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Vol. XII.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1875.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. SIPER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.-No. 251.



THE HON, WILLIAM BUELL RICHARDS, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT. - FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN AND FRASER.

AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—The CANADIAN ILLUS-TRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANA-DIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PU-BLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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All correspondence of the Papers, literary contributions, and sketches to be addressed to "The Editor, The Burland-Desbarats Company,

Montreal."
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SKETCHES OF THE

TORONTO RIOTS

AND THE

SOREL HORROR WILL APPEAR IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 2nd, 1875.

OUR CHROMO.

In reply to frequent inquiries from our friends, by letter and otherwise, concerning the Chromo which we promised them in the course of the summer, we have to say that the work is progressing satisfactorily and will be ready for delivery at the latest, by Christmas. To those who may wonder at this delay we shall remark that it is not a mere colored print that we are preparing for them, but a real Chromo, a genuine work of art which, in both design and execution, will be worthy of a rich frame and a conspicuous place on the walls of any drawing room. To complete such a picture requires time, care and considerable outlay. The picture has already been two months in hand and is being proceeded with as expeditiously as a due regard for excellence of finish will warrant. Our friends may rely upon a Presentation Plate such as has never been surpassed in Canada.

We shall take this occasion to urge all our subscribers who are yet in arrears to settle their accounts as speedily as possible, offering as a further and final inducement, that every one who does so and pays a year's subscription in advance will be entitled to our beautiful Chromo. The offer is a rare one. Let all take advantage

TO THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY.

Permit us to call your attention to the advantages of publicity offered by the Ca-NADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to advertisers, especially Merchants, Manufacturers, Hotelkeepers, Railway and Steamship Companies, Professional men, and others, desirous of reaching the best classes of the community in every part of the Dominion. It has other points to recommend it besides its large and wide-spread circulation. In the first place, it is a family paper, taken home, read from beginning to end, and kept on the parlor table throughout the week, and then put by, and finally bound; not, as befalls the daily paper, torn up, after a rapid perusal of telegraphic news. The children con over the pictures, read the stories and the funny column, and finally meander among the advertisements and call their parents' attention to those that suit them. The ladies peruse it from end to end, dwelling especially on the fashions and the ladies' column, then naturally turn to the advertising pages to know where to buy the materials for their dresses, or the other ingredients of the The men read the leading articles. the stories, the paragraphs, study the cartoons and other pictures, night after night, and while sipping their tea, or enjoying their Havana, pore over the advertisements, and make up their mind to go next day and buy that fur coat, that hall-stove, or that superexcellent sherry. Then again the limited space reserved to advertisements being less than one-fifth of the paper, secures to each advertisement greater attention, whilst most papers devote one-half or two-thirds of their available space to advertisements, which are mostly doon.ed to oblivion in the great mass. Also, the nues to advance, so, assuredly, will her

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC very low price charged, being much less importing powers. As it is, we have our than several weekly newspapers in Canada, and far lower than any illustrated paper in the United States, where the prices are from ten to forty times higher than ours, without an equivalent difference in circulation. And finally, remember that, while serving your own interest in the Canadian Illustrated News, you contribute to the support and improvement of this national enterprise, and consequently to the work of progress and education effected by the spread of art and literature.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURES.

Our British friend, the Canadian News, after counselling us of the Dominion to be interested about our exports of wheat and flour-which is good-advises us in addition to "let our manufactures perish" which is not so good. We really know better than to do so. If we were so unwise as to rely solely upon agriculture in Canada, we should find in a very few years that our agriculture itself would have perished, or largely so, in all the older districts, from sheer want of sustenance to the soil. It has done so wherever the wild experiment of doing without home manufactures has been tried. In fact the home market will receive a long list of farm products that could not be exported. The deterioration we refer to has gone on in the past in seigniories of Lower Canada, which till lately had no manufactures. These were once considerable exporters of wheat to Europe. Our Legislators have been seeking remedies for the evil. It was seen in the older United States before they commenced to manufacture, and so began to attract our agricultural population from us; and the exhaustion of their eastern fields to a great extent still continues. The process is going on, undoubtedly, in all those European countries where the population is solely agricultural, and their exhaustion will be found to be only a question of time. Wherever men have failed to establish depots of manufacture, there will be found a starved and depleted agriculture, and even the cattle will not long be kept upon the land, in remunerative numbers. The indiscriminate export of our best stock across the American border, during the last few years, has already injured the breed of cattle in our own Eastern Townships. Mr. Cocn-RANE of Compton and other skilful breeders of stock, who are helping to redeem this state of things, will, we are sure, be the first to accede to the truth of this simple position in political economy. We have supplied England with a thousand head of beef cattle during the past season. If this new trade is to advance we must be doubly careful of the stock we retain at home. The special excellencies of the horse of French Canada, which has the reputation of doing twice the work of an old country horse, are being lost to us by exportation, after being the means of creating the great American breed of fast roadsters. We might now certainly repurchase from our neighbours, but it is manufacturing communities that do spirited things of that sort. Our London contemporary should not be nervous. The best markets for high-class manufactures are created by the general prosperity which we are trying to conserve. Mere hewers of wood and drawers of water do not buy Sheffield penknives, or Kidderminster carpets, or Spitalfields silks. Whether the farmer's wife shall much liked in Montreal that praise is unhave a silk gown or not is often a question for debate, and is certainly more important from a national point of view, than whether the city importer shall get a percentage out of its price. If she buys it too soon, the family and the district will suffer. We cannot in fact be forever sacrificing the statics to the dynamics of life, as is the fashion of the time. The practice defeats itself. But as the area of civilization enlarges, so must the demand for England's brilliant productions, in the labour of the artist and the artizan, and while the wealth of the Dominion conti-

woollen and our axe factories, and we try to get good raw materials for both. Our local furniture and carriage works save us heavy freightage, and turn out goods suitable to the country. Our shoe factories supply a felt want and have become a great institution. Our clothing shops and sewing machine factories have improved the status of the needle-woman. In the rather distant day when the older Canada shall have learned to manufacture most of those fine things for herself which she at present imports, there will still be an ever-widening zone of settlement in our great North-West, too little advanced along the curriculum of civil life to be able to do without help from a distance in the furnishing of luxuries. And this will surely serve to illustrate one important aspect of the value of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the British People.

The Times in commenting upon a speech of Mr. Forster's in advocacy of Odd-Fellowship, refers to the statesman's explanation why he is not an Odd-fellow. ' He says he had made it a rule as a member of Parliament never to join any association involving any kind of money arrangements unless he could take part in its management. He would never, by merely lending such an association his name induce others to join it whose interests he could in no way guard. This is an excellent rule, and may be recommended to members of Parliament who through more carelessness often suffer themselves to become decoys used to make ignorant men embark in hazardous speculations." should much desire to have this sort of care exercised on the part of Bank Directors in Canada, and not the less hope to have Government Inspection over all. There cannot be too many safeguards in dealing with "other peoples money." Directors should also be restricted to a certain settled proportion in their personal borrowings. In view of the financial miseries that have come upon so many it would indeed be best for the people to petition.

We take pleasure in calling attention to Signor HAZAZER'S Grand Bal Masqué, Fancy and Plain Dress, which is to take place at the Victoria Skating Rink, on Thursday, the 14th inst. Mr. HAZAZER'S Academy of Dancing and Deportment is one of the institutions of this city, being conducted in a most thorough and conscientious spirit. The entertainment of next Thursday, from what we have learned, will prove one of the most enjoyable of the season.

In the last session of the Local House of Quebec we had a spirited committee on "Winter Navigation." We shall hope to see action taken in the coming session to promote "safe navigation in the open season." This is due to the safety of the public for all the future of our Province and Dominion. Our aristocracy of wealth, position and probity must keep pace with the stirring times we live in.

Mr. J. W. F. HARRISON who so acceptably produced the musical part of Antigone last year, is about to favor us with a Concert in which the principal talent will be from Montreal, but to satisfy a wish for a universal favorite, he has engaged the Tenor of the Temple Quartette, Mr. Fes-SENDEN, who is so well known and so necessary.

The United States are about to erect a Statue to represent "Liberty Enlightening Work." That is exactly what Liberty ought to do, and which it must be admitted she seems singularly to have failed of in the Christendom of later years.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CATHOLIC CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, PORT HOPE. Our correspondent at Port Hope, in sending the sketch of this beautiful church, expressed an opinion that the sight of it would please our friends in Ontario. The pastor of the church is Rev. Mr. Brown. ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

According to the promise made in our last number, we present to-day a number of sketches illustrating the late successful Ontario Provincial Exhibition at Ottawa. There is a distant view of the grounds, an interior view of the building, and a view of the horse ring.

THE CAT SHOW.

The Floral Festival, Cat Show, &c., &c., that took place on Thursday evening at the Victoria Skating Rink, for the purpose of obtaining funds to furnish the St. George's Church Temperance Home, was one of the most successful entertainments ever given in Montreal, and reflects the highest credit on the ladies and gentlemen of the ommittee. An idea of the amusements provided will be better given by a descriptive walk round the building. On entering, the visitor was first struck with the large number of people present who were mistily overhung with a thick cloud of dust. On starting by the right hand, we find the Telegraph office sending despatches to and receiving others from the far opposite corner. The rates were "ladies to gentlemen, free; gentlemen to or from ladies, 10c." A blackboard alongside borethe names of those for whom telegrams were waiting. The next in order was the "Cat Show," comprising 52 entries. There were cats of many descriptions and colors, and cats of all sizes; but not a cat was heard to "Meow." All took their position philosophically and many slept out the evening. The following is the list of wings: is the list of prizes:

is the list of prizes:

Best and heaviest cat of any color—Nineteen entries; prize, \$2. 1st, E. Maybank—weight, 15½; 2nd, Marion Leslie.
Best tortoise shell cat—Three entries; prize, \$1. 1st, John Skinner.
Best Maltese cat—Fourteen entries; prize, \$1. 1st, Maxwell Wight.
Best and heaviest black cat—Four entries:

Best and heaviest black cat—Four entries; prize, \$1. 1st. Daniel Albert Rose, and Harry Martin; 3rd, Mr. Elliott.
Best cat with kittens—Eight entries; prize, \$2. 1st, John Watson.

Best Manx cat, one entry by, and 1st prize

warded to Rosie Green. Best white cat--Five entries; prize, \$1. 1st,

Minnie Brown; 2nd, Mr. Browning.

Special prizes were awarded to Wm. Clements, cat and kittens; Harry Buss, cat and kittens; cat and kittens; Harry Buss, cat and kittens; Maggie Lowdon, do; E. Haughton, black and grep cat; A. W. Imrie, Messrs. McCrae and Johnson, collection of cats; G. Campbell, jr., pair of white kittens; N. Martin, kitten; Willie Girdwood, black Persian cat; Allen Ramsay, kitten; Mr. Budden, pair of kittens; Minnie McPhee, grey cat and two kittens; Willie Stuart, Miss David; Beauchamp and P. Jackson; Mr. W. Offenden, of Point St. Charles, obtained a prize for a cat weighing 18½ lbs.

The Polling Booth was next in order where

The Polling Booth was next in order where votes were briskly deposited during the evening for Thomas White and William Workman, the 5 cent franchise being there in vogue. The for Thomas White and William Workman, the 5 cent franchise being there in vogue. The election resulted, White, 654; Workman, 402. Majority for White, 252. The stage for the Tableaux was opposite the door and handsomely fitted up. The Tableaux were well conceived and represented, comprising "The Source of England's Greatness" several statuary seenes and the "Relief of Lucknow," all of which received merited applause. The Fruit and Flower stand on the left centre was beautifully decorated and well-stocked, but the fruits and flowers were on the left centre was beautinity decorated and well-stocked, but the fruits and flowers were quickly disposed of, both at the tables and by a number of little flower girls who paraded the Hall. The refreshment tables situated in the left corner were liberally patronized by the spectators who found the charges excessively low. A handsome fountain in the centre was illumin-A handsome fountain in the centre was induminated once during the evening, but, with the exception of the silver light, the illumination was a failure. The number of people present was between 4,000 and 5,000, all of whom seemed to enjoy themselves heartily. Our illustration shows some of the most interesting features of the entertainment.

CHIEF JUSTICE RICHARDS.

Wm. Buell Richards, President of the Supreme Court, is eldest son of the late Stephen Richards, of Brockville, a man of remarkable attainments, whose memory will long be revered in the old Leeds District for the sterling uprightness of his character and his unimpeachable course through a long life. Mr. Richards was born in Brock-ville in May, 1815. Brockville has produced many eminent men, prominent amongst whom may be mentioned the late Judge Sherwood, the late Judge Jonas Jones, the late Hon. Henry Sherwood, Sir Daniel Jones, Judge Wells, Hon. L. H. Holton, and Judge McQueen, of Wood-stock. Educated at the old Johnstown District Grammar School, the subject of our sketch studied law with Andrew Norton Buell, the present Accountant-General of the Court of Chancenow by seniority holds the position of ry, who now by seniority holds the position of "Father of the Bar," he being the oldest surviving barrister on the rolls, and subsequently with the late George Malloch, afterwards for many years Judge of the County Court for the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville. Called to the bar in Michaelmas Term, 1837, he practically in the superfection of the county Court for the County Court for the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville. tised his profession first in partnership with his former patron Judge Malloch, until the latter ceased to practise, then with Mr. A. N. Buell, and lastly with his brother, Hon. Albert Norton Richards, Q. C., late M. P. for South Leeds. He was elected a Bencher of the Law Society in 1849, and was created a Q. C. in the following year. He entered political life in 1844, when he was nominated as a candidate for the representation of the County of Leeds in Parliament, but retired after addressing the electors in favour of

Mr. Wm. Buell, the Reform candidate. At the general election in January, 1848, being again solicited, he accepted the Reform nomination solicited, he accepted the Reiorm nonmation and was elected for Leeds over Mr. Ogle R. Gowan by a majority of sixty, the vote standing—for Richards 984, for Gowan 924. At the general election of 1851 he was again returned for Leeds, this time increasing his majority over Mr. Gowan to 133; the vote standing—for Richards 1,205, for Gowan 1,072. On the retirement of Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine from power in October, 1851, he joined the Hincks-Morin Ad-October, 1851, he joined the Hincks-Morin Administration as Attorney-General for Upper Canada, his colleagues being the present Sir Francis Hincks, the late Judge Morin, the late Sir E. P. Taché, Mr. Malcolm Cameron, the late Mr. James Morris, the present Governor Caron, the late Doctor Rolph, the late Judge Chabot, and Mr. Justice Drummond. Mr. Justice Sullivan, of the Common Pleas, dying, Mr. Richards was appointed to succeed him on 22nd June, 1853, and many will remember how unfavourable were and many will remember how unfavourable were the predictions made of his judicial career, owing to his seeming want of experience, but the result has shown Mr. Richards to be one of the best Judges ever appointed to the Canadian Bench. The other two members of the Common Pleas at the time were the late Sir Jas. Macauley and the the time were the late Sir Jas. Macauley and the late Chief Justice McLean. Subsequently the present Chief Justice in Appeal, Mr. Draper, and Chief Justice Hagarty became members of the Court. In July, 1863, on the appointment of Mr. Draper to be Chief Justice of Ontario, Mr. Praper to be Chief Justice of the Common Richards became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and in November, 1868, on Mr. Draper's retirement to the Court of Appeals, Mr. Richards succeeded him as Chief Justice of Ontario. Last year he was named as arbitrator on behalf of Ontario in the settlement of the North-West boundary. He married in 1846, Deborah Catharine, daughter of Mr. John Muirhead, barrister, of Niagara, who was a great grandson of the celebrated Colonel John Butler, known in the revolutionary annals, and the organizer and commander of the Butler Rangers. Mrs. Richard died March, 1869. It is a singular coincidence that the three sons of Stephen Richards, William, Stephen, and Albert, should have gone to the bar, become Queen's Counsel, and attained to the position of Ministers of the Crown. It would almost seem natural for the whole three to reach the Bench. We may add there is but one opinion as to Mr. Richards' fitness for the high office to which he has been named. An able jurist, of a keen logical mind, and possessed of a large experience, he is eminently adapted for the Presidency of the highest Court in the Dominion. For the above sketch we are indebted to our able contemporary, the Mail, of Toronto.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer Left blooming alone, All her lovely companions Are faded and gone. No flower of her kindred, No rosebud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes. Or give sign for sigh.

I'll not leave thee thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lonely are sleeping,
Go sleep then with them.
Thus kindly I seater
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead. Or give sigh for sigh.

BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB.

This very excellent Club gave one of their en joyable concerts at the Mechanics' Hall on Friday Evening Sept., 24th, and if a large and enthusiastic audience constitutes a "success," the successful elements were all present on that occasion.
The Hall was crowded almost beyond comfort, and seven of the eleven numbers of the program me were redemanded in the most persistent and prosperous manner. Estimating the money value of the audience to the Philharmonic Club at \$500, for which eleven pieces of music were to be performed, and assuming that the music was a fair return for the money, a very simple arithmetical calculation will show that the audience, by obtaining eighteen pieces instead of eleven, made some \$320 hard cash on Friday evening, which was a very clever thing to do in these dull times.

This, however, en passant.

The Club is composed of the same gentlemen who visited us last winter, and they were accompatible who wished us last winter, and they were accompatible with the comparation of the companion of the co nied at this time by Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, the

accomplished vocalist.

Without reviewing all the numbers of the pro gramme at this rather late day, we shall mention

a few of them, and make our remarks somewhat of a general nature.

The selections of the evening were, of course, the movement from the Beethoven Quintette in C minor, and the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's C minor, and the Scherzb Holin Midsummer-Night-Dream Music, the latter skil-mills arranged for the Club by Mr. B. Listemann. tully arranged for the C The enjoyment of the playing in the Quintette was greatly marred by the constant interruptions of the incoming audience, many of whom were late, but had not sufficient regard for those who late, but had not sumcient regard to were in time to wait quietly at the door until the piece was finished. Judging by what little the piece was finished. the piece was finished. Judging by what little of the music we were able to catch between the frequent passages of creaking boots obbligate, we imagine that the players acquitted themselves very well indeed. In the Scherzo, just mentioned, so bright and delicate and graceful, the rendering was complete, and really left nothing to ed, so bright and delicate and gracerus, the rendering was exquisite and really left nothing to be desired. A hearty encore elicited the march from the "Ruins of Athens" which suffered in comparison with the Scherzo, probably because of the inability of so few, instruments to produce the very peculiar effects the music permits of when treated by a full orchestra.

Weber's Invitation to the Waltz was open to the same criticism as the last piece mentioned, but was well-played, and gave entire satisfaction to the audience.

One more number by the Club, the Dissolving Views, completed the concerted pieces. It is a pity that it has to be spoken of, but a greater pity that such excellent musicians should have catered to a popular taste to the extent of playing a second time music so unworthy of them. The Zither obbligato by Mr. Weiner was pretty enough in its way; as would have been a solo on the accordeon or concertina, we presume; but when first class musicians draw crowded houses because they are first class musicians, the intelligence and culture of the audience deserve res-We do not say this with any desire to be severe upon the members of the Philharmonic. They unquestionably had as poor an opinion of the hodge-podge they played as did many of their listeners. They fell into the error however of imagining that a Montreal audience can bear only allittle good music scattered through a programme of selections of an inferior quality, when the fact is that probably few, if any, audiences on this continent hear more good music than our own. Not in Montreal, most certainly; but the people who compose these audiences were either born and educated in Europe, where they were familiarized with music of the highest order performed in the best possible manner, or they visit the capitals of Europe very frequently, and listen to the first musical talent of the world, time and time again. To imagine, therefore, that a programme which would be thought scarcely good enough to be performed in Boston is almost too good to be given in Mon-treal, is a very great mistake indeed, although, unfortunately, by no means an uncommon one. Artists of all kinds should understand, once for all, that their best efforts are not beyond the taste or appreciation of those who attend concerts here, and that in proportion as they indulge their own tastes and perform only the best music, to that extent they gratify those who are listening, and secure for themselves opinions which will untimately prove of material and lasting benefit to those who have created them.

The solo playing was hardly so good this time as when the Club was here before. Mr. B. Listemann has great execution, but is wanting in style, and, besides, plays out of tune frequently. Nevertheless, he is so earnest and sincere, and conscientious in all his efforts that advers criticism is disarmed at the outset. In the Quartette, however, he is most admirable, and to his taste, knowledge and artistic cultivation a large share of the undoubted success of this Club

Mr. Hartdegen is the finest violoncello player we have ever heard in this city. The ease and precision with which he overcomes the most astounding difficulties, the beauty and grace of his phrasing, the quality of his tone and the rapidity of his execution, all alike challenge and hold the listener's unbroken attention. It would be as invidious as unjust not to mention, also in high terms, Mr. Belz and Mr. Weiner, both of whom are excellent artists.

Mrs. Dow, who is well and favorably known here, and, on her first appearance, created quite an impression by her brilliant execution of most difficult and trying vocal passages and the clearness of her voice, although her style was somewhat cold, sang Qui la voce, from Puritani, and a couple of ballads. Her voice, for some reason, did not sound quite so well as we have heard it other times. at other times. Her rendering of Qui la Voce, however, was artistic and careful, and although nothing particularly striking was noticeable in the performance, yet as a whole it was very pleasing. Mrs. Dow's ballad singing loses through whole it was very her indistinct pronunciation. Modern ballads can ill afford to lose anything, and if so important an item as the words be taken away, there is very little left. Just here let us ask why we do not oftener hear Robert Franz, or Schumann, or Mendelssohn when a song is wanted, instead of the dreary waste of Molloy, Pinsuti, Clay, &c., to which we are so constantly treated? Surely there are better songs than these last named individuals can produce. We have one word more before we close this

notice. The Mendelssohn and Beethoven Quintette Clubs dispense with a piano altogether in their concerts, and, consequently, the accompan-ments to the solos, when played upon the dif-ferent instruments of these Clubs, form one of the most delightful features of their entertainments. The few opportunities of judging the Philharmonic Club's ability in this direction afforded on Friday evening, proved, most conclusively, how far superior to the piano accompani-ment the other is, and we know that we but express the general feeling of the audience when we hope that this ubiquitous instrument may henceforth be banished from their programmes.

QUEBEC HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

We have received a copy of the transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec for the sessions of 1873-74 and 1874-75. Besides the business reports of the Council, Librarian, Curator of the Museum, and Treasurer, the work contains five papers of more or less interest. Shall we say that we have been disappointed in the volume? It may appear ungracious to do so, in one sense, as we must take it for granted that the present officers of the Society are doing all they can to further its interests, but in another sense, considering the apathy of the Province ther sense, considering the apathy of the Province targe, it may be as well to acknowledge at nee that we have been profoundly disappointed.

The Historical Society of Quebec is an old and at large, it may be as well to acknowledge at once that we have been profoundly disappointed.

respectable institution. It has done a great deal of good in its day. It has had a watchful eye over many of our most precious archives. It has published many valuable researches into the antiquities of the country. It has formed the nucleus of an interesting library. It has laid the foundations of an important national museum. But, like so many of our Canadian institutions, its present activity is notateall commensurate with its former zeal, and its past services have not borne all the fruit which was expected of them. Into the question of blame it were idle to enter. are certain, as hinted above, that the fault lies not with the actual officers. Rather shall we lay it at the door of our general public, throughout the Province, the current of whose ideas flow in quite other channels.

In the neighboring Republic, nearly every State has its Historical Society, and it is astonishing what an amount of rare material has been delved out by each. These Societies have fine buildings appropriated to their use. They hold regular meetings, monthly or otherwise. It is considered an honor to belong to them. They are liberally patronized. Not only are set papers submitted to them, but when any body makes any discovery within the precincts of the State heat once draws up an account and sends it to the Society. It is read there by one of the associates, a report of it appears in the daily papers, and it is filed in the archives of the Society for insertion in the annual Transactions. These Transactions are neatly printed and the series of them constitutes an invaluable collection. From our personal knowledge, the Historical Society Rooms are among the sights exhibited to visitors at Boston New York, Detroit, Baltimore, Chicago and St. Louis. Inhabitants of these cities take pride in displaying their treasures to strangers.

Is it because Canada, in general, and Lower Canada, in especial, is the most historical country of this continent that the Quebec Historical Society is the most neglected ? Formerly its name seemed to confine it to the ancient city, but now that the Province bears the same appellation, the Quebec Historical Society appertains to the whole Province and should be patronized by it. Its head quarters should naturally be in the largest city, as is the case in all the States of the Union, but, under the circumstances, the claims of the City of Quebec must be held paramount. We find on its list of membership a number of residents of Montreal and other parts of the Province. If these cannot conveniently attend the periodical meetings, there is nothing to prevent them sending their papers to the secretary who will made it his business, as well as pleasure, to read them. We should recommend a report of read them. We should recommend a report of the proceedings in all the Montreal papers as well as in those of the Capital. We should also favor a general and united effort towards making the Historical Society more popular among all the educated classes of the Province. An appeal to this effect from the officers and other prominent members would, we are confident, be strongly favored by the press, and for our part, we can promise the use of our own columns to that

The papers in the present volume are all able and worthy of being preserved. Colonel Strange, Dominion Inspector of Artillery, contributes a study on Sieges, and the Changes produced by Modern eapons, which we reviewed some months ago when it appeared in a separate pamphlet form.
The President, James Douglas jr., has an article
on the present state of Literature in Canada, and the Intellectual Progress of the People during the the Intellectual Progress of the People during the last fifty years. This was published some months ago in the Canadian Monthly, where it received deserved attention from ourselves and the press generally. William C. Howells, the American Vice Consul at Quebec, and brother of the authoreditor of the Atlantic Monthly, furnishes some interesting pages on the Settlement of the Valley of the Ohio. a subject intimately connected with of the Ohio, a subject intimately connected with the history of New France, as many a name of town, river, and mountain attests to this day. But the two papers which come more immediately within the scope of the Society, are those of the veteran Mr. Langton, Deputy Minister of Finance and Auditor-General of the Dominion, on the early French Settlements in America, and of James Stevenson, Quebec, on the Currency with reference to Card money in Canada during the French domination. The first of these contributions is a brief, clear and accurate summary of the early annals of the country. The second partakes more of the nature of a monograph and is absolutely valuable. We should like to see Mr. Stevenson continue his labors in this interesting field and exhaust the subject. The paper, as should always be done in such cases, is illustrated with several curious facsimiles.

French Canadians have, as a rule, given much attention to the antiquities of the Province. Some of them have acquired quite a reputation for their researches in this department. We would esults of their labors should be inserted in the Transactions of the Society. Or, let there be a French section of the Quebec Historical Society. In this way, we should acquire an additional fund of information concerning a thousand historical details which are at present floating about uncollected, and running the risk of being lost forever. We are pleased to learn that the Society is about to issue a new edition of the "Mémoires sur le Canada depuis 1749 jusqu'à 1760," originally published by it in 1838.

THE QUEBEC GRAPE.

was the apple and the grape show. We had heard of the Canadian "Grise" and "Fameuse" which we there saw in all their ripe splendor, but we were not prepared for the im-mense variety of other species spread before us. Similarly, the clusters of grapes were a revelation to us. When we had inspected them we concoluded, of course, that they we were all of hothouse growth, but our wonder reached its climax when we were informed that many of them had been raised in the open air. Since then, the culture of grape in these latitudes has always had a singular interest for us and it was with pleasure that we were enabled, a few months ago, to insert a number of entertaining papers thereupon, in the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. This year we have had the privilege of viewing, and, what is more to the purpose, of tasting, as many as ten varieties of grape grown in the open air. They were from the well-known vinery of Mr. W. W. Smith of Philipsburg, Eastern Townships, who has done so much to acclimate this juscious and wholesome. climate this luscious and wholesome fruit in the Province. Owing to the wet and cold Spring, grapes were at least a fortnight more tardy this season than usual, yet as early as the first week in September, Mr. Smith gathered many ripe bunches, which must be regarded as a remarkable success. The varieties which have come under our notice are the Adirondac, the Recoine under our notice are the Adirondac, the Kebecca, the Hartford Prolific, the Roger Hybrid No. 3, the Royal Muscadine, the Diana Hamburg, the Concord, the Delaware, the Diana, and the Union Village. These were all delicious, though one or two had a slightly acidulous taste. But the queen was the Adirondac which is Mr. Smith's layorite and must be averaged a logical transfer or the same of the sa Smith's favorite, and must be every body's favorite. The bunches are abundant and long, the berries large and round, and the flesh melts into the mouth without perceptible pulp. The Hartford Prolific is something akin to the Adirondac, the flesh being sweet and juicy. The Delaware is another old favorite, with its smaller sized berry and highly vinous flavor. Similar to is it the Diana. The Concord is a large grape, but its taste is slightly tart. But the variety that v liked best of all is the Rebecca lying beautiful among its dark and purple neighbors on account of its coat of pale green, bordering on yellow. There is an aroma about this grape which is inviting, and the deliciousness of its flavor is the perfection of fruit taste. The pine apple and the strawberry cannot surpass it. Our conclusion the strawperry cannot surpass it. Our conclusion is that, as the cultivation of the grape in the open air is so feasible, entailing no expense nor extraordinary labor, it should be indulged in by all our fruit growers and thus made cheap upon the market.

THE BIBLE.

It is now considerably over half a century that the work of spreading the Bible has been prosecuted in Montreal. A long series of years with active labor and restless zeal, exhibiting results which must be in the highest degree gratifying to those who have been engaged in the task. It is right that with the propagation of literature, much of which is so light, flippant and even deleterious, the Good Book should have its agents and colporteurs distributing it as a corrective and an antidote. We have received the Fifty Fourth Annual Report of the Montreal Auxiliary Bible Society for 1874, and from it we learn the extent of the labor accomplished. Two new Branches were established at Alexandria and St. Lamberts. The former place is the county town of Glen-The addition of these two new Branches makes the number of the Branches and Depo-sitories connected with the Auxiliary two hundred. The financial transactions of the Branches show a notable increase of contributions. Last year a total on account of Free Contributions and of Purchase Account of \$8.316.79 was received, as compared with \$7.808.51 for 1873—being an increase of \$508.28. The Free Contributions were \$6.079.87, as against \$4.881 in 1873, denoting an increment of \$1.198.87.

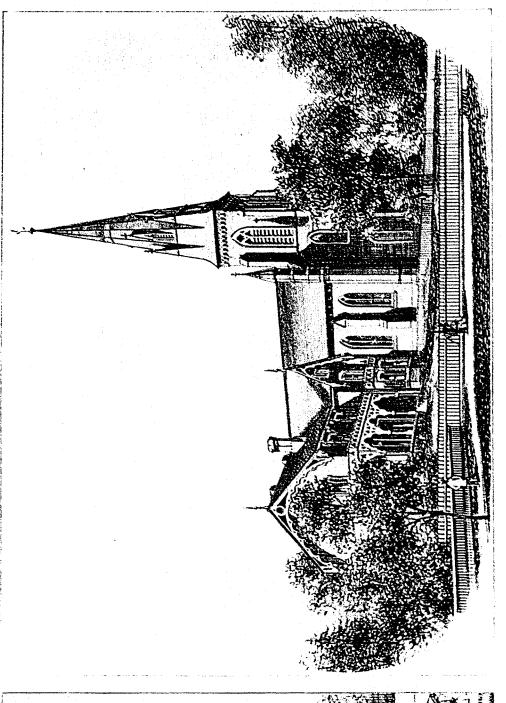
Five Colporteurs were in the employ of the Auxiliary, all of them English-speaking, and two speaking Gaelic as well. For special reasons, in the speaking Gaelic as well. as in former times, colportage among the French Canadians has been temporarily discontinued. The business of the Bible House is represented as very prosperous. The number of copies of the Scriptures, and of Portions, sent forth from the Bible House during 1874 was 17.818, being an increase of 5.157 over the number issued in 1873. The receipts on account of soles at the Depository amounted to \$2.765.10 against \$1.821.24 for the previous year, showing an increase of \$943.86. The receipts from all sources, including a balance of \$5.515.56 from 1873, amounts to \$21.619.04, being an increase, as compared with 1873, of \$2.181.90. The total expenditure amounted to \$16.639.93, being \$2.709.98 in excess of the exenditure Thus there was a balance in hand of \$4.97.11.

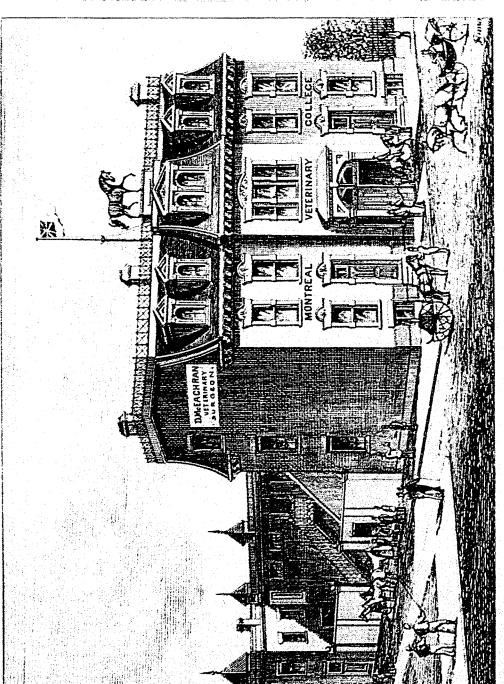
Among the numerous and interesting appendices we find the report of the Ladies Bible Association of Montreal, which is a pathetic record of good accomplished among the sick and suffering, the lowly and the sinful of this great city. The ladies employed in the work make the gaol a special object of their mission.

The report of the Travelling Agent and Col-porteurs show that there are Depositories, Branch Societies and Stations pretty well over the Prevince of Quebec and reaching into Ontario, at least as far as Brockville and Prescott, thus showing the important standing of the Montreal Auxiliary

The pamphlet closes with copious details of the work done by the Parent Society in France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Russia and

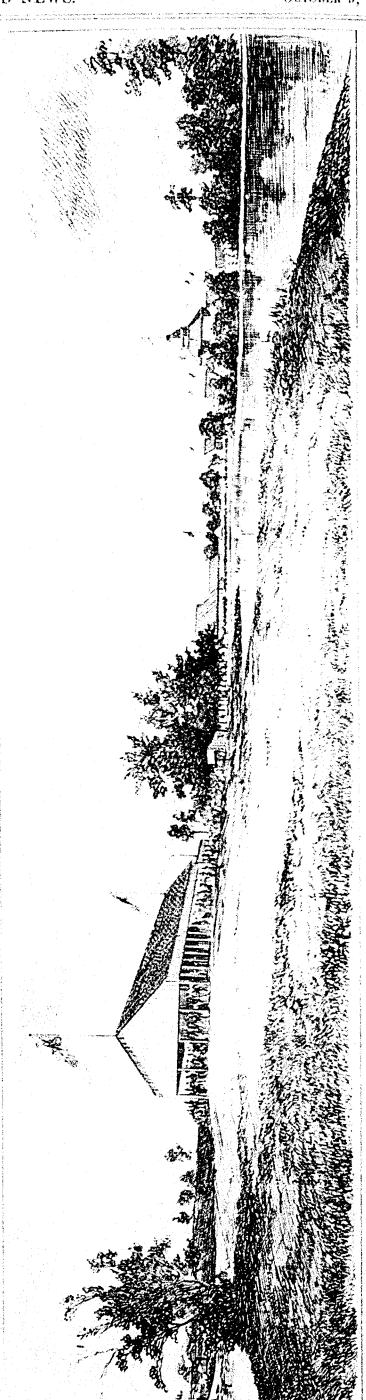








MONTREA



MARVIN KNOWLTON, ESQ.,

G. W. C. TEMPBAR OF CANADA.

Mr. Knowlton is a resident of London Ont., and earries on an extensive lumber trade in that city. He was born in Windham Co. Connecticut, in the year 1839 and was educated in the common schools of his native county. When but young in years he took an active part in the politics of the state and was strongly opposed to the Temperance movement. He removed to Canada in 1830, and shortly after became very intemperate in his habits and went to such great excess in drinking that his relatives and friends, who feit a deep interest in him, gave up all hope of his reloim, until in the Spring of 1870, when Mr. Morreli and Mr. W. Rock, Barrister, interested the miscless in his behalf and successful in getting him to join the Good Templars Ledge, known as Morrell Lodge in the City of London. He seam became interested in the Temperance reform and was the same year elected Worthy Chief of the Lodge. The following year, he was appended Provincial Deputy of the Order and in 1873 was elected by the Grand Lodge Grand Weethy Conneillor and, at the Grand Lodge of Brockville last year, was elected Grand Worthy Chief of the Order. He is a fluent and energe in speaker and has given over two hundred addresses in favour of Temperance and Prohibition during the past two years. He is Vice President of the Western Ontario Temperance and Prohibition deague and has aided by his liberality and speaking the great work done by the League in Western Ontario.

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Deely Graphs, ander to herry body, I think, has by this time role langitellow's "Hanging of the Crane," and Mail' be pleased to know something of its origin. I was at the home of the jeset yesterday to welcome him back from his pleasent trip down to Moine, and, during the foreness collegay, we take I about. "The Hanging of the Crane," which, as you have already been told, is seen to appear in a new volume. He had made known to be its erigin months before, but the subject was revived for your readers. Some true of a dozen your ago, shortly after Mr. T. B. Aldrich had taken unto himself a partner for life, Mr. L. ag follow visited the young couple and took tea with the northeir charming little house in Boston, but the joot, always suplant in his search for new deas, teak the smallness of the table as a three for discussion, and accordating the above with an old Acadian custon, then und there span the thread of his future poem. "As the family increases," said he to Aldrich, "the size of the table must be increased. When, after long years,

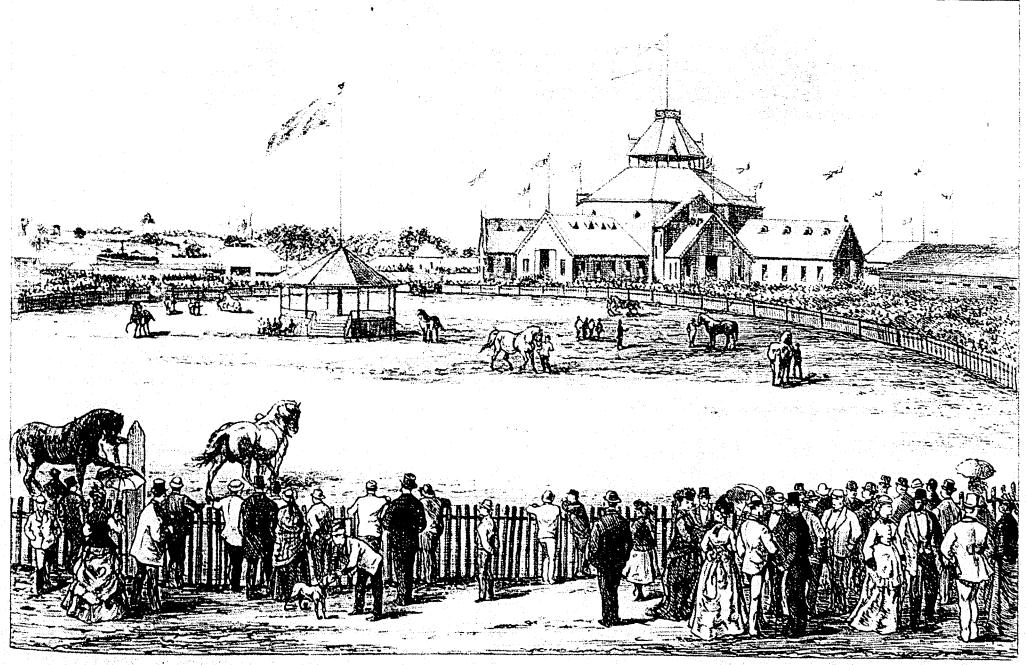


MARVIN KNOWLTON, G. W. C. TEMPLAR OF CANADA FROM A PROPOSEABL BY NOTMAN.

the children have grown up to manhood and womanhood and have left the fold, the large table will again be replaced by the small one for the two old folks who linger at home. Here you have a picture of life, of the growth of the family; and as you are now entering upon a literary career and have already written some good essays, why not write an assay on the subject in hand! Mr. Aldrich promised to think about it. The years flew by, but no essay had appeared. Two years ago, the elder and the younger poet met again. "Have you thought of that theme," asked Mr. Lonfellow, "which I proposed to you a long time ago?" "I have thought of it a hundred times, replied Mr. Aldrich, "but I cannot make anything of it." "The subject revert to me, then," said the venerable poet, and he at once began to write: "The lights are out and gone are all the guests." He completed the poem and sent it to Bonner, receiving in return a princely compensation of a thousand dollars. In the ensuing winter, after its publication in the Ledger, the poem was put into the elegant holiday volume in which, it may be said, it then became widely known.

BOCCACCIO.

At last we have a neat and portable edition of the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, the great work which produced so marked an effect on the romantic literature of modern Europe, and from which Chancer adopted the notion of the frame in which he has enclosed his tales and the general manner of his stories. It is aptly termed the "Flameng Boccaccio," and is published by James Campbell, Boston. Ten choice etchings and a portrat by Flameng—the most eminent of French etchers—whose reproductions of the plates of Rembrandt have made his name famous wherever the art is known, enhance the beauty and usefulness of this edition of the masterwork of the great Italian. Although the "Decameron" is a work highly prized by readers in general, there has long been felt the need of a good and accurate edition. In 1560 William Poynter printed many of the stories in English, in his work called the "Palace of Piersure." This work contained sixty novels, and vas soon followed by another volume comprising thirty-four additional tales. Of these pages Shakespeare made much use. A complete version of "Decameron" did not appear, however, until 1620. The translation which was printed in 1741, has been reproduced in all subsequent editions. For the present edition Mr. W. K. Kelly has revised the translation. Every page, chnost every line, has undergone considerable mos ifications: large omissions have been supplied, and brief critical and historical notices have been appended to most of the novels.



OTTAWA: -THE ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION; THE HORSE RING. - FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH,

AUCTUMNALIA.

Ay, the gay time is here. Sweetest of all the year, Cool be the bitter beer, Straight be the cartridge. Session and senson o'er, Girl-flirt and States-man bore, Seek we the joyous shore, Worship Saint Partridge.

Horace, that demirep (Known as a fifth form step), Sang of the quiet Sep-tembribus horis: And it appears to me, Even by land or sea, This month must surely be Mensis amoris.

Yes, when the toil is o'er,
When we forget the bore,
Then by some happy shore,
Quiet the pulse is;
Far from the City's fuss
Bright eyes rain joy on us,
Deep woods are glorious—
Latebræ dulces.

D., who would catch the tide, (t., with his notions wide, Each is temporicide— Time's reckless murderer; O'er sea and sand to-night; Lady, with dainty sleight, Ice me the Ræderer.

Confound their politics!
Plague on their knavish tricks!
Doubtless, in Seventy-Six,
Stalks some fresh spectre in.
But 'tis September now;
Far off be any row;
Sea-breezes cool my brow—
Hand me a nectarine.

THE PAINTER'S MODEL.

She rose up wondering, finding it difficult at first to understand what had happened. Then, mechanically, she covered up the canvas, and stole away.

All was cool and quiet out of doors; indoors Jane was singing in a high treble voice, and fil-ling the house with shrill appeals to her dear sailor lad. Leah stopped her ears. A false note was perfect anguish to her, and Jane had only been accustomed to hymns in the workhouse, so

that she was not very sure of her air.

Mrs. Burt was fast asleep, so that Leah was not really wanted here. But her conscience made her stay all the same. She had neglected her mother, and must needs atone. The invalid did not rouse for a full hour, and Leah sat motionless by her bedside all the while, trying nergial to the same of the same vously to count all the shadows that came and went until it was quiet dark, and she only knew where the window was because of a glimmering star that looked like some jewel set in a timeworn frame.

Mrs. Burt was very cross when she at last

Even her own child deserted her now, she de clared, in her feeble, fractious voice. It was quite time she was dead. She was in everyone's way—a mere helpless burden, and Leah loved pleasure better than to tend her sick mother.

The child's tears fell hot on her cheeks, and

the slender young arms pressed her close, whilst would not be propitiated, and made Jane bring her supper, whilst Leah stood weeping by.

It is astonishing how a woman who is well-meaning, may torture others from mere obtu-

Mrs. Burt was selfish as well, of course, but most of Leah's troubles came from the other's want of comprehension. Jane settled her for the night very clumsily, but Mrs. Burt was extraordinarly civil to her all the same, and thanked her elaborately for doing her duty, whilst all Leah's sacrifice could never win her so much as a

Mrs. Burt did not like to be disturbed again after this, so Leah kissed her reluctant lips in repentant tenderness, and went downstairs to sit on the door-step amongst the shadows, waiting. They did not frighten her when they moved ever so much here, because they might be he. Her heart had made ready its welcome, but he never came. Midnight struck, and then she fell asleep with her head amongst the roses, and never felt the thorns, although they tried to sting her

He stumbled against her in entering presently, and she sprang to her feet with a little murmur of thankfulness. Jane had been in bed some time, but his supper was waiting for him, and he never cared to ask what gentle hand had arranged the meal with so much order and grace.

Lesh smiled to see him eat, but when he lighted his pipe, and fell into sombre reverie, she left him without his even knowing that she was

Each day after this, for a week, he called her when he wanted her;" and each day she was whiter, and more still, more docile too, so that his work grew fast.

But she could not realize herself by this time as any other than the picture made her. If she looked in the glass, it was the painter's Leah that confronted her—solemn, lifeless beauty chilling all the warm blood in her veins, and giving a strange unreality to everything about her.

When she tried to smile, a gray shadow came

between her and her sight, like a veil, and gave this smile a wistful expression, as if the other Leah were making her the confidant of some great mystery. Her appetite went from her, and she wasted to a mere shadow, but it never struck her to grudge the strength the artist used so thank-

lessly and thoughtlessly.

She was glad and proud to be considered worthy of the post assigned her, and to remember

that in after days, when he rose to fame, she also would be famous through him.

Those of the neighbours who saw Leah at this time readily recalled afterwards her strange, still ways, her abstractions, and the peculiar manner

ways, her abstractions, and the pecuniar manner she had of separating herself from the life about her, as if she had no real part in it.

"She studies too much," said one. "Nay, it's Mrs. Burt's fault," said another: "she wears the poor child quite out with her fractious discounted the state of the said she has

content; and she is but a lassie, for all she has so many cares." A third opined that the artist was at the bottom of it all, and declared that painters and play-actors, and those kinds of folk, should never enter her door, for she would as soon drive a ravening wolf in amongst her innocent daughters.

At this stage, the artist's hand suddenly wearied, and he stopped work. Leah had her pause of rest, too, but he profited her nothing. The riot of her pulses made riot in her brain, and she dreamt strange dreams, and saw singular visions. The darkness teemed with grinning faces and grotesque shapes. They sat astride her pillow, and climbed up the curtains of her bed, mocking and gibing, until she would faint with the anguish

of repelling them,
Daylight brought her relief, but she lived in dread of the coming darkness all the while it was light; for the terror of death—which is so much

worse than death itself—covered her like a cloud.

No hand was outstretched to guide her away from the edge of the precipice on which she trembled. Life was possible to her still, if some one would help her to live. But Mrs. Burt was wrapped up in herself, and

more intent upon her own comforts and alleviations that upon her daughter's looks.

When she was told that Leah seemed languid and ill, she was annoyed at the want of consideration that diverted any attentions from herself,

and poohpoohed the idea most strenuously.

"Of course, knowing my critical state of health she is a little anxious about me," Mrs. Burt answered, with sublime egotism; "but that is all. Leah inherits her father's constitution, and he might was the strongest man I ever knew. He might have lived to be a hundred, the doctor said, only he caught a slight cold, and it settled on his

It was suggested that Leah might do the same, but Mrs. Burt smiled with an air of conscious

superiority.
"I am not at all afraid of that. Leah is not so obstinate as her poor dear father,, who would go out and get wet, and then sit in his damp things. Leah never goes out, and it hasn't rained for this age, so that the thing is impossible, of course

And Mrs. Burt, who seemed to think she had disposed of the question very logically, went

calmly to sleep.

For a week the painter's erratic fancy sent him hither and thither, like a feather driven by the wind. Nature was his only friend, he averred; and to sit under the starry arch of the sky, through the livelong night, listening to the woodland murmurs, was his only idea of rest and relaxation. Here he gained inspiration and encouragement

Here he gained inspiration and encouragement; here he could even pray.

Here softer thoughts would steal upon him unawares, and he would find himself dreaming of a home that might be his, when his toil had borne its fruits; of a dearer and better self, who would share his joys and sorrows; of little feet pattering up and down stairs, and the music of glad young voices. Vague longings he had seen glad young voices. Vague longings he had scar-cely been conscious of before roused within him, and he could understand why he looked for Leah in her usual place with new eagerness, and sighed not to see her there.

He called her by name, but she did not answer; and then he walked into the kitchen, full of resentment at this neglect, and almost scared Jane out of what little sense she had, by saying sharply and shortly, "Where on earth is Leah?"

Jane didn't know, she was sure. If she was supposed to see everywhere, it was quite certain the washing would have to be put out. For Jane was not good-tempered, and her own opinion of staying out of nights, could not expect much civility.

He glanced at her from under his heavy brows, as if he were putting the question to himself whether she was insolent or simply ignorant. But the problem was not worth working out eviden-tly, for he turned on his heel, and left the kitchen, calling lustily up the stairs as he passed, Leah! Leah? I want you!"

But Leah was deaf, and would not hear.

He was busy at his picture, filling in a few touches here and there, trifling in themselves, but helping wonderfully to the completeness of the whole, when he heard a slow, soft step behind, and Leah came stealing in.

She took no heed of him, but went and settled herself tranquilly in her usual place, and remained perfectly motionless.

It was the little maiden of the river, lying dead in her sweet prime, the artist's fancy had prompted him to paint; and the thought his genius had consecrated had so much pathos, so much forlorn reality about it, that it was hard to keep from weeping as you gazed. Backwards and forwards the long and long and long are long as you gazed. the long, cool grasses swayed, and the wind that moved them passing on to her, kissed her lips timidly, and then ran to hide itself amongst the ripples of her hair. The eyes were ever so little sunken, the mouth too colourless, otherwise you might have said the little maiden had fallen

asleep, as she lay listening to the murmurs of the

unquiet tides.
Was the real Leah asleep?

He stole a glance at her ere he took his pencil. It was so soft, so nearly tender, that If Leah had but looked at it, the joy in her heart would have become strength, and she would have lived to bless him.

But she was too weary-too certain that she would gain nothing by the effort—to lift the heavy lids; and so her one last chance of life went from her, and she did not even understand that it had

The painter worked on until the light failed him, and then he put down his pencil, and went up to Leah.

She was sleeping peacefully, her breathing faint, but regular; and, with a new care that made him wonder at himself, he covered her with his cloak, and stole softly away on tip-toe, that he might not dissipate, by a sudden, rude footfall, the sweetness of her dream.

He wandered, bareheaded, according to his wont, into the lanes; but he had no relish for solitude to-night. For once, nature could not satisfy him. The twilight veil that dimmed her beauty made her seem too cold and distant. He wanted human companions and companions. wanted human companionship, and, somehow, his heart went back to Leah with longing.

If she would but wake, and come to him, she should find a welcome! He had almost decided to return and wake her, when the sight of Mrs. Rumbold's head man, Jock, driving the cows out of the meadow to their watering shed, suddenly diverted his thoughts.

He would go and have a little talk with Jock; and, by that time, Leah would have roused of her own accord, perhaps, and he should see her features set in a frame of roses, as she waited, smiling, for him in the perch.

The animals were shy of him; but their balmy breath sweetened the air so deliciously, that he was fain to linger all the same. Jock had never read "Sartor Resartus," of course; but the look of the artist's clothes gave him a poor notion of the wearer, and he was not inclined to be com-

What did he think of the war?

None of his folks were in the army, and so what was the war of him? If it would cheapen his bread, and soften his beer, he'd speak in its favour. But he knew better than that. There never was a war yet that helped the poor; and though he could'nt say but what he hoped the English would win, he did'nt suppose it would make much difference to him either way.

He went on steadily frothing the milk into

his pail as he spoke; and, having said his say, seemed anxious to escape the burden of further conversation; but the old Cochin cock flapped his wings, and crowed lustily at this moment,

and that reminded the artist of his grievance.
"I wish you would strangle that bird!" he ejaculated; "it keeps me awake all the morn-

"But it isn't him as keeps you awake all night!" retorted Jock, with scorn. "There 'ud be a decent reason for staying out o' doors, staring at the moon, and frightening foolish maids, if it was! Why don't you get along to your own parts?" concluded Jock, uncompromisingly; "perhaps they understand you better there!"

The artist laughed at the animus Jock imparted to this suggestion; but he had had enough of human companionship for the present assure

He had never guessed till now that his strange habits had prejudiced the simple villagers against him. Jock would be a grand man when he sat in the bar of the "Blue Dragon" that night, and told how he had set down the artist-chap, and sent him off. He could'nt know, of course, that the "artist-chap" had forgotten the lesson gra-tuitously bestowed as soon as he got amongst the butter-cups in the meadows.

The ripe harvest, smitten by many busy sick-les during the day, was lying about in the fields. and the tender, plaintive note of the wood-pigeon struck softly through the golden silence, bring-ing to him a sudden revelation of his own

"It is not good for man to live alone," he said, within himself. "Even in his Eden, which nei-ther sickness nor sorrow had then invaded, Adam longed for a helpmate; what need have I, then, to blush for all those longings which the quiet of evening seems to quicken within me? It is that I am weary of lonelinese, that my heart has learned a new language, and clamours for sustenance in words I can at last understand!"

He was too quick and irritable by nature to

argue the question calmly with himself. He reached his conclusions at a stride, and then proceeded to act upon them, as if they were inevitable laws. He knew that he wanted Leah, and he felt he wanted her at once. Conventionalities had about as much meaning for him as Euclid has to womankind.

He had a sense, in which there was no vanity or boastfulness, that Leah, would not deny him; but he was eager for his happiness, and felt in no mood to loiter.

A few quick bounds brought him to the little gate leading to the house, and the mingled per-fume of the mignonette as it came on the breath of the evening breeze would be an evil odour to him in the future, because it would be associated with the great anguish of that hour.

"Leah, Leah!" he shouted, with happy impatience, as soon as he had passed into the twilight of the old oaken hall.

night of the old oaken half.

No answer; only, as he remembered afterwards, with strange distinctness, a gnat whizzed past, its "tiny, trumpeting voice" following him persistently as he hurried through the half.

Perhaps Leah was asleep still. He recalled now her tired looks, her languor, and it seemed to him just possible that she might not have roused at all. If so, it would be would be plea-sant to wake her with a kiss, and see her asto-

nishment turn to gladness, and then to love. He opened the door softly, and stole in, pausing a second to wonder at the mysterious silence; for Leah was there, her white dress marking clearly the outline of her slender figure.

Her face was turned just as he had left it, and the last ruddy gleams of the sunset fired her

Trying to smother the feeling of awe sweeping over him, the painter knelt beside the girl, and whispered, "Leah, wake up, child! I have a

whispered, "Lean, wake up, child: I have a secret to tell you."

He pressed his lips to her cold, white mouth as he spoke, but the kiss never returned to him. Leah had given all she had to bestow unasked for; she had given him her life.

Leah's mother died of her self-reproach and orrow; it wanted little to kill her; but the painter was made of stern stuff, and so he lived on, and worked all the harder, just to stifle the dull pain at his heart. He won fame at last, but he never won another love. His spirit was softened by this great grief, and he made

He was not unhappy, but Leah's memory stayed by him undimmed; and not a thought or a glance had been untrue to her when he passed rejoicing through the golden gate to those ever-lasting shores where she had "gone before."

THE MONTREAL VETERINARY COLLEGE.

This college established in 1866 in connection with the Medical Faculty of McGill University and under the patronage of the Council of Agriculture P. Q., from the large increase in the attendance of pupils and also the extent of practice have found it necessary to procure increased accomodation.

In this issue of the NEWS we present to our readers a view of the very handsome college building just finished on Union Avenue, near Dorchester Street, built and provided with all the requisites and most modern apparatus for the through study, practice and teaching of the science of horse, cattle and canine pathology.

On the ground floor are the general and pri-

vate offices, the dispensing room and laboratory. On the second floor is the lecture room with raised seats and desks for fifty pupils which can readily be increased to double that number. Adjoining is the museum with a full collection of natural and artificial specimens of anatomy, with skeletons of almost every domestic animal, dissections, diagrams, microscopic tissues &c., for reference and illustration of lectures. The stables are well drained and ventilated and are fitted up with roomy-boxes and stalls over twelve feet in height. The dissecting room is filled with every convenience for the practical dissection of animals. The infirmary for dogs is furnished with commodious boxes or hatches, and can be heated to any required temperature. The space inclosed by the building forms a commodious yard, a portion of which is laid with tan for throwing horses ni surgical operations.

The practice is extensive and varied, hence students have the best possible opportunities of seeing all kinds of diseases and accidents treated

and operated on.

The ninth session opened on Tuesday the 5th October, when the introductory lecture was delivered. The regular lectures commenced on Wednesday the 6th and will be continued during the ensuing six months. Full particulars with pamplets giving course of lectures and their synopsis, also text books, fees &c., can be obtained by addressing the principal of the College, D. McEachran, M. R. C. V. S. Montreal.

VARIETIES.

THE California wine crop is increasing every year. This year it is expected to exceed 8,000,000 gallons. In a few years a large number of vines will come into bearing, increasing the present production almost one-

Kossuth is living in comfort at Barraconne, a village between Turin and Rivoli, absorbed in the cultivation of fruit, flowers, vegetables, and keeping an eye on his collections of insects and minerals.

Prof. Marsh has in his possession a fossil bird found in the West, which has teeth. He concludes that the creature was an intermediate form between the bird and the reptile, and that its discovery supplies one of the missing links in the Darwinian theory.

The giant grape vine at Santa Barbara, Cal., is supposed to be dying. Its owner has acceded to numerous requests, and intends to transport it to Philadelphia for exhibition in the California department of the Centennial, if scientific treatment can keep it alive long enough.

DR. MARY E. WALKER has lectured in San DR. MARY E. WALKER has tectured in San Francisco before the appreciative few. She wor a cos-tume of green, comprising a pair of "panties" and a sack shaped like a coat of mail, fringed with black, and terminating at the knee like a kit. Her hair was brush-ed back after a girlish and rather incongruous fashion.

THE late Marquis de Prades-Conti, ex-officer of the body-guard of Charles X., died the other day from the effects of what might be called an excess of gallantry. He had never been ill a day, and retained all activity in spite of his eighty-two years, but in stooping to kiss the hand of the Dowager Countess de la Rochepeon, who came to pay him a visit, he fell dead.

A PETRIFIED body was exhumed near Bangor A FEIREFIED BODY WAS EXHUMED REAL DANGOT lately. The head, body, and greater part of the limbs were transformed to a substance resembling chalk, and retained their original form and appearance. The hair, which was in long curls, combed back, looked almost as when the body was laid out for internment. The grave clothes were entirely gone with the exception of a silk neck-tie, which was in a perfect state of preservation. (For the Canadian Illustrated News.) 1RONCLADS AND PASSENGER

SHIPS. As we glance over the records of the creation of the British Iron-Clad Fleet, nothing impresses the mind more than the complete and effective officialism by which the huge monsters have been brought into being.

The whole system has been such as to bring the highest talent to the surface and to keep that talent working at its fullest efficiency by the best encouragement a nation could afford. There was not only constant communication of the experts who turnished the designs and supervision with the originating Department, but the public, that is to say, all intelligent men who could be brought to take an interest in the naval progress, were kept fully informed of each month's proceedings through the great popular journals. If a celebrated constructor was so unfortunate as to differ with those who engaged him, the quarrel was not carried on under a cloud, and if his sense of honour compelled him to resign his functions, every reader could make to resign his functions, every reader could make himself au fait of the merits if he chose to give the needed attention—and the man of science and practice became thereafter the centre of a loyal opposition in naval questions, keeping a close watch over all the work of his successors. It may be said that, after all, the work is most It may be said that, after all, the work is most annoyingly imperfect in its results. The effort, however, was a new one. The Ironclad men have done their best, and will go on doing their best, unshackled by routine. The Ironclad is expected to be brought towards perfection by time and experience, even until the necessity for such huge armaments is happily no longer seen. The lessons of the time have been mastered one The lessons of the time have been mastered one by one. That is the way we prepare for war, or the risk of it. When the life interests of thousands of emigrants from an overcrowded state are put in question, as regards the vital step of the transfer of themselves, their families and be-longings across the ocean that intervenes between their old home and the one in which they hope to better their fortunes, the difference in contructive arrangements is patent. In the one case the builders have tried to make an unsinkable ship. In the other they have hardly given a thought to the special question of unsinkableness. The bright idea of compartments certainly formed an exception to this heedlessness of routine, but even with this great discovery before them, there has been no trouble taken to forc them, there has been no trouble taken to follow up the principle to successful issues. Routine only has been triumphant. The service, in fact, has been treated too exclusively as a question of commerce, although partly sustained by national subsidies. Although, as regards some lines, it has certainly been well conducted, so long as no extraordinary casualities have interfered with the daily course, the people chiefly in-terested have not themselves been instructed with any care as to the real conditions of with any care as to the real conditions of their safety or the preparations to be trusted for emergencies, and an essential check and security have thus been wanting. The ships have been built as the manufacturer had got into the habit of building them. They have been built to encounter rough weather, with plenty of sea room, but not collisions of any sort. The flourish of but not collisions of any sort. The flourish of trumpets with which the advent of each new vessel was announced, was justified in many parti-culars, but not in the one that now engages so much attention. Magnificent vessels, in many of their requirements, have left the stocks—but of their requirements, have left the stocks—but what does it all avail, if they will not provide the security that is needed? And as to any of them we were not in possession of the first line of certification or assurance from competent authority as to their resisting powers. Most bitter experiences have filled the place of the knowledge to be gained in that way, but not as to the vessels of the future. We expect to know something more of them than their sailing and steaming ca pacity—splendid fittings—accommodation for steerage passengers. The unbiassed opinion of a REED upon the sufficiency and good consistency of the structure of the ship, and upon the actual trustworthiness of bulkheads and compartments upon which life or death for so many is poised, would be worth far more to us than all splendours would be worth far more to us than all splendours of description, though a floating palace outrivalling ('leopatra's barge were painted in them. It is not the lazy Nile that is to be the destination of these ships, but the Atlantic with its treacherous dangers. Our anxieties cannot be sluggish because the waves and the winds are not so—and because the waves and the winds are not suggist casualty has to be provided against. The Ice-berg thrusting like an Iron Ram—and needing something more than fragile plates to withstand it; Rocky Coasts in fog and bad weather, and it; Rocky Coasts in fog and bad weather, and the neighbourhood of other ships on a crowded the neighbourhood of other ships on a crowded occan-highway have all to be faithfully considered and effectually provided against. There is a ed and effectually provided against. There is a grave book of contingencies before us with its grave book of contingencies before us with its unopened leaves. The armour that is to defend us, should, as far as man is capable of making it, be placed beyond a peradyenture. It is for this be placed beyond a peradyenture. It is for this severe and consisted of the combustion of pine wood turniture and a quantity of shavings within armour, and these impervious air receptacles or compartments that we need the best certificate that science can furnish. In the case of arctic ships for the hazardous enterprise of polar discovery, the ice-dangers have been seen and met. The constructors knew what they had to do, and made provision accordingly. Let us have the right ship for the Atlantic work. A ship fitted for the risks she is exposed to is the best Insurance for life, and the cheapest for Property. The defence she supplies is real, and complete in proportion to her resisting powers, but in the meeting of monetary Insurances there is only a transfer of loss from one pocket to another, and a real loss to the community, while life cannot in this way be protected. The right ship would be certain to be patronized by travellers.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

CYNICS.

The other day, my wife referring to some expressions which had just fallen from my lips, called me a "cynic." She said it reproachfully. You are a perfect old cynic, Joel," were the

The accusation caused me to reflect. I felt there was some truth in the charge, and, like all accused persons, I looked about me for some excuse. I had little difficulty in discovering suffi-

cient causes for the disease.

First of all, I thought—what is cynicism? There can be no doubt that it is generally ascribed to those soured and disappointed people who endeavor to cover their ill fortune by bitter aspersions on the machinery of human affairs. It may be a question if this is entirely a just view of the case. A cynic is one who objects to the unfair mode in which matters go in this world. If everything went on properly there would be no cynics. If even-handed justice were meted out to all mortals, the cynic would have a slim chance. Unfortunately there seems to be too good cause for all the bitter raillery which forms the current literature of the professional cynic.

Instead of being a bad man, the cynic is generally a good man—an honest man—a generous man—a warm-hearted man. Thackeray was a cynic, but who loved his fellow men better? Who was more anxious that each should have his due? Tom Carlyle is a cynic, but what heart beats more in sympathy with the great mass of human beings than the sturdy old Scotch philo-sopher's? We pause in sacred awe when we come to mention the name of Him who taught as never man taught; but when we read His words:
"Woe unto you! Scribes and Pharisees, hypo-

crites! for ye shut up the Kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves; neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in,"

we are almost reminded of sublime cynicism.

Cynic am I? Well, why not? In my outlook on the world what do I see? Universal Justice?

Success in proportion to merit? Achievement in the measure of effort? Reward in accordance with labor-honor with virtue? Let the sleek and smiling panegyrists answer these.

I am not an old man, but I have lived long enough to discover that in worldly eyes, honesty is not always the best policy. I have seen unscrupulous tricksters acquire fortunes, and enjoy them to the end of their days, while honest men, with greater toil, were living in humble poverty because they would not be dishonest.

I turn to the realm of politics. Here I have seen men who have mastered every important public measure -who have all the qualities of eminent statesmen—judgment, discretion, tact and eloquence, who have never been able to enter Parliament : while empty-headed, vain, shallow upstarts have stood at the head of the polls and strutted gorgeously through the Halls of the Legislature. Is not this occurring every day! Do we not all see it with our eyes, and understand it gislature. with our hearts?

My friend A. toiled his way through college which he left with honors; toiled his way to his 'profession—law, of which science he has made himself master. He put out his sign and diligently attended his office and ably performed whatever business was entrusted to him. But his clients are few and his increase. But his clients are few and his income him. small. My friend B. pessed his collegiate course at the same time. He studied little and consulted his own pleasure much. He, too, studied law, reading just enough to pass his examina-

tion. But, with scarcely any effort on his part, he obtained a partnership with a well-established barrister, and is now making a fortune. Is this entirely fair ? My friend B. has not one tithe of the ability or energy of my friend A., but he has beaten him completely, will beat him, and the world calls him the "rising man." And yet I hear every day of my life the old threadbare aphorism? "Merit will prevail, Sir."

The story is a long one and cannot all be tald.

apnorism: Merit will prevail, Sir.

The story is a long one and cannot all be told at once. I am grateful to my wife for suggesting the subject. I think I can profitably enlarge on it. If I don't get over my present attack of dyspepsia soon it is probable I will return to it.

Cynic am I? What made me such ?

JOEL PHIPPS.

FIRE PROOF DWELLINGS.

the building. These were admirably withstood, the construction scarcely shewing the touch of fire anywhere about it. This indeed is a great victory for civilization, if we did but realize it, and the secret seems to consist almost entirely in covering the boards and rafters everywhere with concrete, tinned plates over the same material being used for the roof. The best composition for the concrete, over which in the form of floors we should be constantly moving, would seem to be nearly the whole enquiry. If it were to take months to satisfy our minds upon such a question we ought not to grudge the time and energy expended. Encaustic Tiles would be very good, we think, for placing over the concrete

ROUND THE DOMINION.

A convention of Y. M. C. A. workers was held in Montreal last week. Mr. G. Hague, of Toronto, was elected President for the year.

Complaints are made in various sections of the Eastern Townships of the rust in wheat and potatoes. The late cold weather also checked harvesting.

Very few men or teams have yet gone to the coods. Wages are low. It is many years since such dullness prevailed in the lumbering operations at this season.

The Government steamer "Napoleon III." will at once start on another tour to the various light-houses in the Gulf and Straits of Belle Isle, with provisions and other stores.

It is said that the ship-building prospects in Quebec and Levis for the coming winter are very encouraging; all the yards will be occupied in the construction of one or more vessels.

Mr. Mackenzie has informed Mayor Kennedy. of Winnipeg, that the Government will not change the route of the Pembina Branch Railway so as to touch the City of Winnipeg.

The Parry Sound North Star says that the Icelanders who have been residing in that village have taken their departure by the steamer Wau-buno, en route to Manitoba, where they are forming an Icelandic colony.

Gov. Morris and Hon. Jas. Mackay have just returned to Fort Garry, having concluded a treaty with the Sauteux and Swampy Creek Indians. The territory ceded by the latter, under the treaty, comprises 50,000 square miles.

When the Aylmer people opened their new church some one proposed that they should wipe off a little debt still remaining on that fine building, and in half an hour it was done. That little debt was just \$9,000.

The Glassware company or St. Johns have broken ground on the site of their proposed factory, and intend having the building erected and everything in readiness to commence the manufacture of glassware by the latter end of Novem-

Work has commenced on the Phillipsburg, Farnham, and Yamaska Ry., between St. Pie and L'Ange Gardien. It is the general opinion that, by the end of the fall, the whole length between St. Hyacinthe and St. Pie will be open for the fall. for traffic.

The work of supplying the town of Truro with water is now commenced. The Waterous Company of Brantford, Ont., have contracted to do the whole work for \$20,000, and have already sub-let the laying of pipes, erection of engine houses, &c., to Mr. George Chisholm, of Truro.

Eleven men were killed and twenty-five seriously injured by a construction train on which they were engaged being thrown off the track, by an obstruction maliciously placed for that purpose, on the Richmond, Drummond, & Arthabaska Railway, near Sorel, Que., on Tuesday night of last week.

The County Council of Simcoe have agreed to accept twenty-five cents in the dollar for the stock held by them in the Northern Railway. It is questioned, however, whether this resolution can be made to cover the stock bought by the county but transerred to Barrie and other municipalities.

FOOT NOTES.

THE city of Paris has in its streets and avenues 82,000 trees, in excellent condition. In the gardens and squares there are 9,000 more, all of which are cared for most solicitously, being regularly watered and trimmed.

In olden times it was the fashion for a suitor to go down on his knees to a lady when he asked her to become his wife, which, with very stout gentlemen, was an uncomfortable proceeding. The way in which Daniel Webster proposed to Miss Way in which Danier webster proposed to mass Fletcher was more modern, being at the same time neat and polite. Like many other lovers, he was caught holding a skein of thread or wool, which the lady had been unravelling. "Gracie," said he, "we have been untying knots. Let us see if we cannot tie one which will not untie in a life-time." With a piece of tape he fashioned half a true lover's knot, Miss Fletcher perfected it, and a kiss put the seal to the symbolical bargain.

Few persons are probably aware that the Chancellor of North Germany was nearly being a Frenchman, or, at all events, taking service in France. Prince Bismarck's father, says a Paris journal, was forced to leave his country in consequence of a duel, and in 1807 he offered his services to the King of Wurtemberg, Jerome Bona-parte. In this way Prince Bismarck's father found hirself in the service of France, and took part in the Rusian campaign Marshal Nev whose army corps he served during several dangerous night marches, give him the command of the advanced guard. At the battle of Borodino he had three horses killed under him, and his regiment, which he commanded, was one of the most ill-treated during the retreat. After the passage of the Beresina, Col. Bismarck led the shattered remains of his regiment back to Würtemberg and recruited it. He afterwards distinguished himself as a light cavalry commander at Bautzen, and was decorated with the Legion of Honor. Having g ined glory and honor in the Honor. Having g ined glory and honor in the service of France, it would not have been extraordinary had Colonel, afterward General, Bismarck, unable to return home, adopted France as his country.

ARTISTIC.

MISS HOSMER, the American sculptress, pro-poses sending from Rome to the Centennial a marble group representing the emancipation of the slaves.

CINCINNATI claims to be the headquarters of the fine arts in the United States, and its reputation such is growing in Europe.

A Parisian gentleman has bequeathed 300,000f. to the Minister of Fine Arts for the purpose of erecting a gigantic statue of France on the summit of the Arc de Triomphe.

THE celebrated collection of portraits of painters at the Pitti Palace at Florence, has just been enriched with that of Corot, sent by the family of the M. BAUDRY, the celebrated French painter and member of the Institute, has gone to Orleans, where he will familiarise the life of the Pucelle Joan of Arc, in

twelve different paintings. As an offset to the German Hermann monument, the Lombards talk of commemorating on the 29th of next May the seventh centennial of the battle of Legnano, when their "Leagued Cities" defeated the forces of the old German Empire.

THE death is announced of Mr. Spencer Hall, who has been librarian to the Athenæum Club since the year 1838. Mr. Hall, who was in his seventieth year, contributed papers to the Archaeological Journal, the Athenæum, the Art Journal, and other publications.

G. A. Healty, the artist, will arrive shortly from Paris, and will remain for the Centennial Exhibition, to which he will contribute his fine full-length painting of the interview between Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and Porter. prior to the march into Georgia. Mr Healy is said to have given in this picture a better Lincoln, perhaps, than any yet painted.

coln, perhaps, than any yet painted.

A MEMORIAL is being erected at the cemetery of Père-la Chaise to Baron Larrey, the famous surgeon of the Grande Armée. It is to bear the following inscription.—A Larrey, thomme te plus vertueux que j'aie jamais conau (To Larrey, the most virtuous man I ever knew.) The monument stands opposite the tomb of General Massena, and between those of Marshal Ney and General Lefevre. The author of the inscription was Napeleon the First.

THE Journal des Débats, on the occasion of the death of the painter Waldeck, who died lately at the sge of 107, cites the celebrated painters who have died at an advanced age. Titian died in his 99th year; Coypel was 89; Rigaud, 86; Mignard, 85; Jardaens, 84; Tintoretto, Claude Lorraine, and Albano. 82; Primaticcio and Teniers, 80; Carl Vernet and Greuze, 79, David, 77; Guerc. 10, Leonardo da Vinci and Ostade, 75; Michael Angelo died in his ninetieth year.

LITERARY.

OLIVE LOGAN'S eyes are seriously affected.

THE Viscount de Castillo, one of the most distinguished Portuguese writers, both in prose and poetry, died a few days ago at Lisbon, of cerebral fever at the age of seventy-five.

Some sensation has been caused at Dijon (Côte d'Or) by the discovery of a copy of a scarce edition of the "Œuvres de Corneille," printed at Rouen by Laurens Maury, 1645, with portrait by Michel Lasne.

The Clarendon Press will issue this autumn, through Messrs. Macmillan & Co., a new edition in five vols., of Professor Jowett's "Plato." The translation has been carefully revised, and the introductions have been in many cases almost re-written.

MR. KEGAN PAUL'S "Life of William Godwin "is at last to appear. As we have already announced, the book will contain letters, hitherto unpublished, by Shelley, Lamb, Coleridge, Mrs. Shelly, Godwin himself, Mary Woolstonecraft, and others.

"SPELLING is'nt my profession; one man can't do everything. What's a printer for i can't do everything. What's a printer for i if a printer can't spell, he'd better quit his business, is is the line of argument adopted by Joaquin Miller when a cold, unfeeling critic ridicules his orthography.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, it is said, finds the early morning hours the best time to compose poetry. He has also a habit of composing aloud. The latter fact so seriously interfered with the shumbers of a sailor, who occupied a room adjoining to Mr. Whittier's at a hotel, that he applied for other quarters "out of the hearing of Whittier's

A NEW biographer of Artemus Ward says the A NEW Diographer of Altenna ward says the genial humorist usually wrote with one leg over the arm of his chair. The Morristown Herald observes that it had always supposed he wrote with a pen or pencil; but to write with one leg over the arm of a chair is not so difficult as to write with one arm over the leg of a chair.

MRS. HERSCHEL, wife of Captain Herschel, grandson of the celebrated Sir William Herschel, is now engaged on a memoir of Miss Caroline Herschel, the accomplished sister and assistant of Sir William, complied from her own journals. Several letters of the great astronomer hitherto unpublished will be included in the volume.

THE Graphic will shortly issue an "Indian and the Graphic will shortly issue all indian double number," containing illustrations of the principal places in India which are about to be visited by the Prince of Wales, with letter press descriptions written by Mr. Andrew Wilson, who lately contributed to Blackwood, under the title of "The Abode of Snow," an account of a visit to the Himalayan mountains.

STUDENTS of Greek who are, in accordance with the recommendation of Professor Blackie, carrying on their studies in modern Greek literature, may be glad to learn that Mr. Maisonneuve, of Paris, under the editorship of Emile Legrand, has issued in one volume of "Poemes en Gree Vulgaire," "The Oracles of Leo the Wise," "The Battle of Varna," and "The Siege of Constantinople." Constantinople.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Considerable damage to crops resulted from late floods in Ireland, and several lives were lost.

The court martial on the loss of the Vanguard have severely reprimanded and dismissed Captain Dawkins, her commander. Two other officers were censured. The officers of the Iron Duke will probably be court martialled for running down the Vanguard.

A Houston, Texas, special says that the effects of the recent cyclone are visible all over. Great damage is done in the low grounds. The flooded crops suffered in some places, the damage being from one-sixteenth to one-tenth of the entire crop.

In England the foot and mouth disease is still raging among the cattle, and shows little signs of abating.

Accounts of Carlist descritons continue to be received. Several bands have voluntarily dissolved in Catalonia.

Massachusetts Republicans have come out strongly in favor of specie payment.

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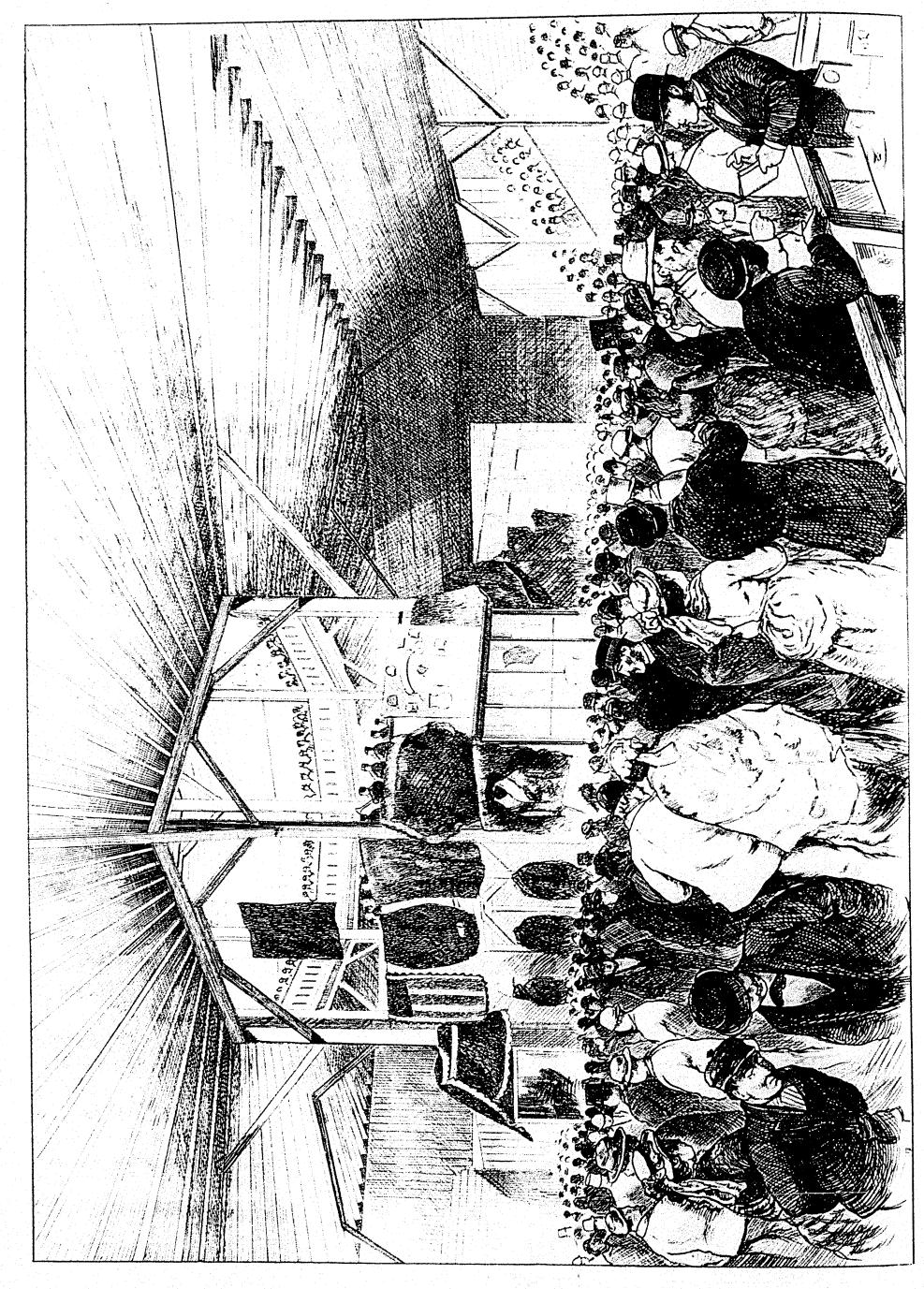
The Chicago Board of Education on the 28th, with one dissenting vote, discarded the Bible from the public schools of the city.

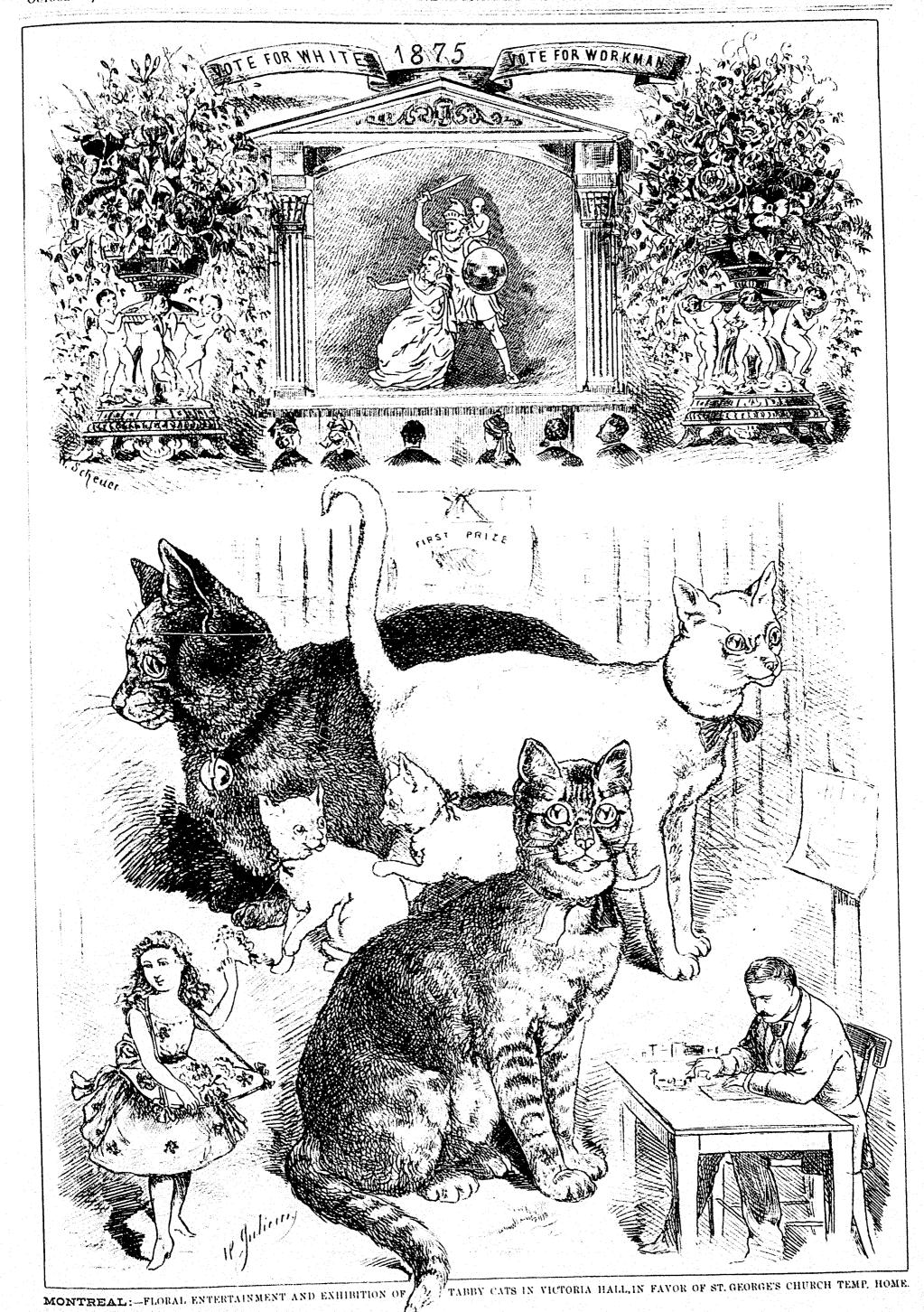
Servia has ordered all her subjects abroad to return

Servia has ordered all her subjects abroad to return and join the landwehr.

The reported success of the Carlists near San Sebastian is confirmed by despatches from Paris.

Arrangements have been completed for effecting a junction between the railway systems of Turkey and





THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &c.

PART THE SECOND. THE COUNTRY IN DANGER. 1792. 1X.

If I relate these things now, it is to describe to you these musterings of July, 1792; the same took place everywhere, and everywhere volun-teers were waiting for others before starting.

Margaret, seated by me in the heather by the side of the road, opened a little basket of bread, meat, and wine which she had brought, for there was nothing to be had at Graufthal; old Beckwomen from town, knowing they would have to wait, had brought their provisions with

Chauvel, my father, Maître Jean, and three or four municipal officers placed themselves lower down under the shade of some caks, and lower down under the shade of some cass, such coass, and cooked at us from a little distance. They knew we had much to say to each other, and were pleased to be alone. Margaret told me to write whenever I could; she looked lovingly at me; she did not cry, as many others did; she was firm, and knew well at such a time not to discovere those who were soing away.

courage those who were going away.
"While you are far away," said she softly,
"I shall always think of you, and you need not too. I love him. He shall want for nothing."

As I stood before her I admired her and felt

As I stood before her I admired her and let more courageous. I never lost the hope of coming home again, not even amidst the greatest dang-ers; when many others let themselves be un-manned by rain, snow, cold, hunger, and misery, manned by rain, snow, cold, hunger, and misery, I used still to cling to hope; I was determined to see Margaret again; her love kept me up. By our side, against a rock, the family of Father Gouin, the forage contractor. was seated. The old man, the mother, and sisters were in great grief; the father said his two sons ought to have asked his consent; that both need not go, and that he was too old to carry on his business alone. It was very sad, and the lads must have lost confidence. Happily in other places old men talked to their boys in a different fashion

about their country and freedom.

But it was when the cure Christopher arrived that cres of "Vive is nation!" rolled in echoes from Fallberg and the Bande-Noir; one would have thought the old mountains were alive and repeated our shouts from one peak to another, while they waved their great oak and fir bran-

ches.
M. le curé Christopher brought us the Luizelbourg volunteers; he also came to bless our colours. I saw him a long way off, and I recognized him under the Bichelberg rocks, as he came down the winding path, holding Etienne by the hand I had not time to go and take by the hand I had not time to go and take leave of the poor child, so he came trotting and limping slong the best way he could. While they were crying and shouting, I went down to the Zinsell Bridge. It might be eleven. The heat was great in the valley, and the air so heavy, that the river was glistening with little fish after the files which fell in the water by thousands, while the trout shot about like lightning in the shadow of the osier beds. On the logs headed bridge steed the curé Christopher. hog-backed bridge steed the curé Christopher, his face covered with perspiration; he put his

hands out to me, and said—

"I am satisfied with you, Michel. I know of your good fortune, and I know, too, that you de-

And then Etienne jumped into my arms, and we walked up the bill together by the forest-er's house, where the & incil-general of the commune was holding a meeting. Etienue ran to kiss Margaret and my father; Chauvel and Mattre Jean, with the village mayors, came and shook hands with the curé.

There were between five and six hundred volunteers from the neighbourhood assembled. Those from the higher mountains were missing, and we had just begun to fall in, when their drum was heard in the distance, and we all

" Here they are!"

They were the last; they had come five leagues farther than we, and were all woodcutters, ctarcoal-burners, and lumberers; short but powerful fellows, who had already chosen for their chief Claude Hullin, the sabot-maker, the same that defended his native village so well against the allies of 1814. Among them was barefooted: his blouse tastened roun I his waist by his cravat; and we could hear him half-aleague away talking, calling up the laggards, and imitating the calls of different birds. We could see him brandishing his club, and then, to shorten the distance, wade across the river with the water up to his lips. The rest followed him, it was the best possible way to cool themselves.

At last, after Hullin and his companions had come, Jean Kat and the two young Legers, who had enlistened as drummers, began the rappel, and we soon saw the decisive moment

Those who are in the habit of going from Phaisbourg to Petite-Pierre are well acquainted with that great mass of rock which lies to the left of the road in the middle of a field. No one knows to this day how it came there. It must

have rolled down, but whence or when? Perhaps before men inhabited this earth. On this rock, surrounded by volunteers, M. le curé Christopher, after addressing us on our duties as Christian soldiers, blessed our colours; every village had its own; they were piled together, and with outstretched arms he consecrated them all in Latin, after the manner of the Church. Immediately afterwards Chauvel ascended the rock, as municipal officer and president of the club; he ordered the battalion flag to be brought to the front—a large tricolour flag, with the red woollen peasant's cap on the top—and with outstretched hands he blessed it, and after the fashion prescribed by the constitution, in the

following words:—
"Old cap of the French peasant, bent over the soil so long; cap which our unhappy fathers have moistened with their sweat; cap of the serf, on which the lord and the noble have rested the weight of their foot for a thousand years; lift thy-self up amidst the din of buttles! May the children and grandchildren of those who have worn thee in slavery bear thee now through the bayonets of our enemies! May they hold thee erect, nor ever let thee droop, and mayst thou become the dread of those who seek to shackle the people to the soil! May the sight of thee make them tremble, and may fu-ture ages learn that from the lowest depths of degradation thou art arrived at the highest pinnacle of glory by the firmness, the courage, the vi:tues of thy defenders!"

After which, Chauvel, very pale, turned to his anxious listeners, and continued—

"Volunteers! children of the people! you swear to defend this flag or die—this flag which this flag which recalls the sufferings of your forefathers; you swear it? Answer me!"

Then all together with a sound like thunder,

we answered

"We swear it!"

"It is well." said he. "In the name of your country I accept your oath; she trusts to you, and blesses you all."

He spoke very simply, but very forcibly; his voice reached a great distance, and every one

could hear him.

Chauvel then came down from the rock, and soon after many who were not relations of the volunteers set off for their villages, for a dark cloud came over from the direction of the Petite-Pierre, and from the very great heat it seemed to threaten a storm of rain. Chauvel ordered the rappel to be beaten, and when we had formed in a circle round him, Mattre Jean, and the mayors, he told us that by the decree of the National Assembly we should elect our own officers and non-commissioned officers as soon as we arrived in camp; but that in the mean-time we had better choose a leader to keep order on the march, to distribute billets, settle the hour for starting, and the rest. He recommended us to elect one, which was done immediately. The mountaineers had chosen Hullin, the sabotmaker. They called out—
"Hullin!"

We all repeated the same name, and Hul in was our leader to the camp at Rixheim. He had only to get us along, and, when we halted anywhere, to go to the mayor and ask for billets for quarters and rations.

But now I must tell you about our leave-taking. Towards midday, as the sky became more overcast, and we saw the leaves in the wood quivering without a breath of wind—sure wood quivering without a breath of wind—sure sign of an approaching storm—Hullin, who had been standing with the mayors, came down into the road and ordered the rappel to be beaten. Then everybody knew the moment of departure had come. The mayors, Chauvel, the cure Christopher, my father, and all the others came down into the road at the foot of the hill. I looked at Margaret for a moment that I might cherish the remembrance of her in my heart for the three years I was not to see her. •She, too, looked at me; her eyes were dim. I held her hand, and I felt she did not care to let me go.

"Come," said I, "a last embrace."

And I embraced her; she was very pale, and did not say a word. I took my knapsack up from the heather and buckled it on. Chauvel my father, Etienne, and Maître Jean now came up. I had given my eighty livres bounty money to my father, to pay for Etienne's board at Lutzelbourg, and as I embraced Mattre Jean I felt jacket; it was two louis, which were very useful to me later. It was time to be off; my courage would else have failed me. I took up my musket, saying-

" Good-bye, all—good-bye!"
But at that moment Margaret called out,
Michel!" in such a tone that it went through my heart. I ran back to her, and as she was crying, I said to her-

"Come, Margaret, be courageous; it is for our country!" I had not a drop of blood left in me; all

round us people were crying,
Margaret roused herself at last, and said, as she clasped me in her arms—

" Defend yourself well." I hurried off without saying a word to the rest, nor did I even look in their direction.

Nearly all the volunteers were down in the

road; those who had lagged behind came up, and set off by threes and fours, just as it happened. Great drops were already falling; we could smell the sweet scent of rain on the dust; and as we turned the angle of the road which leads to the Petite Pierre, the deluge began by a flash of lightning; but the greater part of the storm had passed over the mountain, about Saverne in Alsace, and this rain did us good. The same day, about three, we passed by the Petite-Pierre without halting. It was three or four leagues farther on where we stopped near some large glass-works, in the midst of the

I had been in a dream the whole time. I had not even looked at my companions, so many other thing had been passing through my mind. But then, in a sort of open hall where a fire had lighted, while some people brought us bread and beer, Marc Dives, who was sitting next to me, laid his hand on my shoulder, and said—
"Michel, it is hard to leave home!"

I looked at him; I was glad to see him again, but I could not speak. No one was inclined to talk; and directly after eating a crust of bread and drinking a mug of beer, we lay down right and left, our heads on our knapsacks, between

It is a blessing for the young to be able to sleep and forget one's misery for the moment, which is denied to the old.

Next morning, very early, Hullin began cal-

ling out—
"Come, comra les, fall in."

We all got up and buckled on our knap-acks A heavy dew had fallen, the large drops dripped from the tiles; we looked at the weather, and some old soldiers among us, before shouldering their muskets, tied their handkerchiefs round the locks.

We were just setting off, when on our right a long line of mounted Volunteers from the Lower Rhine came up with us. They were national dragoons, as they were called, sons of welltrigoons, as they were called, some of welltrigoons, as they were called, some of wellfarmers—in fact, people in easy circumstances, who rode their own horses; and with the
exception of one or two old soldiers who wore their uniforms, these Alsatians were dressed, some in large cocked hats, some in foxskin caps, some in large cooked hats, some in loxskin caps, some in long boots and some in gaiters. The only thing which gave them any resemblance to dragoons was a long sword in a leathern sheath, large hilt, and a blade three fingers wide, which hung from their belts and rang against the stirrup iron.

No finer men nor better riders could be seen.

They all looked pleased and resolute. When they saw us under the shed their commandant drew his sword, and then they all began together to sing a song which none of us had then heard, but which we were often destined to hear on the field of battle:-

"Allons, enfans de la patrie, Le jour de gloire est arrivé"

What a song at such a moment! It made us nearly mad! The cries of "Vive la nation!" never would cease; and as the Alsatians flied past the glass houses, the master came out with his wife and daughters, and begge I them to stop, They thronged round them, and held them by

their bridles and hands, and cried—
"We must fraternise, brave Alsatians! dismount! Vive la nation!"

But their captain, a tall fellow six feet high, said they were under orders to Sarrebruck the same evening, so they set off, singing as they rode.

Our enthusiasm was immense after hearing Our enthusiasm was immense after hearing this song; it was like the cry of the country in dan er. When we left that place I may say we ail felt fresh courage. I said to myself—
"Now it will be all right. We have the song which Chauvel wanted to take the place of the 'Carmagnole,' something great and powerful, like the people."

I remember too the great excitement there

I remember, too, the great excitement there was in the hamlets and villages in the bosom of these mountains: the tocsin was ringing every-where; at every cross-road files of volunteers with their little bundles on their sticks passed, crying out—"Conquer or die."
We called out to them in answer, and further

off other hands in the cross-roads took it up: this sometimes extended for half-a-league. All the country round was afoot; when it is a ques-tion of defending the people's true interests, I believe men would rise from the dust.

When we got to the little town of Bitche, we found its streets, squares, and inus so full of people that we were obliged to encamp outside among the gardens and meadows in company with other villagers. Hullin went by himself to announce us at the municipality, and make his requisitions for rations.

I had a good look at this old half French and half German town, which is very like Saverne. and its fort on the heights, to which paths lead up six hundred feet high, from whence cannon commanded the low country for two or three

de Bouillé, was showing the Prussians the road to France. We set off from thence to the camp at Rixheim, between Wissembourg and Laudun.

We were obliged to march all day in the sun, for we had left the woods, and only occasionally found a little shade along the sides of the orchards. Many other detachments, both horse and foot, from the right and the left, before and behind us, followed in the same direction.

Files of vehicles conveying wine and ammunition were on the road also; we saw nothing else; but what dust! How glad we should have been to have had a good shower like the even-

ing before!
We reached Rixheim about nine in the evenwe reached fixthelm about fine in the evening, and we found the cantonnements there in great delight; for the first cavalry engagement had taken place that morning; our national dragoons had repulsed the Eben hussars and the Lobkowitz dragoons, led by émigré officers, who tried to cut off a convoy of provisions on the Laudun road. It had been a smart affair. Custine

commanded our men.
But in the village of Rixheim people were talking about a poor little drummer-boy belonging to a battalion of volunteer light infantry from Strasbourg, who was the first to discover the Eben hussars on the road, and began to beat the alarm. An Eben hussar had cut off his right hand as he passed, but the poor child continued to beat his drum with his left. He was crushed to death under the horse's feet.

This is how war made its appearance among us. Now I must take breath. I must also go and us. Now I must take breath. I must also go and call on two old camrades who are living on the mountain,, and who can refresh my memory. So, my friends, we shall stop awhile here. This first war of the republic is worth thinking over before relating it; and besides, so many great events have happened during the same time, that it requires everything to be set in order, old papers looked up, and nothing to be written down but what is acknowledged to be honest and true by honest people.

But if God preserves my health, that too shall

THE END.

"KNOW THY OPPORTUNITY." The grim monster, Death, was stealthily ap-

proaching. I could almost feel his hot, fiery breath upon my forehead. My faithless goddess, Hygeia, had utterly deserted me. Only now and then would Morpheus befriend me, but on this auspicious day, he had deigned to moisten my eyelids with heavenly ambrosia, and I slept. As I slept, behold, I had a dream! I thought that I was roaming upon foreign soil whither my physician had sent me to recover my health. I was in a great metropolis—one of the grand marts of the world. In one of my strolls I chanced to meet a man who had in his hand a handsomely-bound volume, entitled "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," and who said that he was an agent for the sale of the book. The title was such a novel one that I was impelled to give the work a casual notice. hastily glanced over its pages, I observed that it contained treatises not commonly found in mecontained treatises not commonly found in medical works. But I had too many times been hoaxed by appearances, and I determined that I would have nothing to do with it. A voice within me, like a faithful mentor, whispered, "Know thy opportunity; in that book is thy salvation!" I began reasoning with myself. Although doubtful and distrustful, yet I put forth my hand to take the book, and, lo! the agent was gone! I was miserable. In my agony I awoke. Great drops of perspiration were upon my brow. By my bedside was a friend who had called during my slumber to see me. Said my called during my slumber to see me. Said my friend, "I have brought with me a book, just published, which I thought might interest you. One glance at the work, and I was assured that it was "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. Surely, this was the veritable book which I had seen in my dreams. My friend loaned me the work, and every day, as my strength permitted, I perused its pages. Although it contained very interesting treatises on Biology, Cerebral Physiology, Human Temperaments, Nursing of the Sick, etc., yet, being an invalid, I was most interested in the subjects of Diseases and Remedies. I believed that I had a liver affection, and yet more than one medical attendant had pronounced my disease Consumption, and that I would fall with the autumn leaves. In that book I found my symptoms perfectly portrayed. I was then confident that I had not deceived myself. I reasoned thus: "Any man who can so truthfully depict my feelings, and apparently understand my constitutional tendencies, must know just what my physical system demands. I will trust my case with Dr. Pierce. I will take his Golden Medical Discovery as recommended for The result is that, after having I recognised on the ramparts the red uniforms of the poor Château-Vieux regiment. They had sworn to die to the last man rather than surrender the citadel, and these brave fellows kept their word, while their executioner, the Marquis Medical Discovery.

In result is that, after naving perseveringly followed his prescribed treatment, once again enjoy the blessings of health. Therefore, I would say to the afflicted, "Know thy opportunity," and take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

QUIS.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

SOMETHING about women. - Men.

A girl never looks so killing as when you tread on her dress.

Babies are described as coupons attached to the bonds of matrimony.

THE alligator that swallowed a corset is dead It stayed on his stomach. THE man who made an impression on the

heart of a coquette has become a skilful stonecutter. A good matrimonial firm is said to be one that consists of three-quarters wife and one-quarter

A Yankee widow refused an offer of marriage because she didn't know what to do with her first

wedding-ring. A MAINE woman dreamed that her sister was run over by a railroad train, and the next morning learned that she had twins.

EUGENE—"Come, sit down on the shelly shore, and hear the mighty ocean roar." Amelia
—"I can't sit down, you silly goose, because I'd burst my pin-back loose."

A medical journal has found that there are from one hundred and sixty thousand to two hundred thousand hairs in a woman's head. The number of hairs in a man's head depends considerably on the length of time he has been mar-

An Indiana girl, wanted to see if her lover really loved her, and she got a boy to yell "mad dog!" as they were walking out. The lover flew over a fence and left her to be chewed up, and she went right away and married a store clerk.

A New York girl, just one month married, meeting an old schoolmate in the street, put on a very wise look, and remarked, "You cannot imagine the lobour and anxiety incidental to the care of a family."

A stingy husband accounted for all the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saying that his wife always "gave them their own way."—" Poor things, it's all I have to give them," was the wife's prompt reply.

A young lady about to be married insisted on having a certain clergyman to perform the ceremony, saying, "He always throws so much feeling into the thing; and I wouldn't give a fig to be married unless it could be done in a style of gushing rhapsody !'

A scholastic professor, in explaining to a class of young ladies the theory according to which the body is entirely renewed every seven years, said, "Thus, Miss B., in seven years you will no longer be Miss B."—"I really hope I sha'n't." demurely responded the girl, modestly casting down her eyes.

HE said the pastry was ever so much better made by her dear hands. This delighted her. But, when she wanted the coal-scuttle at the other end of the room, and he suggested that she should get it, as the fire would feel so much better if the coal was brought by her dear hands, she was disgusted. Women are so changeable!

A New Orleans paper thus discourses: "If men are the salt of the earth, women are the sugar. Salt is a necessity, sugar is a luxury. Vicious men are the saltpetre; hard, stern men, the rock salt; nice family men, the table salt. the rock sait; nice family men, the table sait. Old maids are the brown sugar; good-natured matrons, the loaf sugar; pretty girls, the fine pulverised white sugar."

Some young lady student, who couldn't keep the secret, has been telling about the ridiculous practice of "smashing" among the girls at Vassar College, which appears to be a silly sort of love-making confined to members of the female sex, in the absence of young men. It seems that the more "gentlemanly" in appearance a young lady is, the more of a "smasher" she is among her companions. It strikes us that, when the imagination of young lady students becomes so vivid as all this, it is full time they left

HEARTH AND HOME.

MAKE A BEGINNING.—How many a poor, idle, hesitating, erring outcast is now creeping, crawling his way through the world, who might have help up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had made a beginning. A beginon putting oil his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had made a beginning. A beginning, and a good beginning, too, is necessary. The first weed pulled up i the garden, the first time a manly "I will" is said, the first seed put in the ground, the first pound put in the savings hank, and the first mile travelled in a avings' bank, and the first mile travelled in a journey, are all very important things. They make a beginning; and thereby a hope, a promise, an assurance is held out that you are in carnest in what you have undertaken.

Success.—Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait, not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady fulfilling and accom-plishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to it. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much what the world says of us; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices.

VICE AND VIRTUE.—Virtue rarely passes unrecognised by the world. A few distorted optics

may fail to recognise her features; but it would be as easy to conceal the face of the noonday sun under a mask, as her resplendent features. The cark face of vice is far easier of disguise. Not a wizard-shop but supplies a hundred varnished faces, smiling and serene, to conceal her deformi-ties from the unwary. In the familar scenes of society, many a man passes through life, not only with hiserrors unsuspected, but disguising his very faults in the semblance of virtues. There is a sort of stupid equanimity which is invariably taken for good temper. It leaves us unmoved to revilings—it supports the crosses of life without murmur—it resembles good temper as pewter resembles silver. Obstinacy in the same manner dignifies itself by sporting the Roman toga of firmness.

STARTING IN LIFE.—Young men usually set out in life with hopeful hearts and ambitious plans. They have no doubt of success. They resolve to do this, that, and the other grand thing, and with perfect assurance of success, lay out a career which it would take half a dozen lives to accomplish. They will not take—in fact, it seems to be impossible for them to take —the advice of those who are already on the downhill of life. Everybody else may have come short of their early plans; but the young man just laying down his, is sure that he will carry out every one of them. Hopeful, happy youth What a glow it casts over the far-reaching future!
And this is well. Youth is the time for hope. And Providence orders things so kindly for us, that revenence orders usings so kindly for us, that when we begin to approach the to us ever-ecceding boundary of old age, we can look placidly, and even genially, upon the wrecks of our plans that lie strewn all along life's shores.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—It is currently reported that, "in these hard times, the numof persons, of both sexes, who are on the look-out to marry for money, is larger than ever before." Whosoever marries for a fortune, pays the highest price for it that is ever paid, except by one who commits a crime for it. A man who had any decency of character left, could not marry for money without such a sense of humiliation and degradation as would make him hate the woman whose money he was spend-ing. And all experience shows that a woman who marries a man she does not love, however wno marries a man sne does not love, however rich he might be, derives no satisfaction of heart from the clinking of her golden chains. The best way to get a fortune is to acquire it by industry and economy; and it gives all the more satisfaction when it has been acquired by the united efforts of a true-hearted pair who married for love.

EQUANIMITY .-- Very few men can bear pros It intoxicates them like wine. Ιt perity. It intoxicates them like wine. It turns their head, and throws them off their balance. Others cannot bear adversity. They have no fortitude, no courage, no hope. They are not like the old sailor, who said he always felt hap-piest in the height of a storm, because he knew then that the next change that took place, whatever it might be, must necessarily be for the better. They cannot understand that there will be any change. When the sky is once clouded and overcast, they will not believe that the sun will ever shine again. Young men should make it a point to keep their heads cool under all changes point to keep their nesses cool under all changes of circumstances; to preserve their equanimity, and not to be unduly elated by success, or too much cast down by dissappointment. No man's life is altogether unchequered. It is the part of robust manhood to meet the difficulties which lie in every one's pathway, to grapple with them heroically, and, if possible, to overcome them. Fortitude, too, to bear the ills and trials which are inevitable and unavoidable is an element of of strength, and is often requisite to make life tolerable. Keep your head cool. You will derive great advantage from the cultivation of the habit, both in sunshine and in storm.

THE THEISTIC CONCEPTION OF THE WORLD.

This is the title of a work written in opposition to certain tendencies of modern thought by B. F. Cocker, D.D., LL.D., professor of mental and moral philosophy in the University of Michigan and author of a volume on Christianity and Greek Philosophy. We have read this book with attention and interest. The rare and very positive merit of Dr. Cocker is his old-fashioned soundness. He is thoroughly grounded in the teachings of the mediæval schoolmen, a class of men who have investigated every question of mental and moral philosophy to the very bottom, and produced a code of doctrine to which the moderns have added nothing except, here and there, some phase of illustration or elucidation, or more direct application to modern forms of mental heresy. We have often thought that the best service our present philosophers could render our age would be to present in modern phraseology the great thoughts of those old masters. Dr. Cocker has done so to a great extent in the present work, and its potency is precisely deducible from this source. There is no pedantry, no affectation of learning, no recondite quotation, and even the of the ancient schoolmen are almost studiously concealed, but it is evident that the author has deeply studied them and that his mind is impregnated with their philosophy. Another merit of Dr. Cocker is his wide knowledge of all the intricacies of modern thought, not only as put forth by metaphysicians, but as included in the generalizations of natural scientists. A third quality of this volume is its admirable division of matter, which permits of the whole immense subject being thoroughly canvassed and every point of it treated with most

satisfactory clearness. Dr. Cocker sets out by stating the problem fully which he distributes stating the problem fully which he distributes into seven leading queries—has the Cosmos a beginning; what is the originant Principle from which it had its beginning; what are the nature and mode of that beginning; is the historic theory of Creation a unity of thought or a physical unity grounded in a material nexus; what is the relation of the Creator to the existing creation; is there any Ethical meaning in the universe; does man stand in a more immediate relation to God than the things of nature? These are all elementary questions which have been discussed and elucidated over and over again for centuries past, but which crop up again in our day with an ostentatious show of novelty, creditable neither to our knowledge, nor our honesty of purpose. As it is, however, they have to be met, and Dr. Cocker meets them in an exhaustively satisfactory treatise, every way deserving of being made a text book in our colleges and academies. His work is practically an answer to the seven basic questions above cited, and the chapters are divided accordingly. The chapter on God the Creator, is a masterly digest of natural theology. That on the Creation is a profound cosmological study. That on Genesis or the beginning deals with the doctrine of causality, the subtlest and most obtruse in ontology. Two chapters are devoted to conservation, or the relation of God to the world. Coming down to the domain of Ethics or Moral Philosowe have a treatise on the Providence of God in History, while the knotty subject of a Special Providence is discussed in connection with Prayer. The reader will find in this chapter all the dations of the controversy on this topic to which a flippant but impious prominence has been given by Tyndall. We need not say that Dr. Cocker is triumphant in his defense of personal prayer and our only feeling is that he has rather overrated his adversaries and their cause by the abundance of his apology. The two concluding chapters on the Moral Government of the world are eloquent and almost pathetic. We have written with some warmth in commendation of Dr. Cocker's work, but we have done so with a purpose, considering the amount of shallowness, pretence and utter trash which is foisted upon an ignorant public by so-called philosophers. The volume is published by Harper & Bros., and is on sale, in Mon-treal, by Dawson Bros. We have not had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Cocker's previous work, but in connection with the present, it must be impor-tant and interesting indeed.

COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSES.

In our cities and large towns great attention is paid in the erection of school buildings to their comfort, commodiousness, and thorough ventila-tion. The rooms are amply lighted and the win-dows furnished with shutters or shades, sometimes with both. The seats are suited to the size of the pupils, so that their position will be easy and unconstrained while occupying them. Provision is made for warming the rooms with uniformity, and for keeping them clean. The outbuildings are also contrived with skill, and fences close and high protect the pupils from public gaze while playing in the yard. Boys and Boys and girls have separate entrances and exits in front and rear, and, as far as possible, security is given the parent that the child shall be as carefully supervised while at school as when at home Maps, charts, globes, and other apparatus are provided to aid the teacher in explaining and the pupil in understanding the lesson. As a contrast to this picture, another is given

by a teacher who for many years has exercised her vocation in rural districts. Many of the schoolhouses in which she has taught have been in neighborhoods where the dwelling-houses were all comfortable and their inmates in easy circumstances. The scholars at home were surrounded with every comfort, but when they went to school sat six hours every day in a cheerless room with bare walls and staring windows, innocent of shades or shutters. The little ones were hung up on benches, so high that their feet could barely touch the floor. In the Winter the cheapest kind of stove was furnished for warming purposes, and of sove was furnished for warming purposes, and the free, freshly made on Monday, overheated the room; on Tuesday it made it comfortable; the rest of the week, clogged with clinker, it left the teacher and pupils to shiver with cold or betake themselves to shawls and wraps to keep their teeth still. Of course, to open a door or window for ventilating purposes was out of the question, and the scholars breathed over and over and over again the same de-vitalized and vitiated air. If a hinge were broken or a latch displaced, days and weeks would pass before repairs were made. Worn to a stub, the broom, old with service, was still made to do reluctant duty. But the greatest neglect of all was of the outbuildings. These stood quite unprotected from the gaze of every passer-by. No sheltering fence encircled them, no dividing fence prevented modest girls from blushing and shy boys from shamefacedness. Surely parents and guardians of the public morals should look after this matter. Often there was no lock upon the door, and rude boys, taking advantage of this neglect, would enter the house and scrawl obscane pictures on the blackboard or mark the books of any pupils against whom they might have a spite. Frequently the school-room would be used for religious services, and the next day the teacher be nauseated by the sight of tobacco-spit all over the floor, and annoyed by peanut shells rolling everywhere at their own sweet will. Can't somebody invent a pocket spittoon for men who must "chew" to carry about with them into parlors and school.rooms and churches?

In so far as this picture is not true to life let

no rural neighborhood think itself intended to be held up to the public gaze. In so far as it is true let these neglects be attended to at once, these reproaches made undeserved. The room occupied five and six hours every day, nine or ten months every year, and from eight to fourteen years of a child's life, ought surely to be furnish-ed with every arrangement conducive to the highest development of the child, physical, intellectual, moral.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

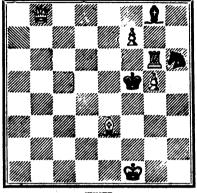
Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. C. F. Montreal. Solution of Problem No. 38 receiv ed. Correct,
M. J. M. Quebec. Compare your solution of Problem
No. 37 with the one in our column of last week.

PROBLEM No. 40.

By M. J. Murphy, Quebec. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 43RD.

Played at the late Tournament in Ottawa, between Mr. Jackson, the winner of the first prize, and a compe-titors whose name we have not yet received. WHITE.—(Jackson.)

WHITE.....(Jackson.)

1. Pto K 4th

2. K B to Q B 4th

3. Pto Q 3rd

4. Kt to K B 3rd

5. Castles

6. Kt to Q B 3rd

7. K to R sq

8. Pto K R 3rd

9. B to K 3rd

10. Q to Q 2rd

11. B K Kt 5th

12. Kt to K R 4th

13. B takes P

And whit BLACK.—(Mr. ——.)
P to K 4th
Kt to K B 3rd
K B to Q B 4th
P to Q 3rd
Castles Castles
P to Q B 3rd
B to K Kt 5th
B to K R 4th
B to Q Kt 3rd
Q Kt to Q 2nd
Q to Q B 2nd Q to Q B 2nd P to K R 3rd es P P to Q 4th And white mates in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 38.

WHITE.

1. Kt to Q 3rd

2. Kt to Q B 5th

3. Kt to Q 7th and mates BLACK. Black moves are forced.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 37.

WHITE
K to Kt 6th
B to Q 6th
R to K B 8th
B to K Kt 7th (check-

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

WHITE No. 38.

WHITE No. 38.

Kat K. R2nd Kat K. R 3rd
Rat Q 7th Qat K B 8th
Bat Q R 7th Rat Q R 6th
Kt at K. R 4th
Pawns at K. R 3rd, K
Kt 2nd, Q 3rd, and
Q R 4th
White to play and mate in three moves. BLACK.
K at K R 3rd
Q at K B 8th
R at Q R 6th
Kt at K B sq
Kt at K 8th
Pawn at K B 6th

HUMOROUS.

NOTHING is so discouraging to a young lawyer just as he waxes eloquent about angel's tears, weeping willows, and tombstones as to be interrupted by the cold blooded justice with, "You're off your nest, bub; this is a case of hog stealing."

The Brooklyn (Iowa) Chronicle contains this advertisement: "Wanted—A life-size picture of that young gent who took a young lady out buggy-riding, and then saked her to pay half the expenses. A reasonable price will be paid, considering the subject."

A Cincinnati corpse rose in its coffin and quiet-ly remarked: "I feel very queer." The two young men who were sitting up with it had important business down town the next moment, and did not heaitate to pass out through the window to attend to it either

"No," he said, contemptuously, "it's easy enough for a man to make money nowadays. Times are different from what they was. Then there was solid work about it. Now all you have to do is to take your surplus and buy things when they're low then sell when they're high, and there it is in a nutshell. A child could to it. By the way," he added, "could you lend me half a dollar for a few days?"

An old Highlander rather fond of his toddy AN old Highlander rather fond of his toddy was ordered by his physician, during a temporary illness, not to exceed one onnee of spirits daily. The old gentleman was dubious about the smount, and asked his son, a schoolboy, how much an ounce was. "Sixteen drachms," was the reply. "Sixteen drams! What an excellent doctor!" exclaimed the Highlander. "Run and tell Donald McTavish and big John to come doon the night.

LAST night as a friely and the light.

LAST night, as a frisky colored youth was walking up Clay street he was accosted by a colored acquaintance, who remarked:
"Well, Brutus, 4gey say you iz in love?"
"I iz, Uucle Absa'm—I don't deny the alleged allega-

tion.

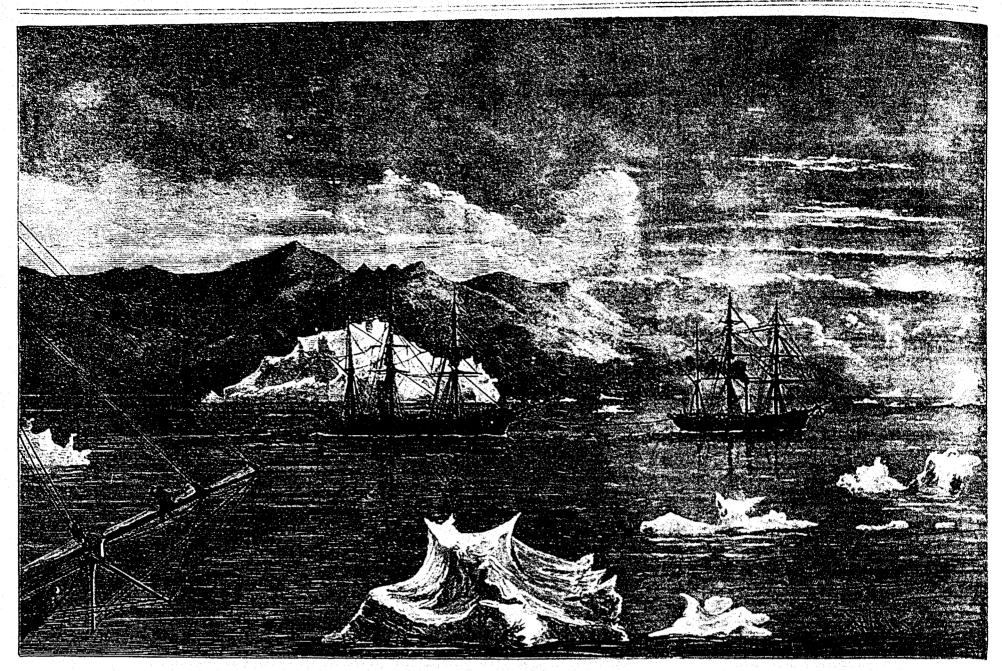
"And how does you feel, Brutus?"

"You have stuffed your elbow agin a post of sumthin' afore now, basn't you, Uncle Abra'm f"

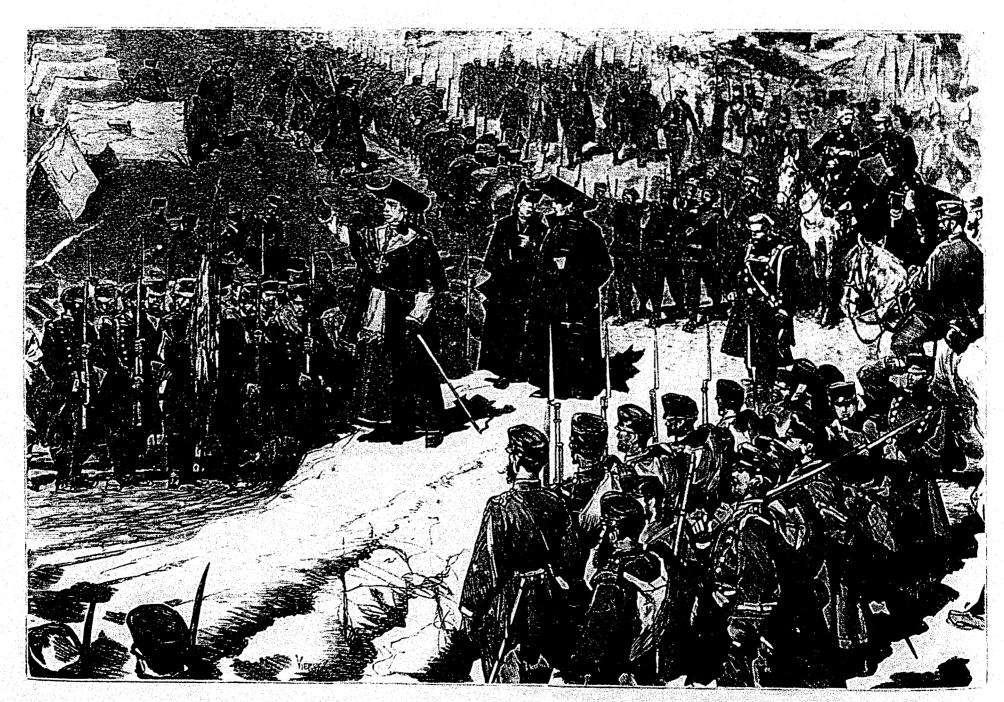
"I reakon."

And you remembers de feelin'dat runs up ver arms?'

"And you remembered to some and a fundred per cent, mix "Well, take that feelin' and a hundred per cent, mix it with the nicest hair oil in the town, sweeten wid honey, and then you kin 'suagine how I feel!"



THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION :- THE ALERT TOWING THE DISCOVERY THROUGH ICEBERGS IN THE BAY OF DISCO.



SPAIN:-SURRENDER OF SEO D'URGEL; THE GARRISON MARCHING OUT WITH THE HONORS OF WAR.



THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

SONG OF A FELLOW-WORKER.

I found a fellow-worker when I deemed I teiled alone;
My toil was fashioning thought and sound, and his was
bewing stone;
I worked in the palage of my brain, he in the common
street,
And it seemed his toil was great and hard, while mine
was great and sweet.

I said, O fellow worker, yea, for I am a worker too, The heart nigh fails me many a day, but how is it with you? For while I toil great tears of joy will sometimes fill my eyes,
And when I form my perfect work it lives and never dies.

I carve the marble of pure thought until the thought takes form,
Until it gleans before my soul and makes the world grow warm;
Until there comes the glorious voice and words that seem divine,
And the music reaches all men's hearts and draws them into mine.

And yet for days it seems my heart shall blossom never

more,
And the burden of my loneliness lies on me very sore:
Therefore, O hewer of the stones that pave base human ways, How canst thou bear the years till death, made of such than's less days?

Then he replied: Ere sunrise, when the pale lips of the day
Sent forth an earnest thrill of breath st warmth of the
first ray,
A great thought rose within me, how, while men asleep
had lain.
The thousand labours of the world had grown up once

The sun grew on the world, and on my soul the thought grew too—
A great appalling sun, to light my soul the long day through.

I felt the world's whole burden for a moment, then began With man's gigantic strength to do the labour of one

I went forth hastily, and lo! I met a hundred men, The worker with the chisel and the worker with the

pen,—
The restless toilers after good, who sow and never reap.
And one who maketh music for their souls that may not sleep.

Each passed me with a dauntless look, and my undaunted eyes
Were almost softened as they passed with tears that
strove to rise
At sight of all those labours, and because that every Ay, the greatest, would be greater if my little were undone.

They passed me, having faith in me, and in our several ways,
Together we began to-day as on the other days;
I felt their mighty hands at work, and, as the day work

through, Perhaps they felt that even I was helping somewhat too

Perhaps they felt, as with those hands they lifted mightily
The burden once more laid upon the world so heavily.
That while they nobly help it as each man can do and

bear, It did not wholly fall my side as though no man were

And so we toil together many a day from morn till night, I in the lower depths of life, they on the lovely height; For though the common stones are mine, and they have lofty cares.

Their work begins where this leaves off, and mine is part of theirs.

And 'tis not wholly mine or theirs I think of through the day, e great eternal thing we make together, I and

But the great eternal thing we man we they;
Far in the sunset I behold a city that man owns,
Made fair with all their noble toil, built of my common

Then noonward, as the task grows light with all the labour done,
The single thought of all the day becomes a joyous one;
For, rising in my heart at last where it has lain so long,
It thrills up seeking for a voice, and grows almost a song.

But when the evening comes, indeed, the words have taken wing.

The thought sings in me still, but I am all too tired to sing:

sing:
Therefore, O you my friend, who serve the world with
minstrelsy,
Among our fellow-workers' song make that one song for

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.) RANDOM SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

BY A CANADIAN COMMERCIAL.

A TRIP TO FRENCH RIVER.

(Continued from our last.)

Now we round a bend in the stream, and come in sight of three or four, (four I think it was), shed-like shanties rattled together with a few pine boards and a few kegs of ten-penny nails, the only wisdom shown in their construction being that the builders have followed the exthe wise man in the paral le. and "built their bouse upon a rock," a thing, however, which they could not well avoid, having no other foundation. Little interest is displayed in these ephemeral structures by those who have not been here before till they are informed by Mr. Robertson, the genial and gentlemanly purser, that this—this is the village—ay! the town, the future city of French River!

We are too dumb with astonishment to make

any comment. Where is the bustling village of my dream? Where the streets and shops? Where the foundation laid for the Town Hall, and the big, broad new hotel? Yes, and where are the engineers and surveyors and land speculators, and, and—and the shops and shopkeepers. alas! all gone for they never were here.

> And like the baseless fabric of a vision Left not a rack behind.

My feeling of disappointment over, I laugh heartily at myself, and proceed in company with the rest to make the best of the situation. There are a few now grouped about the little wharf, waiting for the boat to come in, and there is not a little curiosity manifested by the ladies on board to single out "those three surveyors." Noticing this curiosity and the phrase "those three surveyors" coupled with it, I am impelled to ask for an explanation which is instantly, and with much mirth, vouchsafed. A few days be-fore, an advertisement had appeared in some of the Toronto papers, the purport of which was that, "Three young gentlemen located at French River, on the C. P. survey, wished to correspond with an equal number of young ladies, &c., &c."
The names given by these disconsolate Lotharios were, of course, fictitious. Mr. Robertson, how-ever, was in the secret, and at once volunteered to introduce them to the ladies, an offer that was of course accepted. Nor were the pining youths at all backward. But their faces which had lighted up with joy and self-gratulation on seeing so many pairs of bright eyes peering at them from the deck of the boat, changed quickly into countenances on which dismay and horror were expressed, when the fun-loving Mr. R., introduced the first candidate for introductory honours by his assumed name. The unfortunate and employment with hypothesis to the cent of the process. barrassed youth blushed to the ears. However, under the almost forgotten feminine influence, they soon regained their composure, and turned out to be very pleasant, gentlemanly young fellows. Some of our party at once betook themselves to fishing, and fine sportit was; no miserable, poverty-stricken three inch perch such as I was accustomed to catching in Toronto Bay. Pickerel, weighing from three to seven pounds seemed to be the staple fish, although black bass of about the same weight were very plentiful, and some magnificent specimens of pike were hauled in. Nearly all the fishing was done by trawling lines, and the prey bit greedily. The boats of the vessel were lowered for fishing parties, while others had brought skiffs with them, and others again enlisted the service of the boats belonging to the surveying party. One boat had three lines out, and as an instance of rapidity with which the hook was seized-the owner of each line felt a simultaneous bite. think it's I who have him," quoth the third, as he, too, felt the tug on his line. There was no need for dispute. They all "had him," and three fine fish were sprawling in the bottom of the boat at once. Similar incidents were nu-merous. It was a perfect piscatorial Eldorado. Your correspondent along with a friend and three ladies induced a Mr. Cole to lend us his boat and Mr. Cole fully sustained the character we had heard attributed to him years before, in the days of infancy.

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul And a merry old soul was he—"

Although he did not "call for his pipe," there being none at hand, he showed no indisposition to "call for his bowl." He was a rare guide, and by his assistance we, taking into consideration the presence of the ladies, made a very respectable show offish. Up stream we fell in with the boat containing the "midnight serenaders," and the quick eye of my friend caught sight of sundry flasks and bottles stowed away beneath the seats. This magnetic influence at once impelled us towards them, and our request for a "drop of something to keep the chill off" was responded to with a cordial liberality only to be met with among Owen Sounders. And now I had an opportunity to inspect the various shaped flasks and bottles in which "the dog" had been conveyed. Conspicuous among them all was a flask reposing comfortably in the bows of the boat. It was a perfect Brobding agian flask—it resembled a crystal beer-barrel, while its gigantic size gave it an air of indescribable importance. It was Aldermanic in its proportions and filled—filled to the stopper, and was evidently being reserved for afternoon emergencies. *Our* doses, however, were tempered and regulated by the cautions and admonitions of our fair companions.

Previous to our fishing trip, I strolled up the rocky banks to gather some of the magnificent mosses that clustered on the surface of the stones. These mosses presented to the eye the most beautiful and various tints and were intertwined in a rich luxuriance that made the eye, as I gazed, revel in delight. To tread on it was a pleasure, for its soft and springy elasticity made the foot rebound lightly from it, and seemed to lend an airiness and buoyancy to our very steps. I had laid down my burthen of mosses and taken a seat on the fallen trunk of an old pine tree and beside the lady who accompanied me, whose better taste and discrimination were required to select the mosses. when we were startled by hearing a breaking of under-brush and then a very audible "thud" on the rocks beneath us. Look ing down, after a close scrutiny, I discovered a man in a sitting posture on a large flat rock on which he had evidently dropped from the rock some three or four feet above. His dress was somewhat disordered, doubtless owing to the unexpected "drop," while the only emotion which his features betrayed was that of intense astonishment. The silence of this—shall I say picturesque group-was broken by a loud cough" from the surprised gentleman, which at once betokened to me the cause of his fall. was not in the least damaged, for he picked himself up and after gazing at the rock from which he had fallen, with puzzled expression, he caught sight of us, and on the instant, straightened

himself up and assumed an air of great sobriety that was intensely ludicrous. Staring stupidly at us for a few moments in order to get us well in his line of vision, he remarked, "(hic) stones 'r rather hard (hic) hereabouts (hic).' Having expressed this sapient opinion, he then stumbled towards us, and after a good deal of climbing and more of falling back again, he stood in front of us, carefully balancing himself, and with all the outward evidences of being very drunk.

That he had been a fellow-passenger on the boat knew, for I had seen him frequently in Owen Sound, but for the life of me I could not make out where he had put himself when on board, for neither I, nor, I think, any one else had seen a sight of him on the trip. After surveying us in an owlish manner, blinking and winking his eyes till he had steadied his vision sufficiently. he began: "Come up here (hic) to locate farms (hic) for m' three (hic) sons (hic.)" Here his hiccoughs so completely overpowered him that he involuntarily and abruptly reduced himself to a sitting posture. "Yes, but," I remarked, "you have come to rather a rocky country for "you have come to rather a rocky country for farms." After a good deal of gulping and straining, he essayed a reply. "Eh, zur, rather (hic) rocky country (hic)." Then, contemplatively, "but, zur, three fine (hic) boys, zur (hic) ez, zur, three fine boys." Another pause, then a bright idea has apparently arisen in his fudled brain, for his face lightens up. "Mighty good place (hic) for stone quarry" (hic again). "Good business (hic), stone quarry business (hic) zur?" To this remark I assent, when the young lady who has till now been a silent and amused who has till now been a silent and amuse spectator asks him if he does n't think it would spectator asks him if he does n't think it would be a good place to go into the gravestone business. His answer shows him to be possessed of a vein of grim bumour. With a low chuckle and a perfect overture of hiccoughs, he says, "Ez, mum, ez, (hic) bully place mum (hic) for gravestone business—git folks up here—sure death (hic)—then bury um." This idea so tickled him that he was seized with a paroxysm of hiccough and laughing, until showing sympof hiccough and laughing. until, showing symptoms of strangulation, I had to slap him on the back to bring him to. Recovering slowly, he renewed his conversation with my companion-"Got (hic) darter, too, mum (hic) got darter older than I am." Now, I think, we were justified in regarding this circumstance as somewhat unusual, so we asked him in one breath how he came to possess so extraordinary a phenomenon as a daughter older than he himself was, which elicited the explanation that his darter "was elicited the explanation that his darter not older than he was, but older, mum, older (hic) an what you is." (This I could readily believe.) Our inebriated friend now showed a disposition to leave our company, so we did not press him to remain, and he departed, while we esumed our moss-gathering.

All earthly joys must have an end. The truth of this axiom I acknowledged when about six o'clock that evening, being engaged in fishing up the river, I heard the long, low warning whistle of the steamer, the signal for our departure. Reluctantly, the various boats turned their prows down stream, and slowly the lines were drawn in over their sides. The first were given every chance to take a farewell bite, a chance they did not profit by, although, had the fish-roll of French River been called that night there would have been many of the finny tribe who would not have responded. Then we had a rare supper of fried fish—fish that had been in its native water but a few hours before, now placed before us smoking hot—a fishy feast, that would have made the mouth of an epicure water.

But alas! and alas!—what a passage we had back. What a contrast to the calm and unruffled surface of the water the night before. From a balmy air it passed by quick gradations to a breeze, then a "stiff" breeze, then a wind, then a blow, then a high wind, and then-well, then passengers disappeared from the cabin in a silent and inexplicable manner, until groans and other ominous sounds, proceeding from the state-rooms, betrayed the cause of their exit. All had gone but your correspondent, the purser, Mr. Robertson, and a venerable, but very jolly and white-haired old gentleman from Leith; when, having occasion to cross the revolving shaft of the boat (dubbed by some one the axie-tree) I stumbled over the prostrate body of a man lying in the wash of the water from the paddle-wheels.

Examining his features, I found him to be my colloquist of the morning, the gentleman who fathered the freak of nature in the shape of a daughter "older than himself." When hoisted on his feet, we found him to be exceedingly tipsy, (as a consequence utterly incapable), but still very obstreperous. He developed a blood-thirsty desire to fight—"could (hic) lick 'ny two men 'n the (hie) old boat (hic)."
Here an appalling hiccough abruptly terminated his speech, so we placed him on the revolving shaft and allowed him to revolve with it, thus getting him over it in a most expeditious manner. We then locked him up in a stateroom, and left him to his own devices.

I, at length, go to bed myself, but do not get sa-sick, and after a sound sleep wake up about six in the morning to find the boat at Leith, and the hale, old gentleman who sat up so late the night before stepping off with his son and daughter.

A few minutes after, we are at the dock in Owen A new minutes after, we are at the dock in Owen Sound, and the sleepy passengers are gathering up their traps and passing ashore. Among them is your correspondent, very sleepy and very squeamish at the stomach; but fully satisfied with his trip to French River.

Clifton, Sept., 12, 1875.

THE GLEANER.

THE German papers assert that Prince Bismarck has proposed that Dr. Dollinger should accept the Patriarchate of the German Catholics.

THE Marquis Beuse de Cavour, nephew of the great Italian Minister, ond the possessor of his papers, is dead, and the name and family of Cavour have thus become extinct.

THE French Ultramontanes are endeavouring to make up a capital of 30,000,000f. by the issue of shares for the construction of a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

New kinds of tents, knapsacks, cans, cartridge-boxes, and other accessories of military life are to be experimented upon during the manœuvres of the French Army. All these improvements are principally based upon rendering the soldier's

accoutrement lighter than it is at present.

PARIS is delighted with its new American tramways, which are well patronised by people of all classes. The most successful of the new lines is that on the Boulevard Malesherbes, its cars being well filled at all hours of the day. The cars being well filled at all hours of the day. The cars used in Paris are small, and are painted in dark brown picked with red.

IT is supposed that hitherto the culinary value of cats has been confined to China and Japan. or cats has been confined to China and Japan. Our Eastern friends may have long held this monopoly, but the Parisians now follow suit. There are a few cat-butchers in that city of gourmands who will give a good price to the ragpickers for a puss dead or alive, provided it be fresh and fat; their skins are sold to the furriers, their fat to the frying-shops, and their flesh to the low eating-houses. Englishmen are excellent customers—unwares. customers-unawares.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WAGNER is to the fore. It is said that in nearly fifty theatres one or other of his operas will be heard this winter.

Le Gaile Musical states that Wagner has written a new introductory scene to his Tannhauser," which will be heard for the first time at the Vienna opera shortly.

MLLE. TITIENS is engaged to sing in New York on the 4th of October. For a six month's engagement she is to receive £20,000, in addition to the expense of herself and her suite. A telegram from Melbourne says :- The visit

of the prima donna Mdlle. Ilma de Murska to the Colo-nies has evoked extraordinary enthusiasm. There was a good torchlight procession in her hononr.

MDME. THEO has signed, says a Palis paper, an engagement at the Bouffes-Parisions for three years, at about six hundred a year. And Mdme. Theo is considered among the best paid of Parisian actresses. MARIE IRMA is said to be incapacitated from

continuing her public career by some affection of the throat, but gives lessons instead. This is a prosaic ending to a life all sbrugs, winks, garish lights, and blonde

AMBROISE THOMAS, the well-known French composer, is leading a retired life in his villa at Argenteuil, and giving the final touch to a grand opera which is shortly to be produced, under the title of Francesca A NEW composition by Franz Liszt for solo, chorus, and and orchestra has been published. The subject is "The Bells of Strasburg Minster," and the words are by Longfellow, to whom the musician has de dicated the work.

ONE might suppose that there were not many in New York, by name Tietjens, whereas the directory gives fifteen resident families of that name. The world-renowned cantatrice, while still in Europe, hearing that this was the case, changed the spelling of her name, to have it uncommon, and so we have Terèse Titiens.

Among the papers left by an inhabitant of Among our papers tote by an initiative of the stargard, in Pomerania, twenty-three manuscripts of Mozart have been discovered. In the number was a Latin Comedy, with a melodrama, "Apollo and Hyachth" (1766), a magnificent concerto for piano and orchestra (Vienna, 1744), and several symphonics composed of Saleburg.

11 18 announced that the Kiralfy Brothers have engaged Richard Wagner to come to this country next year, and give or direct thirty monster concerts; and that they are now building a "grand palace of amusements" in Philadelphia, to be opened at the same time as the exhibition. Wagner is to be the lion of that occasion. It is announced that the Kiralfy Brothers

at Salzburg.

MLLE TITIENS, just before her departure for this country, performed the ceremony of laying the first bricks of the new National Opera house on the Thames embankment. The bricks were firmly placed in position and were carefully "plastered" by the eminent artist whose name is so inseparably connected with Her Ma-issty's Opera.

ONE side of Geo. L. Fox's face has become ONE SIGE Of Geo. L. FOX's face has become paralyzed, and he is no longer able to control his facial muscles, and therefore will be obliged to quit the stage. It has been Fox's custom to plasier his face nightly with paste of Freuch chalk, bismuth and cold cream. His physician warned him against the bismuth, but Fox did not believe that he could be hurt by it. He was under engagement at Booth's to play in a Christmas pantomime, but his friends fear that he cannot fulfil it.

MR. GREINER, of Wezlar, has succeeded, after ten years of hard labour, in inventing a new piano of a peculiar character, destined to create quite a furore in the musical world. He will send it to the exhibition the musical world. He will send it to the exhibition next year. The instrument is shaped like a piano, the construction being quite different. The tones are produced by numerous violin bows, and are said to be full, perfect, and sublime, and may be multiplied into fifths, octaves, and tenths, and it is entirely in the power of the player. It has all the eighty-five tones (seven octaves) and by ingenious contrivances the tones may be lowered prolonged, or increased in power. The construction is very durable.

very durable.

ALL persons holding Puritanical notions with regard to the stage should read the autobiography of Macready. Puritans believe that an actor is necessarily in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity. Yet we find the double-dyed sinner—for he was a theatre manager as well as an actor—teaching his children their hymps, hearing them say their prayers, holding family worship, going to church, and when entering upon a new theatrical speculation imploring the Divine blessing upon it. And there was not the smallest cant or hypocrisy in this. Macready believed as much in the sacredness of his calling as the late Bishop Hamilton believed in the sacredness of his. He held that he had a mission to regenerate the stage, and did his best to fulfit that mission.

WINTER BONNETS.

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris to the Philadelphia Bulletin: The winter bonnets are beginning phia Bulletin: The winter bonnets are beginning to bloom forth like autumn flowers in the milliner's shop windows. For the benefit of thrifty womankind at home I am happy to be able to state that the shapes show very little variation from those of last winter. The close gipsy shape, a trifle closer to the head and lower on the brim in front than formerly, will be the most popular. The fashionable tints appear to be different shades of brown, beautiful rich dark blue known as "loutre," and a beautiful delicate fawn called beige. Felt will retain its popularity. The hat of a fashionable lady must in all instances match her walking-suit, and the felt hats and bonnets come in all the different popular shades. There was a charming hat for a young girl shown to me was a charming hat for a young girl shown to me of pale fawn-colored or beige colored felt, trimmed around the crown with bias folds of corded silk, twisted at one side into two loops, which ere held down by a light brown wing, and by two small round brooches in oxidized silver con-

ere held down by a light brown wing, and by two small round brooches in oxidized silver connected by a silver chain. This hat, which was of the close gypsy shape, was bordered around the edge outside by an inch-wide band of imitation fur interwoven with the felt itself. The face trimming was composed of bias folds of vivid scarlet silk, twisted into a knot at one side. Long loops and ends of scarlet ribbon fell from the inside of the brim behind so as to drop over the chignon. Another hat was of light gray felt, dotted with light blue in a sort of shine pattern. The crown was encircled by a full board ruche of pale-blue velvet, lined with gray silk. Bias folds pale-blue velvet, lined with gray silk. Bias folds of blue velvet filled in the inside of the brim. A of blue vervet filled in the inside of the brill. A very lovely hat of light gray felt was trimmed outside with bias folds confined at intervals with himming birds' wings. The face trimming was of the check silk, with a single cluster of pale pink roses.

COLONEL BAKER'S REGIMENT.

A correspondent writes to the Hartford Times as follows: As the case of Colonel Baker, of the Tenth Hussars, has recently attracted much attention on both sides of the Atlantic, it may interest some of your readers to know something of that regiment, as it was in the olden time. What it is now I am unable to say, but forty-What it is now I am unable to say, but forty five or fifty years ago it was the aristocratic regiment of the British army, and was officered entirely by young noblemen. I well recollect that at one time the son of a merchant tailor received a commission in that regiment but he was in at one time the son of a merchant tailor received a commission in that regiment, but he was insulted in every possible way by the other officers, and I think finally compelled to resign. Notwithstanding the boasted impartiality with which the laws are said to be administered in England, I believe there is more partiality shown to men of high birth and ancient lineage there than in this country, and I have no doubt that Colonel Bakerwill, in the course of a few years, he restored to his rank in the army. probably at the interto his rank in the army, probably at the intercession of the very lady whom he insulted, when the aristocratic dames of the Court of St. James will make his the transite him to be the state of the court of St. James will punish him by tapping him with their fans and calling him a "wicked man."



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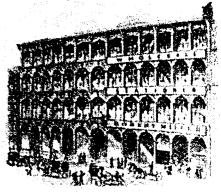
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