thinkers of all nations, in this way promoting community of sentiment and international sympathy.

There is now on review at Boulogne-sur-Mer, a collection of pictures by the Old Masters which, though but four in number, are a host in themselves. The principal of these chefs-d'œuvre is a Titian, "Danae receiving Jupiter in a shower of gold," lately purchased by the Czar for \$80,000 (£25,200); two portraits by Rembrandt, one of the great artist's mother, the other of "A Jew Banker of Amsterdam," and a small painting of "The Holy Family," executed on a leather cover of a missal by Michael Angelo. This painting was formerly the property of the Convent of the Holy Ghost at Florence, where young Angelo found a temporary home after the death of Lorenzo de Medici, and it was during his stay in the convent that the young artist painted and presented this picture to the prior as a token of gratitude (vite Vasari). The proceeds of the exhibition of these pictures at Lille and Boulogne are destined to form purses to enable young artists, rich in hopes but poor in worldly means, to pay the 1,500f. required by the military law for the volunteers' fund.

The presents of King Victor Emmanuel to the Shah make up 17 large cases, filling the whole of a railway luggage van. The following is a list of them: 1. Four statues in bronze, three to 15 centimetres in height; the fourth more than 60 centimetres; these are copies of the Faun of the Vatican, the Athlete of the Capitol, the bust of Cæsar Augustus of the Vatican, and a Bacchus of 60 centimetres. 2. Three marble works in giallo antico—remains of the Temple of Jupiter Stator; remains of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans; the column of Phocas. 3. A bath tub in porphyry, a faesimile of that which was found in the baths of Titus; it cost 10,000 lire (£3000). 4. A full size portrait of the king, done in oil, with a gilt frame, the work of Sublione. 5. Four square mosaic tablets, with views of Rome. 6. A magnificent mosaic table, a metre in diameter, representing a lion hunt; a stupendous work of Medigliani of Rome. 7. A great mosaic table representing the Coliseum, two metres by one. 8. Two sporting guns by Lefacheux, with chased silver mountings. 9. Two four-barrelled rifles, with chased gold and silver mountings. 10. A sporting gun, also with silver mountings. The barrels of all these weapons were by Panattaro, the king's armorer; the mountings from Paris. 11. A mosaic box from Florence, and other minor works of the same material.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA. Whitby.—Your solution of the third position of Problem No. 92 is wrong.
J. H. St. Liboire.—Solution of Enigma No. 29 received; correct.
P. P. B. Kingston.—We will follow your suggestion for the future. Thanks for the Problem.
G. E. C. Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 92 and Enigma No. 29 received.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Members desirous of joining in a Tourney by correspondence are requested to communicate with the President, Prof. J. B. Cherniakov, University College, Toronto.

REVIEW OF CHOICE GAMES.

Under this heading we shall give, occasionally, examples of skill by the masters of "olden times," (selected principally from that highly interesting but now rare work, "Walker's Chess Studies,") with our impressions of the positions at critical points. The two following games are specimens of the celebrated "Philidor's" play, giving the odds of Q. Kt. in exchange for P. for move, his antagonist being an amateur of considerable skill.

Before playing over it will be necessary to remove White's Q. Kt. and Black's K. B. P.

White—Philidor.

- 1. P. to K. 4th
2. P. to K. 5th
3. P. to K. Kt. 4th
4. P. to R. B. 4th
5. P. to K. B. 5th
6. P. to Q. B. 3rd
7. P. to K. B. 4th
8. P. to Q. 4th (a)
9. P. takes P.
10. K. to B. 2nd
11. P. Kt. to B. 3rd
12. P. to K. B. 3rd
13. P. to Q. Kt. 4th (a)
14. Q. B. to K. 3rd
15. K. B. to Q. 3rd
16. K. to Kt. 3rd
17. Q. R. to Q. R. 2nd
18. K. B. to Q. Kt. sq. (a)
19. Kt. to K. Kt. 4th (a)
20. Kt. ch.
21. P. takes Kt.
22. P. to K. R. 2nd
23. K. B. takes P.
24. Q. to Q. Kt. sq. (a)
25. B. takes B.
26. B. to K. Kt. 6th
27. P. to K. Kt. 5th
28. Q. takes Kt.

Black—Count Bruhl.

- 1. P. to Q. 4th
2. P. to K. B. 4th (a)
3. B. to K. Kt. 3rd
4. P. to Q. B. 4th
5. P. to K. B. 2nd
6. P. to K. 3rd
7. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd
8. P. takes P.
9. B. ch.
10. K. Kt. to K. 2nd
11. P. to Q. R. 3rd
12. B. to Q. R. 4th
13. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd
14. Castles. (d)
15. K. to R.
16. Q. to Q. 2nd
17. B. to K. Kt. sq.
18. Kt. to Q. 3rd
19. Q. Kt. to B. 2nd
20. Kt. takes Kt.
21. K. to K. R. 3rd
22. P. takes P.
23. Q. B. to K. R. 2nd
24. Q. B. to K. 2nd
25. Q. R. to K. 2nd
26. K. to Kt. sq.
27. Kt. ch.

And White mates next move.

(a) Black plays out his Q. B. to strengthen his K. side, which is available, being minus the K. B. P.

(b) Having now a retreat open for his K. at B. 2nd, White can advance the Q. with good effect.

(c) Not only driving back the Bishop, but affording an outlet for the Q. R. which takes an important part presently.

(d) Hazardous, in view of White's advanced Pawns and facilities for attack on this side.

(e) To allow of Q. to Q. 3rd, &c., if necessary.

(f) Black's game is so cramped that this well-timed commencement of the Kt.'s manoeuvre gives White a great won position.

(g) The castles; it is obvious that Black cannot now take the Bishop.

White—Philidor.

- 1. P. to K. 4th
2. P. to K. 5th
3. P. to Q. 4th
4. P. takes P.
5. P. to Q. B. 3rd
6. Q. B. to K. 3rd
7. P. to Q. R. 4th
8. P. to K. Kt. 4th
9. K. B. to Kt. 2nd
10. K. Kt. to K. 2nd
11. P. to K. B. 4th
12. B. to Q. 4th
13. Q. to Q. 2nd
14. P. to Q. Kt. 4th (b)
15. Kt. takes P.
16. P. to K. R. 4th
17. Q. R. to Q. B. sq.
18. P. to Q. R. 5th
19. Q. to K. 2nd
20. P. to K. R. 5th
21. Kt. to K. B. 3rd (a)
22. Q. to Q. 3rd
23. K. to K. 2nd
24. Kt. to K. R. 4th
25. Kt. ch. (a)
26. P. takes B.
27. R. takes P. ch.
28. K. B. takes P.
29. K. to Q.

Black—Count Bruhl.

- 1. P. to Q. 4th
2. P. to K. B. 4th
3. P. to Q. B. 4th
4. Q. ch.
5. Q. takes P. at B. 4th
6. Q. to Q. B. 3rd
7. P. to Q. 3rd
8. P. to K. Kt. 3rd (a)
9. P. to K. R.
10. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd
11. K. B. to Q. B. 4th
12. Q. B. to K. B. 2nd
13. K. to K. R. 2nd
14. B. takes B.
15. Q. to Q. B. 2nd
16. Q. to Q. B. sq. (a)
17. Kt. to Q. Kt. 3rd
18. Kt. to Q. B. 5th
19. Castles.
20. K. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd
21. P. to Q. Kt. 4th (a)
22. Q. to Q. K. 2nd
23. K. to R. sq.
24. Q. B. to K. sq.
25. B. takes Kt.
26. R. takes K. B. P. (a)
27. K. to Kt. sq.
28. K. to K. B. 7th ch.
29. Kt. mates.

(a) Black might, apparently, have ventured P. to Q. 5th

(b) This leaves White's Queen's side weak. Castling (K. R.) seems better.

(c) Black now obtains the superior game, and maintains the superiority to the end, in the best style.

(d) White's position is too much exposed to allow of the attack here commenced being successful against the best defence.

(e) Correct; giving the Queen command of an important diagonal next move.

(f) Was this a slip? or would not Q. R. to K. B. sq. have been better? Black might probably, in reply to the latter, have played Kt. to K. 2nd, still further securing his game, and threatening to assume the offensive on the Queen's side.

(g) White's game is now irretrievably lost, for—

White

- 27. Q. R. to K. B. sq.
28. B. takes R. (beat)
29. Q. to R. 3rd

Black.

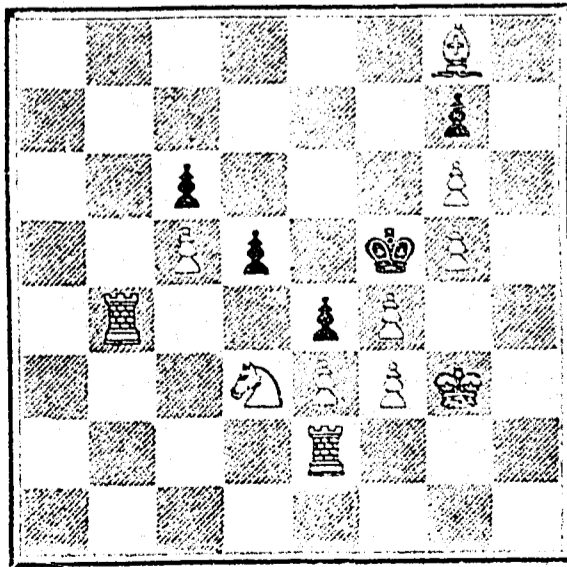
- R. takes R.
K. Kt. takes P.
Kt. takes P. at Kt. 3rd

And Black must win easily.

PROBLEM No. 5.

By Mr. Charles H. Wheeler, Chicago, Ill.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The Prince Edward Island nominations take place on the 10th prox., and the polling on the 17th.—The Royal Commission held two preliminary meetings last week and adjourned until the 4th September. Mr. Walter Vankoughnet, of Toronto, has been appointed Secretary to the Commission.—It has been decided not to begin the work of deepening the channel between Quebec and Montreal till next season. Three years are to be spent on the undertaking.—Sir Robert Hodgson has been appointed Administrator of the Government of Prince Edward Island.—The \$36,000 Prince Edward Island land damage debentures, recently reported as lost, have turned up in a broker's office in Halifax, where they had been left by the late Provincial Secretary of the Island.—More immigrants arrived in Canadian ports this year than during the same period in 1872, and the probability is that the returns at the close of this season will show a large increase in the population of the Dominion from this source. The settlers come from the United States as well as from Europe.

UNITED STATES.—A petition has been circulated in New York for signers, among the brokers and bankers, asking the President to put a stop to the bull gold clique.—A New York despatch says that the new King of the Sandwich Islands favours the cession of Pearl Harbour to the United States for a naval station, and wants to establish a reciprocity treaty.—An English and Scotch colony is about to be founded in Kansas by a gentleman who has bought a county for the purpose.—The United States Secretary of State, in a communication to Secretary Richardson upon the subject of seal oil under the Treaty of Washington, says it was understood by the American Commission to negotiate the Treaty of Washington that seal oil was not to be regarded as fish oil.—A second party of Menonites, numbering fifty persons, arrived in New York last week.—Another river steambreaker disaster is reported from Helena, Ark., by which several lives were lost.

UNITED KINGDOM.—The case against Austin Bidwell and his companions, the Bank of England forgers, was formally opened on the 18th inst. It is reported that a plot has been discovered in Newgate to release them by corrupting the prison officials.—Another railroad accident has occurred. By a collision between a freight and an excursion train at Redford, on the Great Northern line, four persons were killed and fifteen injured, several beyond hope of recovery.—The London house-painters and decorators are on strike.—The difference between the Manchester iron-masters and operatives will probably be submitted to a committee of arbitration.—The new programme of the Irish Home Rule party is published. It includes the abolition of the office of Lord Lieutenant and the substitution of a Suseraine, to have the nominal title of King; a triennial Parliament, and a law for the confiscation of the property of absentees.

FRANCE.—Roch-fort's fellow-convicts on board the vessel conveying him to New Caledonia have attempted to lynch him, considering his course as treasonable to the cause of the Communists. The officers of the ship were obliged to assign him quarters apart from the rest of the convicts.—It is stated that Prince Jerome Napoleon's formal demand for restoration to his rank as General of a division in the French army means far more than appears upon the surface of it.—Twenty Republican provincial newspapers were suppressed by the Government during the first half of the month.—The Paris Opinion and the Conservatives of the Assembly with the Legitimists in the interest of Count de Chambord, have suddenly come to an end in consequence of differences upon the question of a national flag.—The Minister of Commerce states in a private letter that the differential duties upon grain imported into France in American and other foreign vessels will continue to be collected until the first of October.—Prince Napoleon has been elected President of the Council General of Corsica by a majority of 30 votes. In accepting the position he delivered an address to the Council recommending that its proceedings be confined to matters of departmental interests.—At a meeting of the members of the Left last week, it was decided to seek the support of the Left Centre to prevent the success of the plans of the Fusionists and Legitimists for the re-establishment of the Bourbon monarchy.—At a banquet given by the Prefect of the Department of Eure in honour of the Duc de Broglie, the latter in replying to a toast gave his views on the situation. He said the Government of the Republic was engaged in a struggle, not against public opinion, but against those loose principles which threaten to put an end to social order. The struggle was a perilsous one; it might be a long one, and it would require, in support of the Government, the efforts of all honest citizens of the Republic. The problem which the situation presents is soon to be solved by the National Assembly without passion and without the influence of personal sympathies. He delivered high eulogiums upon the character of President McMahon, whose private life he called a "model of honour." It was good fortune for France to have such a President as McMahon, whose loyalty to his country is above the ties of party. "Let us rally around him." He alluded in kind terms to ex-President Thiers, to whom, however, he thought the Assembly had manifested ample gratitude for his great services.

SPAIN.—On the whole things are beginning to look up for the Republicans. In the early part of the week, it is true, a desperate engagement took place near Berga between a force of two thousand Carlists and three columns of Republicans, which resulted in the defeat of the latter with a loss of two hundred men and a gun. A day or two later, however, the Republicans had their revenge. In a battle which also took place in the neighbourhood of Berga, the Carlists were routed, with a loss of 90 killed and 300 wounded, among the latter Generals Sabalis and Tristany. The siege of Berga was immediately raised, and the Carlist force put off in full retreat. In the north-east a Republican army numbering 12,000 men, under Gen. Sanchez Bregua, has entered Bilbao, the Carlist force of occupation retiring before them without offering battle. From the north the Government has received advice stating that the troops of the enemy are discouraged and insubordinate. On the other side we learn that the Carlist troops, who now number 28,000 men, have again invested Berga, and are organizing for a movement on Madrid, and will be ready to start in October.—An attempt was made on the 11th inst. upon the life of Don Alphonso, brother of Don Carlos, and leader of the Carlist armies. The would-be assassin was taken and executed.—The Madrid Echo alleges that the French Government is secretly favouring the operations of the Carlists in order to strengthen the cause of Count de Chambord. The Spanish Consuls in France complain of the tolerance of the French authorities on the frontiers towards the Carlists.—A despatch from Carlist Head Quarters, says that the French Government has taken an initiatory step towards recognizing the Carlists as belligerents having issued orders permitting the transit of arms and ammunition of war between the two Custom House lines in the South of France. A decree, dated in March, 1865, which prohibited such transportation on the borders is now rescinded. The Government border authorities have been notified by circular, thus enabling the Carlists to dispense with the use of a steamer, and the risk of her capture.

ITALY.—King Victor Emmanuel will visit Vienna and Berlin in the middle of September.

THE LATE HON. HENRY BLACK, C. B.

The demise of this distinguished jurist took place on the 16th inst., at Cacouna, where Mr. Black was staying for the benefit of his health. By his death the Canadian Bar has suffered a great loss. He was deeply versed in maritime law and his opinion on legal points of difficulty was held in high esteem by the most eminent members of the profession. The *Ottawa Times* takes the following particulars concerning Mr. Black's career from advance-sheets of Mr. Morgan's forthcoming work, "The Men of the Dominion."

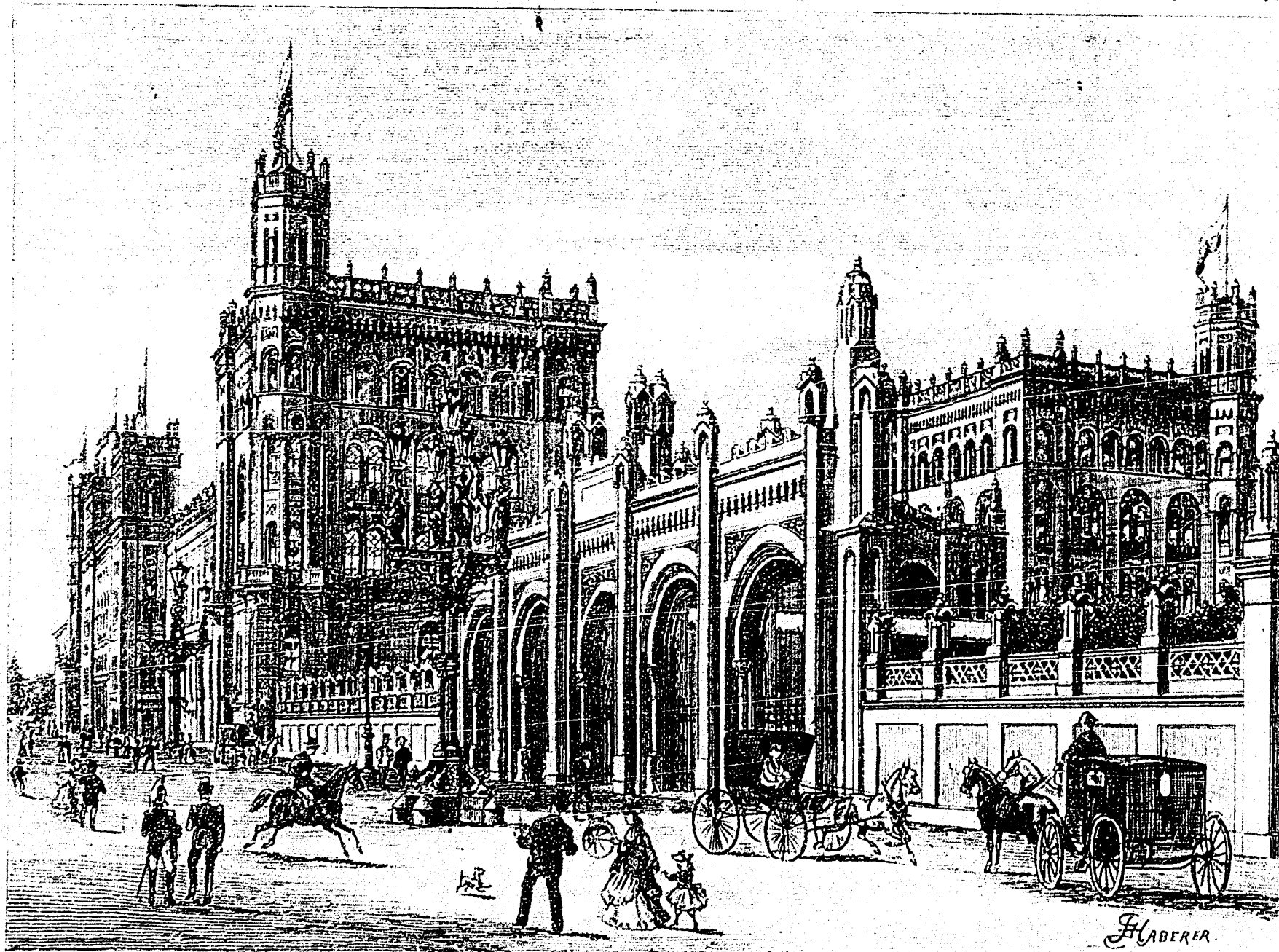
"Mr. Black was born in the city of Quebec, of an Irish mother and a Scotch father. He became a pupil of the late Dr. Wilkie, at whose school the late Mr. Andrew Stuart, Mr. Chief Justice Duval, the late Judge Aylin, and many other eminent public men received their education. It is said of nations that those periods, during which peace, prosperity and contentment are generally diffused, are barren of events; so of the late Mr. Black, it may be said that his course through life was so unassuming and blameless that it affords no room for criticism, opposition, or even for extended comment. Educated for the Bar, he gave early proofs of the possession of talents of the highest order; and, although he ascended at a bound to the highest rank in his profession, he, through the modesty and gentleness of his demeanour, disarmed envy. No man ever more thoroughly possessed the gift of making friends, nor can the writer of these lines, who knew him long and well, recal a single act on the part of Mr. Black, which could have provoked animosity. Mr. Black had not been long at the Bar before he was retained in many cases of importance. Amongst others he undertook to submit to the judgment of



THE LATE JUDGE BLACK.

the Court of King's Bench the claim of the then Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty to exact fees. The functionary (the late Hon. James Kerr) who received "a salary in lieu of fees," had long levied a heavy and onerous tax upon the shipping, and Mr. Black eventually compelled him, by legal means, to be content with his salary. In the infancy of the Colony; at a time when constitutional maxims were ignored or evaded, and when all men clothed with authority, but more especially all Judges, were omnipotent and irresponsible, this was a result only to be achieved by the exhibition of great courage, ability and perseverance; and the inhabitants of Quebec marked their appreciation of Mr. Black's service by presenting him with a service of plate. When, upon the suspension of the Constitution of Lower Canada, it was deemed expedient to constitute, of the leading men of the Province a Special Council, Mr. Black could not be overlooked, and he obtained in that body the consideration due to his virtues and capacity. Upon the Union he became a member for his native city in the first Parliament, and the country owes to him all the improvement in the Criminal Law, properly called after him, "the Black Acts"—an inestimable benefit.

Upon the dismissal of the late Hon. James Kerr, Mr. Black, designated by the public voice, as the fittest man for the office, received the unconditional appointment of Judge Surrogate of the Court of the Vice-Admiralty. In that situation he gained golden opinions from all kinds of men. His countrymen, the Anglo-Canadians of Quebec, a class previously neglected to a certain extent, were especially proud of him. They, at that time, justly considered him as their head; and as disproving by the whole tenor of his life, the European assumption of intel-



AUSTRIA.—THE RAILWAY STATION, VIENNA.

HABERER



A COMBAT BETWEEN LIONS.

lectual superiority, which has always been so gallant to educated provincials. Mr. Black had the merit of embodying in his decisions, luminous recitals of facts, followed in every case by logical deductions and perfectly intelligent statements of the legal rules applicable to the subject. No lawyer indeed can read a judgment by Mr. Black without being struck by the lucid order and perspicuity which prevail throughout, nor are those of the late Lord Stowell, however admirable, by any means more indicative of thought, ability and labour. As a judge, incorruptible and indefatigable; as a son devoted and affectionate, evincing the most tender attachment for every member of his family; warm and true as a friend; kind and charitable in his relations with the more humble classes, the late Mr. Black was indeed a rare character, and one in whose life every member of the society of which he formed part, had an abiding interest. Mr. Black was a Doctor of Laws of Harvard University, and some years since, as a reward for his public services, Her Majesty was pleased to create him a Companion of the Order of the Bath.

Courrier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

FASHION NOTES.

The travelling, sea-side, and country-house toilettes prepared for this month are made in materials suitable for the purpose. No lady travels now in a quantity of silk flounces and expensive trimmings, or trails a long dress trimmed with valuable lace along the sea-shore. For travelling costumes nothing is more worn than the *ras-terre* skirt and polonaise, with small sleeveless jacket, or pelerine of the same in case of milder weather. If this toilette is made with plain coloured skirt, and the polonaise of a pattern material, the extra article should match the skirt, not the polonaise. For instance, if the skirt is of violet foulardine, with polonaise of the same colour, but with lighter violet spots, the little jacket would be of plain violet. In these spotted costumes a very favourite mode of trimming is made by bands of the spotted fabric, cut so as to have the spots in a straight line. White muslins over colour are more worn than ever, and form invaluable toilettes for country wear. Silk dresses are much worn trimmed with silk grenadine of the same colour. All dresses of whatever material intended for walking are made of a convenient walking length, either just clearing the ground or at the most merely touching it at the back. For *fetes* and garden parties alone are walking skirts made to trail. Reception and evening dresses are also made long; but young ladies' dancing dresses are still made only a few inches on the ground, and that at the back only. The long skirted dresses only trained quite towards the back; the front is *ras-terre*, and the side breadths are much sloped to cause them to be long enough to join the train without being too long for the front. Flounces are the favourite trimming, and are likely to continue so. The front is trimmed en tablier, with kilt plaiting to the waist, narrow flounces, headed with ruffles or crossway folds, moulin plaitings or bouillonnes, or graduated flouncings. The wide flounces are reserved for the back of the skirt, disposed equally of different widths, covering the whole or part of the skirt. The bottom flounce only is carried all round the skirt, and is cut rather wide. The pouff is still worn. Tunics are by no means out of favour, indeed many new shapes and styles of trimming have been lately introduced for them. One quite novel style consists in trimming them at one side of the back only. Half the tunic is ornamented from the edge to the waist to correspond with the under-skirt; this hangs plainly without any raising. The other half is trimmed at the lower edge only, and is raised very high at the side, with a large bow. Sashes are of great importance, as their colour and the manner of disposing them adds considerably to the cachet and elegance of the toilette. The fashion of open bodices is in greater favour, they are cut square, en chape, or en cour, very slightly opened for young girls, more decidedly so for married ladies of any age. Guipures and laces of all kinds, guldure embroidered with jet or any ornaments adapted as trimmings for corsages, are placed flat if wide, falling from the throat, or sewn slightly full beneath a bouillonné or plaiting. Bodices fastened on the cross are also in great request. This style gives great importance to the revers; they are worn more or less turned back, of a different colour or material to the bodice. The corsage gilet or gilet fichu are more worn than ever, and give great scope for variety of shape and ornament. The corsage called "Valois" is a most decided return to the fashions of the Renaissance period. It is long, rounded at the front and back, and trimmed on the cross, its whole length; the sleeves à la Henri III., straight and wide, are gathered round the arm-

hole, and trimmed with insertions or bias, forming crevés. The skirt accompanying this bodice has a whole breadth either at the front or one side, trimmed on the cross, or, if of striped material, cut on the cross, crevés trimmed with lace, or of some rich material. The whole skirt is gored, very long; very wide at the bottom, and narrow at the top. The mantles worn are the same as last month; those with long ends in front are decidedly the most distinguished.—*Le Follet*.

Chromatic Attention.

Pensively observing the fashionable young women of America, in their artless groupings in hotel companies at the sea-side, a correspondent of the Boston Post goes on in this style: "Watch the grouping of these girls, apparently accidental as it is, and see how artistically they manage, with never a mistake. They know very well what they are about, and study for that very effect you are admiring. There are two girls whom you have seen constantly together; a sudden coolness seems to have sprung up between them; they keep very far apart, never speaking to one another at all; you even hear one refusing to dance in the same set of Lancers with the other. What has happened to break this friendship? It must be a recent trouble, for they were driving together in the afternoon; you are a little perplexed until you hear one say, 'I don't dare go near Nell, for her illac kills my blue.' If you have an eye for colour you will understand the estrangement, and wonder at it no longer."

Fun.

A drunken Toledo man wrote on the wall of his cell, "Jug not, that ye be not judged."

The girls in a Springfield, Mass., factory, are supplied by the proprietors with chewing gum, in order that they may not waste time in talking.

A Bangor woman got angry with a directory canvasser because that young gentleman would not take the name of her six-months' old baby.

In Washington, the other day, a feminine member of a coloured operatic troupe went into a dry goods store and called for some flesh-coloured hose. The clerk placed before her a box of black stockings, and she went away highly indignant.

The total absence of boot-jacks, pomatum pots, and other household missiles in the remains of Swiss lacustrine villages leads Dr. Hartmann, the distinguished ethnologist, to the conclusion that the domestic cat was unknown to pre-historic man.

When a country editor is exhausted for news, he puts in a paragraph telling how some beautiful ladies have called on him and cheered his toilsome path with sweet flowers. Then his contemporaries revile him, and he answers back, and business becomes brisk again. Thus are our Greeleys and Raymonds trained.

A waltzing match took place the other evening at Eureka between a couple of gentlemen on a wager of 60 dollars. The winner danced three and a-half hours, during which he exhausted the dancing powers of several ladies. It was discovered that he had secreted a bottle-jack, and wound himself up occasionally to renew the twist.

A Keokuk lady, while engaged in the pursuit of her domestic duties, encountered a mouse in the flour barrel. Now, most ladies under similar circumstances would have uttered a few feminine shrieks and then sought safety in the garret. But this one possessed more than the ordinary degree of female courage. She summoned the hired man and told him to get the shot gun, call the bull-dog and station himself at a convenient distance. Then she climbed half way up the stairs and commenced to punch the flour barrel vigorously with a pole. Presently the mouse made its appearance and started across the floor. The bull-dog at once went in pursuit. The man fired and the dog dropped dead. The lady fainted and fell down the stairs, and the hired man thinking that she was killed, and fearing that he would be arrested for murder, lit out, and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped.

Max Adler mentions a report that the chief astronomer at the Washington Observatory was dreadfully sold a few days ago. A wicked boy whose Sunday School experience seems only to have made him more depraved, caught a fire-fly, and stuck it, with the aid of some mullage, in the centre of the largest lens in the telescope. That night, when the astronomer went to work, he perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens, and, what amazed him more, was that it would give a couple of spurts, and then die out, only to burst forth again in a second or two. He examined it carefully for a few moments, and then he began to do sums to discover where in the heavens that extraordinary star was placed. He thought he found the locality, and the next morning he telegraphed all over the universe that he had discovered a new and remarkable star of the third magnitude in Orion. In a day or two all the astronomers in Europe and America, were studying Orion, and they gazed at it for hours until they were mad, and they began to telegraph to the man in Washington to know what he meant. The discoverer took another look, and found that the new star had moved about eighteen billion miles in twenty-four hours, and upon examining it closely he was alarmed to perceive that it had legs. When

he went on the dome the next morning to polish up his glass, he found the lightning bug. People down at Alexandria, seven miles distant, heard part of the swearing, and they say he infused into it much wholesome slucery and vigorous energy. The bills for telegraphic despatches amounted to \$2,000, and now the astronomer wants to find that boy. He wishes to consult with him about something.

The Danbury News remarks that "the day Mr. Ruby across the way, was to be buried, Mrs. Moriarty told her daughter Clarinda that she guessed she would attend, as she wasn't feeling very well, and a ride would do her good. She knew there would be several covered carriages furnished at the expense of the family, and she was equally confident it could be so managed that she would occupy a portion of one of them. She was among the first at the house, and occupied a prominent position. As the other friends arrived, she took occasion to recall reminiscences of the late Ruby that brought tears to their eyes, and when the services were over, as the first coach drove up for its load, the distress of Mrs. Moriarty at the death of Mr. Ruby was so marked as to excite the liveliest sympathy. Then the second coach came up. Mrs. Moriarty had gone down to the gate by this time, and as the door of the second coach was opened and a call made for the occupants, it seemed extremely doubtful if she could hold up another instant. She leaned against the post, and stared into the coach and over its rich upholstery, and said the late Ruby seemed more like a son to her than a neighbour. Whereupon the usher looked appropriately sad, and called up the third and last coach. This had yellow cushions and plink straps, and Mrs. Moriarty didn't hesitate to protest that in the death of Mr. Ruby the community had met a loss it was not possible to recover from, and that she would follow him to his last resting-place, if she had to do it on her knees, and would feel grateful for the opportunity. Then the third and last coach filled and drove off to take its place in the line, and Mrs. Moriarty dried her tears, choked back the sorrow of her heart with one mighty gulp, and strode into her own house, shutting the front door without the aid of the knob. She told Clarinda that it was the scariest affair she ever went to, and had it not been for the body there would have been no funeral at all."

Brown, a young insurance friend of ours, says the Boston Traveller, had the fifth anniversary of his woeless wedding occur about a week ago, and his friends determined to celebrate his woeless wedding by a surprise party. Brown came in yesterday and told us how they succeeded. They commenced by sending a servant round with a team to take Brown and his wife out to ride at about seven. Then they began to come with presents and materials for supper. There was a little party of five came first, all laden—hands full. They all got inside the garden gate, which shuts with a spring, when Brown's big mastiff, who is always left unchained in his master's absence, came round the corner and surprised them. One woman stepped on her dress, and in her fall so demoralized a fragile black wicker book-case she carried, that it was afterwards done up in a bundle and presented as kindling-wood. Another fellow got safely out of the yard, all but part of his pants, while old Smitthers, who weighs 220 pounds, plunged wildly, with the eight-gallon pail of ice cream he carried, through Brown's glass hot-house in the corner of the yard, and surprised some \$25 worth of exoties. Finally, they fixed things up and got into the house, and, as it was about time for Brown's return they commenced laying the supper-table. They got down a tea set of rare china that a friend of Brown's in the trade had loaned him a week before, and broke two pieces, so that Brown has since been obliged to mortgage his hen-house and buy the set; and the comments of Mrs. Brown, when she saw the condition of the carpet, were sarcastic in the extreme. Finally, as a crowning touch, they tried to hang out Chinese lanterns, with the word "Welcome" on them, on the porch over the front door. They succeeded in hanging two lanterns, and when they had saved the house from the fiery fluid there wasn't porch enough left to pay for the trouble of trying to hang out any more. Then they sat down and waited for Brown and his wife to come home. We draw the veil over the scene that followed their return. Some scenes are too joyous to be described in cold, cold words.

A National Health Society has been formed in London, which designs to spread a knowledge of the best conditions of healthy living, and to promote its object the association intends to establish classes for the instruction of teachers and others in the various branches of sanitary knowledge, and to provide for the delivery of lectures in London and the provinces.

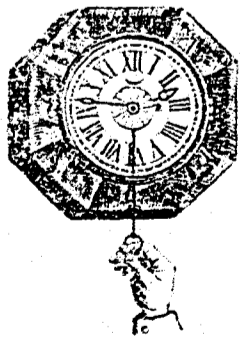
A volunteer rifle captain, desiring to cross a debt with his company, came to an opening in the fence large enough to admit two persons but no more abreast. Unfortunately he could not remember the words of command which would have accomplished the difficult task of filing through; but his ingenuity did not desert him. He ordered a halt, and said—"Gentlemen, you are dismissed for one minute, when you will fall in on the other side of the fence."

WORLD'S EXHIBITION, VIENNA, August 19th.—S. B. Scott & Co., Montreal.—Awarded Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Grand Medal on progress, Grand Medal of merit, and the only Sewing Machine Company recommended by the International Jury for the Grand Diploma of Honour.—Wood.

Three of Colby's Pills are a medium dose.

Night Watchman's Detector.

Patented 1870.



The above is a simple but useful invention. It is highly recommended to Banks, Warehouse Manufacturers, Ship-owners, and every institution where the faithfulness of the "Watchman" is to be depended upon.

REFERENCES:

- A. G. NICH, Harbour Engineer.
- C. T. IREH, Manager Express Office
- THOMAS MURKIN, Merchant.
- Messrs. SCHWON BROS., do.

For further particulars apply to
NELSON & LEFORT,
Importers of Watches and Jewellery,
68 St. James Street,
Montreal.

August 6.

8-9 Jan

GENTLEMEN wishing for the best Ornamental or Fruit Trees, Flowering Shrubs, Perennial or Annual plants, &c., would do well to send their orders to

SHANLEY & GALLAGHER,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Bulbs, Seeds, &c.,
P. O. Box 317, Rochester, N. Y.,
8-9 Jan

THE MODERN
Turkish or Roman Bath.
St. Monique Street,
Near Crystal Palace,
MONTREAL.

Rebuilt, Remodelled, Enlarged, and
NOW
Without exception the most Complete and Luxurious
Bathing Institute on the Continent.

BATHING HOURS.

Gentlemen, 6 to 9 a.m., and 2 to 9 p.m.
Ladies, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Single Bath Ticket..... 5
5 Tickets..... 25
13 Tickets..... 30

Send for circulars.
DAVID B. A. MACBEAN, M.D.,
Proprietor.
8-9 206 210
August 19.

DOMINION BAROMETER—A sound, reliable article for farmers, gardeners, gentry, and all classes. Price moderate. No sensible man should be without one. To be had of all dealers. Wholesale only. **ROBERT WILKES,** Montreal and Toronto. 3-11



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

SEALED "TENDERS" addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Breakwater, Chantry Island," will be received at this office until noon of Wednesday, the 17th day of September next, for the construction of a Breakwater, extending out from the easterly side of the roadstead at Chantry Island, Lake Huron, and the construction of a landing pier near the same place. Plans and Specifications of the work can be seen at this Office, or at the office of the Superintendent Officer, Goderich, on and after Tuesday, the 2nd day of September next, where printed forms of Tender can also be obtained. Tenders must be made in strict accordance with the printed forms, and to each must be attached the signatures of two solvent reliable persons, residents of the Dominion, who are willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract. The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.
By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 16th August, 1873. 3-11

Grand Trunk Railway OF CANADA.

Engines for Sale.

In consequence of the change of gauge upon this Railway in the month of October next, the Grand Trunk Railway Company will have about

100 Engines to Dispose of.

They are of various sizes and all 5 foot 6 inches gauge.

Many of them are suitable for Mill and other purposes.

Full particulars will be given on application to the undersigned, or to Mr. H. WALLIS, Mechanical Superintendent, Montreal.

C. J. BRYDGES,

Managing Director.

August 14.

1-9 21

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

CHLORODYNE is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered. CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, CHLORODYNE effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diphtheria, Fever, Croup, Ague, CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery. CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and Spasms. CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Menstruals, &c.

From Lord Francis Conyngham, Mount Charles, Donegal: 17th December, 1868.

Lord Francis Conyngham, who this time last year bought some of Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne from Mr. Davenport, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half-a-dozen bottles sent at once to the above address.

Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manila, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE.—See Lancet, 1st December 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PRACY AND IMITATIONS.

CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See Times, 13th July, 1864. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s., 6s., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words "DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle. SOLE MANUFACTURER:—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON. 6-1242m

Valuable Canadian Patent FOR SALE.

A Combination Lathe Tool needed in every Machine Shop. Exclusive Right for the Province for ten Years. For information apply to WHITING & JOHNSON, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Box 151. 8-8 2f



Ottawa River Navigation Company's ROYAL MAIL LINE OF STEAMERS.

MONTREAL TO OTTAWA DAY AND NIGHT LINE. New Iron Steamer "Peerless," Capt. A. Bowie. Steamer "Prince of Wales," Capt. H. W. Shepherd. "Queen Victoria," Capt. P. Y. MacFarrell. "Princess," Capt. P. McGowan.

Passengers leave by the 7 A.M. and 5 P.M. trains for Lachine by Railway, and connect with the Steamers "Prince of Wales" and "Princess" for Ottawa and intermediate landings.

BAGGAGE CHECKED.

Passengers leaving Ottawa by the evening steamer will descend the Rapids. No Through Passenger-taken on Saturday Evening Boat. The Comfort and Economy of this Line are unsurpassed, whilst the Route is one of the most picturesque in Canada. Tourists will find this a delightful trip.

FREIGHT FOR ALL PORTS ON THE OTTAWA RIVER THROUGH WITH DISPATCH. Single and Return Tickets may be had at the Company's Office, 13 Bonaventure Street; at the Grand Trunk Depot, Montreal; and at the Office, Queen's Wharf, Ottawa. 7-531 R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

R R R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst Pains In from 1 to 20 Minutes. NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

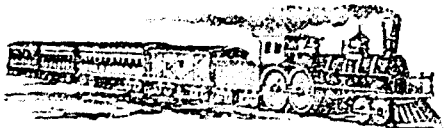
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT CURE. INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERIC, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort. Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

JNO. RADWAY & CO., 439 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

\$5 to \$20 per day. Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 7-20 2f



Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada.

1873. Summer Arrangements. 1873.

Pullman Palace, Parlor and Home-Day Cars. Daily Mail for Prescott, Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and all points West, at 8:00 a.m.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:—

Day Mail for Prescott, Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and all points West, at 8:00 a.m. Night Express, at 9:00 p.m. Mixed Train for Toronto, stopping at all Stations, at 6:00 a.m. Passenger Train for Brockville and all intermediate Stations, at 6:00 p.m. Local train for Vaudreuil, at 10:00 a.m., every week day excepting Saturday, when it leaves at 2:00 p.m. Trains leave Montreal for Lachine at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 12 noon, 3 p.m., 5 p.m., and 6:30 p.m. Trains leave Lachine for Montreal at 8 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 1 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., and 7 p.m. The 3:00 p.m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING EAST. Day train for White Mountains, Portland, and Boston, at 7:00 a.m. Day train for Quebec, River du Loup, Capouana, and Trois Pistoles, at 8:00 a.m. Mail train for St. Hyacinthe, Richmond, Quebec, Sherbrooke, and Island Pond, at 1:45 p.m. Accommodation train for Richmond and intermediate stations, at 5:15 p.m. Night train for Island Pond, White Mountains, Portland, and Boston, at 10:00 p.m. Night mail train for Quebec, stopping at St. Hyacinthe and St. Hilarie, at 11:00 p.m.

GOING SOUTH. Train for Rouses' Point connecting with steamers on Lake Champlain, at 6:00 a.m. Train for Boston via South Eastern Counties Junction R.R., at 7:30 a.m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central Railroad, at 8:45 a.m. Mail Train for St. John's and Rouses' Point, connecting with trains on the Stanstead, Shefford and Chambly, and South Eastern Counties Junction Railway, and steamers on Lake Champlain, at 3:15 p.m. Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central, at 3:45 p.m.

As the punctuality of the trains depends on connections with other lines, the Company will not be responsible for trains not arriving at or leaving any station at the hour named. The steamer "FALMOUTH" leaves Portland every Tuesday, at 5:30 p.m., for Halifax, N.S. The Steamship "CHASE" also runs between Portland and Halifax. The International Company's Steamers, also running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6:00 p.m. for St. John, N.B., &c.

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

Through Tickets issued at the Company's principal stations. For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket Office, Bonaventure Depot, or at No. 143 St. James Street.

C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, May 26, 1873. 7-15 2f

Grand Trunk Railway

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 18th instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave RICHMOND at 7:30 a.m., arriving at MONTREAL at 9:10 a.m.

Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 5:15 p.m., arriving at Richmond at 9 p.m.

C. J. Brydges,

7-21 2f MANAGING DIRECTOR.

IMPORTANT TO PARTIES OWNING OR USING MACHINERY.

STOCK'S CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will not thicken in cold weather. From the JOSEPH HALL WORKS, Oshawa: I consider Mr. Stock's Oil cheaper at \$1.00 per gallon than Olive Oil at 50 cents. Yours respectfully, F. W. GLEN, President. Sold in quantities to suit purchasers at MESSRS. LYMAN, CLARE & CO., 382, 384, & 386, St. Paul Street, Montreal, where the testimonials of the principal consumers of Oil in Ontario can be seen. 5-8

HEALTH TO THE SICK. Strength & Vigor to the debilitated. DOES NOT REQUIRE COOKING OR WARMING, In the finest TONIC Stimulant AND NUTRITIVE. INSTANTLY RELIEVES PAIN, CURES ALL WEAKNESSES. Consumption, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Tiredness of Spirits, Fever, Ague, Cholera, All Female and Children's maladies, Sick Headache, Bladder Complaints, Sea Sickness, Influenza, Purifies the Blood and THOROUGHLY RENEWS THE SYSTEM. THERE IS ONLY ONE LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF IN EXISTENCE. Signature of the Inventor: BARON JUSTUS LIEBIG, M.D., F.R.S., Professor in the University of Munich.

PROVINCIAL AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION FOR 1873.

THE PROVINCIAL AGRICULTURAL and INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION for 1873, open to the world, will be held in the CITY OF MONTREAL, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th September next, on the grounds, MOUNT ROYAL AVENUE.

Prizes offered, \$12,000 to \$15,000. For Prize Lists and Blank Forms of Entries in all the Departments, apply to GEORGES LECLERE, Esq., Secretary of the Council of Agriculture, 62 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal; or to the Secretaries of County Agricultural Societies. Entries for Stock will not be received after the 20th August, and in the Industrial Department not after the 9th September. The principal Lines of Railway and Steamboats will carry stock and articles for exhibition at reduced rates. For further information apply to the undersigned, GEORGES LECLERE, Sec. of the Council of Agriculture, July 11. 8-7 4f

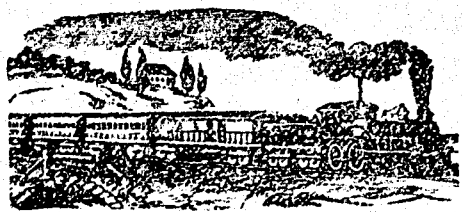
TELEGRAPHY.

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES desiring to qualify for the numerous situations which will soon be offered on the several Telegraph Lines, are invited to attend at the Dominion Telegraph Institute, No. 75 St. James Street. The mode of instruction followed in this Institute has received the approval of the highest authorities in the country, and the best proof we can offer is that all the new situations filled within the last two or three years have been so filled by pupils from this Institute. As to the success of the method followed here, read the following testimony: "Cookshire, 1st December, 1872. 'To Mr. MORGAN, Proprietor of the Dominion Telegraph Institute: 'SIR—I hereby certify that only eight weeks' study and practice in the DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE has enabled me to receive messages at the rate of 20 words a minute, and that I consider the mode of instruction followed as excellent. Yours, etc., 'S. J. OSGOOD.'"

The regular course is three months; but, as will be seen by the above testimony, intelligent persons can qualify in much less time. Proficient pupils have the advantage of practising on a regular line, and of being placed on a large circuit. The terms for the course is THIRTY DOLLARS, the use of the instruments included. All the accessories of the school are new and complete. J. V. MORGAN, Proprietor, 75 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 8-3 3f

Reduction in Freight Rates.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY WILL continue to send out, daily, THROUGH CARS for CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL, and other Western points, at reduced rates from the winter tariff. Shippers can get full information by applying to Mr. BURNS, Agent G. T. R., Chaboullier Square, or at the Office of the General Freight Agent, C. J. BRYDGES, MANAGING DIRECTOR. P. S. STRVENSON, General Freight Agent. 7-21 2f



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1873. Summer Arrangement. 1873.

On and after MONDAY, 26th inst., a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7:30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 8:30 p.m. A Passenger and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 9:00 a.m., and be due in Halifax at 8:50 p.m.

Trains will connect At Paines with trains to and from Shediac and intermediate stations. At Truro with trains to and from Pictou and intermediate stations. At Windsor Junction with the trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At St. John with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Bangor, Danville Junction, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

LEWIS CARVELL, General Superintendent.

Railway Office, MONCTON, N.B., May 1873. 7-2 4f

CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph Street.

MONTREAL, March 7th, 1872. DEAR SIR.—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your "HOUND AND CHERRY BALSAM," which seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me can certify to the above. ALFRED KNUCKLE. Mr. RICHMOND SPENCER, Chemist, corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

"HEALTH THE CROWNING BLESSING OF LIFE."



WINGATE'S Standard English Remedies.

These valuable Remedies which have stood the test of trial, and become a household necessity, are the best that experience and careful research can produce for the cure of the various diseases for which they are especially designed. They are pure in quality, prompt in action, effectual in use, and employed with great success by the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons in Hospital and private practice in all parts of the world.

- THE FOLLOWING COMPRISE THE LIST: Wingate's Cathartic Pills—For all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Wingate's Nerve-Tonic Pills—Used with remarkable success in all Nervous Affections. Wingate's Chalybeate Pills—Designed especially for Female use in complaints peculiar to their sex. Wingate's Dyspepsia Tablets—A powerful aid to digestion, and cure for Dyspepsia. Wingate's Pulmonic Troches—An excellent Remedy for all Irritation of the Throat and Lungs. Wingate's Worm Lozenges—A safe, pleasant and effectual Remedy for Worms. The above Remedies are sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines. Descriptive Circulars furnished on application, and single packages sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Dr. N. A. SMITH & Co., SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES. No. 245 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL. 7-14 2f



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for Custom House," &c., will be received at this office, until Monday, 5th day of September next, at noon, for the erection and completion of Custom House and Inland Revenue Office at Three Rivers, P.E.I. Plans and Specification can be seen at the Office of H. M. PERRAULT, Esq., Architect, Montreal, on and after Monday, the 25th day of August next. The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender. By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 18th August, 1873. 8-3 3f

FOR SALE.

A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The house is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to D. R. STODART, Broker, 146, St. JAMES STREET. 4-12 2f

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS," is the old proverb. If it be true generally, it is specially so of the "Gold Chain" trade. Much of the chain made in Birmingham "for export" might more truthfully be called "copper alloy" than gold, for almost three-fourths of it is base metal. Our

STANDARD GOLD CHAINS

are all made of sufficient fineness to resist nitric acid, and not to tarnish in wear, each part being polished to the highest bright-burnished surface. Our COLOURED CHAINS

Are Coloured by the Acid Process,

(not gilt), and can all be relied on as a standard of fineness. To prevent deception, we stamp each chain R. W. & Co. on the swivel, without which mark we do not guarantee any chain. To be had of all jewellers.

ROBERT WILKES,

Wholesale Jeweller and Manufacturer,
7-9 rz-3os Montreal and Toronto.

T. MORSON & SON.

31, 33, and 124 Southampton Row,
Russell Square, W. C.

Juror at the London Exhibition, 1851. Paris,
1855; and London, 1862.

WORKS: -HORNSEY ROAD, N., AND SUMMERFIELD WORKS,
HOMKINGTON, N.E., LONDON.
Manufacturers of
PURE CHEMICALS & ALL NEW MEDICINES.

PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE.

MORSON'S PEPSINA PORCI,

Pepsine obtained from the stomach of the Pig, in a pure and palatable form. Free from Starch and acid.

DOSE—2 to 4 grains.

MORSON'S MEDICINAL PEPSINE

DIGESTIVE POWDER.
(PEPSINE ACIDE AMYLACEE, OU POUVRE NUTRITIVE.)

Contains the active digestive principles of the gastric juice of the stomach, purified and rendered permanent and palatable. Dose: 10 to 20 grains.

CAUTION.

As many of the low-priced Pepsines of commerce possess little or none of the digestive properties of TRUE PEPSINE, the following tests of the purity and activity of the above preparations are given and every bottle bearing the trade mark of T. MORSON & SON is guaranteed to answer the tests indicated.

TEST.

TESTS OF DIGESTIVE POWER OF TREE PEPSINE.—Mix 4 grains Pepsina Porci or 10 grains of Medical Pepsine, with an ounce of water, then add 15 drops of Hydrochloric Acid and 120 grains of coagulated egg. Albumen (hard boiled white of egg). Apply a gentle heat, not exceeding 101 degrees Fahr. (the temperature of the stomach,) for about half an hour, stirring the mixture occasionally, when the process of digestion will be found to have commenced, the Albumen becoming soft and pulpy. This action may be continued until after the lapse of a few hours, a solution is effected, such as occurs in the stomach.

PEPSINE WINE.

The efficacious properties of this preparation are already well known; when the digestive organs are weak, or their secretions imperfect or unhealthy, it has been found invaluable.

Sold in Bottles at 3s., 5s., and 9s. each.

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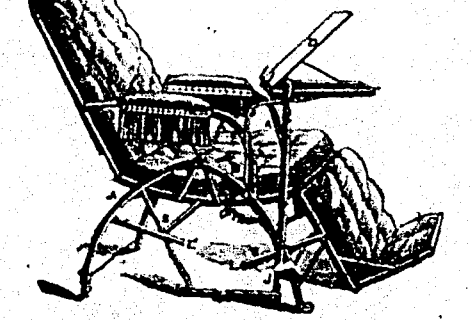
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