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LORD BEACONSFIELD.

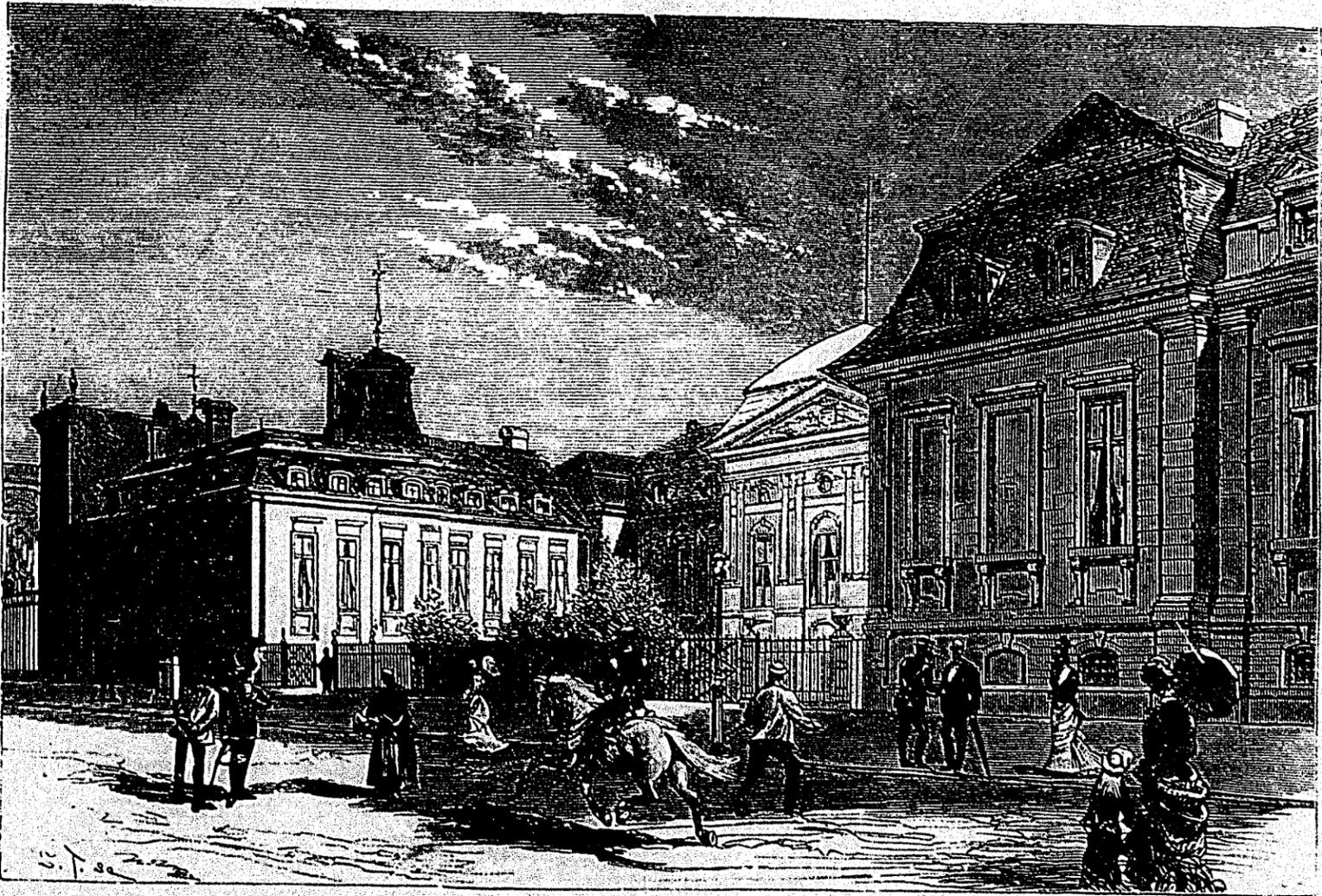


PRINCE BISMARCK.



PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

THE BERLIN CONGRESS.



RADZIWILL PALACE WHERE THE CONGRESS IS HELD.

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

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NOTICE.

Our Agent, Mr. W. STREET, who last year visited the Maritime Provinces, leaves again this week for the same parts. Customers and subscribers are requested to get ready to pay him all amounts owing us, and to help him in obtaining new subscribers. Our publications comprise the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, and the French illustrated paper L'OPINION PUBLIQUE.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 13, 1878.

THE MUSICAL JUBILEE.

We have hitherto purposely refrained from pronouncing ourselves on the merits of the awards of the late Musical Jubilee in this city, because we felt that there had been a vast deal of unfair and unmannerly passion infused in the discussion, and because we thought it only fair that the Judges should be allowed an opportunity to set themselves right with the public. Three weeks having elapsed, and finding that no real progress in the way of explanation has been made, we judge it right to make a summary reference to the whole matter. We do this upon the highest grounds of respect for art and the professional reputation of Montreal. Our conviction is that if the discussion were allowed to remain in abeyance, there would be an end to musical tournaments of this kind for all time to come, which would be a great pity, inasmuch as the Jubilee was an initial step toward the encouragement of military and other music throughout the country. Already the bad effects of the Montreal misunderstanding have extended to the Academy of Music of Quebec, where the awards of the Judges were again most signally challenged. Instead, however, of going to-day into the heart of the controversy, we shall confine ourselves to a statement of the situation as it stands at the present writing.

In the last number of *L'Opinion Publique*, the chief literary and art French paper in the Dominion, there appears a long paper signed "Un Directeur de Musique," which must draw attention from the moderation of its tone and the evident acquaintance of the writer with the whole subject on which he writes. Among other points which he makes are:

I. That the Bandmasters, at a meeting on the eve of the competition, took exception to one of the Judges on the score of incompetency. They went before the Committee, presided over by Mr. MULLARKY, and stated their complaint, which, notwithstanding its justice, was not accepted. The Bandmasters then demanded that the Judges should be separated from each other and so placed as not to see the several bands that were to compete; the bands to be numbered 1, 2, 3, &c., according to lot. The Committee promised to accept this condition, but the next day, when the tournament opened, the five Judges were seen seated side by side in a gallery in face of the musicians.

It is charged:

II. That the Judges had not the scores before them, and that without these scores it was impossible for them to judge of the style of the performance—that is, the different shadings of *forte*, *piano*, *pianissimo*, or *crescendo*.

III. With regard to the reading *à prima vista*, it is stated to be an elementary rule of all musical competitions that such piece should be inedited, otherwise it might happen, *as was actually the case*, that one of the bands had this piece in its repertory. In this event, it is clear that for such a band there was no such a thing as reading at sight.

IV. Among the competing bands there was perhaps not two which had the same organization. And yet the same piece was indiscriminately given to all, and the consequence was that, as there are different systems of notation for bassi and drums, some of the bands were obliged to lay aside several of their instruments, either because there were no parts written for such instruments, or because these parts were not written in the key to which the executants were accustomed. The consequence was that the different bands did not compete under the same conditions.

In addition to these remarks of the French critic, there is a very grave charge made by Dr. Crozier, in a letter to the *Globe*, *Citizen*, and other Ontario papers. It is this:

V. It was agreed upon by the Judges to adopt the following scale of marks, viz:

1st. Quality of tone	20	Total for each
2nd. Style	40	judge, 120
3rd. Movement	20	marks, 120 for
4th. Attack (<i>i.e.</i> , decision)	20	each of five
5th. Lecture (<i>i.e.</i> , reading)	10	judges: 600
6th. Instrumentation	10	marks.

Consequently, if any band received the maximum number of marks from each judge, its total number could not amount to more than 600, and not 610, which appears to have been awarded to the Montreal band. "Early in the competition I saw strong grounds for the belief that the distribution of the prizes had been already determined upon, and I decided to have nothing whatever to say to a *predetermined*, *fraudulent* award. I therefore refused to give any vote on the merits of any band. The rest of the judges decided that I must vote, and I then said, 'Well, then, I give them all equal, 120 marks each, *which is virtually no vote*.' And so I left the *swindling* decision to be given without my assistance."

The Doctor adds: "My deliberate conviction is that the Band of the Victoria Rifles was literally nowhere, and the award of the first prize to them was an outrage on common decency."

VI. A late meeting at the St. Lawrence Hall quite exonerated the Committee from all blame, as was to be expected when such men as Hon. Mr. Justice COURSOUL were at the head, but it promised a full explanation from the judges. The Secretary was not present at the meeting, owing to illness, and it was said that he had destroyed the original notes of the judges, but had kept copies which would make everything clear. Three weeks have passed and nothing has been heard from that functionary or any of the judges, except Dr. Crozier.

We make these considerations in the kindest spirit, for the reason that we believe the City Band to be inferior to none other in the country, and are therefore concerned that they should have been nominated conquerors under the slightest suspicion of injustice. We believe that the facts which we have adduced are of such a nature as to induce Mr. LAVALLÉE, the Chairman of the Board of Judges, to come forward with a full explanation.

A DEPUTATION of Irish gentlemen had an interview on the afternoon of the 14th with the CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND, when they presented a memorial, signed by about 700 leading citizens of Dublin, praying for permission to organise a Volunteer Corps in Ireland. The deputation was attended by Viscount MONK, Mr. E. COLLINS, M.P., Serjeant SHERLOCK, M.P., Mr. A. MOORE, HENRY HERBERT, M.P., and several other gentlemen of position. Lord MONK, who was the first speaker, maintained that the only ground upon which the right to organise

themselves for the defence of their country could be denied to Irishmen was that, possibly, the loyalty of the inhabitants of Ireland was not as trustworthy as that of the other inhabitants of the United Kingdom. He, however, held that those who would enrol themselves as volunteers would prove to be as loyal as the constabulary and militia. After listening to some further remarks from other members of the deputation, Mr. LOWTHER said that there could be no doubt that no better or more loyal soldier lived under the sun than an Irish soldier. At the same time there existed special reasons—among which was the important one that there might be some danger on festival occasions of Irish volunteers in the North firing upon one another—to make the Government exceedingly cautious in affording any encouragement to what otherwise would be a very desirable movement. While saying this, he wished it to be clearly understood that the Government had no desire to treat Ireland in an exceptional way, or to show any want of confidence in her people.

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT ST. ALBANS.

The one hundred and second anniversary of the independence of the United States was more appropriately and elaborately observed this year in St. Albans, Vt., than ever before. The local companies of the State militia were out and with the famous Sixth Fusilier corps from Montreal, formed one of the finest military parades ever witnessed in the State. In addition to the grand military display there was a grand parade of the "Antiques and Horribles," which eclipsed the attempts of former years. The official programme of the day included the presence of the Sixth Royal Fusiliers from Montreal, P.Q., 300 men, in full military dress under command of Lieut.-Colonel Martin. The Fusiliers were accompanied by the Fusilier band, one of the best in the Province. The Fusiliers arrived by special train at 10.30 a.m. Colonel Theodore S. Peck and Staff of the First Regiment National Guard of Vermont, and other distinguished guests were present to participate in the ceremonies of the day. The order of exercises embraced the firing of a salute at sunrise, ringing of bells and firing of cannon at 9 a.m. At 10 o'clock the Brigade and St. Mary's bands and the military received the visiting military and other invited guests from abroad, and escorted them to the park where the following exercises took place:—Prayer by the Rev. H. A. Spence; reading of the Declaration of Independence by Wilbur P. Davis, Esq.; address of welcome and oration by the Hon. Homer E. Royce; interchange of sentiment, toasts and responses, with Colonel Albert Clarke as toast master. These exercises were to be interspersed with music from the several bands, and the rendering of "God Save the Queen," and "The Star Spangled Banner." At 1.30 p.m. the parade of the Antiques and Horribles took place, forming a prominent and ludicrous feature of the day's proceedings. At 2 o'clock p.m. a grand procession formed in which the military companies and other organizations with three brass bands, joined and paraded the principal streets; after which a grand military parade on the park took place, at which all the military present participated. At sunset a National salute of thirty-eight guns was fired. In the evening the various public buildings and many private residences were illuminated and a magnificent display of fireworks took place on the park. A feature of the day's proceedings was the presence and participation in the exercises of the day of the celebrated Fairfax drum corps, composed of men over seventy years of age, dressed in the Continental uniform. The St. Albans drum corps also paraded in this uniform. But the principal element of attraction was the presence of a British regiment, fully armed, assisting at the celebration of the anniversary of American Independence. This is an historical fact deserving of remembrance.

"A" AND "B" BATTERIES SCHOOLS OF GUNNERY.

In publishing last week the likenesses of the officers of "A" Battery School of Gunnery, Kingston, we are of opinion that a few remarks respecting the formation of the Schools of Gunnery at Kingston and Quebec will be found of much interest to our readers, more particularly so to the officers and members of the Canadian militia. On October 20th, 1871, the general order authorizing the formation of these schools appeared in the *Canada Gazette*. The object in view was that these batteries should provide for the care and protection of the forts, magazines, armament and warlike stores handed over by the Imperial to the Dominion Government in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Also that in addition to the garrison duties the batteries should serve Canada as practical schools of gunnery for the training of all ranks of the militia

artillery. A similar explanation to this appeared in the above-mentioned general orders. As Schools of Military Instruction, these batteries have proved the greatest possible success, and it is to this fact that the whole militia artillery of the Dominion have of late years increased in general efficiency, so as to call forth just commendation from competent Canadian and British military professional authorities. As regular batteries of artillery, both their appearance and the manner in which the important garrison duties devolving on them has been performed, is beyond all doubt such as to reflect on both batteries the utmost credit. Even such a high professional authority as Lieut.-Gen. Sir E. Selby Smyth, K.C.M.G., has never since his arrival in the country lost an opportunity of expressing his thorough approval as to the usefulness of these batteries, and also upon the satisfactory way all military duties have been performed, thus proving to the whole country the great value of the Canadian School of Gunnery. Royal Artillery officers visiting Canada have in all cases expressed their appreciation and praise of the system adopted, and in many cases have written in a similar strain to the English military press. The first organizations of "A" and "B" batteries were founded and carried into effect by Lieut.-Col. Strange and Captain G. A. French, Royal Artillery. Both these officers gave their whole hearts to their work, and laboured zealously and well in the faithful fulfilment of their duties; and the just credit earned by these hard-working and efficient officers is fully apparent by the great success the Schools of Gunnery have proved themselves to be. It is further a matter of congratulation to Canadians that we to-day find throughout the ranks of the Canadian Militia artillery thoroughly trained—artillery officers, fit in case of need, not only to perform themselves, but also to instruct others in the scientific as well as practical branches of military duties.

In the last official report of the Lieut.-General Commanding the Militia, that gallant officer speaks of the two Canadian artillery officers commanding "A" and "B" Batteries (Lieut.-Cols. Montizambert and Cotton), as being most efficient officers, and in all respects qualified to hold the high and important command they now occupy. The same can be said of the remaining Battery officers.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW FLYING MACHINE.—In the United States aérostation has been prosecuted with great zeal, and the adventures of Mr. Wise and other famous aeronauts have frequently served to amuse the public. Flying machines have also appeared from time to time, illustrating the force of Yankee ingenuity, but failing to command respect by their want of success. Recently, however, a new impulse has been given to the project of navigating the air by the invention of a flying machine in which the lifting power of the balloon is supplemented by a curious device which enables the operator to control his machine by the action of his feet. A full view of this novel air ship is given in our illustration. The lifting power is afforded by a horizontally placed cylinder of "gossamer cloth" (fine linen coated with India rubber) 25 feet in length and 13 in diameter, weighing only 66 pounds, and charged with hydrogen gas, which is made by the usual process from iron turnings and sulphuric acid. Broad worsted bands extend over that and down to a rod of mandrel-drawn brass tubing, nickel-plated, 1½ inches in diameter and 23 feet long. From that rod the machine is suspended by slender cords. The after-portion of the machine is at the base a parallelogram of rods 2 feet wide and 5½ feet long, from which rise lengthwise curved rods 18 inches high in the centre, and drawn near together at the top. All these rods are in reality hollow tubes of mandrel-drawn brass, light and very strong. Above the apex of this form rises a cog-edged steel wheel 11 inches in diameter, with double handles so geared to a four-bladed fan moving horizontally directly beneath that the operator can give the fan 2000 revolutions per minute. The four blades of the fan are of white holly, each having a superficial area of about 50 square inches, and the extreme diameter of this revolving fan is 24 inches. The blades are set at a slight angle, like those of the screw of a propeller. Just behind the wheel is a very small seat, upon which the operator perches. His feet rest upon two light treadles above and in front of the fan. From the front of this form spring other rods, carrying at their extremity a vertically working revolving fan like that beneath the operator's seat, except that it is but 22 inches in diameter. It is so geared to the main or horizontal fan that it may be operated or not, at the pleasure of the driver of the machine, and can be made to turn from one side to the other so as to deflect the course of the machine in the air. This fan will make 2800 revolutions per minute when the other is making 2000. All its movements are controlled by the operator's feet. When he presses the left treadle he throws it into gear, when he presses with the toe of his right foot it turns to the left, and a slight pressure of his heel whirls it over to the right. He can also reverse the action of his main fan, so that when it whirls one way he goes down, and when its course is reversed he mounts in the air. The great problem which inventors of flying machines have always before them is the arrangement of a device by which they shall be able to propel their frail vessels in the face of an adverse current. Until this end shall have been achieved there will be little practical value to any invention of the kind. In Professo.

RITCHELL'S machine, however, the difficulty has been in a great measure overcome. On the occasion of the trial trip, which took place on Wednesday, June 12, at Hartford, Connecticut, the new air ship rose to a height of 200 feet, and sailed off until over the Connecticut River, the operator meanwhile exhibiting his power to change its altitude and direction at will. When he ascended there was but little wind blowing, and the machine appeared to be under perfect control; but gradually a breeze sprang up, and it was deemed safest to make a speedy return, as there were indications in the sky of a gathering storm. The machine turned and made its way back in the teeth of the wind until directly over the ball ground whence it had ascended, and then alighted within a few feet of the point from which it had started. It yet remains to be seen whether the new machine can be perfected so as to make it available for any useful purpose. At present, however, it is a great success to the inventor, vindicating so thoroughly as it does the correctness of the principles upon which its construction was based.

THE BERLIN CONGRESS.—There will be no difficulty in recognising at once the majority of well-known personages composing the Berlin Congress; Prince Bismarck, with Count Andrassy at his right hand, both standing at the centre of the upper side of the table; Lord Beaconsfield, in official uniform, standing at the right hand corner, in front of the window; Lord Salisbury, sitting next to our Prime Minister at the side wing of the table, with Lord Odo Russell at his right hand; the spectacled face of Prince Gortschakoff, having Count Schouvaloff and M. D'Oubril with him, cannot be mistaken for a moment. The French Plenipotentiaries, M. Waddington, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. St. Vallier, sit to the left of Prince Bismarck; those of Italy, Count Corti, and another, are standing at the corner of the table; and seated along that side, which is shown to the right hand in our engraving, are the Plenipotentiaries of the Sultan—namely, Caratheodori Pasha, Sedoulla Bey and Mahomet Ali Pasha. The gentlemen whose backs only are seen in this view are Prince Hohenlohe, Baron Bulow, and Count Rantzau, directly opposite the President of the Congress; and the principal Secretaries, Bucher (with Herbert Bismarck standing by him), Mouy, and another at the seats which appear in the foreground. The second and third Austrian Plenipotentiaries, Count Karolyi and Baron Haymerle, are seated to the right hand of Count Andrassy, between his standing figure and that of Lord Beaconsfield. It was only, we believe, at the opening or first meeting of the Congress that all the Plenipotentiaries wore uniforms or Court dresses. Prince Bismarck has quite recently, since his late severe illness, taken to wearing his full beard, and this makes him look much older than before.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The brother-in-law of a peer, who was married not long ago, has just set up as a cab proprietor, and given a very high figure for his horses.

MR. GLADSTONE has definitely declined accepting the united invitation of the Liberal electors of the constituency to contest the Flintshire Boroughs.

A proposal is said to be on foot among the London Conservatives to entertain the Earl of Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury to a banquet of extraordinary splendour after their return from the Congress.

IN the near future the bore, instead of carrying an autograph album, will have a phonograph concealed upon his person, which he will produce at the unhappy moment and request his victim to shoot a few words into it to remember him by.

THERE is a sensation rumour that at the conclusion of the Congress, all being well, Her Majesty will perhaps proceed to Berlin and join the three Emperors in mutual Imperial congratulations over the settlement of the Eastern Question, and the sealing of the peace of Europe.

IT seems incredible, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the officials connected with the Literary Congress in Paris have forwarded invitations through the post to "Monsieur William Makepeace Thackeray" and to "Monsieur Douglas Jerrold." They were not for an age, but for all ages.

COMMANDER V. L. Cameron, R.N., C.B., of African fame, is said to be contemplating another Eastern expedition. The line of route is stated to be from Iskenderun, at the north-east corner of the Mediterranean, and cross Northern Syria to Kurdistan, whence he will make his way through Mesopotamia, Persia, and Beloochistan to Kurrachee.

A new University Club, to be called the Junior Oxford and Cambridge, has been started. There was some talk of making it a semi-political institution, with a strong leaning to Liberalism, but the design has fallen through, possibly because the Liberal leaders do not see their way to giving countenance to a rival of the Devonshire and Reform.

THE Prince of Wales has ordered one of the Japanese rooms that are being imported into this country. Every piece of the structures

takes out and can be fitted together in a few hours, without nail, glue, or peg. The price, with all sorts of art decorations and fittings, is £230. It is said they are specimens of the unblemished work of a people with whom a good taste is traditional.

OVER 1,000 men are at work upon the New Law Courts, this number including 493 masons. Of these nearly half are German, and both English and Germans work harmoniously together. Additional painters were put to work on the eastern building this week, and it has so nearly approached completion, that its delivery next month is considered certain.

Two legal sinecurists have just died—Clerks of Records and Writs. Their duty was described by a witness before a Special Commission:—"The Record and Writ Clerk does nothing whatever; he sits in an inner room in the office, and takes a few affidavits occasionally; but a great part of his time is employed in reading the newspapers." For this trying work he had £1,200 a year.

IT is now definitely arranged that an army corps is to be formed at Aldershot at the end of this month, and that it is to go under canvas at Woolmer Forest and on Cobham common. The two divisions are to be placed under the command of Lord Napier of Magdala, who will direct their movements. It is intended to have a series of manoeuvres between the two divisions about the middle of July.

THE Home Hospitals Association has been established for the purpose of opening several small hospitals for the upper and middle classes, in which any one can obtain, on payment of a moderate charge, all the advantages of hospital treatment, in addition to the comforts of home. A donation of fifty guineas constitutes a life governor; and there are still nearly forty such governorships to be subscribed for in order to complete the first £10,000 of capital that is required.

SOME interesting work has been going on for the last few weeks in and around St. Paul's. On a recent occasion some workmen were digging a pit in the graveyard, when they came upon masonry, which has since proved to be part of the old St. Paul's. Mr. Penrose, the architect, choosing the spots by the aid of the plans of the old Cathedral, has brought to light considerable remains of the south cloister and the lower part of one of the buttresses of the chapter-house.

Two new kinds of domestic servants appear to have been invented. Amidst three columns of advertisements in a daily paper for these necessary evils, I find one for a "passage-maid" and another for a "vegetable-maid." We had scullery, kitchen, parlour, and house-maids before; according to this arrangement our household will now need a stair-case-maid, while in the culinary department the possession of a vegetable-maid will necessitate the addition of a meat-maid and a sweet-maid.

WHEN Sir Warwick Hele Tonkin died at Teignmouth, a few years ago, he bequeathed to his daughter a ring which was said to have been given by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. The history of the ring is most curious, if true. According to tradition, it was taken from Jerusalem by Titus, and brought to Rome, where it fell into the hands of the Popes. Clement VIII. gave it to Wolsey, from whom it passed to the monks of the Abbey of Leicester, and from them into private hands at the dissolution of the monasteries, under Henry VIII.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE French Crown jewels are being exhibited in the International. M. Benjamin Raspail has brought in a bill for their sale by auction.

THERESA is about to be married. The fortunate Benedick is a M. Arthur Theobald Guillaureau, a painter, who resides at Melleau, not far from Paris.

THE Persian Monarch sends telegrams in cipher every day from the Grand Hotel, for which the cost is generally nearly £90. It is not known for which paper he writes.

ONE of the most interesting sights in the Paris Exhibition is the wonderful collection of jewellery, arms, &c., brought home by the Prince of Wales on his return from the country of the rajahs, and now on view in the Indian section.

SEVENTY Norwegian students are about to pay Paris a visit, for the purpose of imitating the exploits of the Spanish *estudiantina*, which created such a sensation here some months ago. They will give a musical entertainment at the Trocadero.

THE avidity with which the Parisian populace volunteered into the Garde Mobile at the beginning of the war, has only been equalled by their subsequent eagerness to retrace their steps. They have been made the butt of many jokes. We subjoin the latest: A General inspecting his battalions asked a young Mobile whether he had any complaint to make. "Yes, general." "What is it?" "I am suffering from palpitation of the heart." "Good," was the reply, "it beats for its country."

PERHAPS there is not a visitor to the Exhibition but has experienced the feeling. "What a pity the grounds and structure of the Champ de Mars must be restored to their original state"—an arid, dusty waste, for a few squadrons of cavalry to trot over, and for squads of conscripts to practice the goose-step. It is next to certain the barbarism will not be accomplished. The military authorities will be provided with other parading-ground, and the four façades of glass structure will be retained; the internal galleries will be demolished, and the space converted into a public garden, with the pavilion of the Ville de Paris in the centre.

"How old are you?" a stranger asked a little fellow, who was selling newspapers at the corner of a Paris boulevard, carefully reckoning up his gains, and giving change with a practised hand. "Six," was the laconic reply. "And how long have you been carrying on this business?" With a roguish look and bending down to fold his newspapers on the pavement, as if he would show how easy it was for him to attend to two things at once, he answered "How long? Oh, ever since I was a child."

A joint roasted by the heat of the sun is one of the chief attractions of the grounds of the Paris Exhibition, where M. Mouchot, a Tours professor when the clouds permit, daily cooks a portion of meat by means of a strong reflector. On Saturday he succeeded in boiling sufficient water for three cups of coffee in three-quarters of an hour. In Algeria, where the sun naturally possesses greater power, Professor Mouchot has roasted quails in twenty minutes. What would he do in England in the merry and moist month of June?

The Abbé Liszt accompanied M. Ernest Renan, the author of the *Vie de Jesus*, to the house of M. Victor Hugo a day or two ago. The interview was extremely cordial, and the musical ecclesiastic declared that he agreed with Victor Hugo in many of his opinions on sacerdotalism. At the end of the conversation the poet presented the priest with a copy of his latest work, *Le Pape*. It is probable that this conversation, which the Abbé Liszt takes no pain to conceal, will cause a great deal of sensation at the Vatican, and it is not impossible that he will follow in the footsteps of Father Hyacinthe Loyson, the ex-Carmelite monk.

THE Spanish art department, which has been recently opened in the Champ de Mars, is simply a marvel. Its opening has been long delayed, but it was worth waiting for. First and most prominent in the list of the artists comes Fortuny, and his brother in fame, in early greatness, and in early death, the lamented Zamacois. The works of the first-named artist that are shown are very wonderful and are very numerous. Foremost among these are his *Choosing a Model*, a very feast of colour, a marvellous display of prismatic tints, like those on the wing of a dragon-fly, or the pearly lining of a shell; and a garden scene, ablaze with vivid hues. Here, too, are his far-famed *Fantaisie Arabe*, and other noted scenes of Oriental life. Here, by Zamacois, are the Court Favourite and Game of Chess, two celebrated works already known to the outside world by means of photographs, that glow like rubies amid the opals of Fortuny.

IT is many years since Paris has witnessed so gorgeous a pageant as was presented lately by the funeral of King George of Hanover. The streets were lined from an early hour with dense masses of people. The funeral procession reached the Lutheran Chapel, in the Rue Chauchat, about two o'clock, the distance from the Rue Presburg, near the Arc de Triomphe, being about two miles. Immediately behind the funeral car walked the Crown Prince of Hanover and the Prince of Wales, who were the chief mourners, followed by the Duke d'Aosta (ex-King of Spain), the Archduke Regnier, the Princess of Solms, the Duke d'Aumale, the Duke de Nemours, Marshal Canrobert, and a host of Ambassadors and Ministers. The church was crowded to suffocation, and in one of the galleries could be seen Madame MacMahon, the Princess Mathilde, and the Princess Metternich. The funeral oration was preached by Pastor Appia.

THE GLEANER.

BY the recent strike the Lancashire mill-owners saved over \$3,000,000 in wages.

STANLEY, it is reported, will again set out for Africa; this time under the auspices of the King of Belgium.

WHY, after all the fuss, there has been only one cubic mile of coal mined in England since the island was discovered. Just think of that.

A CORDON of police is placed round the Imperial printing office at Berlin to prevent any tampering with the printers engaged in preparing the official reports of the Congress proceedings.

THE Pope has been memorialized by nine Bishops of Venetia to order the preliminary step for the beatification of Pius IX., whom they regard as having been providentially raised up to encounter times of difficulty.

IT is stated that there are 8,000,000 pupils enrolled in the public schools of the United States. The average daily attendance is 4,500,000. The estimated population between six and sixteen years of age is 10,000,000.

MR. PITTMAN, who was the official phonographer at the great conspiracy trial, has given his views in regard to the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. He agrees with Mr. Ford that Mrs. Surratt was innocent.

OF every thousand men, twenty die annually. The population of a city or country is renewed once in thirty years. The number of old men who die in cold weather is to those who die in warm weather as seven to four.

IT is probable that the Emperor of Russia will come to Berlin to see his Imperial uncle, about whose health much anxiety is felt, and also to be able to give the necessary assent to measures which may be approved of by his Majesty's Plenipotentiaries.

THE notion that ice purifies itself by the process of freezing is not based upon trustworthy observation. On the contrary, it is utterly wrong in principle to take ice for consumption from any pond, the water of which is so foul as to be unfit for drinking purposes.

PROF. CHARLES F. RICHTER, inventor of the flying machine which is now attracting much attention, was born in Portland, Me., is thirty-four years old, now calls Bridgeport, Conn., his home, has taken out fifty-six patents, mostly for labour saving machinery, and has never been up in a balloon.

THE entire amount of gold in the world at present is estimated at \$7,000,000,000 in value in United States coinage. This immense sum is hardly comprehensible to the mind, but if it were put in a solid mass it would measure only seventeen feet high, twenty-eight feet wide and fifty-six feet long.

MR. SPURGEON on precocious moralists: "Young men nowadays, whose whiskers have scarcely grown, consider themselves the proper persons to decide questions regarding religious matters, and in proportion to their ignorance is their confidence and audacity in sneering at everything sacred."

THERE are few positions more enviable than that of the English Judge. A salary of \$25,000 a year, with a pension of \$15,000 on retirement, are pickings for which a French or a German Judge, who does much the same work for about \$2,500 or \$3,000 a year, must wish for with all the strength of his judicial mind.

AN extremely simple method of testing the genuineness of diamonds is given in a letter to the London *Times*: If the specimen is immersed in water, should it be a diamond it will sparkle with almost undiminished light and brilliancy of colour; but if it be spurious, whether paste or rock crystal, the "fire" of the jewel will be completely quenched.

PROF. RICHARD HESCHEL, the Viennese pathologist, says that while among some 2,000 or 2,500 Westphalian hams one is infected with trichinosis, of the American hams inspected in North Germany, according to an official report, one in from five to ten is condemned, and there is great probability that several epidemics have been caused by trichinosis from American hams.

A STRANGE jubilee is proposed to be celebrated in Italy during 1879. Next year 1,800 years will have elapsed since the two cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed by earthquakes and eruptions from Mount Vesuvius. It is now intended to celebrate the anniversary of that year of destruction, and the site of the celebration is to be at Pompeii itself, as being the better known of the two buried cities.

PRINCE BISMARCK is not an early riser, and is fond of sitting up late at night, chatting over a bottle of wine or a glass of beer. It is said that nearly all his diplomatic negotiations, beginning with General Govone's confidential overtures in 1866 for an alliance between Italy and Prussia, until the most recent *pourparlers* on the Eastern question, have been transacted by him in a convivial way in the nocturnal hours.

PUNCH: Enter young husband, who throws himself into a chair and exclaims: "What! toothache again, Maria! I do call this hard upon a fellow! Why, you had a toothache when I left this morning! And here have I been at Epsom all day, with the jolliest lot o' fellers ever got together in one drag, and won a pot o' money, and ha! no end of a jolly time, and I did think I should find something cheerful and jolly to greet a feller when I got home! And there you are—toothache again! I do call it hard upon a feller—precious hard."

NELSON'S WILL.—In an interesting collection of manuscripts sold by Messrs. Wilkinson and Sotheby was Nelson's codicil to his will, entirely in his own handwriting, in which he bequeaths to his "very dear friend Emma Hamilton" a gold box set with diamonds, "as a token of regard and respect for her very eminent virtues," and fifty guineas to Sir W. Hamilton. This was on one page folio, dated on board the *Vanguard*, off Mauritius, May 25, 1799, and witnessed by Captain Tronbridge and Captain Hardy. With this was sold a will, with two codicils, all in Nelson's handwriting, dated on board the *St. George*, March 5, 1801, and witnessed by Captain Hardy and Captain Theisger, and enclosed in an envelope with Nelson's seal and signature. The codicil, and the will with two codicils, had long been in the possession of Lady Hamilton, and came through her to the late owner, by whom they were now sold. The price obtained for these interesting relics sold in one lot, was £50.



HERR VON BULOW,
2ND GERMAN PLENIPOTENTIARY.



PRINCE VON HOHENLOHE,
3RD GERMAN PLENIPOTENTIARY.



COUNT ANDRASSY,
1ST AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN PLENIPOTENTIARY.



M. WADDINGTON,
1ST FRENCH PLENIPOTENTIARY.



COUNT DE SAINT-VALLIER,
2ND FRENCH PLENIPOTENTIARY.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY,
2ND BRITISH PLENIPOTENTIARY.



LORD ODO RUSSELL,
3RD BRITISH PLENIPOTENTIARY.

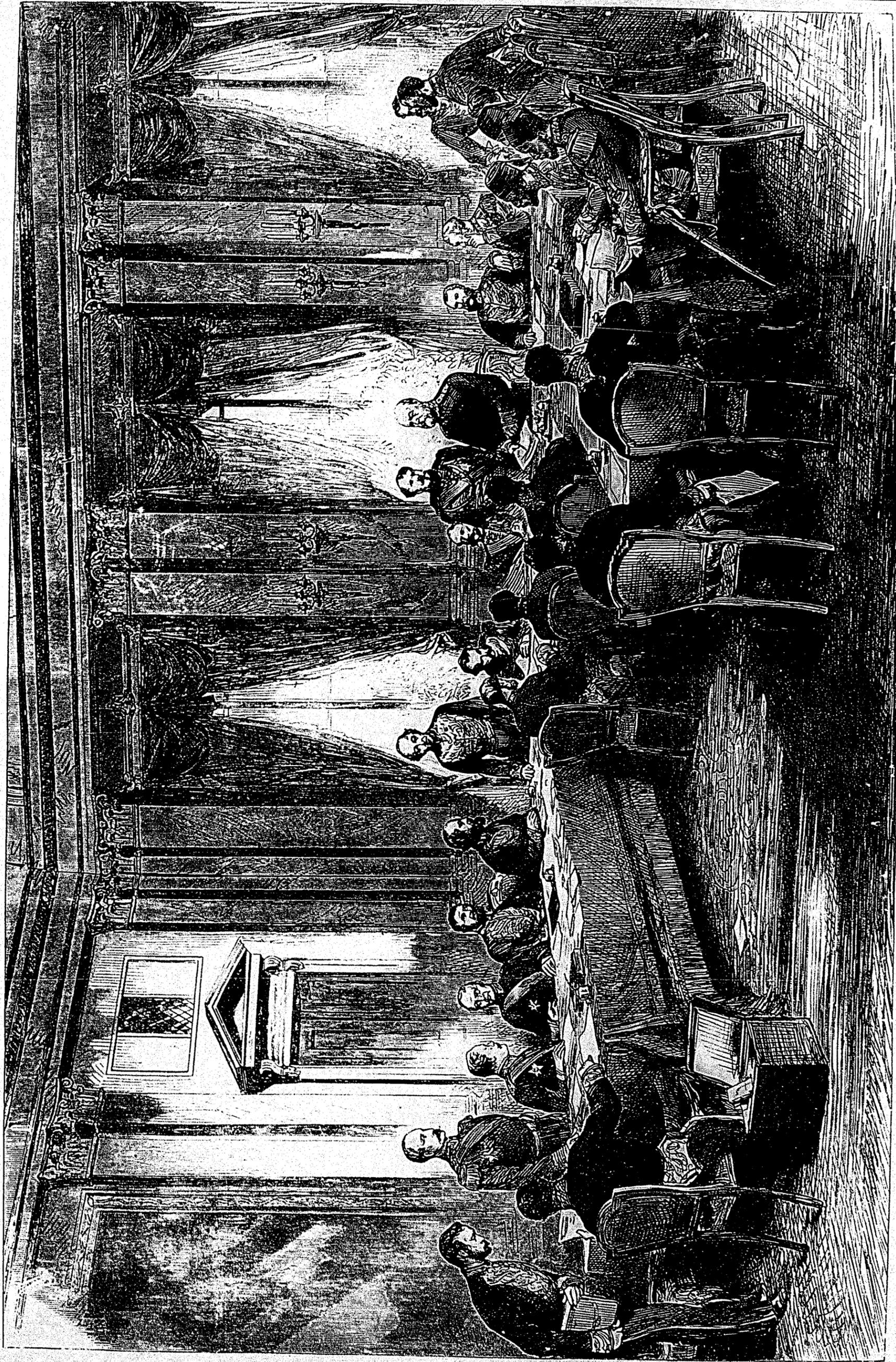


COUNT SCHOUVALOFF,
2ND RUSSIAN PLENIPOTENTIARY.



MEHEMET-ALI-PASHA,
2ND TURKISH PLENIPOTENTIARY.

THE BERLIN CONGRESS.



Schouvaloff. D'Oubril. Gortchakoff. Odo Russell. Sallabury. Boscombeid. Heymerid. Ifohenlohe. Karolyi. Andrusay. Hiamarok. Waddington. Saint-Valler. Sadoullah-Bey. Caratheodori. Corti. Launay. Depret. Mehemet-Ali.

MEETING OF THE CONGRESS.

THE Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

IX.

KEMPTVILLE, Ont.

PIONEER LIFE—"NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION"—WOLVES AS NEAR NEIGHBOURS—THE TROUBLES AND TRIALS OF THE FIRST SETTLERS—A PITCHFORK BRIGADE—THE VILLAGE AS IT IS.

Kemptville is an incorporated village on the St. Lawrence & Ottawa RR., 22½ miles from Prescott and 31½ from Ottawa. It is situated on the south branch of the river Rideau, in the Township of Oxford, and North Riding of the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville. It is named after Sir James Kempt, one time Governor of Canada. It was originally known as Clothierville, after a family of the name of Clothier, who left Vermont in 1808 and settled in South Gore. Besides woman and children, the party consisted of the father, Mr. Lyman Clothier, and four well grown sons. In 1814 they moved to where Kemptville now stands, the fall in the river at that point suggesting a good mill site, but for the best part of that year the revolutionary war required the men to be at Prescott among the militia. In 1815, however, peace having been declared, they set to work to build a saw-mill, chopping down a large pine tree by the river side so that it fell across the stream and formed the basis of the first dam—a very primitive affair. Having got the mill to work, the Clothiers soon rejoiced in the possession of a frame house—every edifice previously being built of rough logs. This frame house was erected without a nail being used—wooden pins serving instead—and the doors were hung upon wooden contrivances which took the place of the modern hinge. The early ploughs were very simple in form, with a wooden share shod with iron plate. The first wheels used were simply sections of logs, cut from eight to ten inches wide. In dry weather the screeching of these wheels could be heard resounding through the woods for miles. At this time, and for many years after, Mr. Asa Clothier (son of Lyman) was the only carpenter, cooper, boot and shoe maker, harness-maker and blacksmith to be found for ten miles round. The immediate neighbours were six camps of Indians. Wolves were plentiful. Mr. Ambrose Clothier (grandson of the founder) told me that when nine years old he was driving an ox-team with pine logs a short distance from the house, when an immense pack of these ravenous animals gave chase. The oxen put off full speed along the narrow bush road for the river, and the young driver, in his fright, hung on to the tail of one of them. In this way he was carried through the bush and across the stream to the homestead, where he arrived badly bruised and almost stripped of clothing. Being daylight, the wolves would not follow to the house, but at night they were bolder, and the cattle had to be well guarded. He says he remembers an incident which, when he calls to mind even now, sends a thrill of terror through him. It was a dark, cold night in midwinter, and the family were seated round the fire, which had grown rather dull, sending out but a flickering flame. A scratching sound and soft pawing was heard on the small window, and, on looking round, the inmates were terrified at beholding the gleaming fangs and glaring eyes of an enormous wolf! Hunger had evidently drove the brute to make this daring search for food.

At this time, Clothier's settlement was the only place where travellers could get accommodation between Johnstown (a few miles east of Prescott), on the St. Lawrence, and Hull, on the Ottawa. In 1819 the second frame building was put up, and in 1824 the first stone chimney in that section of country was built. Before this the chimneys were built after the Dutch fashion, with wood, plastered with a mixture of clay and straw. In 1820 a grand work was accomplished—a grist mill was built. It was not a very pretentious affair. The mill-stones (it had only one pair) were about as big as a good-sized cheese, and it was thought excellent work to grind one bushel per hour. But, funny as it was, the little cluster of pioneers away in the bush perhaps thought more of it than we of this *blase* age do of the greatest engineering works of the day. For in their case, all were more or less personally interested. Before the little mill was started, the wheat had to be carried on horseback through the bush—the path being shown by marks on the trees—to Johnstown, where a canoe was borrowed, and the wheat carried across the St. Lawrence to an American mill nearly opposite Edwardsburg, known as the "Red Mill," now in ruins. This trip occupied at least five days. Mr. Clothier says in the early times they were often pretty hard run for food. He remembers once, when his father was away unusually long, they lived on parched corn. Telling this to some of the rising generation inclined to grumble at the fare set before them, Mr. Clothier added, "That was the bread we got, and the milk was mother's tears"—a touching illustration of the trials and hardships experienced by the true-hearted women who accompanied the pioneers into the wilds, exchanging comfortable homes in well-advanced settlements for the poor comfort, dreariness, and (at that time) dangers of a backwood's life. No wonder at times the sacrifice seemed too great to bear, and the long

pent-up feelings found vent in tears. Ye women of to-day, accustomed to the thousand and one conveniences and luxuries of modern times, contrast your condition with that of your sex in the days I write of, and say no more about the hardships of housekeeping and the perversity of domestics. Think of the little lone log-hut in the wilderness, the parched corn, the tears and the wolves, and be thankful.

The winter of 1820 was remarkable for its mildness and absence of snow, the ground being quite bare up to Christmas Day.

In 1826 a factory for carding wool and making cloth was erected, and the year following a very good grist mill with two run of stones took the place of the little affair above mentioned. To meet the increased demand for power, a new dam much better than the original was built. From this date the village began to grow perceptibly.

The land round about was at that time famous for wheat growing. The crops never failed. If a farmer wanted credit, the merchant would ask him how many acres of wheat he had sown. The merchant would then calculate the worth of the harvesting and govern himself accordingly. Wheat from 1827 to 1836 sold at from fifty cents to seventy-five cents per bushel.

The settlers were not bothered with daily papers, cablegrams and weather reports. The mail carrier made a trip to Prescott once a week on horseback. Sometimes the so-called "road" was so bad that he had to leave his horse tied in the bush and make his way on foot.

The first store of any pretension was opened by Mr. L. Church in 1825.

In 1829 the Rev. Henry Patton (afterwards Archdeacon) came to the settlement, and the year after the present St. James' Church was erected. It is a plain frame building, with a tin-covered spire. When built, and for many years afterwards, it was, no doubt, regarded as a magnificent affair. The Wesleyan Methodists built a meeting-house near by about the same time. The Presbyterians for some time assembled in Mr. Clothier's dwelling, the Rev. Dr. Boyd, of Prescott, coming out occasionally to conduct service. Previous to the erection of St. James' Church, the Rev. Mr. Blakey (first Rector of Prescott) was wont to do the same for the members of the Church of England.

In 1836 Mr. Asa Clothier built another saw-mill, and introduced the first circular-saw seen in that part of the country. It was thought a most remarkable contrivance. The mill did not, however, boast the self-acting machinery of the present day; the logs were kept up to the saw by a rope attached to a crank turned by a man at the further end of the mill.

The news of the rebels having landed at Prescott caused quite a stir. It was known that there was a "Hunter's Lodge" in the village, and the tidings came that Prescott had been captured, and that the invaders were marching northward. Clothierville was the head-quarters of a company of the 3rd Batt. Grenville Militia, but as a military body the company was rather a myth—there were no uniforms and very few rifles. But the men were there, and they were as true as steel. The booming of the cannon inspired old and young with martial enthusiasm. Grandfather Clothier, who had fought for the Union Jack in the war of 1812, and was minus a leg, was among the most active in fitting out the warriors and hurrying on the preparations for a start. The women set to work and prepared cart-loads of provisions, for it was reported that the troops in front were badly in want. At last, armed with old muskets and fowling-pieces, the little band was ready to start, and amidst hearty cheers they crossed the bridge and were soon lost to sight down the winding bush road. Grandfather Clothier went with all the horses he could muster to give those who were tired a lift. It was a strange sight, they say, this motley company of farmer-soldiers, riding bareback, two, and sometimes three, together. Capt. Simon Fraser was in command of this body. Mr. Leslie, the present Postmaster at Kemptville, was ordered to bring up the rear guard. All the guns had been appropriated, so, as the next best weapon, pitchforks were pressed into the service. When Mr. Leslie and his men arrived at the camp in front of the Windmill, the grey dawn was just breaking. The men were drawn up in line in front of Colonel Young's head-quarters and ordered to "present—pitchforks!" In this position the gleaming prongs of the forks came about level with the men's heads, and in the uncertain light gave them a most demoniac appearance. When the Colonel came out to inspect the reinforcement, he was thunderstruck. "Pitchforks! pitchforks!" he exclaimed; "what does this mean!" turning to Mr. Leslie. Mr. Leslie explained the circumstances, and the Colonel could not but admire the pluck and loyalty of the pitchfork brigade.

The village was incorporated in 1857, Mr. Ambrose Clothier being chosen Reeve, a position he filled for seven years. The population is estimated to be close upon 1,200; the real and personal estate is assessed at \$135,000, and the taxes for all purposes amount to 2½ cents on the dollar. The total debt of the village is only \$7,050, and was mainly incurred in the erection of the school-house and other necessary public works.

From all I could see and hear, during a fortnight's residence, I believe Kemptville is not "going ahead" as it should. There are a good many of the old "old fogey" school yet remaining—men who have made money in the early days, when they could not very well do otherwise, and who, having been used to a monopoly, know nothing of enterprise or patriotism, and

refuse to spend a cent unless their somewhat befogged vision perceives clearly that the return will be immediate and manifold. This dead-wood is a great injury to a community, for the bad example corrupts others, and encourages the idea that, to be successful in business, one must be "close," devoid of public spirit and a devout worshipper of Mammon. There are several of this stamp in Kemptville. Some of them are old fellows on the verge of the grave, who have heaped up riches, and might be expected to desire to spend their last days in intellectual and intelligent enjoyment. But no, the passion for lucre is still strong upon them and they play the modern Shylock to a nicety. I have never come across such a character as I depict who has not a dissolute son or other relative waiting anxiously for the day when the old money-grabber will shuffle off the mortal coil and share the same quarters as the poorest—a six foot hole in the ground. The lack of public spirit and national pride is but too plainly noticeable among our people, and accounts, I believe, in a great measure, for the slow progress observable in many parts of the country. There is too much individuality, so to speak. Self exerts too great a sway. It is difficult to bring men to view a question from a public standpoint. "Will this or that benefit the village, town or city?" is a question too often lost sight of in the query—"Will it put anything in my pocket?" Now our American cousins are mainly imbued with a different spirit. They mostly conclude that anything calculated to improve, do honour, or give fame to the place they reside in, will be beneficial to themselves. At least they will gladly welcome the inauguration of any such movement and aid the work to the best of their ability. This, in a great degree, seems to me to explain why a fair specimen of our American village or town has such a live, bustling look, while places of the same size in Canada too frequently present a sort of half-sleepy appearance, suggestive of bankruptcy or estates in chancery. There is an old saying, "God helps those who help themselves," and it appears to me to be very applicable in our case. If Canada is ever to take the place for which her natural resources fit her, our people must cultivate true national pride—not a spirit of empty, bombastic boasting, but a firm belief in the country, allied with a steadfast determination to pursue a public and private course likely to produce results worthy of our glorious heritage.

The village is rather rambling in form, and covers a considerable area. The main streets are a red Prescott and Clothier—the former runs direct to the bridge, near which is the mill-dam, and the latter runs parallel with the river on the opposite or western side. It cannot be termed a pretty place, as many of the streets are short, crooked and narrow, while those cheap luxuries—shade trees—are rather the exception than the rule. In many parts, too, the evidences of stagnation are to be seen; premises long unoccupied, others of pretentious appearance, wearing a sort of "seen-better-times" look; old tumble-down mills and charred ruins. Quite a few people have gone to Manitoba and others were preparing to go. But Kemptville can afford to look complacently at her neighbour—Merrickville—where there is not a single sign of brisk business life, but all is as dull and dreary as can be imagined. Kemptville has many evidences of "slowness," but here and there are seen signs that there *are* live men about. For these one looks in vain in Merrickville.

ST. JAMES' MEMORIAL CHURCH.

This handsome church, now in course of erection, is to take the place of the old frame building which occupies a site near by. The new church is to be erected to the memory of the late Ven. Arch. Patton. It is estimated to cost \$16,000, and to seat about 500. Mr. Thomas, of Montreal, is the architect. The rector, Rev. John Stannage, has been some time in the old country soliciting subscriptions for this and other ministerial work in the district of St. James, which includes a large part of the Township of Oxford, some of South Gower and part of Marlborough. There are already two outlying churches, and it is intended to erect three more. The Rev. A. Spencer is curate.

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH

was erected in 1869. The engraving shows the building as it will be when finished—the steeple not yet having been erected. The congregation is reported to be the most numerous of the Protestant bodies in the village, and about fills the church. There is a membership of some 200. Among the pastors who have ministered at this church was the Rev. Dr. Elliott, Vice-President of the Conference. The present pastor is the Rev. J. M. Hagar.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The Presbyterians of Kemptville received their first ministerial services from the late Rev. Robert Boyd, D.D., who began his work in Canada in 1820. His first field was very wide, including the Townships of Oxford, South Gower and Mountain. The Kemptville Church continued to receive a share of his services till 1834, when the late Rev. Joseph Anderson was appointed to the same field. In 1845 Mr. Anderson was succeeded by the Rev. William McDowell during whose ministry the present stone church was built but not finished. During the pastorate of his successor, the Rev. Charles Quinn, the church was completed with the exception of the tower, and in his time Kemptville was set off as a congregation. For a period the church was supplied by missionary labour and

by the Rev. Bennett and Douglass. The present pastor is the Rev. G. M. Clark, of Aberdeen, Scotland, who was inducted May, 1876. During his pastorate the membership has shewn a gratifying increase, now amounting to one hundred and eleven, with an average Sunday-School attendance of eighty. The work of gathering subscriptions to defray the cost of building a tower has been actively pushed by the ladies of the congregation, and it is hoped that ere many months pass the fund will be such as to warrant the commencement of operations.

HENRY MACDOWELL,

the Kemptville centenarian, is believed to be aged 101. He is from County Antrim, Ireland, and came to Canada in 1848. He resides with his grandson, Mr. Mundle, and enjoys excellent health. He can walk remarkably well without support and holds himself very erect particularly when sitting in a chair. His sight and hearing are failing and his mind wanders a little sometimes, but ordinarily he is remarkably clear-headed and gets off some very dry remarks. When left to himself he delights to tell of the mercy and goodness of the Creator and will now and then repeat a verse of some favourite hymn.

DR. FERGUSON, M.P.

Charles Frederick Ferguson, member of Parliament for the North Riding of Leeds and Grenville, was born in Kitley Township, Leeds; graduated at Queen's College, Kingston, settled in Kemptville in 1859; ran for Parliament in 1874 and was elected, defeating Mr. Francis Jones. In 1875 he was opposed by Mr. J. K. Weir, but was again successful. He is a staunch Conservative and enjoys a large measure of personal popularity in the constituency. Kemptville is pardonably proud of

BLACKBURN'S FINE STORE

which is indeed in all respects a magnificent establishment, large, substantial, well-arranged and containing an immense stock. The present fine premises were erected six years ago to replace an old-fashioned frame building which, with many others, was then destroyed by fire. In building the new store Mr. Blackburn evidently kept in mind the old saying, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." All the details are in accordance with this admirable adage. Each department is complete and the various lines are systematically arranged, so that the odd jumble so often noticed in general stores is avoided and the multifarious wares blend, as it were, in pleasing array. Besides dealing in groceries, provisions, china, crockery, glassware, dry-goods, boots and shoes, hats and caps, hardware, cutlery, blacksmiths' and carriage-makers' supplies, paints, oils, glass, &c., &c., Mr. Blackburn does an extensive business as a buyer and shipper of butter and grain. The section between Brockville and Morrisburg is renowned as a butter-producing district, and no better butter is turned out anywhere than round about Kemptville. Hence it is not surprising to learn that while many shippers of butter to the old country have "burnt their fingers," Mr. Blackburn has always realized handsome returns—his principle being to send only first qualities.

The store-houses shewn in the engraving are used partly as granaries and for the storage of the heavier and more bulky wares. Beneath the store proper there is a splendid cellar, lofty, light, and beautifully fresh and cool.

As may be expected, trade is drawn from a wide section of country. To accommodate customers who drive in there is a large range of stable sheds, and at times the yard presents the appearance of a fair ground—so great is the influx of the farmers and their families. To attend to the wants of the public there is a staff of ten clerks who always find plenty to do.

Opposite Blackburn's is the commodious establishment of Mr. T. Conley, merchant tailor and gents' out-fitter. Mr. Conley is reckoned the best tailor for many miles around; he keeps a fine assortment of cloths suitable for the season, and full lines of gents' furnishings, hats, caps, gloves, ties, &c.

THE BURRILL HOUSE

is far superior to the hotels usually found in villages of the size of Kemptville. It is pleasantly and conveniently situated, is large and well arranged, has commodious and comfortable rooms and furnishes a capital table. The attendance is excellent and, altogether, Mr. Burrill tries his very best to make his house acceptable to the travelling public. That he succeeds is shewn by the fact that he enjoys all the trade worth speaking of, and is daily growing in popular esteem. A free bus attends the trains and there is a first-class livery in connection with the establishment; also good stable accommodation. Visitors to Kemptville can make no mistake if they "strike" for the Burrill House.

In the same block is

BASCOM'S MEDICAL HALL

which comprises also a book and news department and a large assortment of stationery and fancy goods. It is also the repository of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Across the street is Mr. W. H. Cochrane's saddlery establishment, where is to be found a fine stock of saddles, harness, whips, horse clothing, saddlery hardware, carriage trimmings, &c. Mr. Cochrane is a practical saddler and allows none but first-class work to leave his premises.

MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS, &c.

There are several factories and mills about Kemptville, but a good many are either closed or fallen into decay. Among those in operation may be mentioned Lamping & Co.'s Dominion Foundry, which is one of the oldest industries in the village, having been established some forty years ago. The business comprises the manufacture of all kinds of stoves, ploughs, harrows, cultivators, field-rollers, school-desks, &c., besides a general trade in iron and brass castings. The foundry is well furnished and gives employment to ten hands. The main building is 120 feet long and a 60 foot wing is to be added. The repairing of all kinds of machinery is made a specialty.

Mr. Ambrose Clothier is proprietor of a fine saw, planing and shingle mill situated at the steamboat wharf on the South Branch. A much larger mill owned by him was destroyed by fire last year. He also owns two large blocks on the street bearing his name. The largest of these is 97 x 37 and is laid out for stores, offices and dwellings, but so far the speculation has not proved profitable. There is accommodation for fourteen tenants.

In 1870 three Americans established a factory for reducing eggs to a dry substance which they proposed to press into moulds the size of a fifty cent piece and three times as thick. In this way they claimed a dozen eggs could be packed into a box four inches long and one and a quarter square, claiming further that when thus prepared the virtue of the egg would be retained for an indefinite period. They had the machinery put up and got it to work, but the finances gave out and the machinery is stowed away in the loft of the building which is now used as a shingle mill.

There are two grist mills and a small tourney in the village.

I may mention that though the south branch of the Rideau is a narrow stream, it will accommodate any craft that passes through the Rideau Canal. In the early days all goods from Montreal were brought to Kemptville by steamboat, and even now a good deal of freight is brought that way.

EVANS & CO.

This firm is composed of Mr. J. C. Evans, for many years traveller for Messrs. Ives & Allen, and Mr. Alex. McCargar. They carry a large stock of general hardware, iron, steel, blacksmiths' and carriage builders' supplies, paints, oils, glass, &c., &c. Being importers and content with a small profit, they draw custom from a wide section and do a considerable jobbing trade. Their establishment is commodious and well arranged.

Immediately opposite is the shop and residence of Mr. John Smail, black and carriage smith. Mr. Smail has been only seven years in Kemptville, but in that time he has acquired a fine plot of land and erected the comfortable dwelling shewn in the accompanying pages. He is agent for Cossitt's Agricultural Implement Works, Brockville.

Mr. A. McPherson is proprietor of a well-furnished job printing office, and is also agent for the Montreal Telegraph Company, and Ticket Agent for the G. T. R. One of these days he will probably be heard of as proprietor of the Kemptville *Argus* or North Grenville *Thunderer*. He has held the office of clerk to the municipality for two years and is a most efficient officer.

EDUCATIONAL.

Kemptville boasted a school as early as 1822, when a tiny building was erected in a little clearing made in the bush by the roadside. The first public school proper was established in 1842, and the present fine building was erected in 1874. It is a Union school and accommodates also the High School. There are four teachers in the public department and two in the High School, with an attendance of 280 pupils in the former and 60 in the latter.

RECREATIONAL.

Last January a Mechanics' Institute was established in the Village Council Room. It has already a long list of members and bids fair to prosper. It is open on week days from 7 to 10 p.m., contains a library of about 350 volumes, and has an attentive caretaker in the person of Mr. Wm. Poole.

For those fond of field sports there is a Gun Club and a Base-Ball Club.

THE PRESBYTERIAN MANSE, HECKSTON.

Heckston is the name given a small cluster of buildings about eight miles south-west of Kemptville. The manse has just been vacated by the Rev. A. H. Cameron who has gone to take charge of the mission work in connection with Section 15 of the Canada Pacific Railway. I see it stated that the Rev. Mr. Henderson of Prescott has succeeded Mr. Cameron at Heckston.

WHAT KEMPTVILLE WANTS.

A Branch Bank; at present all banking business has to be transacted at Prescott.

A steam fire engine and tanks scattered through the village. At present it boasts a rather ancient and very small hand-pump made by Perry, of Montreal, good of its kind, but better suited to wash windows or disperse a disorderly crowd than to fight fire. A few years ago Kemptville was swept by a fire which destroyed as much as would have bought a dozen steamers. The volunteer fire company comprises a lot of good men, but the best firemen have but a poor show with a good-sized garden pump supplied with water by the painful.

A TRAMP WITH THE "TUQUE BLEUE."

"Now, Katie, isn't it a shame?" said Grace, rushing into the parlour, "Joe and Gus have gone off for a snow-shoe tramp, although they promised to come and practice those duets with us."

"It's too bad," said Katie, dropping the music she was arranging. "What excuse did they give?"

"Oh, that it was Wednesday night, their usual tramping night, you know, with the 'Tuque Bleue.' They said they'd forgotten that when they promised to practice with us; of course they could not give up one of their beloved tramps. Kate," continued Grace, drawing closer to her cousin and almost whispering, "I've got a jolly idea in my head. Listen, there's my brothers' costumes upstairs and they are safe up at Toronto."

"Well," said Katie, "what's the idea, I don't see what their costumes have to do with us."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Grace impatiently. "How slow you are; they are both short men, we are tall girls. Let's dress up and join the boys and have a good time; it would be such fun; I want to know what they do round the mountain at Prendergast's."

"Oh, Grace," said Katie, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "What fun, but suppose any of the fellows found out, what a fuss there would be?"

"How can they find out?" said Grace. "We can both snow-shoe well, and we can take care not to go near any one we know; the others will think we are two new fellows."

"But, Grace, if Joe and Gus found out," said Katie, "what would they think of us?"

Grace for a moment seemed inclined to give up her mad scheme, but a thought flashed across her.

"Kate," she said, "I know you are not sure Gus cares for you, and ditto with me regarding Joe; we will go and see if they speak about us, and what they say, if we are the subject of their conversation. Come, don't make any more objections; aunt is out, and is going to stay all night with Mrs. Wand who is sick. We have our latch-keys, Ann has gone to bed, she will never hear us, and we can slip in as quietly as mice. Come on upstairs and let us dress, it's half-past seven already and they start at eight."

So the two madcaps ran upstairs and having found the costumes and two little black moustaches (which had been worn at a masquerade), proceeded to dress. In fifteen minutes the transformation was completed; instead of two pretty girls in stylish costumes, there stood in their place two snow-shoers equipped for a tramp.

For the benefit of my uninitiated readers, I will paint the costume. To begin with: A pair of moccasins, bright scarlet stockings up to the knees where the tight-fitting knickerbockers meet them, said knickerbockers made of white blanketing, of which was also made the rather long coat which reached nearly to the knee; a bright scarlet sash, pair of mittens and blue worsted cap made in the shape of an old-fashioned night-cap, finished off with a scarlet tassel, completed the costume.

As Grace said, no one could have recognized them; they had tucked their hair carefully up, drawn the "Tuque Bleue" well over their pretty ears, and adjusted their moustaches with great care and trouble, for they would fall off, but were at last made to stick. When they had finished they surveyed each other and nearly screamed with laughter, but choked it down being afraid to wake Ann, and taking up their snow-shoes they ran hastily down stairs, their moccasin-feet making no sound. They slipped out, taking care to close the front door softly, and hastened down to the McGill College Gate where the snow-shoers meet.

When they got there a good number had gathered, but they kept on the outskirts of the crowd keeping together until the order to march came; then they fell into the Indian file in which the snow-shoers walked, but as it happened the two girls got separated much to their dismay, Grace finding herself behind a tall man whom she thought she recognized. Presently he turned round saying,

"What a splendid night for a tramp, isn't it?"

"Yeth," said Grace, in a hoarse voice and affected lisp.

The stranger eyed her rather curiously, she thought and then said,

"I thought I knew all the fellows, but I don't remember your voice or you."

"Oh," said Grace, "I've only just joined and I've such a cold my voice is about done for, but I was thinking I ought to know you, although I cannot remember your name."

"My name is Dick Darcy," said the other.

Just then the comrade in front of him addressed him, and he did not speak again to Grace, much to her delight.

Kate was more fortunate; she found herself between two men who she knew were noted for their silence, so she plodded on wondering how Grace got on.

At last they reached one of the boulevards of the mountain, and the party stopped to admire the view. It was truly magnificent, the moonlight shone o'er the city showing the broad frozen St. Lawrence at its base, and lighting up the dark old pines that stretched to the right and left of them. Onward, and still onward they went, till after a three-mile tramp they at last reached Pendegast's Hotel where the club-room was. As they filed in Grace managed to

join Kate, and they entered a large room warm and comfortable. Seats were scarce, so Grace and Kate took possession of a pile of buffalo robes that lay by the door, and having loosened their coats and sashes they looked around. The fellows were scattered about in various positions more or less picturesque, and smoking was the order of the night. Grace saw Dick Darcy (who was seated near them) looking rather surprised that they did not light up, so she felt in all her pockets as if for her cigar-case, and Kate did the same.

"By Jove," said Grace, "forgot my case, too bad."

Dick leaned forward, "Will you try one of these," he said, offering his case.

"Thanks," drawled Grace. "Obliged to you, I'm sure; here Jack," handing the case to Kate as she spoke.

They had never tried anything stronger than cigarettes before, but too much was at stake to hesitate now, so both lighted and puffed away.

There were several songs and recitations given by the members, and then a pause before supper.

About six men that Grace knew were gathered in a knot near and several bits of gossip reached them.

"Deuce'd pretty girl you were with yesterday, Joe."

"Who is she?" said one.

"Miss Somers," said Joe.

"I know her, she's the best skater in Montreal," chimed in another.

"Yes, and the spiciest little brunette in Christendom. I believe she always has something sharp on her tongue," said Charley.

"By the way, she came down on your skating, Gus, said you looked like a frog dancing a hornpipe."

"Much obliged," was the careless answer.

"For my part," said Bob, "I prefer the little blonde-cousin Kate; she's got killing eyes."

Gus looked up quickly, and after exchanging a glance with Joe, he said,

"I say, old fellows, this talk ain't good form, you know if their brothers were here we couldn't do it; let's drop the subject." And turning to Joe he said, "Come, Joe, there's just time for you to give us 'The Village Blacksmith' before supper, Allison will accompany you."

As Joe moved to the piano and some of the others followed, Kate whispered to Grace:

"I always thought Gus perfect, and I'm sure of it now."

Grace nodded and knocking the ashes of her cigar, leaned back to listen to her favourite song.

Alas! poor Grace, she utterly forgot to draw on the large mitten that hid her pretty little hand. There it hung, showing white against the dark buffalo robes, the diamond ring she wore sparkling in the lamplight. Dick Darcy's quick eye caught it in a minute, and after studying it a minute or two, he concluded it did not belong to any one of the male species. He quickly, but silently pointed it out, first to one, then another of the party, until every one except Joe, Gus and Allison had their eyes fixed on the two careless figures by the door. Grace and Kate did not notice it, their attention was fixed on the singer, neither did they notice the silence which had fallen on the room. The song ended, but instead of the applause that usually followed, silence reigned.

The leader rose, "Two new members have joined us to-night, gentlemen, can any one tell their names?"

Grace's eyes fell on her unlucky hand, she saw all was discovered. Kate saw so too and trembled visibly. No one answered.

The leader stepped forward and said, "Will the two gentlemen by the door kindly favour us with their names?"

There was no answer, and Kate's quick eye saw Dick move towards the door. Quick as thought the two girls snatched their snow-shoes, sprang through the open door, drew it too after them and turned the key in the lock. They flew out of the front door, a light sleigh was standing there, and springing in were speeding down the road leading to Montreal before the astonished snow-shoers had recovered their senses.

Our two heroines meanwhile were comfortably seated in the sleigh which they had eloped with. When they reached Bleury street they jumped out and touching the horse with the whip started him off trusting to his instinct to lead him home, and the two girls hastened to their home. They entered softly, found everything all right, and in ten minutes were snugly seated in dressing-gowns before the fire, half-amused, half-frightened by their adventure.

The next morning about ten, as Grace was practising in the parlour, the door opened and in walked Joe.

"Good morning, Miss Somers."

"Good morning," she answered, "I suppose you've come to try those duets you disappointed me of last night?"

"No, Miss Somers," he returned gravely. "I came to return some property which I think belongs to you."

So saying he handed her a small parcel; she took it in surprise, and opening it out fell—a dainty little handkerchief and a small black moustache! There was dead silence for a minute, then Grace's courage rose, and turning she looked him full in the face. What she saw in his eyes convinced her all was known, and there was a battle between laughter and tears, then laughter got its way, and flinging herself down she laughed till the room rang, Joe joining her mirth.

"Oh, Grace," he said at last, "how could you be so imprudent. I see you want some one to take care of you, so in future I shall take the task upon myself."

"I'm afraid it will be a hard one," said Grace, as she nestled in his arms. "But at any rate I promise never to go out with the 'Tuque Bleue' again. I had such a scare last night, I don't want another. Does any one else know who we were?" she added anxiously.

"No one, but Gus; he recognized Kate, and has gone up-stairs to have it out with her; if his interview only turns out as satisfactory as mine has, I think we may both thank our stars that you took it into your saucy little heads to go on that wild tramp. I believe you would not have been so gracious to me if I had not found you out. Would you now?"

"To tell the truth, Joe, I don't think I should, and if you had joined those horrid men criticizing us last night, I should have hated you; as it is I'm beginning to like you a little, a very little," she added as he stopped her mouth with a kiss. At this interesting moment the door opened, and Kate and Gus made their appearance.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said Gus, "Cousin Grace I suppose I may call you now, as Kate has promised to tramp through life with me, although I hope to make it easier for her than your tramp with the 'Tuque Bleue.'"

AN ARTISTIC DEATH.—Cremona, an Italian painter of great repute, whose works are well known in London, has just died at Milan under extraordinary circumstances. He was a man of the most careless, not to say dirty habits, and in order to save time he discarded the use of the palette, which he deemed unnecessary and troublesome. He was wont, therefore, to spread his colours on the palm of his left hand and on his bare chest. The other day while standing at his easel he was seized with strong convulsions, and expired after forty-eight hours' agony. The doctors pronounce the cause of death to be owing to the absorption into the system of the mineral poisons in painting. Cremona's two works of "The Page and Falcon" and the "Three Cousins," are popular in this country, having become familiar to the public by the beautiful copies in chromo sold everywhere.

HUMOROUS.

HAPPY is the man who can lie all day under a shade tree looking for work.

A MAN is unhappy when he thinks he is too bright to live and too young to die.

THE smoking chimney now begins to put on the most innocent look imaginable.

COOKS are aware that whatever is worth doing is worth being well done. That accounts for the rarity of rare meat.

IT is not yet definitely settled as to how much a man can allow his creditors on the dollar and still be considered honest.

IN about two weeks from now if you hear your neighbour slam his pillow against his bed-room wall you may be sure that the mosquito got away.

MANY a young poet might be able to collect his scattered thoughts if he would look in an editor's waste basket early in the morning.

RED is used for danger-signals on the railroads and always means "stop." On the man's nose it ought to give the same warning.

IF Edison would get up a little phonograph for a dollar that would simply say, "Come around about the tenth," it would have a big sale among business men.

IN the bright lexicon of American youth, there is no such word as fail. A man merely becomes embarrassed and compromises with his creditors for thirty cents.

ONE kind word spoken to a tramp may cheer his whole future life. Remember this when you see him walking off with your axe and about fifty feet of garden hose.

PEOPLE who are drinking stomach bitters under the idea that they are taking medicine would be terrified if they knew how high a price they are paying for the poorest whiskey in the land.

THE cucumber season has set in, and a man is waked up at 2 o'clock in the morning, after dreaming that an elephant is sitting on his equator, to experience a violent regret that he has not attended church more regularly in his youth.

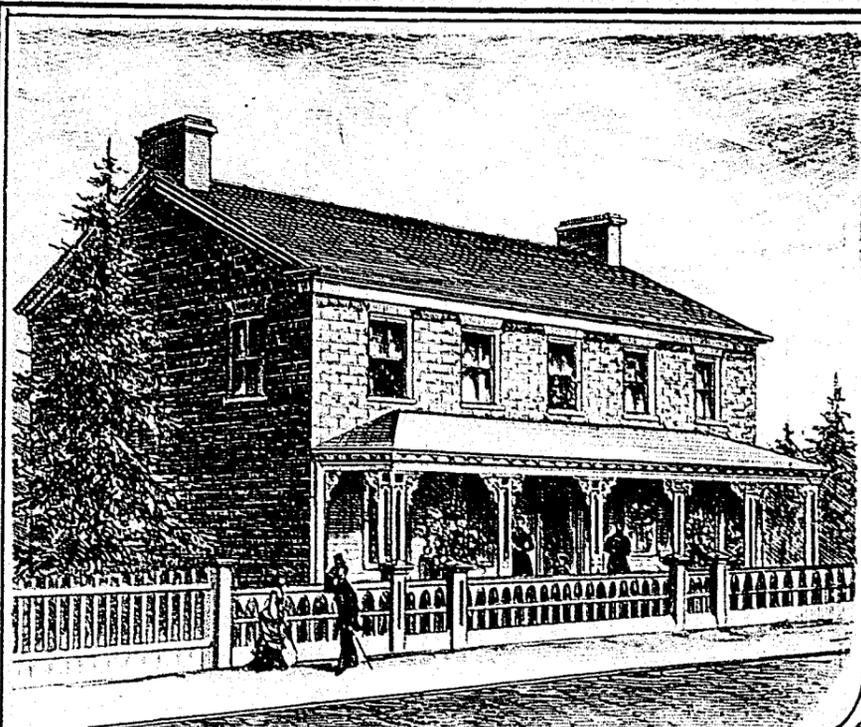
THE Rev. O. B. Frothingham thinks there are no two classes and no caste distinction in this country. Just let him put on a last year's winter suit and a straw hat, and ask the hotel clerk to let him have a room on the parlour floor—that's all. He will learn something about the infinity of distance that never occurred to him before.

WHEN you find a man who claws all over the papers on his desk, looks through the drawers, searches every pocket in his clothes, and explores the regions above his ears in search of his lead pencil, and finally finds it between his teeth, don't lend him money—he is absent-minded.

Luck and temper rule the world. Choicest assortment of French Cambrie, Chorott and Oxford Shirts in Canada at **Treble's, 8 King Street E., Hamilton.** Send for samples and price list, and have your Shirts made properly. **Treble's, 8 King Street E., Hamilton.**

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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



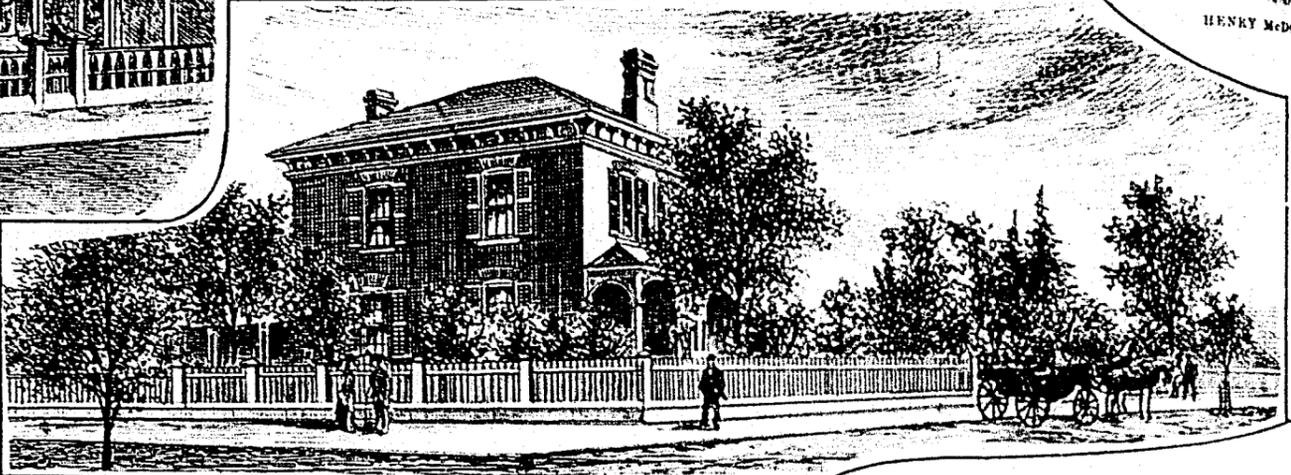
RESIDENCE OF DR. FERGUSON, M.P.



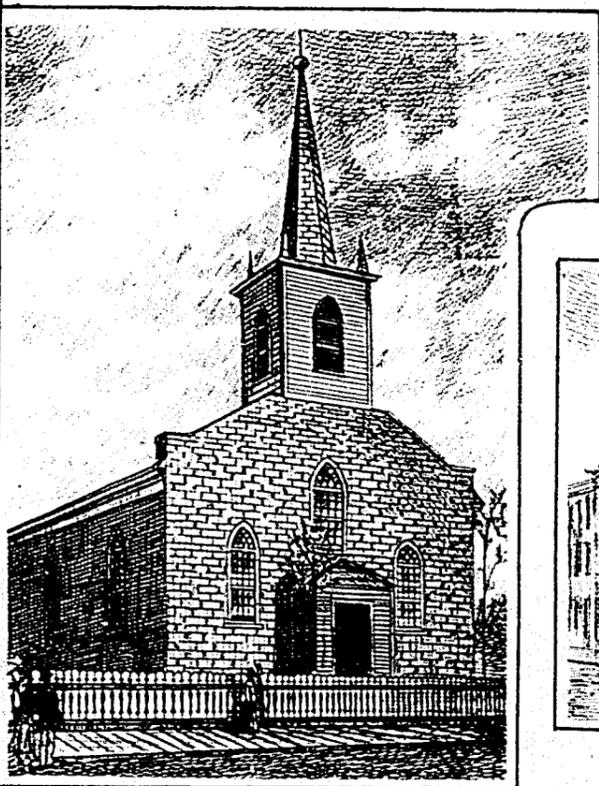
PRESBYTERIAN PARSONAGE, HECKSTON.



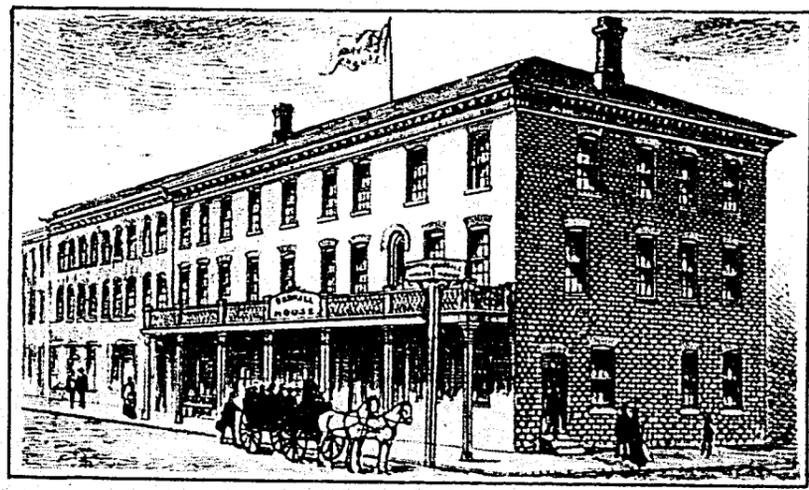
HENRY McDevitt



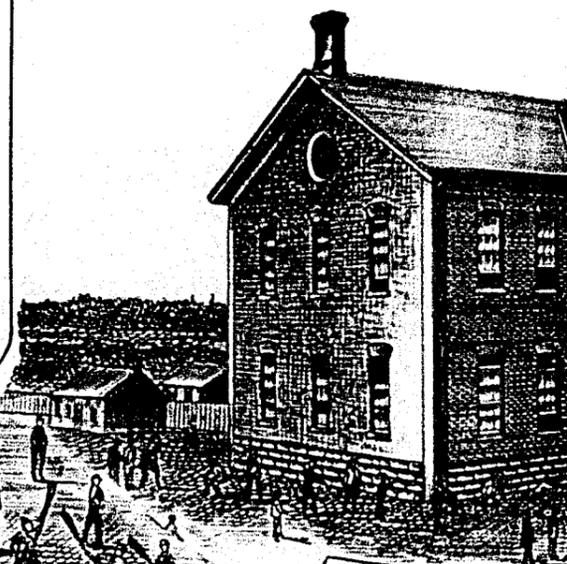
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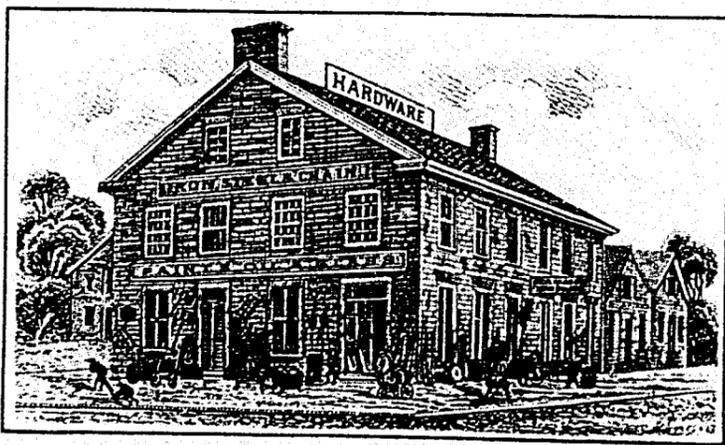
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.



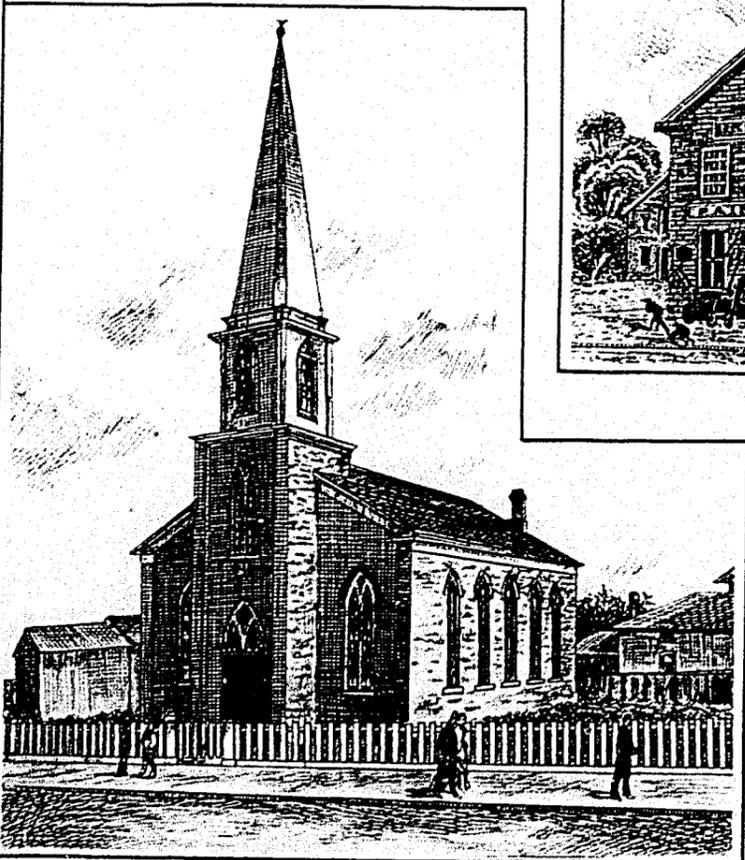
THE BURRILL HOUSE.



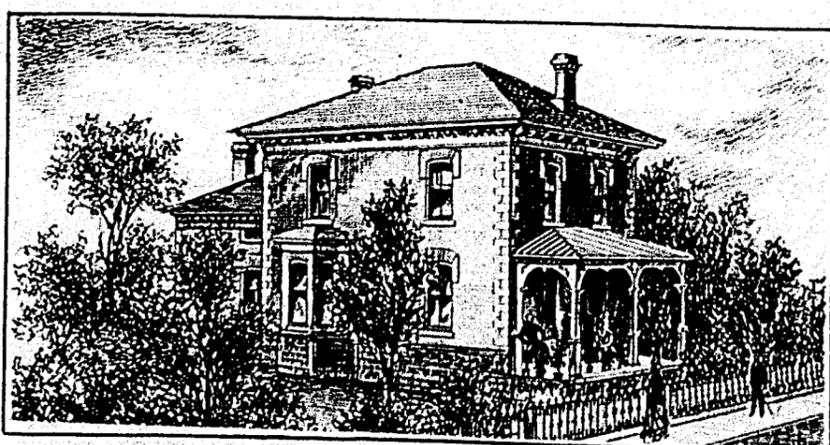
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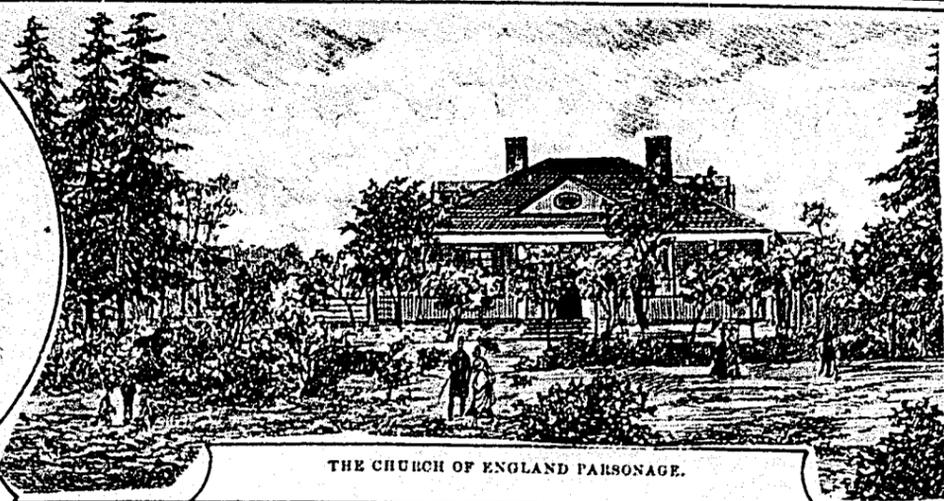


LESLIE'S BLOCK.

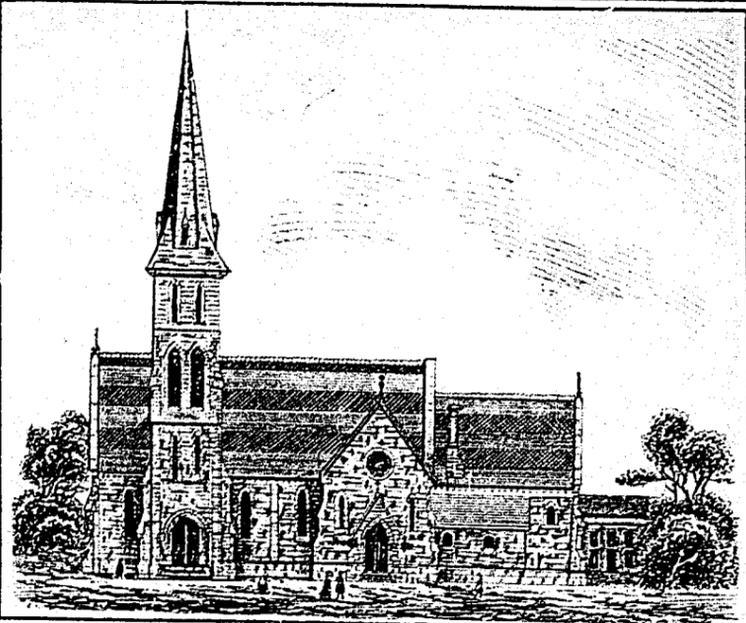
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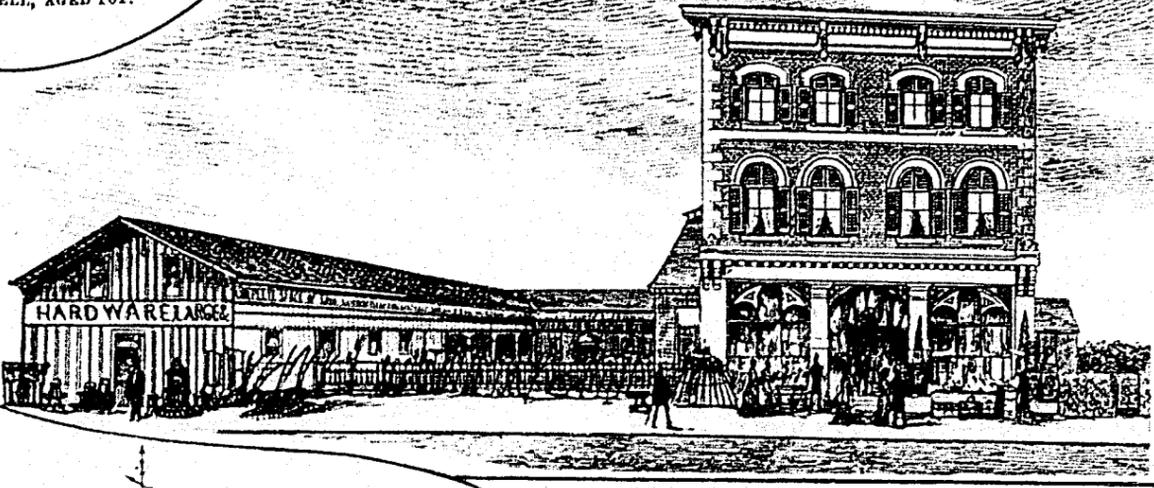
WELL, AGED 101.



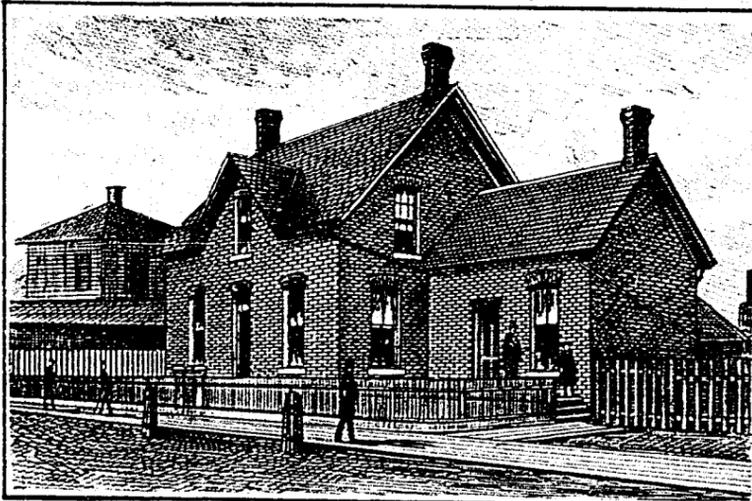
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND PARSONAGE.



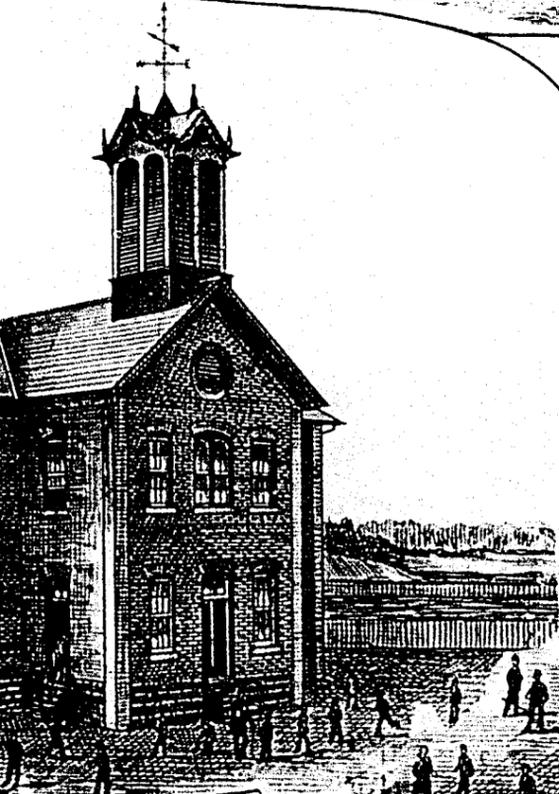
ST. JAMES' MEMORIAL CHURCH.



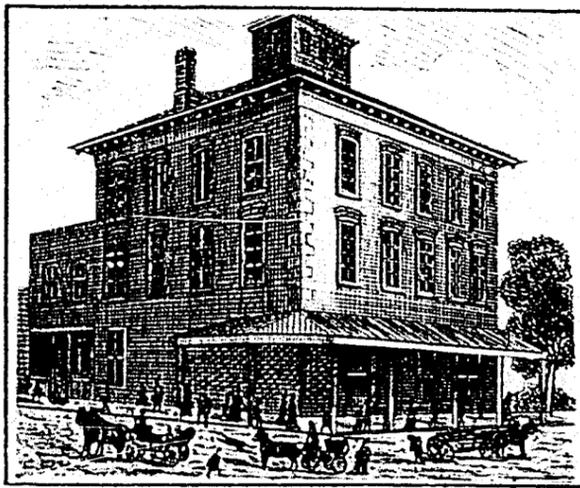
MR. ANDREW BLACKBURN'S STORE AND RESIDENCE.



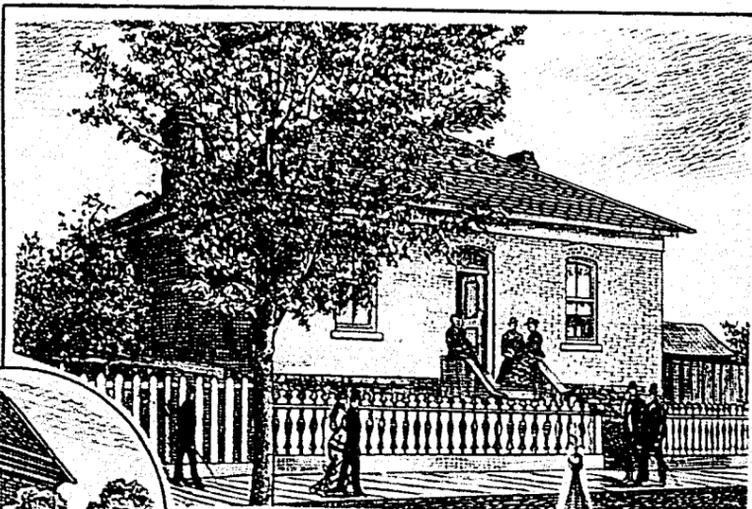
RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN SMAIL.



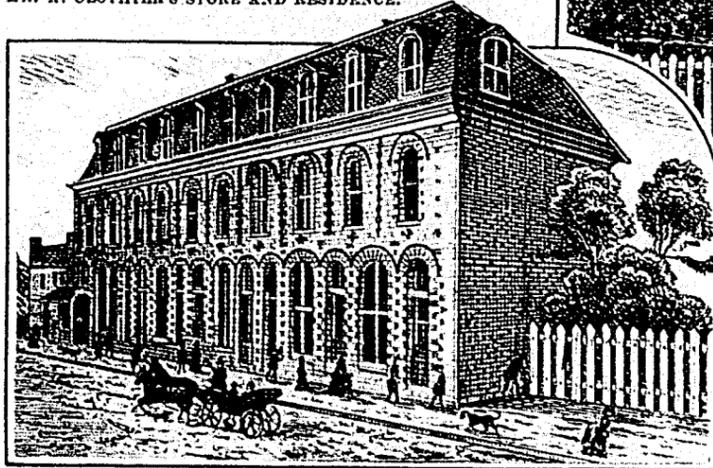
IC SCHOOL.



MR. A. CLOTHIER'S STORE AND RESIDENCE.



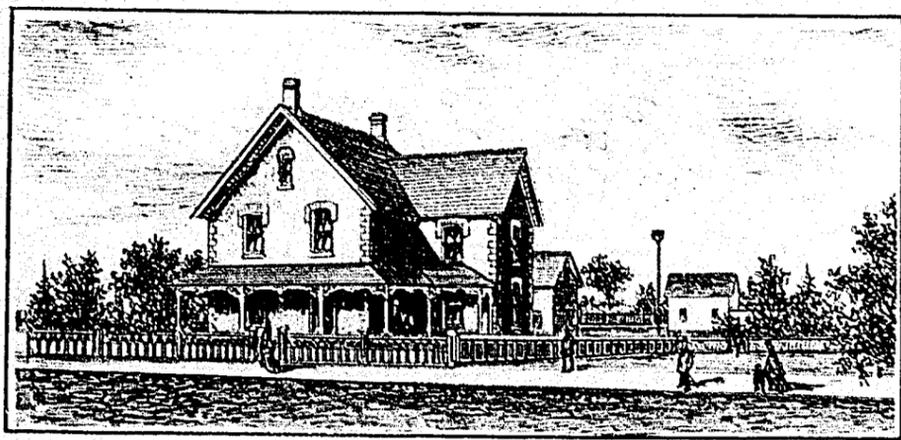
RESIDENCE OF MR. A. McPHERSON.



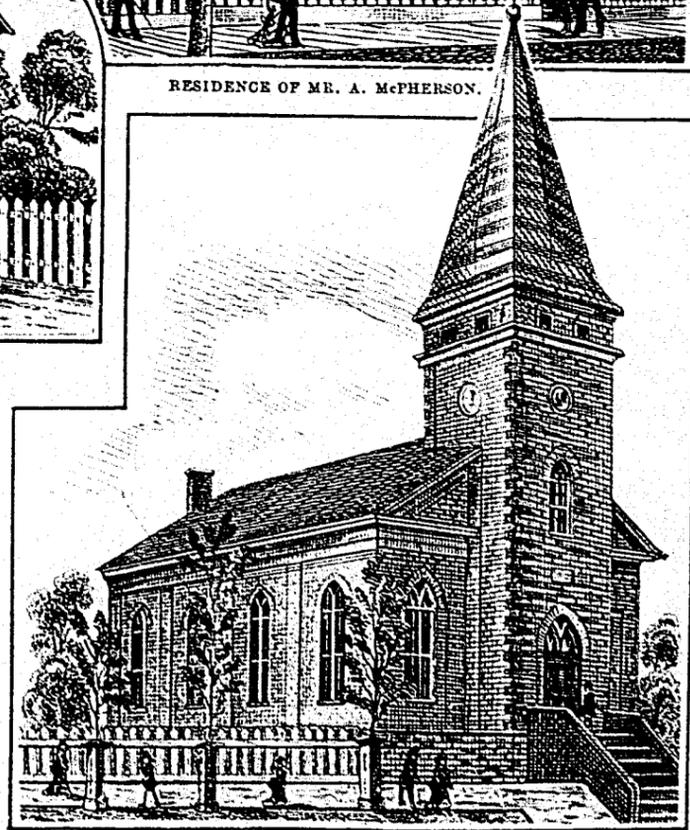
CLOTHIER'S BLOCK.



POST OFFICE.



THE WESLEYAN METHODIST PARSONAGE.



THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

T.) ILLUSTRATED.

THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.

I love the little hollow
Spanned by the rustic bridge;
I love the wheeling swallow
That circles o'er the ridge;
I love the oak and elm that grow
Along the sloping bank;
I even love the weeds below
That flourish wild and rank.

I love the sunset shadows
Cast by the swaying wold,
Painting the rolling meadows
With stripes of gray and gold;
I love the moonlight shining through
The lattice-work of boughs;
For there, sweetheart, I pledged to you
My heart in whispered vows.

'Twas there, when earliest flowers
Among the tufted grass,
Shot up 'neath April showers,
That first I saw thee pass.
'Twas leaning on that rustic rail—
The months had swiftly flown—
I told in faltering words, a tale
That won you for my own.

The bridge is worse for weather,
Fast falling to decay,
Its form scarce holds together,
'Twill soon be swept away;
Yet, though the banks it linked before
Shall thus wide severed stand,
The forms it bore in days of yore
Shall still be hand in hand.

Kildonan.

BARRY DANE.

BOOTH AND BOB LINCOLN.

WERE J. WILKES BOOTH AND ROBERT LINCOLN RIVALS IN THEIR LOVE-MAKING?—A VIRGINIAN'S STORY OF BOOTH'S INSANE JEALOUSY OF YOUNG LINCOLN—HE HATED THE PRESIDENT BECAUSE HE LOVED HIS COUNTRY, AND HATED THE SON BECAUSE HE LOVED BESSIE HALE—THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ASSASSINATION—BOOTH'S THREATS AGAINST THE LINCOLNS—THE REVENGE OF A REBEL AND A JEALOUS LOVER.

Alexander Hunt writes in the *Occasional*, a paper published at Portsmouth, Va., what purports to be a true narrative of the startling events in the life of J. Wilkes Booth, just previous to the assassination of President Lincoln. The story is given as told to the author by Mrs. Temple, one of the circle of friends at the National Hotel in Washington during the last three years of the war. In this circle was Senator Hale, his wife and daughter, Bessie, and J. Wilkes Booth. Mrs. Temple was Booth's friend and confidante, and she insists that Booth knew Lincoln well, and that Lincoln knew Booth and often spoke of him. This is the story as Hunter puts it in the mouth of Mrs. Temple:

"Among all of Bessie Hale's admirers, Booth was the most ardent and devoted, distancing all competitors except one, and that was the President's eldest son, Robert Lincoln, who was madly in love with Bessie. He courted her again and again, and wouldn't take no for his answer. He had a heavy backing, for both the Senator and his wife, aware of the splendid advantages of the match, urged their daughter to marry Robert Lincoln, and queen it at the White House, which in those days was like the palace of royalty itself. She would have given in, I am confident, but for Booth, who, with his charm of person, manner and intellect, carried the day and won her heart, but not her hand; for her parents frowned down and most emphatically vetoed the intimacy between their daughter and the actor. Indeed, both father and mother considered it a great piece of presumption for the 'player' to make love off the scenic stage. John Wilkes Booth they considered divine in the rôle of *Hamlet* or wearing the slashed doublet and habiliments of the half-prince, half-peasant *Melnotte*, but as a son-in-law to the first Senator in the land! there the charm ceased, and they commanded the daughter never to think of him.

"How much Bessie Hale really cared for Booth none of us knew; probably not even he himself could tell. No one was aware of the absorbing, true, devoted affection that Bessie had for him—a love great in its purity and singleness, firm in its attachment, as true as death itself, and stronger than life and death combined. Only in the fearful trial and the awful times of menace and of peril did this love shine out in all its brightness, lighting the lurid darkness with its beams, even as the rays of the light-house gleam out across the waste of angry waters.

"Bessie Hale was passionately fond of seeing Booth assume the character of *Hamlet* the Dane, and often would make him repeat the famous soliloquy in the parlour.

"Booth's was the most jealous temperament I ever knew; he was insane, sometimes, it seemed to me, and when Bessie accepted any attention from any other man, Booth would act like a patient just out of Bedlam. One night—I can never forget it—there was a large hop at our hotel, and the saloons were crowded with the wealth, the beauty, the bravery and the talent of the land. The bench, the bar, trade and the soldier were all represented, and the scene in the ball-room was one calculated to excite the imagination and dazzle the eye. I well remember the night; it was in the late winter of 1865. A series of heavy skirmishes had taken place before Richmond with heavy loss to our side, and there had been a hard battle before Atlanta and the telegraph told us of the blood that had been poured out like water. Though throughout the whole length and breadth of the land a wail of sorrow could be

heard, yet society was never more gay nor given way more utterly to the abandon of mirth. The moans of the bereaved, the groans of the maimed and wounded, the measured tread of the funeral cortege, the plaintive strains of the dead march, and the beat of the muffled drum, were stifled and lost in the mad shouts of revelry and the light laughter of careless hearts. Wars are terribly demoralizing, and we in Washington lived as if there were no future, and that the present was all there was to exist for. I really believe that not even in the French revolution, when men worshipped the Goddess of Reason, was there a more mad rush after wild excitement, and all plunged into the vortex and joined the whirling throng. Mr. Lincoln came very early to the reception that night. He never liked to attend these gay gatherings, especially during the season of doubt and despair, when the very air came laden with the sulphurous smoke of the battle-field. He never came except as a duty, and to carry himself high before the people. The President came into my private parlour, and sat for an hour or so talking; he was unusually sad, and seemed buried in deep thought. He then turned and commenced to speak of the war. Mr. Lincoln was a man of broad, generous nature, and his heart was tender and soft as that of a woman's. He spoke of the rivers of blood that were always flowing from thousands of veins, and, turning to me, said, with a pathos and feeling I can never forget, and with tears running down his rugged, honest, kindly face:

"Mrs. Temple, it almost breaks my heart to witness the death and desolation that this happy country is going through, and God knows, if by sacrificing my own life I could restore peace to this distracted land, I would cheerfully do it; but my hand is on the plough and I cannot turn back. My people have put me forward and I cannot turn back until the object of all our spilled blood has been accomplished and the Union restored."

"For nearly an hour Mr. Lincoln remained with his face buried in his hands, lost in deep, painful thought, and then with a heavy sigh shook off his troubles and went into the ball-room. I went with him, and he was soon the centre of a laughing, joyous crowd, and seemed to be the most careless and happy in all that joyous throng."

"What kind of a man was Mr. Lincoln?" I asked.

"The most soft-hearted, strong-headed man I ever knew," answered Mrs. Temple. "A man of the noblest impulses, which he had to rein in all the time. A pitiful story always touched him—so much so that it was found necessary to keep the relatives of men convicted by court-martial away from him; for, in spite of the necessity of discipline, Mr. Lincoln often pardoned soldiers who were condemned to death for grave offences. He hadn't a particle of vindictive feeling about him, and cherished no animosity against the Southern people, so he has told me a hundred times. There were many loyally beautiful women there that night, and a fairer scene the lights never shone upon. The band had just commenced to play one of Strauss' waltzes, and while I was standing by the door, a looker on Vienna, I turned and saw John Wilkes Booth. He had but a few moments before returned from Ford's theatre, where he had been acting. He came over to me. I noticed that he looked very much excited, and I asked him the cause. He pointed to a couple circling in the rhythmic measure of a waltz. They seemed to be oblivious to everything in the world. Their movements were perfect, the maiden's head almost rested on the youth's shoulder, and with her eyes half closed she listened to the earnest, tender words that her companion was pouring into her ear. It was Bessie Hale and Robert Lincoln. As he witnessed this scene Booth's white teeth clenched over the moustache and his face grew very white, while his eyes blazed like fire. He caught me by the arm with a grasp that made me wince, and caused me to utter an involuntary cry and hissed into my ear:

"Mrs. Temple, see that damned villain! Oh, I could kill him—and his father, too; and by the Lord of Hosts, the sands of his life are running out."

"What do you mean?" I asked him, thoroughly started by his manner and words.

"Oh, nothing," he said, recovering himself. "Only the man had better never been born than to come between me and my love. Bessie loves me, I'll swear; but what between her people and his, they will dispose of her as a lamb led to the slaughter."

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Booth," said my husband, who, standing beside me, had listened to his words.

"Booth turned fiercely and disdainfully around to him—for he never liked my husband—and said: 'Sir, I would rather be Acteon, chased and devoured by his own beagles, than to be like Lazarus, and have his wounds licked by dogs out of pity.'

"He left us abruptly and went out of the room, and we saw him no more that night."

"I told Bessie Hale of this scene, and she was at first distressed about it, and then got mad, as a woman always does when she don't know what to do, and flirted openly with Robert Lincoln, much to that young man's delight."

"The next morning we all awaited Booth's coming anxiously, and Bessie sat in my parlour until dinner, expecting him; but not then nor that whole day did he make his appearance."

"Another day passed, and still another came and went, but no signs of Booth. Instead,

ROBERT LINCOLN

came regularly, and by breakfast time a most exquisite bouquet of flowers from the White House conservatory would always be sent to Bessie, and Robert Lincoln pressed his suit boldly and ardently. I think she was piqued at Booth's silence, for she gave Robert much encouragement, and his visits became longer and more frequent.

"One day, about a week after the ball, as the two were sitting alone together in my parlour, John Wilkes walked abruptly in, and sitting down with only a slight nod of recognition to both, took a book and commenced to read. An hour passed on, and his rival, seeing that Booth was determined to sit him out, got up, made his adieu, and left the field open. Bessie told me afterward that she was much incensed at his behaviour, and gave him a piece of her mind. He retorted, she grew more angry, he more curt and contemptuous. She recriminated sharply, and then he, losing his temper, flung himself, with a muttered curse, out of the room."

"She cried often and bitterly over this misunderstanding, and would have sent for him but that her pride withheld her."

"Matters were at this state for some time. The long winter passed away, the long days came and went, each bringing some dreadful story. The very air brought tidings every hour, and the whole continent seemed to resound with the clash of arms; troops every day passing our hotel with their bands playing and colours flying, each day brought the news of some new triumph, and victory, so long frowning on the Union arms, came now, perched upon its banners! and nearly every night there was a joyous gathering at our hotel, and mutual congratulations were the order of the day. Mr. Lincoln was happier than I ever saw him, and wherever he moved he was the circle of cordial friends."

"At last the great event happened that we had all wished for, hoped for, prayed for, during all the four long weary years—Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House—and it seemed as if the people were delirious with joy. At our hotel there was one round of congratulations and rejoicings. Every night the parlours would be thronged with an anxious, eager, excited party, who would discuss, drink and dance the night through. Amid all these scenes Booth moved—calm, stern, silent, cold. His manner was utterly changed, and instead of a ranting, romantic boy, he seemed a composed practical man. We all knew that the triumph of the Federal army was a blasting of his most cherished hopes, and none of us said anything to him on the subject. And so the fated days sped swiftly by; and while a nation was drunk with joy—while the ringing of the bells, the crackling of the bonfires, and the blaze of martial music all united into a Te Deum in honour of victory and peace—this cold young man carried in his breast a secret that would, if told, make the world stare with horror. In all this din one head only kept cool and plotted dark deeds, while the face bore a calm, inscrutable look that no search could read, no eye could pierce. None of the misgivings of Cassius, nor the torturing misgivings and fears of the noble Brutus, disturbed him. Instead, he arranged all the minute details of the horrible conspiracy that was to convulse the country in throes of terror with a coolness that was wonderful. No dark mutterings and cantations of the shrinking Macbeth, no remorse of the French Georges, seemed to disturb his serenity of mind. Instead, he went on his resolved way—cool, determined and deadly."

"So time passed until the sun rose on that fatal Friday morning, April 17, 1865. John Wilkes came into the parlour at noon, and stayed there only a few moments. He seemed restless and excited, but not enough to attract any attention from us. He left in an hour, and went down, as he said, to witness the rehearsal of the new play, 'Our American Cousin.' Mrs. Hale and myself thought of going that night, but he strongly advised us not, saying, I remember, that it was Good Friday, and that few people would be present, and the play would drag on that account. After this we decided to postpone our intention, and go the night after."

"Dinner passed off pleasantly, and we retired to our rooms for our post-prandial nap, and did not re-assemble together until the evening, when about half an hour before supper we all met in the parlour. There were Senator Hale and his wife, I and Bessie, and an English lady who was staying at the hotel. A few moments after we were seated John Wilkes came in and greeted us all with the utmost cordiality and the same old graceful bow that he, and only he, could make. He seemed to be in good spirits, and laughed at the machinery of the play. After a little desultory conversation he and Bessie drew off together, and carried on an earnest conversation in low tones. I recollect thinking what a pretty picture the two made. The room was brilliantly lighted in front, but leaving the lower portion of it in the shadow. The two seemed to be utterly unconscious that any one in the world existed save themselves. Bessie Hale reclined on a huge velvet arm-chair, her black silk contrasting and well set off by the red velvet background. Her eyes were luminous and shone like stars as she listened with her soul in her face to Booth, who sat beside and above her. He seemed to be inspired, and the musical murmur of his voice could be heard but not his words. He was evidently impassioned to the highest degree, and Bessie sat like the charmed princess in the Arabian Nights—spell-bound. I do not think that any woman on earth could listen to Booth unmoved when he chose to exert himself."

His beautiful language, tender ways, personal beauty, rich voice and magnetic presence, all combined, made him a romantic maiden's ideal actually personified. God knows what was passing in his heart as he sat there with the only woman he ever loved, and only He who knoweth all things could read the stormy workings of the heart that was torn with the battle of contending passions. No wonder the dark eyes gleamed with an unnatural lustre, and softened with an unutterable longing as he gazed his last on the fair woman beside him. And she looked up at him as only a wholly loving woman looks upon her heart's king.

"At last the whole party rose to go to supper, and the two were brought back to themselves again. They followed us slowly, and just as I left the parlour I heard Booth say, 'Ah! Bessie! Bessie! can I trust you utterly?' and her reply came clear, but with a world of melancholy in the tones:

"Even as Ruth said, say I: 'Even unto death.'"

"We took our seats at the table—a small round one. Booth and Bessie sat together, then the English lady, I next to her, and the senator and his wife completed the group. The supper passed off pleasantly enough; I noticed nothing whatever excited in Booth's manner; he was unusually entertaining, and his laugh rang as loud and clear as any man whose mind and conscience were at perfect ease. It was the last meal he was to take on earth, and yet he was careless and at rest."

"At last Booth arose from the table, and drawing out his watch, said: 'It is after eight o'clock; I must go'—and then, dropping into a quotation, as was his wont, he added: 'But

When shall we three meet again?'

"Bessie, who had cultivated a strong love of Shakespeare under Booth's tuition, took the part of one of the weird sisters, and answered promptly—

'When the hurly burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.'

"And then Booth threw himself into a melodramatic attitude, and replied:

'Hark, I'm called, my little spirit, see!
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.'

"He then made us all one of his grand bows, and walked to the door, and just as he passed out, some recollection of memory seemed to strike him, and he returned abruptly to the table, and said to Bessie, using a familiar quotation of Hamlet:

'Nymph, in thy orisons
Beall my sins remembered.'

"He took her hand and gazed with one long, lingering look in her face. I noticed his eyes grow soft with a beautiful mystic radiance, and his sensitive mouth quivered and showed the pearly teeth beneath the moustache, and then he shook his head with a determined movement, dropped her hand, turned and disappeared through the open doorway, and as we gazed, none of us thought our eyes were looking the last in this world upon the wayward genius who had won so upon all that we loved him."

"I cannot tell how we passed that fearful evening—much, no doubt as the rest; we laughed, talked and jested as was our wont, and no shadow of the impending awful event fell upon us. The hours sped swiftly by, until ten o'clock, then our little circle broke up. As I kissed Bessie good night, I couldn't help saying to her 'My dear, you look exquisitely loving to-night—sweeter and prettier than I ever saw you.' She only smiled and left the parlor."

"I went to my own room, and being tired, undressed and went to bed. It seemed as if I had been asleep but a minute when I was aroused by an indefinable noise that served to wake, but was not loud enough to startle one. Doors were slamming all over the house, and a murmur of voices was heard. I thought at first that some one was sick, and that a doctor was being hurriedly sent for; but the noise still continuing, I imagined that there must be a fire in the vicinity. This idea caused me to jump out at once and open the windows; and I heard the sound of many horses' feet striking the pavement in a full run, but no fire-bells or alarms; but still the inexplicable sounds continued."

"The rebels have stormed the city! was the next expression, and with that I hastily threw on my wrapper and hurried to my parlor; there was no one there, and I kept on till I got to the grand salon, and there I found a crowd of people mostly like myself, guests of the hotel and *en déshabillé*."

"To our scared looks and frenzied interrogations of 'What has happened?' the reply came in hushed, awful accents, that President Lincoln had been murdered by Booth, while he sat in his box in the theatre."

"By Booth! I incredulously asked. 'By John Booth? Oh, no; that is impossible.'

"As the crowd surged to and fro in uncontrollable excitement, Bessie Hale came in, and as she heard the dreadful news, she screamed, and before any one could reach her, fell prone upon the floor. She was carried up to her room."

"That night of horror seems like a frightful dream to me now. None of us retired, but sat in the parlor in a kind of dumb terror. Our gentlemen friends were out all night, and the ladies sat close clustered together in a piteous condition, and not until the gray dawn came stealing in did we retire, sick at heart, and with heavy, wet eyelids; for we then knew the worst—the president dying, the secretary fatally wounded, and our favourite flying from the justice with the burden of a mighty sin upon his guilty soul."

"During the whole time of the pursuit of Booth we waited, in a dreadful state of suspense, the end. A thousand rumors were flung about, and people seemed nearly crazed with all the startling events that followed so rapidly each other in succession.

"In all these hours Bessie Hale kept in her room, and none but her mother and physician were admitted to see her.

"A day or two after the assassination—a never-to-be-forgotten day—the report came substantiated, that John Wilkes Booth had been captured and was being brought back to Washington. It was told Bessie, and she came into my room in a fearful state of excitement, and the proud, haughty, cold woman seemed to have lost all control over herself.

"I did the best I could to calm her, and finally succeeded. She wrote a letter to Booth telling him she loved him, and concluded by saying she would marry him even at the foot of the scaffold. At last the news came of his capture and death, and finally all Washington turned out to view the remains, though but few men were allowed to look upon the corpse. On the 27th of April, a small boat received the remains of the actor, and they carried the body off into the darkness, and from that darkness it will never return.

"Robert Lincoln never met Bessie Hale afterward, but, ere long, married a daughter of Senator Harlan of Iowa.

"Bessie never recovered from the shock. The shadows of the past, full of mingled sweetness and pain, and of ecstatic dreams and abhorred reminiscences, left their imprint on mind and brain and, like one touched by Ithuriel's spear, she shivered, cowered and changed in an hour from a happy, radiant maiden into a sad, silent woman, who lived in a live world while she herself was dead. The senator carried her to Europe, hoping the change of scene would make her forget the past. Vain faith! I saw her years ago, and the fair, sweet, though pain-drawn face, the hollow eyes, the sad patient smile, haunt me like a dream."

"But, Mrs. Temple," I said, "that was years ago. What has become of her now? I saw a marriage of Miss Hale announced in the papers a few days ago. Was it Booth's Bessie Hale?"

"Yes," she said, "it was. But if I were to write her future life, do you know what I would denominate it?"

"I cannot tell."

"I would call it 'A DEAD WOMAN'S LIFE.'"

BEACONSFIELD.

A few weeks ago, we published an appreciation of this extraordinary man, who is now the centre of the world's attraction, from the columns of the Radical journal, the *London Spectator*. An English friend, lover of fair play, has shown us the following able paper from the Conservative *Manchester Courier*, which we willingly reproduce and commend to the thoughtful consideration of our readers.

It would be difficult to mention an English Minister of modern times who was ever subjected to more systematic attack, more unsparring censure, more venomous criticism than Lord Beaconsfield has experienced throughout the last two years. One has to go back to the days of Walpole to find parallels for such prolonged bitterness, such profound malignity. It has not been considered sufficient by the enemies of the Prime Minister to attack his administrative acts on their results. On that ground he would be safe enough, and they know it well. All manner of motives have accordingly been attributed to him—motives generally based on the assumption that he cared not what means he employed to obtain the cherished purposes of his heart. It is a mistake, however. These atrabilious censors altogether deny that the object of their hatred ever had an organ of the sort. The Lord Beaconsfield evolved from their virtuous inner consciousness is "superhuman" altogether; quite "unspeakable," in fact, like his supposed protégés, the Turks. The portrait offered to the people of England as an exact likeness of the statesman who, with Prince Bismarck, may be said to divide the wonder and the admiration of the civilized world, is that of an unscrupulous Machiavel for ever scheming and plotting for the advancement of two objects. And these ambitions of his, what are they? The first is self-aggrandisement; the second, the good of the party which, by long years of patient endeavour, he at last organized to victory. These are the broad heads of the indictment; that Lord Beaconsfield has subordinated all his duties, responsibilities, and principles to self-interest and party advancement. Let us look at these charges by the light of facts, with as impartial minds as natural indignation at baseless calumnies will admit of. Lord Beaconsfield has been influenced by personal ambition. Very possibly; my experience of mankind is pretty wide and varied, but I never knew anyone worth his salt who did not strive to reach as near as might be the topmost rung of his own particular ladder in life. I therefore grant this much of the indictment, namely, that Lord Beaconsfield, feeling what was in him, and seeing how all things are possible in this land of freedom to genius, coupled with dauntless resolution and invincible determination, braced himself up for great achievements. But it will be said that he sacrificed principle, forsook the path of duty, and put all scruples aside on his upward course. Where is the proof of these alleged evolutions of inherent dishonesty? I have read all the pamphlets, books, and articles—it was desperately unpleas-

ant work—which have been written by the Prime Minister's detractors, without finding the least proof, or even shadow of proof, that he ever subordinated the good of the State or the welfare of his party to the promotion of private ends. The charge seems to be absolutely groundless, an unwholesome fungus that has sprouted from corrupt imaginations under the heating influence of envy. No one, I believe, has ever charged my friend the late George Moore, that most estimable of merchants, with an absorbing desire of self-aggrandisement at any cost, and yet a very close parallel may be drawn between his career and that of Lord Beaconsfield, allowing for the very different walks in life they respectively followed. Mr. Moore always kept in view two main objects, his firm's prosperity, and philanthropic work generally. Lord Beaconsfield has also from the first concentrated his attention on the strengthening of his firm—the Conservative party—and on that sphere of philanthropic labour which is comprised in doing good to one's country and its inhabitants. Mr. Moore pursuing these ends, found gain and fortune fall upon him; Lord Beaconsfield following a similar course, has met with similar rewards. Why, then, should the shrewd party leader and patriotic statesman be vilified any more than the successful merchant and generous philanthropist? Very possibly both men were partly actuated by personal ambition during their struggles to reach eminence, but I hold that Lord Beaconsfield has never shown himself one whit more anxious to advance his private ends than George Moore was himself. And I take it that the most malignant detractor of the kind-hearted merchant prince—even he was made the subject of calumny—will venture to advance that charge against him. Rewards fall to hard workers, even when very different objects have been primarily striven for. Thus Livingstone earned undying fame as a geographical discoverer through his self-sacrificing zeal as a missionary. The charge of self-seeking is so clearly false in Lord Beaconsfield's case, so completely refuted by the whole conduct of his public life, that the viperous brood feel compelled to strengthen it by the loud assertion that the interests of the country have been systematically subordinated by him to the purposes of party.

Again, let us divest our minds of indignation, if that may be, and look closely into this accusation with a sincere desire to reach the truth. Lord Beaconsfield has done an immensity for the Conservative party; that is true, and his followers gratefully recognize the obligations they are under to their distinguished leader and organizer. Now that the party is in power, with a strong parliamentary majority, and with a conviction that if a general election happens this year—as happen it may—this majority will be largely increased, one is apt to forget the inexhaustible patience, the enduring fortitude, the ceaseless energy, and unquenchable hope of the man to whom Conservatism is chiefly indebted for its present proud position. Why, it seems only the other day when we used to laugh at the idea of a return to power within any reasonable period, and there was a current joke among us about Mr. Disraeli's belief in the good time coming. We could see no light ahead, and because his eyes were clearer, his guidance surer, we made merry about people who place faith in Will-o'-Wispis. All this seems to have happened but yesterday, and yet here we are, firmly established in power, with the "great Liberal party," which was to have lasted forever, broke up into antagonistic sections, and not daring to challenge a division on any great question with which the Ministry is identified. Yes, truly, Lord Beaconsfield has deserved well of his party, for never did political leader achieve more astounding results in face of adverse circumstances. But this charge of sacrificing all other considerations in order to increase the strength of his side—what proof is there? I know not; being a Conservative, I am necessarily "stupid," and cannot see matters that are clear to those *illuminati*, the Liberals. But there is this advantage to short-sighted folks like myself: they sometimes see things close at hand which are overlooked by the long-sighted. What do I see then with this dim vision of mine in regard to Lord Beaconsfield's alleged subordination of patriotism to party? I see him to begin with, driving the head of the House of Thynne into revolt, because he would not alter the foreign policy of this country, so as to suit the views of a certain religious propaganda. Next I see him parting with a minister colleague of high ability, great popularity, and extensive electoral influence, sooner than allow England to bow the neck, however slightly, to foreign domination. Then I see him sorrowfully surrendering the long enduring ties, personal as well as political, that bound him to the puissant House of Stanley—a sacrifice, the full weight of which will probably never be known until a tomb in Westminster closes the career of the foremost statesman of modern times. Finally, I see him bitterly attacked by that great Conservative bulwark, the Duke of Rutland—him, the very man who is said to fish for dukes with party hooks. Thus, then, the supposed unscrupulous politician, the deft wire puller whose whole career has been devoted to the attainment of petty party success—this very man I find to have quite recently lost for his party the support of four great Conservative chieftains, because it could only be retained by what he considered, rightly or wrongly, the humiliation of the country. It matters not, in this connection, whether the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield has been wise or foolish, good or bad. I hold it to have been and to be eminently sagacious, eminently beneficial. This,

however, is a matter of opinion, and I am acquainted with several honest people who conscientiously take the opposite view. No question of that sort is at stake in the point I have just raised. It is, whether Lord Beaconsfield can be really so inordinately absorbed by a lust for party and personal aggrandisement, when he is found deliberately sacrificing connection of the highest political and social influence for no other object than what he considers to be the honour of the country. In other men, this would be judged the highest form of patriotism; why then, in the name of common justice, is an equal measure of justice kept back from the Prime Minister? Kept back indeed! Would that his enemies contented themselves with thrusting their venomous tongues into their cheeks in silence. But what has been heard throughout England for many months past? All manner of baseless calumnies, every sort of damaging falsehood that could be created out of the gossip of the gutter. The other Ministers have either been patted on the back occasionally or cast contemptuously aside as mere supporters. It was Lord Beaconsfield who had determined to plunge England into an unnecessary and wicked war to gratify his personal spite to the Czar and to appease the insatiable cravings of his own vanity and ambition. It was Lord Beaconsfield who had laid a deep plot to juggle away the Constitution by incessantly stretching the prerogatives of the Crown. It was Lord Beaconsfield who loved the unrighteous Turk and would like to see the integrity of the Turkish Empire preserved, even at the cost of incalculable suffering and wrong to the Christian races of Eastern Europe. It was Lord Beaconsfield who—but, there, I am tired and sick of going through the lying list. Let those who wish to inform their minds as to the enormities laid to Lord Beaconsfield's account during the last eighteen months or so, resort to the back files of the Liberal press, and there they will find this great patriot and statesman pilloried day by day by unscrupulous knaves for the edification and amusement of unreasoning fools. But the hour of revenge is at hand; the moment of triumph draws nigh, when the name of Beaconsfield will be echoed through Europe, nay, through the whole world, as that of the man who gave back to England the prestige and authority which had gradually slipped out of her hands under the ignoble rule of truckling, nerveless Governments. What will become of the oft-repeated assertions about Lord Beaconsfield's desire to plunge that country into war, when it is seen by his straightforwardness and resolution the world has secured a just and durable peace? What will become of the empty chatter about unconstitutional proceedings when the fact then stands forth that the greatest English Prime Minister of modern times has succeeded in defining the exact limitation of authority possessed both by the Crown and Parliament under our ancient Constitution? What will be said about his alleged affection for "the unspeakable one" when the world sees England coming forward at the Congress as the defender of the provinces to be enfranchised, against the domination of Russia, and as the Champion of Hellas, the destined heir of Stamboul? The hour is close at hand when the clouds of calumny that have whirled around Lord Beaconsfield will be blown sheer away into the limbo appointed for malarious vapours, and then England will recognize the full value of the old servant who has done her work so faithfully and so thoroughly, amid a very deluge of miscellaneous garbage. It will be a bad time for the malignants then; a parlous bad time. For may it not be that Lord Beaconsfield will repay them for their unscrupulous efforts to drag him down, by turning his unbounded popularity to account for the permanent advantage of his party? Were he to dissolve Parliament and go to the country immediately after the termination of the coming Congress's deliberations, Lord Beaconsfield would do that very thing the fear of which has really lain at the root of half the calumnies that have been heaped on his name.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

MANY girls have no mind to speak of, and yet they are continually talking about giving somebody a piece of it.

The wolf, says a Russian proverb, changes its hair every year. The young lady of the period does better; she changes hers every afternoon.

Now is the season when a fond-hearted parent is called upon for a fifty-dollar dress for his daughter who is to read a fifty-cent essay at close of school.

A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw stones at a hen, but she can pack more articles into a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER at Easthampton, Mass., tried to trash the whole school at once, instead of taking a dozen at a time. Among his other damages are twenty-seven bites.

A LITTLE girl wanted more buttered toast, but was told that she'd had enough, and that more would make her sick. "Well," said she, "give me anuzzer piece and send for the doctor."

A LITTLE six-year-old came to her grandfather the other day, with a trouble weighing on her mind. "Aunt says the moon is made of green cheese, and I don't believe it."—"Don't you believe it? Why not?"—"Because I have been looking in the Bible, and found that the moon was made before the cows."

"Are the children safe?" says the *Christian Union*. Quite safe, we assure you. They are up in the garret playing hotel fire. Jimmie is the clerk, and is trying to slide down the water-pipe to the ground. Willie is a guest, hanging to the window-sill, and waiting for the flames to reach his hands before he tries to drop to the shed roof, two stories below; and Tom is an heroic fireman, and has tied his fishing-line around the baby's body and is letting it down to the ground. Oh, yes, the children are all right. Just finish your call, and don't fret about the children.

LITERARY.

CHARLES READE claims to have forgotten the names of his early books. In which he resembles most of their readers.

BRYANT wrote "Thanatopsis" at eighteen, Dickens wrote "Pickwick" at twenty-two, and Bulwer wrote "Pelham" at the same age.

SIR THOMAS URQUHART, the translator of "Rabelais," had twenty-five brothers and eleven sisters, all of whom were living at the same time.

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER is going to publish, in London, next September, a new volume of poems, to be called *Songs of Far Away Lands*. The volume will be one of some magnitude, and is dedicated to Lord Houghton.

HYGIENIC.

ITALIAN physicians give a solution of chloral in glycerine for diphtheria.

BROMIDE of quinine is said to be a better hypnotic than bromide of potassium.

COMMON baking soda—the bicarbonate—has been found to cure burns or scalds, affording immediate relief when promptly applied. For a dry burn the soda should be made into paste with water. For a scald or wet burned surface the powdered soda (or borax will do as well) should be dusted on.

A RECENT London letter to the *Medical Times* gives an interesting abstract of a lecture by Dr. Alfred Carpenter on "Alcoholic Drinks as Diet, as Medicines, and as Poisons." The lecturer considered that alcohol in any of its forms may be a good medicine, "but it is a bad diet, and that its action as a poison is visible among all ranks of society." He summed up its effects very strikingly in saying that "work which is kept going by continuous doses of alcohol always ends in a break down. If it is taken for the purpose of increasing muscular exertion, ultimately there is greater loss of muscular power, as all athletes know. If mental exertions are kept going by alcohol, there is a mental break down, as the lunatic asylums testify."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE piano recitals of Von Bulow in Paris have not all been financial successes.

AMONG the compositions of Rossini sold in MS. recently, was a Requiem for a mother-in-law.

VICTORIEN SARDOU is said to have nearly completed a new play for the Boston Theatre.

IT is a mistake to suppose that theatres flourish in London more than in New York. Most of the managers there are, or have been, bankrupt, and the attendance on an average is smaller than in New York.

WHILE sopranos seeking positions in America are said to be as abundant as summer leaves, good contraltos are few and far between. There is no sweeter church music than that which is often rendered by the rich, sympathetic, mellow voices possessed by those who belong to the last-named school.

HERMANN LINDE, the German actor, says that a truly pious veneration for Shakespeare's works would restore the man-actors in certain of the great female characters, for which it is almost impossible to obtain actresses of sufficient power. *Lady Macbeth* he considers a much more heroic part than *Macbeth* himself, and does not believe that any woman has ever played it adequately.

WOMEN first appeared on the stage in England in 1661. The event is recorded in "Pepy's Diary," February 12. "By water to Salisbury Court play-house, where, not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the theatre, and there saw 'The Scornful Lady,' now done by a woman, which makes the play much better than ever it did to me." The woman who played on that occasion was Mrs. Marshall.

PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Old bachelors who never smoke. People who will suffer from indigestion, constipation, and torpid liver, or "billiousness," when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets are known to be reliable and speedy remedies for these diseases.

Old maids who do not love cats. People who have catarrh, annoying and disgusting every one around them, when Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known to be a potent remedy for this disease.

Women who do not love babies. Women who will suffer from all those painful diseases to which the sex is heir, when Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is admitted by every lady who uses it to be an efficient remedy for these maladies.

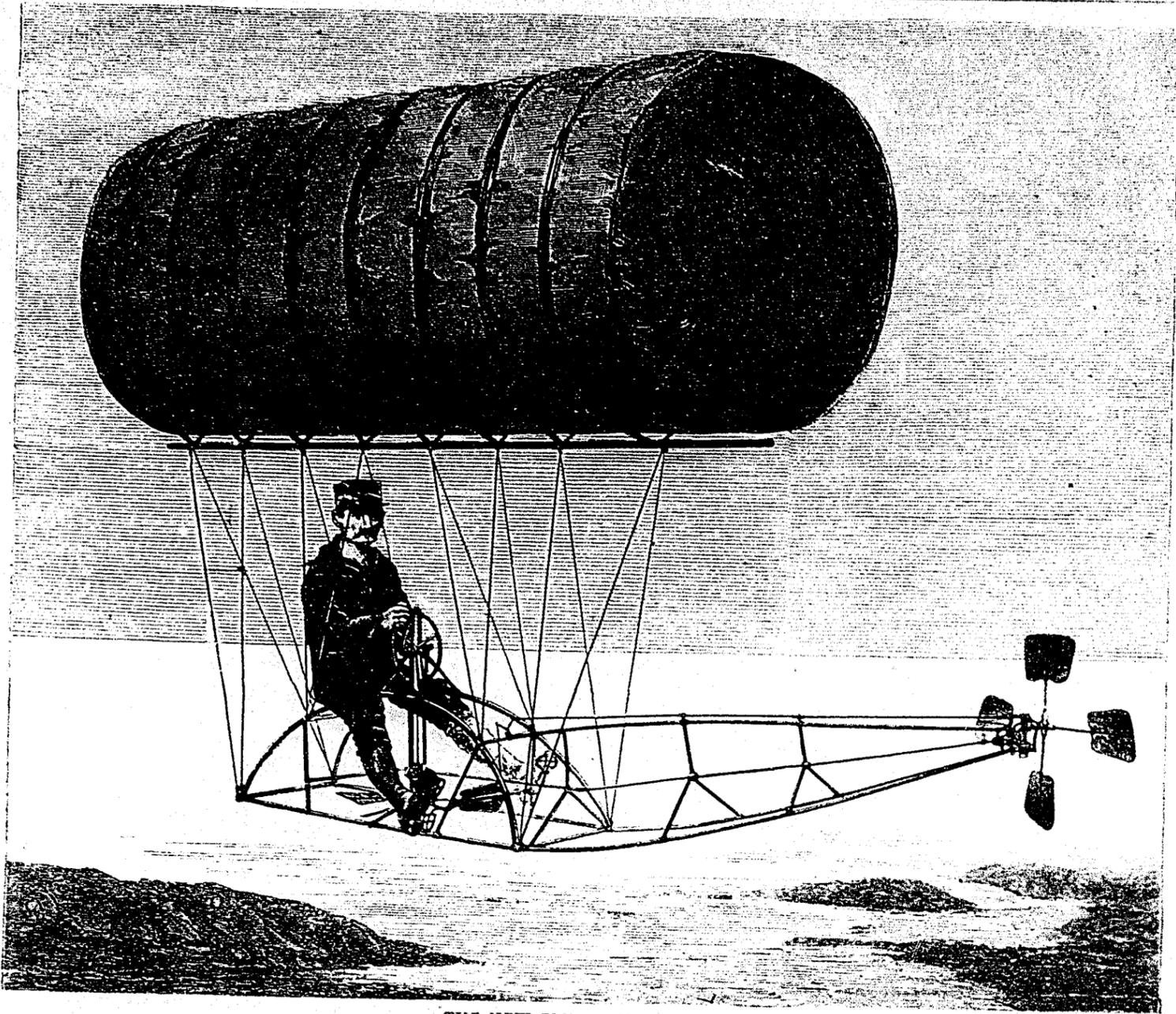
People who believe their progenitors were apes.

People who will read about "Helen's Babies," and "That Husband of Mine," and "That Wife of Mine," and "That Mother-in-law of Mine," and "That Son-in-law of Mine," and yet fail to read about *themselves* in "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."

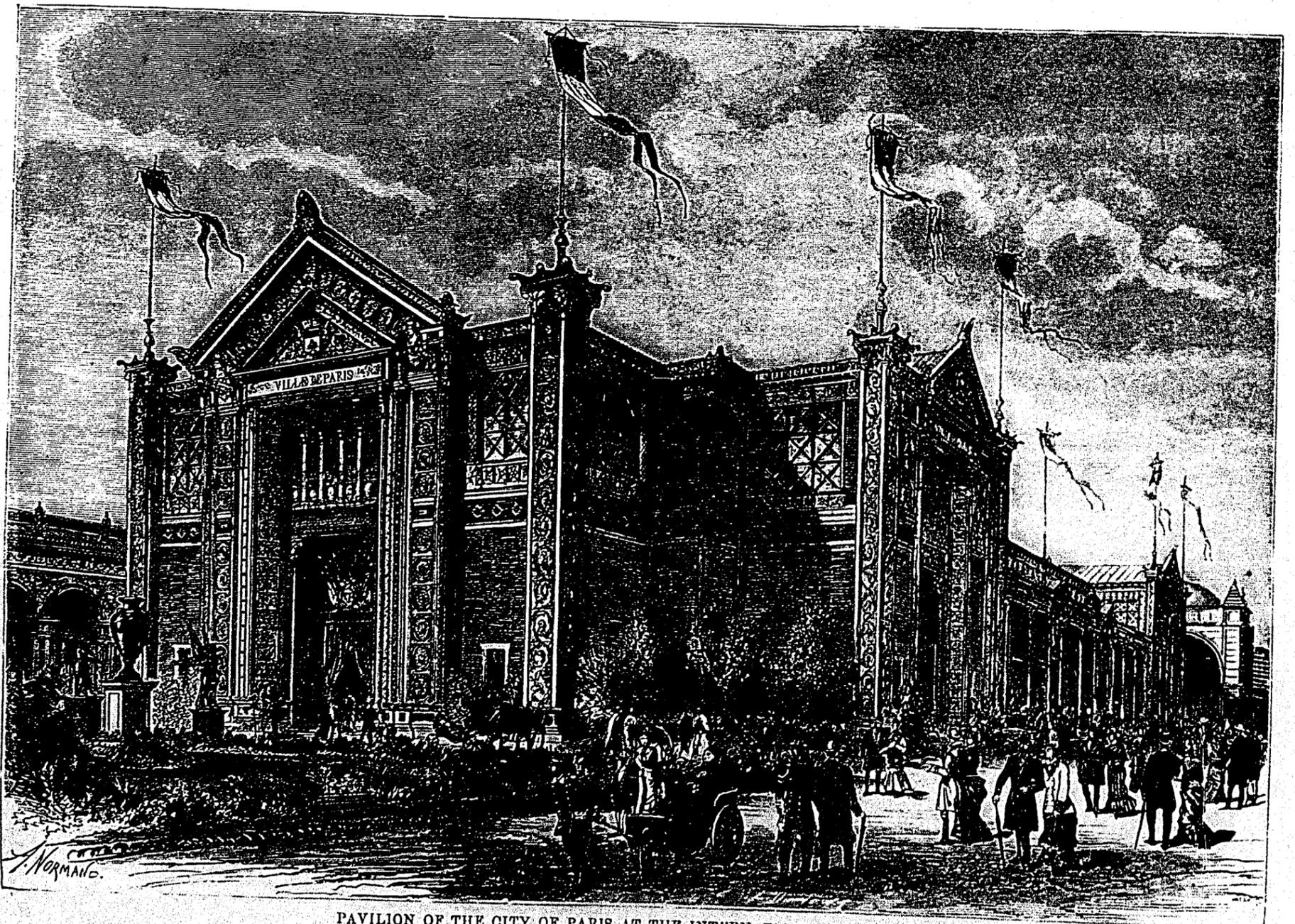
Christians quarreling with each other on their way to Heaven.

People who will seek health at fashionable watering places, smothering at Saratoga or Long Branch, or sacrificing themselves to "Graham diet" at water Cures and Health Institutes, when the magnificent Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, offers all the elegant comforts of the finest hotels combined with the best sanitary advantages,—Russian, Turkish, and plunge baths, gymnasium, etc.,—and is situated in and near some of the finest natural scenery in the Empire State.

The most peculiar of all are the people who read these paragraphs and fail to profit by them.



THE NEW FLYING MACHINE.



PAVILION OF THE CITY OF PARIS AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.



JULIET.

A Legend of Mount Beloeil.

BY KRISS.

Upon the summit of Beloeil There stands a pilgrim's shrine, 'Twas placed there many years ago By men of good design.

And sinners climbed the mountain's side By rugged paths and wild, To pray forgiveness for their sins Their erring hearts beguiled.

One night, 'tis what the legend says, An awful storm arose, An God in anger long suppressed, Did His high wrath disclose.

For, there up in that pilgrim's shrine Built most 'twixt earth and air, The lightning showed a sinner's form In attitude of prayer.

Loud clashed the angry elements, The shrine rocked to and fro; What vexed the Holy Will that night, 'Tis said that none did know.

But now there came a flash and crash— A flaming cloud of fire Enclosed the sinner kneeling there, The awakener of God's ire!

Down, down the trembling mountain's side It bore him fierce and fast, Into a rent of gaping earth! And now the storm was past.

Next day, 'tis said, the crucifix Which erst the shrine had crowned, Was sought by willing men, but to This day has ne'er been found. Montreal.

A Summer Week with a North-West Survey Party.

BY BARRY DANE.

(Continued.)

Wednesday morning, bright, clear and beautiful. I see the fresh air of camp has already begun to make thee more sprightly in thine uprising. Here goes for our morning bath in the cool lake, and then a hearty breakfast.

And thou would'st chain with me this fine morning, and make thyself of some practical use. Then thou shalt have thy desire gratified. Take these pins and the end of this chain and we will measure the traverse line that the men are cutting. Thou wilt find it no fashionable promenade, swept by silken skirts and bewitching pullbacks; nor wilt thou be able to get a "shine" for half a dime, when the polish shall have vanished from thy shoes.

Up that perpendicular rock? Aye, and perhaps a score more of them ere this day's work be done. A little balsam gum upon thy shin will heal thy wound,—hey! keep upon the line across that rush-bed,—water to thy knees, aye, and to thy middle, too, my friend; and thank heaven that the other side of this quaking mire does not fall out, and let thee through altogether. Keep a firm grip of thine end of the chain, and I will pull thee out, though thou should'st at "frog" it in cocytus. Thou hast lost some of the pins; better had'st thou lost thy brains; for it necessitates a reclaiming of that last "tally," when thou shalt surely sink into the Plutonian Shades.

Thy feet are wet—strange! passing strange! and thy garments, too, a little soiled; but thou art safe and sound, except thy broken skin and a few square inches of pelt in different parts of thy body.

Come, 'tis dinner-time, lend a hand to make a fire, and boil some water to draw tea. And so thou art really hungry, and dost enjoy thy cold pork and bread and sugarless tea; but look yonder in that can, there is a sweeter substance for dessert. Molasses! turn not up thy city nose at it until thou hast tried its flavour on the line. I told thee it was good, and now thou art sorry it is gone. I verily believe thou would'st glut thyself upon the long-tailed sweetness. When had thy pipe so sweet and fragrant a flavour as now, when, after thy simple meal, thou liest down upon a couch of moss to inhale its narcotic fumes? Never, I'll warrant thee—never. But we must to the line again, and once more dangle by a chain from rocky points, or sink waist-deep in the slippery home of the bullfrog and catfish.

The sun is resting on those island tops, and thou hast done nobly for one day, so we will back to camp and hang our bedraggled raiment upon some tree to dry, and deck ourselves in more comfortable costume.

Thou would'st write home to-night! Can'st thou not tear thyself from the dripping quill for one short week? Then, if thou art determined on it, have a care that thou sayest nought but the truth.

"Nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice," for with thy vivid imagination thou could'st easily picture thyself in Elysium Fields, or cast thyself into the depths of Tartarus. Cleave, I pray thee, to the truth. Tell them not of hand-to-hand conflicts with grizzly bears, for there are none in these parts. Stop short when thou would'st mention heads of buffalo bearing down on our devoted camp, and of our delivery from the great danger through thy bravery, for these animals abide farther west. Talk not of naked savages reeking with the blood and arrayed in the scalps of their victims, for the Indian of this country has lost his whole nature since his mixture with the whites. But thou may'st say that we struck the trail of a cariboo, and that thou heard'st the whine of a bear in the woods at night, but that thou wert too late upon

the spot next morning, with thy double-barrelled breech-loader and scaping-knife. That thy feet have been wet, but well dried upon return to camp, to avoid rheumatism, thou might'st remark. The latter part of the statement will allay any fear for thy health caused by the former portion. But why do I presume to give thee hints on what to write, for even had'st thou not suffered much and enjoyed more, thou could'st doubtless fill pages with a glowing account of thy joys and troubles, toils and adventures.

But surely thou hast written enough for to-night. Then put away thy log-desk, and let us sleep soundly after our day's work.

What, up before me, sirrah! would'st thou steal a march upon thy friend who has dragged thee thus far through a week of camp life, and taught thee what free and healthful enjoyment is? I will be with thee in a moment, and help thee to devour pork and beans and have a morning pipe. To-day our line runs straight back into the country from where we finished yesterday. We shall go there in a canoe. That is clever, now! Put thy number fifteen through the bottom of the canoe—these frail barks are not accustomed to be jumped into; but if thou wilt continue the practice, they may become used to it, and not upset, nor take any harm thereby. Here is the rock at which we land. Lift her clear and leave her on the bank till we return. The men have some two hours' start of us. Pull out the chain.

That, my friend, is a "windfall" that may cost thee dear in tattered clothing and bruised shins ere thou hast passed across it. Wert thou a squirrel, thou would'st find it easier work to scale those reclining trunks. Aye, truly, sorry am I for the knees of thy city trousers; but thou shalt have needle and thread to-night to sew thy tattered self together. There they go again! but thou hast still enough left to sit down upon, and with a flour-bag to patch them with, thou wilt make the rest of the party as jealous as Joseph's brethren. Smile if thou wilt, but there is no tailor within three hundred miles of us, and a flour-bag is the only cloth at hand. When thou hast pricked thy fingers a score or more of times in vain attempts to sew in a patch, thou wilt not smile incredulously at my statement.

Another dinner upon the line. It is marvelous how quickly thou hast learnt to get outside of cold pork and bread and treacle, and with what numberless cups of unsugared tea thou wastest it down. And thou art no longer so fastidious about what brand of tobacco thou would'st smoke. Something less regal than pure Virginia leaf or Turkish satisfies thee now, and if the common substantial plug, which thou now enjoyest, should run short, I doubt not but that I would find thee, with a glow of satisfaction on thy face, fumigating thyself with a fill of "black-strap." O tempora! O mores!

This that we are coming to is a cedar swamp, where the moss grows soft and green, but where the unwary traveller—there, thou art, up to thy knees; but that is nothing. This black will wash off. Nay, call it not beastly filth; it is the purest of water mixed with the richest of earth. Just fancy how thy rockery at home would sprout and bloom, could'st thou but fructify it with that blood of mud.

But the sun is low, and thy feet are heavy and tired. So let us retrace our steps to the canoe and steer for camp. Here we are at last. Now change thy clothes and have some supper, for thou hast earned thy meals to-day, not only by thy work, but by thy misfortunes.

And now that we are gathered round the fire, who will sing us a song? Come, David, tune thyself. My friend here is in a sentimental mood, give him one of thy softest strains, like the good soul thou art. Hush! a moment, boys. Now, Dave, begin.

Let me linger where my heart is, One fond moment more with thee; Need I tell thee that to part is Bitterer than death to me?

Weary leagues may come between us Ere we meet again as now, But the angels they have seen us, And shall bear my parting vow.

Years may pass thy hair to whiten, Wrinkles rear thy snowy brow,— Time shall only serve to tighten Cords that bind me to thee now.

N't the beauty of thy features, Nor thy form, though fair thou art, Nor thy smiling eyes, Love's teachers, But the beauty of thy heart.

That shall bind me ever to thee, That shall keep me ever thine; Darling, can'st thou answer truly, That thy heart is ever mine!

Oh, David, had I thy sweet tenor voice, I would be a roving minstrel with a troupe; though sure thy voice needs no sweeter accompaniment than the sighing wind among the trees. Can I not praise thee enough to get another song out of thee to-night? Friend Paul, thy voice may be in tune this evening. Let us hear no faint excuses, which, though perhaps the accustomed prelude in the drawing-room, will find no sympathy here. Begin, begin, thou reckless wielder of the paddle.

Gaily she rides o'er the glittering wave, My light, frail craft, my bark canoe, Down rolling streams where the rapids rave, And the wind is the voice of the Manitou.

Past rocky banks where the lichens cling, And the stunted pine in the crevice stands, Swiftly she sweeps with her cedar wing Past the wooded shores and pebble strands.

I fear no gale on the boundless lake, For she cleaves the billows, a thing of life, As over her bows they toss and break And lash her sides in a ceaseless strife.

When the wind is hushed, and the moon is bright, I launch my bark from the silent shore, And paint the lake with the silver light Of the spreading wake, like a soft aureole.

No gondola by palatial walls Bears half so happy a heart as mine, No music, I ween, as serenely falls On the listening ear, as of sighing pine.

Was ever a life so gay and free? Was ever a friend more tried and true, Than the summer days on an inland sea, And my light, frail craft, my bark canoe!

Well done, friend Paul! I shall never again call thee a witless wight, for thou hast actually got through a whole song without stopping in the middle to ask "what the devil the rest of the words are." It shall be graven in birch bark and scattered abroad among the tribes, this last accomplishment of thine.

And so thou art pleased with our camp-fire opera troupe, and wind and water orchestra; with thy reserved log-seat and thy hard-handed companions. Thou hast heard better music and as witless words, I know, in older lands, where Patis, Nilsons and Albanis enchant performed audiences, but when, in those days of opera boxes, white kids and bewitching eyes, did'st thou enjoy thyself more than thou hast to-night, listening to untutored voices beside this North-West camp-fire, beneath a cloudless moonlit sky? Ah! though stickler for French and Italian opera, ungrateful dog, get thee to thy blankets and buffalo robe, and snore thyself an opera bouffe or a Wagnerian march, so that thou disturbest not my peaceful slumbers. Good-night.

What, snoring still! Ah, I see that thy wondrous activity of yesterday was but a spurt, and thou hast returned once more to thy sluggish ways. Come out of thy cocoon, thou worm, and sun thyself into a tattered butterfly. We shall have a tramp through the trackless wood this morning, to strike the end of the line where we left off yesterday. Guided by the sun, we can make a pretty good guess as to the locality. Come on.

Yes, it is hard enough travelling here, over rocks and windfalls, through muskegs and marshes, without a trail of any kind to guide one. Wert thou some poor rheumatic Scot, I would pity thy wet feet more than I do, but thy warm blood and the exertion of walking will keep the marrow in thy bones from congealing.

What! another rent, crossing that fallen tree. Verily, the sunbursts in thine unmentionables make thee look, to my mind, like some patriotic son of Erin; but here we are upon the line, and not far from our work either. We must hurry, if we would catch the men by dinner-time. Pull out the chain. I think thou would'st rather be in thy sanctum, wielding the mighty pen and shears, and swearing at the "devil" who will not bring the proofs in time, than dragging sixty feet of chain over stocks and stones, and knocking thy tender shins against snags. And, if I mistake not, these overhanging clouds mean wet skins for us both ere long. But here we are, up to the men, and dinner will be a balm to many of thine ills. There, I felt a heavy drop—we are in for a wetting, and as the men are going back to camp, we shall also make a track for home. Wet, tired and muddy. Thou seest it is not perpetual sunshine in this North-Western paradise. Warm thyself and put on some dry clothing, and get thyself outside of a comfortable supper. We shall have no camp-fire concert this night; and, if I mistake not the appearance of the clouds, a rainy day is in store for us to-morrow. Come, light thy pipe, and let us have a talk, for thy week is well nigh drawing to an end; but two more days and thou wilt be back once more busied among high piles of "exchanges." Some of them thou wilt never open, but consign them at once to the waste-basket, along with numerous poems and tales that have caused high hopes to spring in the breasts of youthful tyros with the pen; others will be skimmed over lightly by thee, and be honoured by an occasional clip from thy ponderous shears; but a few, a choice few, will be reserved until the last. Over these thou wilt spend an hour or two. I can see thee leaning back in thine easy chair, thy pipe between thy lips, absorbed in the perusal of the Graphic, the Queen, or some other leading journal. (To be continued.)

The International Literary Congress at Paris has adopted as a basis for its decisions the principle advocated by Victor Hugo that a book once published becomes in part the property of society, and that after the author's death his family cannot prevent its re-issue, but that they are entitled to a percentage on the profits.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Postal received. Solution of Problem No. 180 correct.

B., Montreal.—The game shall appear shortly.

A. K., Montreal.—The position No. 179 is correct.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 177 received. Correct.

It is pleasant to observe that several of the Editors of Chess Journals and Columns published on the other side of the Atlantic, have given notices lately of the approaching annual meeting of the Dominion Chess Association. This is as it should be. It has been said that the doings of our great and flourishing neighbour, the United States,

so absorbed the attention of Chessplayers that very little connected with the royal game, as far as Canada was concerned, received any consideration. It may be, however, that very meagre information respecting Canadian Chess was transmitted to those who have the means of giving it publicity. We shall endeavour to prevent this in future, and trust that there will be such a gathering of players at Montreal next August, that the particulars will not fail to be interesting, not only to our friends across the Atlantic, but also to our neighbours in the South, who, we are sure, feel a lively interest in our doings in this respect.

A good deal will depend upon Canadian Chessplayers themselves.

It is impossible to read the particulars published in English and American Chess journals without perceiving that there is an enthusiasm with reference to the game existing in both these countries.

The opportunity will soon present itself for all our players to exhibit something of a like feeling, and then they will find that their friends, both far and near, will be happy to congratulate them on the successful carrying out of their annual meeting.

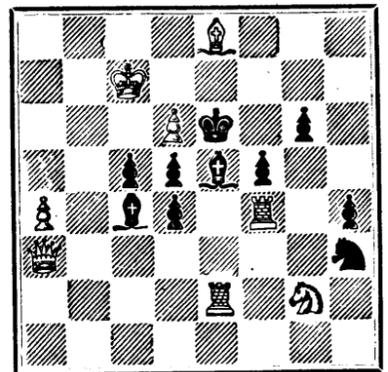
LADY CHESSPLAYERS.

The Holyoke Transcript published last week a letter from a New York lady over the initials "M. E. F." in which the chess prowess of a Mrs. Worrell, of New York, is highly complimented. The lady correspondent proposes that a Chess tournament be held at Holyoke, with lady participants, and in this way bring about a trial of skill between Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. Worrell. The Hartford lady also received a letter from "M. E. F." inviting her to meet them at Holyoke. While Mrs. Gilbert never shrinks from contesting a game of Chess in a quiet way with anybody who calls upon her for that purpose, she does not court the publicity which the proposed tournament would involve. Inasmuch as "M. E. F." and Mrs. Worrell propose to travel to Holyoke via Hartford, Mrs. Gilbert despatched a note inviting the New York lady to call at her house and contest a few friendly games with her. This seems the proper thing to do, although it will divert from Holyoke an interesting project.—Hartford Times.

PROBLEM No. 182.

By MR. J. STONEHOUSE.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

GAME 272TH.

Played in Class 2nd at the late Grantham Tourney.

(From the Chessplayers' Chronicle.)

(Knight's Game.)

WHITE. (Mr. Marriott. *)	BLACK. (Mr. Walton.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to KB 3	2. Kt to QB 3
3. B to Q 4	3. B to K 2 (a)
4. P to Q 4	4. P takes P
5. Kt takes P (b)	5. Kt to K 4 (c)
6. B to Q Kt 3	6. P to Q 3
7. B to K B 4 (d)	7. Kt to KB 3
8. Kt to Q B 3	8. Castles
9. Q to K 2	9. P to Q R 3 (e)
10. Castles (Q R)	10. B to Q 2
11. P to K R 4	11. P to Q B 3
12. P to K R 5	12. P to K R 3
13. Kt to K B 5	13. B takes Kt
14. P takes P	14. Q to Q B 2
15. R to K R 3	15. Kt to K R 2
16. B takes Kt (f)	16. P takes B
17. Kt to K 4	17. Q R to Q sq
18. R to K sq	18. K to R sq
19. P to Q B 3	19. P to K B 3
20. R to K Kt 3	20. B to Q 3
21. R to K R sq	21. K R to K sq
22. R to K R 4	22. P to Q Kt 4
23. Q R to K Kt 4	23. K to K 2
24. P to Q R 3	24. P to Q B 4
25. B to K 6	25. Kt to K B sq
26. B to Q 5	26. P to Q B 5
27. Kt takes P (g)	27. P takes Kt (h)
28. R to K Kt 8 (ch) (i)	28. K to R 2
29. B to B 4	29. B to B 4
30. R to K R 8 (ch)	30. K takes R
31. Q mates.	

NOTES BY A. B. SKIPWORTH AND W. WAYTE.

(a) This is known as the Hungarian Defence, from its successful adoption by Pesth in the great match with Paris. The Handbuch gives as the continuation 4 P to Q 4, 4 P to Q 3, 5 P to Q 5, 5 Kt to Kt sq best, 6 B to Q 3, 6 P to Q B 3, 7 P to Q B 4, leaving White a very slight advantage of position. We should prefer instead of making White's K B 5, P to Q B 3, as more in accordance with modern principles.

(b) We should certainly have elected to Castle here, and leave the Pawn for the present, when the position would not have been poor in promise.

(c) The Kt here, we fancy, is merely a mark for attack.

(d) Appearances are very much against this move. The square now occupied should have been left for the King's Bishop's Pawn, an attack invited by the adversary.

(e) This, and Black's next move, are painfully careful. Bolder measures might considerably have freed Black's game, and enabled him to strike the first blow.

(f) B takes K R P, playing afterwards P to K B 4 (regaining the piece) would, at least, have caused a breach in Black's defences.

(g) Quite worth the venture under the circumstances, though we rather doubt the soundness of the move.

(h) The natural move, and one which many stronger players would have made; but would not P to K 5 have seriously interfered with all White's plans?

(i) The termination is extremely neat.

* Mr. Marriott was the winner of the first prize at Grantham in Class II., scoring every game.

CHESS IN LONDON, ENG. GAME 273RD.

Played at Simpson's some time ago between Messrs. Eccles and Hiber.

- WHITE.—(Mr Eccles.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to KB3 3. B to B 4 4. P to QB3 5. P to Q3 6. P to QKt 4 7. P to Kt 5 8. Kt takes P 9. Kt takes KB P 10. B takes R (ch) 11. Castles 12. P to QR 4 13. P takes P 14. P to QB 4 15. P takes P 16. Q to K sq 17. R to R 2 18. Q to Q Kt 4 19. Q takes Kt 20. R takes R 21. K takes R 22. K to K 2 23. B to K 3 24. K takes Kt 25. K to B 2 26. P to B 5 (dis. ch) 27. P takes P 28. K to Kt sq 29. K to R 2 30. K to Kt sq 31. K to QB 3 32. K to R 2 33. Q takes P (ch) 34. Kt takes Q 35. P to Q 4 36. Kt to K 3

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 180.

- WHITE 1. K to Kt sq 2. Kt to Kt 3, double ch and mate.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 178.

- WHITE 1. Kt to K 7 2. R to Kt 6 3. R to K 6 mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 179.

- WHITE K at QR 3 R at K 6 Bat Q Kt 6 B at Q Kt 7 P at Q Kt 2 P at KB 5

White to play and mate in three moves.

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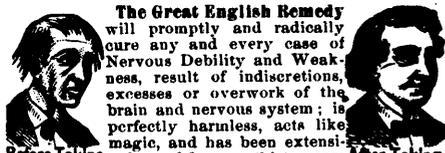
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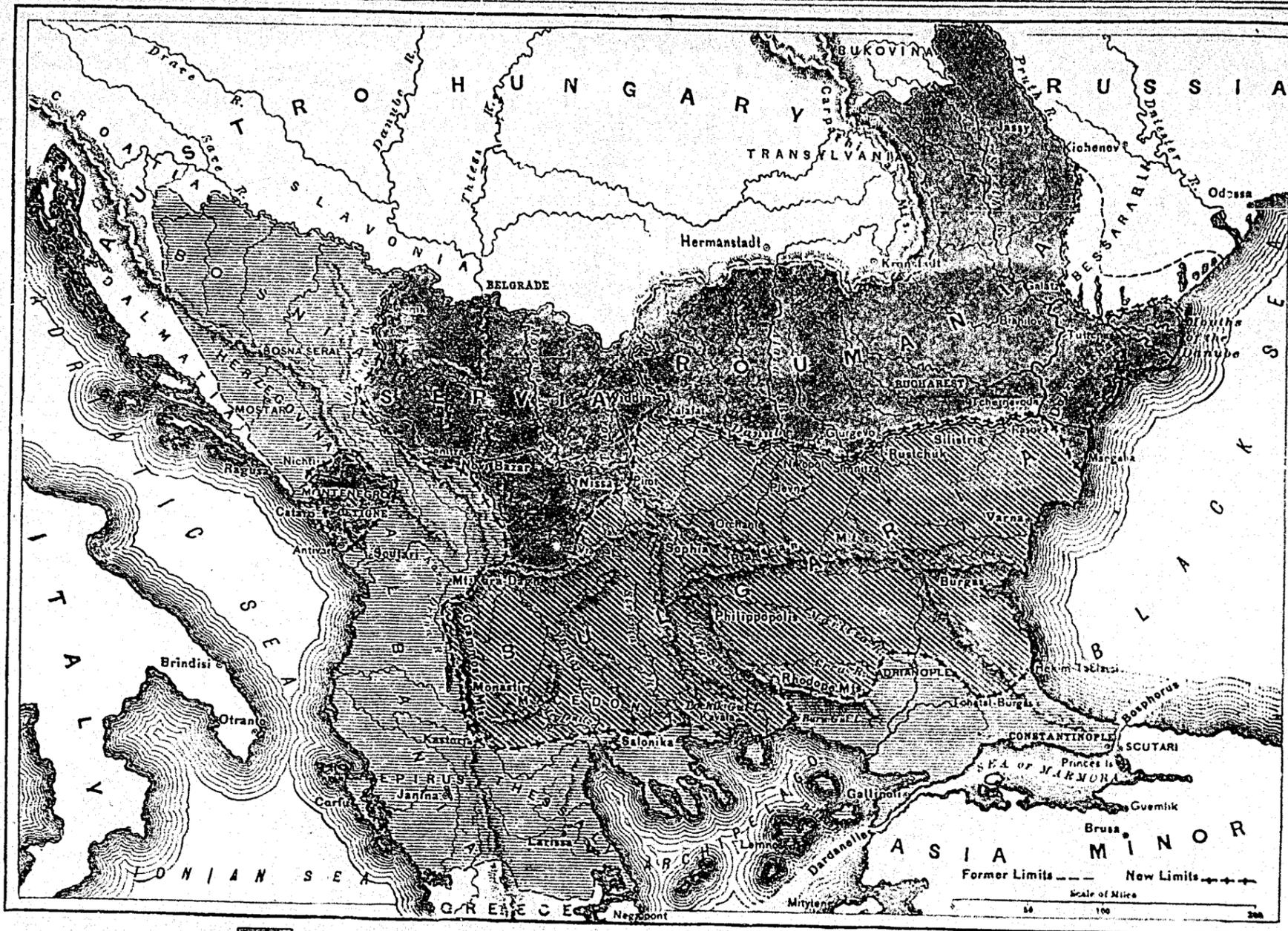
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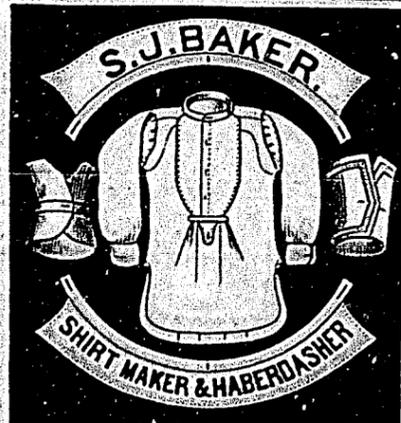
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