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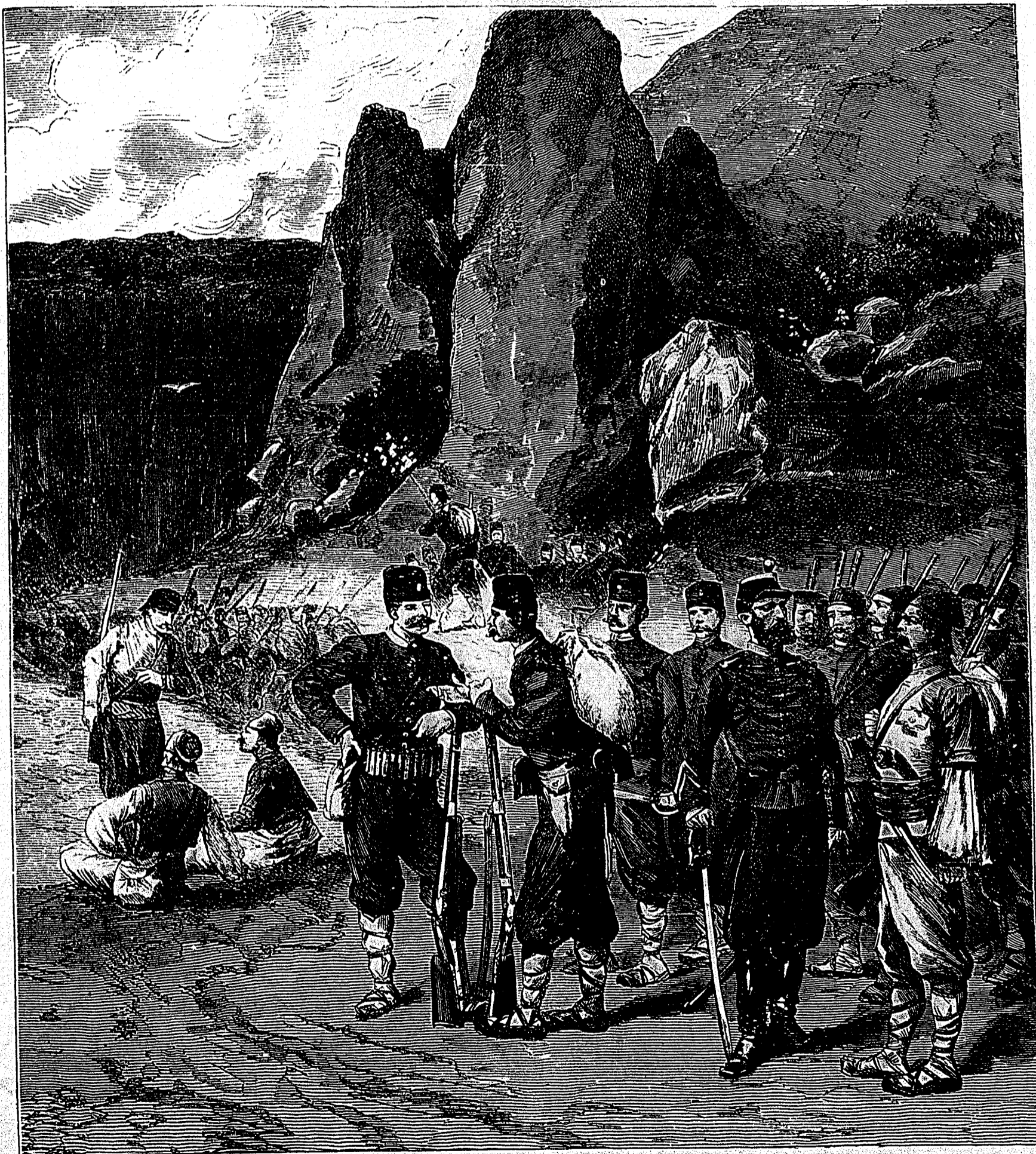
THE EASTERN WAR

Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1877.

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THE EASTERN WAR.—ROUMANIANS AND BULGARIANS CONCENTRATING IN THE BALKANS.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 19th, 1877.

THE SITUATION IN EUROPE.

The threatened division of the Liberal party in England, as a result of the present European complications, should by every effort be averted. We must all take care not to go too fast in forming conclusions about the duty of the coming time. By England at the present moment there is very little to be done. She has a desire—a Christian as well as a politic desire—to maintain the peace of her Empire and of the world, and to promote the welfare of the populations. These are great objects, and social discord ought not to result from them. The question is more momentous than all party issues. After every effort of diplomatic skill, notes and protocols have ceased for the moment to be of any avail in improving the general position. Now comes the hour of patience. Any extension of the area of strife is most undesirable at present. The condition and policy of the Christians of the Principalities has to be watched, and the avenues to India and the East have to be maintained. The Indian Empire is not threatened at present. Under God, the bulwark of that empire consists in its cordon of mountains fronting the aggressor. But with a natural solicitude for the future, we may be allowed to ask if England can reasonably contemplate alliances. Getting into a fume at home will not bring alliances, but rather keep them away. France and Germany may not be yet as cordial towards each other as might be wished. Austria dreads a Panslavic movement, where she might rely upon generous sympathies with well-disposed if somewhat uncultivated populations, and all the powers are conscious of the exhaustion and the menace of armaments, and are fearing change. Otherwise, a programme might be forthcoming at some early day. But between the combatants themselves mediation is out of the question amid the clash of arms. The attitude of England thus becomes one of watchfulness and of readiness, and if there be anxiety, there will not be trepidation. A moment of exhaustion for the two autocratic or "mission" powers may arrive, in which the word of reason may be again possible. Let us not be too ready to overleap the duty of the hour to embrace new situations in our rapid thinking and

unnecessary vivacity. In contemplation only, let us at present see that the four great powers now at peace, along with their friendly sympathisers, may yet be called upon to express themselves, and find themselves perhaps saying: "We are giving strength to these Principalities. We are using all proper influences to civilize and protect them, and to give them importance. We have no intentions but for their welfare, and can unite with any who will promote it without aggression and self-seeking. We are taking up a new attitude, because former representations have proved unavailing. Restless protector, and restless persecutor, we have to urge upon you both to cease this perilous strife, and to respect the union of civilized powers. For ourselves we are liberal States, if we are conservative of what is good. We do not make the peace of Europe a question of creed, but only of right and duty. Autocracy does not enter into our economies. We are trying to do justice to our own peoples, who are patriotic and advancing in freedom. In mutual alliance, in view of this grave conjuncture, we are now asserting the peace of Europe, and before it is still further infringed upon by any power, we shall have to demand the reasons that could justify such perpetuation of dangers."

THE SEASON'S BOATING—ANOTHER WORD.

We must have another word to say upon this social question, as the opportunity for discussing it does not always occur. Some of our young friends advocate other forms of ballast for rowing and sail boats than that we described. They speak of water-ballast and sand-ballast. The former, being water—in tight bags—strapped into the boat, will add nothing to the weight of the vessel if water-logged, while iron would add something to such weight. Sand bags they say could easily be thrown overboard. Now, as long as you can keep the water out of the vessel, you do not want to throw your ballast overboard, and the fault of both these forms of ballast is that they are apt to shift their position in the bilge of the boat, in which case they tend to bring her over on one side. Water ballast may be carried in such water-proof bags as we speak of, tightly strapped in place, or in a longitudinal water-tight chest. These must be always full, or the water will roll and there is some danger of this point not being constantly secured, to say nothing of the chances of puncture. Outside of the question of the floating power of a water-logged craft, fixed ballast is the best element of stability. A boat with only a proper freight of persons on board ought to be made free from the danger of swamping or capsizing, and when we are ordering or purchasing a boat, it is better to think a little of safety than the saving of some paltry sum in the cost of the vessel. And if we would have a water-tight compartment at each end of the little vessel, nothing could be found more simple or feasible. This will make a life-boat of her, if otherwise well built and found, and will far more than qualify any amount of fixed ballast she may carry. The half-decked fishing boats of the eastern coast of Great Britain have a reputation for encountering seas. Even they might be improved, but their special merit consists in their possessing a hollow space in which the crew can sit, instead of being perched upon the deck, thus favorably lowering the centre-of-gravity of the boat and freightage. Their large locker or cabin is a security, and would be a still greater one, if its water-tight quality could always be relied upon, as it could then act the part of a fish bladder—and secure buoyancy. But our idea of a safe boat would be one in which there was an open space in the middle, with the seats for passengers, and well secured lockers or compartments fore and aft. If the compartments are to be made absolutely water-tight they would of course have to be distinct from the lockers or cabins. This question of safety in boating is too

important, and too much bound up with the peace and progress of families, to need any further apology for keeping it under the notice of our readers.

THERE are serious differences between the Turkish Chamber and the Government. The Chamber is very angry at the Porte's acceptance of the German protectorate over Russian subjects in Turkey. It also desires to impeach NOVAZ PASHA, the Sultan's brother-in-law, for embezzlement, and REDIFF PASHA, War Minister, for maladministration. REDIFF, who is all powerful, is determined to crush Parliament before it can harm him. The Porte wanted to proclaim a state of siege in Constantinople so as to be able to close Parliament, but it is now satisfied that it can close Parliament without resorting to such measures.

We have a favor to ask of our friends who adopt the suggestion for ballasting their open pleasure boats, and it is that they will carefully note the increase draught resulting from such ballasting after it is effected, and then take measures to have so much additional bulwark added to the sides and end of the boat, so as to make the number of inches of freeboard the same as before the ballasting. If the boat should need it, still additional freeboard can be added. In this way no reduction will be made in freeboard, even for the sake of stability, the importance of which latter quality we need not now dwell further upon. There will be no harm in saying, here, that the new ballast should not only be made to fit into the hollow of the boat, but should also be so firmly clamped that it cannot possibly shift under any movement to which the hull may be subjected—for shifting ballast would represent a new danger. As Parliament has not prescribed a load-line for pleasure boats, amateurs should consult their boatbuilder about carrying out this important safeguard against overloading. The nicest way to arrange this is by painting the outside in two colours, the upper one forming a broad belt which would represent the smallest admissible freeboard.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the Canadian Press Association was held last week, at which the time and route of this year's excursion was decided on. Wednesday, the 1st of August, was fixed upon as the date of the annual meeting, which will be held in Montreal, at 11 a.m. On the invitation of the Premier, the party will then proceed on a trip over the Government system of railways in the Maritime Provinces. They will start by boat from Montreal on Wednesday, and proceed to Quebec, thence to Shediac, from which point they will cross over to Prince Edward Island, and take a trip over the railways of that Province. They will then proceed to Pictou to visit the coal mines of that place; thence to Halifax and Londonderry, and then over the Annapolis and Windsor Railroad to St. John, N. B.; thence to Fredericton, returning to St. John; whence they will start home via the Intercolonial, returning on Saturday, the 11th of August.

A SLIGHT difficulty has arisen between France and England relative to the Newfoundland fishery. This is an old subject of discord, but the dispute has just now reached an acute stage. It appears that the action of the Governor, in forbidding the French to fish for herrings, has been the subject of complaint by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, but the English Government supports the Governor; hence an interchange of unsatisfactory diplomatic notes.

THE Sultan is much pleased with Lord DERBY's reply to GORTSCHAKOFF's circular, and has ordered the Porte to officially thank the English Government. He has also sent his aide-de-camp to thank Mr. LAYARD.

UNKNOWN POETS.

"Few, few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them,
Alas for those who never sing!
But die with all their music in them."

So writes the American poet and humourist, Oliver Wendell Holmes; but I think we must take exception to the truth of his musical lines. There are numbers nowadays who "can touch the magic string," but "noisy fame is not at all proud to win them;" on the contrary, it either never heeds them, or else passes them over in silent neglect.

Thousands of aspirants to poetic fame who, for all we know otherwise, may have writt n poems of surpassing merit, await recognition in vain. The divine afflatus may be theirs; painstaking effort and patient toil may have aided their earnest purpose; they "may have scorned delights and lived laborious days," in order to accomplish their self-imposed tasks, and yet, no recompense is theirs to reap. They plant the seeds and tend the growth of their plants; but never gather any flowers. Every one knows that a MSS. volume of poems is considered a drug in the book market, and if by some fortuitous circumstance, or else by paying a publisher a large sum of money for its publication, the MSS. so long cherished and prized by its author attains the dignity of print, the chances are it is never reviewed and consequently never sells. The unknown singer, perchance not being a member of any mutual admiration society, and possessing no influence amongst those who have achieved literary distinction, pines in obscurity, and so despite his perseverance, he remains "unhonored and unknown," while the world, may be, has lost a second Chatterton or Keats. Such then being the destiny of those who seek to climb Parnassus nowadays, it may be worth while to inquire into the reason of this palpable fact.

In that delightful book by Alfred Austin on the poetry of the period, the author endeavors to prove very remarkably that the present age, as reflected in its opinions, thoughts, society, and conduct is absolutely antagonistic to the creation of great poets. And the writer after thoroughly examining the works of those who have attained distinction in the walks of poetry, namely:—Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Arnold and others, arrives at the conclusion that these men are only third rate poets. He is of opinion that the verdict of posterity will not endorse the high praise that has been accorded them in this age; in short, he denies their right to be admitted among the immortals, concluding his essays with these words, "Many living writers of poetry have written beautifully and well, and some of their verse will for a time be kindly remembered. But they have fallen short of true greatness, and accordingly they will not be admitted among the stars that shine for ever and ever."

Now, it is not our intention to question the opinions of so erudite a scholar and poet as Mr. Austin; indeed, it would be presumptuous for us to combat them. We may take them as they are *cum grano salis*, or else "wide apart as the poles are asunder," from the entire truth of the matter. Be this as it may, we contend that his remarks, whether they do, or do not apply to the recognized poets of this era, at all events affect very materially the subject of this paper inasmuch, as according to our opinion, the present age, whose serious literature asserts itself in historical research, scientific inquiry, learned dissertations on all subjects, and subtle criticisms must be antagonistic to poetry, and is therefore fatal to poetic aspiration. A new poet lives amid influences malign to him; other literature usurps men's minds; there is no room for a singer of songs. The intellectual atmosphere he breathes dulls his efforts and silences his dreams. He is told by the seemingly wise that an epic is not an Archimedean lever to move the world. Writers of renown, such as Carlyle, Ruskin and many others, decry all poetry except the very best, and discourage all individual poetic striving after excellence. No wonder, then, the modern Pegasus cannot make any progress; that so many volumes of verse are still-born, and so many singers "die with all their music in them."

Another reason why there are so many unknown poets is that the press, hurry, restless energy of modern life preclude all severe intellectual amusement. People read for recreation books that make no strain on their intellectual faculties and, therefore, they eschew poetry. It is even questionable whether the well known poetry of the day is generally read. It is certainly considered fashionable to have the works of Tennyson or Browning on the drawing-room table, and yet perchance, the elegant bound volumes lie there, like articles of virtu, merely to be looked at. And we are afraid that the modern students of Keats, Shelly, Wordsworth, Byron, or even Shakespeare, are by no means legion. Sensational novels in three volumes, with their *pabula* of secret murders, wonderful intrigues, and unnatural incidents, gratify the tastes of those who seek mental relaxation after the dull day's onerous duties. Who wishes then to possess an unknown poet's book? Who even will take the trouble to peruse it?

The writer of this paper, during a visit he once paid Jane Ingelow, the accomplished poetess and novelist, wondered at the quantity of volumes of unknown poetry, on her table. "Were I to search those books," she remarked, "I am sure I could discover gems of song, which may be are never destined to touch the heart of humanity." Reluctantly I had to acknowledge the truth of her remark.

In that witty play of Byron's called "Cyril's Success," one of the characters, a reviewer, makes the following promise to a young author, "and when your next volume of poems appears, I give you my word that not only will I review it, but I will read it if I don't read it." This is severe satire, but unfortunately it is truth. Again the stage nowadays stultifies poetic truth. There is an absence in modern plays of earnest thought, grand passion, and deep pathos; instead, we have light converse, rudesensationalism, light love-making, satirical *bon mots*, ironical fairy tales, and pretty platitudes. There is nothing in them to stir the depths of feeling, or awake noble emotion. The piece may call forth mirth or occasionally evoke tears, but it neither makes our hearts throb, nor our pulse leap. It is all pleasantly tame, evenly sweet, terribly farcical, delicately jocose, or outrageously unnatural. None of the plays nowadays are stamped with the seal of imagination in its highest sense, and fullest import. Instead of being illuminated with the glow and glamour of poetry, they fitfully shine with a glow-worm reflex of it. When not absolutely dull, they are just feebly entertaining. Now the stage to a certain extent expresses ideas in vogue; it illustrates the world outside; it represents modern life, which nowadays can sustain itself evidently without poetry of the old fashioned, earnest kind. Is it any wonder then that new poets cannot move and have their being amid such an atmosphere and surrounding?

Another reason why new poets have to pipe their ditties unheard is on account of the sceptical tendencies of the time, particularly in matters of religion. There is a vague distrust of the old landmarks of faith. The inquiring spirit abroad is so rampant that time-honored truths are thrust aside to give place to vain questionings and idle doubts. The rocks that have withstood the wear and tear of ages, are sought to be rent asunder by a superficial bubble. Men strive to prove that everything is a matter of arithmetic. Calculation enters into divine systems and eternal laws. The illimitable is discussed in a rational spirit; eternity is reduced to a question of rule of three. The larger hope, and the ampler faith in inscrutable goodness and heavenly intelligence are treated as fanciful theories. And so when the spirit of unbelief stalks abroad, is it any wonder that the age is called unpoetical and practical. How can a dull, misty atmosphere of scepticism contain iris-tinted jewelinks of poetic inspiration? Poetry that lifts the soul to serene spaces of higher thought, freezes and perishes in the icy air of doubt, and so unknown poets cannot expect any welcome or encouragement when cold unbelief, wide-spread and potent, deadens noble aspirations and chills poetic ardor.

Such then according to the opinions of the writer of this paper, are the chief reasons why unknown poets fail to find even a "fit and few" audience in this age.

There may be other causes not apparent to us now, which may also tend to dishearten and depress aspirants to poetic honors, but we think that we have descanted briefly on the chief ones. What solace thus can be measured to those, impelled by a desire that cannot be repressed, to warble their songs, which maybe are never destined to meet with a responsive concord, in this hurrying, restless matter of fact, sceptical age? Must the cold rigour of an unsympathising public silence these voices, or else bid them shape their accents in accord with modern tastes?

We cannot satisfactorily answer these questions. Those who feel that they must give utterance to "thoughts that flow and words that burn" will do so despite all lack of encouragement. No poet's bays may crown them now, and yet if their songs are genuine and not merely echoes, they may still, after many days, win the poet's "awful crown," and if they never do so, still their efforts, apparently futile, as far as present recognition is concerned, will be to them "their own exceeding great reward."

No ennobling thought need be uttered in vain; no high purpose need be conceived for nought. There is unutterable joy for the singer, from the mere fact of his being able to sing, still hoping that perchance he may be able to echo the poet's words, as applicable to his lay:

"No one is so accursed by fate,
No one is so utterly desolate,
But what some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own."

London, Eng. ISIDORE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE STE. GENEVIEVE LAND-SLIDE.—The stream at St. Genevieve, near Three Rivers, is said to have been about forty-five feet wide and about eight deep, and ran in a narrow valley, on either side of which rose high banks, covered with small second-growth trees. At about half a mile above the mill, it is said there were two hills, one of them supposed to have been eighty feet high. These, about ten o'clock on Tuesday forenoon, May 1st, suddenly collapsed, settling down into the river as a paper pyramid when trodden under foot. The slimy clay, as slippery as soft soap, ran with inconceivable rapidity down the river bed, throwing up the water before it as a wall, the wall growing higher at every yard as it advanced, till, on reaching the mill-dam, to the terrified eyes of those who saw it coming, it appeared as a solid wall of water twenty feet high. It passed over the dam, struck the mill and carried it and those in it away, as a feather, leaving only part of the

flow to mark where it had been. There were at the mill at the time nine persons: Mrs. Lanouette and her three children, who were in the house adjoining the mill; her husband, who was in the mill; Ferdinand Gervais, aged sixteen, who saw the water coming; Mr. Cloutier, an old man, who was loading his waggons with grain, and Mr. Massicotte, the owner of the mill, who had just arrived, and was unhitching his horses. The crash of the mountain and rush of the torrent were heard over the neighborhood, and caused great consternation. But soon the cause was discovered, and the neighbors began the search of the bodies. The first found was that of Eleanor Lanouette, a little girl three years old, who was found in the water more than three-quarters of a mile below the mill. She bore the marks of a blow on the side of her head sufficient to cause death. A few yards lower down the stream, her little sister two years old was found. Her body was beneath the water and some clay on her face. A few yards further on was the body of the mother. One report says she was sitting on a chair. She was but twenty-one years of age, and had been married when only sixteen. A few feet further on still was the body of Mr. Cloutier, which was found fastened under some trees. There was in the house, at the time of the accident, one little girl a month and a half old whose body has not yet been found. About fifty years ago, on a river near Champlain, there was a land-slide said to have been much larger than the present one, in which over a hundred acres of land slipped from its moorings. On it now hay is being grown. In the same neighborhood, eight years ago, there was another land-slide by which eight houses were taken away. The cause of the late catastrophe has been attributed to certain cracks which are said to have formed in the side of the hills, about three years ago. These have since been filled with moisture which has frozen, and thawed and frozen again until the support was too weak to hold the immense weight of slippery earth. Others in the neighborhood assert that the cause must be attributable to earthquakes, and speak mysteriously of rumbling sounds for which there is no known cause, that have been heard from time to time in the neighbourhood.

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS AND THE VETERANS OF 1812-14.

The following letter addressed to the Hamilton Spectator by a valiant officer, who is 1st Vice-President of the Loyal Canadian Society, and Vice-President of the United Canadian Association, deserves to be circulated among the numerous readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:—

One hundred years ago, when thirteen of the British Colonies in America revolted against the Home Government, many thousands of the inhabitants of those colonies refused to cast off their allegiance to the British Crown. Throughout the whole of the Revolutionary War these devoted people remained true to their faith and fought and bled in the struggle to preserve the Empire. Hence they were termed "United Empire Loyalists." At the close of the war, and in 1783, when Great Britain recognized the independence of her thirteen revolted colonies, upwards of twenty-five thousand of these loyalists,—who had sacrificed everything except their honor, through their devotion to the British cause,—were proscribed and were compelled to seek protection under the British flag, in England, the West Indies, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada.

Upper Canada, (Ontario), then a wilderness, was chiefly settled by these heroic people. Strong, courageous and hopeful, they proved themselves to be admirable pioneers and colonists. Their early labors, and their high sense of honor, did much towards making this part of Canada what it is to-day. They were a splendid race of people. Many of them were officers and soldiers of superior education. The British Government endowed them with grants of land, and otherwise rewarded them for their loyalty and valuable services.

In 1812, when the United States of America declared war against Great Britain, and sought to acquire Canada by conquest, these old heroes and their descendants constituted a large portion of the "Canadian Militia," which, together with the few British troops and their gallant commanders—such as Gen. Brock and others—saved the whole of Canada to the British Crown. Many of the brave old veterans of the war are still alive, and many thousands of their descendants pursue their peaceful vocations throughout the country, enjoying the fruits of the land which is sanctified by the blood of their forefathers.

Surely, among these, "Canadian nationality" cannot be a "lost cause." A carefully collected and properly arranged record, embracing descriptive accounts and personal sketches of the early settlers—their hardships and privations in Canadian forests; their sufferings, which were borne so patiently; and, finally, their joy at beholding a wilderness made to blossom and bear fruit through the labor of their own hands—cannot fail to be interesting and acceptable to our people, especially at the present time.

Permit me to say that it is my intention to bring out a little volume of this kind, for which I am at present engaged in collecting the necessary material. The volume will also include personal sketches of some of the prominent men who took part in the war of sixty years ago, and will contain much that has never yet been published.

Fellow-citizens throughout the country, interested in this matter, are requested to communicate at once, as all information will be thankfully received.

I have already received numerous encouraging letters and many historical data, and I trust, when completed, my humble effort may prove some slight tribute to Canadian patriotism of bygone times.

Yours, &c.,

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton, Ont., May, 1877.

HEARTH AND HOME.

A MASK.—Men are apt to think that the gay, laughing girl who has seemingly not a care in the world, is frivolous and heartless. Few know that observation and good sense, ay, and sound, stubborn principle, are often hid beneath the mask of a gay and frolicsome disposition. There is much more reason to suspect the seemingly faultless than the frank girl, who shows her follies on the surface. "Wearing the heart upon the sleeve" is a good plan. If a woman has a heart, it is always a gay one, until misfortune or affection tames it.

THE BEST LOVED WOMAN.—It is the womanly women who are so tenderly revered on earth, so lovingly mourned and missed when "life's fitful fever" over, they rest in peace. The mothers whose life and memory are God's instrument for the salvation of their sons, the "believing wives who sanctify the unbelieving husbands," the sisters whose influence has power to win a brother from his evil ways or to strengthen him in the path of light, the thousands of women who have been to men guardian angels in truth, all belong to the class of womanly women, the brightest ornaments of earth.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Keep as much as possible in the grand and common road of life; patent educations or habits seldom succeed. Depend upon it, men set more value on the cultivated minds than on the accomplishments of women, which they are rarely able to appreciate. It is a common error, but it is an error, that literature unfits women for the everyday business of life. It is not so with men. You see those of the most cultivated minds constantly devoting their time and attention to the most homely objects. Literature gives women a real and proper weight in society, but then they must use it with discretion.

LOSING FRIENDS.—Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one thing drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before the love grows cold! Life is too short to quarrel in, or to carry black thoughts of friends. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one.

MEN UNEQUAL.—The old doctrine that all men are born like a sheet of white paper, and that whatever education they have is all that is written on that sheet of paper, is not only false but absurd. One might suppose that the author of such a doctrine was born like a sheet of white paper, and that nothing had been written on it. It is contradicted at every step, on every side, and every day. Men come down through life bearing, in different proportions and in different degrees of force, antecedent tendencies. Their ancestors repeat themselves in them; and by reason of this men are of different degrees of strength and sagacity and patience and perseverance, some having the highest genius, and some the lowest. So it is in society, and so it must be—a little reflection will prove it.

OPINIONS AND CONVICTIONS.—There are some persons who have no principles, no convictions, says a religious writer; they are little more than bundles of sentiments, notions, opinions—and hence you never know where to find them; they are everything by turns and nothing long. Others there are who have good opinions and wrong convictions, and hence the contradictions often observable in them; while holding what is right, they do mostly what is wrong, our conduct being determined, not by our opinions, but by our convictions. A man's convictions and his opinions are often sadly opposed to each other, and in the crisis of temptation the opinion is always over-ruled and over-ridden by the conviction. Our opinions are outward things; our convictions, as some one has said, are "just the growth and result of our passions, affections, aspirations, and sympathies, the flower into which these open and expand;" and they are our convictions that make character and life, that decide the man.

NEGLECT OF CHILDREN.—Many a mother has wept over the sins of her child, little dreaming that while she pursued her round of idle pleasures, that child was taking its first lesson in sin from the example of a vicious nurse. The truth is, parents take upon themselves too many unnecessary burdens, and consider themselves bound by duty to perform too many tasks, which are of much less consequence than the teaching and training of their children. The father has his trade or profession, and his few leisure hours he must spend in social pleasure. The mother has her household cares and the

comforts of her family to study, and besides this, there is much time to be devoted to fancy work, to visitors, and to amusements of one kind and another. Her children are mere secondary considerations, and depend upon the kindness of hirelings. Their dresses may be miracles of puffing, ruffles, and embroidery, but what does that count when their minds are dwarfed through neglect? Her house may be a model of neatness, her bread excel that of all her neighbours, her jellies and preserves enough to tempt the most fastidious; but if, in all this, she has kept aloof from her child, has chilled his heart towards her, what does it count?

A LOVING MOTHER.—Make the most of her while yet you have this most precious of all good gifts. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after-life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggle with the hard, uncaring world for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestled in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep—never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

LOVE LIVES TO LABOUR; it lives to give itself away. There is no such thing as indolent love. Look within your heart, and see if this is not true. If you love anyone truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in your love one's service. Love would die if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist. What man could see the woman he loves lack anything, and be unable to give it to her, and not suffer? Why, love makes one a slave! It toils night and day, refusing all wages and all reward, save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose service it finds its delight, at whose feet it alone discovers its heaven. There is no danger that language can be too strong or too fervently used to portray the services of love.

LOVE OF OFFSPRING.—It is generally taken for granted that parents love their children; yet the care and anxiety most parents feel for their families quite overshadow their consciousness of loving them, and they fall back upon a sense of duty and obligation and responsibility that, however it may stimulate them to perform the actual exterior demands made on them, renders all their labour vain. This sense of duty is not the highest of motives. It is all very well to require filial obedience and submission from children because it is their duty to render it; but when they are lifted into the higher atmosphere of absorbing love for the parent, the sense of duty, that frosty motive, will be no longer needed.

"I do not love my mother one particle," said a middle-aged man the other day, "simply because she never loved me. She took care of us children—oh, yes—kept us clean, taught us the Bible, prayed over us, and cried over us; but we never went to her with our little troubles or our little joys. It is very different in my family. If there is one thing that my children know, it is that I love them, and what I do for them is not from a sense of parental duty, but because they are infinitely dear to me. And such children as they are—so affectionate, so obedient, so happy!"

The teacher who is so wise and so fortunate as to win the love of his pupils has little difficulty in enforcing order or securing the highest grade of intellectual labour of which they are capable. In order to gain their love, however, he must first love them; for only love wins love. So with the employer. If he can convince those in his employ that he bears to them goodwill, kindness, a sincere desire to promote their welfare, they will give him a fidelity, a thoroughness of service that no wages could secure.

ARTISTIC.

THE sale of Mr. Albert Grant's pictures realized £40,072 for ninety-eight lots.

THE Queen has been graciously pleased to express Her Majesty's desire that the Albert Medal, hitherto only bestowed for gallantry in saving life at sea, shall be extended to similar actions on land.

THE Paris Salon has this season seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-three oil paintings and drawings as candidates for exhibition. The jury accepted only about one-third of these.

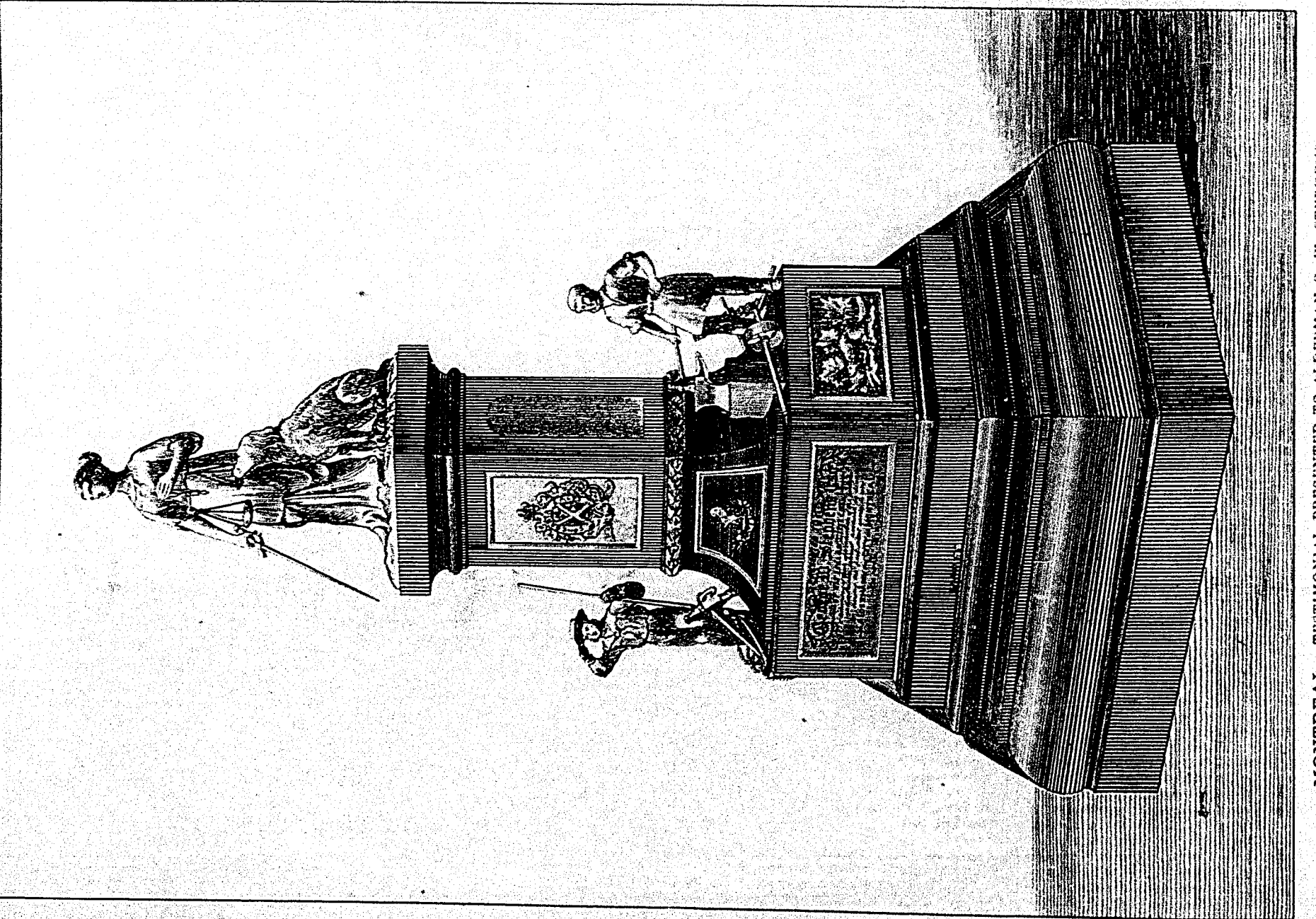
RUBENS' House at Antwerp is to be opened to the public during the Rubens Fete. The painter's studio is still intact, and the house is adorned with numerous pictures by Van Dyck, Teniers, Rembrandt, and Rubens, which have never been moved since they were first hung under the direction of the artists.

A WORK of unusual interest is about to be sold at the Hotel des Ventes, Paris, being the famous table of Napoleon I.'s marshals, by the great miniature painter Isabey, who died in 1855 at the age of eighty-eight. The table, which turns round on a pivot, contains the likenesses of eighteen marshals painted on Sévres china, with a full-length portrait of the Emperor in his coronation robes.

SOME curious specimens of artificial pearls, the joint-work of the Chinaman and the oyster, have just arrived in Paris. Into the shell of the oyster the Chinaman introduces little pieces of wood or earth, which keeps the unhappy mollusc in a constant state of irritation, and causes a pearly secretion, which ultimately covers the fragments. Often a piece of metal shaped to resemble the figure of Buddha is introduced into the shell, and this by a similar process is converted into a pearl possessing all the conditions of a presentable relic that finds a ready sale, and for which there is a large and growing demand.



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.—A COMMEMORATION OF THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.



MONTREAL.—TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO ALDERMAN G. W. STEPHENS, BY A NUMBER OF HIS CONSTITUENTS AND FRIENDS

THE STEPHENS TESTIMONIAL.

We present our readers to-day with a portrait of Mr. George Washington Stephens, representing the West Ward in the City Council, in connection with a magnificent testimonial presented him last week by many of his constituents and a number of influential friends as a tribute of gratitude for his official services. The testimonial, which we reproduce on the opposite page, consists of a beautifully executed statuette in solid silver. The figures most prominently represented are Justice with her sword and scales, with a very well modelled figure of a handsome dog, "The Faithful Watchdog," representing the soubriquet with which Ald. Stephens has been designated by the citizens owing to the part he has often assumed in Council on the questions that come before that body. The figures are supported by a pedestal sixiform and with six panels of frosted silver which rest upon the base of solid silver heavily moulded, and this in turn is supported upon the heavy ebony foundation, also sixiform and polished, and moulded handsomely. Standing on the silver base on each side of the pedestal are the figures representing trade and commerce (a sailor with coils of rope and barrels), and manufactures (a mechanic with hammer, anvil and implements of machinery). At the foot of the pedestal, where it swells to form the base or the front, is the lion rampant and motto in scroll, "*Virtutis Amore*," and on the reverse side the monogram "G. W. S.," while on the other four spaces are beavers and maple leaves. On the face of the solid silver base is inscribed the following:—

Presented to
GEORGE W. STEPHENS, ESQ.
 By his fellow-citizens,
 In testimony of their appreciation of the long and
 faithful services rendered by him
 during the past 10 years as an
ALDERMAN OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL.
 April, 1877.

On the reverse side is a view of the city of Montreal engraved, while the remaining four panels reflect the arms of the city of Montreal. The whole of this work was executed in Montreal, and as such reflects the highest credit on the well-known house of Mr. Hendery, St. Peter street. The skillful designer was Mr. E. L. Paris.

On the occasion of the presentation the following address was read, to which Mr. Stephens aptly replied, after which he entertained his guests:—

"DEAR SIR,—The responsible position which you have maintained with credit to yourself and benefit to our city during the past ten years, and your willingness to continue at your post, entitle you to the esteem and gratitude of your fellow-citizens.



ALDERMAN G. W. STEPHENS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

"The largely extended area of Montreal, and the multiplicity of its public works, have increased taxation until it has become a painful grievance. But we are aware that you always have endeavoured to restrain excessive expenditure; and, however unsatisfactory our municipal affairs may appear to be at the present time, we believe you have been instrumental (aided by those members who acted in unison with you) in preserving our city finances from serious waste.

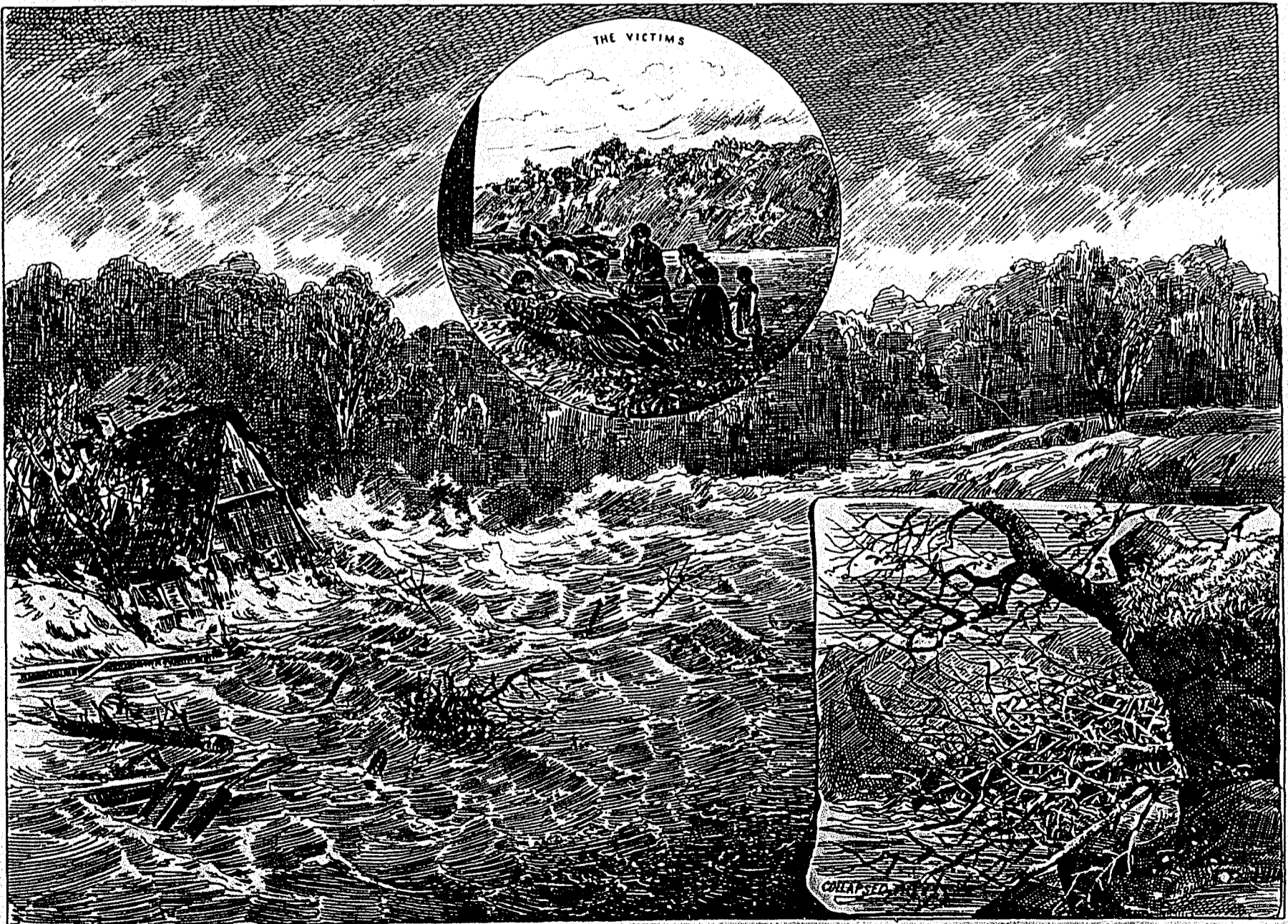
"At this period of development, Montreal requires civic legislators of intelligence and education—men of unsullied reputation who should aim at nothing short of justice—men who can look above and beyond the boundaries of race, creed or party politics. We have reason to believe that you have given your fellow-citizens many proofs that you possess these qualities, and we feel confident they will not be weakened by time.

"Prompted by these considerations, we have much pleasure in manifesting our appreciation of your labors in the City Council, by presenting you with this silver centre-piece, not on account of its intrinsic value, but as an object that may serve through future years to remind you of the respect entertained by your fellow-citizens, and their acknowledgment of your fidelity in connection with municipal affairs.

"The moral of its symbolic teaching speaks for itself in the types of Justice, Vigilance and Honesty on the one hand; Industry, Commerce and Art on the other—the whole being suggestive of the great interests committed to your care, and which have hitherto received your protection.

"Accept this testimonial of our regard, and with it our heartfelt wishes that many happy years and merited honors are reserved for you, and that your devotion to the cause of our city's welfare may be held in grateful remembrance by us and by our children."

Mr. Stephens is a native of Montreal, and was educated in the High School. He is a graduate of McGill College, taking the degree of B.C.L. His early life was devoted to commercial pursuits, but lately he studied law and was admitted to practice in 1863, gaining some considerable distinction in conducting the *cause célèbre* of Connolly vs. Woolrych to a successful issue. While actively practising he was a member of the legal firm of Perkins & Stephens, who had an extensive business. He entered the Council in 1868, and few meetings of that body have been held during the past nine years from which he has been absent. He is an active investigator. We may recall, in this connection, the great Road Committee investigation; Drill Shed investigation; Water Committee investigation; and more recently the famous letter "S" investigation. One result of his labors is that spe-



THE LANDSLIDE AT ST. GENEVIEVE, NEAR THREE RIVERS.

culative Aldermen have had a hard time of it. And owing to his persistent efforts to clean the Augean stable, this element has for the most part been eliminated from the Council. He has been blamed for handling his subjects somewhat roughly regardless of personal feelings. But his attacks have been made openly, and without malignity. He has been very roughly handled himself, in return, but his opponents for the most part have been unsuccessful. His sole politics and creed seem to be to defend the public interests against all evil designs. He is a thorough Canadian and protectionist. Son of a wealthy father he has sought to show to his class a field where they may earn distinction and do good service to the State. It is to be regretted that our young men, who find themselves favorably situated, do not devote themselves to public life and the practise and study of the arts of statesmanship. There is no lack of good material in our country, and there is a vast field open for the sons of wealthy men in politics. Relieved from the anxiety of earning their daily bread, or making a provision for the future, this class of our community, instead of wasting life in idle dissipation, or the mere pursuit of pleasure, should devote themselves to the task of serving their country simply for fame. Ours is not a country for drones; all should be workers.

PARTED.

Earthly hopes may vanish, darling,
Life's brightest joys fade with the past,
But thy voice hath said at parting
"I will love thee to the last."

Though every other gladness
From out my life should pass away,
I will let no shade of sadness
Mar the hope thou gavest that day.

God will keep thee for me, dearest,
Till my time of exile's past,
And I claim thee to be nearest
Through all life's journey to the last.

Montreal.

JOHN B. BURLAND.

WEARINESS:

A TALE FROM FRANCE.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

Monsieur Casimir Vincent, the old and very wealthy Lunel banker, had been for more than thirty years the regular and honoured frequenter of the Café de l'Esplanade. There he might be seen twice a-day without fail: in the afternoon about one o'clock, after his breakfast, to take his cup of coffee, glance over the newspapers, and exchange a few words with his old acquaintances; and again towards eight in the evening, after his dinner, to play his game of piquet, which generally lasted till about eleven.

Every one at Lunel knew M. Vincent. He was a small thin man, with marked features, large dark eyes, short thick hair that was turning grey, and a calm indifferent expression of countenance. M. Vincent was of a taciturn nature, and when he spoke, it was slowly and thoughtfully. Notwithstanding his unmixed southern blood, he was sober in gesture, and nothing in his movements betrayed the proverbial vivacity of his countrymen. He dressed simply and very carefully, and paid particular attention to his linen, which was always of dazzling whiteness.

M. Vincent's story was as well known to the inhabitants of the town as his appearance or his mode of living. His grandfather, during the first Revolution, had been the founder of the house of Casimir Vincent. There were old men living who still remembered him, and spoke of him as a man who had possessed no common share of intelligence and energy. In a short time he had amassed a large fortune by his banking business, and also as an army contractor. His son had carried on the business under the Empire and the restoration. In his turn, the Casimir Vincent of our story, who had been brought up in the paternal school, after having spent a few years in Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Paris, settled at Lunel in the year 1840. His steadiness inspired his father with such confidence that he at once admitted him to partnership. The firm was thenceforward styled "Casimir Vincent and Son."

Vincent junior was then about thirty. He was considered a dandy, and the young beaux of his little town copied his dress, and asked him for the addresses of tradesmen.

The wealthy citizens who had marriageable daughters used to get parties and picnics in his honour.

On two occasions there had been rumours of Monsieur Vincent's marriage. Soon after his return to Lunel he had paid his addresses to Mademoiselle Coulé, and his proposals had been joyfully received by her family. All the gossips of the place were already busy reckoning up the large fortune that the young couple would have, when bright, pretty, joyous Caroline Coulé suddenly fell ill, and almost immediately died. Casimir Vincent wore no mourning for his affianced bride, but her death grieved him deeply. For several years he remained in strict retirement, entirely occupied with his father's business. The old man died in 1844, leaving by his will "all he possessed to his only and well-beloved son Casimir Vincent."

Three years after this event, Vincent came forward as a suitor for the hand of Mlle. Jeanne d'Arfeuille. He was then thirty-six, but looked much older; his hair was turning

grey, and the lonely life he had led since Caroline's death had made him taciturn and gloomy. It was not, therefore, very surprising that a girl of eighteen should look upon him as an old man. Jeanne d'Arfeuille uttered a scream of affright when her mother, all radiant with joy, announced to her that the wealthy banker had done her the honour to make her the offer of marriage. She declared at once that she would rather die or shut herself up in a convent, than marry "that ugly, little, old man."

"He might be my father," added she, bursting into tears. "I shall never love him, and I won't marry him."

At first the mother tried her eloquence to convince her daughter that it was madness to refuse the best match of the department; but as Jeanne persisted in crying, and rejected all idea of yielding, Madame d'Arfeuille at last lost patience, and ended the debate by exclaiming, "I order you to marry him, and marry him you must."

Something, however, occurred on the occasion of M. Vincent's first official visit at Madame d'Arfeuille's that ruined all the plans which that lady had formed. Vincent noticed the red eyelids and downcast air of the girl he was to wed, and leading her up to the window, spoke to her for a few moments in measured tones. Madame d'Arfeuille, who was seated at a little distance, saw with secret anxiety her daughter burst into tears, and heard M. Vincent, to her intense surprise, say in a gentle serious voice—

"Calm yourself, my dear child—I only wish for your happiness; I was mistaken."

Then going up to the mother with his usual slow, steady step, he said, in a tone which imparted singular dignity to his small stature,

"I must thank you, Madame, for the honour which you have done me; and it is with sincere regret that I relinquish the hand of your daughter."

So saying, he bowed low to the mother and went away, leaving them both in amazement at what had happened.

Madame d'Arfeuille, as was her custom when she found herself in an awkward position, began by fainting; then, coming to herself, she got into a violent passion with Jeanne. When at last she recovered her composure, she hastened to the banker's, and vowed that there was in all this merely a deplorable misunderstanding, and that her daughter would be proud and happy to become Madame Vincent. But the little man had some peculiar notions of his own especially on the subject of matrimony. He let Madame d'Arfeuille speak as long as she liked without interrupting her, though he caused her no little embarrassment by looking at her steadfastly all the time. When at last she came to a stop, after stammering out for the tenth time, "What a deplorable misunderstanding!" Vincent merely repeated the words he had uttered an hour before—

"I have to thank you, Madame, for the honour you intended me; and it is that with sincere regret that I relinquish the hand of your daughter."

Madame d'Arfeuille could not believe her ears; for one moment she had a mind to faint again, but the icy department of the banker deterred her from that bit of acting. She displayed great cleverness in trying to alter M. Vincent's resolve; she even stooped to entreaty. But it was of no avail; M. Vincent remained unmoved, and looked more gloomy than ever. Then Madame d'Arfeuille flew simply and frankly into a rage; she accused the banker of having caused the misery of a poor innocent girl, and of striving to bring shame on her mother. Vincent remained as insensible to her fury as he had been to her prayers; till at last, at the end of the half hour, thoroughly worn out and defeated, she retreated from the field where she had thought herself sure to achieve victory.

A few months later, pretty Jeanne d'Arfeuille married a young country gentleman of a neighbouring department, who was both well-born and wealthy. Her mother was delighted at a marriage which realized all her fondest wishes; but she retained a bitter resentment against the banker who had offended her, and never forgave him. Her southern imagination enabled her to fabricate, in respect of this affair, a whole story, which she repeated so often to her friends, that she ended by believing it herself. According to this version, M. Vincent, whom she styled "a vulgar, forward parvenu and money-lender," had had the "audacity" to aspire to the hand of an Arfeuille. "Fortunately," she would add with magnificent dignity, "my daughter had been too well brought up not to know how to teach a fellow like that his proper place. Then he came to supplicate me to intercede with Jeanne on his behalf, and I really thought I would never be able to shake him off."

This strange story was repeated on all sides by Madame d'Arfeuille's family and friends, and came at last to M. Vincent's ears. He took no trouble to contradict it, and merely shrugged his shoulders. Some one, more curious than the rest, asked him pointblank, whether there was any truth in it. He answered quietly, "you are at liberty to believe this story, if you like; as for me, I have something better to do than to trouble myself about gossip."

After Mlle. d'Arfeuille's marriage, Vincent appeared to have given up all thoughts of seeking a wife. Some proposals were made to him,

for there was no lack in Lunel of good and prudent mothers who would willingly have given their daughters to the rich banker. But he avoided rather than sought opportunities of associating with unmarried women. When his friends expressed their regret, he would say, "I am no longer young; I have nothing to offer to a young woman but my fortune, and I would not care for a wife who took me for that. If ever I become foolish enough to imagine that I may be loved for my own sake, you may perhaps see me come forward in the character of a suitor. In the meantime, I hold myself satisfied with the two failures I have experienced, and I mean to try and get accustomed to the life of an old bachelor."

Many years went by; Vincent became an old man, and it entered nobody's head to think of him as a marriageable man.

M. Vincent's mode of life was simple and unvaried. He rose very early, shaved and dressed at once, and started in his *cabriolet* for a small estate in the neighbourhood of the town, which he had inherited from his father. He was no agriculturist, and did not affect to be one: his visits to the *Mas de Vincent*—so his property was called—had no practical object; but he had taken so thoroughly the habit of this excursion, that, summer or winter, in rain or in sunshine, he never failed to make it. His coachman, old Guerre, who sat beside him in the *cabriolet*, was a morose man, who never opened his lips except to answer laconically his master's questions. Such a companion was no restraint on the banker, who could indulge in his own thoughts during the whole journey. These must have been of a serious kind, for the countenance of the old bachelor always preserved the same cold expression of reserve.

On arriving at the *Mas*, he would unbend a little. The manager of the estate came out to meet him, asked news of his health in a few words—always the same,—and then conducted him to the place where the work was going on. *Père Dufour* was a clever fellow, who knew how to interest his master by telling him something new every day. On this hillside, the vines were prospering; on that other, they were attacked by disease. The silk-worms were thriving, while those of the neighbourhood were merely vegetating. Sheep had been sold at Béziers and it had been found necessary to purchase mules at the fair at Sommières. To all this Vincent listened attentively, and made no objections. As a rule the *père* did exactly what he liked; and his equals and fellow managers round about considered him the most independent and fortunate man of the whole district.

M. Vincent returned to Lunel about eleven o'clock. He went into his office, where an old clerk handed him the letters which had come by that day's post and took his orders concerning the answers. It was not a long business, for the firm of Vincent & Son had been established on solid foundations, and all went with perfect regularity. The business of the bank was chiefly with the wealthy landowners and farmers of the neighbourhood of Lunel, who, from father to son, had had dealings with the firm for the last half century. They used the agency of the bank to discount the bills they drew on the manufacturers and merchants of Certe, Marseilles, Lyons, and St. Etienne, in exchange for their oil, wines, or cocoons. These bills were always "duly honoured;" or if, by a very rare mischance, they were "protested," the drawers always took them back without difficulty. Legal proceedings and lawyers' strife were things unknown, or only known by name, to the firm of Vincent & Son. As the head of this respected house, M. Casimir Vincent had large profits and little trouble. In the space of one hour, between eleven and twelve, he generally found time to do all his business. He then breakfasted—almost always alone; and after that simple repast, went to the Café de l'Esplanade.

That establishment was the rendezvous of the best Lunel society. It was situated on the promenade and occupied the ground-floor and first storey of a rather large house. Jacques Itier, the master of the *café*, lived on the second floor with his wife Mariette and his numerous family. Jacques Itier was a very sharp fellow. He had not been the proprietor of the *café* very long before he perceived he could extend the custom of his establishment considerably by dividing it into two distinct portions.

So he induced his more "eminent" customers to form a *cercle*, or club, by placing the whole first floor at their disposal. Admittance to the club was not absolutely forbidden to strangers; but a chance intruder would not be likely to remain there long, so unmistakably would the demeanour of the habitual guests show him that he was not in his proper place.

On the other hand, the wealthy citizens and merchants of the town, and the principal landowners of the environs, felt themselves quite at home at the "Cercle de l'Esplanade." Every one had his accustomed corner, chair, table and newspaper. For smokers there was a little grated closet, with lock and key, from whence every man could extract his own particular pipe on arriving; the billiard-players had their own particular cues marked, and it was a settled and acknowledged thing that at certain hours the table belonged to a particular set. One would often hear exclamations like this: "Make haste! It is nine o'clock, and M. Vidal and M. Coulé are waiting to play their game." The waiter who attended on the first floor was called by his Christian name of

"François;" and he did not confine himself to merely answering, "Yes, Monsieur," but would say, "Yes, M. Vidal; Yes, M. Vincent," &c., according as the notary, the banker, or any other personage called to him.

The members of the club were mostly middle-aged or old men, and three or four young men only had managed to obtain admittance. These were the sons of deceased members, and they did not seem out of place in this exclusive society. Among these young men, the foremost was René Sabatier, whose father had been a goldsmith. René was a good, honest fellow of four-and-twenty, very talkative and very familiar, who used to treat the old gentlemen of the "club" as if they had been his comrades. Nobody took offence, for he was a general favourite. He owed this kind of popularity to his conduct during the war, when he had joined the army as a volunteer, and done his duty bravely. He was considered as the chief of the young Legitimist party in Lunel; and all the members of the "Cercle de l'Esplanade" were fierce Royalists.

On the ground-floor, where the real public *café* was, Republicanism prevailed. The young men of the town met there, and strangers often dropped in. The two waiters who rushed from table to table were merely *garçons* for the customers, and no man cared to inquire what their Christian names were. Madame Itier, who presided at the bar, exercised the strictest control, in order to preserve the reputation of respectability enjoyed by her establishment: now such vigilance if displayed on the first floor would have been utterly purposeless.

Jacques Itier was to be seen alternately in the upper and in the lower rooms. On the first floor, he went respectfully from table to table inquiring, in an obsequious tone, whether "the gentlemen" had all they required; the gentlemen, on their part, treated him somewhat haughtily and allowed of no familiarity. On the ground-floor it was the reverse, and there the master of the *café* was almost a personage. He was on the best terms with many of his customers; would play his game of piquet with one or another; order refreshments for his own consumption, and strip off his coat for a game of billiards. The political opinions of Jacques Itier took the colour of the place where he was. On the first floor he adored the Comte de Chambord; below he swore by Gambetta. He was a man without political prejudices. The Bonapartists of Lunel congregated at another *café*; had they come to his establishment he would no doubt have found something pleasant to say about the Prince Imperial. Casimir Vincent had frequented and patronised the Café de l'Esplanade for many years. He was already considered as an old *habitué*, when the establishment passed into Jacques Itier's hands. That was fifteen years ago; and since then, scarcely a day had gone by in which the little man had been there both in the afternoon and in the evening. Vincent clung to his habits; his visits to the *café* were as much a part of his existence as his morning excursions to *Mas de Vincent*. Every day he met the same faces at the club:—old Coulé, who had remained his friend ever since Caroline's death; M. Vidal, the notary, in whose office were the deeds of half the property in the town; René Sabatier, who was bold enough to apostrophise the banker as "*Papa Vincent*;" Bardou, the corn-merchant; Coste, the doctor; Count de Rochbrune and the Baron de Villaray, large landowners, &c. By all those Vincent was highly considered; he was known to be a rich man, a Legitimist, and the descendant of an old family of the town. All these things entitled him to honour.

Yet no one could boast of intimacy with the old bachelor. Vincent's habitual reserve kept curiosity at a distance, and he neither encouraged nor bestowed confidence. He never spoke of himself or his concerns, and wore, on all occasions, a serious countenance, with a tinge of sadness even. Some people asserted that he had never recovered the death of his fair Caroline, and that solitude weighed on his heart. They quoted expressions which he had let drop from time to time, in which he alluded to a monotonous life "without either sorrow or joy."

As soon as M. Vincent entered the club after breakfast, François, the waiter, hastened to bring him his *demi-tasse*, and a tumbler of water; while Itier presented the "Gazette de France," and the "Messager du Midi." Vincent would acknowledge these civilities silently by a nod, sip his coffee and slowly smoke a cigar. He would read the Parisian newspaper all through, cast a look on the quotations of the Bourse as given in the "Messager," and then take his seat on the divan which ran all round the billiard-room to hear the small news of the day from some obliging neighbour. He himself scarcely ever spoke. When his cigar was finished, he walked back slowly to his office, where he worked till five o'clock. Then, in obedience to a habit he had contracted during his travels, he dressed for dinner and took his solitary repast. Now and then he invited a few friends. On those occasions the old family plate shone on the table; and the best wines, the most delicate dishes, delighted the palates of the provincial epicures. But when Vincent dined alone, the fare was of the most simple description. An old woman waited on him; he read during his dinner, and scarcely noticed what was set before him.

After dinner, Vincent went to the *café*, as we have said, for the second time. In a few min-

utes he never failed to find a partner for a game of piquet. At the neighbouring tables the other members of the club played cards likewise. The play was not high, but was nevertheless carried on with the greatest ardour. Conversation went on in low tones, such was the custom. Any stranger whom chance or curiosity led into the club-room, soon felt awkward and intrusive amid this company of old men, all busy shuffling cards, marking points, or exchanging the whispered remarks which the course of the game called forth. The members of the "Cercle de l'Esplanade" were accounted first-rate players in all Lunel. At half-past ten the games had generally come to an end, and by eleven o'clock the great room was empty. Casimir Vincent would then go home.

When the weather was fine, he took two or three turns on the Esplanade, and by half-past eleven was in his sitting-room. A large lamp with a shade burned on the table; the evening papers and the letters of the last delivery were laid out beside it. Vincent read for about half an hour, and then passed into his bedroom. In summer, before undressing, it was his custom to stand for a while at the window, from whence he could see a park which lay behind the house. The rustling murmur of the trees seemed to have a peculiar charm for him. He would stay listening to it attentively for a long time, though his countenance betrayed no emotion, and remained calm and serious as ever. But he would often heave a deep sigh as he turned away from the window. In the winter time, he would spend that last half-hour in front of the fire, his eyes fixed on the dying embers, while his features preserved that same look of thoughtful contemplation with which he listened in summer to the last hushed sounds of nature. Advancing years had made Casimir Vincent a singularly thoughtful, serious, and taciturn man.

When the war with Germany broke out, M. Vincent shared the fever of patriotism which took possession of all France. From morning to night he read the papers; drew up plans for the campaign, and discussed the conditions which should be imposed upon the vanquished enemy. He had recovered the enthusiasm of his youth, and took the liveliest interest in all the burning questions of the day.

The first defeats produced a sort of stupefaction, though they did not shake his confidence.

"We will take our revenge," he said: "and we to the northern invaders who have dared to pollute the sacred soil of France!"

But after the disasters of Forbach and Reichschoffen, after the bloody battles of Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, came the fearful news of the catastrophe of Sedan; and then, one following another, resounded the terrible blows under which France was crushed by the fortune of war; Strasbourg, Metz, Paris, fell into the power of the enemy. Whole armies were annihilated or led into captivity; new armies were raised, and were overtaken by the same fate; the northern and eastern provinces of France were like a vast cemetery, drenched with the noblest blood of the country. In the south, in the neighbourhood of Lunel, there was fury or despair, and in some cases a still more harrowing feeling or resignation. Casimir Vincent went about his business with the air of a ghost, and his dumb, pent-up sorrow was pitiful to witness. Still just as before the war, he never failed to go every morning to the *Mas*, and to show himself twice a-day at the club.

After peace had been concluded, everything resumed its accustomed aspect, in the little town which was far removed from the seat of military events. Vincent, who had sustained no loss of fortune or of position, appeared almost to have forgotten the misfortune which had befallen his country. He scarcely ever spoke of the war, and never joined in the general clamour for revenge which arose on all sides. But he grew daily more gloomy, more sad, more taciturn, till his best friends at last admitted that "old Vincent had become quite impracticable."

Vincent, however, continued to follow the political questions of the day: he subscribed to some of the leading Paris newspapers, and spent the better part of the day reading them.

In October, 1873, when the news spread that the Comte de Chambord was going to ascend the throne of his ancestors, the old Legitimist had a last burst of enthusiasm.

"I would die happy," he said, "if it were given to me to see Henry V. at the head of the country."

The letter by which the Comte de Chambord annihilated the hopes of the so-called "fusionists" caused the banker a great shock.

"The king is right," he said; "he is always right; but what can be said of a country where the foremost citizens dare to propose to their legitimate sovereign to attain, by devious and crooked paths, the throne which God himself gave him? Poor France!"

René Sabatier, who had always been a favourite with the banker, and who in his turn, felt a real affection for him, became anxious at last, seeing him so completely dispirited. One night he accompanied him home, and took advantage of the opportunity to question his old friend on his sadness.

"You are not well. You seem tired. What is the matter? Why do you not consult the doctor?"

"The doctor can do nothing for me," replied Vincent. "I am bored, that's all."

"Travel; try a change."

"I am as well at Lunel as I should be anywhere else. Here, at least, I am surrounded by well-known faces, and I have my regular occupations, which make the days seem less insupportably long."

"Go to Paris. It is my dream to go there. Ah! if I were rich and free like you I would start this very night."

"Paris! Thanks for the advice! No! anywhere rather than there! Paris is the ruin of France! Paris is the birthplace of the evils of which we are all dying! The Revolution, the Empire, the war, the Commune, all came from Paris! Paris has killed France! Curse it!"

"Softly, softly, *Papa Vincent*," replied Sabatier; "do not fly into such a passion. Whatever you may say, Paris is the finest town in the world. Paris has its vices, I admit; but its brilliant qualities make it the capital of civilization."

"Pray, spare me your Victor Hugo phrases! Yes, Paris is verily the most civilized town in the world, if by civilization you mean the reverse of all that is natural and true. Shall I tell you what you, a provincial stranger, will find in Paris? The first tailors and the first shoemakers in the world; the best hair-dressers and fencing-masters; the greatest coquettes and the most profligate women; the most cheating hotel-keepers, the most selfish politicians, and the most wonderful actors. That is all you, as a stranger, will see; as to the Paris of work and self-denial, it will be hidden from you. The honest folks of Paris—and, thank Heaven! there are some left—do not frequent the places where you go to seek excitement and see sights. Busy with such work, and ashamed of the enervating pleasures that strangers rush to so greedily, they know how to respect their mourning country. Their houses would be closed to you, nor would they be thrown open to me. No, no, I will not go to Paris. Lunel is a dull town, I confess; I am weary of the life I lead here; it weighs me down, and I long to have done with it: still, I prefer it to life in Paris."

He paused for a minute and bent his head as if he were absorbed in painful reflections, then he resumed slowly in a low voice, as though, he were speaking to himself, "Ay, indeed, life in Lunel is dull and colourless... Life in Paris is repugnant to me... Life is unbearable everywhere in France... Formerly it was not so, and life then had an object; men lived, men died at least for something. But what can I do now? Fold my arms, and impotently witness the ruin of my country... All is going, perishing, falling to pieces, and I am but a weak old man."

A long silence followed, which Sabatier dared not break till the two friends reached the banker's door.

"Monsieur Vincent," Sabatier then said, in a respectful tone, "I wish you good night; try and sleep well."

"Good night, my dear René," said the old man. He was holding the door still ajar, when he suddenly turned round and said abruptly to the young man—

"How old are you?"

"I am four-and-twenty."

"Well, follow the advice of an old bachelor: marry. A life full of cares is better than a life which is utterly void. Woe to the man who is alone in the world!... Take a wife... Solitude begets unwholesome thoughts... Good-night Sabatier!"

The next day Vincent appeared at the usual hour at the *café de l'Esplanade*, and in a few minutes he was seated opposite Sabatier, apparently absorbed in the intricacies of a game of piquet.

"You have just thrown away ninety," remarked Sabatier.

"Have I?" said Vincent. He took up the cards he had discarded, looked at them, and said quietly, "You are right; here is my knave of clubs."

There was another deal.

"Why what is the matter with you to-day?" cried Sabatier. "You have not reckoned your quint."

"You are right again, young man," said the banker; "I had forgotten it. I do not know what I am thinking of." So saying, he pushed away the cards.

"Go and play with Coulé," he added; "it amuses me no longer."

He got up and placed himself near another table where two other men were playing. Old Vidal came up and proposed a game of bezique. Vincent assented willingly, and they seated themselves at a vacant table. Vincent won the game.

"Bezique is child's play," he said; "I prefer piquet." He got up and apologized for not going on. "I will give you your revenge to-morrow," he said. He remained half an hour longer in the club-room, going from one group to another, and exchanging a few brief sentences with his friends; but he went home somewhat earlier than usual. No sooner had he left the room than every one began to talk about him.

"Old Vincent looks very ill. What is the matter with him?"

"He did not know his cards, and threw out his best. I never saw him like that."

"How are his affairs? Are they all right?"

"That they are. He bought largely into the funds only last week."

"Then, what ails him?"

"Nothing—he is bored."

"Has he ever been anything else for the last thirty years?"

"No. But apparently he has found out at last that it is not amusing to be bored."

While remarks were being exchanged at the club, Vincent was walking slowly homewards. More than once he stopped on his way, and stood plunged in deep thought, stroking his chin the while as was his wont. Once he took off his hat, brushed his hair back with a slow and regular movement, and then pressed his hand on his temple as though he had felt a sharp and sudden pain. His cravat seemed to choke him; once or twice he passed his finger between his throat and his shirt-collar, and breathed hard like a man who has been making some violent effort.

On entering his apartment he found everything in its accustomed place; there was the lamp, and beside it the papers and a few letters. He glanced at these; and recognizing the writing on the addresses, laid them aside without opening them. Even the papers had not the power to interest him; he opened one, and after looking through the leading article he crumpled it up in his hand and threw it on the ground.

"Always the same twaddle!" he exclaimed. The clock of a neighbouring church struck eleven. Vincent took up a candlestick and went into his bedroom. As he stood before the chimney his eyes fell on the large mirror. He remained motionless and gazed long at his own image; it was that of an old man, bent under the weight of years, with a yellow, shrivelled-up face, dim eyes, and a despondent countenance.

"I never would have believed," he said, speaking very slowly, "that a life as long as mine could have been so joyless. To eat, to drink, to sleep, to read letters and newspapers, to shuffle and deal out cards, to be of no use for anything or to anybody, to care for nothing, to care for nobody, and to be bored."

He walked up to the open window and looked out into the spring. Above were the cloudless, starry heavens—below, the old plane-trees seemed to slumber: a solemn silence reigned all around.

"What fearful silence!" he said; "a death-like silence... without and within myself." He shuddered and closed the window.

The next morning he went as usual to the *Mas de Vincent*. The *pairie* came out to meet him at the gate.

"A fine morning, Monsieur Vincent. I hope I see you well. We could not wish for better. If Providence only sends us a little rain, and we have no frost or hail, this year's crop will be splendid."

"We have no reason to complain," replied Vincent; the *Mas* has always made a capital return."

"Ah, you are a fortunate man, sir. All you touch seems to turn to gold. The *Mas* is worth double what it was in your father's time. One may indeed call you a fortunate man."

When, half an hour later, Vincent was driving back in his *cabriolet*, he more than once repeated to himself, "Yes, yes, I am a fortunate man." But his countenance was not that of a fortunate man.

He scarcely tasted his breakfast; at dinner, he ate little or nothing. His old servant, Martha, became anxious, and inquired if her master was ill.

"No, I am not ill, but I have no appetite. To-morrow I will be better."

At the club he refused to play. As on the preceding evening, he wandered from one table to the other, looking on and stroking his chin without saying a word.

"Why don't you play?" inquired Sabatier. "I have played piquet thirty years long. Is it very surprising that I should be weary of the game?"

"Play bezique."

"Bezique is child's play."

"Whist, then?"

"I don't know whist."

"You will learn."

"I am too old."

"Oh, *Papa Vincent*, you are hard to please to-night."

"Very hard to please, verily. It is of course unconscionable to expect from life something more than the pleasure of playing cards for half-penny points."

Sabatier did not reply, and at the end of an hour Vincent left the club without having exchanged another word.

When he reached his own door, he stood irresolute, and looked right and left as though he expected somebody. He whistled softly, and, as on the previous day, took off his hat to press his hand upon his forehead. At that moment a poor beggar-woman, with a child in her arms, went by.

"For God's sake, my good gentleman," she said, in a supplicating tone, "give me something for this poor child!"

Vincent drew out his purse, and looked into it for an instant, as though he were searching for small coin. Finding none, he took a five-franc piece and gave it to the woman.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, almost in a tone of fear. "How can I thank you, sir? May God preserve you and yours, and return to you in blessings what you have done for me!"

She moved on, and Vincent's eyes followed her. "Halloa! here, woman!" he called out, abruptly.

The beggar-woman looked round and hesitated. She feared to turn back lest the banker should have made a mistake and wish to take back his alms.

"Come back, I say," repeated Vincent. "No

one wants to harm you; on the contrary. But make haste; I have no time to lose."

The poor woman came up.

"Here," said Vincent, "take all," and poured the contents of his purse into her hand. The woman was struck dumb with surprise for a few seconds. When she recovered her speech, and began to stammer forth her thanks, Vincent had disappeared.

Guerre, the coachman, had been waiting more than an hour. At last he grew impatient.

"Martha?" he cried, "is not Monsieur up? It is nearly eight."

The servant went to the kitchen door and glanced up at the bed-room windows. The curtains were still drawn.

"This is very strange," she said, "for Monsieur always gets up at six. I'll go up and see what has happened."

In a few minutes she came down again, seared, pale, and trembling.

"Guerre," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "come quick. Our master—" She could say no more, but the old coachman understood that some misfortune had happened. He came into the house and ran up-stairs as fast as his old legs would carry him. Martha followed. The two servants stopped at the entrance of the sitting-room, and Martha pointed silently to the bedroom door. Guerre went in with faltering steps.

The bright sunshine lighted up the room in spite of the curtains and the blinds. On the table stood two candlesticks, in which the lights had burned down to the sockets. Between them, placed so as to catch the eye at once, Guerre saw a paper, on which a few lines were written; and in front of the hearth, lying in a pool of blood, the corpse of Casimir Vincent. Guerre picked up an open razor, smeared with blood, and placed it, with a shudder, on the table. He then took up the paper, which he had noticed on entering the room, and read as follows:

"Weary of life, I have sought death. My affairs are in good order. My will is in the hands of M. Vidal, the notary."

"CASIMIR VINCENT."

The funeral took place quietly the next day. All the members of the "Cercle de l'Esplanade" attended.

A portion of the banker's wealth went to distant relatives. René Sabatier, however, had a large legacy, and a still more considerable sum was bequeathed to the town of Lunel for the foundation of a charitable institution. The clergy offered no opposition to the burial of the suicide in consecrated ground; and René Sabatier, remembering the last remarks of his unhappy friend, caused a stone to be placed on his grave, with the following inscription:—

"A MAN, WEARY OF LIFE,
HAS SOUGHT REPOSE HERE;
PRAY FOR HIM!"

THE GLEANER.

EX-EMPERESS EUGENIE will spend part of the summer in England, which place she will reach at the end of this month, after her visit to Madrid.

PRINCE ARTHUR, of England, who wears the title of the Duke of Connaught, is betrothed in marriage to Lady Rosamond Jane Frances, second daughter of the Duke of Marlborough.

COUNT BERTI, the Austrian Ambassador, speaking at the annual banquet of the German Hospital in London, remarked that the English army was the only European army which during the present century never suffered a defeat. What about New Orleans?

HUMOROUS.

MUCH of the charity that begins at home is too feeble to get out of doors.

IT is cruel to wink your eyes with satisfaction when you give a blind beggar the wrong direction to a savings' bank.

WHEN two newspaper men dine together they always look at each other in hope of finding out which has got the money.

DOX'T neglect your penmanship. A man in New York got \$64,000 from a banker for being a good writer. It is not yet known how many years he will get.

EXPERIENCE teaches us how to do many things, but when a man sits down on a bent pin experience has to take a back seat, while instinct comes to the front.

WOMEN make good lawyers. When a man goes home without a smile and as he tackles cold corn beef and cabbage on the night of washday he is always cross-questioned.

MR. GLADSTONE'S physician has forbidden him to work so hard and continually as he has done of late years, and actually urged him to restrict himself to the labor of six ordinary Englishmen.

IT is interesting to sit in a flour store now as the proprietor receives a dispatch, and yells, "They're a throwing shells acrossgrassacornallicbzdcheffinvarina. an' some one is goin' to get hurt. Turn out all hands and mark every dang'd bar'up half a dollar."

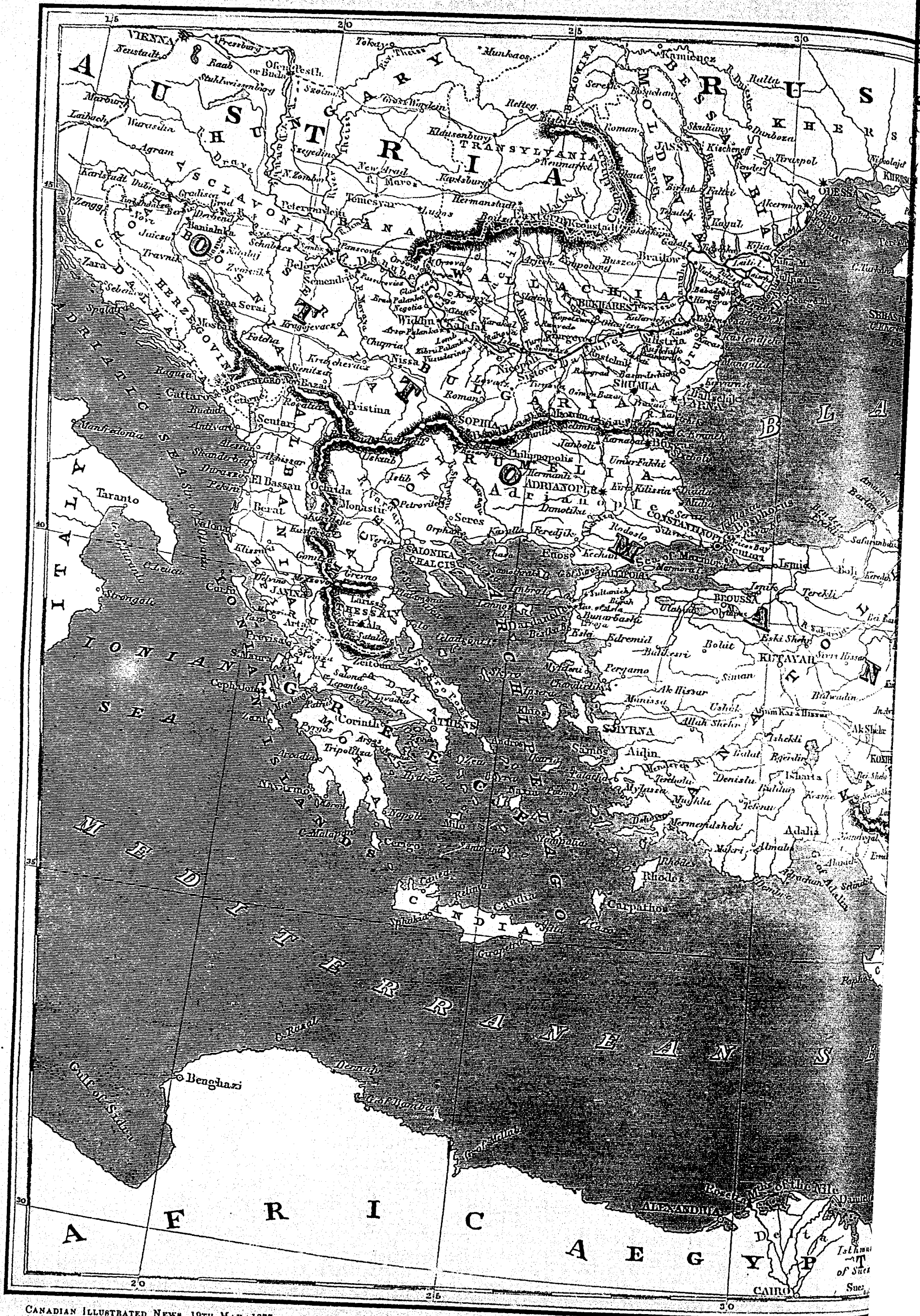
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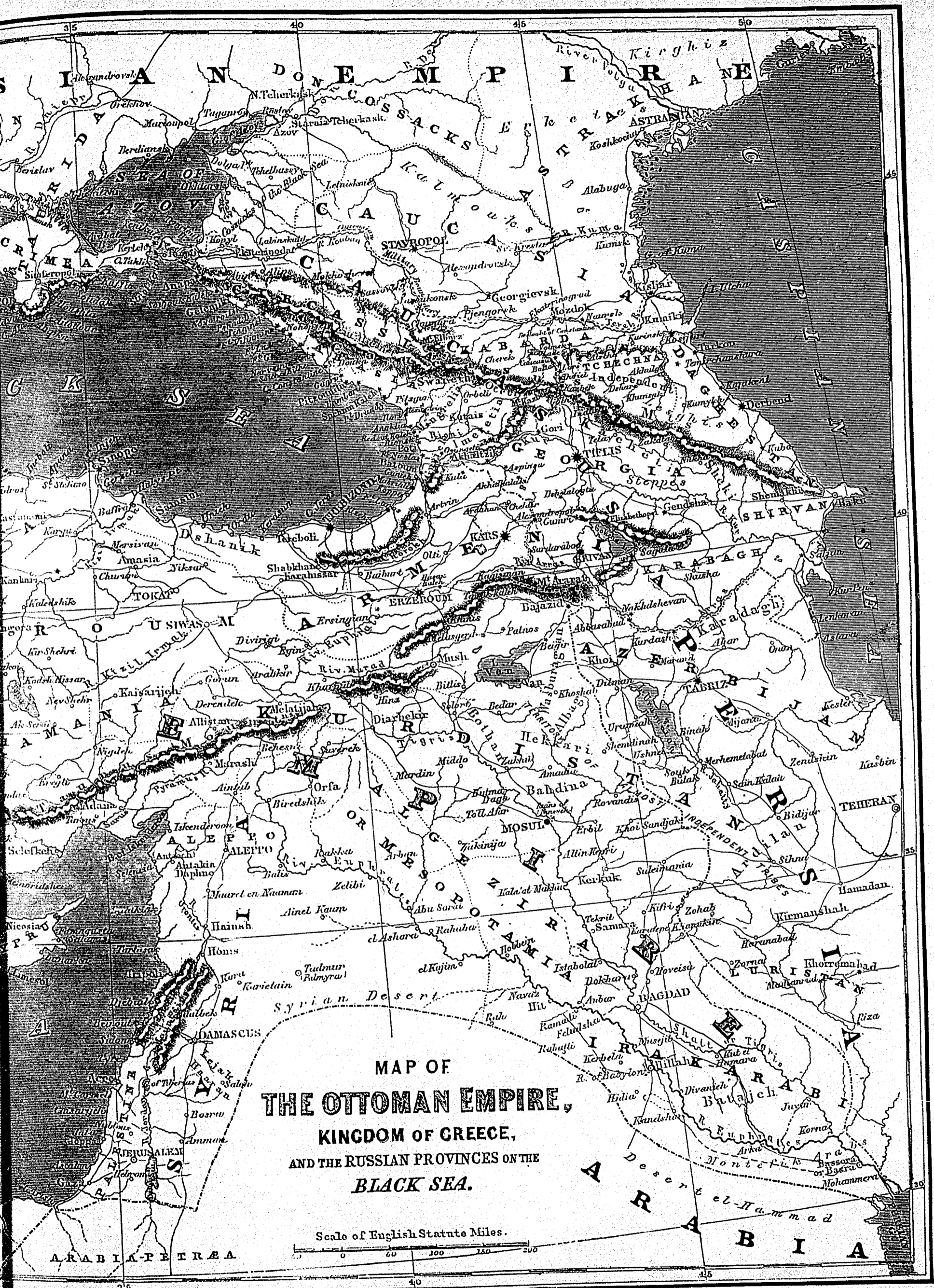
A NEW DISCOVERY in Medicine which supplies to the system the waste caused by disease or by excesses of any kind. It is composed of Calisaya and the

OZONIC COMPOUNDS OF PHOSPHORUS,

and for building up the constitution is unequalled. It has been prescribed for NERVOUS DEBILITY, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM and LUNG DISEASES with great success.

Sold by all Druggists. Further particulars on apply to EVANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.





MAP OF
THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE,
KINGDOM OF GREECE,
AND THE RUSSIAN PROVINCES ON THE
BLACK SEA.

Scale of English Statute Miles.
0 50 100 150 200

THE PROGRESS OF PRINTING MACHINERY.

The introduction of printing into England, by Caxton, was the opening of a revolution in the world's history second in magnitude only to the advent of the Messiah. It unbound the chains which had fettered the intelligence of men and prepared the way for a complete changing of the face of the world. From the moment the communication of thought and knowledge was multiplied there began a searching after truth which produced the mightiest results. It was the precursor of human freedom and the assertion of right; before its influence the creations of darkness were swept away, and nations began to struggle onward into emancipation. That such a momentous event should be celebrated on its four hundredth anniversary with all the enthusiasm which those who partake of its latest fruits can bring to its recognition is but right and proper, and it is with infinite pleasure that we signalize the movement in this direction which has been inaugurated in Montreal.

He who, taking up the black letter tome of the Caxtonian era, prepared so slowly, with so much toil, and comparing it with an edition de luxe of the present day, is wont perhaps to smile at the wonder, almost awe, with which our far-away ancestors looked upon the printed book. And when he examines a sketch of the rude wooden presses of Gutenberg and Fust, -- machines that underwent little improvement until the middle of last century -- and then turns to watch the thunderous movement of their untiring successors of to-day, he is apt to think that the early printers must have been people of easy contentment with cumbersome appliances. Large bodies move slowly, generally, and great revolutions, though they may find a sudden outburst, are the growth of slowly formed principles and convictions. The world whirled on for thousands of years content with manual writing, and, indeed at one time making very considerable use of it in journalism. The newspaper is by no means an invention of the modern day. The *Acta Diurna*, the manuscript newspapers of Rome, were the prototype of the largest blanket sheets of the present. They recorded remarkable events, gave the details of fires, executions, public debates and campaigns. We hear from the Chinese that they, even, anticipated the Romans, and that the journal founded two thousand years ago is still in existence, with as large a subscription list as it enjoyed when its enterprising founder started it in the era of Ezekiel. The Roman journalists were the first short hand reporters, and in this respect they most undoubtedly claim precedence.

Hardly had printing been discovered than the newspaper appeared. It was one of the first signals of mental emancipation after the bondage of the dark ages. Authorities differ very widely as to the town entitled to premier honour as having been the mother of journalism, but it seems to be pretty well established that to "Nuremberg the ancient" must be accorded the palm. There is trustworthy reason for asserting that the *Gazette* was established as early as 1457, five years after Peter Schöffer cast the first metal type in matrices (1). Nuremberg also gave birth to the first weekly sheet, in the sixteenth century. It bore the short and pleasant title of the *Neue Zeitung aus Hispanien und Italien*. Close following upon its heels came the *Chronicle of Cologne*.

Daily journalism is also traced back to Germany. In 1615 appeared *Der Frankfurter Oberpostamt's Zeitung*, the first morning newspaper in the world, a paper, be it said, still flourishing with unimpaired vigor in the city of Frankfurt. It may be described as the pioneer of that mighty movement which has revolutionized the world by the force of opinion, and taught mankind the power of concentrated thought. The fifth newspaper in the world appeared in England in 1622. It was entitled the *Weekly News*, and had a long and prosperous life. The *English Mercury*, as was shown long ago, was a clever forgery. There was no daily paper in England, however, for 78 years later, when in the reign of easy-going Queen Anne the daily *Courant* was established. Half a century later France saw her daily paper founded in the *Journal de Paris*, or *Poste du Soir*. In 1764, the *Quebec Gazette* was founded, and in 1783, the *Montreal Gazette*. The first daily paper in the United States was published in Philadelphia in 1784, under the name of the *American Daily Advertiser*, but Boston must be accredited with

being the birth-place of American journalism, as the *Publick Occurrences* was established there by Benjamin Harris in 1690. It is not meant that this paper shall enter upon a history of journalism as it rose from the weakness of its initiatory days to the proud position it occupies at the present time. We have to deal more especially with the mechanical appliances now in vogue in bringing out the mighty daily editions of the sheets enjoying wide circulation and, in consequence, commanding immense influence.

Until the middle of the last century printers were content to use the clumsiest of presses and the rudest material. They had not thought of improving upon the machinery that the discoverers of printing had left them, and as a consequence work was slow, though certain. The press of Benjamin Franklin suggests the speed at which the printers of his age worked. They laboured with earnestness and steadiness; they had primitive appliances but they had also primitive faith and enthusiasm, elements serving them to efforts which their comparatively resourceless position stamp as herculean. The hand press was pulled incessantly and the newspaper produced at large intellectual and money cost, until steam was brought into requisition, in 1814, and the types were made to perform their appointed duty with a rapidity suited to the demands of the time.

Strange to say the first opposition to the introduction of steam came from the printers themselves. Mr. Walter father of the present owner of the *Times* had had the first press of what may be termed the modern era secretly constructed, and all arrangements made without his workmen having any knowledge of his proceedings, for he anticipated resistance. When, early in the present century he issued the *Times* from a steam-impelled press, the new

was the outgrowth of the ideas of many thinkers and experimenters. Five years before Hoe patented the machine an English printer, David Morrison, had caught the idea. The principle of rotation was proposed by Nicholson, but he could not get over the difficulty of fixing the types on the revolving cylinder. He conceived the idea of wedge-shaped type, but this was found impracticable. Stereotyping was in a primitive condition in those days, or Nicholson might have antedated Hoe.

The principle of the Hoe Rotary machine is simple enough when understood. Each page of the paper is "locked up" in a detached segment of a large central cylinder or drum. The column rules were in the form of a wedge, held to the bed, which was known as the "turtle," by tongues projecting at intervals along their length, slid into rebated grooves, and as the thin part was directed toward the axes of the cylinder, the type was held securely in the form no matter how rapid might be the revolutions of the drum. The principle, that of the arch held together by the keystone, was a beautiful and ingenious one, which earned its discoverer fame and fortune.

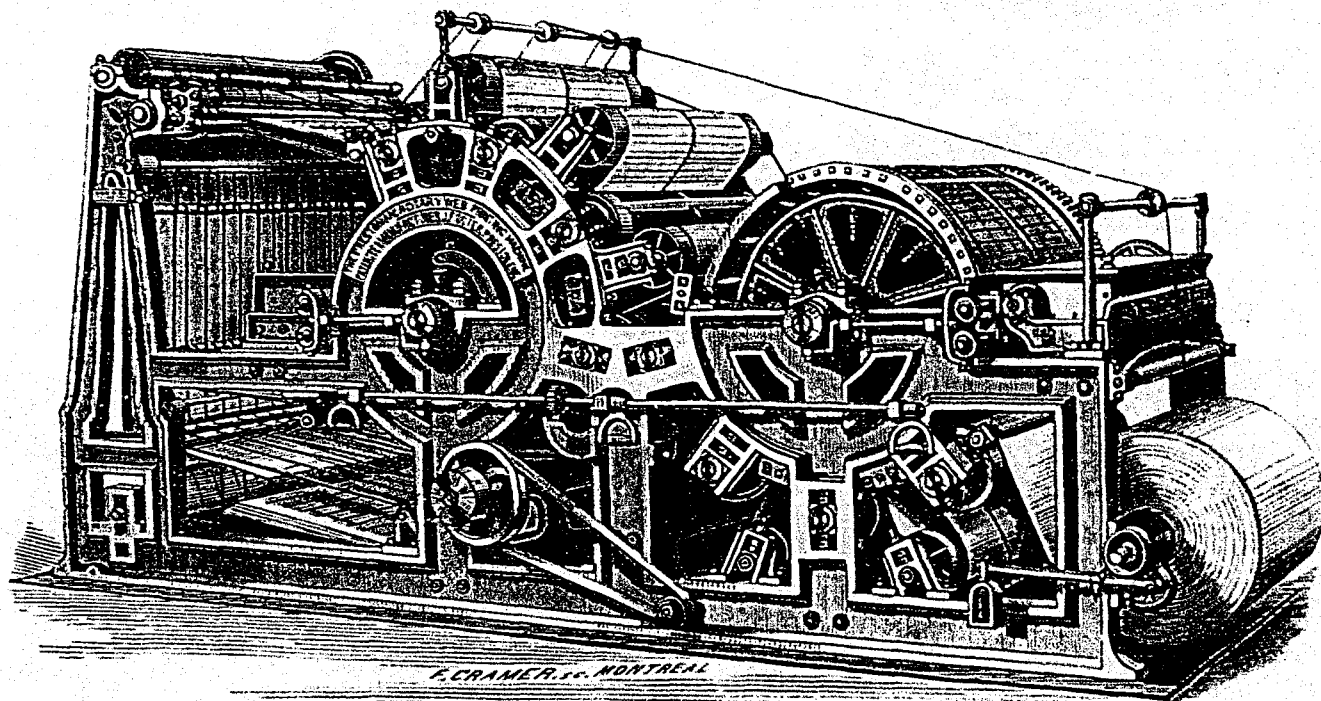
The type fitted in these "turtles" occupied a segment of about one-fourth of the large central cylinder, the remainder of whose surface was used for the distribution of ink. Around the main cylinder, and parallel with it are placed smaller impression cylinders, varying in number from four to ten, according to the size of the machine. A ten cylinder press is as large as -- say an average cottage. The large cylinder being put in motion, the type is carried in succession to all the impression cylinders, to which sheets of paper are fed by hand; these cylinders carry the paper to the printing surface and the printed sheets are immediately carried by tapes to self-

acting flyers which deposit them in piles at cylinder presses, or about £3,000 per annum, and this outlay, with the allowance for wear and tear, and the interest upon original cost was found to be enormous, and the great publishers began to cast about for something newer and more economical.

A rich field was now opened up to inventors, and on both sides of the Atlantic intense activity was displayed. As early as 1862 the *London Times*, with characteristic energy set about solving the new problem in printing. The stereotyping process had been brought to perfection by its engineers and they saw that the multiplication of forms was not the ultimate goal of rapid printing; it was patent to them that the old process of feeding sheets by hand, and printing only one side at a time must give way to a speedier and more thorough method. The idea of using paper from the web, as long practised in calico printing, presented itself almost naturally, and steps were taken at once by Mr. Walter, aided by Mr. Macdonald, the manager, and Mr. Calverly the chief engineer of the *Times* to convert a long cherished wish into an actual realization. Four years of labour produced the "Walter Machine," which, at one operation damped, printed on both sides, cut and delivered in sheets, copies of the *Times* at a speed exceeding that attained by the Hoe Machine. The paper was taken from a continuous roll hung at the end of the machine, and the printing accomplished from stereotype plates curved and fixed to the surfaces of cylinders, against which the paper was pressed by "impression cylinders," by a variety of beautiful mechanical processes.

This invention, in its wonderful completeness, took the printing world by storm. Before it Hoe's process faded completely; a single glance at the working of the Walter showed that the supremacy of the Rotary Press had passed away for ever, and, indeed, that already it was practically antiquated. The great journals which had been among the first to adopt the ten feeders discarded them in favor of the new giant, -- in work, not in size -- which had just been born. The Walter press laboured under grave defects, also, as was discovered after a time, especially was the damping apparatus unsatisfactory for a long time. The novelty of the method of printing had naturally a good deal to do with hitches in working, which kept many credulous of its real practical utility. Meanwhile the experiments of others had borne fruit. Almost simultaneously with the introduction of the Walter Machine, the Bullock press, an American invention was announced. Indeed the American press claims precedence as a self-feeder, but the point is not worth discussing. It is essentially different in principle from the Walter in that the paper is cut from the roll before passing to the printing cylinders, and there are no tapes connected with it. The printing is accomplished from stereotype plates, and the perfected sheets are turned out at the rate of 10,000 an hour. The merits claimed for the Bullock (whose inventor was killed accidentally while testing one of his first machines) are compactness, simplicity and effectiveness. It has been found that the cutting of the sheet before printing, and the necessity of having grippers to each of the cylinders is a source of occasional derangement and delay.

Fast following upon the Bullock came the "Victory" machine, and the "Northumbrian," in England, constructed on principles differing from the Walter, but accomplishing the same result. The "Victory" press was the first to combine folding arrangements. In the latest improvements to the Walter the papers are folded by an attachment as rapidly as they are printed. These are the most prominent of English fast machines printing from stereotype plates alone. France, however, claims to have been equally forward with England in the matter of web-printing. Derriey's machine, a beautiful piece of mechanism, was patented in 1866, and in 1868 the *Petit Moniteur* was printed from it, but as the stamp laws of France did not permit of printing paper in the web, it had to be thrown out. This press now prints the *Imparcial* of Madrid, but it has been transformed into a hand-fed machine. The enormous circulation of some of the Parisian papers, particularly the *Petit Journal* and *Petit Moniteur*, the former of which surpasses the *Daily Telegraph*, necessitated improved arrangements. After the war, though the newspaper stamp was increased, printing from the web was not prohibited under the Empire, and so French inventive genius had an opportunity of working. Derriey's machine came into use again on the *Petit Moniteur*, of which it printed enormous editions with ease. The *Imprimerie Nationale* adopted the machine, and it is now in many continental establishments. The celebrated press builder Marinoni followed with a machine which is a marvel of compactness, speed, efficiency



THE NEW STYLE, AUTOMATIC.

departure was hailed as one of the most imposing magnificence of conception, while the speed of work, *seven hundred copies per hour*, was regarded as transcendently marvellous. The hand press workmen saw their occupation gone, and, of course, rebelled against the new order of things as vigorously as they could, but eventually the *Times* process began to be generally adopted. The steam cylinder press sufficed for the wants of journalism in England so long as the Government levied a heavy stamp duty upon newspapers, and a tax upon advertisements. The newspaper was long a luxury and beyond the reach of the masses, but it was doing its work and with the spread of intelligence came the emancipation of the press. Little by little were concessions forced from successive Governments, until the last restriction was swept away, and the penny newspaper rose to commence its mission of the diffusion of intelligence. As papers became cheap their circulations began to expand, until it was found that the appliances at the command of publishers were utterly inadequate to supply the public. The *Times*, always in the van, eagerly seizing every new idea tending to rapidity of production aided largely in the development of mechanical ingenuity applied to printing. The enterprise displayed by this establishment has been the wonder of the age, and justly. It would weary the reader to detail the various efforts of the *Times* proprietor to obtain rapidity and cleanliness of production with economy of labour, or the number of machines that from time to time occupied the attention of advanced printers. Suffice it to say that American skill produced, when the century was about half through, a printing machine that revolutionized the systems in vogue, and created a completely new school in the mechanics of printing. Hoe, with the rotary press apparently solved the problem which had long baffled the most expert of European machinists, and his invention was received with unbounded applause.

Like all great inventions, the Rotary Press

either end of the machine. The ink is supplied from a well under the main cylinder, and conveyed by rollers to the distributing surface, whence it passes to the type.

Each impression cylinder requires a hand to feed it, and as the feeding is done from both sides of the press, right handed and left handed operatives are necessary. Feeding is far from the easy, simple work it appears to be to the uninitiated.

For a long time the Hoe press stood without a rival. It was looked upon as the perfection of machines, and every newspaper of large circulation in England and the United States adopted it. So important did the proprietors of the *Times* consider it that, no less an engineer than Sir Joseph Whitworth was engaged to erect it, and he declared it to be one of the finest pieces of machinery he had ever inspected. It was in the *Times* office that a new species of stereotyping suitable to this machine was perfected, and thus the production of newspapers rendered possible of infinite expansion. As time went on competition increased, the expenses of journalism multiplied, and it became evident that there were objections connected with the Hoe machine of a very serious character. The press printed only one side of the sheet at once, and as the principle of "perfecting" had been discovered this was found to be a disadvantage. To gain more power more machines were required, necessitating a heavy outlay of capital. The number of hands required to work the machinery is very great. An eight feeder Hoe press will require a hand at each board, several more to carry off the sheets to the folding machines, and supply them with fresh sheets. In the event of any one hand stopping, all the rest have to stop, a defect of the most serious nature where circulation is large and immediate delivery an object of life and death. Another heavy objection is the cost. It would cost in Montreal not less than \$115 per week to keep an eight cylinder press going. In some of the English offices it used to cost £50 to £60 per week to run ten

(1) Hudson.

and cheapness. It is being rapidly adopted in England. The *Weekly Despatch* and *Obanone Citizen*, the *Globe* and *Wickly Times*, and the *York Herald* all have Marinoni presses. In Paris *Le Figaro*, *Le Rappel*, *L'Estafette* and *L'Ere-nement* are indebted to M. Marinoni's invention for their impressions. In the United States, Hoe, determined to keep up with the movement of the times, produced a web-feeding perfecting press with folding attachment, which has commanded much attention. It is a beautiful piece of machinery, and has already made a foot-hold in England, where his old six, eight and ten cylinder rotary presses have been discarded, and, indeed, may be purchased for the value of the metal. The latest American press is the Campbell. It is said to do excellent work, but it has not yet been competently tested.

While inventors had thus been paying almost exclusive attention to machines intended to print from stereo-plates, it was apparent that there was a great want to be filled in the production of a perfecting machine that would turn out the sheets directly from the types. All the presses we have enumerated require as adjuncts to the establishments in which they are used costly stereo-apparatus, and while to journals like the *Times*, *Telegraph* or *New York Sun* and *Herald* the advantage of multiplying the forms is of immense importance, stereotyping offers no advantages to papers having a circulation under 25,000 that compensate for the necessity of having to use immovable type. And with afternoon newspapers issuing several consecutive editions, the breaking of the form every two hours to insert new matter precludes any possibility of using stereotyped plates. From the small size of the type cylinders and the sharp-

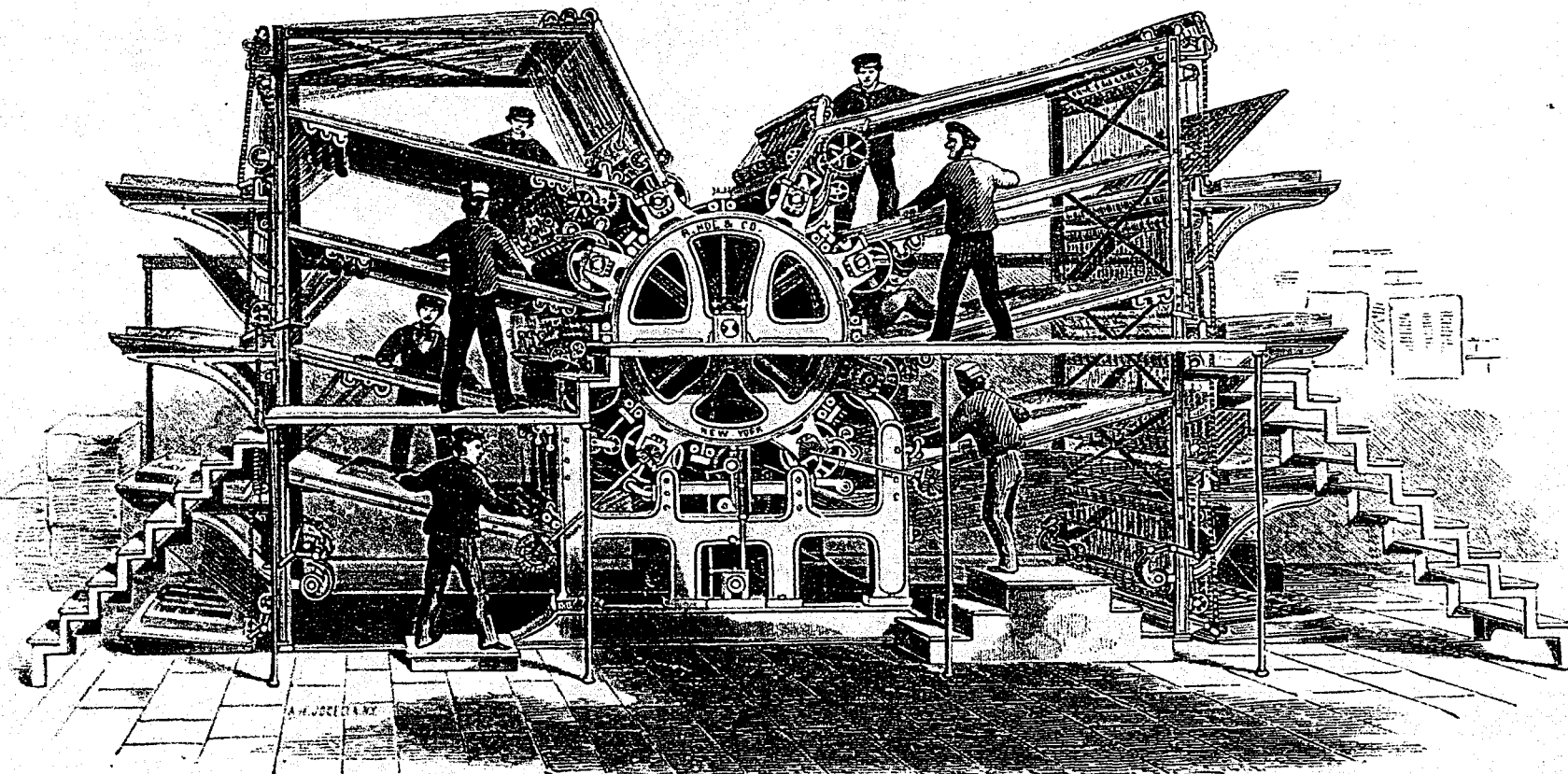
ed. Suddenly doors fly open, a great mass of metal is rapidly wheeled over the floor on a carriage. It is the turtle, weighing about 400 lbs., this is immediately seized by the foreman and two assistants, who trice it up with a block and tackle, and place it upon the drum nearest the cutting-gear. In less than half a minute the turtle is clamped to the drum as securely as if it were a solid part of the machine, the pressman is down from the board and turning the handles, while an assistant stands at the "fly" to take the first two or three sheets from the tapes. Then with a grumble and a shriek, the whole mass of seventeen tons of machinery starts into impetuous life, and faster than the eye can follow, *Stars* are falling in a stream, printed, cut and perfect. The process may be described, but one requires to see this glorious machine at work to realize its completeness and the majesty of the conception of which it is the con-cretion.

The process is as follows. The roll of paper, from 2 to 3 miles long, and weighing sometimes 400 lbs., is hung at the end of the machine upon a spindle. Its first contact is with an impression cylinder, which prints one page, and, as a carrying cylinder takes it along; a second impression is received, and when the third cylinder has made its impression one side has been printed. Then the web travels to the second drum, which takes the other side of the paper and prints it, with the assistance of course of a series of impression and carrying cylinders which are seen on top of the machine, and are the counterpart of those below. Three perfect impressions have been given, and three papers printed in each single revolution of each drum, and all that remains is the cutting and delivery.

moment the web is hung to the bed and the belt drawn upon the fast pulley it takes care of itself. All it requires is to be fed with paper; that done it requires no assistance. What in the Hoe Rotary press requires to be done by numerous assistants it does by itself, and infinitely better. While the rules for its management are preserved, it knows no caprice, and its working is not dependent upon the caprice of others. It whirls and clanks away until its work is done, and then, with a cheery roar, at a touch it sinks into rest. It will print a thousand papers while you are taking a look at it, and pile them up neatly and expeditiously for the assistants to carry to the busy folding machines in the next room. If you stay long enough you will see an immense edition turned off, folded and distributed, amid a scene of orderly bustle and organized hurry-scurry such as is not to be seen anywhere outside of a well-managed printing office. The printing and delivery departments of the *Star* are studies of human and mechanical activity during the hour in which the last edition of the paper is being put in the hands of the public such as are not often to be met with.

As a matter of economy to publishers of largely circulated papers, the advantage of using a press like the Prestonian is a great consideration, especially as regards manual labour. For the old fashioned Hoe Rotary press, it is necessary that the paper shall be taken from the reams, opened, damped and piled to saturate, then removed and carried to the press. This is work for many hands. The damping of the web for the Prestonian is accomplished by a machine that unwinds the paper, passes it over a zinc cylinder revolving in a trough of water, and reels it up again in condition for printing. All that is required

offensive to those around him. If any disease deserves the name of universal, it is this. Diabetic errors and the follies which Fashion imposes upon us tend to foster and disseminate it. To the pitiful cry of its victims, is there any cure for Catarrh? there is but one answer consistent with Christian reason. God has never sent one evil into the world for which he has not sent the remedy. For the greatest of all spiritual and moral evils, the Great Physician has prescribed a potent and never-failing remedy. He has given explicit rules for the treatment and preservation of the spiritual and moral man, but He is silent in all matters relating to the physical man. It would be an unwarrantable deduction from His beneficent character to suppose that He has afflicted the greater portion of humanity with an incurable disease. The day of plagues is past. The God of Christianity is a God of Love, of Mercy, His message is "good-will to all men." The earth and all contained therein was intended by the great Designer to supply man's wants; and surely he has no greater wants than remedies for his infirmities. Science is man's uttermost need. New medicinal plants are constantly being discovered and new properties developed from those already known. For Catarrh, the most potent remedy yet discovered is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its efficacy has been tested in many thousand cases with uniform success. Cases that had been repeatedly pronounced incurable, readily yielded to it. In confirmed or obstinate cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery should be taken in connection with the use of the Catarrh Remedy. Full particulars in Pierce's Memorandum Books. They are given away by druggists.



THE OLD STYLE, HAND FEEDING.

ness of the curve it is impossible to use type with any of the machines we have mentioned thus far, and had not ingenuity devised a way out of the difficulty the discovery of the web-feeding process would have been of little avail to a number of journals enjoying a large circulation. To meet the difficulty and fill the want, the Prestonian Press was designed by Messrs. Foster, Bond and Toulmin, of Preston, England. The Prestonian is the pioneer among machines of its order, though it has not the prestige of being the first or second among web-feeding machines. It is different in its action from any machine yet invented, and as yet its principle has been unapproached: Its qualities have been demonstrated so favourably that it has in the London *Standard* establishment displaced the Hoe web-feeder, and its claims to superiority from the advantages of speed and efficiency are being widely acknowledged.

The Prestonian, like the "Walter," "Bullock," "Marinoni," and all other perfecting presses, prints from a web, or roll of paper, specially manufactured for newspaper use. The type is secured in turtles, somewhat after the Hoe process, but much simpler, and placed upon two large drums, revolving in opposite directions. The inking is effected by the simple arrangement of rollers taking ink from fountains at either end of the machine. Each drum prints a side of the paper from the type in the turtles, while its surface acts as an ink distributor.

Suppose we stand in the press room of the *Star*, where the only web-feeding press in the Dominion is to be seen, and watch the last, or six o'clock edition being struck off. Everything is very quiet before the "form" is rolled out from the composing room. The pressman sees the rolls of paper in readiness, and, in receiving orders from the manager notes under an automatic indicator how many papers are want-

The long printed ribbon passes through a pair of rollers and is carried by tapes to the cutting cylinders. One of these contains a knife with a saw-like edge, which falls into a groove in an opposite fellow, and as the paper passes, the knife whirls round and makes a complete perforation at each revolution. The *Stars* are rushing through, however, at the rate of ten thousand an hour, and how to deliver and pile this enormous number is a serious question. The machine is prepared to meet this difficulty. The papers are not entirely severed from the web, but by a special arrangement as to speed are taken to a pair of breaking rollers, whence they descend to an oscillating frame work of steel and tape, which swings between two sets of polished rollers. It delivers a paper easily and gracefully to each, and as one passes underneath and is brought up in time to meet the next descending, it is met by its latest coming neighbour. The twin then run along a tape until a self-acting "flyer" falls and deposits them upon the pile. The delivery of the papers in pairs is as novel as beautiful and useful: the frame oscillates so regularly and yet with such irresistible force as to attract the attention of the least interested observer. When the machine is at full speed, clanking forth its messages of intelligence to the world, the perfect sheets are deposited on the delivery board in a perfect shower: the eye cannot follow the motion, though through the roar (for printing is always noisy) one can distinguish the quick fall of the flier, and it is possible to see the figures in the indicator, which automatically and unerringly marks every paper printed, from 0 to 100,000. The machinery of this press, in some parts enormously heavy, is as evenly balanced as the movement of a chronometer. While its velocity is almost inconceivable, it is held in control by a touch, and may be stopped by a touch. In its automatic precision it is startling. From the

is to roll the paper to the machine, and back to the press. Then, as only one side is printed at a time, on the Hoe machine it is necessary that double labour shall be expended in handling the sheets, and, should the supply of "outsides" by any means fall short, there is no means of supplementing them without great sacrifice of time. The web-feeder press prints as many as papers are wanted without any trouble, so long as the forms are on the drums.

For these reasons, which are the weightiest that can be adduced when practical printing is concerned, the Hoe Eight and Ten Cylinder presses have been universally discarded by papers enjoying a large circulation, and web-feeders are being adopted in their place. The Hoes will now gladly sell the old-fashioned presses at the price of old iron, and in establishments conducted upon business principles, they would be extravagantly dear at that.

Of the papers using web-feeders we may cite the following: *London Times*, *Telegraph*, *Standard*, *Daily News*, *Echo*, *Lloyds*, *Post*, *Chronicle*, *Globe*, *Scotsman*, *Glasgow News*, *Liverpool Post*, *Manchester Courier*, *Leeds News*, *Dundee Advertiser*, *Glasgow Mail*, *Edinburgh Courant*, *Freeman's Journal*, *Irish Times*, *Melbourne Age*, *Leeds Mercury*, *Bristol Western Press*, *Petit Journal*, *Petit Moniteur*, *Figaro*, *L'Ere-nement*, *Le Rappel*, *L'Estafette*, *La République Française*, *Paris*, *El Imparcial*, and the *Diario*, *Madrid*, *New York Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times*, *Sun*, *Boston Herald*, *Christian Union*, *Philadelphia Press*, *Times*, *Chicago Times*, and *Tribune*, *New York Witness* and *Montreal Star*.

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Of all loathsome diseases Catarrh stands pre-eminent. It renders its victim as disgusting to himself as to others. And the most humiliating of all is the consciousness that his presence is

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE American telephone instrument, which can transmit sounds of an organ by the electric wire, has failed as yet to make the voices heard.

M. Saint-Saens, the distinguished composer, intends to travel in various countries and to give piano recitals. He has resigned his position as organist of La Madeleine, in Paris.

MR. MAPLESON is said to have secured the greatest tenor of the day, before whom all other aspirants to the mantle of Mario must bow down. The name of this gifted artist is Eugenio de Cabero.

MR. STRAKOSCH intends, it is said, to bring the telephone to England, and to play the first air in England on her Majesty's Birthday, the 24th of May. "God Save the Queen" will be played in Liverpool, and heard in Buckingham Palace.

Les Cloches de Corneville, which has just been brought out at the Folies Dramatiques, is the pleasantest little piece that has been played since *Madame Angot's* daughter warbled her loves and tuned her distresses with such surprising success. The music is by M. Planquette.

AIMEE is as dashing as ever, winks as significantly, but sings better than she ever did. She has become very sedate, however, in a general way. If we are to believe the gossips, it is her diamonds that causes the soberness. She has £100,000 worth of the baubles, which places her in a continual fear lest they be stolen. Those she wears on the stage are paste.

"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Luby's Arisian Hair Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.



CHARLES B. LEWIS.
DETROIT FREE PRESS.



ROBERT J. BURDETTE.
DUBUOQUE (IOWA) HAWKEYE.



STILES T. STANTON.
DUBUOQUE (IOWA) HAWKEYE.



A. K. SWEET.
SAN ANTONIO (TEXAS) HERALD.



E. M. HEWITT.
WONDERER (-ASS-) PRESS.



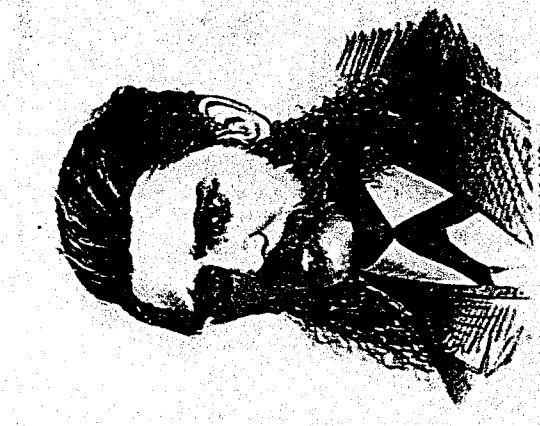
GEORGE L. CATLIN.
NEW YORK COMMERCIAL-ADVERTISER.



ERWIN WOOD.
CHICAGO JOURNAL.



S. W. SMALL ("OLD M.")
ATLANTA (GA.) CONSTITUTION.



J. H. WILLIAMS.
ROCKFORD (ILL.) HERALD.



GEORGE F. HABBITT.
ROCKFORD POST.



ISAAC M. GREGORY.
ROCKFORD DEMOCRAT.



NATHANIEL BURBANK.
NEW ORLEANS TRIBUNE.



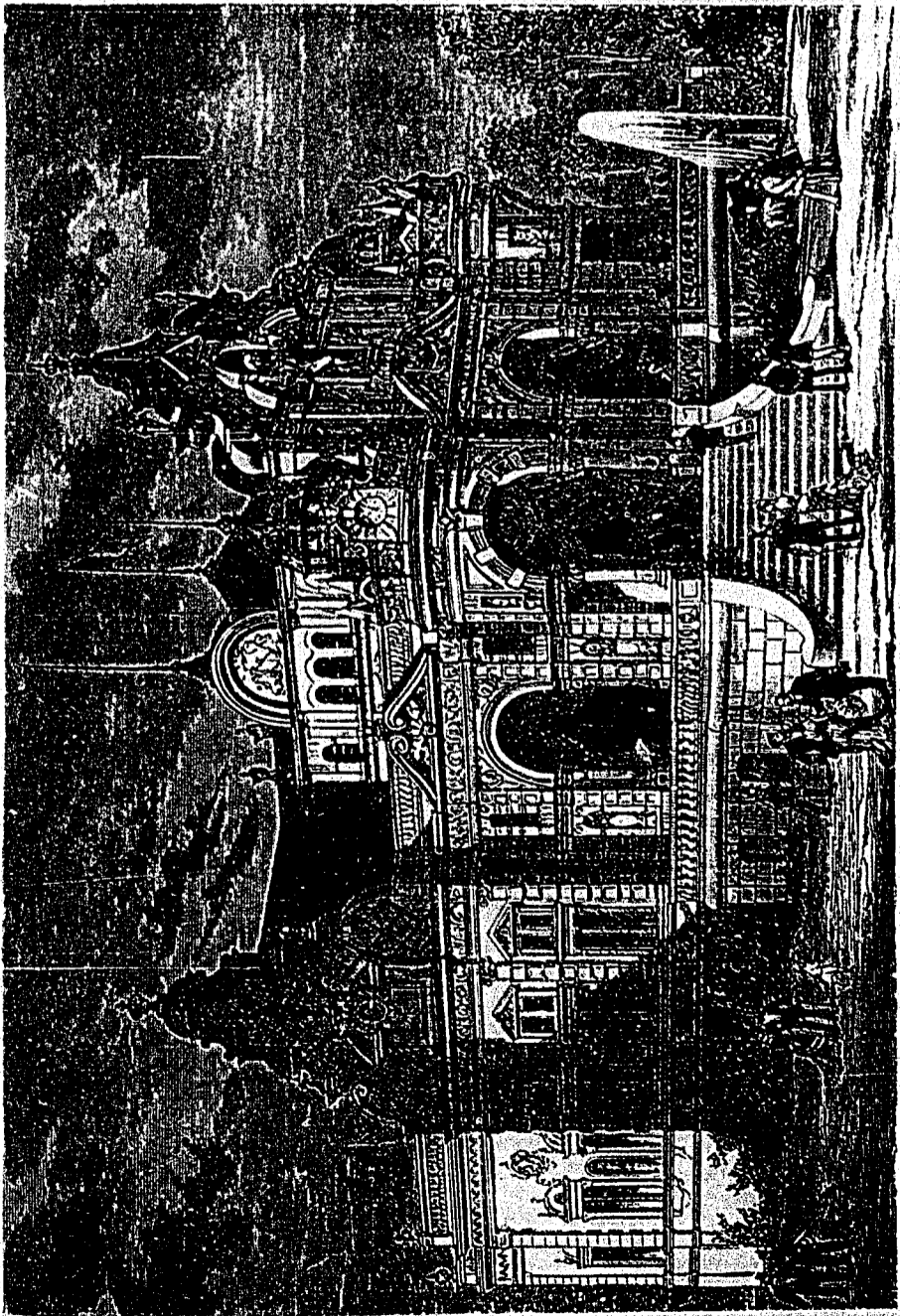
CHARLES H. CLARK ("MAX ADLER")
PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN.



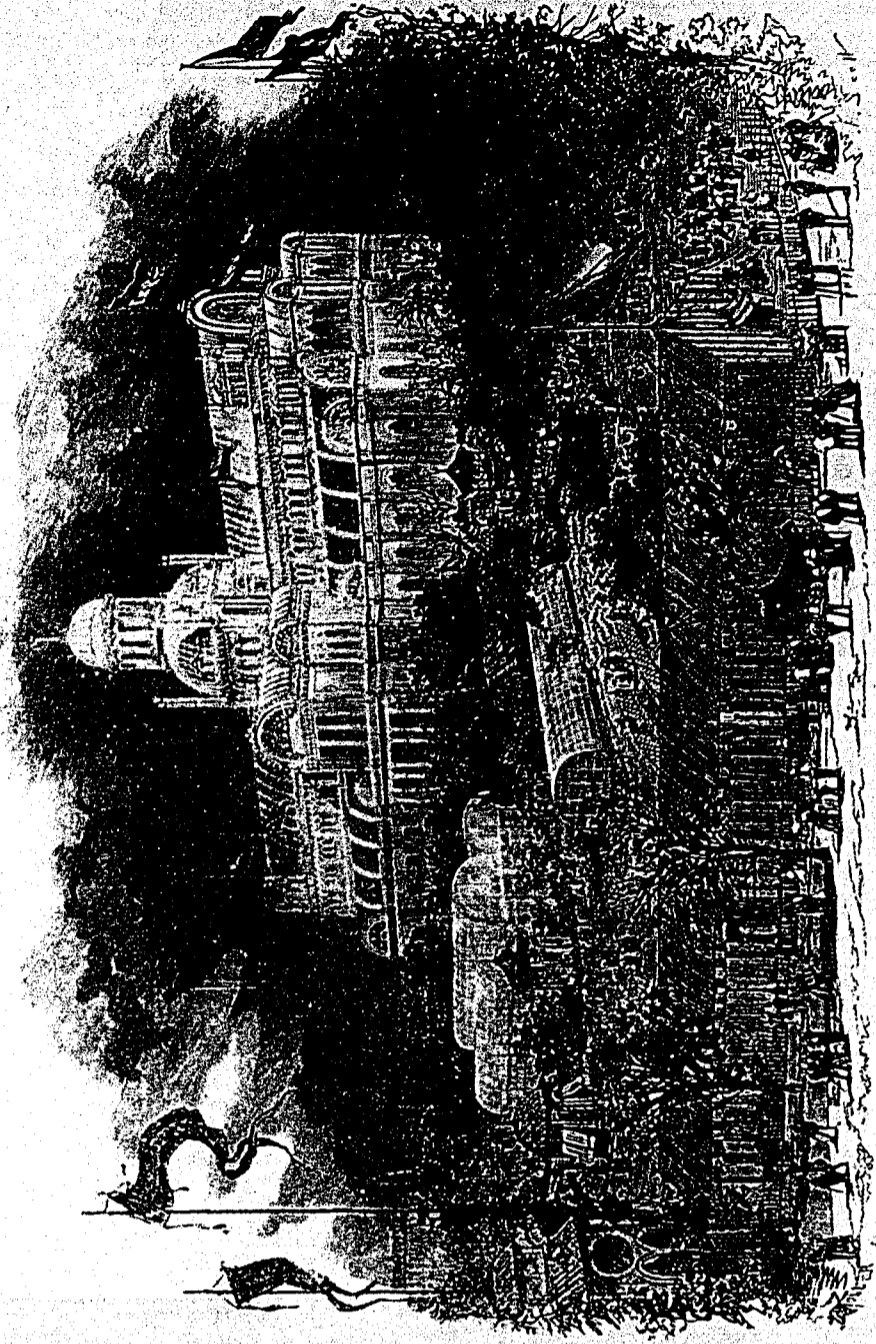
J. C. GOLDSMITH ("TUE P. I. MAN")
NEW YORK HERALD.



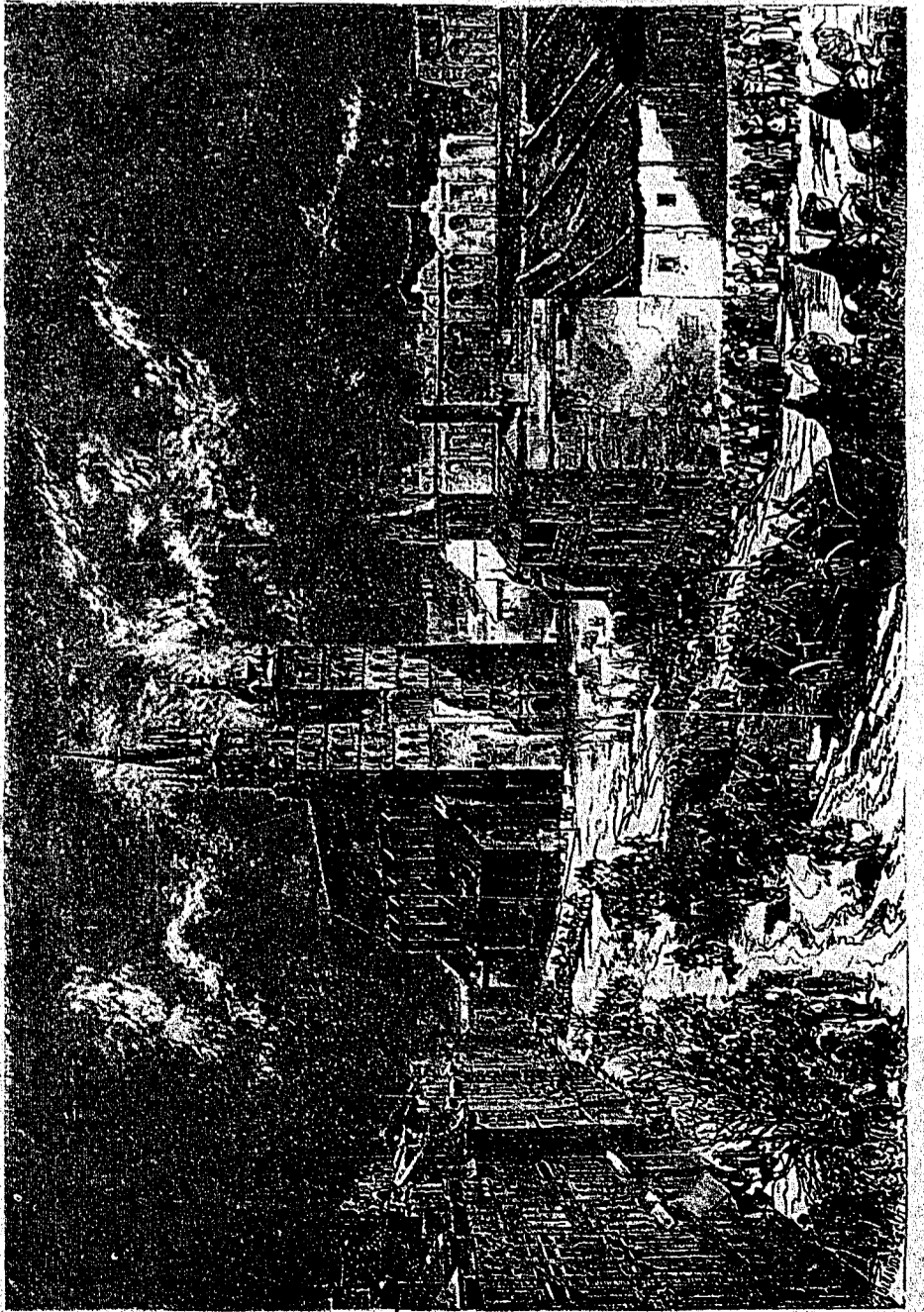
GEORGE L. HAYWARD.
LAYS OF THE BROOKLYN ARMS.



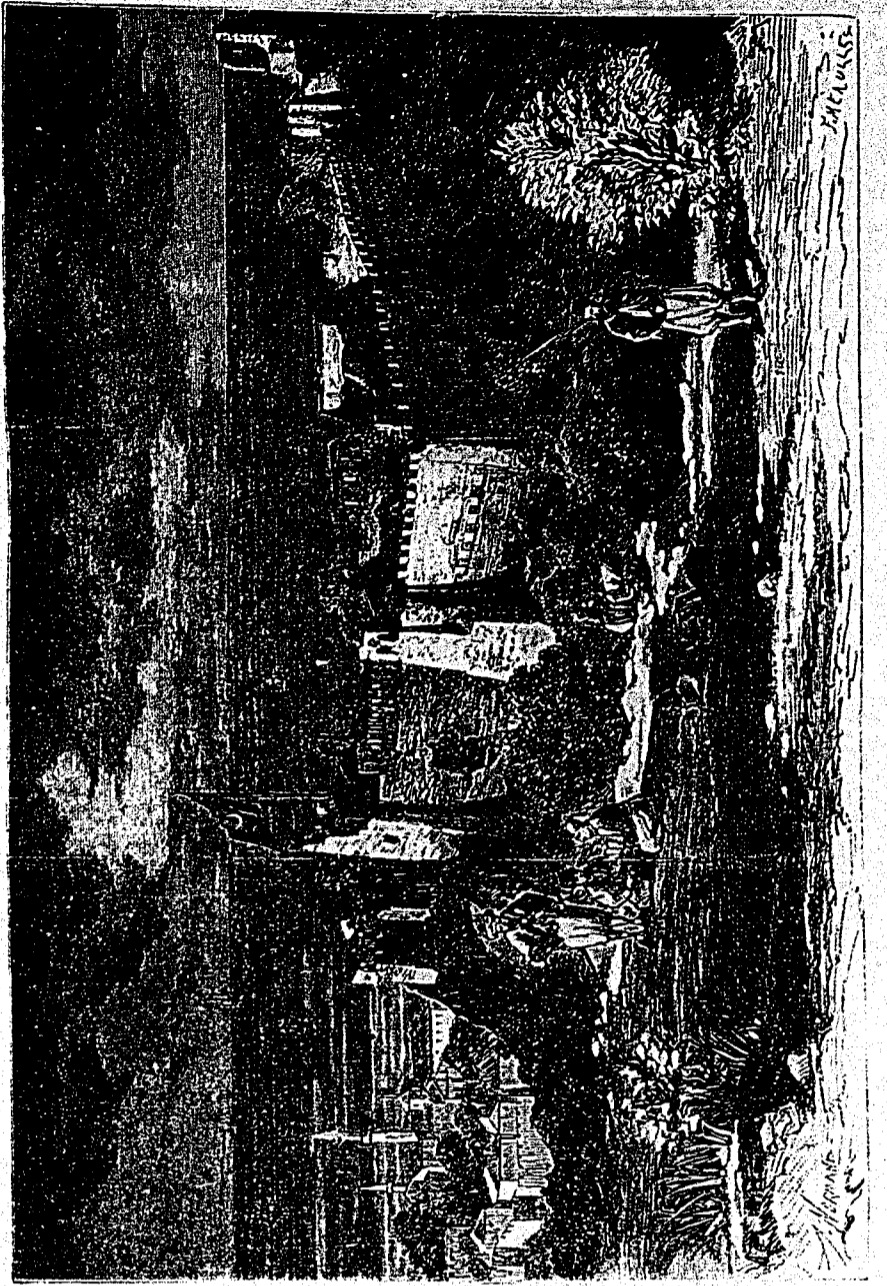
PARIS.—THE BUILDING DESTINED FOR THE PRESS AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.



HOLLAND.—INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM.



AUSTRIA.—CONCENTRATION OF ARTILLERY AT A FRONTIER TOWN.



THE EASTERN WAR.—THE CITADEL OF TREBIZOND.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

(From the Spanish of Yriarte.)

A country Squire, of greater wealth than wit
(For fools are often blest with fortune's smile),
Had built a splendid house, and furnish'd it
In splendid style.

"One thing is wanting," said a friend, "for, though
The rooms are fine, the furniture profuse,
You lack a library, dear sir, for show
If not for use."

"'Tis true; but, zounds!" replied the Squire with glee,
"The lumber-room in yonder northern wing
(I wonder I ne'er thought of it) 'twill be
The very thing."

"I'll have it fitted up without delay
With shelves and presses of the newest mode,
And rarest wood, befitting every way
A Squire's abode."

"And when the whole is ready, I'll despatch
My coachman—a most knowing fellow—down,
To buy me, by measurement, a batch
Of books in town."

But ere the library was half supplied
With all its pomp of cabinet and shelf,
The booby Squire repented him, and cried
Unto himself:—

"This room is much more roomy than I thought;
Ten thousand volumes hardly would suffice
To fill it, and would cost, however bought,
A plaguey price."

"Now, as I only want them for their looks,
It might, on second thought, be just as good,
And cost me next to nothing, if the books
Were made of wood."

"It shall be so. I'll give the shaven deal
A coat of paint—a colourable dress,
To look like calf or vellum, and conceal
Its nakedness."

"And gilt and letter'd with the author's name,
Whatever is most excellent and rare
Shall be, or seem to be ('tis all the same),
Assembled there."

The work was done; the simulated boards
Of wit and wisdom round the chamber stood—
In binding some; and some, of course, in boards,
Where all were wood.

From bulky folios down to slender twelves,
The choicest tomes, in many an even row,
Display'd their letter'd backs upon the shelves,
A goodly show.

With such a stock, which seemingly surpass'd
The best collection ever form'd in Spain,
What wonder if the owner grew at last
Supremely vain?

What wonder, as he paced from shelf to shelf,
And own'd their titles, that the Squire began,
Despite his ignorance, to think himself
A learned man?

Let every amateur, who merely looks
To backs and bindings, take the hint, and sell
His costly library—for painted books
Would serve as well.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

In 1834, as we are informed by the *Herald*, of this city, during the great prevalence of the epidemic of cholera, a young Montrealer, named Peter Craig, lost both his parents by that fell disease within six hours, his father dying at ten o'clock at night, and his mother at four o'clock the next morning. Young Craig was taken charge of by a clothier named Muir, but shortly after conceiving a liking for the sea, he joined a ship in this port and followed that profession for many years, during which he visited all parts of the world, and being of an observant turn of mind, gained considerable knowledge of men and things. He subsequently settled in San Francisco, at a time when it could scarcely be called a village. He has resided there ever since, and has, by diligence in business and speculative ability, amassed considerable of the goods of this world. A few days ago, as he was passing through New York, he decided to return to the scenes of his childhood, for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument over the graves of his parents in the Papineau Road Cemetery, and of whom he retains the most affectionate remembrance. This he was told by several persons would be impossible, as the graveyard had been appropriated by the Corporation to public uses, the graves razed, and all traces of the affection of surviving relatives, and the presence of the remains of those deceased, obliterated. When he arrived at the cemetery he found that what he had been told was only too true, and with deep emotion gazed at the evidences of vandalism around him. He was attended by one of the authorities of the Mount Royal Cemetery, to whom he had submitted the certificates of burial of his father, mother, sister and her husband, and was asked if he knew the location of the graves. Mr. Craig replied that the spot was so fresh in his memory, that if they would only show him where the original gate of the cemetery once stood he would show them the very spot where his father and mother lay. This was done, and he took them within one grave of that containing his parents' remains. The graves were opened and the coffins and remains were found to his great satisfaction. The latter were in a good state of preservation, and the hair on the head of both his father and mother were as perfect as when laid beneath the sod. This may, perhaps, be attributed to the nature of the soil. The coffins were of hardwood, and almost as strong as when first made. That containing Mr. Craig's deceased father, when opened, was full of water, so pure that the white teeth of the deceased could be plainly seen, and the form of his remains distinguished. So overcome was Mr. Craig at the sight of all that was mortal of his father, that he actually drank of the water from the coffin. The remains were carefully re-

moved to new coffins, and, together with the old ones, will be conveyed back to California by Mr. Craig, and interred in his own ground, in the Protestant cemetery there, his experience of the reverence in which the dead are held in Montreal being sufficient to deter him from re-interring them anywhere but where he resides. The name plate on one coffin was uninjured by time, and the name of the deceased could be distinctly read. For the information of any surviving friends, we would state that the remains are those of James Craig, died 25th July, 1834; Jane Craig, his wife, died the next day at 4 a.m.; Cecilia Hamilton, daughter of the above, died May, 1846, and John Hamilton, her husband, who died about the same time. Mr. Craig's recollections of Montreal are at a time perhaps the most stirring in her history. He distinctly recollects the riots that attended the election campaign of Papineau and Walker. One evening, when returning home with the cows of his master, Mr. Muir, from pasturage, he saw a mob collected in the square now known as Place D'Armes. Directly after a number of soldiers came up, and the crowd stoned them with brick-bats. The officer, after being knocked down twice, read the Riot Act, but the crowd, doubtless confident in their strength, declined to disperse. He then ordered his men to fire, and as the smoke slowly passed away, the bodies of eleven men and boys were seen lying stretched on the ground. One boy was found to have received eleven balls in his head and body.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

HALLECK had very crude notions of matrimony. He remained single because he was deaf.

"I detest masquerades," said a beautiful lady to a gallant officer.—"No wonder, madam," he replied, "since you do so much execution unmasked."

As an evidence of woman's confiding nature it is mentioned that a young lady was married the other day to a Mr. Forget, but he was always for getting her.

"WHAT did you get?" asked a wife of her husband, on his return from a hunting excursion of several days' duration.—"I got back!" he sententially replied.

"MAMMA," said the old lady's daughter, "don't you think that modern table is out of place in that ancient picture?"—"Oh, la, no!" they had modern tables in them days as well as now."

A poultry-dealer has been fined for kissing a young woman. This seems hard on a man who considers he has a perfect right to deal with ducks, and who doubtless takes out a license for a little game.

A young lady on Embargo street recently received the following note and is heart-broken:—"You needn't spect me up to yewr hous no more sunda nites a girl wat leaves gum a stickin on the parlor chaires for a feller to sit on aint the girl for me. JIM."

WHAT perplexes a philosophical man is to discover how, when he is shaking a carpet, with a little woman on the other end, she can so exasperatingly hold on, and shake, and shake, and jerk his end out of his hands, and call him butter fingers and a slouch.

A lady, taking a man good-naturedly to task for not assenting to some of her plans, he haughtily said, "I study my own mind, madam—my own mind, I'd have you to know."—"Indeed!" she responded. "Why I didn't know that you were familiar with the use of the microscope."

"PRAY, sir," said Lady Wallace to David Hume, "I am often asked what age I am; what answer should I make?" Mr. Hume, immediately guessing her ladyship's meaning, said: "Madam, when you are asked that question again, answer that you are not yet come to the years of discretion."

A rich snob, who married a lady of brilliant genius, said at a dinner party, "When we were married, my wife declared, 'with all my worldly gifts I thee endow,' when she hadn't a penny in the world."—"But then there were her splendid talents!" said a lady. "Oh," exclaimed a wit, "but she didn't endow him with them!"

You never hear one lady invite another lady to dinner, any more than you ever hear one man ask another to come and take tea with him. No! it would seem that women's hearts melted and softened over the tea-cup, and that souls flew open to each other with the table-cloth. Who is there to explain it? It takes several knives and forks to dig into a man's secrecy nature, whereas the simple key of the tea caddt will unlock a woman's breast at any time.

A young damsel who is engaged and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune lately visited a mariners' church. During the sermon the parson discoursed eloquently and with much earnestness of the dangers and temptations of the sailor. He concluded by asking, "Is there one who thinks anything of him who wears a tarpaulin hat and a blue jacket? In short, is there one who cares aught for the poor sailor?" A little girl, a sister of the damsel, jumped up, and looking archly at her sister, said, in a tone loud enough for everyone to hear, "Yes, sir; our Becky does."

BURLESQUE.

BURIAL OF SIR THOMAS CAT.—He was a small member of the feline race who while chanting an amorous ditty to his lady, had his song ended by a brick-bat, which knocked him from the romantic spot where he was sitting, i. e., the roof of aunt Sally's house, into the abyss of oblivion. He was much respected by the cats and kittens of his set, but he was deadly enemy to all who were not on his side of the fence. He was chief musician of his native village, and leader of all the concerts that were gratuitously given with the liberal spirit which characterizes his race. The writer was waited on by three of the oldest maidens of the village who asked the inspiration of the muses to write some lines on the kitten's burial. He has done so and hopes they will be handed down to posterity:

Not a mew-yow was heard,
Not a feline note,
As his corpse in the farm yard they buried;
Not a groan came forth
From a mouser's throat
At the grave where the kitten they buried.

They buried him quickly toward morning light,
The earth with their paws overturning;
With never a ray of the moon's pale light,
Or even a lantern burning.

His paws were folded across his breast,
His tail was twisted around him,
And he lay like a Tom cat taking his rest
With cats and kittens around him.

Not a tear was dropped,
Not a prayer was said,
Not even a word of sorrow;
But they thought when they gazed on the face of the dead,
Of the fights they would have on the morrow.

They thought when they hollowed his narrow bed,
While giving him not even a pillow,
That many a row would be had o'er his head
Of the long-tailed kitten—poor fellow.

And folks may talk light of the kitten's that's gone,
And thro' the dull earth try to scratch him,
But never a once if they let him sleep,
Above the green sword will they scratch him.

The whole of their heavy task was done
When a cook crowed the hour of sun rising.
The way they took to their heels and run
I declare it was truly surprising.

WOMAN'S TRAIN.—No woman, however gentle her disposition, can forgive a man who has stepped upon her train. Women and cats are alike in this respect. It was Mr. Lacey, I believe, who made this remarkable discovery, and set it forth in his "History of European Morals," that more feminine dispositions have been ruined by the awkwardness of men in the matter of trains, than by all the algebras and mental arithmetics in the world. A small spark may fire the train that plunges a beautiful edifice in ruins. So it is with a woman's train, though the probabilities are that it is the spark himself who will be blown up. Just try it. I did once.

I loved her. I had not told her so, but I did my best to look it. She evidently regarded me with favor. One mellow afternoon, late in the spring, I asked her to go with me for a stroll. It was just the day for love-making.

"Ah!" I said, as I helped her over a large mud-puddle, "do you ever think of love, Miss Emily!" Do the vibrations of your heart strings ever increase at the approach of a loved form, until they are attuned to the passionate utterances of their own? Look about you; see, even the trees, stirred by the exhilarating breeze, amorously entwine their graceful arms, while their loving murmurs are wafted gently to our ears.

To this she replied, "Yes?"
It was not a very encouraging remark, especially as I had been at some trouble to prepare the foregoing speech. However, I determined to go on. Just then I observed that I was taking the inside of the walk, so I attempted to skip behind Emily to reach my proper place, at the same time continuing:

"Oh, Miss Emily, full well I know that even a love like mine cannot—" At that moment there was a sharp "crack," Emily stooped suddenly as though about to seat herself in the road, and at the same time I heard her say something that sounded like "ward boob."

"I beg your pardon," I exclaimed, "have I—"
"Oh, not at all," she answered, though I saw by the way she clutched at the back of her dress for a lot of demoralized "gathers" (I think that's what they call them), that I most certainly had.

The charm of the walk suddenly vanished. We soon returned to the hotel, where I spent the rest of the afternoon in a fit of despondency. Two days after I sought another and less familiar resort, for I could not stand it to see all the ladies shrink out of my way in evident terror, and gather their skirts closely about them as a measure of safety whenever I approached.

THE CLOTHES PRESS.

Mr. Cobleigh, says the *Danbury News*, went up stairs into a bedroom the other noon, after dinner, to move a heavy clothes-press for his wife. He worked away at it some five minutes, and was getting it about where he wanted it, when the awful affair tipped over and came down so suddenly that Mr. Cobleigh was unable to get out of the way in time, and being knocked over a chair, he fell in such a way as to have one of his legs pinned in between the clothes-press and the chair. As he was on his breast he found himself powerless to get away, and so he screamed to his wife to come to his aid. He knew he could make her hear if she was down

stairs, and he had heard her moving about but a moment before. But there was no response to his cries. He hollered till he was hoarse, but still no answer. Five minutes passed—ten, fifteen. A half hour was gone. It seemed almost a century to the imprisoned man, with his nose so close to the rag carpet that it seemed as if he would never get the odor out of his system. Soon he heard a door open and shut, down stairs, and gathering up his remaining energies he gave a final yell. In a moment his wife had reached him. Her first prompting was to ask him how he came in such a plight, but a glance at his inflamed face checked the prompting, and she speedily set to work to rescue him from his unhappy position. When he got out he wanted to know where in thunder she'd been, leaving him to die under a clothes-press. She said she had just stepped over to Mrs. Murray's "for a minute while her dish-water was cooling." Mr. Cobleigh didn't receive this explanation with a very good grace, and appeared somewhat disposed to reflect on the qualities of dish-water for cooling. Mrs. Cobleigh had been gone nearly three-quarters of an hour, but the time had not been lost. During that brief conference with Mrs. Murray she had learned a new style of knife-plaiting; how many yards of material it took for a dalman; what was going to be worn in the way of an overskirt; what Mrs. Murray's hat would cost, besides a thorough canvas of what she had better have for a summer dress just to wear afterwards. All this information Mrs. Cobleigh acquired while Mr. Cobleigh was closeted with the clothes-press, but she prudently kept it to herself.

LITERARY.

DURING the period that Miss Kate Field wrote London letters for the *New York Herald*, she received fifty dollars a column, and in one year earned ten thousand dollars. Miss Field's first essays in journalism were made in the *Boston Courier*—in the form of letters from Florence.

ALL the London newspapers have selected their special correspondents for the war. Dr. Russell is to be attached to the headquarters of the Russian army, and Mr. Archibald Forbes, a terrible thorn in the side of Russell, is to march with the Russians, for the *Daily News*, to superintend their military operations. Captain Creagh will play a similar part for the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Telegraph* has a dashing fellow at Constantinople, Mr. Drew Gay, and Major Leader, an Irish cavalry officer, will go out with the Turkish army.

THE Messrs. Appleton have in press the *Memoirs of Jefferson Davis*, which will be published during the present year. The mass of valuable historical material which accumulated on Mr. Davis's hands during the war between the States has been carefully preserved by him, and now, assisted by Major W. T. Walthall, a well-known literary gentleman residing in Mobile, Mr. Davis is busily engaged in writing his story of the part he took in the eventful struggle which resulted in his overthrow and that of the Confederacy over which he presided.

THE first book ever produced in England was printed by William Caxton in the Almonry at Westminster, in the year 1477, and was entitled the *Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*. A copy of the original is extremely rare and valuable, fetching when sold many hundreds of pounds. It is a small folio volume, very beautifully printed on ash-gray paper, with red initial letters, and is remarkable for its evenness of colour and distinctness of type. There is a fine copy of the *Dictes* in the British Museum, and we understand that Mr. Elliot Stock is engaged in producing a *fac simile* of it by permission of the trustees of that institution.

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.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J.W.S.—Letter and game received. The latter shall appear very shortly.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 121 received.

D.C.M., Quebec.—We have forwarded a letter to your address.

M.J.M., Quebec.—We hope to be able to insert your communication next week.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following letter from the Secretary of the Canadian Chess Association. We consider his suggestion a very excellent one. The scheme has been carried out across the Atlantic and has worked well, and contributed greatly to keep up that interest in the game which is required in order that annual tournaments and other Chess meetings, may be successful.

We feel sure that the small sum spoken of by Mr. Mackenzie could be easily raised in the cities mentioned, and independent of that, and the contributions from Chess clubs, many players who do not attach themselves to any association would be willing to contribute towards the purchase of a trophy, the funds for which being raised in the Dominion might be considered as entirely Canadian.

QUEBEC, 5th May, 1877.

"The Chess Editor,
Canadian Illustrated News,
DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to ask the Chess players of Canada through your columns whether there would not be more interest taken in the yearly tourney if the Association were to offer a silver cup to be played for annually, and to become the property of anyone winning it three years in succession. A very small contribution from each player in the Dominion would be sufficient for the purpose. Ten dollars or so raised in each of the cities of Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Halifax and St. John, with something from all the other places where the royal game has a footing, would do the thing handsomely.

"I shall be glad to hear from all who are in favor of the proposal, so that if it be generally approved, subscriptions may be called for and the cup procured in time for this year's tourney."

"Yours very truly,

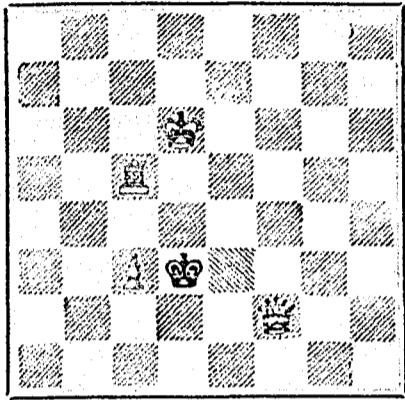
D. C. MACKRIR, Sec. Trans. Can. Ch. Association."

On the 26th of April last, Mr. Blackburne gave an exhibition at the City of London Chess Club, of his wonderful skill as a blindfold player. He conducted eight games, simultaneously, against the same number of strong amateurs, winning four, losing two, and drawing two.

Mr. Blackburne has on former occasions conducted fifteen games simultaneously, and we see it stated that he professes to be able to manage as many as twenty-five, but prefers eight, as he can, with this number, finish the whole at one sitting.

The Quebec Chess match between the Bats and the Owls, to which attention was directed in our last issue, was fought on Friday and Saturday, the 4th and 5th inst., and terminated in favor of the Owls, who won six games to their antagonists' five, with one draw.

PROBLEM No. 122. By F. HEALY. BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND. GAME 17-116.

An off-hand skirmish played a short time ago at Southampton, between Mr. Boden and an amateur.

(Danish Gambit.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. P.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 3. P to Q B 3 4. Q to R 5 (ch) (a) 5. Q takes P 6. Q takes P 7. Q to Q 3 8. B to K 3 9. Q to B 2 10. P takes B 11. Q to Q 3 12. Kt to Q 2 13. P to K R 3 (b) 14. Q to K 2 15. Q takes R 16. Q to K 2 17. K to Q sq And White struck his colours (d)

NOTES.

- (a) K P takes P is the best move at this point. The move in the text assists Black to develop his forces, and thereby transfers the attack to the hands of the second player. (b) White is overwhelmed by the vigour of the counter-attack, and is obviously unprepared for it. (c) The beginning of the end. (d) Because the least affliction imposed upon him is the loss of a Rook.

CHESS IN CANADA. GAME 179TH.

Played in Montreal between Mr. Bird and Mr. John Barry.

The following is one of the simultaneous games played between Mr. Bird and the members of the Montreal Chess Club in February last.

- WHITE.—(Mr. Bird.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to Q B 4 4. P to Q Kt 4 5. P to Q B 3 6. Q to Q Kt 3 7. Castles 8. B to Q R 3 9. P to Q 4 10. P takes K P 11. Kt takes Kt 12. B takes K B P (ch) (a) 13. B takes K Kt 14. Kt to Q 2 15. P to Q B 4 16. K to K R sq 17. P to K B 4 18. P to K B 5 19. R to K B 3 (c) 20. Q R to K B sq 21. R to K R 3 22. B to Q Kt 2 23. R to K Kt 3 24. B takes B 25. R to K Kt 6 26. Q to K R 2 27. R to K B 4 28. P to K R 4 29. Q R to K Kt 4 30. K R takes K R 31. R to K B 3 32. Kt to K Kt 5 (ch) 33. Kt takes B (ch) 34. Q takes Q P 35. P to K B 6 (f) 36. K to K R 2 37. Q to Q P 7 38. P to K Kt 3 39. P to K 5 40. K to K R 2 41. R to K Kt 3 42. Q to K 7 43. K to K R 3 44. R to K Kt 4

NOTES.

- (a) This is an embarrassing move for Black. (b) Much care is required on both sides at this point.

- (c) B to Q Kt 2 seems to be White's proper move here. (d) Black's game is more hopeful than it was a few moves ago. (e) If Black had attempted to win the White Kt he would have speedily lost the game. (f) A bad move of which Black takes immediate advantage. (g) The latter part of the game is carefully played by Black.

Solution of Problem No. 120.

- WHITE. 1. K to Q Kt 3 2. Kt to R 4 mate There are other variations.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 118.

- WHITE. 1. K to K 2 2. Q to Q R 4 3. Q mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 119.

- WHITE. K at Q 5 R at K R 8 Kt at Q 6 B at K B 2 P at Q R 6 BLACK. K at Q 2 Pawns at Q R 2 and K Kt 2 White to play and mate in three moves.

BODY FOUND OF A WOMAN ELEGANTLY DRESSED!! ON ST. JAMES STREET, (Opposite the New Post Office.) VERDICT!! Of an intelligent Jury (the People) as being the result of a visit to

The Fashion Parlor, 435 NOTRE DAME ST., WEST END AGENCY FOR Butterick Patterns, AND SALESDROOM OF HOWE SEWING MACHINES. 15-16-4-233

WANTED, A SITUATION BY A LADY OF good English education; also, understands French, Latin, and rudiments of German, and Music. Address: L. E. L., Elora, Ont. 1877. CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

The GRAND HOTEL at this popular summer resort and sanitarium for all RHEUMATIC and CHRONIC complaints will be open from 31st May till October. Most liberal terms and special inducements to families. Ample accommodation, comfort and recreation. Route by Ottawa River Boats, and M. & O. Railway. Send for circular to GRAND HOTEL COMPANY, Ottawa or Caledonia Springs. Orders for water solicited and Agents wanted. 15-20-13-258

USE DR. J. EMERY CODERRE'S EXPECTORATING SYRUP, Infants' Syrup & Tonic Elixir, 61, ST. DENIS STREET, Corner of Dorchester. AND FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 15-19-51-252

FOR HATS AND CAPS, Good and at Hard Time Prices. SILK HATS THAT CAN'T BE BEAT. GO TO ROBERTSON'S 232 MCGILL STREET. SILK HATS altered to the latest styles, and dressed for 40c while you wait. 15-19-2-255

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OFFICES TO LET. ONE LARGE FLAT over Mr. Latham's Drug Store, corner of Craig and Bleury Streets; also TWO FLATS in the adjoining building on Craig Street, well adapted for Offices or any Light Manufacturing Business, with or without Steam. Apply to the HURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO., 5 and 7 Bleury Street.

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE CO., 19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

The Directors have much pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders their Fifteenth Annual Report, with the Audited Accounts.

FIRE BRANCH.

The Account for the year 1875 has resulted in a satisfactory surplus; in view, however, of the increasing business of this Branch, the Directors consider an equivalent increase of the Fire Fund to be essential, and £30,000 only is therefore carried to the Profit and Loss Account.

The net premiums received during the year 1876 (after deductions for returns and re-assurances) amounted to £557,392, being an increase of £53,538 on the amount of the previous year. The Losses paid and outstanding were £330,725, being 59 per cent. of the premiums.

After allowing for all outstanding claims and deducting the £30,000 carried to the Profit and Loss Account, the Fire Fund stood on the 31st December last at £229,361, as against £23,318 at the corresponding date of the previous year.

The increasing business of the Department has necessitated the appointment of a Sub-Manager, and the Directors have selected Mr. DAVID MARSHALL LANG, for several years the Company's District Manager at Glasgow, to fill that office.

LIFE BRANCH.

The Assurances completed during the year amounted to £406,913 under 425 Policies, and the new premiums were £15,689 as compared with £12,402 in 1875.

The addition of £64,746 to the Life Fund is the largest increase in any year since the establishment of the Branch.

The Directors make a special appeal to the Shareholders to aid them in securing equally satisfactory results for 1877, as the Third Quinquennial Valuation will be made at the close of the present year.

BALANCE SHEET.

31st December, 1876.

Table with columns for Debit (Dr.) and Credit (Cr.) showing financial details for the Commercial Union Assurance Co. as of 31st December 1876. Items include Shareholders' Capital, General Reserve Fund, Investment Reserve Fund, Fire Fund, Life Account, Marine Fund, Profit and Loss Account, Bills Payable, Unclaimed Dividends, Fire Deposits, Suspense Account, and various investments like British Government Securities and Indian and Colonial Government Securities.

Examined and found correct. WILLIAM MILNES, ROBERT PORTER, CHARLES J. WYLIE. Auditors. 5th February, 1877.

A. J. MUNDELLA, Chairman. H. TROWER, Vice Chairman. S. STANLEY BROWN, Secretary.

NOW READY. CATHOLICITY AND METHODISM; OR The Relation of John Wesley TO MODERN THOUGHT, BY THE REV. JAMES ROY, M. A., Formerly Principal of the Cobourg Collegiate Institute and Examiner in the University of Toronto, Examiner to Victoria University.

This work will be one of very great interest to all Christian denominations, as it deals with problems that are everywhere agitating thoughtful minds. Though it treats these problems in their bearing on a single denomination, it is conceived in no sectarian spirit, but aims rather at the removal of obstacles to a large and liberal form of Christianity, by distinguishing those principles which are essential to all Christian life from the varied dogmatic forms which, at different times, these principles have assumed. It discusses the relation of the Bible to the human mind, the real and the conventional in orthodoxy, the future of Protestantism, and the relation of Methodism to Christianity and scientific thought.

The book may be ordered through any of the booksellers. Orders from the trade will be supplied by the publishers. BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO., Montreal.

PRICE 50 CENTS. Please send your orders without delay.

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50 WHITE BRISTOL VISITING CARDS, with your name finely printed, sent for 25 cents. 1000 AGENTS WANTED. Samples 3c stamp. No postals. Address A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N.S. 15-12-13-233

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Perfection attained! No musty or bad odors! The undersigned, having secured the patent right of Kimball's Patent Wood-lined Refrigerator, would call the attention of the trade and the public generally to its merits.

The Patentee claims that it is one of the great triumphs of the age, and that the following are some of its excellencies, viz.—Perfectly dry air in the provision chamber, and consequently no moisture on inside lining; cold and uniform temperature; economy of ice, using less than any other refrigerator ever made, and for its preserving qualities, for by actual test meat was preserved fresh for 15 days during the hottest weather of 1876.

The undersigned also still manufactures the well-known North Star, Arctic and Palace Refrigerators.

GEO. W. REED, SLATE AND METAL ROOFER, 15-19-6-256 785 CRAIG STREET.

EVERYTHING IN THE BEDDING LINE AT Whiteside's Bedding House, 1377 ST. CATHERINE STREET. FACTORY—66 COLLEGE STREET. MONTREAL. 15-14-5-234

BANK OF MONTREAL. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A Dividend of Six Per Cent. upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, on and after

FRIDAY, the FIRST of JUNE next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive. The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on MONDAY, the FOURTH of JUNE next. The chair to be taken at One o'clock. R. B. ANGUS, General Manager. Montreal, 30th April, 1877. 15-17-6-226

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Warrimster, Wilts:—

"I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78 years old.

"Remaining, Gentlemen, Yours very respectfully, L.S.

To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON. 14-6-52-27.

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The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study and many years of experience in treating these special diseases. Pamphlet free by mail.

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THE ADAMS TOBACCO COMPANY: The ADAMS TOBACCO COMPANY will apply to the Legislature of Quebec for authority to borrow money upon the security of its property, and to confirm the loan already effected. By order of the Board, G. G. MACPHERSON, Secretary-Treasurer. Montreal, 25th April, 1877. 15-17-9-237

ROWNTREES' Prize Medal ROCK COCOA. The popularity of this Rich and Nourishing preparation is due to the facts:

- I.—That it contains COCOA and SUGAR ONLY, without any admixture of Fat.
- II.—That the proportion of Cocoa to Sugar is exceptional and large.
- III.—That the Cocoa used is not robbed of any of its nourishing constituents.
- IV.—That the delicate flavor of the Cocoa Nib is not hidden by any other flavor.

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LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,

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